

# Political Correctness

## Part One

By Cheryl Lynn

Ms. Imelda Alvera, Principal of Nancy Pelosi High, was meeting with the District Superintendent, Dr. Tanita Jones. Imelda was a short plump woman with short black hair, round face without any makeup. She was wearing her standard pants suit with conservative blouse and block heeled oxfords. Imelda was here on a mission. A new program to bring her school into a more politically correct environment. It wasn't her idea initially but her wife's. Over the summer Imelda had fine-tuned it and ready to make her presentation. She was warmly greeted and made her pitch. Dr. Jones was an old friend who like Imelda, grew up poor and disadvantaged. Through government grants and racial preferences had attained success otherwise not available. They were kindred spirits and Imelda's plan accepted.

"Yes Imelda, I agree most heartily with your assessment. Our school system is woefully still not fully integrated. Yes, our student population is a mix of Hispanics, Afro-Americans, Caucasians, Asians and others but not truly integrated. The students still tend to associate with their racial peers and despite our best efforts, discrimination occurs daily. We need to teach them that this narrow mindedness is what keeps our country from becoming fully intergraded. I will authorize and fund your program to include a new class curriculum to meet this need. Of course it will be on a trial basis until we prove your hypothesis. We'll schedule it to begin right after the summer break."

Back home she greeted her wife, Carlita warmly and gave her the good news. "Darling Dr. Jones not only agreed to authorized our program but almost unlimited Federal funding. Better yet she agreed that our program was so radical that it could only be evaluated at the end of the school year. We have total control until then. We can do what we planned but oh so much more now. Go get ready, we're going out to celebrate this wonderful news."

Over the remaining summer, Imelda and Carlita worked hard finding the right instructors and required resources to implement their program. At the start of school they were ready. They only had to select the students to participate in this special class. As a new project there would be only one class and the students Juniors. The Junior class was selected as the best test subjects. Once the year was over, staff could evaluate how successful it was as they attended their Senior year. It was very important to prove that their new behavior carried over into later life. They decided to title the class, "Political Correctness."

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During Fall registration Imelda called her Political Correctness staff together. Amanda Darling would be supervising the class. She didn't have a degree in education but Imelda needed her. Amanda Duncan was a professional in her own right, strong willed and determined. Her degree was in Advanced Psychotherapy. Irma Gonzales would be the instructor. She had a degree in Sociology and prominent member in the feminist movement. Jane Wilson R.N. would be their school nurse. The last staff member was Elsa LaRue. She would be the physical education director.

Amanda Duncan was a true genius; however, near the cross over line of insanity. She was brought up in a very dysfunctional family, physically and sexually abused until she

went to college. There she majored in psychology mainly to see if she could fix her own mental problems. Amanda loved the courses especially those concentrating on behavioral modification. Her doctoral thesis was highly praised for its theoretical application for using both mental and psychotropic drugs to modify behavior. During her residency frustrated that she wasn't allowed to practice her theories. The Political Correctness program would give her that opportunity. This class would prove she could completely rewire the human brain.

Jane Wilson had a similar background as a child except she had spent some time in a mental institution. That experience as a patient crossed the line of sanity but she hid it well. Jane wanted revenge for all the indignities she had experienced. Becoming a psychiatric nurse, Jane figured she would be able to get some payback. In actual practice that didn't happen but this class would give her unprecedented satisfaction. She had a physician, Amanda who shared a lot of her views. Irma and Elsa just needed the money and would do whatever told by Amanda and Jane. They also lived an alternative lifestyle and would go along with the program.

The staff would select the ten students who would be required to participate. It had to be mandatory otherwise it wouldn't work. To get parental permission, the school district would guarantee a four-year college scholarship. In addition to the scholarship any expenses incurred by the participating student would be covered. An additional benefit would be full healthcare coverage for the student. Once a student was selected, Amanda and Jane would visit the parents or parent to get necessary permission.

The permission paperwork gave a vague outline of the course structure and the benefits of signing. In smaller print was permission to perform any needed medical treatment and should the student withdraw, the parents were financially responsible to repay the school. There was no mention that the four years of college and healthcare costs were prepaid. Once that was known, very few if any of the parents would allow their child to drop out. Thanks to that small print families of wealth or importance couldn't be considered. It was just too important to prove the program worked than randomly select potential students. The staff including Imelda realized their own discrimination but it was justified to achieve their goals. Of the ten students selected only five would be given the full mental and behavioral rewiring. The other five would be the base line and receive a standard course of study.

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Larry Jordan was in his room playing video games when Amanda and Jane came to visit his mother Helen. He had just turned sixteen and a typical teenage boy. Like most of his friends kept his hair in a low ponytail, played video games and constantly using his cell phone. He also liked watching sports and action movies. As a result, somewhat obese and not into physical exertion. He didn't care that much for school but maintained a C average. Now that he was sixteen his mother would allow him to date. Larry was looking forward to that. His hormones were kicking in and had a growing attraction to the fairer sex. Watching porn on his computer late at night and jerking off were a most pleasant pastime.

His mother, Linda was working one full-time and one part-time job to keep the family going. Her husband Lenard had left her two years ago for a much younger woman. He skipped town and disappeared as soon as the divorce came through. Linda was left holding the bag and resented what the fates had decreed. She wasn't that happy with her son either. Being a teenaged boy he didn't lift a hand to help around the house or listen to his mother. Working two jobs didn't help as she was too tired to handle him.

When Amanda and Jane sat down to talk, she was more than receptive. She didn't quite understand what the class was about but if it would make Larry more understanding she was all for it. The benefits she thought too good to be true but quickly signed permission.

Cheryl James was also sixteen and pretty. She had mid-shoulder length ash blond hair, cute pert nose and sensuous mouth. Cheryl wasn't a girly-girl but close to it. She loved shopping with her girlfriends and keeping up with all the latest Hollywood and pop star gossip. She wasn't anorexic but kept trim to fit into the latest fashions. Her breasts were on the small side but had a round firm butt. Like her friends was a clothes and shoe fanatic. Unlike her friends, she preferred a more retro look. She especially liked those elegant nightgowns of nylon with chiffon overlays and plenty of lace and cute bows. School was okay as it meant more socializing and of course boys. She was in her room texting her best friend Nelly when Amanda and Jane showed up.

Sam and his wife Sarah Jones looked over the permission slip. Sam worked construction and Sarah a secretary. Neither had gone to college and between them lived a lower middle class life. Sam preferred drinking a beer sitting in the den watching sports but Sarah was insistent he join them. He only glanced at the permission form quickly passing it to his wife.

"Looks fine by me. You decide," he said after listening to what he considered women's business. "I'm grabbing a beer and going to watch the game."

Sarah was used to his macho behavior and knew when he took that tone to let him be. After apologizing to her guests looked the document over. She wasn't sure what the course would be but the benefits were amazing. They could never afford to send Cheryl to college and having full healthcare a definite plus. She signed then took it into the den for Sam to sign.

LeRoy Washington didn't live in the hood but close enough to be getting into trouble. He was tall and skinny with close cropped hair. He would be seventeen in another month. He spent his leisure time with his bros smoking pot, drinking and chasing the sisters. LeRoy lost his virginity when he was twelve and loved the ladies. Occasionally he made a little side money selling dope. He wanted to get some great tats like his friends but needed mother's permission which she wouldn't give. His mother, Gwendolyn was disturbed over her son's group of friends and behavior. She knew he was drinking and smoking dope but he ignored her loud reprimands. So when Amanda and Jane showed up immediately interested. While she didn't understand the class, if it would clean up LeRoy's act she was all for it. Living on Social Welfare the benefits were a bonus. It didn't take her long to sign on the dotted line. The other home visits ended the same. Pleased parents and a new enrollee.

Alan Woo was half Chinese and half Eastern European. He was orphaned at a young age and his spinster Aunt Lee took over guardianship. While she tried to raise him in traditional Chinese values did not have a lot of success. Alan considered himself an American and her ways didn't apply though he loved her. Like his peers had raging hormones and couldn't wait to start dating. Physically he took after his father but had his mother's blue eyes. He was in his room texting his best friend when Amanda and Jane showed up. His Aunt didn't think twice about signing him up for the class.

Lindsey Logan was a "good girl" brought up in a strict religious family. One of her proudest moments was standing with her family in church and taking the vow of abstinence. Lindsey wanted to become a preacher and not engaging in sex until marriage fit with that plan. She was sixteen and unlike her school peers never wore

makeup much less dress in the revealing clothing they wore. Lindsey had few friends at school because of that but very popular in her church group. She was in manner and belief a Church Lady. She was with her church bible study group when Amanda and Jane talked to her parents, Ragan, and Martha. Ragan wasn't receptive as he felt it might teach his daughter the wrong values. Martha however saw the benefits, features they could never afford. Living a missionary life just paid the bills. She convinced her husband to sign.

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Ten young teens entered the classroom. Their race and sex a close approximation of the total school proportions. None of them really wanted to be in this class but both parents and administration required it. The only good thing about this class was that it was the last two periods of the day. The first hour in the classroom and the second in the gym. The room was set up like a language laboratory. Each had a desk with a monitor screen mounted on the front and a set of headphones attached to a terminal. There was little talking mostly by the girls as none of them knew the others. As the bell rang Ms. Gonzales walked in the door as all eyes turned to see.

"Good afternoon," she greeted after doing a quick head count. "I'm your instructor Ms. Gonzales. Each of you has been handpicked for this class and a lot will be expected of you. Your parents, parent or guardian has agreed to fully cooperate with the requirements that will be expected of you. I know you all have a lot of questions so let me begin. Political Correctness is defined as, 'Conforming to a belief that language and practices which could offend political sensibilities (As in matters of sex or race) should be eliminated.' In other words, you should not talk or behave in a way that could offend others.

It is the purpose of this class to insure when you complete the course that belief will be ingrained into your behavior. We don't have any standard textbooks but reading materials will be assigned on an individual basis along with taped instruction. The first two weeks of class will be an evaluation period so school administration will have a base line to grade your progress. During the evaluation, you will see the school nurse and Doctor. Physical Education won't start until the third week. Class participation is mandatory no matter how you personally feel about the material being covered. Failure is not an option neither is dropping out allowed.

Now each of you is scheduled for a visit with the school nurse and school psychologist, Jane Wilson and Dr. Amanda Duncan over the next ten days. You will cooperate and do whatever they demand. Once they're finished, you may go home. Your physical education class will start after your evaluation period. Alan Woo, you go first to see nurse Wilson. I'll see you tomorrow."

Alan wasn't at all happy his guardian had signed him up for this. His Aunt was adamant that he attend. It meant a college scholarship. She was a firm believer that education was the key to future success no matter what. She didn't want to see her nephew wind up working in a Chinese laundry like she did.

"Political Correctness? What bullshit. I already know not to call someone in a wheelchair a cripple. As long as the fags, blacks and other nut cases out there don't try to hit on me I don't give a shit," he thought leaving class.

"Allen Woo," Jane said as he walked into her office. "Good, go behind the screen and please take off all your clothing. I need to give you a complete physical exam. Please don't dawdle as we have much to do."

Allen certainly did like that but went behind the screen finding a cotton hospital gown.

**“Ugh! I didn’t expect this,” he thought.**

**Forty-five minutes later he scurried out the door embarrassed. After taking blood and urinary samples, she had given him his first prostate examination. In the process, she had fingered his gland humiliating him as he became erect. He was mortified as she collected a sperm sample.**

**“I don’t care what my Aunt says. I hate this class,” he mumbled leaving school.**

**The next day it was Cheryl’s turn, she wasn’t that embarrassed as another woman was doing the exam. It took Cheryl a long time going to her male gynecologist before she got over her embarrassment. The typical blood work, blood pressure and such didn’t take long. It wasn’t until the nurse put her in stirrups and spread her legs wide did she begin to blush. She was humiliated when the nurse said she had to check her sexual responsiveness. Then began fondling Cheryl’s breasts while her fingers probed into her. Not just her vagina but anal opening as well. What mortified her was being brought to the brink of orgasm by the manipulation. The nurse was slightly surprised that the hymen was intact but very pleased. All the other students left the nurse’s office equally or more so disturbed by what had happened. None of them looked forward to going back to class.**

**After seeing the nurse each student in turn spent the class time with Dr. Amanda Duncan. There the student filled out a lengthy psychological profile. While back in the classroom the kids had headsets on listening to a tape extolling the merits of being politically correct in both speech and behavior. It said repeatedly how important it was to place themselves into other person’s shoes. After listening to those tapes none of the students questioned it. Political Correctness was the way things should be.**

**Alan Woo was sitting in Dr. Duncan’s office very upset over the questions he was being asked. The first question didn’t bother him so much, “Did he like boys?” He had his friends and yes, he liked them. The next question made his blood pressure rise. “Are you sexually attracted to boys?” What kind of stupid question was that? “No way no how,” he answered raising his voice. “Have you ever kissed or wanted to kiss another boy?” “Look lady, I’m not some frigging fag and no, that is so sick,” he replied angrily forgetting about political correctness. He was still upset about his visit with the Doctor when he got home.**

**“Aunt Lee I want out of that stupid class you signed me up for. I hate it!” he stormed when she came in from work.**

**“I no care if you like. You go. You do what they say. You get into college that way. I hear no more of this,” she snapped back.**

**When his Aunt took that tone, Alan knew there was no changing her mind. “Crap!” he thought going to his room.**

**Cheryl James was uncomfortable the way Dr. Duncan was questioning her. “Do you like girls?” Of course she did. She had plenty of girlfriends. Have you ever kissed or wanted to kiss another girl?” That was a bit strange but yes, she and her friends exchanged air kisses. “Are you sexually attracted to other girls?” Now that question was gross. “No! I like boys. I’m not some lezzie,” she answered.**

**When she got home she complained to her mother, “Mom I want out of the class you put me in. I don’t like it at all and see no purpose in it. Besides I was asked to try out for the cheer team this year and I can’t with this class.”**

**“Sorry dear but your father and I think it’s the only option we have to get you into college. Being a cheerleader won’t do that for you. So no and I don’t want to hear any**

more complaining,” Sarah reprimanded.

Larry Jordan had his turn with Dr. Duncan and had a similar experience. His session started off like the other guys. She wanted to know if he liked boys and if he was attracted to them. His response was the same except he didn't say the politically incorrect word “fag.” He said he wasn't gay. However, when she asked him if he liked or would like to wear women's clothing, he got irritated.

“Look, I'm no sissy. I'm all guy and guys don't wear that,” he snapped. “This is just so stupid. Why is she asking me all these stupid questions?” he thought.

LeRoy Washington entered Dr. Duncan's office with a swagger. As soon as he saw her felt his manhood stiffen. She looked hot wearing a short black skirt and white doctor's jacket over a soft pink semi-sheer blouse.

“Nice rack,” he thought staring at her chest. “Wouldn't mind getting a piece of that fine ass.”

Her questions however made him change his mind somewhat. He still wanted to poke her but was irate over her questioning his manhood. “Dat one fucked up bitch,” he thought leaving the office.

All the other students had a similar experience and when they spoke to their parents got the same response. None of the students wanted to go back to that class. Being young they continued complaining over that two-week period. Still as far as the parents could see no real harm was being done. “Typical teenagers,” they thought.

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With the ending of the first two weeks of the classes, Imelda called her special group together to discuss progress and where to go to next. Nurse Jane reported on the physical reports and that no STD's were present. She didn't say anything about her more personal examinations. Amanda went over each student's psychological evaluation. She informed them that the class were all heterosexual with no gay tendencies. Each student's mental profile was within normal limits for their age, sex and race. “in other words, each student while aware of political correctness still harbors racist or sexual bias;” she concluded. Irma didn't have much to say other than the tapes seemed to be working.

Amanda smiled hearing that and spoke up, “That showed up to a limited degree in most of the student's psych profile. However when angered revert to their old biases. My innovative use of subliminal stimulation over time should have some pronounced effects. This class will hopefully prove my theory that the mind can be rewired with the proper stimulation.”

“Very good Amanda but let's move on to each student and decide the best course to take with our lesson plan,” Imelda stated.

After much discussion, an individual plan was developed for the five students selected to undergo the more rigorous program. It was already partially successful but they needed to push each pupil. It was important that they fully understand what political correctness really meant. It also had to be applied automatically without thought. Each student's strongest prejudice was identified and an outline of corrective action formulated. What Imelda didn't know was just how far Dr. Duncan and nurse Jane would take it. At the end of the meeting she was confident in her staff's abilities to carry out their assigned duties.

“We have accomplished a lot with this plan of action and confident you will do your part. As I have other pressing responsibilities, I think we don't have to meet again until

the end of the semester. If you encounter any problems contact me but I don't expect to discuss this until then," Imelda said adjoining the meeting.

"That went extremely well," Imelda thought leaving the room. "So well, I won't have to constantly supervise or get involved with the details."

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For the next two weeks, the five students spent at their desks watching a video with headphones on. Each video and sound track was designed for a specific student but contained the same basic subliminal instruction. By the end of the two weeks these students would concentrate solely on their lesson plan. No more daydreaming or passing notes like the others in class.

For the second hour of class they all went to the gym. Elsa LaRue had them all doing stretching exercises. The girls wore leotards and tights while the boy's gym shorts and tees. Elsa first measured their height and weight and would assign diet plans for some of them. There was your usual moaning and groaning as she took them through each maneuver. Most of the girls recognized the exercises as those used by ballerinas.

At the end of class Elsa gave five students detailed diet plans. Allan received a low protein high soy diet. It was like what his Aunt ate but much higher in soy products. Cheryl's was a high protein carbohydrate diet. She preferred salads. Larry's was a modified vegetarian but included some red meat. He hated salads. Lindsey's wasn't much different but included Turnip greens, sweet potatoes, and other vegetables she wasn't familiar with. LeRoy's eliminated all fried foods. Anything fried he loved.

"Your parents have received these diet plans and will see that they are strictly followed. You will also follow them as I will be checking each of you and will know if you haven't. Failure is not an option as DIET is important," Elsa stated stressing "diet." It was the code word in their subliminal tapes ensuring their obedience.

The parents had objected to the changes required for their child's diets. Their complaints of "inconvenience and extra expenses" were resolved when told the school would pick-up the cost of all groceries for the family. However if the diet wasn't strictly followed all payments would have to be refunded plus interest.

At the beginning of the fifth week, each pupil's personal lesson plan was altered and more specific. These tapes would begin to change their personal prejudices. The big difference was the selected students also received a weekly injection from Nurse Jane. In response to their complaints told them their medical profile showed pronounced vitamin deficiencies. Instead of vitamins psychotropic drugs were injected.

Alan Woo was feeling anxious as he helped his Aunt around the house Saturday morning. A strange itch like sensation that he couldn't scratch. It wasn't until he entered the laundry room to get a broom that the itch became overpowering. There hanging on the drying rack was a pair of black nylon full cut panties with a floral lace band and lace inserts at the hips. If asked he couldn't explain or say why but he quickly stuffed them into his jeans pocket. He also moved the other panties and lingerie items on the rack to cover up the vacant spot. He figured she wouldn't notice the missing item.

Larry Jordan was also feeling strange that same day. He was playing a war game on his computer but couldn't concentrate losing badly. That was something that just didn't happen except for today. Losing almost as soon as he started, slammed his hands down on the key board.

**“Shit! What’s the matter with me? I don’t ever lose at this game,” he screamed in frustration. Maybe if I watch some porn I can get my game back on,” he thought.**

**He pulled up a hidden file and double clicked it while bringing his free hand down to his crotch. Larry was a serious wanker and did it every chance he got. He was surprised when he didn’t get an immediate erection. Larry always became erect watching this site. Blond bimbos prancing around in their underwear or lack thereof always worked before. Frustrated for unknown reasons he closed that file and began a search.**

**“Don’t know what’s wrong with me today. Maybe I can find something different,” he thought. “What the hell? Sissy sites? This is so……” he didn’t finish the thought. Again if asked, he could never explain why he looked through the many listings until he found “Sissy Kiss” and clicked on it. As soon as he clicked on “Images” his dick came fully almost painfully erect seeing an image. Six images under “The Love of Dressing Sissy” post had his full attention.**

**Cheryl James was performing her Saturday morning chore of doing the family wash. Today was a bit different. She did something totally unnatural but was compelled to do it. She held a pair of her father’s dirty boxers up and gave them a sniff.**

**“Ugh, smelly but not awful,” she thought. “I wonder what it would feel like to actually wear these? Betsy Lou told me she liked to wear them to bed. So I guess they’re not strictly for guys.” She put them to the side then loaded the washer. Later after all the washing, drying and folding were done, she took the unwashed pair into her room.**

**“I just have to try these on now. Ohhhhh, they feel wonderful and they don’t ride up my butt like my panties sometimes do. No wonder Betsy Lou likes them,” she thought.**

**Meanwhile, LeRoy Washington was having his strange day. He was with all his bros playing basketball and checking out the sisters doing their thing. His game was off, way off missing every shot by a mile. Normally he easily made baskets but not today. He was teased for playing like a wimp and a girl but it didn’t bother him. Leroy’s eyes didn’t focus on the shot but rather his team mates. Later after the game instead of looking and commenting like the others on the sisters, his head was spinning.**

**“What da sheet, dem girls doan interest me but I can’t seem ta take my eyes off Jerome’s fine butt,” he thought.**

**Lindsey Logan also had an itch. It had started in class when one of her classmates, Latasha, pulled out a tube of lipstick. The lipstick was a rich creamy reddish purple. While nice to everyone Lindsey avoided Latasha as she was a mixed-race child of a black father and white mother. Her church believed such children to be abominations. Lindsey couldn’t explain it but seeing that lipstick triggered something within her. A sudden fascination with both the makeup and Latasha. She just had to be bff’s with this mixed-race girl.**

**“I don’t understand it but I just have to be besties with that girl. If I do I can never let my parents find out or my church. So why do I feel compelled to get to know Latasha? She’s mixed-race but I could learn so much from her especially about makeup,” she thought then said, “Excuse me Latasha but could I borrow that luscious lipstick you have? I’ve never worn lipstick before but yours is so pretty.”**

**##**

**At the beginning of the next six weeks the chosen student’s programming was intensified. In Lindsey’s case where an unknown factor, Latasha, Amanda had gotten involved. She had Latasha brought to her office and hypnotized her.**

**“Latasha, you can only hear my voice. Lindsey Logan is your very best friend. Your BFF and she needs your help. You will do anything to help Lindsey. You will teach her all about makeup, how to dress and especially about boys. Lindsey looks up to you and needs your help. You will do this for your best friend. You will take her to Hawthorn’s on fifth and Julia street. There she can get all that’s necessary. When I snap my fingers you will wake, feeling wonderful but not remember this meeting,” Amanda instructed.**

**Allan Woo couldn’t wait for class to be over. There was something he just had to do. Now he was standing in front of Hawthorn’s wondering why he was at this place. It was obviously a women’s clothing and beauty salon. Still, he reached out and opened the door. A tall woman of upper middle age greeted him, neatly dressed with a cloth measuring tape draped around her neck.**

**“You must be Allan. I was told to EXPECT you this afternoon. Welcome to my store. I’m Miss. Hawthorn and here to help anyway I can. Here you won’t have to worry about anything or be afraid to ask. So how may I assist you today,” she warmly greeted.**

**“Expect” was another trigger word which immediately calmed and eliminated any concerns Allan had. He could trust this woman completely and tell her without qualms what he needed. Miss. Hawthorn catered specifically to alternative lifestyle customers. She had been given each students folder with picture and what items or services they would need. Miss. Hawthorn was more than happy to accommodate Amanda’s demands considering the amount of money being paid.**

**Allan left the store with two dozen pairs of colorful nylon and satin panties and seven training bras. He had worn his Aunt’s black panties every day since taking them. They were at least one size too small but Miss. Hawthorn had gotten his measurements. He was a size six and thirty-four A+. He wasn’t happy about how small his boobies were but overjoyed getting bras. The panties were mostly brief styles in bright colors or girly patterns. There were a few lace frilled thongs and high thigh pairs. The bras had soft molded A+ cups. Mostly white satin with a pink bow detail and single hook and eye closure. There was one in a neon pink and another in sunflower yellow. Checking the full-length mirror before leaving pleased to see that his new white bra and matching panties didn’t show.**

**Cheryl James showed up shortly after Allan had left. Like Allan had no idea of why she was there but felt compelled to enter. She left the store with a dozen pairs of men’s cotton boxers and six pair of cotton y-fronts. She also had two pair of men’s cotton pajamas. Cheryl was relieved that she no longer had to wear those detested flimsy nighties. She was wearing a pair of y-fronts under her skirt and pleased Miss. Hawthorn was so understanding.**

**Larry Jordan was very embarrassed as he stood in the changing room but happy. Miss. Hawthorn was very helpful and helped him select some of the prettiest panties he had ever seen.**

**“I’m sure you will just love my selection of sissy panties Larry. Here look at these. They are made from the very best shiny soft satin and double lined for added comfort. As you can see the waistband has this adorable pleated pink floral lace with a fixed satin bow in the center. The lace around the leg opening matches and has these cute little satin bows at the hips. What makes these even nicer it comes with four suspenders so you can wear fine nylons as well,” she told him.**

**As soon as he touched the panties just had to have them. He left the store wearing the baby blue pair. Since they came with suspenders just had to add the stockings. Miss.**

Hawthorn had one of her staff wax his legs for him. It had hurt but the electric feeling of wearing baby blue nylons worth it. He felt like skipping down the sidewalk carrying the bag with his other purchases. Six additional pairs of panties with matching nylons. There were in the same style, double lined satin in black with silver lace, emerald green, lemon yellow and red with white lace, a pair of deep purple with chocolate lace and shocking pink with baby blue lace.

Lindsey Logan and Latasha were both a little confused as to why they came to this particular store. It was in a neighborhood neither of them had been to before but felt right.

“You must be Lindsey right and you brought a friend,” Miss. Hawthorn gushed in greeting. “Well don’t worry girls you can EXPECT nothing but the best discrete service in town here. I’m here to assist in any way I can.”

“Yes, I’m Lindsey and this is my BFF Latasha and I want to look just like her. She’s helping me find the right makeup and some clothes. My parents are very strict and the makeup can’t be long lasting or water proof. If they find out I’m wearing even the littlest amount, I’ll be so grounded. Can you help me?” Lindsey replied.

“Of course I can dear. Follow me and I’ll show you exactly what you need. I’ll even have my best technician show you how to apply and remove it,” Miss. Hawthorn leading them over to cosmetics.

The cosmetics were expensive, made by Black Up of Paris especially for women of color. Lindsey was shown how to apply each and then how to remove all traces. She had two shades of black tubed satin finished lipsticks. The one she liked best was a lustrous purple the other rich red. For foundation, the technician recommended their Golden matte due to her lighter complexion. There were fifteen shades of eyeshadows to choose and three were suggested. Besides the cosmetics assorted applicators and removal items including a Black Up video tutorial were added.

Lindsey felt strange wearing full makeup for the first time but seeing the reflected image sent trills racing up her spine. “Oh golly! I love how I look now!” she screeched.

If she was thrilled wearing makeup the selection of clothing almost blew her mind. Gone were the granny panties in with the lacy satin thongs. Plain eighteen hour bras, a thing of the past. From now on it had to be push-up satin and lace confections. The short flirty flare skirts and frilly poly blouses were also necessary. The most important according to Tanisha were the skyscraper heels. Lindsey had never worn heels and was intimidated by the four inch stilettos with one inch platform Tanisha picked out for her.

“Don’t worry girlfriend I’s got your back. You can practice all ya like back at my pad. I have a spot where’s ya can store all ya stuff at my place too. Ya come over afore school and put ya makeup on and change ya clothing too,” Latasha said.

LeRoy Washington was confused as to why he was in this part of town but entered the store. “Doan know why I’m here but it feels right,” he thought as Miss. Hawthorn approached.

It was dark when he left but didn’t care. Shopping here had left him feeling euphoric. Miss. Hawthorn had been so helpful. One of the first things she suggested was getting a Brazilian body waxing. It had stung bringing tears to his eyes; yet, so worth the pain. LeRoy’s hairless body except for a small landing strip glistened. The technician had coated his body in a slightly floral scented lotion. The waxing had also made his new clothing feel so sensual. He was wearing pink satin boxers and matching vest

under his outerwear. The black satin skinny slacks he wore hugging his butt and upper thighs felt wonderful. The fitted pink cotton shirt tied into a loose knot over his belly button the perfect finishing touch. On his feet were a pair of black patent leather pointed toed shoes with a two-inch block heel. Over his shoulder was his new black patent leather purse. LeRoy had several similar outfits in the bag he carried as he minced to his car.

“If this doesn’t get me a boyfriend.....what da...,” he thought as he viewed his reflection.

Continued...

## Part Two

By Cheryl Lynn

Lindsey and Latasha didn’t have a car so had to take the bus to Latasha’s crib as she called it. Lindsey was very uncomfortable riding into Latasha’s neighborhood but wasn’t scared. She knew her BFF would look out for her. The two-block walk to Latasha’s apartment which she shared with her single mother and two brothers was more unnerving. Lindsey wasn’t used to getting stared at or the cat calls and sexual innuendos being hurled their way. The flare skirt flapping around her thighs didn’t help. Her normal ankle length skirts didn’t make her feel so exposed but she was gaining confidence.

“Pay those bros no mind girlfriend,” Latasha said. “They do that to all the sisters. Just swish that booty and stick out ya chest. Be proud ya be a sister.”

“I...I’ve never been around boys....boys like that. The things...things they are saying,” Lindsey replied blushing.

“Ha! Doan mean nuthin’ jest consider them compliments,” Latasha answered with a laugh. “Though ya gotta be careful. Sum dem boys can be mean. Ya’ll learn which ones to avoid. I’ll get my big brother Jerome ta watch out for ya. No bro is gonna fuck with him,” she added on a more serious note as she started up the stoop of a tenement building.

The only persons home when they entered the apartment was her mother, Shauna and big brother, Jerome. Shauna was robust with at least F-cup breasts and big behind. Her hair was in a short frizzy orange Afro. She was friendly enough though reserved when Latasha introduced her.

“What’s she doin bringing a white girl here?” Shauna thought. “Gonna bees coming here to change her clothes? So’s her momma don’t know? Doan know bout dat,” she said when Latasha explained. After some cajoling by Latasha about helping her very best friend, Shauna agreed.

As they talked Jerome was in the kitchen grabbing a beer. He was easily six foot three and two hundred eighty pounds of pure muscle. Jerome’s head was clean shaven and sported a complex tribal tattoo. On his bicep was a raised branding scar of a skull with a knife in the eye. There was some heavy keloid scarring on his chest but covered mostly by the shirt. He was wearing tight blue jeans and a white muscle shirt. On his large feet were a pair of expensive Nike’s. Around his thick neck were a dozen gold chains. When he saw Lindsey smiled broadly exposing two gold capped front teeth.

**“Yo sis, who’s da smoking hot bitch?” he said.**

**“My best friend an ya be nice or I’ll kick ya butt,” Latasha stated glaring at him.**

**By the time Lindsey set her purchases down in Latasha’s small bedroom, it was getting late. “Look Latasha I really really appreciate this but I have to get home. My parents are going to have a fit as it is. Which bag has my old clothing.”**

**It took more time to remove all traces of her makeup than to get dressed. When she was looking like the Lindsey of old it was almost dusk.**

**“Oh, I’m going be so grounded when I get home. I hope they believe me when I tell them I was stuck in the school library doing a special assignment. I’ve got to find some way to get here and back home quicker than the bus,” Lindsey moaned.**

**“Doan worry Lindsey. Like I done said, I’s got ya back. Jerome will give ya a lift and pick ya up in da mornings.**

**Jerome was shocked to see how much Lindsey had changed into a plain looking drab girl. Seeing the look in his sister’s eyes didn’t say anything. Latasha told him what she wanted him to do and agreed. On the ride back to Lindsey’s house, they made small talk with Jerome doing the most. He bragged about being the enforcer for his gang, the Black Mambas. For some unknown reason Lindsey was fascinated by him and even stranger, couldn’t seem to take her eyes off the large bulge in his tight jeans. She had him stop two blocks from her house agreeing to meet him again in the morning.**

**Allan, Larry and Cheryl got home without being seen and they ran to their rooms. Allan quickly disrobed down to his new white satin panties and bra. He stood for long minutes just admiring how good he looked in his mirror. He brought up his hands and caressed the bra cups pinching his nipples. Allan shivered in pure delight. Emptying the bag he began removing the tags but only after fondling each item wishing he could wear them all at once.**

**Meanwhile Larry was doing pretty much the same thing. He was admiring how great his legs looked in the baby blue seamed nylons while looking over his shoulder into the mirror. “My panties are so adorable and feel delightful but these stockings make my legs look hot,” he thought bringing his right hand to clutch his cock. He was stiffer than he had ever been. Larry had to get relief before he could begin removing tags.**

**Cheryl couldn’t believe her luck in finding Miss. Hawthorn’s store. She was so understanding of her needs. Standing before her full length mirror pulled out the waistband of her y-fronts, reached in her hand and scratched the small landing strip. “I wish I had something more down there. Nurse Jane recommended I quite shaving down there and my underarms as well. Said my y-fronts and boxers would fit better if I had more of a bush. Don’t know what wearing boxers has to do with hairy pits but her advice has been good,” she thought.**

**LeRoy’s mother, Gwendolyn caught him as he entered the apartment. “Land sakes LeRoy what ya done did?” she asked puzzled at his strange attire.**

**“Nuthin I’s just decided I’s needs a different look,” he offered.**

**“Heruump! Ya looks like some dandy but if’n dat what’s ya want,” she replied turning and going back to finish dinner.**

**In his room he also stood before the mirror. “Hot damn my butt looks hot in these pants,” he thought then began removing all the tags from his other pastel colored pants and shirts.**

Back at school LeRoy didn't notice how the other students reacted to his changed attire. He also wasn't aware that he had a slight swish in his walk. He was acutely aware of how tight his new lavender slacks hugged his butt and pressed into his groin. The soft polyester white shirt with the top three buttons undone revealing his freshly shaved chest felt so much better than his muscle shirts ever did.

When Lindsey and Latasha showed up both wearing short skirts, semi-transparent frilly blouses and full makeup heads turned. It was nothing new for Latasha but Lindsey blushed all the way to her homeroom. Jerome had picked her up that morning dressed and looking like a proper church lady and dropped them off at school looking hot. Not quite slutty but close. Lindsey was wearing a black straight satin mini-skirt reaching to just mid-thigh but very snug across her round butt. Her crème chiffon blouse sheer enough to show a hint of black satin uplift bra. Lindsey with the help of Latasha had applied the Black Up cosmetics heavily and her purple lipstick glistened in the overhead lights. Instead of her long blond hair hanging loose, it had been plastered tight against her head with setting gel and heavy hairspray. No blunt toed loafers but four-inch cork wedge heels were on her feet. The straps on the heels were covered with rhinestones and exposed her gel painted purple toe nails. The shoes made her wobble but she was getting the hang of how to walk in them. Instead of the small gold crosses studs, hung wide purple plastic hoop earrings. The gold cross pendant normally worn on her necklace replaced by a black fist.

Allan, Larry and Cheryl went to school looking like they normally did. Allan was wearing a bulky hoodie to hide that he was wearing a bra. Larry bulky cargo pants covering his pretty panties and nylons. Cheryl rarely wore slacks to school but today she had on a pair concealing her red and black checkered boxers.

At the end of the semester Imelda called her meeting of the Political Correctness members to order. "I've been reviewing your written reports and appreciate all your efforts. While the test subjects seem to be progressing with their individual treatments adopting tolerance for their worst biases the others show little improvement. Irma I need you to work these students much harder in the future. I understand that they are not under Dr. Duncan's influence and the base line for our study.....but....you need to be more diligent in your efforts. Dr. Duncan your theory seems to be working as postulated. Don't take this the wrong way but I'm old school and hoped normal classroom instruction would do the job. I cannot argue with success though and applaud your efforts. Miss. LaRue I see you have all the students learning ballet and have kept track of our special one's diets. Good work. Nurse Jane, I see that our test subjects are healthy and developing normally. Thank you. Well I think that about covers it. Keep up the good work and we'll meet again to evaluate the entire program at the end of this coming semester," she said bringing the meeting to a close.

"That went well. Guess I'd better e-mail a report of the first semester's results to Dr. Jones. She doesn't expect one until the year end but it doesn't hurt to keep her informed. I just won't tell how much the initial costs were. If they were shocking for me then she might decide to intervene. I'd much rather wait to tell her those figures. Besides they should even out over the course of next semester," Imelda thought leaving the room.

Amanda left the meeting with a satisfied smile. "Good thing that old bat doesn't know medical terminology or she might have asked more questions. If she understood the full extent of what my programming does would step in to stop my progress," she thought.

Nurse Jane on the other hand wasn't happy. She had done a lot to carry the program

further and would do so much more but acknowledgement of her efforts was not forthcoming. “Dr. Duncan this and Dr. Duncan that. Shit! Dr. Duncan’s mind is too limited. I now know her key word and will amp it up considerably. Well I’m going to do so much more than any of them believe possible. When they see the final results, I’ll get my laurels,” she thought.

##

At the start of the Spring semester of Political Correctness class the subliminal messages for the five test subjects were changed. These instructions were designed to create sexual fetishes. Allan would need to dress and act like a 1950’s woman with a female’s view of sex and life style. Cheryl would need to dress and act manly and have a male’s sexual appetite. Larry’s fate was probably the worst. He would be compelled to live the life of a complete sissy. Lindsey would abandon her upbringing becoming a “woman of loose morals.” LeRoy would have the mindset of a very gay bottom. Each test subject would become their most biased personification. She didn’t expect them to “actually become” those personalities just think like them and empathize with them.

Up until now each student had managed to keep much of their changed behavior secret though their programming was reinforced. Dr. Duncan knew it would be only a matter of time before the student’s parents became aware. Some were already complaining especially Cheryl’s parents. The new subliminals would make such knowledge unavoidable. She decided to have a “Parent/Teacher” conference to resolve any obstructions before they occurred. Instead of having them come to her office, Amanda went to their homes. Doing that, though it had potential draw backs, assured both parents would be present. She was confident in her hypnotic abilities to get them under then give them her psychotropic drugs. The drugs ensured their full cooperation. Under her influence all the adults involved would believe their child’s actions were perfectly normal. The ethics involved were highly questionable but Amanda justified her actions as necessary.

“My colleagues would crucify me if they ever found out what I’m doing. Maybe prosecute but I must do this. Even with those penalty clauses some of them could derail everything. I have to prove my theories work in real life no matter the consequences. The results will show I can rewire the human brain. The possibilities of doing just that will be considered a miracle...no more insanity no need for prisons,” she justified.

The Spring semester gave new opportunities to Nurse Jane as well. Instead of just giving the five students weekly injections of psychotropic drugs, she could take a more active role. Jane could now make permanent changes to the test subjects. Some changes she planned Jane had no intention of advising Dr. Duncan about.

##

During the first week of March Nurse Jane set up weekly meetings with the five students. Allan was apprehensive about going. This appointment was for a full hour so it just wasn’t going to be his routine vitamin shot.

“Allan, I’m EXPECTING great things from you,” Jane greeted using the key word to put him under her complete control. Jane being a psychiatric nurse knew doctors using hypnosis always had a key word to quickly put their patients back under. It had taken her some time and effort but she found Dr. Duncan’s. As he walked out the door Allan couldn’t remember what happened only that he would be very pleased with the results. The exemption from PE for two weeks already had him smiling. The PE class had gone from simple stretching exercises to dancing ballet. He didn’t see Nurse Jane

smiling from ear to ear as she placed a small jar on the shelf with his testicles in it. He had also been given time released high dosage estrogen and testosterone blockers.

Cheryl received the same greeting when she came during the second period class. She also left with a smile and no remembrance of what happened. Nurse Jane had given two injections. The standard psychotropic plus one containing male hormones and steroids. Jane also informed Cheryl that she would look terrific with a military buzz cut.

Upon leaving Cheryl noticed that she was wearing a pad in her y-fronts but it wasn't her time. There was some pain there as well but she ignored it. As she left the office Jane was putting the double headed dildo back on its shelf. Very satisfied with herself for being the one to break Cheryl's cherry.

LeRoy's visit was similar but when he left the nurse's office had a small butt plug stuffed up his virgin ass. Received a small dose of estrogen along with his psychotropic medicine. Lindsey only received her regular psychotropic shot along with a potent fertility drug. While these student's treatments weren't as pleasing as the others, her last patient would make up for that. Larry was scheduled to see her Saturday morning.

Larry was concerned about going to the nurse's office especially on a Saturday morning. That was the time he enjoyed the most. His parents spent the morning shopping and getting groceries. He had at least three hours to pursue his favorite pastime, wanking off to sissy sites on the net. Wearing his double lined soft satin sissy panties left him with a constant erection. He learned very early on to always wear a condom to catch any leakage. Washing the stains out of his fancy panties took a lot of time and effort. Time, he seldom had. Now he was forced to give up precious time just to see that damn nurse.

"Larry I was EXPECTING you this morning. Now come along we have an appointment to keep," she said picking up her purse.

That statement was the last thing Larry remembered until he was walking back out her door several hours later. The only thing he knew was that he would love what had been done. He was aware of a soft bulkiness between his legs but that was all. That night when he pulled off his pants to go to bed noticed his sissy panties seemed to be extra full and again ignored it. It wasn't until Monday afternoon back in the nurse's office stripped down to his panties, he found out. It was a thick diaper and plastic panties soaked to overflowing. Nurse Jane helped him out of the soggy diaper and cleansed the heavily bandaged penis. Changing the bandage Larry was happy to see his little wienie was still there but now it looked soooo cute. It was about his little finger in thickness and one inch long with a pink mushroom head. To his mind the itty-bitty appendage was much better than the eight-inch monster it used to be. It now was so small he would have to use latex finger cots as a condom. Jane applied antibiotic cream and rebandaged his tiny appendage.

"Come back tomorrow and I will rebandage it for you Sissy Larry. Don't worry you'll be able to play with it in about another week," she told him.

##

Over the ensuing months the subliminal messages didn't change but Nurse Jane made her own suggestions. By this time most of the students enrolled in the class had turned seventeen. LeRoy was the last to have a birthday and turned eighteen in February. Allan's next visit like Larry's was on a Saturday morning and like Larry anxious. He remembered going into the office and something vaguely about getting

into her car. Everything else was a blank. Walking out of the office aware of a burning pain around his anus but ignored it. What he did know was that he would love what had been done.

While Allan was under deep hypnosis Nurse Jane took him to a tattoo parlor. As Jane drove she told Allan, "Allan you are a transvestite. You are not a transgender or transsexual. You are a transvestite who loves having those bits between his legs. You would love to have a vagina but don't want to lose those precious bits. You love looking and acting like a girly-girl and have men adore you..."

She continued her instruction until they arrived at the tattoo parlor. There he was introduced to one of the best tattooist in the country.

"Tell Eric what you want dear. Don't be afraid. He is an outstanding artist and will do whatever your heart desires," Jane prompted.

"I...I want a...a...vagina tattooed around....around my an...anus," he mumbled.

Nurse Jane watched in amazement as what appeared to be a realistic vagina begin to form around Allan's butt hole. The inner and outer labia looked so real with the delicate shading Eric etched. The pale pink lips looked moist and wet. The clitoris even had a white dew drop of lubrication.

"This tattoo is going to be very expensive but well worth it. Besides it's Federal money anyway," she thought.

On Cheryl's visit she showed up with a military buzz cut but still wearing women's clothing. After receiving her shots, Jane had a talk with her. "You know I'm EXPECTING great things from you Cheryl. I also know you want to look as masculine as possible, build up some body mass and such but deep down you're the submissive lesbian. You really get off taking a dildo, the bigger the better, in any of your orifices rather than doing it to your partner. I have a present for you I think you will love," Jane said handing her a nine-inch realistic black dildo with scrotum. "I'm sure it will also fill out your boxers and Y-fronts nicely."

LeRoy received his shots and a larger butt plug. Jane told him he was a flamboyant gay bottom man who adored sucking cocks and swallowing. She suggested he get some piercings to his nipples and a Prince Albert on his penis. He was after all not a penetrator but a penetratee. He walked out the room carrying a small case containing several graduated butt plugs. The largest had a six inch width at it's base.

Despite its diminutive size Larry was always stiff as a board. That was due in part to the sensuous feelings from the double lined nylon panties and the Viagra like injections he received each week. When he was in a trance Nurse Jane told him he could never hope to penetrate a woman but if he found a Daddy could find an outlet for his sexual frustrations.

"Sissy Larry why don't you go on-line at that sissy site and see if you can find your Daddy. I'm sure there is someone out there willing to make you his sissy," she said.

"Yeth, I know but...but they all want a...a..tissy baby. I don't want to wear bulky diapers much less have to use dem," he replied. His lisping was suggested on his last visit and seemed to be working.

"Well dear you do know that when it comes to relationships you have to give before you can take. With a Daddy, you will always have someone to care for you. Someone to buy all the pretty panties and dresses you love so much. Just consider what I've suggested," she replied.

**“I guess,” he answered, “but I can get my pwetty panties at Hawthorn’s.”**

**“Sorry Sissy but that will stop once class is over for the summer,” she responded “you’ll have to pay for whatever you want then.”**

**“Oh, I didn’t know that. Maybe I can find a Daddy who will do that,” Larry replied with a frown.**

**“You know Sissy I expect you will wear and use diapers, probably hate it but will do it to wear pretty panties,” Jane answered.**

**Lindsey after getting her injections also received instructions. “Lindsey you’re a woman with a strong libido. That means you crave sex all the time with men. You are attracted only to men who are not Caucasian. You primarily love men of color. The darker the skin the better. You want to have their babies. You also want to look and act like your best friend Latasha. She wears a lot of makeup and dresses sexy and you want to look like that too.”**

**In late April Dr. Duncan was reviewing her case files preparing her final report to Imelda. “The test subjects have been mentally rewired to empathize with their biggest biases. It is obvious from how they dress, act and responses but I never expected this much of a radical change. Larry, for example, I know wears frilly sissy panties and nylons under his male clothing but the development of his lisp unforeseen. I only expected him to have a fetish for sissy underwear and not act like one in public. Then there is Allan. Again, I was surprised at just how far he would take his girly-girl persona. I had figured he would only be wearing panties and maybe bras but his personality is that of a girly-girl. Then there is LeRoy. He has become so totally gay. I only expected him to develop an empathy for the gay community. Guess I underestimated the power of combining drugs with mental stimulation. I must keep a close eye on all of them once the fall term begins. The few times I could test this theory without using drugs, the subliminals wore off after a few months,” she mused.**

**##**

**It was early May on a Saturday and Allan was hesitant to enter Miss. Hawthorn’s shop. He had been there several times getting new panties and training bras but today he had a compulsion. He wanted a makeover but anxious about how Miss. Hawthorn would react. Getting panties and bras was one thing but asking for a feminine hair style and cosmetics seemed a bit much. Still he just had to look like he felt on the outside as well as the inside. He didn’t have to worry as Miss. Hawthorn was delighted when he told her.**

**Five hours later Allan walked out of her store looking much different. He was in full makeup and big hair bob stiffly held in place with lots of hairspray. Perched on the crown was a blue sequined box hat with a frill of black netting. He had been given a total body wax and Spa treatment. His lips were painted in a bright glossy fire engine red, eyebrows plucked into high arches and wearing bright blue eyeshadow. His ears had been pierced and large white button studs attached.**

**Allan was wearing a navy with small white polka dotted A-line below the knee rayon dress with starched net/taffeta petticoats. Under the dress, he had on a royal blue satin C-cup bra with gel padding, royal blue nylon briefs, an open bottom girdle with butt padding and seamed ecru nylons. Miss. Hawthorn was surprised when she measured him that he had real B-cup breasts. On his wobbling feet were a pair of white patent leather open toed pumps with a two-inch covered heel. His finger and toe nails painted a glossy red as were his lips. His hands were covered in pristine white lady’s gloves and carried a white patent leather letter purse in the crook of his arm. He**

was very happy that his Asian heritage made him a very pretty and passable looking woman. The fact that he was many decades out of fashion didn't register. He felt fantastic and hoped his date would find him as beautiful as he felt. Someone, he couldn't remember who, had suggested he go to a certain web dating web site. That was where he found Rodger and would meet him for the first time tonight. First impressions were so important Allan had to look his best.

Miss. Hawthorn had to give Cheryl a second look before she recognized her later that afternoon. She had come into her store a few times to get more y-fronts and boxers but always appeared to be a girly-girl. Today she wasn't wearing any makeup and her once beautiful long hair had been buzz cut. She also looked like she had put on weight, not fat but muscle. She was wearing a pair of camel women's slacks and a blue shell blouse that appeared flat compared to the last visit. The pants didn't look right either and took Miss. Hawthorn a moment. There was a distinct bulge in the crotch. When Cheryl left, she was wearing men's jeans and red and black flannel shirt. The bulge of her strap-on prominently displayed in the tight jeans. On her feet were a pair of black work boots. She was carrying several bags filled with men's clothing and shoes. Cheryl was very happy that she looked so cool for her date tonight. She had met "Butch" on the web and she seemed to be everything Cheryl lusted for.

A few days later Larry entered with a similar request to have a makeover and get some new outfits. It took over six hours to complete his transformation. When he left there was no doubt in anyone's mind that Larry had to be the biggest sissy in town.

His long hair had been trimmed, dyed a deep gold and tightly spiral permed. White foundation covered his face with rosy red cheeks. Scarlet lips, Sapphire eyeshadow and long false eyelashes completed his makeup. What grabbed everyone's attention however was his ultra-sissy mode of dress. Something Larry was very delighted with.

He was going to meet his Daddy this evening and wanted to look his best. Larry wasn't wearing the thick diapers Daddy had suggested. He hated the idea but if Daddy insisted then maybe if he would buy more sissy panties. Miss. Hawthorn had told him this was his last "free be."

Miss. Hawthorn described the dress as a Sweet Sissy Dress. It featured a square neckline of shiny white satin with corset ties in the front and back. Plus, cute blue satin bows were placed all over the neckline from front to back. The elasticated puff short sleeves had a deep frill of soft white glass silk which carried on from the shoulders to the waist in both the front and back. The swishy full circle skirt sat perfectly over the beautiful white glass silk petti-underskirt. A wide baby blue satin sash tied off at the waist in a big floppy bow. The baby blue satin skirt had tiers of deep ruffled white glass silk with fixed tiny baby blue satin bows making the skirt stand out to the fullest. The skirt flared so high on his waist that the matching satin panties with rows of white glass silk could be seen. In his left hand clutched between thumb and forefinger was a baby blue satin bag purse. On his legs were a pair of sheer white nylons with a blue seam and pert blue bow on the welts. The shoes were just as prissy as the dress. They were pink patent leather with a five-inch blue covered spiked heel and two-inch platform. They laced up with baby blue satin laces and baby blue PVC bows decorated the toes. The heels combined with the platform forced Larry's posture slightly forward.

"If Daddy would buy more dresses and pretty panties like these, I'll wear diapers even use them if he makes me. I love these pretty things so much," Larry thought skipping out the store.

Lindsey and Latasha walked into the store. Miss. Hawthorn hadn't seen Lindsey or

Latasha since they had come in to get a leopard print fur coat and that was ages ago. Looking the three over as they approached she noticed Lindsey's tightly pleated corn rows covered in colorful beads and swollen belly. They were there to get some pregnancy clothing, nursing bras and such. Seems poor Lindsey didn't know anything about birth control. She thought Jerome might be the daddy but wasn't sure.

LeRoy was the last of the five students to enter Miss. Hawthorns establishment. He was holding pinky hands with a stout somewhat older black man. LeRoy was wearing powder pink velvet leggings and a low scooped neck white top with cap sleeves and black ballerina slippers. He was coming to get a wedding trousseau. The suit just had to be white satin with pink lapels. He introduced his fiancé as Big Daddy. There was a small diamond engagement ring on LeRoy's finger which he wiggled before Miss. Hawthorn to see.

##

Imelda was concerned standing in Dr. Jones' outer office. She had been summoned to be there by an irate sounding Superintendent of Schools. When the secretary directed her into the room, she quickly went from concerned to scared. Dr. Jones looked distraught and handcuffed. There were two police officers in uniform and two in plain clothes standing nearby.

"Ms. Imelda Alvera you are under arrest for felony child abuse and misappropriation of Federal Funds. Your co-conspirators have already been taken into custody. You should consider yourself lucky that two attempted suicides were prevented. Otherwise you would be charged with murder. Now I'm going to read you your Miranda rights," one of the plain clothes detectives said as an officer approached with handcuffs dangling in his hand.

Epilog:

Apparently in mid-July the parents, parent and guardian of the five test students began losing the hypnotic induced instructions from Dr. Duncan. As a result, reached out to their children all of whom had moved out to live with their significant other. It wasn't until about a month later that the five students began coming out of their induced personalities. LeRoy and Lindsey tried to comment suicide realizing what had been done to them but saved by EMTs. Allen, Cheryl and Larry were "rescued" before they could attempt the same. None of them wanted to be what they now were. There would be some legal complications as all five had legal same sex marriages.

After intense psychiatric treatment Allen and Cheryl realized there was no going back and had loving partners. They decided to carry on as best they could. There would be changes in their relationships but their altered body structure wouldn't. The other three had a much harder time reverting to their old ways. Larry was incontinent due to surgical procedures Daddy wanted and he agreed to. His biggest mental hurdle was accepting the size of his itty bitty penis. LeRoy had a gay reputation in his old neighborhood and had to move to another city. While each could appear "normal" neither would be the same. Lindsey would never be the same either. She had two mixed race babies of her own to look after and her parents disowned her. Lindsey lived on State Welfare until she received her seminary degree from a liberal school. She would be a preacher but in a different church.

Except for Elsa LaRue and Irma Gonzales, who weren't part of the Political Correctness inner circle, very lengthy prison sentences were handed out. Imelda and Dr. Jones went to federal prison for misappropriation of Federal Funds then to State prison for

**the abuse charges. Nurse Jane wound up with no chance of parole in a State Institution for the criminally insane. Dr. Duncan joined her there. While officials wanted to prosecute Miss. Hawthorn had no basis. All she did was supply what was asked for. Her business continued to prosper.**

**The End**