

The Sissy Sort

**Young men
forced by law
to become
young women...**



...and to like it!

**A hot tale of
femdom,
cross-dressing,
and humiliation**

by P. F. Dee

The Sissy Sort

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Enjoy!

The Sissy Sort

"Please Mom!" Ben begged. "Don't vote for the Women's Liberation Front!"

"Oh don't worry, honey bear," Sheila laughed, using Ben's shoulder for support as she stepped into her high heels. The stilettos instantly made her taller than her son. "They won't be so bad."

"*Not that bad!* Have you heard what they want to do to men?"

"Well, they want to end that silly war so no more young men have get hurt," she said, applying fresh lipstick in front of the hallway mirror. "As someone about to reach draft-able age, I'd think you would appreciate that." She adjusted her miniskirt a little higher on her long, tan legs and fluffed her curly brown hair. "And they're going to balance the national budget, something male politicians haven't been able to do for the last fifty years."

"I know what's got my little bro's panties in a twist!" Cindi laughed, skipping barefoot down the stairs. "It's that he'll be *wearing* panties soon!"

Ben felt the heat rise to his face. "I will not!"

"Oh really?" the tall blond giggled, walking past him. Even in bare feet, she was taller than her little brother. And her tiny pink party dress showed off sexy, tanned legs that were not just longer than Sheila's, but stronger than Ben's. She checked herself out in the same full-length mirror her mother was using, caught Ben looking, and stood on tiptoe for him, flexing her tight calves and sleek thighs to make the muscles stand out even more.

"You think *you're* man enough not to be sorted into the Sissy class?" she laughed, stepping into three inch sandals to tower over him even more. "You could fit into my dresses from two years ago! In fact, why don't you practice in them tonight- you'll probably need them soon!"

"I will not!" Ben whined. "And I'm not going to wear stupid panties! Ever!"

Sheila bopped her son on the nose with a stern finger, startling him.

"Ben. I wear 'stupid panties' every day of my life. So do female Congressmen, scientists, and every female cop and soldier who has put their life on the line for you. So check that sass, mister."

Ben looked at his feet. "Sorry mom."

Sheila turned in the mirror, watching what the heels did to her long legs. "And besides, I've heard that down South, some jails make their male prisoners wear pink panties all the time and it calms those rough boys right down. So maybe the WLF is on to something with their Sissy Sorting platform."

"Mom, please," he begged as the taller women walked towards the door.

"Don't stay up late Honey bear, you've got school tomorrow," Sheila said. "We're going to stay out with the girls to watch the election results."

Cindi bent down, hands on thighs, to be at his eye level. "Awwww, Ben, are you sad because you're just barely too young to vote this time? Don't worry, all my girlfriends and I will vote for you, and maybe you can wear a cute little dress and panties to the *next* election!" She blew Ben a kiss and shut the door.

Ben stayed up late, watching the returns. Half the population was female anyway, but the WLF needed to get 75% of the vote to pass the more radical parts of their platform. Young men most likely to get Sissy sorted would obviously vote against them, but Ben knew some men would turn, maybe pressured by their wives, maybe by their bosses. But how many?

Ben struggled to stay awake on the couch late into the night, watching as district after district voted the WLF into power. Some votes were close, and the TV news reported that the last, biggest, district was having trouble with their returns. There was a recount, then a dispute, then another recount. It was going to be *very* close....

Ben awoke the next morning, tucked into his bed. His clothes had been taken off during the night and he awoke completely nude.

"What tha-?" he said, sitting up. Then he saw the note on his nightstand.

I told you not to stay up too late, his mother's handwriting said. *We found you all tuckered out on the couch and had to put you to bed like a baby. But your 'sausage and bits' have certainly grown a little since the last time I did that. But only a little!* Ben groaned, blushing as he imagined his mother and sister laughing at his four-inch cock, which was stiff. He read on and it got worse.

Next time, his mother wrote, *I'll let Cindi tuck the cute little guy into panties like she wanted to, and make you wear them to bed for a week! So listen to your mother.*

Ben's face burned in humiliation as he got out of bed and discovered the worst news of all. 76 percent.

Ben was doing push ups, shirtless in the heat of his backyard. He did five in a row. Then ten. Then twenty, before he collapsed onto the grass, sweating. He waited a minute, then started again.

His mother walked out the screen door. "Honey bear? Don't you think you should rest a bit? You'll get a heat stroke."

"The sorting starts the first week of the school year," he grunted. This time, he could only do fifteen push ups before stopping.

Sheila gave a small smile. "Well, then don't you think you should practice a little math too, honey?"

He looked up at her. "I'm not going to become a Nerd! Their lives are almost as bad as the Sissies!"

"You think you're going to be sorted as a *Stud*?" Cindi snorted as she came outside. "Really? *I* could beat you in arm wrestling!" She had been working out all summer too, and her tiny volleyball shorts and bikini top showed she had even a tighter body than on election day.

"The test is push ups and running!" Ben protested, not daring to look up at his athletic, sexy sister towering over him as he panted on the ground. "I ran cross country all Spring to get ready!"

"And that just made you into more of a twig," Cindi laughed, nudging his ribs with one strong foot, almost tipping him over. "You should have lifted some weights. Too late now."

"And maybe," his mother offered gently, "start shaving your legs? Just in case?"

"Mom!" he cried, starting to blush again.

"Just know that I'll love you, no matter what happens," Sheila said. She patted her son's butt affectionately and went inside.

"And *I'll* love making you into the cutest little panty boy in the neighborhood!" Cindi laughed, giving him a spank on the ass so hard it made his cheeks sting. "So cute that we'll have to fend off those horny Studs with a stick!"

Ben almost started crying, but started his push ups again. He could only do ten this time, and later, after dinner when no one was around, he pulled out his books and studied a little advanced Algebra.

"It's Sorting Day!" Cindi cheered as Ben came down to breakfast. "Feeling pretty?"

"Shut up!"

Shelia flicked his nose. "Be nice. And eat your Wheaties."

Ben tried, but his stomach was too churning to eat and he left the bowl mostly full. Which was a mistake.

Hours later, waiting in line outside his high school's gym, his stomach was grumbling. And about to jump out of his throat. Every other Senior male born in the same month was in line with him. Every fifteen minutes another three boys would be let into the gym. Sometimes, all three boys would come out. Sometimes not.

The girls should have been in class but so many found a reason to sneak into the halls that the teachers gave up. The girls passed the line and giggled in groups, no doubt making their own predictions.

Two cheerleaders were walking down the line talking to the boys and blatantly writing their guesses on a sheet of paper, an Asian named Janey and a brunette named Felicia who all the guys said gave the most heavenly, enthusiastic blow-jobs. Not that Ben would know.

They stopped at the jock right next to him. "I know you'll do fine, Ricky!" Janey told the tall linebacker, rubbing his huge shoulders.

"And I know *this guy* will impress them for sure," Felicia laughed, squeezing the jock's crotch right through his jeans. "Save some of that monster for me later," she purred.

Ben blushed. How could she handle Ricky like that? Right out in public? Women were doing that more and more since the WLF landslide. And what did Felicia mean- how was *that* part of the sorting?

"You know it baby," the jock answered, smiling as the girl's hand kept kneading his member. He got a long double kiss and then the girls were in front of Ben.

"Hey Ben," Janey giggled.

Ben was blushing even more. He had jacked himself off *so* many times to the image of her tight little Asian ass in a cheer skirt bouncing on the sidelines. If he looked in her eyes, would she be able to tell? She would, wouldn't she?

"Um... h-hey," he squeaked, the nerves tightening his voice as he looked away.

The girls glanced at each other and giggled. "Definitely," Felicia said, marking their paper with a pen.

"I just wanted to tell you," Janey said as they moved on, "Your butt looked really cute in those little running shorts the Cross Country team wore last year!"

"Very pert," Felicia agreed with a giggle, and the girls moved on, leaving Ben blushing even more.

And then a woman called his name to be Sorted.

The gym was empty, except for three women sitting in chairs at half court. Ricky the linebacker, Ben, and another skinny boy went to stand in front of the women, as that seemed like the thing to do.

One woman was young, in a white lab coat like a doctor, and dangled a high heel off a tiny cute foot, her bare legs crossed under her coat. Another was pleasant soccer mom, holding a clipboard and stopwatch. But the one that scared Ben was the attractive older woman, maybe in her late forties, whose piercing gaze almost burned through her wire rimmed glasses. She was sizing them up like cattle.

"Three tests. Strength, intelligence and masculinity," she snapped at the boys. Then she smiled. "And that will determine your entire life from here on out."

The three boys gulped, even the linebacker.

The glasses woman snapped her fingers at a bench press station set up nearby. "150 pounds. Max reps in two minutes. Ricky Johnson, you may go first."

Ben gasped. He barely weighed 150 lbs. himself!

"But I was told it.. it.. would be push ups and a timed run," Ben said, starting to stammer when the woman turned her severe gaze on him.

She looked the shaking boy up and down.

"Too many boys were avoiding the Sissy class," she explained. "So we moved to something tougher."

The cute nurse spoke next. "But don't worry, it's still a fair test, even for an adorable little slip like you!"

"Oh, look at him go!" the third woman called out, watching Ricky press rep after rep. "He's like a bull!"

The women made appreciative noises as Ricky worked into a sweat, pumping out 25 reps before time ran out.

"Second highest score of the day!" the pleasant woman said, marking her clipboard.

"Second?" Ricky demanded.

"Jack Slade did 30," she told him.

"Fuck," Ricky said, toweling off his arms and chest. "Let me do a few more."

"No no," the glasses woman laughed. "I think you've made your point. Stu Silverman, you're next."

Ben felt a little better. If someone could do 30, he thought, it can't be that hard. But then he watched Stu, a boy about his build, struggle to get the weighted bar up even once. He did, but only completed one rep.

"Pathetic," the older woman said, and the nurse giggled, crossing her bare legs and letting her other heel off her perfectly painted toenails. Stu was blushing as he returned to the group.

Ben resolved to go into Beast Mode. To leave it all hanging out. He didn't care if his arms *fell off*- he was going to make a good showing.

He did three.

The bar had just been SO heavy, it was like trying to lift the World!

All three women were snickering as he returned to face them, probably because of the way he had squealed and moaned trying to get the bar up even one more time, kicking his legs at the end.

Ben was blushing so hard, almost crying, that he barely noticed the nurse smiling fetchingly at him, giving him a wink as her heel just dangled, dangled, dangled off her perfect little foot. And her coat was open wider, showing even more of her smooth legs. What was that about?

But the thought vanished as a new one replaced it.

You blew it.

But then they were given the written math test, and Ben's hope spring anew.

He got the first question. And the second. It was basic Algebra, stuff they had studied last year.

Ricky the jock had given up; Ben saw him filling out circles at random. Lying on the gym floor taking the test, Ben also noticed that the nurse was leaning far to the side, talking to the older woman. And she hadn't crossed her legs.

He could see right up her skirt! Up to the powder blue panties over her pussy!

Ben started getting hard, his crotch pressed against the floor. He tried to keep pace on the test, but he couldn't stop himself from looking! He noticed Stu was sneaking peeks as well, and had started sweating.

And that's when the questions started getting harder. Advanced Algebra. Trigonometry. And what was this? Calculus? What high schooler would know that?

Between his shoddy studying and the show between the young nurse's smooth thighs, Ben was barely confident that he got another question right.

He randomly bubble guessed on the last ten as time was called way too soon, and the nurse stood up to collect their papers. She took one look at Ricky's and laughed.

"Don't bother," she told the scorekeeper, crumpling the paper up.

And then she clicked her high heels over to where Stu and Ben lay, and squatted to pick up their answer sheets. She squatted very low on her heels, giving the boys a very close and very intimate panty peek as she collected their sheets.

"I hope I didn't distract you boys *too* much," she giggled, then stood up to grade their answers.

Ben's face burned. She had known the whole time!

"32 for Stu," the nurse said a moment later. "And...."

Ben's heart stopped.

"10 for Ben."

The older woman with glasses laughed. "Right now I bet there's one little boy who wished he had studied more Math," she said, looking right at Ben.

He was starting to get a very bad feeling.

"Alright, off with your clothes," she said. "Just one more test to do."

Even Stu protested this. "What? All of them?"

The glasses woman didn't even look up from her paperwork. "Yes, yes. All of them. How else would we test your manliness, or lack thereof?"

Ricky was already peeling off his shirt, revealing a ripped chest and abs. The soccer mom gasped. Especially as he unbuckled his jeans.

Stu was shaking, but started stripping too.

Ben was frozen until the older woman gave him a strict look, and he found himself totally naked even before the other two had finished.

"Well, someone's eager!" the nurse laughed, looking at the nude Ben.

"Hands at your sides until the others finish," the older woman snapped, and Ben complied, his heart shaking.

The nurse giggled and rose, standing fully clothed, right in front of Ben who was buck naked. "Turnabout's fair play, mister panty-peeping Tom," she giggled, looking him over closely.

Now Ben was sweating, and he jumped as she walked behind him and ran a cool hand down his back and over his butt.

"Nice and pert," she announced, giving his buns a quick pinch.

Ben couldn't help it- being totally naked in front of three strange women, having his butt pinched, and having three days of sperm filling his balls because Cindi had been teasing him about being able to hear him jacking off at night- he was getting hard! In front of everyone!

"Oh!" the nurse laughed. "Nice and pert in the front, too!" And then she wrapped a hand around his straining penis.

Ben almost fainted.

"Don't worry love, just getting a quick measure," she said, pulling out a ruler as her cool hand held him. She put it against his root and pressed his head against it. "Four," she called out. "Well, almost," she giggled. "Let's say three and three fourths."

Ben WOULD have fainted from embarrassment, if she hadn't been holding him up by his erection.

"Don't worry. Not the smallest I've seen today," she whispered while giving him a squeeze, then moved on to Stu. Who was also rock hard.

"My, my, what a compliment you two boys are giving me!" she laughed, then measured. "Five and a half!"

Now Ben felt *really* sick.

Ricky, of course, was seven and a half inches. Soft.

The nurse returned to her seat and the older woman started speaking.

"Well ladies, I think we can go ahead and decide, given the evidence in front of us," she said, waving at the three nude boys, one soft and two hard.

She shuffled her papers and turned to the linebacker. "Ricky Johnson, due to your excellent physical skills and your..." she smiled at his thick, hanging cock, "other talents, we hereby sort you into the class of Stud."

Ricky started smiling a wide grin.

"Now, while it is true that you will have the most free choice of the three, do not think the life of a Stud is all easy. Yes, you will have many, many sexual partners as women bid for your services each night, but you will also be required to stay in peak physical shape at all times. Regular check-ups on your body fat and muscle mass means a smart diet and sweating buckets at the gym every day, whether you feel like it or not. And you will have to learn sexual stamina beyond your young years, or else you will fail your reviews."

The older woman chuckled and crossed her legs. "In fact, why don't you come over to my place tonight, and I'll give your young body its first lesson on how to please a *mature* woman, hmm?"

"Yes ma'am!"

"Bring that tool over here, I'll write my number right on it."

And Ben was shocked that she did, handling the young man's dick as she used a felt pen to write a phone number on it. Ricky actually threw his head back and started to moan under her skilled hands, and she laughed.

"Why, Francine, now there's more room down here for some reason. Enough for your number to fit too!"

The pleasant soccer mom giggled as she reached over and wrote her number on the man's cock as well. The stern woman continued massaging Ricky's balls as she did, and he was standing at full attention when she was done.

"Go on and get dressed, Stud," the older woman said, slapping his ass. "And be ready to work extra hard tonight- Francine's been married for 10 years!"

The pleasant woman giggled, looking the Stud over hungrily as he stuffed his cock into his jeans and left, a big smile on his face.

The older woman turned her attention to Stu and his still hard penis. She tsked.

"Unfortunately, Mr. Silverman, *that* part of your body will only get you into trouble where you're going. Due to your high intelligence but low physicality, we hereby sort you into the class of Nerd. Nurse, please apply the chastity belt."

The young, cute nurse clicked towards Stu on her high heels with a wide grin. She pulled a metal ring from one pocket, slipping it around the trembling boy's balls with a soothing whisper.

"Shh, Shh, shh, it will be over in just a second. Just stay still, cutie."

She pulled a metal cage from another pocket and fit it on the tip of his cock. He gasped.

"Cold, isn't it?" she laughed. "That's because you Nerds get so excited when you're about to go home, we have to chill your new metal house so you'll fit!"

But Ben saw that it worked, the cold shriveling Stu's cock even as the sexy nurse held it. When it had shrunk to a tiny size, she slipped the metal cage over his penis and it mated to the ring with a *CLICK* that echoed off the gym walls.

The cute nurse was tugging at the cage, making sure it would not slip off as the older woman resumed speaking.

"Nerds are vital to keep our economy running, to invent new industries and technologies. But we can't have them cluttering up the dating pool." She laughed. "Or getting lazy. Therefore, for the rest of your working life, you will be belted under the supervision of a very smart, very sexy, cock tease. Your boss."

Stu swallowed as the nurse gave his belt a harder tug.

"You can choose any technical field you like, we have capable bosses in every one," the older woman said. "Women who know just how to motivate a young, smart boy like you."

"I'll let you see my panties for every A you get in medical school," Ben heard the nurse giggle into Stu's ear, while raking her nails over his swollen balls.

The boy whimpered.

"Ahhh, the sound of progress," the older woman laughed. "Tell me, young man, have you ever practiced on concentrating through the pain of intense blue balls and ignoring a smart, demanding, drop dead sexy woman who knows exactly what her sexy outfits are doing to you?"

Stu whimpered and shook his head.

"And have you ever learned how to please a woman with your tongue? As many times until she is satisfied?"

He shook again.

"Two things you may want to study up on, Nerd. Learn how to work even through the pain of aching blue balls, young man. Your bosses will work very hard each day to give them to you. And train that tongue. Bosses get horny, too. You may dress and leave."

Stu did, already wincing as he walked bowlegged from the ache in his groin.

"I think I might have used a ring one size two small," the nurse giggled, taking her seat. "Those balls were already swollen! Oh well."

The women chuckled as the older woman picked up one last sheet of paper.

"And that brings us to our last decision," the glasses woman said, as Ben's heart rate exploded. "Ben Smith. Not quite strong enough for Stud, not quite smart enough for Nerd. So what does that leave us?"

"Please, miss..." Ben begged. "I can get better..."

"He has a *very* fair complexion," the nurse giggled. "And such a pert little bum!"

Ben was shaking his head. "No..."

The pleasant woman laughed. "He's got a darling slender frame. And that cute tiny Willie will be so easy to tuck into a pair of panties!"

"And it responds so well to humiliation!" the nurse added, laughing at how his erection still strained towards the sky.

His heart was beating faster than it ever had before. "Please-" he squeaked.

The older woman smiled. "Ben Smith, we hereby sort you into the class of Sissy. You have been judged to make a better woman than a man, and so you will spend the rest of your life in feminine clothes, doing feminine tasks, and becoming an ideal example of a submissive female for the world. Do you understand?"

Tears were streaming down Ben's face and he felt himself sniffing with every breath.

"Ye...yes ma'am," he whimpered, wiping his face with his forearm.

The glasses woman made an official signature on his record, then clicked at him. "There, there, dearie, it won't be that bad. You'll come to love your new life much more than your old one, just wait and see."

"Yes ma'am," he sobbed, going to finally put his clothes back on.

"Leave those," she said.

"What?"

"Feminine clothes from now on, remember?" she laughed. "None of those silly boxers or pants for you."

He wiped his face again, as the other two women giggled at his extended nudity. "But... but I didn't bring any girl clothes."

"Didn't plan ahead? You had to know this was the most likely outcome. No matter, we've got a pink smock that will do for now. Put this on and go out the back, a bus is waiting to take you to your new school."

Ben gasped. "New school?!?!"

"Yes dearie. We're sending all the sissies to an all-girls boarding school for their first year. Immersion therapy. To make the change easier, you know."

Ben was still in shock as the older woman stood and helped him into the soft pink frock, pulling the hem over his still twitching erection with a smile. "It will be a relief, don't you think?" she said. "To get away from all those rough, mean boys that tease you every day and to get to finally be your soft, true self?"

And then she was leading him by the wrist to the back door.

"No," he said. "I can't! My mother-"

"Will be notified. Though I can't imagine she'll be shocked," the older woman laughed.

"My things!"

"You won't need them. We'll set you up with everything a pretty little girl needs."

"But, but..."

The older woman brushed the boy's hair and smoothed the thin pink dress against his nude, trembling body. "Good bye Ben Smith," the older woman said. "If we ever meet again, you'll be the dainty, pretty thing you were always meant to be!"

"Okay you Sissies, listen up!"

The tall blond smiled as twenty boys in pink frocks sitting on pink beds fell into fearful silence. "I'm Ashleigh St. Claire, a Fourth-termer and Head Girl here. I'm going to read you the Rules of the Foxcroft Academy for Girls and if you first-termers don't follow them, *I'll have your ass!*"

Ben flinched. She looked so much like Cindi! Taller than him, blonde, with long, powerful legs. And her tight abs, her proud breasts, her shiny lips and sexy face- God! Was *this* what he was going to be around all the time?

"Rule One- all Girls must wear an approved uniform at all times," Ashleigh said. "At night, that's bows in your hair and pink petticoats just like the adorable ones you sissies are wearing for us right now," she giggled, as the boys blushed. They squirmed more when she added: "And nothing under them!"

"In the morning you'll get uniforms like mine, crisp white shirts and tiny plaid skirts to show off your legs. You'll also get training bras and a WHOLE collection of pretty panties to choose from. Don't worry, we'll show you how to put it *all* on."

Some boys groaned and blushed even harder, including Ben, as the schoolgirls standing behind Ashleigh giggled. They would help him dress? No! Worst of all, nude under the thin sleepshirt, his boner was stirring at the thought! He tried to fight it down- that would be TOO humiliating for them to see right now!

Ashleigh continued. "You won't get sheer, tight, sexy stockings like I have, however, just frilly little socks. You don't get stockings like these until you sissies have proved you can keep your legs as smooth and as shaved as mine."

That did it.

Watching Ashleigh rub her hands on her tanned, strong thighs as she described her stockings sent Ben's erection racing to full staff. *No!* he told himself. *Please! Not now!* Some of the girls giggled as he squirmed to keep his boner hidden, hugging his knees to his chest while trying to keep the short pink frock from exposing his ass.

"Any girl violating the dress code will be bent over her bed for a bare-ass spanking!" Ashleigh laughed. "And I won't take it easy on your sissy butts!"

Ben squirmed. His cheeks stung from just the memory of how hard Cindi used to spank him. And now these girls he didn't know had permission to do it whenever they wanted?

"Rule Two," Ashleigh giggled. "All girls must keep their bodies shaved, *everywhere*. You sissies were given an hour to do that during in-processing, but just looking around I can see we'll have a lot of work in the morning, eh my little ladies? Your chests maybe? Or between your cute tushies? Don't worry, we girls will help you get it *all!*"

Ben shuddered as he slid a palm down his now baby smooth legs. Out of fear, he had been thorough, very thorough, following the instructions he had been given along with the pink razor. But he hadn't thought it would feel this good!

Stop it! Stop touching yourself!

But his erection wouldn't let him. Just sliding his legs against each other made tingles shoot up his spine. He kept touching his own silky smooth legs and blushing as the Fourth-termer continued.

"Any violations of Rule Two will result in a bare-ass spanking, and *then* I'll tie you down and give you a Brazilian wax myself!"

Ben gulped. Cindi had done his chest once, because he had teased her about how much she dreaded waxing her legs. He never wanted to go through that again!

"And all you lucky sissies will be getting electrolysis on your faces. After a few sessions, you'll never grow hair there again!" Ashleigh laughed.

Some of the boys started sniffing, making the hot blond just smile more.

"Rule Three- no touching those sissy sticks swinging between your legs!" she laughed.

"EVER! It's a horrible male habit and we won't have any of that here!" She gave them a look.

"We'll be watching you, you perverts. In the showers, even at night, so don't even think about it! Anyone caught playing with themselves will spend a week in a tight chastity belt." She grinned at them. "And their name will be posted in the hall so all us girls know exactly who to tease that week!"

Ben moaned. *Never?* That didn't seem possible! Looking at the strong, sexy, schoolgirls in tiny skirts and shiny stockings behind Ashleigh, and feeling his own smooth legs, he almost wanted to touch himself right now!

"If any of you sissies have trouble keeping your sissy sticks down, come see Vanessa or me," Ashleigh said, "and we'll help up you out."

Ben saw a few boys get hopeful when Ashleigh pointed out the stunning brunette at her side. But from her grin- just like Cindi's before a mean tease- he knew better about how Vanessa might 'help'.

Ashleigh chuckled. "And finally, Rule Four. I know Rule Three will make it very 'hard' for some of you sissies to get to sleep, but after lights out, NO warming of each other's beds!"

Ben's jaw dropped. Surely she couldn't mean that-

"You're becoming sissies, not sluts! If we catch ANY of you sneaking away to kiss and cuddle each other, I'm going to make ALL of you have steamy, third-base make out sessions on each other's laps while we Fourth-Termers watch!"

Ben felt the bottom dropping out of his stomach. They would ALL get the punishment if any of them slipped! It was hopeless!

"And the *second* time we catch you, I'll invite some Studs up from town and we'll give you horny sissies some REAL cock to handle! And we'll make sure you get your fill!"

The girls behind Ashleigh were besides themselves in laughter, some making crude sex gestures to the horrified boys.

Ben knew his life was over. Really over. Cindi always teased him about the humiliating stuff she'd make him do, but Ben could tell Ashleigh meant it. She'd actually carry out those horrifying punishments, and during one of them, Ben's heart would just stop. He was sure of it.

"Now," Ashleigh laughed, picking up the ping-pong paddle hanging near the door, "all you sissies stand and lift up those pink dresses! And if any of you have hair or undies down there, get ready for a spanking!"

And the schoolgirls erupted in cheers.

"I can't believe its been two weeks already!" Cindi exclaimed, sitting far forward in the passenger seat. "Do you think they made him wear panties? Or a dress? Oh! Or *lipstick!*"

"Calm down dear," her mother laughed while driving. "You're practically bouncing in your seat!" She turned their car smoothly into the Foxcroft Academy parking lot, a rich looking space bordered with manicured bushes and tall oak trees. "But yes, Parents Weekend couldn't have come soon enough. I was missing my Honey Bear so much!"

Cindi sprang from the car as soon as it stopped. Sheila shut off the engine and followed at a slower pace, chuckling.

On the Academy steps stood a woman, in striking knee-high leather boots, a flattering fitted brown skirt with a slit up the side, a ramrod straight spine under her pressed white shirt, and a warm smile on her face. "Sheila and Cindi Smith, I presume? I'm the headmistress of Foxcroft, Ms. Marlena. Thank you for coming."

"We wouldn't have missed it for anything!" Cindi laughed, shaking the woman's hand.

"Now Cindi, calm down, I mean it," her mother chided, shaking the woman's hand as well. "This is a very big change for Ben, and we don't want to make him shy away from it."

The headmistress laughed. "Well, not a lot of heterosexual young boys *don't* shy away from being forced into panties and dresses, or being made to talk and act like a girl. So while gentle support from their family is nice, we're finding what makes the biggest difference is a certain... enthusiasm? For making sure the sissy sticks to the program?"

"So Cindi's energy may be more helpful than I think?" Sheila asked as Marlena led them inside the huge building.

"Oh absolutely," the woman laughed. "A pat on the head may help eventually, but what these sissies need right now is a swift paddle on the bum. That gets them back on the program nicely."

"And how are you finding Ben's program progressing Headmis..." Sheila began, dropping off as three students came down the hall towards them.

They all had long flowing hair, short skirts over pert butts, silky stockings over toned legs and red, glossy lips. They walked with a hip-swaying confidence on three-inch Mary Jane heels past the stunned family.

"Oh my god!" Cindi gasped after they had past. "*Those* were once boys?!?"

"Oh no dear," Marlena laughed. "Those are Third-termers! This was a real girls school before the Sorting. And three-fourths of our students are still real girls, through and through."

"Lucky for Ben," Cindi said under her breath.

"Why is that?" the headmistress said loudly, years of teaching training her ears to catch even the quietest whispering student.

"Well, you know," Cindi laughed nervously. "I could always hear Ben um.... enjoying himself every night, just from being around the normal girls at our high school. If he's around girls dressed like *that*, all the time..." She giggled. "He might be getting chafed!"

"Oh no," Marlena laughed. "Foxcroft sissies are absolutely not allowed to do any of *that*. At all."

"Not ever?!" Cindi squealed, turning to Sheila. Even her mother had a hand over her mouth, trying to hide a giggle.

"That does seem sort of harsh," Sheila said after slightly composing herself. Her cheeks were still a little red. "Ben always did have an active... imagination. He's really gone cold turkey?"

The headmistress stopped and scanned a paper posted on the wall with her finger. "Let's see..... yes, your little sissy hasn't been caught touching herself once yet. Not bad."

Cindi almost broke her ankles jumping forward to read the list. "This is all the boys who tried to masturbate? And you announce it in public?!? All schools should do this!"

"Maybe soon they will. We've found that a little public humiliation goes a long way towards helping our dearies control their wandering hands. Even if their bodies...'stiffly' disagree in the morning?" Marlena added with a smirk.

Cindi laughed out loud, and even Sheila allowed herself a snicker, since the headmistress was being so open about it.

"So the mornings are the worst for the boys?" Sheila asked.

"Oh, you wouldn't believe," Marlena chuckled. "Most mornings their sissy sticks look like they're trying to tear right through their pretty nighties! We give them one minute to return to proper lady form, but most can't even get half soft, even knowing that means an ice cold shower supervised by a Fourth-Termer!" She laughed. "I'm saving so much on my hot water bill, compared to if we had 20 female First-Termers!"

Cindi couldn't stop smiling. "All those boys," the girl giggled. "Tossing and turning all night, their little willies sticking straight up at the ceiling, and they can't do *anything* about it!"

Marlena leaned closer to the young woman. "The ones who fuss too much get pulled out of bed for a bare-bottomed paddling. But the night monitors tell me most of them just have a good, sissy cry every few nights and go to sleep sniffling. Your new little sister included." Cindi squealed in delight. "But come, ladies, and let me show you what you came for."

The sitting room had soft leather chairs, elegant art on the wall, and soft music playing. Marlena directed Sheila and Cindi into the chairs and rang a bell for tea.

"I hope Ben's doing okay," Sheila fretted. "He's always had trouble adjusting to new things."

"Or new underwear!" Cindi giggled, getting a look from her mother.

"I mean it, Cindi," Sheila chided, as a pretty young girl in a uniform skirt brought their tea in. "I just want Ben to adjust and fit in...". She had stopped talking because of the look Cindi was giving the tea girl.

"BEN?!?!" Cindi cried, her jaw dropping. And then she was doubled over in laughter.

Sheila turned, and had to hold a hand in front of her mouth.

The tea girl was a slight thing, in three inch Mary Janes with her toes pointed shyly together. She wore shiny stockings and a garter belt over smooth legs, the standard sexy skirt and shirt, and barrettes in her short hair. The shoulders were too wide, and a second look revealed her true gender, but she was definitely closer to female than male. And she was blushing fire engine red.

"Don't just stand there, Lacey, set the tea down and take a seat," Marlena said with a smile.

Ben blushed even harder and did. "Yes ma'am!"

"Lacey?" Cindi laughed, having trouble breathing. "Lacey?!?!"

"All of our sissies have been given a proper feminine name," Marlena explained. "And must use it all the time, for all purposes."

"Until it becomes habit," Sheila said.

"Exactly. Show them your pretty name bracelet, Lacey."

With burning cheeks, Ben held out his right arm to show a thin, unbroken metal band with his name engraved on it, surrounded by flowers and fake jewels.

"There's no clasp," Sheila said. "How does he take it off?"

"Off?" the headmistress laughed. "Oh no, it's welded closed. I want Lacey to be reminded at all times, that she's a pretty little sissy who people care about. Cross your legs like a lady, Lacey."

"Sorry ma'am," Ben gulped, looking at the floor while he crossed his stockinged legs tightly.

Marlena shook her head. "The demeanor lessons haven't fully taken hold yet. But you know what they say: practice, practice, practice!"

"I did notice he... um... she was sitting with much better posture," Ben's mother said, the pronoun change making him flinch. "I could never get *Ben* to sit up so straight."

"And she tucked her dress under her so cutely when she sat!" Cindi laughed, then looked closer. "You pierced her ears!"

"Of course. On the second day. Sissies that made a fuss got two piercings in each ear, just like some younger girls are doing now."

Cindi was all smiles. "And how did you choose such a cute name like Lacey?"

The women looked expectantly at Marlena, but the headmistress just smiled at Ben. "This is your day, Lacey. Why don't you tell them?"

Ben fidgeted with his dress hem, coughed, then began, "Well, because I-"

"Normal rules still apply, even around your family. Use your pretty voice."

Cindi started snickering as Ben blushed even more, swallowed, and when he spoke again, in a high, soft falsetto, she broke into full giggles. Ben tried to ignore it.

"Um, well, because I kept my legs shaved like they told me to, I was the first one of the class to graduate from socks to stockings."

"*Lacy* stockings," Marlena corrected, edging up his skirt to show the women his sexy stocking tops with bows at the edge. "It was two more days before any other sissy had shaved their legs smoothly enough to do the same, and because our dear wore her stockings so proudly during that time, thus 'Lacey' was born!"

Cindi was rolling and holding her stomach again. "*So proudly!*"

Sheila ignored her, instead reaching over the table for Ben's hand. "So, Lacey, have you been having a good time? Are you making new friends?"

He couldn't look his mother in the eyes. He just wanted to die!

"No. I don't like it here!"

"Lacey's having a little trouble finding her niche," Marlena explained. "She just hasn't found the sissies she clicks with yet."

"They're all so silly and frivolous! I don't want to be friends with any of them!"

Marlena gave the women a wise look. "While Lacey leads the other First-Termers in following our rules, she is *far* behind in internalizing them. She does her sissy tasks better than anyone else, but it's not from the heart. And some of the other girls are staring to resent that."

"Now Lacey-" his mother began.

"I just want to go home!" Ben cried. "I can do this silly stuff at home!"

Marlena snapped her fingers and Ben instantly shrunk into his chair.

"That's a paddling before bed tonight, missy," the headmistress said in a calm, low voice, and Ben emitted a faint whimper.

His mother reached over the table to grab her son's surprisingly soft hands again.

"Ben, I don't want to scare you, but do you know what they do to boys who have been sorted to Sissy, but who don't want to go through the whole program? Who want to live by themselves outside?"

The tone of her voice made Ben's heart skip. "No. what?"

"They castrate them. It's a law now. And then, well..." She shrugged sadly. "The change takes care of itself."

Ben was shaking his head, tears starting to form. "No. No!"

"I know, honey boo, I don't want that either! Even if you're in panties and a skirt, I want you to have all your parts, so you can enjoy sex, when the time is right. So please? Try extra hard and do your best to fit in here? For me?"

Ben was shaking, quivering. It couldn't be true! But if it *was*, if this was his only option...

"Okay," he sniffed, his voice high and feminine. "I'll try."

Sheila hugged him, as did Marlena. "Lacey, I'm so proud of you!" the headmistress said, then patted his butt. "Why don't you run off to your room and have a good cry? You look like you need it. I'll send a Second-Termer up with hot cocoa and marshmallows in a bit."

"Yes ma'am," Ben sniffled.

"Love you, honey boo."

"Yeah, see ya, sis," Cindi giggled, as Ben/Lacey stood and walked out with delicate, short steps.

After drying her own eyes, Sheila looked up at the headmistress. "Is there any chance he makes it? That he becomes happy with a sissy's life?"

Marlena gave the woman's shoulder a comforting squeeze. "Oh don't worry, Mrs. Smith. It's still so early, and Lacey is doing the technical tasks just fine. With enough repetition and some special attention, when you come back for the end of semester visit, trust me." the headmistress grinned. "She'll be a *completely* different person."

Lacey brushed his shiny, shoulder length hair in the vanity mirror. The long hair made *so much* of a difference towards making him look softer- he was like a *completely different person!* Since they weren't allowed to cut it, all the other boys had the same flowing locks by now, some in juvenile pigtails, some in pouty Hollywood curls, and as he looked around at his roommates getting ready in the morning, Lacey could almost imagine he *was* in an all-girls school.

On the opposite bed sat Jasmine, daintily pointing her painted toes as she hummed and rolled shiny stockings up her legs. She had once been called Jeff, a tall, fast, star wide receiver for his high school's football team. But now Jasmine liked nothing more than to show off her long, curvy legs in stockings and have tickle fights with the other girls.

To his left was Spanky, bending far over her bed to straighten her sheets. Lacey couldn't even remember Spanky's boy name any more, but he could remember every inch of her bare ass, whether she was being bent over a bed for the punishment she seemed to get every night (hence her name), or just bending over without caring what her little skirt did behind her, like now.

Lacey always noticed Spanky working extra hard in the mandatory exercise classes (no rough ball sports for Sissies, only grueling Pilates, Step and aerobics led by a crazy-fit Third-Termer), and Spanky's tiny bum showed the results. With effort, Lacey pulled his eyes away from the pink thong splitting the cute, tight, butt under that too short skirt. *Damn it*, Lacey thought, *it's like she's trying to get me to look!*

If he didn't constantly remind himself that Spanky was once a boy, if he let himself just let go and stare at that hot ass... Lacey grimaced as he started getting hard in his panties. He had to try and make his boner go down before someone saw!

Lacey looked away from Spanky and kept brushing his hair (100 strokes every morning to bring out the most shine, Ashleigh always said). He looked the other way but over there was cute and thin Poppy, pouting her full lips for the mirror and putting on shiny pink lip gloss. And now Jasmine, fully decked in lacy stockings, garters and higher-than regulation high heels, came over to rub Poppy's shoulders and giggle in her ear.

Oh god, not again, Lacey thought, but he couldn't look away.

"I love how sexy that gloss makes your lips look," Jasmine giggled staring in the mirror too. "So wicked!"

"Not as good as your legs look in those nylons, bitch," Poppy giggled, reaching back to rub Jasmine's thigh through her stockings. "So silky! And your muscles are so tight! How do you do it?"

Jasmine stood on tiptoe and stretched her long legs. "Just good genes, I guess!"

Lacey rolled his eyes as they went on like this, comparing shades of lip gloss, earrings and shoes, always touching each other. Then Jasmine looked at her watch.

"Oopsie! I've got to go!" she said, checked the room for monitors, and then leaned in to give Poppy a quick kiss, right on her lips. Lacey's jaw dropped.

Jasmine broke the kiss quickly and rushed off, turning to giggle and wave at Poppy with flustered, red cheeks before skipping into the hall.

"You guys shouldn't do that," Lacey hissed.

Poppy giggled as she reapplied her lip gloss in the mirror. "It was just a little peck."

"If you get caught we're all in trouble!"

"Oh please," Poppy laughed as she did her eyelashes. "I've seen how you check out Spanky's ass every morning! I think that sissy stick I see poking out of your skirt might enjoy a some trouble like that!"

Lacey blushed and pulled down his skirt to cover the boner that wouldn't leave. "No I wouldn't!"

Poppy turned to face Lacey with a smug grin. She was the very image of a snobby rich schoolgirl, with perfect skin, full makeup, a slim frame and heels which made her thin legs look great. The type of girl Ben would have been way too nervous to ever approach in his old life.

"Oh really?" Poppy laughed. "Well maybe I'll let Ashleigh 'catch' me in a closet with Jasmine's hands up my skirt, and then we'll find out?"

Lacey felt his buttohole clench. "Don't! Please!"

"I don't know... I bet Jasmine has *great* hands..." Poppy sighed, then giggled. "Don't you want to let Spanky show you how well she kisses?"

Lacey felt her face flush. "NO! And he's a he!"

"Your little sissy stick won't notice," Poppy giggled, crossing her legs slowly for Lacey's benefit. "Don't act like you haven't been imagining it. I've seen you in the mornings. You're just like me!" she laughed, and Lacey could already see the outline of what had 'popped up' yet again between her thighs, the source of Poppy's name.

"Looking around..." the girl giggled. "Lusting after our roommates...wondering what their skin feels like...how nice it would feel to grab their hard rods in the shower and just have some fun..."

"What are you sissies still doing in here!" demanded Cassandra, suddenly appearing at the door. She was a tall, red-headed, Fourth-Termer who had turned Lacey's shower to extra cold this morning. "It's five to nine!"

"Nothing!" both boys squeaked, jumping to their feet and trying to hide their boners with their schoolbooks.

Cassandra came closer. "Two sissies all alone? With dirty little hard-ons, I'm guessing?" She lifted up their skirts without preamble. "Just as I thought! Explain yourself!"

Lacey was looking at the ground, to escape the older girl's fierce gaze.

"I... we... just were..."

"Talking about boys!" Poppy blurted out. "How much we want to kiss one or...". She giggled. "Touch their cocks."

Cassandra raised one eyebrow. "Really."

"We weren't touching each other- you saw how far apart we were sitting!" Poppy said. "We were just talking about cute boys from back home!"

The redhead turned to Lacey. "Is this true?"

Blushing, still hard and horribly embarrassed, Lacey nodded.

Cassandra smiled. "Well, that's another story! Ms. Marlena has been waiting for this to happen. For you wimps to finally stop ogling us girls and start desiring what a good sissy should! Why do you think we let you all shower together? We want you stare at all that stiff hard cock each morning and drool!"

Lacey felt sick to his stomach.

Cassandra patted them on the shoulder. "Tell you what, tomorrow morning I'll leave all the showers hot, and I'll let each of you 'accidentally' touch another sissy's hard soapy stick without punishment, and you can tell me later how good it made you feel, okay?"

"Oh thank you Cassy, thank you!" Poppy squealed, and Lacey already knew whose stick the tiny sissy would grab tomorrow.

Lacey tried not to think about it, but found his eyes drawn south. For some reason, the tall redhead hadn't yet put on her stockings, and Lacey had a great view of her soft, white porcelain legs, which her height and heels made look incredibly long. *That's how a girl should look*, Lacey thought. *Soft and smooth with thighs you just want to kiss and lick- OH NO!*

The tall redhead snorted as Lacey's erection sprang into view, wetting the center of her stretched pink panties. "Well, no time for another cold shower, and those boners look like they're only getting *harder* thinking about cock!" she laughed, shaking her head. "Get over Lacey's bed, both of you, and pull up your skirts! I'll paddle your butts until they go away."

Lacey thought he would die, but had no choice but to comply, bending over his own bed and lifting up the back of his skirt to expose his ass to the girl.

"You know better than that," Cassandra laughed. "Panties down to your ankles, like a *good* sissy."

Lacey's face burned but he did. So did Poppy, lying next to him. Except Poppy did it sexily.

"And why don't you best friends hold each other's hand and count the spanks out loud?" the girl with the paddle laughed. "If either of you mess up, that swing won't count for either of you."

Poppy happily grabbed Lacey's hand, grinning as the punishment began. And with each stroke she got, Poppy squeezed Lacey's hand, pushed her nude butt back like a porn star and made a low, sexy moan.

"Stop that!" Lacey hissed at her.

"Get with the program, Lacey!" the sissy laughed. "And have some *fun*!" Then she moaned again as the paddle hit, just like a virgin getting fingered for the first time.

Cassandra laughed and gave the sissies as many spanks on their bare butts as were needed to make their boners shrink, and Poppy purposely miscounted five times, just to make sure Lacey got an extra dose.

"Sissy sexual report, week seven," Ms. Marlena said to the circle of Fourth-Termers sitting in her office. It was Sunday so none of the girls wore stockings, leaving all of their smooth, young legs in view. They all crossed their legs as they had been taught, but some of the shortened weekend skirts barely covered their panties as the girls sat at ease amongst each other.

"Hot Lips is in the belt again," Vanessa laughed, reading the report. "Got caught playing with herself last night."

"How many times is that now?" the headmistress asked. "Three?"

"Four."

Marlena waved her hand dismissively. "Leave her in the belt for the rest of the semester. Maybe then she'll learn. Anything else?"

But the girls were spilling into laughter. Head Girl Ashleigh grabbed her perfect thighs as she doubled over. "A boy in chastity for eight straight weeks! Oh my god, I'm going to wet myself!"

"Hot Lips certainly will," Vanessa chuckled. "He's going to be the drippiest little sissy in school once the new list is published!"

"No, seriously!" Ashleigh said, the blond squeezing her thighs together. "I'm laughing too hard! Vanessa- you have to make sure your girls work him over the whole time!"

"Well, now that his little package is sealed away for the rest of the semester, I guess there's no harm in letting him shower with the Third-Termers every morning," the smiling brunette mused.

The girls broke into raucous laughs again. The Third-Termers wouldn't let the sissy have a moment of peace, demanding his help to soap up their most intimate areas, and to do his in return.

Marlena smirked. "Okay, okay, you girls can work out the details later. Now, what else to report?"

Cassandra spoke up. "Poppy and Jasmine have been sneaking off for heavy petting every few days. They think they're being so smart but I've had the Second-Termers tracking them the whole time."

Marlena stiffened with concern. "They haven't *consummated* anything, have they?"

"Oh god no," Cassandra laughed. "They're just like scared virgins, mostly just kissing and touching over their clothes. And the Seconds always 'accidentally' interrupt them if hands disappear under panties. They may have gotten in a quick rub or two, but I guarantee they've *always* left more frustrated than when they started!"

The image of the two blue-balled male sissies pining for each other like Romeo and Juliet made all the girls in the office giggle.

"Can we *finally* punish the whole class now?" Ashleigh asked Marlena. "I've just been *dying* to see some sissies crying as we force them to suck face!"

"No, no," the headmistress chuckled. "The rule against fraternizing was to humiliate the boys, not to prevent it. We *want* our sissies aching to please males and each other. Their future job opportunities depend on it." She smiled. "I haven't told you girls, but my goal is to see all the Sissy's tongues hard at work under each others skirts by Christmas."

"Oh my god!" Ashleigh squealed, looking over at Vanessa. The brunette's cheeks were red with suppressed laughter too. "Now THAT would be epic!"

"And when can we get their tongues hard at work under *our* skirts?" Cassandra laughed. Half the girls cheered in agreement.

Marlena held up her hands. "Now now, we'll get to that. A Sissy's future career path depends on *that* too. But we're going to tackle the bigger hurdle first. Get them used to pleasing men with their mouths, and they'll just jump at the chance to please a woman if we offer."

"So to that end," the headmistress continued, "in two weeks we'll invite 40 Nerds up from the town and have a Homecoming dance. With 20 Second-Termers and 20 Sissies."

"The Nerds will be playing Russian Roulette!" Ashleigh laughed.

"Yes. I want to see if the Nerds can tell them apart," Marlena said. "Therefore, keep the sissies bottled up, completely. No orgasms, ever. If they have a wet dream, rub their face in it, just like you've been doing."

The girls chuckled.

"Do extra training on their voices and posture, lotion their skin every day, and have them start dancing with each other. Slow, close dances. I want those Nerds' belts to pop when they get here! I have a bet with their Bosses."

Marlena smiled. "And if a few blue-balled sissies' start having wandering hands while they're dancing with each other, or they look like they're aching to kiss at the end of the song, make sure you girls turn a blind eye, hmmm?"

The girls squealed in excitement, Ashleigh the most.

"Now, final business," the headmistress said. "What of our prize girl Lacey? How's she doing?"

Ashleigh shrugged, as did Vanessa. "Average, I guess."

"No belt time? No punishments?"

They shook their heads. Cassandra said, "I did spank her bottom for getting a boner alone with Poppy this week, but I'm sure that was Poppy's fault."

Ashleigh frowned. "I don't see what the big deal about Lacey is. Sure, she shaves and does her nails and make up better than any other sissy, but she's still not really trying. I'd rather spend more time on the ones like Poppy, who are almost ready to hop their little bottoms onto a Stud's lap!"

Marlena smiled as the girls cheered in agreement. "But the fun of sissyfying a boy is when he resists, is it not?" the older woman asked. "Not one who willingly becomes feminine, but one who cries as his masculinity is slowly taken away by a strong female he is helpless to resist?"

Ashleigh squeezed her thighs together again. "Yeah, I guess you're right."

"And who is resisting more than our little angel Lacey? You could say that she's the biggest Sissy prize of them all! And I'm giving her totally to you. I want you to take her under your wing, Ashleigh. To show her how much *fun* being a woman can be, hmmm?"

The young blond's eyes widened. "You mean-"

"Yes, that thing we talked about. Feel free to get creative, too. Can you do that?"

The perfectly tanned, toned blond giggled and stretched her arms above her head, making her breasts almost rip apart her tight shirt. "Yes Headmistress!"

"Good. Because I made a promise to Lacey's family. And I intend to keep it."

Lacey suffered through yet another Math class. She had hated the subject before. And now it just reminded her of the day she had traded pants for a lifetime of frilly dresses. Also, half the class were Second-Termers.

The cute sissies like Poppy or Spanky were hard enough to ignore, but the bubbly Seconds constantly squirmed and stretched in their seats, crossing their coltish legs or bouncing their budding breasts. *Ohhh, those breasts....*

Lacey no longer got turned on by the sissies in water-filled bras, but seeing real, natural breasts on real, natural girls again had her sweating. And being raised in all-female schools, even the bustiest young Seconds thought nothing of undoing their top two shirt buttons on hot days. Or stretching their arms high above their heads and yawning. Or leaning over to get something out of their backpack, giving a great view at their hanging, swinging breasts down their blouses.

A girl just feet from Lacey did that now, and Lacey whimpered and pulled her ruffled skirt down, fighting with her body again.

Please! Stop! Don't get hard now! she begged as her cock slowly stiffened against her will. Halfway. *NO!* Then three fourths. *Please!* Then completely hard, tenting up her skirt right in the middle of class. The busty Second whose cleavage had started Lacey's boner in the first place giggled and nudged her friend, pointing out what the too-small skirt couldn't hide.

It couldn't get any worse than this! Lacey thought.

"Lacey Smith," a stern voice said from the door. "Come here at once!"

Lacey's heart stopped. It was Ashleigh, the blond Head Girl who reminded him so much of his stern, athletic sister! And he was still hard!

"Um, miss, what is this about..."

Ashleigh snapped her fingers. "Come with me, Firstie! Make me ask you again and I'll paddle you *and* your little sissy stiffy right here in front of the whole class!"

Now ALL the Seconds were looking, giggling at the diamond hard four-inch erection trying to lift his skirt.

Lacey felt his face start burning as he tried to collect his things while not flashing the entire class. But it was impossible. His erection was tenting his skirt right up in the front, Ashleigh was tapping her foot and getting madder by the second, and without a third hand or jacket to cover herself... The class exploded into laughter as Lacey stood up from her desk, arms full of books, and her own hard penis lifting up her skirt to show everyone the satin flowery panties she was wearing today.

"Sorry for the interruption, Ms. Hoover," Ashleigh laughed.

"No problem," the teacher chuckled, watching Lacey's stiffy bob in front of her as the blushing sissy shuffled up the aisle. "I hadn't even noticed Lacey was so hard at work! A little special punishment may get her back on track. Give her five extra spanks for me."

"Will do," Ashleigh laughed, and swatted Lacey's ass as she passed, making her yelp. She closed the door and looked the blushing, nervous sissy up and down in the hall.

"So. This is what I have to work with. Can you lose that stupid boner in less than a minute or do I really have to paddle you?"

She smirked at him the same way his sister did all those times she caught him red-handed, jacking off in the shower- and that only made his cock harder! But Lacey squeaked: "I'll lose it Miss! I promise!"

"Good. Come with me."

And she started walking off on her long legs. Lacey scrambled to follow, but she wasn't used to walking so fast in heels and almost tumbled. Ashleigh giggled and slowed down, but Lacey still struggled to keep up since the Head Girl's strides were so long.

The activity worked her erection down, and after half a minute, Lacey asked, "So, um, where are we going, Miss?"

"You don't have to 'Miss' me anymore, sissy. No one's around. Call me Ashleigh."

"Sorry, Ashleigh."

"And toss your books in your locker. You won't need them again today."

Lacey did, her dread rising as they kept walking towards the exit.

"Are we going out to the exercise grounds?"

The blonde smiled down at him. "*We*, sissy, are going into town!"

Lacey gulped. "Dressed like this?"

"You want to change out of your school uniform into something cuter? I've got an see-through sundress and strappy five inch heels you can borrow."

"No Ashleigh! This will be fine!"

Ashleigh giggled and kept leading Lacey forward. "Every year," she explained, "Foxcroft Academy has a fundraiser, a calendar featuring some of our best students. We have the girls pose around the classrooms, in the gym, or on their beds, so the folks back home can get a little glimpse of life here."

Lacey gulped. "Okay."

Ashleigh gave him a knowing look as they walked. "Of course, we know why the calendars are so popular. We know what all those dirty Dads and brothers do alone in their rooms with pictures of young girls in schoolgirl outfits. So every year we put in one or two shots where the model doesn't 'realize' her panties are showing or where a mirror just happens to be in the wrong place."

Ashleigh snorted. "And some of the featured panty girls mail their little brothers a calendar on purpose, just to torment them a little. They know the pervs won't throw them away but they also won't jack off with their sister smiling back at them from every page. You know, a little old fashioned long distance blue-balling?"

Ashleigh looked at him and Lacey felt pressure to fake a giggle and agree. Lacey caught a glimpse of themselves in a mirror as they left the school- and they looked like nothing more than two hot schoolgirls laughing at boys together!

"But, um, why am I here, Ashleigh?" Lacey asked he saw the waiting car.

The blond grinned. "Because, my dearest Firstie- you're going to be our featured girl this year! You're going to be photographed being sweet and cute and just naughty enough to get the boys back home all hard, and you sure can't do it with that plain Jane hair style!"

Lacey was backing away, blushing. "No! I can't!"

Ashleigh grabbed his wrist with a steel grip and laughed, pulling him into the limo with her. "Oh yes you will! Ms. Marlana has ordered it, or else you'll get put in the belt, paddled and teased crazy every single day for the rest of the year!"

Ashleigh threw an arm over the trembling sissy's shoulders as the driver pulled away. "Don't worry! The girls at the salon will *love* working on a little cutie like you!"

Lacey thought she was going to pee her panties the whole time, but the stylists at 'The Bob & Weave' didn't seem to notice she had once been a boy, or they didn't mention it if they did. On the contrary, they fussed over her like she was a girl going to her first Prom, trying one style after another, engaging in girl talk, and finally giving her full, bouncing curls and adding a rich red to her natural brown color.

Lacey barely said a word out of fear of being found out, and Ashleigh pulled the dazed sissy out of the salon afterwards and squealed. "You passed! They totally believed you were a girl!"

Lacey's throat was still tight. "Great."

"It is! And you look so hot with your hair done! Let's go get started on those pictures!"

Ashleigh took Lacey back to her room, one the Fourth-Termer shared with three other girls. "Dressing shots are always a hit!" the blond giggled, setting up the camera and lights. "Go to my wardrobe and pretend like you're having trouble deciding!"

Lacey was blushing fiercely, and did a few stiff poses.

"Pout more!" Ashleigh ordered, snapping shots. "Sexier! No, that's not it!" She turned the camera off with a snap. "Lacey! Are you even trying?"

Lacey fidgeted with her dress. "Sorry Ashleigh. Maybe someone else should-"

The tall blond put her hands on her hips. "Didn't you promise your mother you'd try your hardest so they wouldn't snip your sissy balls off?"

Lacey's heart tried to jump out her throat. "Yes, Miss!"

"Then *try*," Ashleigh giggled. "Here, do a sexier pose, like this."

Lacey's eyes got big as the Head Girl stood and pushed one leg to the side, flipping up her skirt to show all of her sleek, muscular thigh and blew the camera a kiss.

Lacey gulped and matched her, and Ashleigh picked up the camera again. "Good! You got it! Blow me a kiss! Go sexy!"

The older girl took lots of pictures in rapid fire, cheering the sissy on and using herself to show Lacey how to pose. She was so fit and tall and naturally sexy, and after a few minutes of watching her every move Lacey felt a familiar problem developing under her skirt. *No! Not now!*

She tried to fight it, but Ashleigh made Lacey watch her every sexy move until finally, Lacey's skirt was tenting up again, right in front of the older girl.

But Ashleigh just laughed.

"Oh don't worry about that, we need some butt shots anyway! Now turn and give me a little skirt flip! There you go!"

Lacey did, thankful just to point her erection away.

"This is much better than being in that stupid Math class, huh?" Ashleigh asked.

Lacey gulped and nodded, arching her back subconsciously to be more sexy, and Ashleigh just smiled behind the camera.

The older girl put Lacey through the paces, demanding one kittenish pose after another, suggesting she roll one stocking down, then the other, and before she knew it, Lacey was lying on the bed unbuttoning her shirt.

"Oh my god!" she squeaked, sitting up and pulling her shirt closed.

"What?" Ashleigh laughed. "It's not like you'll have a nip slip! And we do always a few girls in just long shirts and panties each year."

The sissy still clutched at her shirt. "But... but... I would look so...". She wanted to say 'girly' in a negative tone, but that would have gotten her paddled for sure.

"Sexy?" Ashleigh offered. "Hot? Powerful?"

"Powerful?"

"Sure. I'll show you." And then the Fourth-Termer was doing it- she unzipped her schoolgirl skirt and unbuttoned her shirt all the way, right before Lacey's eyes, then slipped her bra off!

The blond nudged the blushing sissy, who was trying to look anywhere except Ashleigh's perfect near-nude body. "Come on," she giggled. "Us models can't be bashful, right? Here, take the camera!"

Then she jumped on the bed and did some poses that made Lacey's erection just *hurt*. Wearing just a shirt and thong panties, the tall, athletic blond posed as well as any swimsuit model, smiling the whole time, teasing Lacey with breasts that almost bared themselves then didn't, and taking just the right angles to show off her naked, mile-long, toned legs.

"You aren't taking any pictures," Ashleigh laughed as Lacey stood frozen. "See? Powerful, huh?"

Lacey could only nod dumbly. She was SO hard!

"Okay," Ashleigh giggled, getting up. "Your turn!"

"But, but.."

"Strip sissy! I did for you!"

With a burning face, Lacey did, getting down to just a shirt and panties like Ashleigh was. At the same time, the tall blond pulled a full length mirror facing the bed, and Lacey saw a nearly nude, scared but cute young girl sitting on it. With a stiff hard-on.

"Now, just make the girl in the mirror look just like I looked to you!"

Lacey was so nervous. "But Ashleigh," she squeaked. "My... my..." and she pointed to the quivering hard-on tenting her panties.

"Oh! Is that little sissy stick causing you problems?" the blond laughed. "Here, I know how to fix that." And Ashleigh stepped forward and started jacking Lacey off, right through her panties.

"Ashleigh!" the sissy cried, at first fighting but then just squirming on the bed. "Oh! OH! Please!" The Head Girl was *so* good with her hands, sliding the soft cotton of Lacey's panties rapidly over her long-denied penis.

"*This* is how I deal with a little sissy who won't keep his stick down," Ashleigh laughed.

"Oh god! Noooo!" A few other Fourth-Termers had peeked into the room because of Lacey's yelling, but she couldn't stop. After weeks of denial, she was crying from the sudden pleasure.

"Ashleigh! Please!" she begged. "Please! I'm going to... going TO-"

"Cum like a girl!" the blond ordered. "Make girly noises as you cum or I'll stop!"

Lacey cried out in a high feminine squeal, even though the other Fourth-Termers were laughing to tears at her show.

"More moans!" Ashleigh ordered. "Like you're getting reamed by a huge Stud!"

Lacey moaned just like that, at the top of her lungs, as Ashleigh's hands took her straight over the edge without pause. Lacey came and came, filling the front of her panties with weeks of pent up desire in front of a clapping crowd.

Ashleigh got out every drop, stroking even after Lacey stopped moaning, until the sissy started squirming and begging her to stop. Only then did Ashleigh wipe her cum covered hands off on Lacey's stomach and thighs.

"Well, I guess we're not getting any more pictures out of you tonight!" she laughed at the spent, panting boy on her bed. "Go clean off in the hall bathroom. And come back wearing *just* your birthday suit, sissy, or I'll paddle your ass before bed!"

Lacey did, having to slink past the teasing spectators once in completely cum-soaked panties, and again a second time, stark naked. On the way out the older girls giggled and mocked his orgasm moans and on the way back they wolf-whistled and pinched the nude blushing boy's ass as he was trying to cover his front with his hands. The last girl pinched especially hard and Lacey squealed and dove into Ashleigh's bed, pulling the blanket around him.

The Fourth-termer laughed and shooed the other girls away. Then, as Lacey watched, naked and scared from her bed, the tall blonde changed into a short tee and silky boy shorts (facing away from Lacey, but still, the sight of Ashleigh's naked back and butt started his cock swelling again), took the make-up off her face and started brushing her own hair 100 times.

Lacey gulped, unable to stop watching. She was so confident, so sexy, so... powerful.

Ashleigh's roommates came in, the model-perfect Vanessa, the tall red-head Cassandra and a tiny Asian girl with flawless skin. They all had the same air Ashleigh did, like a goddess walking amongst mortals. Vanessa slept in just a short sleep shirt which Lacey caught a quick peek under as she bent over. Cassandra slept in just her panties and the sissy drank in the sight of her beautiful nipples and bare breasts, the first he had seen since coming to Foxcroft. And then the Asian stripped totally nude, and Lacey got to see everything.

Ashleigh turned off the lights and climbed into bed with the trembling Lacey. "Sleeping here is better than sleeping with the Firsties, isn't it?" she whispered, pulling Lacey close.

"Yes Miss Ashleigh," Lacey squeaked.

The blond chuckled and snaked a hand between Lacey's thighs to squeeze his newly insistent erection. "I can trust you not to touch this all night, can't I? I'd hate to tell Ms. Marlana we need to snip your balls off for acting like a dirty boy."

"Please Ashleigh! I won't touch it!"

"Good," the older girl laughed, and then moved to spoon Lacey from behind. "Because I'm making you my little sister. You can sleep with me while we do the photo shoots, and if you try real hard and make this the best calendar ever, maybe we can have a little more fun like we did tonight. Sound good?"

The blond's tall, strong, clothed body was pressed against Lacey's smaller nude one from behind. One of Ashleigh's arms were under Lacey's neck, the other over her shoulder to hold her close. Her long, smooth legs intertwined with Lacey's, and her silky shorts pressed right against Lacey's naked butt. Ashleigh's top hand was idly stroking Lacey's chest and flat stomach, and every now and then would go further south to give Lacey's hard cock a possessive squeeze.

The sissy had never felt so small but also so completely...safe.

"Yes, Ashleigh," she gulped. "That sounds good."

The second day started off with Ashleigh bursting out of bed and challenging everyone to a pillow fight, with the loser having to perform a sexy song and dance in the shower. Which turned out to be the tiny Asian girl, Kimmi.

Lacey was stunned that the other girls didn't turn on him but instead teamed up to bury Kimmi under swinging pillows and tickling fingers until she begged for mercy. He was even more stunned when Ashleigh dragged him along to the shower to watch a blushing, soap-covered Kimmi breathlessly sing "Happy Birthday, Mister President," while running slippery hands all over her body, pulling at her hard nipples and rubbing her soapy ass. For the finale she got under Ashleigh's shower head and tried to kiss and slide her naked body down the blond's, but Ashleigh just laughed and pushed the girl away, saying the show was over. The girls went back to showering, with a blushing, incredibly hard, Lacey right there with them.

In fact, the whole morning he was treated just like one of the Fourth-Termers, privy to dressing with them, putting on make-up at their side and overhearing every discussion. Cassandra went to rouse the Firsties, and returned with clean underwear for Lacey and stories of which sissies had to have their painful morning wood paddled away this time. And as the girls laughed and plotted how to give those boys extra teasing in the halls, Lacey found himself giggling with them, even as his own hard cock waved painfully in front of him.

It was just so much better to be on *this* side of the tease than the other.

And then Ashleigh wanted to take more photos.

These were the "casuals", and she had Lacey put on one of Kimmi's thin sundresses and pose around the grounds and gardens. She demanded perfection, and must have made Lacey repeat laughing and dipping her bare feet into Foxcroft Fountain a hundred times, shouting corrections all the while. She even showed Lacey the result and he had to agree, the final picture made him look incredibly light, feminine, and even sort of sexy.

Then there was the shot of him sitting on the fountain's edge, water up to his calves, pulling up 'his good dress' to not get it ruined.

"Higher," Ashleigh said, snapping pictures. "Pull the dress higher!"

Lacey did.

"Come on, higher! Let's see those baby-smooth thighs that all the boys wish they could lick!"

And Lacey found herself blushing, imagining those Studs back at school with painful blue balls- because of her! So she pulled her dress a little higher and opened her lip-sticked lips a little, hoping her panties didn't show *too* much.

The shower shots would be tame- Ashleigh explained that they still had a *certain* level of class to maintain- they would just be Lacey peering around the shower doorway, hair dripping wet with an "Ooops, you caught me!" laugh on her face.

Lacey happily stripped nude and wetted herself down for these, knowing only her head and shoulders would be seen. She didn't know what Ashleigh did- that the shower's back window always showed a tantalizing reflection of the doorway this time of day, if you knew right where to stand. So she made Lacey stand on tiptoes to really emphasize her ass, which made Lacey confused but made Ashleigh just smile behind the camera.

They dressed and met some other Fourth-Termers for lunch, teased a few Firsties and Seconds as the cool kids always did, and Lacey stuck to Ashleigh's side like a kid sister and got all the benefits thereof. Back home he had never been this cool, this desired!

And then it was back upstairs to Ashleigh's bedroom.

Lacey felt his heart start pounding as he saw the bed again, and the mirror still facing it. Could he do this? The shirt and panties shot would show so much more skin- be so much more intimate than the others!

"You know what shot always gets men's hearts going?" Ashleigh asked, setting up the tripod.

Lacey shook her head, pulse racing.

Ashleigh snapped the camera in place, set the auto timer, then looked at Lacey.

"Two sexy schoolgirls in full uniform, perfectly made up with bows in our hair, just like we have now, sitting on a pink girly bed... about to kiss."

Lacey clutched at her shirt. *She couldn't mean...*

"Breath mint?" Ashleigh giggled, and Lacey took one, as did the older girl. "Here, let me freshen your lipstick..." The blond held Lacey's face tenderly and reddened her lips. Lacey was a nervous wreck- it felt like his first kiss all over again!

The blond got on her bed on her knees, checked her position in the mirror, then laughed. "Well, come on!"

Lacey gulped and did, her lacy stockinged knees swishing against each another as she knelt on the bed. She moved to take her three-inch heels off, but Ashleigh said: "Leave them on- it's part of the uniform!" The older girl giggled. "And besides, men *love* it when you wear heels to bed. Remember that!"

Lacey nodded and moved forward, until they were almost touching breasts.

"Put your hands on my thighs," Ashleigh said. "Gently, like a girl."

Lacey did, touching those warm, strong sexy muscles for the first time.

"Now I put my hands up here," the blond giggled, cupping Lacey's trembling chin as softly as a warm breeze. "Now close your eyes, like you want me..."

Lacey was shaking. She put herself in Ashleigh's hands and leaned forward, eyes shut.

The camera went off. Then again. And then Ashleigh's lipsticked lips were pressing on hers!

"Keep going," Ashleigh whispered. "No matter what!"

They kissed again, softly, then harder. Ashleigh's hands were rubbing Lacey's breasts, then her ass under her skirt, aggressively, like a man's would. Lacey's hands replied timidly, but it was enough. His erection was pointing at the ceiling.

The camera went off.

Ashleigh reached into his panties, grabbed his cock and tucked it up under the waistband, out of sight. "To maintain the illusion," she giggled, then kissed the sissy again.

The camera kept flashing as Ashleigh unbuttoned her shirt, then Lacey's, then pulled the sissy's panties down and gently guided her onto her hands and knees.

"Ready?" the blond giggled.

"For what?" Lacey squealed.

Ashleigh pulled Lacey's hair from behind and nibbled on her earlobe. "For me to enter you," she laughed into his ear. "Are you wet enough?"

"No!" Lacey said. She heard the sound of a drawer opening behind her, and then a heavy, warm dollop of fluid squirted right against her asshole!

Ashleigh held the sissy down to keep her from jumping away. "You're wet enough now," she giggled, rubbing the lube all around Lacey's now dripping, slick rear entrance.

Lacey's arms and legs shook as she waited on all fours. "Ashleigh! I don't think I want to do this!"

"No girl does her first time," the blond laughed, and Lacey heard another drawer opening. "But I'll use the smallest one."

Lacey almost jumped out of bed again as he felt the tip of something hard and smooth probe against his ass, but Ashleigh was so strong- so much stronger than him!

She grabbed his tiny waist and tipped his hips into perfect position, her knees pushing his farther apart from behind. She pushed his head down, down, until Lacey's cheek was on the satin pillow.

The tip of Ashleigh's strap-on was teasing the rim of his asshole, making him clench.

"Sissies aren't allowed to be lesbians," Ashleigh giggled. "Otherwise you all would. But Ms. Marlena says they *can* be a little bit bi. You know, experiment every now and then?"

The strap-on tested Lacey's hole and he whimpered.

"So be thankful that your first time is with a hottie like me and not some horny Stud," Ashleigh laughed, then tapped Lacey's shoulder. "Look at the mirror- isn't that hot?"

Lacey did. Two sexy schoolgirls in tiny skirts and stockings on a bed, one bending the other over with a smile. It made his penis spring to iron hardness again.

"See?" Ashleigh giggled, encouraging his hardness with her hand. She was working her magic again, and Lacey's hips started moving on their own.

"I'm a better first fuck than almost any Stud you could get," the Head Girl laughed. "Because I'm so much softer. I'll be so much.... more... *gentle*."

And she was in.

Lacey gasped- he felt like he was splitting in two! He had never felt so...filled! And with Ashleigh draped over him like she was last night, he felt safe. And his balls were aching to shoot as her hand kept up its gentle strokes.

He moaned.

"Shh, shh, shh," she said. "Just enjoy the feeling for a while. I'll start thrusting in a second."

But her hands kept up their teasing tickles on his cock and full balls, now maddeningly light. They felt like feathers! Perfect, tireless-

"Ashleigh!" he whimpered. "Please!"

"Okay sissy," she laughed. "You can start thrusting."

Lacey did, slowly creeping back towards her. Something hit bottom inside him and tingles shot to his head and toes.

"Oh!"

He slid forward, then back again, Ashleigh's hand matching his motions with strokes on his four-inch cock.

"There you go," she giggled. "Nice and easy."

At each bottom, the tingles shot out again. The pleasure was radiating out from his warm, slick asshole. And her hand on his cock- it was building a tight tension in his crotch, one that was taking over all his thoughts! His hips started moving in a motion as old as time.

"Each person who fucks you will have their own rhythm," Ashleigh said, matching his speed. "Some will stop and start. Some will hammer away so hard you can't walk the next day. And some will make you cry out God's name."

Lacey *was* crying now. The smell of perfume, the satin against his face, the stockings on his legs, the girls in the mirror- it all built up. A huge pressure that had been building for eight weeks, and was about to be released.

"But no matter how you get fucked," Ashleigh continued softly, "I want you to remember this first time, okay? Remember me and our time together, remember that picture in the mirror and remember how good it feels to make me happy." Now she sped up her strokes, fucking Lacey's ass faster as the boy moaned. "I'll be watching for you always, Lacey. And no matter what, I want you to be the sexiest, girliest, hottest, most powerful sissy Foxcroft has every produced ever, okay?"

Lacey grunted, now just trembling and taking Ashleigh's fast strokes into his ass.

"OKAY?"

"YES MISS ASHLEIGH!" Lacey screamed right before she came.

"Enter," Marlana said, and a slight girl with bouncing brunette curls came into her office, her cheeks and legs red from the cold winter's breeze.

"All the other girls have switched to wool leggings by now to stay warm," the headmistress said, showing the girl a seat. "You're allowed that at end of your first term. Why are you still wearing the stockings and garters?"

"I just like them, ma'am," the girl answered in a lilting, high voice.

"They make you feel sexy?"

The girl blushed, a pretty sight on such a delicate face. "Yes ma'am."

Marlena laughed. "We chose your name well, Lacey. You've become much more of a perfect sissy than I could have hoped." The girl only blushed more. "Now, do you know why you're here?"

Lacey shook her head.

"You're here for your Second Sorting Day. Where we decide your life after Foxcroft."

"Already?" the girl gasped. "It's only been one term!"

"There are many other unruly boys who need to be made into Sissies. And besides-" the headmistress looked over how the girl sat, her legs crossed tightly, dress smoothed and one heel dangling sexily, her spine straight and her breasts pushed proudly out- "you've come so far!"

"But... but..."

"I know you've made a lot of friends here, but it is time to move on. You can visit from time to time, and when you do, we'll even give you a paddling for old time's sake. Now, are you ready to hear the three paths your life could take from here?"

Lacey's raised foot was twitching, threatening to drop her four-inch Mary Jane to the floor. She swallowed. "Yes ma'am."

"Oh, but first let me tell you- this year's fundraising calendar was the most popular ever! You should be very proud."

The older woman slid a copy of the glossy calendar across her desk. On the cover was the Foxcroft logo and a large, high-quality picture of Ashleigh and Lacey, eyes closed, one moment away from kissing. With their equally perfect makeup, pink glossy lips, and pierced ears, it was impossible to tell one had not been born female.

A hot blush rose to Lacey's face.

"Besides the usual sales to Foxcroft parents and family," Marlena said, "since you were featured so much this year, your sister Cindi has been promoting it ALL through your old high school and your neighborhood. She's sold three hundred copies just to people you used to know!"

Lacey squirmed in her seat and blushed harder. "That's great, ma'am."

The headmistress started flipping pages, showing Lacey picture after picture of herself in girly poses, laughing, showing off her bare legs and feet, or blowing kisses to the camera. "In fact, there was one specific picture... where was it... here we go!"

The one of her peeking around the shower door. The one Lacey had thought tamest of them all, and thus had really let her happiness and joy shine through in her expression. Lacey gasped as she saw her tight, wet, naked body partially reflected in the window behind her. The naked flesh gave Lacey's cheerful, mouth open smile a whole different meaning to anyone who looked at it!

"Cindi helped your old football team put this one up in their showers, behind waterproof plastic. It's said to be quite 'inspiring' to all those naked boys who are looking at it!"

Lacey was holding her hand in front of her mouth and burning cheeks. "Oh no..."

"There's also a contest, I believe? Something about who can get something to land closest to your naked... well, I'll let Cindi tell you herself when she visits you next week. On to the sorting!"

Lacey started shaking, just like when she had stood naked back in the gym, so many days and a lifetime ago.

"There are three places you could go from here," Marlena said with a smile. "First and easiest would be for me to sell you off to a Stud. Most Studs will never marry so that they can keep working, and it's not good for a man's home to be without a woman's touch for so long. You'll keep his home, cook meals and do laundry, and when he is between jobs, see to his needs."

"His needs?" Lacey squeaked.

"We can't have our Studs masturbating too much," Marlena laughed. "It leads to bad habits. So, on the nights their services haven't been bid on, you'll be a safe, feminine outlet for his desires."

Lacey shivered. "Oh no! I couldn't-"

"You were quite popular at the Nerd dance, weren't you?" the Headmistress laughed. "A long line of boys waiting to feel you up? And looking at how well you did in these pictures... you may get the Stud to pop even before he puts it in you! Or not long after, if Ashleigh has taught you anything."

Lacey's whole face was red. "No ma'am, please!"

"You'll still have to dress sissy, but Studs won't be too strict on the details, so you could relax your beauty regimen a little from what you do here. And your new owner would probably let you sneak off to masturbate as much as you like, as long as you didn't do it in front of him."

Lacey's eyes got big at the thought.

Marlena smiled at the girl. "How many weeks has it been since your last release?"

"Three weeks, ma'am," Lacey gulped.

"Something to think about," Marlena laughed, then turned the page.

"The second option would be a lot of work for you. A few positions have opened in the Nerd class. Specifically, civil engineering. You'd have to learn a lot more math than we've

taught you here, you'd be in a chastity belt the whole time, and you'd get occasional releases depending on how well you did on your studies."

Marlena looked up at the suddenly hopeful boy. "Which, considering your earlier test scores and the fact you're already a term behind, wouldn't be many releases at all! And the only catch is that you'd never be allowed to put on a pretty sissy uniform ever again."

"Not ever?" Lacey gasped, and Marlena smiled at the response.

"No Lacey. Nerds have to wear those rough, baggy pants and shirts all men do. If a Nerd was found dressing in panties, even under his work clothes, or trying on cute flowing dresses, even on the weekends, well..." she made a scissors gesture with her fingers "snip-snip!"

Lacey whimpered and pressed her thighs together.

"Something to think about," Marlena repeated. She turned another page.

"The third and final choice, is to rent you out to a lady looking for a live-in maid. You'd be provided the finest clothes and beauty products, since you'd have to maintain yourself to even higher feminine standards than we have here. These woman are extremely wealthy, and expect their help to look impeccable and sexy at all times. And they wouldn't be afraid to paddle you thrice daily to get it!"

The sissy gulped.

"The benefit is that you wouldn't have to satisfy any Studs, unless your Lady got tired of one's services before he got his release. And you wouldn't have to wear a tight belt like all Nerds must. Your little sissy stick would be allowed to get as hard as it wanted. In fact, most Ladies would enjoy seeing that, just to humiliate you."

Lacey was blushing again.

"And they will," Marlena said. "That's the caché of having a sissy maid, to be able to invite over all the women from your Yacht club to watch a poor boy in make-up, panties and a skirt prance for their amusement. You'd be the center of humiliating rituals quite regularly."

Lacey felt tears forming. *These were her only three choices?*

"Speaking of which, most of the Ladies who would want a sissy maid are also greatly amused by denying men's orgasms. So hearing you whimper and beg for relief from months of blue-balls would only add to their fun. Yet you would be required to satisfy their needs with your tongue quite regularly. Which Ashleigh and Cassandra tell me you have gotten quite skilled at, correct?"

Lacey blushed even more as she started shaking. "Yes, ma'am."

"Good. The more cunning you are with your tongue, the fewer times you'll likely have to offer up your pretty bottom to your Lady's strap-on before she tires for the night. If the Lady has young daughters, however..." She chuckled. "Well, you know how energetic young ladies can be."

Marlena laid the three pieces of paper in front of her and looked up at the girl, as pretty and feminine a thing as Foxcroft had ever produced during her tenure.

"But there is good news, Lacey. Unlike your previous Sort, you have a say in this one! Not a large say, but if you strongly lean one way or the other, I will take that into account when I make the final announcement next week at graduation, in front of all your family and friends. So, which life would you prefer? Service to a Stud and sexual freedom? Dressing as a Nerd in a constant chastity belt and ugly male clothes? Or a blue-balled French Maid to a woman in her sexual prime, constantly dressed in the finest silk panties and nylons but spending your days spit polishing the very strap-ons she and her daughters will use on you later that night?"

Lacey was quivering, fidgeting with her skirt.

"Come on now, speak up. Which do you want?"

The girl was blushing, breaking out into a cold sweat.

"I... I just don't know, ma'am!"

The headmistress leaned back in her chair, crossed her legs, and grinned.

"Perfect."

THE END

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