

SCHOOL

FOR

Sissies

2

Bimbo Lessons



Lyka Bloom

Contents

[Title Page](#)

[Prologue](#)

[Day One](#)

[Day Two](#)

[Day Three](#)

[Day Four](#)

[Day Five](#)

[Day Six](#)

[Day Seven](#)

[Day Eight](#)

[Day Ten](#)

[Day Thirteen](#)

[Day Fifteen](#)

[Day Seventeen](#)

[Day Twenty-Four](#)

[About the Author](#)

[More from Lyka](#)

SCHOOL FOR SISSIES 2: BIMBO LESSONS

by Lyka Bloom

SCHOOL FOR SISSIES 2: BIMBO LESSONS

First Edition. December 7, 2021.
Copyright © 2021 Lyka Bloom

Written by Lyka Bloom

This is a work of fiction. All names, places, likenesses, events, and incidents are fictional, and are in no way intended to describe actual events.

For more, visit www.LykaBloom.com.

Despite the bite in the air, the leaves were still green on the trees when Martin Presley arrived at Waverly College. His father was behind the wheel of the car, as silent on their arrival as he had been on the trip to the small university town. His mother made more of an effort, a few attempts at small talk that came to nothing. Tension was the invisible passenger.

Ever since Martin was brought home in the back of a police cruiser three months before, his father had been distant and cool with him. It wasn't the first time Martin felt the weight of his father's disapproval, only the most recent. And it wasn't as if he was some burnout on drugs. He liked his freedom, that was all. And maybe a little bit of graffiti. And some beers under the trestle bridge with some of his high school pals. His grades were good and he had a keen mind. When his parents met with his teachers on conference nights, the old chestnut 'he would do well if he only applied himself,' was heard as an oft-repeated critique of his scholastic efforts.

Before the police lights were done spinning, throwing alternating red and blue curtains over the faces of his parents, his father had issued his tight-lipped declaration.

"We're going to find a place that can give you some discipline, son. I've tried everything I know to do. It doesn't seem to help much. I think we're going to have to give someone else a try."

His father was former military, and Martin was sure that his vague threats meant Martin was headed for a military school, or maybe enlistment right out of high school. He'd run away if that happened, he decided. He wasn't going to become one of those empty-headed thugs that the military churned out to send to some war, so he could come home with his brain more broken. He was shy enough. Martin didn't need PTSD on top.

That's why the brochures from Waverly were a surprise. It looked like a nice campus, the kind of place that had big oaks on the quad and old buildings with steeples and cute girls smiling over books in the pictures. It was a liberal arts school, too, which fit Martin's interest in writing, at least. After being handed the brochures by his father, an unsurprisingly wordless exchange, he asked his mother about the decision.

"It was your father's pick," she said. She was nervous, moving around some of the canisters on the kitchen counter while they talked. More, she wouldn't look Martin in the eye. "I just want you to be happy, you know? They said they could promise that much, at least. And after the first semester, we can bring you home, maybe. Just do what they tell you to do and keep

your nose clean."

And then she'd taken Martin in her arms suddenly and with a ferocity of emotion. She hugged him so tight he heard one of his vertebrae crack. He returned the hug, more alarmed by this sudden show of affection than any silence from his father.

Looking around online, he could find no mention of Waverly, aside from the official website of the college. There were some vague references to 'Waverly girls' on some subreddits, mostly in reference to their relative attractiveness and willingness to have a good time, but these were the kinds of posts you'd see about any college. It was odd, for sure, this kind of web anonymity. It *was* a small school, he rationalized, and they didn't appear to have any organized sports or extracurriculars that made the campus noteworthy.

When they arrived at the parking lot near the big library on the edge of campus, a few cars were unloading new students scattered around them. Martin met a few eyes and understood by the sullen looks on the faces of the boys he saw unpacking trunks and pulling backpacks over their shoulders that no one came to Waverly because it was their first choice. He offered a nod of hello when he locked eyes with one of his fellow collegiate outcasts and got the same in return.

"I can take it from here," he said. His big suitcase was on the ground beside the family SUV, his backpack with a laptop inside was over one shoulder. He aimed his words at his father, who stood as silent as the sphinx beside the car. "I know you don't want to have to deal with me anymore." His father remained quiet, hands shoved in the pockets of his khakis.

His mother hugged him again, cheeks wet with tears as she kissed his cheek. "I love you, Marty," she said. "Be good. Keep out of trouble and we can see what we'll do next year when you're home for Christmas."

"Sure," he said. "Bye, Dad."

"Hrmpf," his father replied. The old man was already on his way to the driver's seat before Martin lifted the handle of his luggage.

'And fuck you, Dad,' he thought.

The Ross Dormitory was the male dorm on campus. It stood three stories high with a big lobby on the bottom floor, an information desk manned by a pretty girl in a billowy white dress with yellow flower prints on it centered on the first floor. She had straw-colored hair with one long braid

on the right side, freckles, and a big smile she used to set the boys at ease when they came to her for dorm assignments. The nametag said her name was Kaley. Martin noticed she had braces, which made her look even younger than college-age.

"You're on floor two, sweetie," she said, her voice marred by a mild lisp that likely accompanied her braces. Still, he couldn't help but eye the rise of her breasts under the white dress, her nipples prominent beneath.

The suitcase was heavy and the dorm had no elevators. Dragging it up to the second floor was tough on his small frame. By the time he reached the second floor riser, he was sucking in great lungfuls of air. He pulled the suitcase behind him until he found his room – 206. He could hear music playing from inside before he turned the handle to open the door, steeling himself for a blast of unfortunate electronic dance music.

"Hey, man! I'm Kevin!"

A hand was coming at him and Martin instinctively took it, getting two strong pumps before the grip released. Kevin, his roommate Martin presumed, was almost a foot taller, lean and angular. He looked like a basketball player, all knees and elbows and soft brown hair trimmed tight to his scalp. He had a big toothy smile that was aimed directly at Martin. Rather than feel disturbed by the aggressive friendliness, Martin found he liked Kevin Tyler quite a lot from the first moment they met. He was big and sunny and had a shirt-off-his-back quality that made it difficult to dislike him. It also helped that his first act after shaking Martin's hand was turning down the music, and then helping to drag the big suitcase into their room.

"I'm Martin. Thanks for the hand."

"What are roommates for?" His face went from sunny to curious. "No, really, you're my first one." Back to sunny again, laughing. "Good to meet you. I guess we're both doing time at Waverly, huh? I talked to a couple of the other guys downstairs. Sounds like we're all the fuck-ups of our old schools. What are you in for?"

"Spray painting a building. But also, like, three years of goofing off and telling my dad he's an idiot."

"Yeah, that'll do it. The one good thing is that the girls here seem pretty hot. I mean, if you're into girls."

"Oh yeah. For sure."

"Cool if you're not."

"I appreciate it, but I'm straight."

Kevin's shoulders relaxed and he laughed, clapping Martin on the back. "Great. Like I said, I don't have anything against it, but good to know if I walk around in nothing but a towel you're not trying to get a look at my business or something."

Martin laughed politely and opened his suitcase. There was painfully little in the way of personal effects. He could have been handed a suitcase that read "Standard Issue Teenager" and found the same tee shirts and shorts and a couple of pairs of shoes. He never felt more hopeless or anonymous than he did at that moment.

"You are just in time," Kevin announced from his side of the room.

"For what?" Martin regarded a green concert tee and tossed it on the twin bed that mirrored Kevin's, only his was already made up with sheets and a blanket on top.

"Orientation. Probably some old man telling us how we have to straighten up and fly right or something. Want to walk over?"

Martin thought about delaying to put away the rest of his belongings but found the idea only depressed him. "Yeah, sure thing."

On the walk to the student center, Martin learned a lot about Kevin. He had played some basketball in high school before he decided it wasn't for him. He talked about the girl he left back home, and how he hoped she'd wait for him without any belief that it might be so. Martin learned how strict Kevin's parents were, and how disappointed they both seemed by his relaxed attitude when it came to his future. More than anything, they wanted him to *behave*, and that was something Kevin found it difficult to do. By their standards, he'd be home every night before the sun went down, studying in between college test prep.

Martin listened, as he normally did. He was like a sponge, one friend told him. A sponge of secrets and stories, absorbed but never to re-emerge. Martin didn't offer a lot of information about himself because he rarely felt worthy of divulging anything. Who would be interested in his boring life? He was just like everyone else, in every way from his dreams to his shameful desires. He read enough to know that most human experience was universal, and absorbed enough confessions from his friends to understand that he was no different from the rest of them. So he kept his own counsel.

"You're easy to talk to you, you know?" Kevin said as they climbed the brief set of stone steps leading up to the wide entrance of the student center. "Sorry if I talked your ear off."

"I don't mind," Martin said with a shrug. "I like to listen."

"Nobody likes it that much. Come on, I think the auditorium is this way."

They passed the big dining hall and bulletin boards with job offers and dangling phone numbers snipped into rectangles advertising tutoring and, strangely, fashion and makeup tips where Martin would have expected offers for tutoring or rideshares.

The place was crowded with more than a hundred of their classmates, all filing into the lecture hall. At the front of the room was a lectern, a wiry microphone angled up at the woman behind it. She was brown-haired, styled very professionally. Her suit and matching skirt were dark and just snug enough on her body to suggest some enviable curves. Martin was transfixed by her almost at once, where Kevin was scouting the others in the room.

"How come there are no girls here?"

Only then did Martin scan the crowd. He saw every shape and size of male freshman, but nary a woman in the room, besides the one at the front.

"That is weird," he agreed.

"Good evening," said the woman from the stage. "My name is Nina Harliss, but most of you will come to know me as Doctor Harliss. I'm the dean of students here at Waverly College, and let me be the first to welcome you to this new chapter of your lives." She paused through a smattering of applause. "I know many of you came to this school as a result of some bad decisions you've made and you feel this place is a form of punishment. I want you to know that we believe in second chances here at Waverly. And as far as I am concerned, what came before in your lives is in the past. What I want for you all is to be the happiest, most successful versions of yourselves that you can be."

More applause. Even Martin joined in on this one. Harliss had charisma as well as beauty. She would have made a good politician.

"And to help guide you on this journey, each of you will be partnered with a class liaison, someone to help you get through these first formative weeks of your college life."

While she spoke, a line of young women marched onto the stage behind her. To a one, they were beautiful. Some dressed more daring than the others, but all were lovely enough that no boy in the room would complain about having been paired with them.

"After we leave here, you will wait in the student hall until your mentor

finds you. Just be sure to wear the nametags you're provided in the backs of the seats in front of you. And please don't take all the Sharpies. You may fill out your names while we go over some things in the student handbook. If you didn't find one in your dorm, you will find additional copies in the pocket of the seat in front of you with the name tags..."

Martin and Kevin removed the name tags and the handbooks while Harliss covered the rules of conduct for all students. It was hard for Martin to concentrate when there was such a collection of beauty on the stage. He tried to find his favorites and hoped they would be his mentors.

"Is it bad taste to say I like Asian girls?"

Martin followed Kevin's eyes to the row of pretty college girls standing with their backs to the cafeteria as if they were prepping for the sexiest game of Red Rover ever played. Kevin was probably referencing the short girl with the long dark hair tied into pigtails. With her tartan skirt, she looked like the stereotypical naughty schoolgirl. Martin had to admit it was a good look for her.

"I would have guessed leggy blondes were more your speed. Being the athletic type and all that."

"You might be right." He tilted his head, pensive. "You know Marty, I think I might like all girls. Is that a problem?"

Martin laughed. "Not here. I guess we know where they were hiding all them now."

They watched as the loose line of boys shuffled to a table outside the auditorium where a girl named Heather, according to her nametag, was matching the student IDs from the boys with the assignments pulled from her laptop. One by one, the boys met their female counterparts and went off on their journeys together. When it was Kevin's turn, Heather grinned up at him as she handed back his ID.

"You're going to be with one of our sophomores. Justine. Come on down, Justy!"

Justine was lean and auburn-haired, with dimpled cheeks. She had a loose dress, but the breeziness of it couldn't hide her bouncing chest. Martin resented Kevin for getting paired with such a wholesome, all-American beauty like her.

"See you later, Marty," he said, offering his arm to Justine. Justine took it with a grin.

"You *are* a tall one, aren't you?"

"I like to think of it as worth the climb."

"Hey." Martin gave a half-hearted wave when he handed his ID over to Heather. She looked older, not like the childlike freshman faces, but like a whole woman, ready to be released unto the world. There was a sophistication in her movements and in her confidence that some of the other girls lacked. They were giggly and excited, whereas Heather was calm and matter-of-fact without being unfriendly.

"Martin Presley," she said, holding his card while she ran a polished nail across the screen before her. "Oh, lucky you. Elaine Park," she said, raising her voice so that his mentor would hear.

It was the Asian girl Kevin ogled before, now skipping to the table to collect Martin.

"Hey, Martin! We are going to have such a good time!"

"Yeah, hi," he said, tugged away from the table as soon as Heather handed over his student ID. She was ebullient, walking on air while she pulled Martin out of the student center, made hot by the throng of bodies compacted within, to the relative cool of the evening.

Other pairs were walking the quad and chatting. Elaine guided Martin along a sidewalk, away from the dorms and the student center.

"Welcome to Waverly, first of all."

"Thanks," he said, and then went silent. He felt uncomfortable in the presence of a pretty girl, and Elaine Park wasn't just pretty, she was drop-dead gorgeous. Not only did her outfit accentuate her toned body and well-proportioned hips and ass, being close like he was, Martin could smell the floral scent of her perfume. She moved with surety and an easy sensuality that made Martin feel inadequate.

"Second of all, we are going to be spending some time together, so you might as well start talking. Oh my God, look!"

Elaine pointed at Justine and Kevin thirty yards away on a bench lining the sidewalk. Kevin's hand was buried under her top while Justine leaned back her head to give him access to her neck, which Kevin kissed with hungry passion.

"He doesn't waste time, huh?"

Elaine laughed. "Some of the girls at Waverly are more friendly than others. I thought we might start with a tour and let these two work out their hormones."

"Uh, I should head back."

"What?"

"Yeah, I want to unpack, get myself ready for tomorrow."

Elaine looked stunned. "I could come back and hang out, keep you company."

"No, that's okay. I'll catch up with you in the next day or two."

He was already walking away, throwing the last sentence over his shoulder as he departed. There were about a million guys who would think he was the stupidest man on Earth for leaving this beauty standing alone under a lamp on the quad, but Martin wasn't one of those guys. He shoved his hands in the pockets of his jeans and marched quietly back to his dorm, never looking back.

He did plan to unpack, but as soon as he began, he grew very tired. Half his clothes hung, he collapsed back onto the unmade bed and lost himself in a dreamless sleep.

Martin's eyes cracked open when the dorm room's door opened, the metal handle slamming into the wooden wardrobe on Kevin's side of the room.

"Sorry," he whispered when he saw Martin looking at him, consciousness creeping slowly back in. It felt like a curtain had fallen over his thoughts and he was struggling to draw it back to awareness. "Hell of a night, huh? What happened with that cute Asian girl?"

"Elaine."

"What?"

"Her name is Elaine. And nothing happened. I came back early and fell asleep. Slept like a log, too. What the hell is this?"

Martin rubbed his fingers together and felt tiny particles between the pads of his fingers, like invisible grains of sand. When he brought his fingers to his nose, he inhaled a medicinal smell that made his nose wrinkle.

"Looks like we need some dusting. I wonder if Justine does windows. 'Cause I know she does polishing."

"You two-?"

"For sure. I mean, I think so. I kinda passed out toward the end, but we were going at it pretty hot and heavy. Man, she has great tits. I think she might have had some work done, ya know? Nobody has tits like that without a doctor. Anyways, we made out for a while and she took me back to her room. Next thing I know, my pants are off and she is going down on me and I'm just laying back and loving it. Then I passed out. She didn't seem to mind, though. She was plenty friendly this morning, too."

"Congrats, I guess."

Kevin chuckled and stood, snapping the waist of his briefs. "Time to clean the pipes, Marty. Then let's get some breakfast. I am starving."

Martin hurried through a shower in the communal bathroom, unable to completely shake the fog between his ears. Once they were on the quad and moving, he felt more himself and even appreciated the simple beauty of the Waverly campus. The leaves were falling in earnest and provided a colorful rain.

The student center was mostly full with a mix of freshman boys and their mentors, along with other groups of young women huddled in small circles. They whispered to one another and watched the boys, and some giggled. Kevin led the way, his outgoing nature on display as he waved to others and winked at some of the girls, inspiring new rounds of red-cheeked

laughter.

"Justine's not here," he mused. "I don't even have her phone number. Where's your girl?"

"I don't know. We didn't talk very long last night."

"Kid, you need some self-confidence. I have a feeling that these Waverly girls are good to go. If you don't take advantage, someone else is. And by someone, I mean me, probably."

He clapped Martin on the back and the pair settled into the cafeteria line, which moved molasses-slow. They finally reached the rows of prepared foods and Kevin was given eggs and bacon and a bowl of fruit. Martin was given grain cereal and a similar bowl of fruit, without the eggs and bacon.

"Hey, I wanted some French toast, too," he grumbled.

The girl on the other side of the Plexiglass was fresh-faced and slim-chested, but quite pretty. She turned her head down, her blonde pigtails draped over her shoulders, and avoided the question. An older woman with gray threaded through her dark hair stepped between them.

"We have carefully selected a meal plan for each of you. I promise you'll be getting all the calories you need and all the right nutrients, too. If you want some snacks, there's more fruit by the register."

"Yeah, sure," Kevin sighed.

The pair carried their trays to a largely empty table. Kevin shoveled some of the eggs into his mouth and wiped with the back of his hand.

"Don't worry, Marty. Your old pal Kev is going to get us a stash of goodies. They might control the cafeteria, but they can't control what we get at the Quick Sack. And I have a hot dog on a roller with my name on it."

"That stuff is disgusting."

"Quiet and eat your barley or whatever," he grinned.

Martin scanned the students gathered around the tables. "You think it's weird that there are so many girls compared to the boys?"

"You complaining, Marty?"

"No. Just weird."

He finished his fruit and cereal, unable to shake the feeling that the girls were staring at them.

Miss Helena looked like a Playboy bunny. Her hair was an obvious dye-job, piled on top of her head with curls that may or may not have been extensions. Her lips were full and a glossy pink, eyes dark and defined by

long lashes. While her skirt fell past her knees, it was the pencil variety that hugged her round ass and firm thighs on its way down. The button-up top was white, and the black bra she wore beneath was easily visible, as was a sizable amount of cleavage. She had to be at least a D-cup, Martin figured. She also possessed the distracting habit of chewing on the end of her pen between sentences, or when she listened to a student speak in the literature class. When she answered questions hurled at her, she did so in a breathy voice that seemed built for whispering in a man's ear.

She paced the front of the class in tall black heels. "So, what I want for my students is to instill a love of reading. Who cares if it's stuffy old British books or the latest thriller? What matters is that you're all reading as part of your day."

It was hard to concentrate on her words when she was leaning against a student's desk in the front row, bending forward to show off the tan skin of her ample tits.

"I'll be handing out some books. Feel free to pass them around with each other. And don't be surprised if the book you get isn't the kind of thing you normally read. I want you to push your boundaries."

She turned and showed off the pendulum swing of her ass while she opened a cardboard box and removed paperback novels.

"Take one and pass them back," she said, delivering the first stack to a student in the front row.

Martin already noted that the class was entirely male in its composition, and that made it all the stranger when he was handed a romance novel, a shirtless Adonis on the cover with a busty wench in his arms. He leaned forward to see the book given to the student in front of him and saw little difference in the covers save for the title. He cracked the stiff spine on his paperback and saw the typeface was big, unlike the tight spacing of the usual literature collections.

"You'll have two weeks to finish them. When we're all done, we'll discuss what we've read."

Two weeks? It would take him no more than two hours to finish something like this. He supposed Waverly was more interested in keeping its students in line than in challenging their intellects. At least Miss Helena was hot. He might not learn anything, but he'd have a marvelous view.

Martin trudged back across campus toward the dorms. His phone

buzzed with messages from Elaine, who was determined to meet him again. There was something about the girl's aggressive pursuit that made Martin nervous, despite her undeniable beauty. With his head down and backpack bouncing on his shoulder, he was lost in his thoughts when he heard his roommate call out.

"Martin! Come over!"

Kevin had his back to one of the big red oaks that dappled the open quad and sent their red and orange leaves spinning to the ground. Justine was nestled into the crook of his arm, her hand on his stomach. When she looked at Martin, he thought he could see something calculating in that look. Despite the chill running up the back of his neck, he started toward them, unable to tear his eyes off Justine.

He never saw Elaine coming. One second he was locked on Justine's gaze, the next he was tumbling, staggering to keep his balance while Elaine hit the ground hard in front of him.

"Oh my God, I'm so sorry!"

"It's my fault for being so short," Elaine laughed, and took Martin's hand to bring her back to her feet.

He wondered how she wasn't freezing in the fall weather, with her short purple skirt and high knee socks, an outfit that suggested the go-go dancers of the 1960s. When she was fully on her feet again, she leaned into Martin, placing a hand on his chest like they were romantic partners and not relative strangers. Martin was acutely aware of her nearness and the familiarity of her touch.

"Glad I literally ran into you, though. We still have some orientation stuff to go over. And I thought we could do some studying together, maybe. I'm smarter than I look," she tittered.

Martin took a step away. For an instant, a look of supreme frustration flitted across Elaine's face, then became the sunny expression she always wore in his presence again.

"I'm good. I want to call it an early night. You want to head back to the dorms?" he asked Kevin.

Kevin was lost in Justine's presence. He had the look of someone in the early stages of love when the whole world shrinks to the size of that person.

"No, thanks. I'm going to hang out with Justine. You sure you don't want to stay?"

"I'll see you later," Martin said and put his back to them. That itchy,

uncomfortable feeling found him again like there was something decidedly off about Waverly and its students, but he couldn't quite give it a name. Yet.

Back in the dorm, the door locked and checked to be sure, Martin went about preparing his assignments from his day's classes. Aside from the cheap romance novel assigned in his literature class, there was a math assignment and civics work to do. What Martin hadn't anticipated was that even these felt aimed at the most rudimentary levels of understanding.

His math homework was a series of word problems, the kind of basic arithmetic that he remembered from his grade school years. Stranger still was the wording used. One problem read: *You're shopping for your husband and he's only given you fifty dollars for groceries. How many of each item can you afford?*

The civics homework was equally sexist in its tone, suggesting that when in trouble, all citizens should find a man capable of dealing with stressful or dangerous situations.

With its largely female student body, Martin would have imagined a more progressive curriculum. All the lessons he'd encountered thus far were tailored for a housewife from the 1950s or '60s than a modern woman. And none of them were inclusive to a male student.

His cell rang and he saw *Mom* appear on the display. Swiping open to receive the call, Martin closed his civics book and leaned back in his chair, rubbing his eyes in preparation for his mother's emotional inquisition.

"Martin?" she began. Her tone was tentative. "Are you alright?"

"Yeah, Mom, I'm fine. How are you and Dad?"

"We're good, honey. I wanted to check on you, see if you needed anything."

"Not right now," he said. "This place is weird, though. I'd really like to come home. Maybe you can talk to Dad and-"

"We discussed this. I mean your father and me. If you make it through this semester, you can go anywhere you want, honey. I promise."

Martin sighed. "Sure. How's everything else?"

The rest of the conversation was normal, almost good. But at the end, she paused before they disconnected. "I love you, Marty. More than anything. I just want you to know that."

"Yeah, Mom. I know," he assured her. "I'll see you at Thanksgiving, okay? Maybe we can both talk to Dad. Make some plans for me to get out of here. I don't think I'm actually learning anything here."

"I love you," she repeated, and then she was gone.

He sat the phone down, resolved to finish his ridiculous assignments when the phone rang again. An unknown caller. Once the ringtone faded, he saw a message left for him. It was Elaine, wanting to know if there's a better time in his schedule for them to meet. He would never have imagined avoiding a girl as pretty as Elaine before now, but that insistent notion that something was not quite right made her presence more sinister than sexual.

He was wrapping the elementary homework up and settling in to read a few chapters of his romance novel when the door opened and Kevin came tumbling in.

"Hey there, Marty," he said with a sloppy grin. He took two steps and fell face-first onto his mattress.

"You look like you had some fun."

"I did. That Justine is something else. I think she drained me of all my vitality," he laughed. "I think Elaine might have the hots for you. Do with that information what you will. I am going to sleep."

"Sweet dreams," Martin said, rising to turn off the overhead light Kevin turned on when he entered. By the time he turned around his roommate was already softly snoring.

The same weariness stole over Martin quickly, too. It was only ten, and he was struggling to keep his eyes open. He managed to turn off the lamp beside his bed, but just barely. He didn't remember much of what he'd read, only that there was a girl on a farm, and she'd met a man she knew would change her life.

Martin's mouth tasted foul when he woke the next day. A fine grit covered his bare arms and left a taste like cherry-flavored cough syrup in his mouth. A thin film of the stuff coated his book on the nightstand and the surface of his desk.

Beside his bed, Kevin was already stirring, his feet on the floor, head in his hands while he struggled to gain full consciousness.

"I feel hung over," he grumbled.

Martin didn't answer. He rose with the same grogginess and collected his deck shoes and a plastic baggy containing his soap and shampoo for the shower. If he was moving, he could shake off the dopey feeling, just like the day before. He wondered if he and Kevin were coming down with something, a shared cold that was easily traded in such tight quarters.

A few of the others on the floor were already in the communal bathroom, standing under the showers separated by the shoulder-high dividers. Martin took a place in one of these open stalls and tested the water until it was warm to the touch. While he bathed himself, he noticed how smooth his face was. Usually, he'd need a shave after a couple of days, but there was almost no growth. What hair there was felt finer and softer. All of him felt that way when he scrubbed his bare skin, he discovered. It was as though he'd been using lotion or something to make his flesh look healthier and almost tender.

Glancing over at the others, he saw the same luminosity in their skin. Perhaps something in the water, Martin thought. Still, he hurried when he left the showers, chased by a sort of shame that his skin was less brushy than normal.

Kevin was still gathering himself so Martin changed and made his way down the steps of the dorm to the lobby alone. He had time for breakfast, which was good. His stomach was roiling. Probably because he had been eating only fruits and grains since his arrival at Waverly. Kevin's promise of greasy convenience store hot dogs had yet to materialize. The very notion of it made his mouth water and belly rumble more.

"Hello, stranger!"

Martin turned to find Elaine chasing him and settling into stride beside him. Today's outfit was a more traditional jeans and sweater, though the sweater was small enough to show off Elaine's impressive chest. Her dark hair was down, but the tips were frosted pink to match the color of her sweater.

"Morning."

"I don't know if you're mad at me about something, but there are some things you have to do for orientation. If you want, I can get you another mentor."

Martin sighed and stopped and Elaine stopped with him.

"It's not that. You seem really nice. I don't know what it is, honestly. I didn't want to come here in the first place, and all this pressure to jump through the bureaucratic hoops... I don't mean to take it out on you."

"I get it," she said, taking Martin's hand. "I was in the same place you were, but it will get easier. I promise. But you'd be doing me a big favor if you'd meet me halfway. Just sit down with me tonight and do the orientation stuff and then you can go back to your room. Give me an hour, hour-and-a-half tops. Please?"

He sighed and craned his head up. The sky was gloomy and threatened rain, which made the cool of the breeze all the more biting. "Yeah. Sure. I'll try to do better and not cause you any trouble."

Until I can get out of this weird school this winter, he thought but did not say aloud.

"Great! See you tonight!"

Elaine hopped off. Her enthusiasm was a nice contrast to the gray of the morning, and Martin even allowed himself a moment to appreciate her shapely ass when she left, squeezed into a tight pair of distressed jeans.

After breakfast, Martin made his way to his Sociology class. While his anti-social behavior might indicate otherwise, Martin considered a career in social work as a real possibility for him. He might be anti-establishment in his heart of hearts, but he liked the idea of helping people. Volunteer work always proved satisfying to him, and he hoped he could lose himself in some community service over the coming semester. That would show his parents his sincerity to straighten up and fly right and also might offer some personal growth, maybe help him narrow down how he wanted to channel that spirit of giving.

Unfortunately, the course offered at the Freshman level at Waverly College was hardly a sociology class as he had imagined. The professor was female, as they all seemed to be, with a small mouth set in a prim pout. She was older than the other women he'd seen teaching at the college, with iron hair and thick glasses. Her name was Pembroke, and she liked to look every

student in the eye when she spoke.

"I'm sure a lot of you expect that the world revolves around you," she said as she leaned against her heavy desk, eyes boring deep into one student and then the next. "In this class, you will learn the importance of the social contract, and your role in fulfilling it. You will learn that there is more to life than in pursuing your own agendas. That there is something called *service*. And serving is something I expect all of you to do."

Martin didn't entirely disagree, but the phrasing was less than ideal. The older woman appeared to have a concrete view of how everyone should behave and tolerated little variation.

"In my class, you will learn manners. And proper behavior. And how you may best be of service to those around you."

Martin scanned the other classmates. Unlike his Literature class, at least there were some girls in this one. When the class ended, he found himself walking down the hall of the science building with one of these female students and dared to introduce himself.

"I'm Katie," she said. She was small, almost frail-looking, and dressed like she was going to an ice cream social in the mid-twentieth century. Her skirt was long and billowy, the top just tight enough to show off a cute shape, but not too snug to be suggestive. She had a flat chest but otherwise looked very pretty in Martin's estimation.

"Nice to meet you. Is it just me, or was that kind of weird?"

Katie developed an adorable furrow in her brow. "Was what weird?"

"Mrs. Pembroke and her class. She didn't come right out and say it, but wasn't she suggesting that some people should basically serve others? That sounds a little... I don't know. Old-fashioned?"

Katie giggled. "I guess I'm old-fashioned then. I love the idea of making a good wife for someone one day. Until then, I guess I just have to make a good girlfriend." More giggles accompanied that. And the way she looked at Martin like he was a candidate for just the kind of thing she was talking about was disconcerting. She had the happy, upturned face of a normal girl, but there was something desperate and needy behind her eyes.

"I gotta get to my next class," he told her and offered her an apologetic smile. "See you in class."

"See you!" she beamed back at him.

Kevin texted between classes about meeting for lunch, and Martin was

eager to talk to his roommate. The notion that something strange was happening at Waverly hardened in his mind, but he needed someone to argue back at him when he started proposing his outlandish theories. His desire to explore his suspicions was waylaid when he saw his roommate.

Kevin looked pale, despite how his skin had the softness Martin discovered in his own flesh. He didn't look sick, not precisely, but there was a fogginess in his demeanor that worried Martin, as if his roommate was present, but also listening to some faraway voice.

"Are you okay? Did you get enough sleep last night?"

"What? Yeah, sure. I'm a little light-headed, that's all. I had a meeting with the guidance counselor a little while ago. I guess I've been a little out of it ever since. She was so hot. I think maybe all the blood drained from my brain."

"Who was she?"

"Who?"

"The guidance counselor."

"Oh! Doctor Miller. She was a little older but incredibly hot. A real cougar, you know?"

"What did you two talk about?"

Kevin squinted, trying to find the memory. "I'm not really sure. General stuff, I guess. I was too busy checking out her legs. She had amazing legs."

The vague worry was now a full-fledged klaxon in Martin's mind. He probed more while they ate, but there was no more information to be gleaned from Kevin in his current state. Instead, Martin resolved that he would try to find out more from his meeting with Elaine that night.

She waited for him in the library after classes were done in a private room. At least it kept their voices trapped inside. One full wall was made of glass, facing the interior of the library, so it wasn't as if they were too isolated. And that was just how Martin wanted it. The thought of being alone with Elaine, or with any of the girls at Waverly, made him anxious.

Elaine was dressed in an alluring manner, as always. Most of her legs were bare thanks to her short black mini and ankle boots, the coat she wore trimmed with faux fox fur over a green top that clung to her delicious curves. When she saw Martin enter, her face lit up and she flashed him a pearlescent grin.

"I thought you might stand me up," she teased. She scooted a chair

toward Martin, her tan leg extended and showing off a generous portion of her thigh.

"Of course not. Sorry that I've been playing hard-to-get. You know, school-wise I mean. Just getting my bearings."

"It's totally natural." When Martin sat at the table in the study room, Elaine moved her chair close to his. He could feel the heat coming off of her, and the sweet scent of her perfume flooded his nostrils. It was hard to remain focused when a gorgeous girl like Elaine was so close, never mind the way she rested her fingers on his forearm when she spoke. "I was completely lost almost the whole first semester. And then I realized that all the other people in my class were going through the same thing. From then on, I just relaxed and went with the flow. It made life so much easier, I promise."

"So, what do I need to know?"

"My part in this is to make sure that you have everything you need. If you have any questions about your classes or how things are done, what's expected of you. All of the above and more. Basically, I'm the person you come to if you have a question about just about anything."

"I do have one question."

"Anything."

"How well do you know Justine?"

Elaine paused only for a breath, but it was enough for Martin to take notice. "I'd say I know her reasonably well, but we're not super close. Why?"

"She's been spending a lot of time with Kevin. And I didn't know if it was common for guys to hook up with their mentors."

"Are they hooking up?"

Martin chuckled and shrugged. "I haven't *seen* them or anything, but I'm pretty sure. I just met Kevin, but I don't think he was always walking around all dopey and lovesick."

Elaine shared his laughter. He felt the weight of her hand on his arm. Her hair was down today. It was long and so black you could lose yourself in the depth of that darkness. He was sure it would feel like silk running between his fingers if he dared to brush them through her hair.

"It happens. Not *always*, but it does happen. Obviously not with us. I keep wondering if I did something that made you angry with me."

"Of course not," he said quickly. "I tend to keep to myself, that's all. You're beautiful. I mean it. Maybe the prettiest girl on campus."

The smile on Elaine's face broadened. "I'm glad you think so. I think it's

important to be pretty. And I like it a lot when a handsome boy thinks I'm pretty."

Her fingers were moving back and forth across Martin's arm. Between the sweet smell of her and the way she seemed to be closer every time he looked at her, Martin was sure he was going to kiss her. He wondered what her tongue would taste like, and how her heavy breasts might feel in his hands. He could see her nipples were erect. His cock was hardening in his jeans. It would be so easy to lean in and kiss those inviting lips. He was sure she wanted him to, and he wanted that.

The image of Kevin at lunch, moony-eyed and dim-witted, came back to Martin and he sat up straight, his hand moving away from Elaine and sending his backpack laid upon the table to the floor with a muffled crash of books within.

"I have to go."

"What? Why?"

"Sorry, I'm not feeling good all of a sudden. But I appreciate what you said. I'll come to you with any questions. I promise."

Before she could protest, he had his pack over a shoulder and was opening the door of the study room, hurrying away from Elaine. He saw a pretty librarian watching him from behind black-framed glasses, her look stern and curious. When the cool air hit him outside, he took great big breaths. It was almost as good as a splash of cold water. He was himself again, though he was still rock-hard. Was it plain arousal he felt, or something more? Was it the same thing Kevin had fallen prey to?

The questions dogged him on his way back to the dorm. He was glad to mount the last riser and spill onto the floor where he felt a measure of safety and solitude. He was fishing his security card out when he saw the boy wandering aimlessly down the hall, his fingers tracing the contours of the cinderblock walls.

"You okay?" Martin planned to head straight into his room and bury himself under the blankets, even if Kevin was there. The words were out before he knew, and his classmate stopped in his tracks.

He turned slowly, wearing only a tee and some loose shorts as if he was readying for bed and was distracted. Martin vaguely remembered meeting him in the halls or maybe in the showers. Charles or something? No, now he remembered!

"Chris?"

"I'm not Chris," the boy replied. He giggled. His voice was high and soft, and his head tilted slightly like he was trying to hear something faint in the distance.

"Oh, sorry. I'm bad with names. I thought-"

"My name's Christy now. Isn't that pretty?"

He was high on something. Had to be. That vague look in his eyes, the soft laughter that accompanied every sentence.

"Sure. You can get back to your room, right?"

"Or I could come to your room," he tittered.

"No thanks. Take care of yourself, okay?"

The door clicked open at the swipe of his card and Martin entered fast. There was no sign that the poor kid was going to give chase, but the encounter scared him. He saw that Kevin was gone. Good. He needed to parse his way through the events of the day. Only once he was in bed, he grew sleepy again. In minutes, he was unconscious and happily oblivious.

Another morning shower to rinse away the strange dust that fell during the night and Martin was ready for class. Kevin stayed in bed, and Martin found no need to rouse him. His encounter with Elaine and the strange behavior of Chris in the hall had him tight-lipped and worried. That worry was fueled by the continuing stubbornness of his face to produce the hair he was used to shaving.

Literature was first on the class schedule, and Miss Helena was bursting out of the red dress she wore. The matching red platforms seemed hardly appropriate for a classroom, but she walked on them with practiced ease as she led a discussion at the head of the class.

"Did anyone read anything really yummy?" she asked the assembled boys.

A few heads swiveled as the boys took measure of one another. Martin was reluctant to speak, having read very little of his assigned book. Every time he started a chapter, he was quickly subdued by an undeniable weariness. Some of his peers seemed to have had less trouble. One of the boys tentatively lifted his hand.

"Go on, Peter."

Peter was waifish, and his unkempt dark brown hair hung down and covered his cheeks. Martin would have bet those cheeks burned red, though.

"I thought it was hot."

There were some chuckles rippling in the room.

"Keep going," Miss Helena said, rolling her hand for Peter to continue.

"I read one scene where this girl went down on a guy in a stable. I mean, performed fellatio."

The chuckles turned to outright laughter.

"I don't know what all of you are laughing at. We are dedicated to honesty in this class, and if that means some uncomfortable language, then that's what we'll use. You can say 'going down,' Peter. And that's for a man or a woman. You could also say, 'She was sucking his big meaty dick.' Or, 'he was giving her all the sweet cum she could handle.'"

More titters accompanied Miss Helena's clarifications. Alongside that, some shifts in chairs which created a general floor of noise in the room. Martin was squirming, too. Seeing a bombshell like Miss Helena talk so graphically about blowjobs was a hard thing to ignore. His cock was swelling, and Martin was sure he wasn't the only one.

Another hand raised. "I liked this part in my book where the girl was

jerking this guy off and he came all over her face."

"Oh, that is delicious!" Miss Helena exclaimed.

"There was a scene in mine where the guy was giving it to this slut doggy-style and when she came he used that to lube up her ass."

"Wonderful!"

There were more, now that the tap opened on the sex talk, and boys tripped over one another to describe the sexiest thing they found in their assigned books. Not having read much at all, Martin was ashamed that he had nothing to offer before he questioned exactly what he was ashamed of. These were students being explicitly sexual in a classroom led by a blonde sexpot. The whole thing was ridiculous. Only the stiff cock between his legs said otherwise. It told him just how hot this all was.

He was never called on by Miss Helena and was pleased when the class ended and he didn't have to speak. He was sure his silence went unnoticed. Four of his classmates dominated the conversation, going further than describing the hotter scenes in their books. They were inventing new descriptions and new sexual adventures for the characters, less literary discussion than a listing of fantasies. And through it all, Miss Helena hopped and squealed, her big boobs bouncing and threatening to pop out of the tight red dress.

He was in a pleasant haze as he roamed across the quad, surprised from a complete stupor by the sudden appearance of Elaine on his arm. She'd opted for pigtails today and a form-fitting jumper that protected her skin against the cool air but did nothing to hide her curves. Her perfumed scent lit up his senses as she threaded her arm through his.

"How was class, cutie?"

"Good," he managed. Was his hard-on plainly visible? The way the tip brushed against his pants when he walked had him practically drooling over Elaine.

"I have great news. Your appointment with Doctor Harliss is set up for today. You are going to love her. Isn't that nice?"

"Yeah. Thanks," he managed. It felt like his head was crammed full of cotton. He was mind-numbingly horny, and Elaine's presence only fanned the flames of that desire.

"Here's the room number. Three o'clock. Don't be late, okay? I promised her you'd be there."

Elaine shoved a piece of paper into the front pocket of Martin's jeans.

For the briefest of moments, her fingers grazed his throbbing member.

"I'll be there," he said, voice breathy.

"I know you will. I'll see you after, okay?"

"Yeah," he muttered. Elaine stopped their walk together and she rose on her toes and kissed his cheek. Just the night before Martin ran from her. Now Elaine's presence was at least something familiar in this strange dream world in which he found himself, and when she was gone he felt rudderless.

The mind moves mechanically, even when dulled. It wasn't until lunch was done that he felt remotely like himself. Yet, he had gone on to conduct his business as he normally would, his feet moving of their own accord, his hands opening books, his eyes reading. And with the growing sense of self returning came the low-simmering worry that Waverly evoked in him. Martin had to say something to someone, but who? His parents? They were likely to chalk it up to some scheme to bring him home again. His father was a stubborn man, a trait he passed down to Martin. His mother was fond of saying that the root of the problem between the two of them was their similarity, not their differences. Whatever the reason, his parents were a dead end. And he didn't trust anyone in the administration of Waverly College to provide safe harbor.

Martin had never felt more alone than he did in that moment, trudging toward his final class of the day, sure that some insidious force was working against him, and equally sure there was very little he could do about it.

His last class of the day was Biology. The professor for the mixed-gender class was Professor Williams, a middle-aged woman who liked tall heels. Her hair was loose, with streaks of gray that gave her an air of authority more than they aged her. When she roamed the class in a white lab coat, her black heels clicked on the tile floor of the classroom and combination lab. The students sat on high stools around a table with sinks at each end.

Professor Williams looked at the students like they were the lab rats, inspecting each one from head to toe in silent judgment. When she came to Martin, she paused and gave him a long look before moving on to the next.

"We are going to begin this semester with a discussion of reproduction." There were a few murmurs and more than a few snorts of laughter. "Yes," she continued, "I thought you heathens might like that. But don't get your hormones too excited. We are beginning with some basic anatomy."

Martin opened his Biology book, but the lesson was far afield from the text on those pages. Professor Williams dimmed the lights and directed attention to a screen drawn down from the ceiling. A digital projector broadcast the outline of a woman with her major organs identified by thick black lines.

"This," Professor Williams said, "is the absolute height of evolution. The female body. For the girls in this class, I probably don't need to convince you of that. And the boys are obsessed with the female body, too, though perhaps from a different perspective." There were some chuckles at that. "Let's walk through the reproductive cycle of the female body. And, yes, that means we'll be looking at the most beautiful aspects of a human body, so you can stop all the giggling, you silly girls. And boys, too."

It didn't stop completely, but as the class went on, the students of both genders were enraptured by the passionate way in which Professor Williams taught the class. She was exuberant in her descriptions of the female form. A glance around the classroom told Martin that he wasn't the only one caught up in her passionate descriptions.

When the class was over, some of the boys from his dorm were gathered around Professor Williams while she went on about the beauty of the female body, and how fortunate any woman was to possess such a marvel. The boys fawned, and not only because the middle-aged Professor Williams was an attractive woman in her own right. They were caught up in the fervor of her poetic teaching style. If Martin had not been mindful of his appointment with the guidance counselor, he might have stayed, too. As it was, he only had a few minutes to cross campus if he was to make his meeting on time. Punctuality was important for Martin, even if he rarely had to be somewhere besides his classes.

The office of the guidance counselor was in a beautiful brick building, something Martin believed might have been used as a guest house at one time. It was smaller than the surrounding structures like a child sandwiched in for safety by parents on both sides. The windows were white-trimmed and tall. When Martin climbed the short steps to the narrow hall, he found the counselor waiting for him.

She was a small woman with auburn hair, thin without appearing frail. Her sharp features fell short of severe, and she had a welcoming smile that put Martin immediately at ease.

"You must be Martin," she said, offering her hand. He took it for a perfunctory shake and marveled at the softness of her hand. "I'm Dr. Miller. Come right this way."

Her office was windowless, unlike the hall and entrance, with only a green-globed lamp to softly light the room. It looked more akin to a psychologist's office, or what Martin always imagined a psychologist's office to be. There was a lounge chair, overstuffed and very soft as he sat in it across from Miller's desk. She leaned against this rather than sat behind it, crossing her thin legs neatly over one another while she looked Martin over.

"So, tell me, Martin, how is college life treating you?"

"Good. So far, anyway."

"Elaine tells me you've been keeping to yourself a lot."

"IS she reporting on me or something?"

"Nothing sinister, I assure you. Our mentors are here to provide you with the information you need and to let me know of any issues that you might be less than forthcoming about discussing." She lowered her voice conspiratorially. "But I don't imagine you'd keep anything from me, would you Martin?"

"No," he said, "of course not." His stomach sank as he realized this was a lie. His worries over Kevin's behavior and general suspicions surrounding Waverly College would not be revealed, not before he had a clearer understanding of what was happening here.

"I like to use a little trick with my clients, Martin. A bit of a shortcut to health and happiness. Have you ever tried hypnotherapy before?"

"Like being hypnotized into being a chicken or something?"

Dr. Miller laughed. "No, nothing quite like that. It's a way for me to help you relax and to feel more at ease as we talk. Would you mind that?"

"I guess not."

"Good." Dr. Miller moved around the room, closing the blinds as she spoke until the room was cloaked in darkness. "I think you'll find it's very helpful. What I do is to make you more receptive to your lessons. More focused. Is the temperature alright?"

"Sure," he answered. It was rather comfortable in the office. Now that the blinds were closed, it was not only warm but dim, too. He could imagine himself falling asleep in the chair before Miller had any chance to do her thing with hypnosis or whatever. Her hair was long and smooth, and when she passed by Martin, he could smell the sweet scent of her.

"Good. Now I want you to focus on this metronome."

Dr. Miller revealed the device beneath a wooden case. With a tap of her finger, she set the metronome's arm swinging back and forth. It made a hollow clicking noise as it passed the apex of the swing, a steady *tock tock tock* sound.

"Very good, Martin. I want you to focus your eyes on the metronome. Listen to the sound as it swings and the words I am speaking. So easy to relax. So warm and comfortable. Isn't that right, Martin?"

"Yes," he said, the word coming out slow and syrupy.

"That's very good, Martin. With every swing, I want you to relax more and more until all you hear is the sound of the metronome and my words. If you need to close your eyes, you can. Because the only thing that's important is listening to my words."

Martin felt his shoulders sagging, his fingers going limp as they rested on the chair. It was as if he was sinking into some luxurious quicksand, and he made no effort to escape. Dr. Miller was still speaking, but it was getting more and more difficult to concentrate on her words. It wasn't like quicksand at all, he realized. It was like being wrapped in blankets, more and more until he was so very warm, and the sounds of the world around him were muffled until there was silence. And soon, there was nothing at all.

"And awake," Dr. Miller said. She snapped her fingers, and Martin's head jerked upright. He had been slumped in the chair, limp as a noodle. He blinked stretching his legs out in front of him.

"Did I fall asleep?"

"Only for a moment. You did very well, Martin. You are such a wonderful student. And I want you to come back here any time you feel worried or anxious. And we'll have our regular sessions, of course. How does that sound?"

"Great."

Martin felt more rested than he had since coming to Waverly if he was honest with himself. Not only did he feel like he'd had the most refreshing night's sleep, but his thoughts were also lighter, too. The worry that haunted him the past few days was all but gone.

"Thank you, Dr. Miller."

"I am always happy to help. Now off you go. Be sure to find Elaine later, I know she'll want to hear how things went. She was almost as good a student as you are."

Elaine was waiting outside the building when Martin emerged. The foggy sensation was back, and he nearly stumbled down the short set of steps outside Dr. Miller's building. Elaine caught his arm and he gained his feet again.

"Sorry. Thanks."

"It's what I'm here for," she said with a wide smile. Martin was lost in the beauty of Elaine for an instant. Her silken and dark hair, the roundness of her face, the narrowed eyes with their deep brown color. Not to mention her body. Justine was cute, but Elaine had big round tits that Martin loved. It was hard to believe he'd avoided her and struggled to remember why. "I should probably get you back to your room."

"That would be great," he replied.

Martin didn't really care one way or another. She could have told him they were going to collect shells at the beach, or to visit a funeral home, and he would have responded with equal enthusiasm. He only knew he wanted to be with Elaine right now and he would happily follow anywhere she led.

Kevin was missing from his room, just as he was most of the time. Elaine locked the door behind them and arranged Martin on the bed after removing his sneakers. He didn't offer to help, nor did he attempt to stop her. Going with the flow, he thought, that's what he was doing. Elaine seemed to know what she was doing, and so he trusted her to take care of him. That was a nice feeling, too – to be cared for. His father was big on self-reliance, but Martin appreciated having someone like Elaine treat him well like this. Not only had she removed his shoes, she was unfastening his pants and tugging them down his legs. The least he could do was to lift his ass some to give her better access. It was no surprise when she lifted his shirt, either. Being naked save for his socks and underwear with a girl like Elaine was a pretty great situation to find oneself, Martin thought with a lazy smile.

"You've got such a nice little body," she said. Her hands were on his shoulders, then moved down his arms. They were wonderfully warm hands, and when they moved over his skin they left behind trails of tingles. "And I think you might be a little excited."

It was true. He had grown very hard beneath his briefs. His cock was pointing straight up at Elaine, who giggled some as she reached under the waist of his underpants and took hold of him. Her thin fingers felt very good. She gave him a gentle squeeze and Martin moaned. Ripples of pleasure were

radiating out from his dick while Elaine alternately squeezed it and stroked it.

"You like that?"

"Oh God yes," he managed. His mouth hung open. He thought he might have been drooling a little.

"Want me to keep doing it?"

"Yes. Please," he whispered.

The stroking went on, more urgently than before. Her hand was expert in adoring his hard member, causing him to squirm on the bed. She placed one palm on his bare chest and eased him onto his back. Martin offered no resistance. He was staring up at the ceiling but could sense her moving between his legs. When her lips kissed the tip of his cock, he let out a whimper. She gripped him by the base and his flesh was swallowed by a deliciously wet heat. Hands gripped the sides of his mattress while Elaine pleased him. His mind whirled like a roulette wheel, unable to stop and focus on any single thing, instead bouncing along and lighting on one thought for a fraction of a second before moving to the next. The only constant was the bliss of Elaine's mouth on his organ, teasing him and coaxing him.

The propulsion toward climax began and his hips moved independently of his thought. Elaine followed that rhythm until he was grunting like an animal, clinging to his bed while he exploded in Elaine's mouth. She withdrew from him, but not in disgust. She was smiling when she appeared, hovering over him. She pressed against his body in an embrace and then she kissed him. He was shocked to find her mouth warm and gooey, his cum still on her tongue. The taste of it was shared between them, their tongues dancing, both painted by his semen. The taste of it was startling at first, then it filled his mouth and spun his thoughts again until he wasn't sure what he thought of it, only that he wanted this kiss to go on.

Sometime during Elaine's ministrations, he must have passed out, chased into darkness by molten lust.

When Martin's eyes blinked open, he snapped to a sitting posture fast. Two things rocketed him to awareness. One, memories of Elaine and how he was exposed when she left. Second, Kevin sitting on the edge of his bed, looking at Martin with a pained expression on his face. Martin's pants were on and buttoned, which meant Elaine dressed him at some point before she left. The very thought of her threatened to resurrect his erection.

"Is everything okay?" Martin asked. He brushed his face free of that peculiar particulate that coated him during the night. When he licked his lips, the taste was faintly medicinal.

"I don't think so."

Martin had to blink himself awake. The memory of Elaine's mouth on his cock and the delirium that ensued was still occupying his thoughts. Something was clearly going on with Kevin, and he forced himself to forget the night before in order to focus.

"What is it?"

"I don't know." He paused. "Actually that's not true. I *do* know. I think I've been acting like an ass for so long because I was denying who I was, you know? I mean the real me. The one that you don't show anyone. And now I'm starting to think all that denial might not have been the healthiest thing for me. Sorry, I guess I'm not making much sense."

"You are," Martin assured him. "I'm no psychologist or anything, but you're making sense to me."

Kevin was staring down at someplace between his feet. "Good. Thank you. For listening, I mean. It was something I needed to say, that's all. Get my head right. I think I'm getting better. I'm starting to accept myself more for who I am, and I don't care what anyone else thinks."

"That's great, Kevin. Really."

Kevin looked up. Relief was plain on his face. "Thanks, Marty. I guess I better hit the showers. Be back in a minute."

While Kevin was gone, Martin managed to pull himself to his feet and stretch. His body felt stiff like he'd been running a marathon instead of getting the best blowjob of his life from a pretty girl. He resolved to relax more, brushing the dust from his romance novel sitting on the desk. He still hadn't read much of it. He'd have to get himself caught up before his next class.

When Kevin re-entered, it startled Martin. He'd been doing nothing at all but standing beside his desk and staring down at the cover of the romance

novel, his brain lost in a pleasant haze. Wiping his mouth, Martin realized he was drooling.

"Maybe I'm coming down with something," he told Kevin.

Kevin was changing, and Martin noticed that his legs were perfectly smooth, practically glowing under the fluorescent light like he'd been applying lotion or something. He had to admit, Kevin's legs looked pretty great. In fact, he felt jealous of how soft and delicious they looked. Martin had never entertained the idea of shaving his legs before, but it didn't seem like such a crazy notion, especially once you saw the end result.

Martin hurried across campus fresh off his last class of the day. He had another meeting with Elaine, who he hadn't seen since the day before and he was eager for a reunion. The mind-blistering orgasm he experienced at her touch was never far from his thoughts. The night before, once class was done and it was clear that Kevin wasn't going to be bursting through the door, Martin indulged himself with a terrific round of jerking off that had him practically screaming. His body hummed with sexual energy. It made it more difficult for him to pursue his suspicions about the odd goings-on at Waverly College. Once he came and had his wits about him, he could see that Kevin's behavior in the morning was off, and there was the matter of his cute shaved legs, too. Maybe cute wasn't the right word, but it was the one that came up most often when Martin thought about the glimpse of his roommate's legs.

The library was mostly empty at this time of the afternoon, and so it was easy to find Elaine in one of the meeting rooms near the check-out desk. She was sitting with her legs crossed in one of the molded plastic chairs around a white conference table, looking especially ravishing in a black jumpsuit, a white belt around her narrow waist for contrast. Her feet were lifted by tall heels with black straps running across the tops of her feet. Her toenails were painted a similar black. With her jet hair done up in twin pigtails, she possessed an intoxicating blend of the innocent and the seductive.

"Hey, Marty!" she squealed, the enthusiasm in her voice infectious enough to draw a smile on Martin's face, too. "Glad you're on time. I guess you get a little taste of excitement and I can expect you to show up to these meetings now, huh?"

"Uh, yeah," he said, face turning red.

"Don't be shy about it. I love that you had fun. But we do have some business to take care of. Come on."

She pushed one of the chairs out from beneath the table with her heel and patted the surface to encourage Martin to have a seat. Shrugging his pack onto the floor, Martin sat across from her, immediately drawn into her big brown eyes.

"So," she began, "any new problems since the last time we talked?"

"Yes," he answered honestly. "Well, maybe a couple of things."

"Don't make me beg," she grinned. "This is what I'm here for after all."

"I've been zoning out a lot. Like, I'll catch myself just staring off into space. I'm usually not like that. Not distracted."

Elaine nodded and tapped her full bottom lip with a long nail, also painted black. Martin liked the way she coordinated all those colors. It was hard to be a girl and think of all that, he decided. He'd always admired women, but he wasn't sure if he'd ever given them enough credit.

"Being a little distracted is understandable. You did just move away from your parents for the first time, surrounded by people you don't know all that well. And you also met a cute girl who you had a good time with if I do say so myself."

Martin lowered his head, chuckling. "That's true."

"So maybe give yourself a break about staring off into space for a while. If you still feel like you're zooming out in another week, we can go see Dr. Miller and she can check you out. Sound good?"

"Yeah, thanks." And he did feel better. Maybe it was getting these things off his chest, or maybe it was Elaine, who had the warmest, kindest way about her. Not to mention those beautiful bee-stung lips he longed to kiss.

"Anything else?"

"This doesn't have anything to do with me, but I saw my roommate coming out of the shower this morning. Not naked or anything, but I noticed he shaved his legs. They were as smooth as yours. And before I saw that, he was talking about how he had made all these realizations about himself."

"Did he say what they were?"

"No."

Elaine put a hand on Martin's. He was acutely aware of every inch their skin met.

"It could be anything. Maybe he decided to become a swimmer. You know they shave their whole bodies? But if he's opening up to you, give him time and he'll tell you if he wants. Just be a friend for now and listen."

"I will. You're really good at this. You should be a therapist or something."

Her hands fell to his knees. She was softly stroking his thighs while she leaned in close. She smelled so good, too. No wonder he was distracted. It was like Elaine said – being in her presence was enough to distract anybody.

"Consider me your personal therapist, then. Your private counselor." She leaned forward. He could feel his cock straining in his pants. Her mouth was so close. All he needed to do was lean just a little more...

Elaine didn't wait for him. She moved closer and found his lips with

hers. His eyes rolled up when their lips met. He reached for her, held her face in his hands while they kissed, hungry for the taste of her tongue in his mouth. He was vaguely aware that the wall behind them was only clear plastic, that anyone could happen by and see them, but he didn't care. All that mattered was Elaine and her soft lips on his.

"You taste good," she said, breaking the kiss for an instant. He groaned at the words, so hard and so needy for her. "I think you need some release, sweetie."

Whatever came out of his mouth in answer wasn't a word, but it was an agreement.

"Let's get these silly pants unzipped."

Slim fingers opened his zipper and reached inside for a grip on his tumescence. Martin was lost in the feeling, his body quivering with anticipation. Without a hint of shame, Elaine lowered to her knees and bent her head to his lap. She sucked in the uncircumcised tip and lapped at the cleft before descending fully on his pole. Where his mind was hazy before, now rational thinking was blown completely away, a hurricane of lust whipping his reason to tatters and leaving behind only his desire.

She had a grip on his root, squeezing and teasing him until he made soft barks of warning. Elaine made no move to release her grip on him, either her hand or her mouth. When he came, she drank him down, swallowing all that he gave her. And on the heels of that, another series of passionate kisses that shared with him the taste of his own seed.

Martin wasn't sure how and when the session ended, only that it did and he discovered he was dressed again, on the quad and making his way back to the dorm. He couldn't recall leaving the library, or anything specific after the blowjob. It was like she'd sucked his memory out with his cum.

He didn't bother knocking when he entered and was surprised to find Kevin wasn't alone in his bed. Justine sat up, holding the sheets close to her chest. She appeared to be naked besides, and Martin helped himself to a look at the prominent nipples shadowed beneath Kevin's sheets.

"Hey, Marty," she purred. Her leg was bared by the curl of the sheets, and Martin found himself staring at the gorgeous girl. "I think I wore your roommate out. Mind handing me my dress?"

Following her finger, Martin found the black dress laid over the back of Kevin's desk chair. Justine's hand was outstretched, and he placed it across her open palm. Realizing how he was gaping at the girl, Martin turned his

back to allow her to dress. He listened intently to the whisper of the sheets as she slipped out of Kevin's bed, and then the brush of fabric on her pale skin. When he turned back to face her, she was looking directly at him.

"You look pretty," he managed. It was all he could think to say. There was still that cotton crammed between his ears that made it hard to think.

"Thank you, honey. You look like you've had a little fun tonight, too. That Elaine is a real firecracker, isn't she?"

"Yeah. She's wonderful."

"She is. I'm glad to see she's taking such good care of you. Gotta get back, now. You two have yourselves a good rest. See you tomorrow, sugar."

He watched her go, registering all that was happening, but feeling no agency in it. It was as if he was a supporting character in his own life, unable to drive any of the action, only flowing downstream along with everything else. Even through this confusion, his anxiety wormed into his thoughts. All of these feelings of helplessness and perhaps even his foggy thoughts could all be part of whatever it was that was happening at Waverly. He had to squint to focus, but he knew there was something *not right*. He couldn't think much past that, but the *not right*--ness of things was sure.

"Kevin. Kevin, wake up." He shook his roommate's shoulder, but he wouldn't stir. His skin was soft under Martin's fingers as he gripped and shook his friend. Still, he would not wake.

Above his head, the heat turned on. The medicinal smell he associated with the grit collected on the surfaces of the room in the morning filled his nostrils, and he blinked hard as some of that fine dust tickled his eyes. His muscles weakened and Martin staggered to his bed, the backs of his legs striking the frame to send him onto the mattress. He tried to gain his feet again, but his body simply wouldn't obey. His arms and legs were too heavy, and the bed was too soft. In moments, he was asleep.

It was the weekend, so Martin decided he would investigate the campus further. Kevin was still asleep in the bed beside him, softly snoring. Martin was almost sure now that they were drugging the students somehow. Every morning he woke up feeling groggy, if happy, and it took hours for him to feel like himself again. And with each passing day, the definition of what felt normal was slipping farther into this world of pretty college girls and oddly female-centric classes.

He dressed quickly, bundling against the cold, and made his way down the stairwell. A few of the boys were in the lobby, dreamily watching the television in the communal area while they sipped coffee or juice. He noted how the girl behind the desk made a note when he opened the door to the cold. Perhaps nothing, more paranoia, but Martin felt watched the whole way across campus.

The campus was populated by the young women of Waverly College on this day, dressed for the cooler temperatures, but not a one that could be called plain. He was struck by the beauty of the girls of the school and wondered if that might not be part of the unknown conspiracy Martin felt. That notion was inflated by the way the girls all seemed to look at him as if they knew who he was. He didn't have classes with all of them, that was certain. Wherever he roamed on the campus, it seemed as if their eyes followed. To assure himself that this was all madness on his part, Martin made for the library, but ducked around the side rather than go inside. He circled the far side of the building away from campus and then slipped behind it, keeping low in a cluster of landscaped bushes. The girls were going about their business on the quad, no one searching for Martin or speaking into their wrist radios like spies in the movies.

He did recognize one of them. Heather, from the orientation meeting that first day. She was blonde and tall, statuesque in her beauty. Martin followed her with his eyes while she made her way toward the student center. She had lovely long legs, today in gray tights, and a collegiate outfit complete with ankle boots and sweater. His admiration of women, and especially women's fashions of late, had him transfixed until he was able to shake himself free of his desire for Heather.

He decided to follow her. At the very least he would spend a little more time ogling the gorgeous young woman. He knew that she was one of the favorites of the woman named Harliss, the one who formally welcomed them all to Waverly. Maybe he could get Heather alone and ask her directly what

was going on.

He kept to the sides of the buildings, avoiding detection from the girls scattered around the quad. They weren't looking for him, obviously, so all he had to do was to circle behind the backs of the campus buildings and keep to the well-manicured bushes to stay out of eyesight. Along her path to the Student Center, more of the girls joined Heather until there was a whole pack of them heading inside the building. They mounted the steps and moved inside while Martin watched from his hiding spot at the corner of a nearby building.

Oddly, they didn't talk or laugh together when they climbed the steps and entered but moved with a determined gait, eyes ahead. Something about it reminded Martin of the old movie about the wives who are all replaced by robots by the husbands in the town. It was a ridiculous idea, of course, but one he couldn't shake. The sense of *not right* was back and it refused to budge from his gut.

There was no harm in getting a closer look, he decided, so he followed. Once the door closed behind the last of the girls, he waited a little longer and eased to the windows of the student center. The cafeteria wasn't open yet, so no one sat at the tables, and he could see no signs of movement in the kitchen area where they prepared carefully selected meals for each student. Martin was used to the salads now, despite his hunger for a big burger, or maybe even a whole steak.

Convinced he could enter undetected, Martin quietly opened the door of the student center and made his way down the hall. Few of the lights were on, and the hallway was cast in gray light. No sign of the girls found him, not even footsteps echoed down the cavernous hall. He moved carefully to the big auditorium where they'd had the orientation only a week before. While the rest of the building was dark, flashes of light came from the narrow windows of the auditorium doors.

Martin pressed flat against the doors. The sense of being a spy in some espionage movie was with him still as he angled his face to peek through the windows. A gasp escaped his throat, and he covered his mouth with his hand, staring into the room.

It looked as if every young woman attending Waverly College was in the hall, all of them sitting up in their chairs, staring ahead at the movie screen in front. Miller and Harliss were there, too, but looking at the girls, not looking at the swirling patterns on the screen. Spirals and fractal shapes,

moving into one another and splitting, only to join again. It was difficult for Martin to tear his gaze away once he started watching along with the transfixed students. He could hear sounds from within, too, a rolling bass sound that threatened to seize his attention. The girls were being entranced within. When Martin wrested his attention from the screen, he watched the colors of the shapes reflected on the upturned faces of the girls. Heather was there, and Justine, and even Elaine. All the mentors, hypnotized by Miller and Harliss. But to what end?

Martin wasn't going to wait around to find out. He backed slowly from the door and then he ran, flinging open the door of the student center and onto the quad, all the way back to his room.

Kevin was resistant at first, but Martin forced him to wake completely and join him on the way to breakfast. Both of them looked weak and tired. The fear Martin carried from the previous day's revelations steeled him, though, and once they were out in the cold air and walking, both perked up some.

"What's so important, anyway?" Kevin asked. His hands were shoved in his pockets and he looked like he would rather have been anywhere but walking outdoors on an overcast morning.

"Let me ask you a question. Have you noticed anything strange with the girls here at Waverly?"

"What do you mean? They're hot if that's what you're asking. And very friendly."

"That's the thing. They're really friendly. To everyone. And all of them are. There's not one surly girl on campus. Or some emo girl who stares daggers or something. They're all cheery and happy and sexy."

"You're describing my idea of Heaven."

Martin scowled. "The point is they're all kind of the same. And yesterday I saw them. Most of them anyway. Sitting in the meeting hall in the student center, staring at a screen and being hypnotized. Dr. Miller was there, and Harliss, too. I think they're doing something to the girls. To us, too."

Kevin opened the door of the student center, now bustling with activity as students went for breakfast and milled about chattering the morning away. While the town of Waverly sat just beyond the borders of Waverly College, none of the students appeared to venture off campus, even on the weekends. Another oddity in the growing list.

"You're paranoid, Martin. Whatever it is you think you saw, I'm sure there's a perfectly reasonable explanation."

The pair of them made their way through the breakfast line, Kevin getting his enviable dose of bacon and eggs while Martin received an egg white omelet and yogurt. The tables were largely occupied and the two of them searched a moment to find a table where they would be alone.

"I know what I saw. As crazy as it sounds, something is being done here. It's like one of those government experiments or something."

Kevin shoveled scrambled eggs into his mouth and washed them down with orange juice. "I don't care if it is some kind of experiment. You know what is weird for me, Marty? I'm actually happy. I walk around feeling pretty good about myself and where I am. I don't know about you, but that's pretty

rare for me. So let them conduct all the experiments they want on me. I'll be the happiest lab rat ever."

"What are you two talking about?"

With the din of the cafeteria, Martin didn't hear Elaine approach until she was pulling up a chair beside him. Justine was with her. She took a seat beside Kevin, the mentors alongside their student projects.

"Martin thinks we're being experimented on," Kevin said with a dismissive laugh.

Martin studied the face of Justine across the table, but she only joined Kevin in his laughter and shook her head.

"What kind of experiment?" Elaine asked him. She was close to his ear, and the warmth of her breath on his neck made him shiver.

"I don't know," he said. Her hand was on his thigh, too. She made it so hard to concentrate when she was around. Even thinking of her staring blankly at the screen in the auditorium yesterday only served to turn him on. "But I know something is happening."

"I would agree," Elaine purred. She ran her palm over his jeans and teased the erection growing there. "And I like it."

Martin's eyes fluttered. He needed to concentrate on the matter at hand, but that was difficult when his cock was telling him to forget that foolishness and focus on how good Elaine's touch felt, how easy it was to give himself over to the pleasure she brought. When he could pry his eyes open, Martin saw many of the other boys from the dorm, their mentors beside them. Some were kissing, some taking the more direct tactic Elaine employed with a not-so-discreet handjob below the table. Across the table, Kevin kissed Justine with passion, his hand on her breast. At least it was over the sweater, Martin thought, and then Elaine unzipped his pants and he wasn't thinking much of anything at all.

The romance novel Martin was assigned remained unread, but there seemed to be little repercussion for that in Miss Helena's literature class. Her Playboy bunny persona was intact with a breast-hugging red sweater and black skirt with seamed stockings today, taking small steps at the head of the class thanks to some precariously tall wedge heels. How could anyone be expected to learn anything with this kind of distraction, Martin wondered.

"Now that you've been reading some of the hot scenes from the books I assigned you, I think it's time for some stories of your own. Over the next week, I want you all to keep a journal. It can be an actual journal, or you can make notes on your phone. Whatever you want! Just as long as you capture the filthy things running through those sexy little brains of yours."

As was customary in Miss Helena's classes, there were titters of embarrassed laughter accompanied by genuine enthusiasm for the project. Martin decided he would use his phone app for the assignment to save from carrying out more books. At the same time he was making this resolution and scrolling through his phone apps, he noticed something about the boy beside him. Martin thought his name was Craig, but he couldn't remember exactly. They didn't talk much outside class and not all that much in class. But Martin could swear that he was wearing makeup. Nothing extreme, a touch of blush maybe, or something to make his skin appear smoother and hairless. It didn't look like a hair had ever grown on the young man's chin or cheeks.

While Miss Helena grilled one of the students in class about a particularly juicy scene from his reading, Martin scanned the room behind him. The faces pointed at Miss Helena showed some of the same characteristics. Not all of it was makeup, and he couldn't quite put his finger on all the differences in the boys in the room, but something was changing in their faces. Or maybe it was the way some of them sat with their legs crossed. Again that worry nestled in his gut and Martin took a few surreptitious photos of his fellow students.

Evidence, he thought. Of what, he had no idea.

A new week dawned in biology class, and the focus shifted from the female anatomy to that of the men. The slim Professor Williams was less fawning over the workings of the male reproductive system. Some of the boys in the class, victims of the same general softening Martin noticed in his earlier literature class, were giggling behind their hands as Professor Williams traced the production and pathways of semen from testicles to the

tip of the penis.

While she spoke, Martin was unable to stop himself from considering how he now knew the taste of cum. It was his own, of course, but there was no denying that the flavor of it met his tongue since he and Elaine had started their after-school curriculum. It wasn't so bad. It was actually kind of good. He understood why girls swallowed. Maybe cum even warmed your belly, like taking a drink of hot chocolate or sipping soup.

"How come it tastes so salty if it's mostly sugar?" one of the boys in class asked. The question was accompanied by laughter, but Professor Williams ignored the reaction and answered the question.

"The sugar is just for the sperm's energy. What gives cum its flavor is the diet of the individual and the alkaline coating to protect the sperm. That coating is what gives semen the particularly salty flavor, though that can be offset by the man donating the semen eating sweet and natural foods. So get your partners to eat some pineapple and you'll be fine."

More laughter. Martin realized he'd been hanging on every word, fascinated by the origins of his own flavor. It was hard to suppress his desire for more of the taste now that the subject was raised, but he could never say such a thing out loud. He could barely admit it to himself. He'd have to find Elaine later and repeat the experiment, just to be certain it was the flavor he liked and not the act of kissing Elaine.

Dr. Miller was waiting for him in her office, the door open in invitation. He knocked on it as he entered. She looked up from her laptop and gave him a warm smile in greeting.

"Good to see you again, Martin. Elaine tells me you've been settling in very well this past week. Any issues?"

"No," he replied. He was working to be careful with Miller. Knowing what he did, he was sure that she was at the crux of the conspiracy at Waverly College. If he was very delicate, maybe he could get the pretty older woman to hint at what that conspiracy was. "I've been doing well, I think. My roommate is having some issues, though."

"Is that so?" She checked her laptop. "That would be Kevin Arthur?"

"Yes. He said he's been going through changes since he got here. Mentally, I mean. Like he's not the same person he was when he got here."

"That isn't so surprising. College is a transformative period in the life of every student. More so here at Waverly."

"Why is that?"

"Not to be indelicate, but a lot of the boys who come to us have issues in their past. One of the things we do here is to provide some structure and support to allow our students to grow past previous indiscretions and become more useful members of society. You want to be good, don't you?"

His dick stirred at the words. Something inside him was aroused by the notion of being *good*, whatever that meant.

"I do," he said. It came out breathy and more urgent than he intended.

"Of course you do. And Kevin does, too. All our boys here want to be better than they were. You do want to be better than you were, don't you, Martin?"

"Yes."

"I know you do. One of the reasons you come here to my office is to learn these things. Being good is so very important."

Another wash of sensation at the word and Martin felt his arms drooping at his sides.

"I think it's time for you to learn more about how important it is to be good." Miller lifted the wooden cover of the metronome's case and gave the arm a tap. It swung in its wide arc. *Tock tock tock*. With each click of the metronome, Martin's strength drained. He was a puddle in the chair, his jaw slack, unable to resist the pull of the metronome as it lured him deeper into a trance.

"Learning time, Martin," Miller said, standing behind her desk.

His focus narrowed to a pinhole filled entirely by Miller as she circled the desk and approached him. She was speaking, instructing him, but he couldn't hear the words with his conscious mind. They were burrowing deeper, into places he was unaware of when he lived his waking life. In moments, all awareness ceased, and he was enveloped by a warm darkness, safe and secure in Miller's words.

He was walking when he woke. Dr. Miller and her comforting office were behind him and he was trudging across campus on his way back to the dorm. Elaine was holding his hand, their arms entwined, and she was telling him how excited she was for him.

"What?"

"It's wonderful," she said. "I know it's confusing now, but you'll see. It's like you're getting the life you always wanted but never knew you wanted."

"I don't understand," he said, groggy and weak.

"Not yet. But you will. In the meantime, I'll take care of you. You want me to, don't you, Marty?"

"Yes." That much was true, at least. Everything else in his life felt uncertain, but he knew he needed Elaine's help. Things made more sense when she was around, helping to guide him.

They passed Justine on the stairwell, bundled up in a puffy white jacket and matching leggings, every bit the snow bunny look. When she saw Elaine and Martin together, she giggled and winked.

"Too bad I missed you two," she said.

"Always next time," Elaine answered. "I think they're going to be more adventurous now."

Kevin was already asleep in bed when they entered. It was late, and the heater was going, blowing around the dust from the vents. It tickled Martin's eyes and made him feel even more sleepy and soft.

"Let's get you out of your clothes and into bed."

Elaine helped his coat off, then his shoes and socks, then his jeans, and the long-sleeved tee he wore beneath his jacket. In short order, he was bare except for his briefs and Elaine was lifting his feet off the floor and pulling blankets over him.

"Mind if I get in with you?" She didn't wait for Martin to answer. The only light in the room was the small lamp mounted over Martin's bed, and Elaine turned that out to bathe them in darkness.

Martin listened to the sounds of Elaine's clothes being removed, the *whump* as her top and blue jeans fell to the floor beside his bed. Then the blanket lifted, and her smooth legs were moving against his. She was wearing a bra and he could feel the heat of her body and the shape of her against his bare skin. Despite the haziness that surrounded his thoughts, his lust was clear. The very nearness of her was making him achingly hard.

"I want you," she whispered, climbing on top of him. "I want you inside me."

"Yes," he groaned. "Please."

His hands found her hips, navigating up her sides, cupping her generous tits through the bra, exploring the expanse of her flesh. She moved on top of him, hips on his, providing delicious friction against his stiff cock. His breath was deep and loud. Kevin might hear, but how could he possibly care when this gorgeous woman was so eager? He fumbled with her bra, and Elaine reached behind her to unclasp it, shrugging it away so he could touch her

round breasts. Her nipples were stiff and long, teased between his fingertips before she lowered her body and he sucked the firm tips and tasted them with his tongue.

"I think we should get you naked," she whispered, already lowering his briefs.

He had never been with a girl this hot, and he worried he would cum before he ever entered her. He was steel-hard already. Elaine moved away for an instant, removing her panties with a practiced and fluid motion.

"You're so beautiful," Martin moaned.

One hand glued to her breast, the other sliding down her taut belly. He wanted his finger inside her, to draw out her lubrication before entering her. And then she moaned along with Martin as his hand discovered her secret. Between her legs was a shriveled and flaccid penis, as withered as a vestigial organ, but a fact nonetheless.

He should have been appalled, should have pushed her away and demanded to know how she could have kept such a thing from him. But he discovered he wasn't disgusted by this discovery at all. Just the reverse, in fact. The presence of this undersized cocklette drove him insane with lust. The very existence of it on this body that was otherwise wholly feminine drew another gasp of pleasure from him.

"Isn't it a pretty little thing?" Elaine asked with a wanton giggle. "Don't worry, baby. I have a hole for you."

Arching her back, Elaine angled Martin's member to her ass and the slick hole that waited for him there. Whether her own lube or whether she had come prepared for him, either option thrilling in its own right, it required little effort for Martin to push through her tight ring to the wet tunnel of her ass. The tightness of it was maddening, and Martin held her hips as he thrust into her. Elaine panted and whimpered while he moved fast into her and out again.

With a clench of her knot, he exploded, filling her anal canal with his cum. He gave her a few more pumps, savoring how slick her inner walls were now that they were soaked in his semen. She collapsed against him, and he held and kissed her.

"You are the most beautiful girl," he whispered into her dark hair. "So beautiful."

It wasn't long before sleep claimed him, his arms filled with Elaine's heat, her breath steady against him.

"There's something really sexy about a totally female body except for that one thing dangling between her legs. It's like the best of both worlds, and every time I jerk off now, that's what I'm thinking about. Being with a girl with that something extra and having her bend over for me like a good girl."

The boy in Miss Helena's literature class folded the paper in his hand and sat down, face burning red. Helena hung on every word while the student detailed his fantasies, as per the assignment. When he was done, Miss Helena led the class in a round of applause, clapping her palms together while being careful not to chip her long nails.

"That was wonderful, Alan! So detailed, and that's what makes it especially hot. And I'm glad he brought this up because a lot of people think that trans sex is wrong or gross. I think Alan showed us all how sexy it can be, right?"

There were nods all over the classroom. Martin looked behind him at the other students and saw them transfixed on Miss Helena, some with their hands in their laps to cover or encourage an erection.

"And just think how sexy it is for that girl, her little useless cock between her legs, giving up her sexy ass to a real man. I get hot thinking about it myself. Has anyone else thought about sex with a sissy?"

There were a few tentative hands in the air, and one of the boys in the back called out, "What is a sissy?"

"A sissy," Miss Helena began, "is not the same as someone who is transgendered. Those are women who can feel very confident in their gender, just like any woman. But a sissy rarely identifies as a girl. Maybe as a femboy or something like that, but sissy really is the best word for it. They are soft and eager to please, and always horny. Obsessed with their looks, and ready to have a man fill that sissycunt of theirs whenever they can get it. Isn't that hot?"

More murmurs of agreement followed. Martin could feel the sexual tension in the room, the arousal thick in the air. He was hard, too. Maybe it was the incredible night he spent with Elaine, something he hoped to repeat again very soon. Every time he thought of her body and its unexpected appendage, it made him hot all over again. He'd never been attracted to men before, but Elaine wasn't a man, was she? Was she a sissy, like Miss Helena described? All he knew was the fact of his attraction to her, how much he wanted her.

None of this changed his concern. The *not right*-ness was still nagging

him, causing him to question whether his desires were his own. Was Elaine acting freely when she climbed on top of him? Was he when he needed it so much? His desire for her was unlike him, as far as he knew. It was becoming more difficult to tell which were his own thoughts and what might have been a manipulation. He needed to talk to Kevin again, to try to talk out his worries. As embarrassing as it might be to discuss his attraction to a girl with a dick, he needed to hear it out loud to determine how crazy it was.

Instead of lingering around the student center between classes, Martin hoofed it back to his room, hoping he'd find Kevin there. Most evenings he was out with Justine, or she was in their room, and Martin wanted the chance to talk privately with his roommate. Luck was with him, and he found Kevin at his desk in the dorm, staring at the mirror. He barely recognized Martin's entrance, apparently consumed by his own image.

"You alright?" Martin asked.

"No. Yes. I don't know."

"I think I know what you mean. There's something I want to talk to you about."

"There's something I want to talk to you about, too," Kevin said, turning in his chair.

It was then Martin noticed the makeup on his roommate's face. Surprisingly well-applied, but undeniable. Liner rimmed his eyes and his lips were glossy with lipstick, his face smoothed by makeup. While there was a hint of the old Kevin in that face, Martin saw the feminine in him, too. It made his dick twitch in his pants when Martin saw the thoroughness of the transformation.

"Kevin?"

"That's the thing. I don't think I am. I've been thinking about a lot of things since I arrived at Waverly, and I know I'm not a real man. I've always tried to be, but deep down I want to be girly and soft. I know this all seems crazy, but they say that college is when you're supposed to become your true self, and I know what that self is now. I want to be Kara, not Kevin. I'm a sissy, Marty. I just hope you can accept that because it would break my heart if you thought I was a freak or something."

"What? No." It was all Martin could think to say. He was stunned by the revelation and shaken by his own arousal at the sight of it.

Kevin, now Kara, breathed a sigh of relief and sagged his shoulders. "I was so worried. I knew if you could accept it, and I could tell you in the first

place, I would be just fine. And Justine has been so helpful. She was teaching me how to do my face. What do you think?"

"You look good. Really."

"What did you want to tell me? I got so worked up about telling you about me I ran right over what you wanted to say."

"It's nothing," Martin said with a wave of his hand. "I'm glad you're happy."

Whatever was infecting Martin, Kevin was farther down that path. There was no chance that the earlier talk of sissies in his literature class was unrelated to Kevin's evolution into Kara. And Kara wasn't the only one. If his classmates were any indication, they were all experiencing the same transformation at different rates. And Elaine might be the end result of this change. Had she been a boy like them when she first came to Waverly? Even if she was in the thrall of Harliss and Miller and whoever else was pulling the strings at Waverly, maybe she could give him answers. There was no more time for debating action. It had to be taken now, while he could still determine what was his true self and what was a construct of Waverly's effects on him and the others.

He was never sure what classes Elaine took if she attended any at all. His heart hammered in his chest as he combed the campus, peering in classroom windows to find her. Despite the thorough search of the educational buildings, Martin could find no sign of Elaine or Justine or any of the girls serving as mentors. And that absence led him back to the student center. As he had guessed, while classes were going on for the boys of Waverly College, the girls, or the girliest students on campus, were receiving instruction from Dr. Miller and Dr. Harliss by way of the swirling images and staccato bass sounds entrancing them.

This time, Martin waited outside the student center for the girls to emerge, chatting and laughing with one another as they exited the building as if they hadn't just been in some kind of indoctrination seminar inside. He looked away from them, pretending to be making his way to another class before doubling back as the throng of girls scattered to their respective rooms and classes and assignments.

The student center was strangely empty for the time of day. The auditorium doors opened and Martin watched Miller and Harliss make a left from the doors and exit through the back of the building. He followed, slow

and quiet, keeping the two women just within his field of vision and scanning the surroundings for anyone who might be watching. So far, he had been safe.

They entered Dr. Miller's building, and Martin paused at the entrance, watching through the glass until they crossed the threshold into Miller's office. Only then did he ease the door open, entering the counseling offices as quietly as he was able and quiet enough not to draw the attention of his targets.

The door to Miller's office was ajar, allowing him to press flat against the wall and catch fragments of the conversation between the two women inside. He had to focus on his breath to keep it steady while every neuron told him to run, to get out of the building and away from Waverly before he was caught. His teachers were as dangerous as they were coldly beautiful, he believed, but there was the frustrating need to know, to understand what was happening to him and the others.

"I see no reason not to proceed with the experiment on the next group of students. The mental conditioning has been so successful, I think we can safely begin physical alterations only a week or ten days into the program." That was Dr. Miller, her voice even, but with a tinge of excitement. She enjoyed her work, Martin thought with some bitterness.

"You don't think they'll reject the changes? That it won't alarm some of them?"

"We'll make it part of the conditioning. It's been successful so far. There is a reason we haven't had any of our subjects wander off campus to raise an alarm. I'll just add a few lines in the programming to ensure that the changes in their body are natural, too."

"You are a magician," Harliss laughed.

"Not magic. Science. And we're perfecting it. I believe we can have a complete transformation possible in six weeks."

"Complete."

"Every aspect. Their entire being from inside to out."

"We're going to be very rich," Harliss said.

"You know I don't do this for the money."

There was laughter, and Martin believed the sound she next heard was the women kissing. He had what he needed. Confirmation that he wasn't crazy, they *were* doing something to the students. Elaine was an unwilling participant, someone who had been conditioned like the new freshmen boys.

And despite the fact that she was an instrument of the college, Martin could not resist the absurd need to save her. Or to try, at the very least.

He snuck back the way he came, listening for any signs that his quiet passage out of the building was heard. Once outside, he ran. First, he would find Elaine, and then he would get her off campus. When they were free of Waverly's influence, then they could decide what was real between them.

Days passed and he could not find Elaine. More and more, he found himself going through the motions of class, going back to his dorm, engaging in the regular feedings supplied by the cafeteria. Once, he tried to head off campus and make his way to the local police, and made it as far as the library parking lot. Before he could set a foot on the sidewalk leading off the grounds of Waverly, he simply blacked out. When he regained awareness, he was inside the library, sitting at one of the study carrels with his hands folded in his lap. His consciousness returned, Martin felt an overwhelming urge to weep. He was trapped. Lost. And there seemed no way out unless he could find Elaine and convince her to help him out of this.

He entertained this fantasy of the two of them encouraging one another until they were free of Waverly and then... what? The situation only grew more nebulous from there.

Returning to the dorm, his feet dragging, hope fading with the day's light, Martin saw the boys on his floor in their own twilights of masculinity. Some of them, like his roommate Kara, now assumed female names and identified as their sissy selves. They made no attempts to hide the panties they now wore beneath skirts, bras stuffed to give their chests shape. Not a one of them acted in a purely manly way, whether through gestures or demeanor.

Martin thought about the female phenomenon of synchronizing periods, how women in proximity would menstruate at roughly the same schedule when together for long enough. He thought it was a bit like that, the nearness to one another in the dorm creating a self-sustaining momentum toward girlish behavior. And he wasn't immune. When he saw himself in the mirror mounted on his wardrobe, his face looked less masculine. He hadn't shaved in days, nor had he any need to. The scrub that normally decorated his chin and cheeks had vanished. This realization didn't elicit any concern, but rather an odd satisfaction. And it was the satisfaction that concerned him now. Despite his awareness of the *not right*-ness, he was incapable of stopping it.

Shuffling to the showers that morning, the hall was filled with boys looking less boyish than they ever had, and the atmosphere of delight that accompanied this newfound femininity in the dorm was evidenced by the poppy music spilling out of open doors and the giggles that bubbled up from many of the residents. Martin did his best to ignore it all.

Of the eight shower stalls in the communal showers, only three others were occupied. The water was hot and allowed him to enjoy the comfort of

hot water coursing down his body. At least here he wasn't consumed by his vague fears that he was helplessly becoming something he was not.

"Isn't this the best?"

Behind him was another of the Waverly freshmen, a boy with sandy hair he thought was named Steve or Stan or something close. His foot was propped on a bench, his hands running the length of his calf, up and over his knee to his thighs. A razor and cream sat beside his foot. Steve or Stan closed his eyes in sensual pleasure, caressing his freshly shaved leg.

"I wouldn't know," Martin fired back, but the frustration he felt came out sounding more envious than accusatory.

"What are you waiting for?" the boy asked. "Here, you can use mine. It feels *divine*."

Martin found the can of shaving gel in his hand, along with a pair of disposable razors. Pink, naturally. A trill of excitement jangled his spine when he held them.

"Thanks," he said after the shiver passed.

"Don't mention it. Anything for a sweet sis," the boy said laughing, turning off his water and walking to the sinks with a distinct swish in his hips.

Water rolled down Martin's back as he beheld the can of gel in his hand and the razors in the other. He told himself to put them down, to finish his shower and leave the items behind for the next poor boy. But he couldn't. He was growing hard with the notion of shaving himself. When he spread the first swipe of gel over his calf, the foam rising as it touched his skin, he was fully erect. His hands moved automatically, first coating his flesh with the cream and then starting to trace long lines of shaved skin with the razors he was given. His body hummed with pleasure as he shaved himself for the first time, no longer trying to deny his desire for it. He was almost glad it took such a long time.

There was no doubt what Waverly was doing to them. Martin ran a finger up and down a smooth thigh while he pondered his transformation. All the boys on his floor were becoming true sissies. There wasn't a one who didn't shave their bodies at this point, and most were doing makeup. So far he hadn't taken that step, but his roommate Kara was becoming quite the expert and offered to help Martin, too. Kara and Justine were nearly inseparable now, and Martin usually had the dorm room to himself. He had no idea where they went, if they were staying in Justine's room or somewhere else entirely. It was so hard to keep his mind focused on who he was, he had little bandwidth to consider the fates of the other boys on campus, even as he saw more of them abandoning a masculine identity altogether for new names and looks to match their burgeoning femininity.

He wasn't sure how much longer he could resist the siren song of his own sissification. When he looked at the boys who had fully given over to the transformation, he felt a strong tug at the center of him to join in and become one with them. The idea of chattering away over hair and makeup was alluring and arousing all at once. It wouldn't be long before he was unable to resist at all, he was sure. More often he found himself zoning out while he looked at himself in the wardrobe mirror, imagining what his body might look like with pert breasts and a thinner waist.

But this wasn't the real him, any more than Kevin was really Kara. Elaine had a different name before she arrived at Waverly, he was certain of that. But when he thought of her, of that savory surprise between her legs, he would grow horny and unfocused all over again. There would be time for one more flight. He knew he wouldn't get off campus alone, and Elaine kept her distance. She didn't respond to his texts besides cursory responses that she was busy and would see him soon.

Now he insisted. And, finally, she responded in the affirmative. They would meet outside the student center, and he would plead with her to leave. Or at least to try. While he waited, he saw no harm in borrowing some of Kara's nail polish and painting his fingers. A nice bright pink would do his mood some good.

Good as her word, Elaine was outside the student center. On his way to meet her, Martin observed his former dormmates walking around the campus, now nearly indistinguishable from their feminine mentors. Only a few, like Martin, still bothered with boys' clothing. Even as he dressed for the meeting,

he found his reflection ugly, hiding his pretty legs from the world and doing nothing to show off his cute ass.

Elaine had no such hesitation. With her black mini and fishnet tights, her legs looked amazing. Even with the bite of the autumn air, she chose a crop top that displayed a lot of her tan stomach. Martin knew the taste of that flesh and wanted to gorge himself again as soon as he saw her.

"Look at you," Elaine squealed and hugged him tight. The weight of her tits against him drained his will to beg her to leave with him for an instant. All he wanted to do was to delight in her smell, in the heat of her, to wrap his mouth around her thin cock and give her the same pleasure she'd given him. Somehow, he managed to remove himself from her embrace and cling to some piece of his former self.

"Elaine, we have to get out of here."

She tilted her head to one side quizzically. "Why would you want to leave Waverly?"

"I know, Elaine. I know what they're doing to us. What they did to you. I know you weren't always like this. We need to get out of here. I think together we can. I don't know if the feelings I have for you are real, but it *feels* real, and I know that the only way can get out of here and back to the lives we had is to do it together."

Elaine's happy expression faltered for a moment and then vanished, quicker than a shifting breeze.

"Why would I want to leave? Waverly made me happier than I've ever been. And I know you feel it, too. You just don't want to admit it. It's alright to be scared, Martin. But past the fear is so much joy. You'll be happy like Kara. And me. Don't you want to be happy?"

The delirious look she wore frightened Martin more than anything had before. Again he recalled the movie of robotic women, created for their husbands' pleasure. That's what Elaine was. A living automaton living in an artificial world of joy and silken femininity.

"We can be girlfriends. You and me," she went on, "Best friend. How much fun would it be to go get our hair done together? Maybe we could meet some nice boys, too. Wouldn't that be the best?"

Again the pull of surrender, the urge to give in entirely and go with Elaine wherever she led, until his life before was nothing but a half-remembered dream. And still, he couldn't. Courage had never been something he considered, and Martin knew he was no hero. But he wasn't a quitter,

either. Or maybe he was just too damn stubborn to give in that way. No matter the source of his rebellion, Martin ran. Elaine called after him, but still he ran, past the feminized boys from his dorm and the girls who had helped their transformation after becoming sissies themselves. A growing sisterhood of feminized young men and Martin felt woefully alone and apart from them.

He would call his parents. Try to explain to them what he was seeing here without too many embarrassing details. His mother answered on the fourth ring.

"Martin?"

"Mom, you have to help me! This place... they're doing things to us! I'm not on drugs or crazy. I know how all this sounds." He kept his voice low, hidden away from the eyes of the other students around the corner of the library again, the same place he watched Heather from only days before. "Please come get me. I can't leave. Something won't let me."

"It's Martin," his mother said, her voice directed away from the phone. In the background, he could hear the deep growl of his father's voice. The words were too low to make out. "Yes. Yes, I'll tell him. Martin?"

Her voice wavered with emotion.

"Yeah, Mom?"

"We're going to come and get you." Was she crying? Scared? Something made her speech warble, and she breathed in quick gasps. "Go back to your dorm room and we'll be there as fast as we can."

Now he was crying, too. "You promise?"

"Yes, sweetheart. I promise. Soon. Be safe, Marty. I love you."

"I love you, too, Mom. I'll be waiting. Please hurry."

The line disconnected and Martin was alone again.

His biggest surprise when Martin opened the door to his room wasn't that it was empty, it was how damn fast he was betrayed. The door pushed in and he was greeted sunnily by Elaine, who occupied his desk chair. Opening wider he discovered Dr. Miller sitting at the edge of his bed. She rose, smoothing her skirt as she stood, and greeted him with a warm expression as she had at their first meeting.

"Martin. I understand that you're having quite a day."

His heart sank. His hopes of escape were gone. On the walk from the library to the dorm, he entertained the fantasy of a reunion with his parents, throwing himself into his mother's arms. Even his stoic father would pat his

shoulder and tell him everything would finally be alright. He was sure now that while he engaged in this daydream, his father was calling the school. Did they know? Had they known all along?

"I think you need to relax, Martin," Dr. Miller said. Her prim mouth was smiling, but there was something icy in her voice. "Elaine, why don't you help Martin feel better?"

Martin looked to his lover and dearest betrayer, expecting her to disrobe and flash him a glimpse of her gorgeous breasts to entice him. Instead, she simply turned in the chair. Past her on the desk Martin saw the metronome standing, its arm still. With a touch, she set it rocking. *Tock tock tock.*

His eyes drooped and his arms sagged at his sides. It was all Martin could manage to get to the bed before his eyes fluttered closed and he sank into a swirling void.

"You have been a special challenge, Martin."

The voice was familiar, but he couldn't quite place it. His eyes were so heavy. It was hard to pry them open, even to slivers. With great effort, he willed them to open wide and then had to blink and wince away from the bright light of the room. When his vision adjusted to the glare, he realized the room he was in was almost entirely white, the radiance of the lights above him bouncing off the walls and cabinets.

The woman speaking was none other than Dr. Harliss. Miller was with her, but quiet, standing by the door in light blue scrubs, a mask covering her face. Harliss was in a gray pantsuit, a cream blouse beneath the jacket. With her long hair in soft curls at the ends, she looked both powerful and beautiful.

"The other boys were so much easier. I believe that most men want the treatments we provide deep down, even if they would never admit to it. Leave the trappings of masculinity behind, stop pretending they have to be in charge all the damn time." He could hear the click of her heels when Harliss paced before him. "But not you. You are a special case, Martin. No matter how much conditioning Dr. Miller used, no matter how much estrogen we filled you with, the powder filled with more hormones and mind-softening agents blowing into your room night after night, you actually called your parents and tattled on us." She laughed in wonder. "I really am impressed, Martin. But the time for games is done."

"Why?" he asked. His throat was so dry. The single word croaked from his mouth in a mere whisper.

"Because, Martin, you weren't any use to anyone. You were headed for a life of aimless drifting at best. At worst?" She shrugged. "Criminal behavior. Jail. The government wasting precious resources on you while you sit in a cell scribbling out appeals and begging someone to take pity on you. The worst kind of victim, Martin. A man who can't take care of himself. Your parents saw it. Your father was the one who found us. He knew the kind of man you were becoming. And so he asked us to make you something else. Someone who would be of use to a man of substance. Unfortunately, you have been especially curious. And so, you have unwittingly volunteered for our next phase."

"Won't tell," he groaned. His head felt like it had been stuffed with cold lead. It was hard to keep his eyes focused, even when Harliss stood close, hovering over him, shining a light in his filmy eyes.

"I know you won't, Martin. Because you will cease to exist. When you

wake up, you're going to feel so much better. At peace. And you are going to make some man very happy."

She fixed a plastic mask over Martin's mouth and nose.

"Breathe deep, Martin, and all the worry will go away..."

When Martin could see again, he was on campus. Elaine was at his side, her arm looped in his, and they were crossing the quad toward Martin's dorm. A glance around showed him that they weren't alone, with other students milling about before classes. The boys from the dorm were almost indistinguishable from their mentors now, and he felt his heart leap at the thought that they were all pretty sissies now. Elaine was chatting away on his right arm, but Martin couldn't concentrate on what she was saying. Something about clothes, and that was good. His body felt all itchy in the jeans and the sweatshirt he was wearing. There was something else, too. His chest was heavier than he recalled, and something was keeping these new swells of skin in place.

"Bra?" he asked and blinked at the sound of his voice. It was too high and there was a laziness to his tongue that made him sound stupid and silly.

Elaine responded, but he still couldn't keep up with it. She was talking too fast, words jumbling together into a useless pile in his mind. Instead of worrying over his inability to suss out her words, Martin allowed himself to be led. It was so much easier this way, and he liked it when he didn't have to think too hard. At least he thought he did. Remembering what happened before this moment on campus required effort and it created thunderbolts of pain in the center of his brain when he scratched at the memories hidden behind a wall made of pink cotton candy.

"Look who I have!" Elaine announced with a giddy exclamation, throwing open the door of the dorm room he shared with Kara. Kara and Justine were on the bed, but not fooling around, which was a shame. Martin thought they were both hot and seeing them sucking and fucking when he entered would have been a real treat.

Kara launched from the top of the bed with a squeal, wrapping her arms around Martin. The pressure made Martin's weighty chest sing with pain, but it was hard not to giggle along with Kara, who was taller and more narrow than Martin. The height difference was exaggerated by the fuck-me heels Kara was wearing. Martin had to admit they made her legs and ass look especially inviting.

"Molly's a little confused right now, so don't expect too much from her," Elaine said by way of apology.

Was that him? Was he Molly? That name sounded familiar, and he felt a warmth between his legs when Elaine said it. That part of him was sore, too. He hadn't dared to touch himself yet despite a vague arousal that

followed his every thought.

"You can help us get her dressed if you want," Elaine told the others in the room. She placed Martin in front of the wardrobe mirror and left him standing there while she opened her large purse, a plastic shopping bag inside.

Martin frowned at the mirror and the face reflected back at him did the same, only Martin couldn't quite square the idea that it was *his* face doing the frowning. Everything looked all wrong and so completely right all at once. The schism between memory and the present created another thunderclap of pain and he had to close his eyes against the stranger in the mirror.

If he wasn't looking at the girl he could still be a boy. That odd thought rang between his ears over and over. It felt like a lie. He wasn't a boy, he was a girl. Only he wasn't a girl. He couldn't be. Around and around his brain went until his eyes popped open again at Elaine's touch on his shoulders.

"We have to get you out of these gross clothes. You're too pretty to be in boy clothes."

Yes, that was true, too. He was pretty. He loved being pretty. He blinked. The girl in the mirror, blinked, too. She was him. But that was impossible because she was a *her* and not a *him* at all. Again the vertigo threatened to flood his senses and black out the world, but Elaine caught him, held him up.

"Want me to help you, Molly?"

"Yes, please," he answered in the high-pitched, vapid manner he heard before. He needed all the help he could get because this wasn't supposed to be him and yet the girl *was* him. And he wanted to be her, too, even as he recoiled from the thought. It was a war in his brain and in his body and he wanted it to stop because his head hurt so much when the boy and girl inside him were at war like this. He needed Elaine to tell him what was true, and then he could be done with the whole stupid argument in his brain.

"You're such a pretty girl," she cooed in his ear, lifting the sweatshirt off his torso. Beneath was a white lace bra cupping pale but very full breasts. There was some bruising beneath the bra and on his sides, which turned inward in a distinct hourglass shape. "And a good girl, too!"

He shivered. Yes, he wanted to be a good girl and that meant doing what his girlfriends wanted him to do. For starters, quit thinking he was a boy. You only had to look in the mirror to know that he was a *she*. Molly, that was her name. And Elaine was her very good friend.

"Want me to help you out of the jeans, too?" Elaine asked.

"Yes, please," Molly replied. Her head felt better already. It was nice to watch herself be revealed by Elaine's nimble hands. Elaine was a hottie, too. Molly thought her own tits were a little bigger, but Elaine's were yummy. It would be so much fun to get naked with Elaine and let their bodies rub together. Plus Elaine had that sexy little shecock. Molly wanted to play with that, too.

Molly winced when the jeans first came down and the pressure of Elaine's hand fell on her pubic area. Then the pain was gone, along with the ill-fitting jeans. Her hips were rounded and her ass looked nice in matching white lace panties. Similar bruising to that of her sides and beneath her bra decorated Molly's pubis. Otherwise, her skin was pale and pink and inviting.

"Why don't you shower up and we'll find something nice for you to wear?"

There it was again, a pleasurable shiver that accompanied someone else doing the thinking for her. Molly loved going with the flow. That made life so much more fun. And all she was being asked to do was get naked with a bunch of cute sissies.

Kara stopped her on the way out the door with a towel. "You might need this, hon."

"Thank you!" Molly sang and tossed it over her shoulder. She liked how her new boobies bounced when she walked, and how the other sissies on the floor looked at her with obvious jealousy.

Most of the sissies looked like the girl next door types, demure and pretty and soft and happy. Not Molly. She was a different breed. She knew she was special. Dr. Harliss and Dr. Miller told her so. She was the first of her kind at Waverly. A very special girl.

The showers were mostly empty, not that it would have mattered. Molly was remembering all kinds of things about herself with each passing moment, and one thing she knew for sure was that she liked people looking at her body. She unclasped her bra and let her big tits sway on her chest. She threw that over the divider between the shower stalls and followed it up with her panties. What became apparent to all the other sissies in the showers was that Molly wasn't quite like them. Where they displayed their precious little cocklettes defining their sissy nature, Molly had a nice wet pussy between her legs. It was discolored after the surgery (not that Molly could remember exactly *why* she'd had surgery there), but it was real and made her a genuine

girl compared to the others.

The hot water felt amazing on her skin. In truth, everything felt good. She was a raw nerve for pleasure. While it was sore, she teased her pussy when she coated her body in soap, enjoying the slippery lips between her legs. That shower was a baptism, her hands caressing every inch of her form, cleaning it and celebrating it in the same touch, the same long strokes of her hand. Some of those touches elicited some pain around the spots where the bruising was the angriest, but there was joy even in that. She caught one of the sissies watching her bathe and dropped her a lewd wink.

When her short platinum hair was clean, she wrapped her curvy body in a towel to make her way back to the dorm. Where before she was addled and unsure on entry into her dorm room, now she burst in like a starlet expecting paparazzi.

"Did you find a cute dress?" Molly squeaked to Elaine. "Something sexy."

"I've got something perfect," Elaine said and held the dress up for inspection.

Elaine and Kara offered to come with Molly on her way to English but she poo-pooed the idea with a wave and gave each of them a kiss on the corners of their mouths. There would be time to add a little tongue to those kisses later. Her arousal ran high, and she was making a mental list of who she wanted to fuck first once all her parts were healed. Even before she was ready for her own fun, she knew she wanted to go down on Elaine, and maybe Kara, too. Both at the same time sounded like a lot of fun when the idea occurred to her. She wasn't great at thinking, but she could generate some good ideas every now and again.

Elaine wasn't lying when she said she had the perfect dress. The black number Molly wore compressed and lifted her big tits in a way that made it look like they might pop out any second. The lower hem was short enough to show off the seam of her thighs as they met her toned ass. With some thigh-high black suede boots to complete the outfit, she was feeling fine as she navigated the campus on her way to her literature class. More stares followed her on her way, and Molly gave a wink and a wiggle to anyone she caught staring. The attention only amplified her arousal.

She didn't bother with a backpack. It was too heavy and it made her look like one of the nerdy girls who were focused on school. Molly knew

what she was really looking for on campus, and she wasn't going to find it in any of the classrooms. She doubted she was going to find it on the Waverly campus at all, but there was always hope. Nonetheless, when she was called on by the sexy Miss Helena, Molly fished a folded-up piece of notebook paper out of her thin purse.

"I bet a sexy slut like you has all kinds of fun fantasies written down," Miss Helena beamed.

Molly liked the look of her teacher, but she was getting old where Molly was young and tight in all the right places. Still, it might be fun to do a three-way with the older bimbo.

"I want to be sandwiched between two hot studs," Molly began, squinting as she read. Her handwriting was big and decorated with big loops. Despite that, it was still difficult to read. Molly recalled never being a very good student. "One of them has his big cock shoved up my pussy and the other one is giving it to me in my mouth and they both cum at the same time so I get it all over me."

Molly looked up and folded her paper. Miss Helena was clapping her palms together in that way she had that wouldn't damage her nails. You could learn a lot from Miss Helena, Molly decided.

"That is super hot, Molly! And I bet your wish is going to come true!"

Molly and Miss Helena shared a knowing giggle at that. Molly decided reading was dumb, but she did like how Miss Helena seemed to know what girls like her were interested in.

Elaine was waiting for Molly outside class. While she wasn't the hot slut Molly was, she was still pretty sexy, and Molly liked being the hottest in the group anyways. That meant she got her pick of the boys.

"I have a surprise for you," Elaine said, looping her arm around Molly's waist. Even this friendly touch made Molly get all hot and hungry.

"What's up?" Molly prodded.

"We have dates. You and me are going to hook up with two of the guys from Pemberly. Rich ones."

The only thing Molly liked more than a college boy was a *rich* college boy. "Oooh, good job! When are we going?"

"You have to meet Dr. Miller, and then we can go!"

"Ugh," Molly groaned. Another boring meeting with the guidance counselor. At least it made her feel good when she was done with it. She dropped a few winks to the girls staring at her as she and Elaine passed, eager

to be done with the day's work so she could pursue her true passions.

Climbing the steps into the guidance offices, Molly wobbled on the bootheels. A sick feeling roiled in her gut like something was very wrong. A *not right*-ness that plagued her otherwise candy-coated thoughts. It only grew as she entered the office of Dr. Miller. She couldn't sort those nagging thoughts, a tangle of memories that she could hardly name. Like watching a movie that was out of focus, unable to make out any of the details save for the vaguest shapes of things. Something about boys, and not the sexy thoughts she was having before. This was something else. Like maybe she had once *been* a boy, but that didn't seem right. She wavered again, the friction between herself and that other inside her that plagued her back in the dorms threatened to send her to the floor, but Dr. Miller was there to catch her.

"Are you alright, Molly?"

"Uh, yeah. Just a headache, I think."

"Why don't you come inside and sit down. I think we can make that go away."

Molly enjoyed it when someone else did the leading. She had her strengths and being a decision-maker was not high among them.

"How have you been feeling, Molly?" Miller asked, leaning against the desk. She crossed her arms over her chest. Molly thought how sad and small her tits were. Having big tits felt so much better.

"Mostly great," Molly replied. "Besides the headaches, I mean."

"And when have you been having these headaches?"

"Once when I was looking in the mirror this morning and once when I got here."

Miller nodded. "I think we can make all that go away. Would you like that? No more headaches ever again?"

Of course she would. Only Molly hesitated. That tickle again, the *not right* gnawing at her brain. A distant voice calling up from the abyss to tell her not to let Miler do this, to him, to *them*.

"Make it go away," she said and was unsure if she was speaking to Miller or to herself.

"Good girl," Dr. Miller said. With a touch of her finger, she set the metronome swinging. *Tock tock tock...*

She felt so good when she woke up. Molly even searched her thoughts

for that nagging voice, daring it to ruin the good feeling, but it never came. Whatever had been inside her to spoil her fun was gone now. All that was left was Molly's happiness.

"You've done such a good job, Molly, I think you deserve a reward. And I know just what a little whore like you wants."

Molly giggled. It was no use denying it. She was a whore. A horny little slut to be used by hot guys, and she loved it. There was no feeling she loved more than being lusted after, so when Dr. Miller opened the door to her office and ushered in the young man with his flannel sleeves rolled up, showing yummy cords of muscles on his forearms, Molly was beyond happy. She was whole.

"This is Steve, Molly. And I told him that I had the best little cocksucker around waiting for him. Was I lying?"

Steve looked at Miller, as if he was being given a promise a little too good to be true.

"Nope!" Molly said with a bright giggle.

"Would you like to show him, then?"

"For sure!" Molly exclaimed. She dropped to her knees in front of the handsome young man, tittering happily while she opened his zipper.

She found his dick easily and pulled it free of the boy's jeans, staring at the half-erect penis like it was manna from heaven. With only a few playful strokes, she had the college student at full mast.

"It looks delicious," she said with a happy murring sound and descended on him. When the boy's cock pushed into her mouth, a switch flipped inside Molly. While she knew how much she loved giving blowjobs, it was difficult to remember having given one before. Now she knew it was more than a desire. This was a need. She had to suck cock, because that's what bimbo sluts like Molly did. And she was certainly a bimbo slut. She teased her way up and down the boy's pole, slurping him clean, tapping the tip of his dick with her finger to watch the stringy pre-cum stretch between her finger and his mushroom-headed member.

Once he started grunting, she knew he was going to cum, so she abandoned her playing and went to work pleasing him utterly, keeping a tight seal on his rod with her lips while she rocked her head on his slippery shaft. The precum leaking from him was maddeningly tasty. Molly opened wide when she felt him twitch and his cock spat the first great dollop of cum onto her tongue. She drank him down, swabbing him with her tongue while her

hands found her tits to squeeze and pull. Sore as they were, her body craved to be touched while she swallowed down the boy's sweet load.

"Thank you, Steve, that will be all," Dr. Miller said, disappointing Molly as her new toy was taken away. The boy exited swiftly, still zipping himself up with a hop as he scurried into the hallway beyond Miller's office. "And you did such a fine job, Molly. Feel better?"

"Uh-huh!" Molly chirped, clambering to her feet again. While she would have preferred to still be on her knees with her mouth making a nice nest for a sweet cock, the bellyful of semen had her satisfied. For now.

"If you have any more of those headaches, you come to see me right away."

"I will!" Molly promised.

She walked alone toward her dorm, sure that Elaine would meet her later so they could go on their dates. That meant more cum for her, and that was all Molly really needed. She was an uncomplicated creature. The cold air made her nipples stand up, which made her feel even better. She was an object made for pleasure and wanted there to be no mistake when she was seen by the other students on campus.

Without a care in the world, Molly marched toward her next adventure, unaware that there had ever been a Martin at all.

About the Author

www.LykaBloom.com

Lyka Bloom has been working as a technical writer for several years before turning her attention to the kinkier side of life.

Enjoy this one? There's more where that came from!

The Corporate Takeover Series: The brilliant Dr. Raquel Benson takes vengeance on men who have wrong women of the world, twisting their minds and bodies into feminine versions of themselves.

[Corporate Takeover 1](#)

[Corporate Takeover 2](#)

[Corporate Takeover: Candi's Tale 1](#)

[Corporate Takeover: Candi's Tale 2](#)

[Corporate Takeover: Brothers to Sisters](#)

[Corporate Takeover: The New Sister](#)

[Corporate Takeover: Climbing the Ladder](#)

[Corporate Takeover: Brains and Brawn](#)

[Corporate Takeover: Team Building](#)

[Corporate Takeover: Homecoming](#)

[Corporate Takeover: Femme and Balanced](#)

[Hostile Takeovers: Corporate Takeover Vol. 1 \(CT 1-4\)](#)

[Hostile Takeovers 2: Corporate Takeover Vol. 2 \(CT 5-8\)](#)

The Trick and Treat Series: An ancient witch resides in the local haunted house. Each Halloween, some poor, unfortunate souls find their way into Wurmwood House and are transformed into Dorothea's playthings.

[Trick and Treat 1](#)

[Trick and Treat 2](#)

[Trick and Treat 3](#)

[Trick and Treat 4](#)

[Trick and Treat 5](#)

[Trick and Treat Vol. 1 \(Parts 1-3\)](#)

The Pink Institute Series: An epic TG series featuring a bevy of gender swapped beauties and the hypnotic institute which breeds intrigue and transformation!

[Pink Surrender](#)

[Pink Submission](#)

[Pink Bliss](#)

[Pink Corruption](#)

[Pink Evolution](#)

[Pink Erasure](#)

[Pink Awakening](#)

[Pink Origins](#)

[Pink Pleasure Vol. 1 \(Pink Institute 1-3\)](#)

[Pink Pleasure Vol. 2 \(Pink Institute 4-6\)](#)

[The Halloween Trap](#): Preston will become Presley, a transgender girl and companion for Vanessa on a very special Halloween night. When it ends, will love conquer all, or will Presley reject Van again to return to his old life? Anything can happen on Halloween!

[Bound to Be a Bimbo](#): A young playboy gets his comeuppance when a wily witch and her coven turn him into a bubbly bimbo. Not only does his witchy benefactor enjoy his new look, but she has a few kinks of her own to explore with her new sex toy!

[Star Swapped](#): A down-on-his-luck young man finds himself abducted by aliens, transferred into the body of a seductive alien

slave, and beset by pirates. Some days are stranger than others...

[The Third Wheel](#): Chris has it all: money, a casual lifestyle, and the love of a beautiful and ambitious woman. When he is presented with an opportunity to loosen her up with the aid of a special pill, it's an offer too good to resist.

And you can find much more at www.LykaBloom.com!
Thank you so much for reading and please offer your feedback!