

St. Modestine's School for Girls



Susan Hulbert

An "Adult TV" Novel



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Saint Modestine's School for Girls

By Susan Hulbert

“It’s good of you to agree to this meeting, Commissioner.” The Bishop was dressed like a hiker, with a backpack and sturdy boots.

“I confess to being intrigued, My Lord Bishop. It’s not every day that I’m asked to meet someone like you.” Commissioner “Brad ” Bradley was dressed similarly at the Bishop’s insistence.

“I’m sorry. I had to insist on casual dress and somewhere neutral where neither of us would be likely to be recognised. And you should call me Bishop. We don’t need formality here.”

“I guess this is a confidential matter.”

“It is. Since we’re here beside this lovely river, I suggest we walk along the first trail.” The Bishop looked over his shoulder. “No one must know anything about this meeting.”

“Are you afraid of something?” Brad asked as the Bishop scanned their surroundings once again.

“I really am paranoid, aren’t I, but one reads so much about long range microphones and cameras with long lenses.”

“There are only our cars on the parking lot and we’re going into rather dense woodland, so long lenses wouldn’t be of much use.” Brad waited as the Bishop looked round again.

“Long range microphones wouldn’t be too much good with the noise of the water rushing beside us either.”

They walked in silence for a minute or two.

“Why don’t you tell me about whatever’s troubling you?” Brad asked, then laughed. “I get the feeling that you should be saying that to me?”

The Bishop looked at him, then, realising that it was a joke, smiled in agreement.

“I’ve got a real problem and I wanted to ask if you could help,” the Bishop said in a soft voice, as if still afraid of eavesdroppers. “You know that my church has had some unfortunate scandals recently.”

“I do and I congratulate you on the way you’ve acted,” Brad replied. “It can’t have been easy to provide evidence and see the reputation of the church being shredded in public.”

“It wasn’t, that’s why I’m talking to you today.” The Bishop’s voice dropped even lower. “I think that there’s another area of sin which I need to root out, once and for all.”

“I’ll certainly help all I can but you’re going to have to explain.”

“No one must know,” the Bishop said. “It must never become public knowledge, not after all we’ve been through.”

“I can’t promise that we can ignore serious criminal behaviour.”

“I know and that may be my problem later on but I have to do something.”

“Do you want to tell me now, or shall we meet again?” Brad asked. “If we seem to be regular friends, say hiking companions, like today, we could keep in touch more easily.”

“I think that’s a great idea,” the Bishop said thoughtfully. “I could telephone your office and ask if you’re free for a walk at irregular intervals and you could do the same.”

“Let’s choose somewhere like this where we’re relatively concealed from prying eyes and there’s a lot of background noise. That should help you to talk more freely.”

Next week, they met again.

“I’m so glad we’ve had this meeting,” the Bishop said. “I’ve been wrestling with my conscience for weeks wondering how to approach you and now you’ve made it easy.”

They walked companionably for another half hour, climbing steadily as the path rose from the river and followed a tributary into the hills. Trees turned to scrubland and then there was only grass and wildflowers as they approached a cairn at the summit.

They sat on the grass and each took a flask and a sandwich from their backpacks.

“I think someone at Saint Modestine’s School for Girls is not as holy as he should be,” the Bishop said suddenly, as if something had told him to reveal his purpose. “It started with a whisper and then a rumour. It was as if someone wanted me to know.”

“Being not as holy as he should be isn’t a criminal offence.” Brad poured from his flask.

“It’s more than that,” the Bishop sighed. “I think he’s been putting some of the girls from the school into the hands of some nasty men. They’ve been cajoled and maybe even bribed.”

“Foolish virgins?” Brad asked. “Are they under age?”

“I get the biblical allusion,” the Bishop smiled grimly. “I’m not sure that they are. I don’t think so, although it’s possible. It’s more than that. This could seriously damage people’s faith in my church.”

“Can’t you simply get rid of all the people you suspect?”

“Not easily, unless I have some proof of serious wrongdoing,” the Bishop replied. “My investigations haven’t found anything, but the rumours persist. Maybe I haven’t got access to subtle investigators like a Police Commissioner?”

“And that’s where I come in?” Brad asked. “I’m not sure what you want me to do and how you want me to do it. A full investigation would hit the press as soon as it starts.”

“I really was hoping for something more subtle.” The Bishop’s eyes almost pleaded for an answer.

“Leave it with me; I’ll try to come up with a strategy,” Brad said. “We’ll go hiking again soon. I’d like a few more details from you though, if you can get something without alerting your staff.”

Brad had been thinking about the Bishop’s dilemma for a few days, when he spoke to him again. This time they hiked on the other side of the river and parked in different car parks.

“I’m going to have to get someone else to deal with things,” he told the Bishop. “If I do it personally, questions are going to be asked and we don’t want that.”

“I understand,” the Bishop replied. “Please do your best to shield my church.”

“I’ll do my best.” Brad gasped a little as they climbed up the scree towards the head of a waterfall.

“I’ve decided that I need someone to take matters forward; may I ask then to contact you personally?”

“You may give them my private number.” The Bishop paused to think about it. “We could meet privately, like this.”

“I have in mind a woman investigator.”

“That will be fine as long as I don’t get in trouble for violating my vows of celibacy.”

“I think that when you meet her, you’ll be reassured on that one,” Brad laughed. “She’s reliable and discreet. I’ll make sure she has the funding to take matters through.”

“In that case, I look forward to meeting her.”

“Can you get Inspector Joy Barton for me?” Brad called to his personal assistant as soon as he got back to his office. “Tell her to get here as soon as she can.”

“The Commissioner was very vague about your problems.” Joy met the Bishop at the same riverwalk a few days later. She was large and lumpy in her hiking gear, florid faced, with tufty hair sticking untidily around her knitted hat.

“I have a real problem,” he said, feeling he could open up to her. “I need help to get real evidence on abuse at St Modestine.”

“That’s a pretty exclusive school for girls, isn’t it?”

“You know it?”

“I know of it,” Joy said. “I went there some years ago when some silver went missing but I can’t pretend I know much more.”

“I suspect that two or more of my staff have been involved in matters which could cause serious embarrassment.”

“You’ll have to tell me what you know.”

“I understand but it’s so painful.”

The Bishop led her to sit on a rock and took out his flask. He poured two cups and handed her one. He looked round as if checking that there were no eavesdroppers again.

“I think they’re encouraging some of the older girls to attend parties, where men, old enough to know better, pay them for services.”

“Don’t the girls complain?”

“Oh no; sadly they seem to be chosen for their appetite for money,” he continued. “When I have thought that there may be evidence forthcoming, I have been disappointed and word of my enquiry has been relayed to those whom I suspect.”

“But I’m guessing that they didn’t resign.”

“No, they’re still very much there.” He paused again. “I did speak to the mother of one girl who wanted to complain. It was some months after her daughter had left the school and was waiting to go to university.”

“Would she give evidence?”

“Not at all.” The Bishop turned as if to admire the view. “She told me that if she complained, her daughter would be singled out and she didn’t want that.”

“Understandable I suppose, but you said she’s left the school.”

“They promised her daughter would receive an excellent reference if she kept quiet and the opposite if she didn’t. Her child would be labelled an immature troublemaker and liar. You can guess which path she chose.”

“But she told you.”

“In confidence, and I fear I may be breaking her confidence by telling you this.”

“You haven’t,” Joy replied. “You’ve not told me who she is and I’m not going to involve her anyway.”

“Of course you’re right, and I know that I may have to be more explicit as your investigation makes progress.”

“I’ll try not to be intrusive,” Joy paused. “Are there no boys at the school?”

“Of course, we have adopted modern standards but the boys are day pupils and rarely have social contact with the girls outside tuition hours. We only have girls as boarders.”

“That’s a pity.,’ Joy said. “I was thinking that someone inside the place would be good.”

“That’s an excellent idea.” The Bishop thought. “But the women we employ aren’t there full-time. Their work hours rotate and many are part-time workers.”

“There’s something I do not understand.” Joy looked at the Bishop, waiting for him to explain more.

“I think some of the staff members are facilitators, rather than active participants. They manage the girls and they are all girls who are involved, no boys. The girls are allowed off campus and take advantage of that permission but we don’t know much more than that.”

“Difficult,” Joy muttered.

“Surely you have women investigators.”

“We do but this is going to require a long term placement. I can’t think of anyone skilled enough or one who’d be willing or able to be away from their own life for what may be a few months.”

“I can understand that,” the Bishop replied. “They may have families or elderly parents to look after.”

“And there’s a problem of appearance,” Joy thought out loud. “Ideally we need a spy in that group of girls and I can’t think that any of our female investigators would pass as a teenage girl.”

"I think we should hike back now." The Bishop stood. "There must be some way of getting an observer in there."

"I agree that's the best way," Joy said. "It's the who and how that we need to get right."

"We're safe to talk in my office." Brad indicated to Joy which seat she should take. "I had it swept for all kinds of bugs and listening devices yesterday."

"I'm not sure about my status in this investigation," Joy said. "Forgive me, sir, but my superiors are starting to ask questions."

"I'll have you drafted to my personal staff," Brad said. "I want you to give full-time attention to the Bishop's matter."

"I think the way forward is to find some way of getting inside the school without arousing suspicion."

"I know that's the best way but there's a problem when the group we have to investigate are teenage girls. Perhaps it would be easier to infiltrate the Mafia?"

"I agree but there may be a way," Joy said. "It will need you to give me authority to work entirely independently. If anyone connected to the school gets a hint of what I'm about to suggest, it could close the whole project."

"I can give that authority but I need some details."

"I don't have a female member of staff who could do it," Joy said, watching the disappointment on Brad's face. "The Bishop has a place in the college to give at his discretion. He suggests that as a way in. But I told the Bishop there's no one who could be away from home and family for an extended period, even if they could look the part."

"From the bits I know, the Bishop said the target group was late teenage girls," Brad replied.

“I may have a plan but it’s going to need you to authorise it.” Joy opened her document case and pulled out a folder. “It’s not going to be cheap.”

“Assume that I’ll approve the budget and tell me about it.”

“Look at this guy.” Joy slid a photo across the desk.

“Okay, it’s a recruit. That much I can tell. He looks too young to join the force and if we still had any physical standards, he’d never have gotten in.”

“I agree; in an earlier age, he would have been far too small,” Joy said. “He’s only five foot four inches tall and the slimmest recruit that our uniform people have ever had to fit.”

“And you know this how?” Brad’s face showed some doubt.

“I had a drink with an old friend who’s an instructor. “This guy came up in a general conversation. I didn’t say a word out of place.”

“I don’t get it.”

“There’s a lot to work out but he’s a black belt in one of the martial arts and has a good, if not spectacular, education.”

“But boys are excluded from this scandal as far as we know.”

“Exactly, and that’s where this needs secrecy and money...” Joy hesitated.

“Come on, tell me. I don’t care how sketchy the plan is.”

“I think that with a bit of investment and a lot of training, he could become my daughter and a seventeen-year-old student in Saint Modestine’s School for Girls; a girl student.”

“That’s a lot to take in.” Brad rubbed his brow. “Could it work?”

“I think it’s the best shot we have. His instructors have reported that he’s keen and adaptable. We can only put it to him.”

“Okay.” Brad thought and wrote something on a piece of notepaper. “Here’s my personal authority to do whatever you think fit.”

“The first thing I need to do is to disappear and re-invent myself,” Joy said.

“But you’re going to run this.”

“I know but I need a home for my new daughter and it’s really important that no one could trace it back to this office,” Joy said.

“Good thinking,” Brad agreed. “You report only to me and if it all goes wrong, it’s not traceable back to this office.”

“I was thinking more about protecting us from leaks rather than you from blame,” Joy said. “But I guess it’s the same thing.”

“I’ll arrange an apartment,” Brad said. “And a pool car.”

“That’s no good, it could be traced back and they all look the same anyway. Send me the money and I’ll arrange an apartment and lease a car.” Joy replied, “I’ll need money to live like I’m a wealthy single parent of a teenager in an independent school.”

“Anything else?” Brad smiled at her thoroughness.

“My daughter will be expensive. She’ll need clothes, of course, and all the accoutrements that go with her being a normal and over-acquisitive teenage girl.”

“So if I have him posted to my office from training, he could report to you.”

“Yes but we can’t order him into this job.”

“Of course and it must never ever leak out.”

“Unless it’s a successful operation.” Joy smiled at Brad.

“How long before you could get started?”

“I could start tomorrow if you have the funding,” Joy said. But I think we should wait until he’s trained and posted to your office before we do anything more. He needs to be given a choice.”

“If he agrees?”

“We should aim for the beginning of the next school year. There’s a lot of training between the police college and girls school and that may not be quick or easy.”

“And the costs?” Brad said. “I think I’ll have to speak to the Bishop to ask if he’s got any funding available.”

“For goodness sake, don’t tell him why,” Joy said. “You can ask him to reserve the place but say it’s for an old friend’s daughter. I don’t want to risk any association with you or the Bishop outside these four walls.”

“This is looking to be expensive.”

“If you want it done properly, I can’t think of another way forward.”

“Sadly I can’t either,” Brad sighed. “I don’t think we can limit the costs without failing to do the thing properly.”

“The training costs won’t be small, depending upon how far he’s willing to go with his impersonation.”

“How far?”

“How much of a girl he’s willing to be.”

“You want me to do what?” Carson West wondered why he was being posted to the Commissioner’s office as a new recruit. He’d reported, then been whisked off in a private car to an anonymous apartment in a block outside town.

If that wasn't enough, changing out of his neatly pressed uniform into oversized sports clothes in the back of the car made it all seem weird. The car dropped him off at the entrance where he was instructed not to speak to anyone but to go at once to meet his new boss.

"Come in, Carson." Joy opened the door almost the second he knocked. "I don't know how to explain this gently but you've been selected to be an undercover officer."

"Is that because I'm small and expendable?"

"It's certainly because of your size," Joy explained. "But there's no one else on the force that has any chance of completing this mission."

"Do I get to lock up the bad guys?"

"Maybe, but not for some time." Joy's smile was infectious. "The way you've been recruited is a little unusual but there's a serious purpose. If you accept the mission, your life may change in ways we can't predict."

"Mystery upon mystery." Carson didn't know what to say.

"You'll be undercover, living completely in the role created for you. You'll be on your own and report only to me."

"No contact with my old friends and family?"

"None whatever," Joy replied. "I saw your file though; it doesn't list any family or next of kin."

"I don't really have any."

"No girlfriends or boyfriends?"

"Neither to speak of," Carson replied. "I've dated several girls but I guess that they don't like that they're usually a head taller than me."

"I guess they don't know what they're missing." Joy smiled at him. It wasn't reassuring.

“I’m going to give you some details of what’s required of you and in doing that, I have to swear you to complete secrecy.”

“I’ll swear to that,” Carson replied.

“The Commissioner told me to tell you that if a whisper of this ever gets out, your future career will be as the officer in charge of washing traffic cones, in the Department of Washing Traffic Cones and the staff will be one person.”

“I didn’t know we had anyone to wash traffic cones,” Carson said.

“We don’t unless this gets blown.”

“I think you’d better accept that I’m sworn to secrecy,” Carson replied. “I’m prepared for undercover work and I’m sure I can survive under cover for a substantial period.”

“I accept that.” Joy took a folder from her document case. “Working under cover is hard work. Any slip and you could be in trouble and the whole project can be wasted.”

“I think I’m prepared.”

“Okay, here’s the deal.” Joy opened her folder. “You’ve heard of Saint Modestine’s School for Girls; they take a few boys as day pupils but it’s mainly for girls from wealthy families and they’re all boarders.”

“I know where it is,” Carson replied. “You can’t miss the girls. They wear that old fashioned girls’ school uniform.”

“Did you ever have any contact with the school; any old girlfriends, or perhaps you knew one of the boys?”

“No; it’s a place for rich kids, not people like me.”

“The Bishop in charge of the school has approached the Commissioner for help,” Joy continued. “He’s afraid that some of his trusted staff are abusing their position.”

“So he could just sack them, he doesn’t need much evidence to stop that.”

“It’s a bit more sensitive. He wants to clean up the school and doesn’t want any scandal.”

“So why does he need to involve us?”

“If you’ll let me finish, I’ll explain. It’s all to be kept as quiet as we can.”

Carson blushed at the rebuke. “I should have guessed.”

“He fears that some of the older girls are being... used, for want of a better word. They’re being paid to attend parties for older men; men old enough to be their fathers or grandfathers.”

“Like high-class call girls?”

“The Bishop thinks that there’s some sexual activity involved, but doesn’t know if it’s full sex. Whatever it is, it appears to be arranged by some of the school staff and they are paid for their services, with more money being distributed amongst the girls involved.”

“Have none of the girls complained?” Carson asked. “What about their parents?”

“The Bishop has rumours of complaints but none have been pursued. He thinks the parents are being offered the option of seeing their daughters get glowing academic references from Saint Modestine’s or having the reputation of one who was expelled for lewd behaviour. That’s a euphemism, by the way.”

“So they shut up.” Carson saw the point. “Not much of a case unless there was force involved and you don’t seem to be saying that there was any coercion.”

“The girls were simply led on. It could be their own inclination or simply to get more money than their allowance,” Joy said. “Remember that Saint Modestine’s is quite strict. The girls have quite an early curfew and are checked in and out of the place unless some members of the staff are with them.”

“So how are they getting out to these parties?”

“The Bishop thinks that they’re taken out in the school’s bus, as if it was an ordinary organised trip. Only certain members of staff are involved and such enquiries as the Bishop has been able to make have been negative.”

“Hasn’t that made them give up?”

“Maybe for a while but they’ve got their confidence back,” Joy said. “The Commissioner has agreed to help.”

“So where do I come in?”

“We want you to go undercover as a pupil in the school,” Joy said. “I’ll be your mother and your contact. We’ll have an apparently good lifestyle and a background that should withstand any checks.”

“But the boys are only day pupils.”

“I know; that’s why we want you to go as a girl pupil, specifically a seventeen-year-old girl pupil.” Joy paused to watch as her words sunk in.

“Do I look like a seventeen-year-old girl?” Carson couldn’t think what to say.

“Probably not but with some contacts that the Commissioner has, you could be made to look like one,” Joy replied.

“But I don’t know how to behave like one.”

“I’m sure that’s only a matter of study and application,” Joy said, wondering herself if that could be true.

“When do I have to decide?” Carson shook his head as if in disbelief.

“Right now, I’m afraid,” Joy said. “You’ll need some time to get prepared and into character. We’ve provi-

sionally registered you as a pupil from the start of next term.”

Carson took a deep breath and looked skywards. “Okay, I’ll do it,” he said. “One condition, if I’m allowed to ask for conditions.”

“What would that be?” Joy asked.

“If I’m to do this and be successful, you’ve got to allow me some discretion in all things.”

“What things?”

“I don’t know but there’ll be times when I’ll know that I have to do something or ask for something that you haven’t thought of.”

“I think I understand.” Joy nodded. “That’s entirely reasonable. Come to me with anything you want to ask.”

“When do you start being my mother?” Carson grinned, and then they both laughed.

“Right now,” Joy said. “I’ll take you to your new home.”

“I’ve brought nothing with me.” Carson looked round the huge family room of their temporary home.

“You weren’t meant to bring anything,” Joy said. “In fact, I want everything you’re wearing and everything you’re carrying in this bag. It’s going to be destroyed so that there’s nothing lying around to connect you with your real identity.”

Carson looked at her and then understood. “I guess that makes sense.”

“Your bedroom is the first door through there. You’ll find clothes in the dressing room.” Joy pointed where he should go. “Everything should fit. It’s going to feel strange, but don’t worry, there’s only you and I here.”

Ten minutes later, Carson re-appeared. He was dressed in skinny jeans and a tight top which skimmed his waist. He had white canvas slip on shoes.

“Here’s everything I had.” He handed the bag to Joy. “I’ve only kept the cash from my wallet. Do you want my mobile phone as well?”

“Everything,” Joy said. “Cash is okay, but nothing else.”

Carson blushed and looked away as he dropped his phone into the bag. “I guess its goodbye to all my old girlfriends.”

“Were there a lot?”

“Not this last six months while I’ve been in training,” he replied. “And before you ask, no boyfriends either.”

“I’ve arranged for us to go to a private clinic as soon as we can,” Joy announced. “The Bishop has given me the contact, so we must assume it’s safe.”

“What do we need a clinic for?”

“They’re going to help us get you to pass as a seventeen-year-old girl,” Joy said. “Don’t ask me the details, but they deal with gender issues all the time.”

“Can I keep my name?” he asked.

“You can be Carson; it’s an unusual name but I’ve heard it for both boys and girls,” Joy said. “From now on I’m Mom or Mummy. I’m listed as Mrs White on everything and I’ll get your identity documents made out as Carson White.”

“What about Mr White?”

“He died in Iraq,” Joy said. “There’s a paper trail if anyone ever wants to check.”

“Is that for real?”

“It was an old boyfriend,” Joy said, “But we weren’t together for a long time before he was killed. I’ve a few

calls to make so why don't you settle into your room and I'll call you when dinner's ready."

"Okay Mom," Carson said with a huge grin on his face.

"I thought I'd dress for dinner." Carson re-appeared when Joy called.

"That's amazing." Joy looked him up and down. "If I didn't know better, I'd say you've been a girl before."

"I haven't," he replied. "I did do some dancing when I was younger; modern and tap with a little ballet but I was always too short for most of the parts. It did teach me a bit about stage makeup though."

"That's not stage makeup." Joy looked at him.

"It's from a YouTube video," Carson said. "I know the basics and there's a laptop in there, so I used it. I thought you'd want me to get into character as soon as possible."

"Well, I certainly approve."

"It's a strange sensation, wearing a dress." Carson said. "I love feel of it, the tight bodice and the short sleeves; the way the skirt flares when I move."

"It really looks good."

"I used the full range of lingerie too."

"How did you know about that?"

"Come on," Carson laughed. "The porn industry is all around the training school. You should take a walk round the students' bedrooms. The posters in some would make your eyes water."

"But it's all in the best possible taste," Joy asked.

"There's nothing that the commandant there could censor, if that's what you mean. They're scantily clad



is what you'd say. Nothing obscene at all but lingerie was on display for all to see."

"So that was your guide?"

"I got a little help from the internet as well." Carson twirled round, making his skirt flare out."

"Stockings and a garter belt." Joy noticed. "Most girls would choose tights."

"Maybe I'm not like most girls," Carson laughed. "It's not an unpleasant sensation, although I'm not sure about higher heels."

"Those look to be about two inches," Joy said. "I don't want you to risk spraining your ankle or worse. We do have a tight schedule to keep."

"I'm not sure about these breast pads though. I fastened the bra really tightly but they do feel insecure."

"That could be a problem in a girls' school." Joy's face looked seriously at him.

"It could be a bigger problem if I'm going to be in an all-girl environment," Carson replied. "I used to stay with my aunt and uncle. My girl cousins and their friends were always comparing their boobs."

"I guess they were at that age."

"Yes, the age I'm supposed to be, seventeen."

"I don't think we've thought that one through properly," Joy said. "I'll have to think seriously about it."

"Is the makeup okay?" Carson said.

"I think it's a good attempt," Joy said. "I don't really know what's fashion for a girl of your age but dark eyes and pale lips are a pretty safe option."

"You should see some of the frights on the videos," Carson laughed. "But there are lots of really pretty ones. I guess I'll have to practise."

“Practise until it becomes second nature.” Joy stood back and looked at him. “I think with time and effort, you could make this a success.”

“I’m going to confess that I’m excited about it all. I was so apprehensive at first but the idea’s been growing on me and now that I’ve started, I’m determined to be the best girl I can be.”

“You’ll get all the help I can arrange,” Joy said. “As you can guess, I’ve never been really girly myself, ”

“That’s a shame. I need a glamorous mummy to be seen at school events.”

“I have thought of that.”

“And there must be something we can do with my hair.” Carson tugged at his locks. “They made us all have really short hair in the training school and unless I’m going to be a really butch girl, it needs to be a lot longer. A wig would be far too obvious and far too revealing if it got dislodged.”

“I agree,” Joy said. “Extensions are on the list of things I was going to suggest but won’t they seem obvious to the other girls in the school?”

“Of course they will. I guess many will have had them. It’s another girly thing.”

“I guess so,” Joy mused. “Nails too.”

“If the school rules permit,” Carson laughed. “I never thought I’d hear myself saying that.”

“The rules are really strict, but it says that sensibly manicured nails are permitted.” Joy handed him a sheet of paper. “The required uniform is a straight tartan skirt and white socks, flat shoes, and a white blouse with long sleeves and a rather fussy cuff and a Peter Pan collar, to be buttoned up to the neck.”

“There are a lot of frills on the illustration here,” Carson said. “They could really get in the way.”

“Perhaps that’s the idea.” Joy looked again. “They want to produce prissy young ladies, not tomboys in jeans and boots.”

“Good luck to them with that,” Carson laughed. “I remember the way my cousins used to wear their school skirts out of class. They rolled up the waist so that the skirt came down to mid-thigh at the lowest.”

“Some things about schoolgirls never change,” Joy said.

Next morning, they set off to the clinic. Joy drove a newish, but anonymous BMW SUV, with Carson in the passenger seat.

“It’s a hundred and twenty five miles according to the satnav,” he told Joy. “Once we’re out of the city, it should be easy going.”

“The place is in its own grounds, I believe. That’s good for privacy.”

“What are they going to do to me?” Carson asked.

“I have no idea.” Joy looked across the car at him. “They’re the experts in this stuff so they’ll tell you when you get there.”

They drove on in silence. The miles flew past and as their destination drew near, Carson’s face changed. Joy could tell that he was distracted by his thoughts and maybe his fears.

“Now I’m feeling a bit nervous,” Carson confessed. “I can guess some of the things they’ll do but there must be more.”

“What are you expecting?” Joy asked, seeing that Carson was really getting jumpy.

“They’ll remove all my body hair,” he said. “I haven’t got much and my beard is hardly there at all, so I’ll not miss that. I’m a bit worried about my eyebrows though.”

“Why eyebrows?” Joy asked.

“It’s all that YouTube stuff.” Carson replied. “Some have brows heavier than mine ever could be and I

don't like that look. Nicely shaped would be good, with a bit higher arch than I've got but I don't want them really thin."

"I'm sure they'll listen to you," Joy assured him.

"I do hope so because whatever they do, I'll have to be that schoolgirl."

"I think hair extensions and nails are on the agenda."

"I don't think the school will allow long nails."

"The dress code said neatly manicured was acceptable, with no extreme styles permitted."

"I have no idea what that means."

"Neither do I so you're should ask for a French manicure with slightly extended length."

"I'll remember that," Carson said. "Will you be with me?"

"I expect so," Joy replied. "I have to approve the costs after all. This is on the Bishop's account."

"Won't anyone query why he's spending money at this clinic?"

"I think that's been thought of. They have anonymised billing," Joy replied. "Anyway, that's not your problem."

"I'm beginning to think through my problems," Carson said. "I think I may have bitten off more than I can chew."

They were expected at the clinic. Carson was measured top to toe and samples followed heart and lung tests before Joy was excluded and he was taken through to what she supposed were treatment rooms.

Hours passed and she was still waiting. She took lunch in the small café attached to the clinic, and still she waited through the afternoon, until Carson was wheeled back into the waiting room, obviously groggy from whatever treatments he'd had.

She looked at him as she waited for him to come round. His eyebrows were really different, shaped delicately as he had expected. His hair had been extended and fell straight and thick to chin length.

She touched his hair to feel the texture. It felt like the sort of hair that would fall easily and not tangle. As she did so, she saw the multiple piercings in his ears; five on the right and three on the left, with studs and drops glittering there.

"They pierced my belly button too," Carson said, pulling his robe open to reveal a hoop there, with a long string of shiny stones falling down. "It doesn't hurt much but the hair removal wasn't nice."

"How do you feel now?" Joy asked.

"I'm coming round fast," Carson said. "I think I'll be able to stand in a few minutes but please don't rush me."

"We've got all the time you need," Joy said.

"I had to sign all kinds of forms," Carson remembered his day. "I have no idea what most of them were for but I kept on signing. I guessed that you'd know all about them."

"Honestly, I've no idea." Joy looked at him. "Don't you remember what they were for?"

"No; they just said that I should sign here or there and I did what I was told."

"I'd better find out." Joy stood and went through to the reception area.

She returned a few moments later. "The chief medical officer's going to come and talk us through it all."

No sooner had she sat down than a middle-aged lady in a white coat opened a door at the other end of the waiting room and beckoned them in.

"I'm Doctor Hertz. I understand you want a run-down of the procedures we've used today."

"That's right, Doctor," Joy said, taking out her notebook.

"If I run quickly through them all, you can stop me if you want anything explained in more detail. I understand that the main purpose was to make this young man look like a seventeen-year-old school-girl."

"That's correct." Joy nodded.

"Let me assure you that everything here is strictly confidential." The doctor smiled and turned to her computer screen.

"You're down for hair removal, whole body below the eyebrows, except for what they call a landing strip." She peered over her glasses waiting for answering nods.

"You're also to have ear piercing appropriate to the target age, and eyebrow shaping." She paused again for another nod.

"Hair extensions." She paused. "They look really nice, by the way and that was cosmetic, not really anything we do daily in the clinic, only by request."

Carson ran his fingers through his hair. "I really like this feeling."

"For the maintenance of the appearance, the injection of several long-acting slow release pods of hormones into the upper thigh."

Carson looked at her and then felt his thigh.

"You can probably feel them as soft rods but by tomorrow, they'll have changed to something like a jelly and fade from touch. Don't worry though, they'll discharge slowly over the next year or so."

"I didn't know about that." Carson looked in panic. "I wasn't thinking that female hormones could be injected."

"They won't feminise you," the doctor said. "Don't worry about that. They're help you to keep a smooth skin, suppress any hair regrowth, and generally aid the deception whatever that may be."

"Will they give me breasts?"

"Not at all; although you may experience some light itching in that region." The doctor held up a paper. "You did sign a consent form which contains all the details."

"I don't remember those details," Carson replied.

"It doesn't matter anyway. They're in and they can't be removed." The doctor smiled as if that were enough explanation. "Carson, you may get dressed whilst I have a few words with your mother."

It took him a few moments to remember who she meant. Carson stood, a little shakily, smiled at them both, and left the room to get dressed.

"I've done as much as I can," the doctor began. "But if you want him to mix in with a group of seventeen-year-old girls, I'm afraid it's not going to work."

"I know he has a penis..." Joy began.

"That's not a problem. Tight underwear can conceal that easily and male-to-female transsexuals aren't that unusual these days anyway. We live in more enlightened times than when I was that age. I'm talking about the other end; the top."

"We have breast pads," Joy said. "But he has said that he doesn't feel they're secure enough."

"And they never will be. Don't you remember your schooldays? We girls used to compare breast sizes; who was pert and who was beginning to droop."

“My school wasn’t like that,” Joy said. “There was some jealousy about who was developing though.”

“You obviously didn’t go to a boarding school. I remember my dormitory had a best nipples competition.” The doctor looked away, as if remembering happy days. “It was after lights out and all done by feel.”

“This isn’t your old school.”

“It doesn’t matter; school or no school, the attitudes of girls in a group hasn’t changed. They’ll still be doing things like that tonight and every night.”

“I guess you’re right.”

“I am right and I don’t think you’ve thought that through.”

“What do you suggest?”

“Breast implants of course,” the doctor said. “It’s a simple and routine procedure, with minimal scarring and reasonably quick recovery time.”

“But that’s permanent,” Joy thought out loud.

“Not necessarily; they can be removed,” the doctor said. “I’ve had a number of girls of that age here. They get bigger breasts as a birthday present or because they don’t think they’re developing fast enough. Daddy usually pays.”

“I think I’ve led a sheltered life,” Joy replied.

“It’s the modern world. The minimal scarring from the operation is, if not expected, at least accepted amongst seventeen-year-old girls.”

“I’ve never thought of that and I’ve never mentioned it to Carson. I think he’d be horrified.”

“That’s as may be but he’s not going to be able to pull off this deception any other way. If you like, I can open his mind to it. I can tell him what else we can do and leave it to work on his mind.”

“Thanks, I’d like you to do that,” Joy replied, thinking of Carson’s attitude and that there was

funding and also about his work after this assignment.

Joy excused herself to get their car and bring it round. She told Carson to sit there in case he was still a little dizzy from all the day's procedures.

"I've come to see you for a final time." The doctor's entrance took him by surprise. "I hope you've enjoyed your day here."

"I don't know if enjoyed is the right word, but it's certainly been interesting. I'm still worried about that hormone injection."

"It's not going to affect your manhood, so don't worry. It's going to pass through your system completely within a year or so."

"Will my beard grow back?"

"It should, but it's not going to be as strong as before."

"But I didn't have much before."

"Then you're not going to have much of a beard afterwards," the doctor said. "I understand you're going to be mixing with girls of your own age?"

"Not quite, I think they're likely to be seventeen."

"I think I'd better warn you that you've no chance of passing undetected," she said. "You're the wrong shape."

"I have some breast forms."

"How long do you think you're going to get away with that?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"Think about it; wet T-shirt competitions, who's got the biggest breasts? I remember when I was at boarding school. I was telling Joy about our best nipple competition. We played it in the dark, with no hands allowed. We played it quite often too."

"I don't think I'm prepared for that."

"I'm *sure* you're not at all prepared. In fact, I don't think anyone has even thought about how you could survive in a group of girls. They can be rather feral in a group and you don't want to be the one they turn on. They can make life unbearable."

"Have you said anything to Joy?" Carson face flushed with fear, even though he was nowhere near being asked to attend school right then.

"I did tell her that we do breast augmentations here."

"That sounds awful."

"It's really quite a routine procedure. Girls get them for all sorts of reasons from about sixteen upwards."

"I never thought about that."

"I think you should."

"Have you done them on boys before?"

"Yes, it's less frequent but boys and men do come for the operation. I can show you some before and after pictures if you like. I think we do wonderful work."

"But they'd be instantly detectable."

"Some girls like that."

"They like a big nasty scar?"

"The technique of going through the nipple is very successful; it's called per areolar. It leaves minimal scarring and the nipple placements aren't as distorted."

"It can't look real."

"As long as you don't go too big, the result can be quite natural looking."

Before they could say more, Joy's car horn could be heard outside.

“That sounds like your call.” The doctor smiled and took his hand. “And it’s your call if you decide you need to come back.”

Carson was silent on the drive back, deep in thought. He understood what he’d been told about a group of girls together. He remembered how catty his cousins could be amongst other girls. He didn’t want to be the victim and knew he’d never survive if he was.

Should he ask for breast implants? He wanted so much to complete the mission he was preparing for. He’d undergone some transformation already; earrings, belly button piercing, and hair removal.

He idly ran his hands through his hair and laughed to himself as he realised that, too, was a change. He’d worn his hair long for years before joining the force and as his fingers twisted a lock, he understood that he really liked it so long.

How would he feel if he had breasts of his own; real breasts, not these stupid pads that kept slipping. If they were real, he wouldn’t have that worry. Would it be easier to stay in character was another question. He tried to imagine what it would feel like.

Idly, his mind slipped back to the thought of the best nipple competition played in the dark. What would it feel like to have hands caressing them?

Wait a minute. He remembered. The doctor said it was a game for no hands. That might mean tongues. He shuddered at the thought of a tongue slipping around his nipple, nibbling and sucking, maybe a bite, but not too hard. His mind filled with pictures of the tongue on the nipple, even though it was in the dark.

Joy said nothing. She guessed what the doctor had said and she didn’t want to interrupt his thoughts. She knew that she would get the funding if he chose the implants. She knew now that the whole project

would fail if he didn't. There was no alternative. He had to be persuaded.

Removing his implants might be a different matter but she wasn't even going to think about that. The matter in hand was the most important. She wondered if she should push the issue. She remembered what she'd been told about minimal scarring and fast recovery but he had so much to learn and so little time before the term started.

They got back home, still saying nothing. Joy left him to his thoughts. She knew she would have to be at her most persuasive if he was stubborn; maybe she'd have to order him. How would he take that? Would it be a breach of discipline if he refused?

She knew he was deep in thought and wondered where his thoughts were leading him. Maybe the morning would bring something new.

"Your school uniform's arrived," Joy called to Carson.

He came into the family room. He'd thrown a matching robe over his caramel brown silky night-dress, with matching mules on his feet.

"I'd better try it on."

"Yes and before you start putting on any makeup."

"Isn't makeup allowed in Saint Modestine's?" Carson asked. "I think it said that girls in my year were allowed."

"I'll check," Joy said. "I'm sure they won't allow the sort of makeup you've been learning from YouTube."

"That's getting to be a challenge," Carson said. "You should see the mess I make in my room. I daren't come and show you."

"Are you getting better?"

"I think so," Carson said. "How about I dress for dinner this evening and you can tell me if it's good enough to pass."

"You've changed overnight," Joy said. "That hair; those earrings; they seem to have changed you."

"Maybe it's being hairless," Carson said. "I've realised that I was feeling so much because I had body hair, the feeling of being without any makes everything feel different."

"Enough." Joy held up her hand. "School uniform calls."

"I'll take it upstairs and change."

About fifteen minutes later, Carson returned and stood before her for inspection.

"It really makes you look like a schoolgirl." Joy looked closely.

"You're only saying that because I'm so small," Carson said.

"It's an advantage and you being so slim make that plaid skirt look really schoolgirl on you."

"Do you want to see it with the waist rolled up?" Carson turned and pulled at the waist. "How's that?"

He turned and the skirt looked like a mini-mini skirt, skimming the top of his thighs.

"The regulation lingerie is awful." He caught Joy smiling. "I'm almost showing the regulation knickers. They're too big to be called panties," he laughed.

"I bet you'll feel the difference when you go out with bare legs." Joy looked down. "Those ankle socks and flat shoes look really like a little schoolgirl would wear, never mind a seventeen-year-old."

"I think it's the frills on the socks which make the image." Carson twirled again. "What about the blouse?"

"It's not so bad," Joy said. "When I read about the frills on the cuffs and on the Peter Pan collar, I

thought it was going to look really ugly, but it's not. It's quite smart if a little old-fashioned."

"I guess that school uniform was never meant to be fashion."

"Never, especially when you look at the hat."

"There's a hat too?"

"It's a straw boater," Joy laughed. "That won't last two seconds in the wind."

"Maybe it's only for formal occasions," Carson said. "I can't remember anyone wearing a hat like this. It's as if 1930 has come back."

"Maybe you could say that about the whole uniform."

"No, I think it's stuck somewhere about 1955," Carson said. "I remember some old family photographs with clothes like this on the children."

"Do you think I have the walk?" He stepped across the room. "Is that schoolgirl enough?"

"YouTube lessons again?" Joy asked. "I bet you spend most of the day studying on that computer."

"There's no one else to teach me, is there?"

"I know. I'm not much use really, never having taken much interest in makeup and fashion when I was younger. Now in this job, it seems to pass me by."

"Do you mind if I stay dressed like this for the morning, just around here. I'm not planning to go out like this?"

"No problem; I guess you want to get used to the feel of the clothes."

"I'm trying to get into character," Carson said. "If I'm supposed to be seventeen and transferring to Saint Modestine's, I should be used to school uniforms, yet it feels very strange."

“You’ve been dressing as a girl for the last few days. Doesn’t that make it easier?”

“Not really; I can relate to the modern fashions that I’ve been wearing.” Carson pulled at his blouse. “This feels very different, it’s limiting, constricting. I don’t know the right words but you can get my meaning. I don’t feel as if I belong in these clothes.”

“You have to get used to them,” Joy said. “The girls in the school won’t be self-conscious.”

“What about my back story? I’ll have to tell them something.”

“We’ve thought of that. Your father was stationed abroad and you were at an American school in Switzerland. Before you ask, the Bishop did a check and as far as we know, none of your classmates has been to Switzerland.”

“What about the academic side?”

“Your own education wasn’t too different from what they’re doing.”

“My math is hopelessly rusty.”

“You can claim you have dyscalculia. I’ll make sure that’s added to the profile we have to send to the school.”

“I was intending to be a psychology major if I’d been able to afford university fees and I was okay in the arts subjects,” Carson added. “I wasn’t much good in science and hated sports.”

“What else could you do?”

“I could play piano. It came so easily; my fingers seemed to know where to go without any tuition. I still can’t read music though.”

“I’m sure that will make you popular.” Joy saw him pulling a face and he pushed, gripped, and pulled at his blouse.

“I think we need to talk,” he said, still adjusting his bra.

"I guess we do," Joy sighed, wondering which way this was going to go.

"Did the doctor have a conversation with you yesterday?" Joy asked. "I think that we need to open the subject directly. It's better than letting it fester."

"You mean did she talk to me about breast implants?" Carson said. "Yes she did and I can understand why."

"But any decisions are yours. No one can force you into having your own breasts if you don't want to."

"I think we both know that if I don't, then this project is going to fail. Not only will it fail, but we'll both be to blame."

"That's not enough reason."

"Are you asking if I'd like to have breasts of my own?"

Carson seemed to speak as if he was asking the question of himself, rather than directing it at Joy. He looked through her and out of the window. He went to stand at the window with his back to her. Joy sat silently, wondering where this was leading. She could see that he was taking deep breaths as if to calm himself.

"I've been thinking hard," he said as he turned. "I've been trying to visualise what it would be like; imagining the feel of this weight in my bra as if it was part of me, rather than a bit of silicone that keeps slipping all over the place."

"And you can leave the silicone pads on the dressing table overnight."

"I'd never get away with that in a boarding school full of girls." Carson turned and looked at Joy. "Am I being silly?"

"Are you saying that you've made a decision?"

“Yes, I’m going to go ahead, if that’s possible,” Carson said. “The doctor talked about minimal scarring and quick recovery. If I don’t prevaricate, I could be recovered in time for school.”

He looked at Joy. She could see the strain on his face and a tear forming in his eye.

“For goodness sake, call the clinic now, before I change my mind,” he said, as she stood and took him in her arms.

Carson sobbed. “I’m getting emotional.” He half pulled away and then embraced her tightly too. “Do you think it’s a side effect of those hormone shots?”

“I’m scared,” Carson said as he watched the nurse inserting a cannula into the back of his hand. “I don’t think I’ve ever been this scared before.”

He was lying on a trolley in the preparation room of the clinic. It was bright and cheerful but the odour of antiseptic pervaded everything.

“It’s not too late.” Joy squeezed his other hand. “I can tell the Commissioner that it’s simply too much to ask of anyone, never mind a recruit who’s never done any undercover training.

“Let’s get it over with.” Carson’s eye flicked to the nurse who connected his wrist to a drip, inserted something into a reservoir, and opened a valve.

“Here goes nothing but my...” He was out before he could complete the sentence.

Carson was wheeled away, the double doors clicking shut as he disappeared from view.

Joy went back to the reception area. “How long before I should come back?” she asked.

“Come in later this afternoon,” she was told.

Joy went to her car and called the Commissioner on the number she'd been given for her own dedicated use.

"I'll meet you for a short walk in the country," he said.

She knew it was a code for an emergency meeting at the same place where the Bishop had first spoken to him. Joy changed into country clothes and boots, then drove slowly to the meeting. It wasn't too far away and she knew that she'd be there first.

Sure enough, she'd parked and left her car to sit at a wooden table when a rather battered van pulled in. She recognised the Bishop in the driver's seat, dressed for a country hike, but he was alone. He pulled up, nodded to her and looked around, making doubly sure that there was no one watching. He got out of the van and opened the side door where the Commissioner, also looking like a scruffy hiker, got out.

Joy waited until the two men approached her and then, together, they set off on the riverwalk. Quickly she summarised where Carson was up to in his unconventional path to becoming a pupil at Saint Modestine's school.

"Are you quite sure he's doing this voluntarily?" the Commissioner asked. "I wouldn't want him to sue the department when it's over."

"I get the impression that he's falling in love with the person we're creating." Joy surprised herself at this understanding as she said it. "Don't ask me to explain; it's only a feeling that I have."

"He's being remarkably brave," the Bishop added. "I've arranged for his admission papers to be processed. As far as anyone knows, Carson White is joining our senior class at the beginning of term."

"Don't you need a photograph for identity and passes; that kind of thing?"

"It's all prepared, there's a picture of the caretaker's dog on the forms so that we can switch them as soon as you can send us a picture."

“Won’t that make people suspect something’s wrong?”

“I really need a good picture as soon as you can get it to me,” the Bishop said.

“I’ve asked if the Bishop could send you some details about the staff and the other girls in his class,” Brad said.

“Obviously as the new girl, she’s not expected to know much about them,” Joy said. “But knowing the names of the staff that are under suspicion and the girls most likely to be in his group would be good.”

“How do you see this going?” the bishop asked.

“Clearly, there’s going to be a hiatus of a week or two. He needs time to recover from the surgery but I’m intending to take him out and about, then to send him out alone, so that he get used to being a girl in society.”

“Yes I understand.” The Bishop looked at Brad. “We hadn’t really thought that one through. He has to appear natural and comfortable before he takes the place in school.”

“I think we’ve got time,” Joy said. “He’s a quick learner and a good actor as well.”

“What do you want from us?” the Bishop asked.

Joy spoke at some length, describing what she knew about Carson’s academic strengths and weaknesses.

“I know a lot of what you’ll be teaching at Saint Modestine’s is social skills as well as academic stuff. He’s going to present as home schooled as well as abroad, so he’ll have cover for his academic failings and social awkwardness.”

“What about his parents?”

“They’re divorced, with no contact from his father apart from cheques. I’m his mother and very close and protective, so that information can flow.”

They talked through a few scenarios and likely problems, then parted. Joy got agreement for further spending and carte blanche to progress the investigation.

“He’s probably going to come round in about half an hour,” Joy was told when she returned to the clinic.

She went to his room and saw him through the window in the door. A nurse sat beside his bed. She noticed that his hands were fastened to the side of the bed and guessed it was to prevent him thrashing around or using his hands in a way that might damage his recovery.

Joy sat and waited for a while, then went into the clinic grounds. When she returned, she could tell at once that he was awake. She went into the room and saw his eyes register her presence.

“I guess it’s too late to say stop,” he croaked.

“Far too late,” Joy said.

“I feel like a truck’s run over my chest.”

“They’ll give you something for the pain.”

“Do you think they could knock me out for a couple of days too?” Carson asked. “I don’t want to lie here thinking about what I’ve done. I think I’ll handle it better when I can move around.”

“I’ll ask.” Joy nodded at the nurse and left.

Two days later, Carson was sitting in his room, reading a fashion magazine, when Joy came to collect him.

“I feel a lot better,” he told her. “It’s still sore and the colours around my nipples are frightening. I’m so grateful for this bra they gave me. It’s really supportive, if not very attractive. I can wear an ordinary one in a couple of days but I’ll have to go back to this one for the nights.”

“What did your surgeon say?”

“No heavy lifting,” Carson laughed. “As if I could. He said it should heal quickly. The swelling and bruising should clear in two weeks.”

“Does it feel strange?”

“Of course it feels strange,” Carson replied. “I don’t really know exactly how strange it feels yet.”

“I can understand that with all the swelling.”

“It’s easing more quickly than I thought it would.” Carson looked down at his chest.

“They’re not too big; a natural size.”

“The surgeon said that they’d fall into a more natural shape as they heal,” Carson replied. “The sutures are around the nipple so there’s not going to be much scarring.”

“But how do you feel?”

“Honestly, I don’t know how to sum it up.” Carson looked at her. “I cried a lot yesterday but I don’t know if that was post-operative shock, the hormones or complete confusion about who I am.”

He stood and walked to the window.

“Today, I feel really feminine. Is that wrong?” Carson turned to look at her. “I really want my breasts to heal. Then I can dress up, wear something pretty, and find out what this girl in me is really like.”

“Are you really saying that you feel like a girl?”

“Look at me. Do the duck test? If it walks like a duck and quacks like a duck, then it’s probably a duck. Does it look like a girl and have breasts like a girl? Then it must be a girl.”

“I didn’t expect it to have this effect.”

“Neither did I, but I think I’m going to like it.”

Joy watched as Carson healed fast over the next days. The days turned to a couple of weeks. He did everything Joy could have wanted him to do. His hair and makeup were second nature now and his fashion sense took off.

Schooldays approached too. Carson always dressed in his school uniform in the morning. That tight tartan skirt and white blouse made him look younger than the twenty he was or the seventeen-year-old that he was supposed to be portraying.

"I've been studying these class lists," Carson said one morning. "These girls are super privileged; no wonder some of them seem to have gone a little wild."

"Wild may be a little tame word."

"They want to kick off the traces, safe in the knowledge that there's enough money in the family coffers to keep them from harm."

"I'd guess that some of them are thrill seekers," Joy replied. "One or two have got bad ideas and think being nasty is fun. The others follow because they don't want anyone to think that they're standoffish or afraid."

"That makes sense," Carson replied. "There are the buyers though, for want of a better description."

"I think they're a bunch of older men who didn't think that they were doing any harm."

"But that's not true."

"Of course it's not true now and it wasn't true then," Joy replied. "I don't understand the mechanism but they got bolder, maybe thought there could never be any consequences..."

"Or maybe the opportunity put in front of them was too much."

"I can see that," Joy said. "When the girls were introduced to them as a group, they were pleased to be

able to talk to them and then it got to sitting on their knee.”

“Private conversations in the back room, turned into a game of ‘show me your panties’.”

“And I’ll show you what’s in mine.”

“You can hold it if you like,” Carson mimicked. “See how it likes you.”

“And before you know it, the girls are being paid more and more and doing more and more because they get paid more.”

“It’s almost circular; cause and effect, even though they’re a bunch of spoiled rich bitches,” Carson said. “I’ve looked through some of their biographies.”

“Have you had time to look at the staff details?”

“Yes and I think we can probably point the finger at some of them for being ignorant of what should be obvious. Others seem to be facilitating these meetings without realising that there’s anything untoward going on.”

“The Bishop said that the initial idea was to introduce the girls to reputable businessmen. They were supposed to be inspired by their success and work ethic.”

“And good luck with that,” Carson shrugged. “I can’t think of anything more acquisitive or manipulative than a teenage girl on the make.”

“And you’re soon to be one of them,” Joy replied.

“Don’t remind me.” Carson gave a sardonic smile. “Now I’m going to change out of this uniform and into something classy.”

“Would you give me a lift to the mall please?” Carson reappeared, an hour or so later. “I want to have a look round the shops.”



His stitches had been removed a couple of weeks before. He was moving and behaving like he'd had breasts naturally. There was no clue that he'd received them by surgery, or that he'd had a boy's flat chest before.

"I'll come with you." Joy reached for her purse, catching the scent of his perfume, lightly and headily flowery.

"Is that Flower Bomb?" she asked.

"Don't you just love it?" Carson smiled back.

She looked at Carson. He was the perfect picture of a girl on the edge of womanhood. The summer dress, tightly fitted, hugged his new breasts and showed quite a lot of the cleavage created in the scooped neckline. It was pale blue and fitted tightly on the bodice and down the hips to the thighs, where it ended dangerously short.

He had high heel shoes and now his dusty blonde hair was artfully arranged in a messy fall round his face and onto his shoulders. It was extensions but underneath his hair was growing. He clutched a matching purse and his extended fingernails matched the pale blue of the dress.

His makeup was more than simple day makeup. He was full-on, with dark eyes, finely drawn brows and lashes which flapped like butterfly wings. There was nothing subtle here.

Two hours later, and several bags heavier, they stumbled into a coffee bar.

"Thanks for all that," Carson said. "I don't know what's come over me but since I got my new shape, I can't stop wanting prettier and prettier lingerie. I love the way my breasts are cosseted."

"You're too vain."

"I am." Carson smiled and looked round. "I'd often heard it said but never believed it. The men always look at my breasts before they look at my face."

“You’ll learn that they talk to them as well,” Joy said. “I often find myself thinking that they should look at me because I’m really higher than just chest height.”

“Have you thought through what we do about school?” Carson asked. “I have to be there on Sunday week.”

“I hadn’t forgotten,” Joy replied. “Obviously, we’ll have to follow the school’s code about what you can take.”

“I’m sure the girls won’t obey it,” Carson said. “Read those paragraphs on make-up for example. It says only pale eye shadow and no false lashes. Can you believe it?”

“I’m not sure you could live without false lashes,” Joy said flippantly. “I think I’ve created a monster. What are you going to do when this investigation is concluded?”

“I daren’t think about that,” Carson replied.

“You’ll get assigned to the school’s senior dormitory,” Joy said. “You have your own room and there’s a small bathroom and dressing room included.”

“Thank goodness for that,” Carson replied. “I couldn’t get away with anything if I’d had to share a bathroom.”

“I believe that the school had shared facilities until quite recently,” Joy replied. “I remember my days in the training school. We had that too.”

“The men’s dormitories were a bit primitive but then we were all boys together. I didn’t have breasts in those days.” Carson laughed when he realised what he’d said.

“Good luck,” Joy said as she dropped Carson at the school entrance with his wheelie case.

He was dressed in jeans and heels, a tight top, with a loose black leather jacket which fell to hip length. Leather bangles clustered around his wrists, with a couple of silver ones on the left. He'd seen girls in the mall wearing the same things and decided it might be expected.

Joy hugged him. "Call me when you need to."

"I won't forget." Carson waved his mobile phone, clutched in his hand like a talisman.

Although he had several numbers programmed in; the hairdresser, nail salon, and several restaurants, all the personal numbers were routed to Joy's phone. It would never do to have only one number there when his school friends looked at the list. Several boys' names were there too but all routed carefully.

Carson followed directions through the school, along corridors and up a couple of flights of stairs, until he found his room. It was a compact room, with a lock on the door and a locking cupboard inside. It was one of a block of six with a small common room at the far end with windows overlooking the playing fields at the rear.

The floors below repeated the same pattern. Carson guessed there were forty or fifty girls there. He looked out of the window and saw the church across the quadrangle, with older dormitories, which he guessed were for the staff rather than students.

He heard voices and the clattering of cases; music began to play and shouts told him that his fellows were arriving too. He decided to be bold and ventured along the corridor, past closed doors, to the common room. He sat and waited.

He wasn't on his own for long and was happy to discover that he wasn't the only new girl.

"I'm Bailey," a dark girl introduced herself. "I don't know anyone here; we've come from the other side of the country."

"I'm Carsie." Carson decided to call himself by a more feminine version of his name. "My dad's just

been posted back here. We've been all over the place. I hope this is my last school before university."

"Me too but I'm taking a gap year to travel." Bailey said. "I want to see the elephants and tigers in Asia before I have to settle to heavy study."

Before long, the other rooms opened and soon Judy, Lizzie, Kylie, and Meredith joined them. The conversation was a babble of boys and designers, bands and shows, faraway places and grumbles about being back in this prison. Carson did his best to listen and join in without putting himself forward in any way.

The next weeks were awful for Carson as he adapted to the life of a schoolgirl. They all grumbled about their uniform, the classes, and of course, the homework time, supervised on the premises.

He tried to keep his eyes and ears open and his mouth shut as much as possible. He joined in the banter but never offered more information about himself than he had to. He chose the options which kept him away from sports.

"I really have no ball sense," he said.

This got the biggest laugh in class when he said it, suddenly realising what it could mean.

It gave him extra time for painting and he even took some dancing lessons, with the fierce matronly instructor dancing the male parts.

A pattern began to emerge as the days turned to weeks. Father John and Father Jacob were the clergy who seemed to be around them the most. Jacob watched them closely with a cold stare. Carson thought he was like an undertaker looking for people to stock his coffins.

John was far more affable, always smiling but always touchy feely around the girls. He gave the im-

pression that he was neither creepy nor predatory, but he saw everything and listened to everything.

“You’ve had your boobs done.” Bailey caught a glimpse of Carson’s chest when she came into his room one evening.

“Don’t tell anyone,” Carson hoped he was able to blush. “I didn’t develop at all.”

“You must have really understanding parents.” Bailey’s hands went under them and lifted them gently. “They feel real.”

“I’m so pleased you said that.” Carson let out an exaggerated sigh. “I worried in case some boy might think they were plastic.”

“Never,” Bailey laughed. “I think they’re lovely. Did they cost a lot?”

“I don’t know. It was all arranged for me.”

“I’d have gotten really big ones.” Bailey indicated with her hands. “Boys like that sort of thing and they can be so silly. If I had really big ones, I could get them to do anything I wanted.”

“Not all boys are that shallow.” Carson thought that he should defend his sex without being too obvious.

“There may be one or two...” Bailey smiled. “But don’t bet on it.”

“Anyway, I got what I wanted,” Carson vamped. “I wanted to be like my friends, rather than someone they’d laugh at behind my back.”

“We’re never that catty,” Bailey laughed. “Except when we get a chance. What do you think of our two holy guardians?”

“Jacob looks a bit cold but John seems to have a lot more life about him.”

“He can be fun but don’t write off Jacob, he’s difficult until you get to know him.” Bailey examined her fingernails. “They’re arranging a trip out for some of us at the weekend.”

“Am I invited?” Carson’s ears pricked up.

“Not this time. It was arranged last term and I think it’s full.”

“That’s a pity. I think I’m getting stir crazy here.”

“It can get really like that,” Bailey said. “It’s ages since I got my hair and nails done and I’m really looking forward to that.”

“You can get those things on this trip?”

“Not always, but this time we go out early in the afternoon, get ready and go somewhere else. Then we get back for lights out.”

“Where do you go?”

“I can’t tell you,” Bailey said. “I’ve already said too much. We’re sworn to secrecy.”

“Okay, I promise not to ask,” Carson said. “But can’t you give me a hint? I’m getting really bored here and I could do with some company, if you know what I mean.”

“What would your parents say if they heard you saying that?” Bailey pretended to be shocked.

“It’s my mom only,” Carson said. “She’s not the kind of strict mom you hear of.”

“So why did she send you here?”

“Father’s trust fund sent me here. We didn’t have a choice.” Carson silently congratulated herself on a bit of quick thinking.

“Look, I’ll ask,” Bailey said. “I don’t know what I can do but I promise to ask.”

“That’s really kind.” Carson hugged her as girls do.

They talked for another hour before they both went to the common room where they talked with the others for ages.

“Your mother called.” The school secretary caught up with Carson in the dining room. “She’s coming to town tomorrow and you have permission to leave the school with her for the afternoon.”

“Do I have to go in uniform?”

“Of course, you must look your best. We have the reputation of the school to consider.”

Carson’s heart sank. It was an awful uniform; so humiliating to be dressed like a twelve-year-old girl when he was adult size. He checked his thoughts again. Was it humiliating to be dressed as a girl?

“No ” he decided.

It wasn’t too bad pretending to be a girl but the uniform was ridiculous.

“What else could I do with these things on my chest?” He never tired of putting his hands under his new breasts and feeling their movement and warmth.

“Did you have to dress like that?” Joy asked when she picked him up from the school.

“It’s the rules; they’re so stupid,” Carson replied, flinging his straw boater into the back seat.

“I’m pleased to see that you’ve acquired all the petulance of a teenage girl,” Joy said as she pulled away.

“It goes with the territory.” Carson smiled at her.

“I wanted a progress report,” Joy said. “The Bishop knows you’re here as does the Commissioner but they don’t know any more.”

“I guess that’s good,” Carson replied. “The secret getting out could wreck everything.”

“So what’s happening?”

“I can’t give any concrete information yet. John and Jacob are definitely into something and one of

the girls in my dorm block has hinted at some special trips off campus.”

“Do you know where?”

“No and I dare not push for information yet,” Carson said. “Watching for a trip out, if you can, would be good. I assume it’s an evening trip but I don’t know where they go or what they do. Bailey was very guarded in what she said.”

“Bailey?”

“She seems to have adopted me,” Carson said. “She’s guessed that my breasts are implants but I think I got away with it. I told her how I felt inferior because I didn’t develop.”

“So you told her the truth?”

“It’s a part of it.” Carson saw the joke.

“Now we’re going to do a little mother and daughter shopping, then you can go back and show off whatever you want to buy,” Joy said. “We’ve got to keep this in character at all costs.”

“We get a half-day to go to town soon,” Bailey told Carson one evening. “It’s a traditional one day free of lessons granted by one of the founders of the school way back in ancient history.”

“The school’s only a hundred and twenty odd years old. It can’t have been ancient times,” Carson laughed.

“It’s ancient to me,” Bailey laughed too. “I can’t stand the history they make us learn.”

“What are we expected to do?”

“We can do anything really. There’s not much we can do to get into trouble in one afternoon. We can go into town, see a movie, shop; anything we like until eight, then we have to be back for a church service to commemorate the founders.”

“Do we have to wear this awful uniform?”

“No, it’s a free day,” Bailey almost cheered. “Makeup, heels and everything is okay but we’ve got to be back in school uniform for the church.”

“That means we have to be back well before eight.”

“Not much before eight.” Bailey winked. “Peel the eyelashes off, then a quick cleansing wipe across the face; gymslips on, flats, and we’re there, looking angelic and innocent. The light’s poor so they can never tell.”

“Can I come with you?” Carson asked.

“You can tag along of course,” Bailey said. “There’ll be some of the others with us. We thought of going to see that scary new film. I can’t remember the name but it’s got.. err,,, what’s his name and he strips off in the water.”

“Cute,” Carson said. Then he thought, “Did I really say that?”

They started off at McDonalds.

“This makes the school kitchen seem like its feeding farm animals,” someone shouted as the school-girls took over half the dining room.

“They’d never let us enjoy anything like this.”

“Maybe they’re training us to live without eating,” another said.

“Don’t spoil it.”

“I can’t eat this; there’s too much fat.”

“You want to be a stick insect, like that picture you have on your wall?”

“What’s wrong with that?”

“I’m going to be skinny until I get married, then I don’t have to care.”

“Hello, this is your divorce lawyer. Your husband said my wife’s too fat.”

Carson listened to it all, then went to the bathroom.

“You’re Carson West,” a voice said as a man took her arm. “I recognise your voice and the way you look under that makeup. What are you doing here? Why are you dressed like a schoolgirl?”

“I’m sorry,” Carson said. “You must be mistaking me for someone else.”

“No I’m not,” he said as Carson realised that he’d been in the training school at the same time as he had.

“You can’t fool me,” the man persisted. “I sat next to you for three weeks but you didn’t look this good.” He leered at Carson’s figure and stared at his chest. “Are they for real or padding?”

He held on to Carson’s arm as he spoke. Carson could see some of the girls looking at her.

“Shut up, I’m on an assignment,” he hissed. “Don’t break my cover.”

“I rather like the covering.” The man still held on until his grip was shaken off. “If you don’t want a scene, follow me to room 504 in the hotel next door.”

“Or else?”

“You don’t want to see what I’ll do.” He released her arm, staring menacingly in her eyes.

“Okay but don’t make a scene here.”

The man let go and smiled. “Be there,” he said, whilst looking for all the world as if he was apologising.

Carson went to the bathroom and sat in a stall. For the first time since this charade started, he felt threatened and afraid. This person, whose name he couldn’t remember, had caught him out and recognised him where he thought he was unrecognisable.

There were few options that he could think of. He could call Joy but there was no chance that she'd be able to get here and warn him off in time. He took a deep breath and made a decision.

Carson walked back to the girls. They'd seen the altercation and looked curious.

"An old boyfriend," he said by way of explanation. "I need to go and say a few things."

He knew that this was nothing like an explanation but he had to get out of there and settle the matter before this idiot turned 'her' cover inside out. He went to the hotel and took the elevator to the fifth floor. He paused outside room 504, then knocked.

He opened the door. "You don't remember me, but I'm Stanley, your old classmate."

"Did you graduate?" Carson asked.

"No, they threw me out. They said I had the wrong attitude toward women."

He leered at Carson and lurched in to try for a kiss. The stale smell of whiskey surrounded him.

"I wonder why?" Carson walked past him, seeing the open bottle on the bedside table.

"You didn't have those babies when I knew you." He pawed at Carson's breasts.

"You weren't such a pig back then or maybe you were and I didn't notice."

"That's going to cost you," Stanley replied.

"I don't have any money. I'm a schoolgirl, remember?"

"Oh yes, I remember." Stanley's leer got wider. "You can get on your knees and say hello to Stanley properly."

"Or else?"

“Or else I make it impossible for whatever you’re supposed to be doing. I can go and shout that the girl who picked me up has a dick.”

“You wouldn’t dare.”

“Just try me.” He poured another measure from the bottle and slurped it down.

Carson tried to push past him but he grabbed the arm again and pulled him back.

“Your choice.” He was slurring but nowhere near the point when Carson would have tried to overpower him.

Carson stood before him as he towered over, threatening and made bolder by the alcohol in his system. There was no way out without endangering all his work. He sank to his knees.

“Look up at me while you’re doing it.” Stanley put his hands on Carson’s shoulders. “I want to see that you’re enjoying it as much as I’m going to.”

Stanley loosened his belt and waited for Carson to pull his zipper down. Swallowing hard, and feeling nauseated by the smell, Carson put his hand inside and pulled out Stanley’s stiffening member.

“Do it properly.” Stanley thrust his hips forwards towards Carson’s mouth.

Reluctantly, Carson opened his lips and allowed Stanley’s smelly dick inside. He gagged as Stanley thrust forwards again and wrapped one hand behind Carson’s head. The other held his glass, which he filled again and drank.

Carson tried to switch his mind off as he did what he had to do. He sucked and rubbed his tongue on the shaft. This wasn’t pleasure, it was exploitation. It was rape but what else could he do?

He worked it, switching his mind off, sucking and feeling Stanley’s thrust hit the back of his throat. When he came, it took Carson by surprise. He gagged again and almost retched as fluid squirted into his throat again and again.

Stanley's shaft started to weaken and shrink out of his mouth. He let the fluid dribble away down his chin, his neck and to the floor. He turned and spat it away as Stanley took another big drink from his glass and stumbled back.

Carson pushed him as his balance went. Stanley fell back and lay on the floor, breathing heavily but out for the count.

Carson went to the bathroom and washed out his mouth, spitting and retching into the sink. He wiped his face and towelled his neck and clothes.

"Why is the first instinct I have is to repair my makeup?" he asked himself as his thoughts returned from panic and disgust to something more rational.

He fumbled for his purse, took out his phone and fast dialled the emergency number programmed in.

Joy answered almost at once and listened as Carson told her where he was and what had happened.

"Are you safe?" It was her first question before she took details from him.

"As long as you're sure he's out cold, stay there. I'll come and collect you. I'm not far away."

It seemed ages but in reality was only a few minutes before Joy arrived. She took one look at Stanley and quickly secured him with plastic cable ties.

"Repair your face and then we're going," she instructed.

"What about him?" Carson asked. "That was awful; I can't believe anyone could be so cruel."

"Believe it," Joy said. "I'll get someone to deal with him."

Carson took several moments to calm himself and then did as he was told.

"I can't believe that I'm doing this."

Carson looked at himself in the mirror and made sure his false lashes were secure, then calmly ap-

plied another coat of mascara, repaired his foundation, and drew his lipstick again.

“I think that’s okay.” He turned and went back to see Joy speaking to a patrolman.

“Let’s go.” Joy pulled Carson out of the room quickly. “He’ll be taken care of and learn the error of his ways.”

“Will I have to testify?”

“I doubt it,” Joy said. “I’ll draft your complaint and by the time he’s gone through the system and got a plea bargain going, this operation should be long over.”

They left the hotel and got into Joy’s car which was parked on the pavement with a patrolman standing beside it. They drove away quickly.

“Did the girls see what happened?” Joy asked.

“I think I told them it was an old boyfriend.”

“That was quick thinking.” Joy smiled across the car at him. “They’ll think you have bad taste in boys but you can live with that.”

“It may add to my notoriety,” Carson said. “I think it might help me to get in with the girls we’re targeting.”

“Can you catch up with them later this afternoon?”

“If you think I look okay,” Carson replied. “I think my hands were shaking too much as I redid my makeup.”

“I know where to go,” Joy said. “They’ll give you a quick makeover, then a comb and blow to get your hair back into place.”

“I think I got all the... stuff off my clothes.”

“I’ll get them to check that too.” Joy used her hands-free headset to arrange it.

“Where did you get to?” Bailey asked when Carson met them coming out of the Movie.

“I was closing off some unfinished business with an old boyfriend,” Carson said. “Some guys won’t take no for an answer.”

“There’s a lot there for them to understand,” Bailey laughed. “I hope you were successful.”

“So do I,” Carson replied. “It took a bit of talking to convince him though.”

“I guess that’s our free afternoon done.” Bailey looked at the time on her mobile. “We’d better get back.”

It was a tedious end to what should have been a pleasant break from lessons.

The next day and the days which followed were routine. Classes went on and Carson was careful to perform adequately most of the time. His dislike of the math classes was barely hidden and he quite enjoyed the ridicule of his classmates as he failed time after time in their tests and assignments.

He watched and listened as Bailey organised a small group into a bunch of conspirators. One evening they were dressed in their school uniforms, all prim and proper, but wore makeup for a bad girls’ night on the town.

Their skirts were hiked up as far as they could go without showing their panties as they walked. Their blouses were extra tight. And their breasts stood out. Carson wondered if they’d borrowed their blouses from a much younger class.

They didn’t have school shoes on either. They wore the highest heels, some with platforms and some with the tiniest of straps over toe and ankle; black of course. They tittered and tottered as they waited in the shadow of the main building, out of sight of both the headmistress and matron.

Jacob and John collected them in a dark blue Mazda minivan with blacked out windows.

They returned long after lights out. Carson was watching and waiting, dressed in his nightdress. He pretended to be getting something from their common room as Bailey came in.

“Did you go out?” he asked innocently, noting how her makeup was smeared and worn.

“Don’t say anything,” Bailey whispered. “You didn’t see anything either.”

Her purse dropped onto the floor. She bent to pick it up, but not before Carson saw that it had burst open and a wad of dollar bills poked out.

“If you say so.” Carson feigned a lack of understanding and pretended not to have noticed.

“We were doing a public duty.” Bailey blushed. “We were visiting an old folks club.”

“That sounds good. Can I come next time?”

“I guess you could,” Bailey said. “I’ll ask Jacob when I get the chance.”

“I thought Jacob and John ran this together?”

“They do but it’s Jacob who decides who can go.”

“This is getting tedious,” Carson confessed to Joy in one of their regular telephone calls. “I’m back in class, being expected to do homework for goodness sake. I thought I was past all this nonsense.”

“You’ll have professional exams to study for.”

“If I ever get out of here,” Carson grumbled. “Right now, I have to dress like a schoolgirl; plaid skirt and Peter Pan collars. Have you any idea how humiliating that is?”

“Maybe you’d rather a business suit with a pencil skirt and heels?”

“You know what I mean,” Carson said. “I remember those simple days of jeans and a T-shirt.”

“You’d need a good bra now.”

“I don’t know why I agreed to this,” Carson replied. “I’ve gotten used to the feel of my breasts. I remember the pain of the surgery and then getting used to them. I don’t know if I can face the pain again when I have to get rid of them.”

“Maybe you don’t... *have* to get rid of them.”

“You’re kidding, right?” Carson said.

“Maybe I am. Then again, maybe not,” Joy said. “It’s something to think about later.”

“Much later,” Carson replied. “I think I’m going to be invited to join whatever it is they’re doing next time. I’ve seen Bailey talking to Jacob and the way he looked at me seemed like he was thinking it through.”

“We know where they went last time and the time before; it’s not the same place every time. We don’t know what goes on there and we don’t know where they’re going next time.”

“I doubt I’ll be able to tell you before it happens but I may be on the next trip.”

“Do what you can.” Joy talked a little more and then ended the call.

“Do you know why I’ve called you in this morning?”

“No, Matron,” Carson answered as he stood rigidly in front of the stern woman’s desk.

“You’re getting sloppy in your uniform,” she said. “Skirts are made to be worn at a certain length, not

shortened to an indecent length. Men might be able to see up your skirt when you sit. Do you understand|?”

“But there are no men here, Matron,” Carson replied. “Only some clergymen and they don’t count, surely.”

“They’re men all the same,” Matron almost shouted. “You are here to learn modesty and dignity.”

“Yes, Matron.”

“I’ve also noted that you have been seen in class wearing a black bra.”

“Yes, Matron.”

“It’s visible through your blouse.”

“But I always keep it buttoned to the neck as the uniform rules say I should.”

“That’s not the point.” Matron stood. “Men can see your underwear. It could inflame their passions and who knows where that may lead?”

“Who indeed, Matron?”

“And I have noticed a trace of makeup around your eyes,” Matron continued. “As you well know, makeup is not permitted except on certain occasions. This was not one of those occasions.”

“I’m sure you’re mistaken, Matron.”

“I am never mistaken.” Matron pulled herself up top her commanding five foot two inches. “If you must use makeup outside school, you should make sure it’s removed before you’re on the premises. Do I make myself clear, girl?”

“Yes, Matron.”

“It’s a matter of self-discipline too.” Matron got redder in the face. “We try to form young ladies here, not common riff-raff.”

"I'm not common, Matron," Carson responded. "I'm a very uncommon girl."

"Don't be facetious. Attention to detail is important." Matron sat again. "I have to keep up standards here and I don't want to have to speak you again about your dress."

"Yes, Matron... err, no, Matron."

"You may go, girl, and mark my words."

"Yes, Matron," Carson sighed as he left the room.

"I heard a rumour that you got called in to see the Matron." Bailey came into Carson's room and closed the door behind her. "Don't mind the old bat; she means well but she's stuck in 1953."

"That recent?" Carson laughed. "I bet they didn't have makeup back then."

"If they did, then they didn't have anyone as good at it as you." Bailey blushed as she said it. "I think your makeup is amazingly good."

"It's only a matter of practise and working out what looks right and what looks wrong... but still looks right, if you know what I mean."

"That's a puzzle."

"I mean, I can look prim and proper or I can look slutty and dangerous," Carson replied. "It's fun to experiment with different looks."

"Would you help me with mine?" Bailey asked. "I'd love to have a friend to help me along."

"You're beautiful; you don't need help."

"But I do need someone to help me," Bailey insisted. "I'd love to go from being all prim and proper to looking dangerously sexy and I don't mean looking as if I've daubed on too much makeup either."



“Of course, I’ll help you. I love playing with makeup,” Carson exaggerated but he knew he was good.

“I do so want you to be my friend.” Bailey put her arms around Carson. He didn’t quite know what to do next so he put his arms around her too. Before he knew what was happening, Bailey kissed him full on the lips.

It wasn’t just a sisterly pack. It was a full-on kiss and Carson felt the hidden male in him responding. He pulled back and gently pushed her away.

“I don’t think... ”

He couldn’t say more before Bailey kissed him again, every bit as deliciously as before. Carson knew he shouldn’t but he relaxed and let her do it. Her tongue started to rub along his lips, teasing and probing. He opened his mouth a little and Bailey’s tongue was inside, twirling around his tongue.

Carson didn’t know what to do. He was too involved in the kiss to push her away. He was too aware of his own true sex not to be careful. He felt Bailey’s hand running under his breast and over his nipple. When the other hand started to work down to his thigh, he pulled back.

“I really wish you were a boy,” Bailey said. “I’m becoming obsessed with you.”

“I can’t change who I am,” Carson gasped.

“Wouldn’t it be fun though?” Bailey held onto Carson’s hand. “We could run away and have a week or a month of glorious sex.”

“It would be lovely,” Carson admitted. “But I’m not a girl like that.”

“I guess not but you fascinate me beyond words.” Bailey still held onto him. “Please say we can be best girlfriends.”

Bailey looked earnestly and longingly into Carson’s eyes.

“How could I ever refuse?” he replied to another kiss before Bailey left the room, looking happier than ever.

“Are there any more ways of getting myself into trouble?” he asked himself.

“Hi Sweets.” Bailey breezed into Carson’s room shortly before lights out. “Remember you were asking me about those trips out.”

“Those that you go on with Jacob and John?” Carson replied, accepting Bailey’s chaste kiss on both cheeks. “Is there another?”

“I’ll tell you if you promise to do my makeup,” Bailey teased. “It’s on Thursday evening and since a couple of the girls can’t come, I’ve asked if you could take one of their places.”

“What do I have to do?”

“I want really long false lashes, with deep dark and mysterious eyes,” Bailey replied.

“No, don’t be silly. What do I have to do on the trip?”

“It’s quite simple. We’re supposed to be talking to older men; businessmen and professional people, to help them bridge the generation gap.”

“That sounds interesting.”

“The school prospectus says that it helps to form a greater understanding of the world after school. It’s supposed to help our ability to interact with wider society.”

“And is it really like that?”

“What do you think?”

“I think there’s a lot you’re not telling me.”

“Promise that you won’t be shocked,” Bailey said, mysterious all of a sudden.

“I promise.” Carson sat, and thought that this was finally getting towards the things she’d been sent here to discover.

“Well, we do meet these guys,” Bailey said. “We do talk to them but sometimes we go to private rooms to continue the discussions.”

“How private is private?” Carson asked. “You’re all there together so there can’t be secrets.”

“Sometimes when one of the girls will go to a private room to explain something, it gets a little more involved, a bit personal,” Bailey said. “She usually gets well paid for telling him what she knows.”

“Are you telling me that they’re selling sex; like a common prostitute?”

“Of course not.” Bailey looked shocked. “There’s nothing common at all.”

“But they get paid?”

“It’s a fee for their professional expertise in being... well, a young person who these guys wouldn’t normally meet.”

“And these discussions continue in a private room, like one-to-one?”

“Oh, use your imagination,” Bailey laughed. “Are you in or not?”

“I’m in,” Carson replied.

“Now let’s plan my makeover,” Bailey said. “That’s much more important.”

“Can we look like twins?” Bailey asked as she sat waiting for Carson to do her makeup. “I’d love it if we could since you won’t be my girlfriend.”

“Of course, I’m your friend,” Carson sighed. “But I’m not into girls the way you’d like me to be.”

“I’m not either and I can’t understand why I’m so attracted to you.” Bailey checked her foundation in a hand mirror as Carson selected eye makeup for the next step. “There’s something so powerful about you. Don’t blame me for feeling this way. It’s your fault.”

“Let’s not get into that.” Carson rummaged in her cosmetic bag once more. “Let’s be friends and enjoy the evening.”

“Okay.” Bailey let her shoulders drop in mock disappointment. “Get on with it.”

Slowly and carefully, Carson worked, looking from eye to eye. She shadowed and shaded carefully, using progressively darker shades from eyelash to brow. Carefully checking left to right, she drew the eyebrows a little heavier and higher than Bailey had ever done it herself. Mascara and false lashes followed; really long and heavy lashes as Bailey had wanted.

“It’s time to make choices,” Carson said as she stood back. “I think your eyes are beautiful. They’re a different shape from mine and it lets me be more dramatic than I imagined when we started. Do you want your lips to be really dark red, a medium pale and interesting, or really nude so that your eyes stand out above all?”

“Can you do pale and interesting, please?” Bailey said. “You can make them darker if it doesn’t work.”

“It will work.” Carson sharpened a lip pencil for the outline. “You’ll have to shut up, no matter how hard you find it, or this liner will draw something down to your chin.”

Bailey did as she was told as Carson worked again. “I’m drawing the outline outside your lip line, then I’m going to use this lipstick.”

“I haven’t seen that one,” Bailey took advantage of a break to speak.

“It’s supposed to plump up your lips as well as adding the colour. It sometimes tingles a bit but it’s worth it. The colour isn’t too subtle but it’s not too harsh either.”

Bailey shut up again. When she started to talk, Carson put his finger to his lips in an unmistakable sign.

“Now for extra gloss.” Carson stood back after he’d done that. “How do you like that look?”

“It’s awesome.” Bailey studied the finished look. “I hope I’ll be able to do it myself next time.”

“There’s nothing subtle there.” Carson packed things away. “It’s definitely not a look for every day.”

“But it’s going to be good when I’m on the prowl.” Bailey admired herself again. “You’d fall for me if I came onto you like this.” She pouted at Carson who pulled a face back.

“You don’t give up,” he said.

“I can’t, not when you keep giving me these feelings.” Bailey looked earnestly at him. “I can’t help it; there’s something about you. Maybe it’s pheromones.”

“But I’m not a moth giving them off to attract a mate.”

“If wishes could be kisses.” Bailey pouted.

“Get dressed.” Carson laughed at her cheek. “I’ve got to get ready for my big night too.”

“I’ll come and watch you do your eyes when I’m dressed,” Bailey said. “Don’t forget; you should wear your highest heels with your smallest school uniform.”

“Why do I think there’s a little bit of fantasy fulfilment for these old guys?” Carson asked.

“Who cares if they get a bit of pleasure? They pay and we take the money and run.”

“I couldn’t run in my heels.” Carson pulled a face.

“Metaphorically, we run.” Bailey stood. “Really we get into the car and come back with whatever cash we’ve earned.”

“Cash?” Carson’s ears pricked up. “Is it always cash?”

“Sure it is; there’s nothing for anyone to trace back... not that there’s anything wrong.”

There were six girls waiting for the transport that evening. They weren’t identical by any means but they’d all got ready according to the same instructions; school uniform but with the skirts shorter and the blouses tighter than usually expected.

Without exception, they all wore really high heels; stilettos usually, with stockings and garter belt tabs sometimes showing slightly below the hem of their skirts.

Makeup was always heavy but some had skills that others didn’t seem to possess. Bailey and Carson stood out. Their makeup was precise and perfect. The others had tried; one or two had succeeded to a lesser degree. Others simply looked as if they were wearing far too much.

The car arrived and they got in. Jacob was driving with John in the front seat. Carson surreptitiously reached into his purse and switched on the voice recorder function on his mobile phone.

“Remember, girls,” Jacob instructed. “You’re representing the school. The gentlemen you’re going to meet are big supporters, so do your best to be the young ladies that I know you are.”

They pulled into “The Belvedere, ” a gated estate on the edge of town which had spread into a small community, with a few shops catering to the super rich and an exclusive country club. The car pulled round the back of the country club, outside the door to one of the suites.

“Right, girls, we’ll be back here at the usual time. Try not to be too late.” John opened the door and ushered them to the door.

Carson followed the other girls, who seemed to know exactly where to go, into the building, through the foyer, and into a larger room where groups of men and some older casually dressed girls were standing and sitting around. Food and drink was on the tables at the front and Carson watched as her companions made a bee line to the front.

They stood, as if considering what to choose. It all looked so casual, as slowly men joined them. These were the sort of men who looked uncomfortable to be other than formally dressed. Their shirts were neat and crisp, clearly fresh and ironed carefully. Chinos, equally pressed, were almost ubiquitous.

“May I offer to help you choose?” An elegant man who must have been pushing sixty appeared next to him as Carson looked over the bottles in front of him.

“That’s really kind.” Carson slipped into character. “I’ve never been here before and I don’t want to look stupid.”

“There’s no fear of that, my dear.” He smiled and moved a little closer. “I’ll show you the ropes.”

“Thanks,” Carson mumbled and feigned ignorance of what was on offer and what might be on offer.

“Try this wine.” He passed her a glass. “Take a sip and see if it’s to your taste.”

“That’s really nice.” Carson sipped, seeing his lip-stick staining the rim of the glass.

“I’ll fill your glass,” his companion offered. “Shall we stand over there and you can tell me a little about yourself. Then I can introduce you round the room.”

Carson allowed himself to be shepherded across the room to the rear corner. They chatted for a little; or rather Carson listened whilst George, her new friend, boasted about his company, his vacation homes in Florida, California and in the Caribbean.

“You’re trying to impress me,” Carson said as he accepted another glass. “You’re trying and I have to tell you, I’m really impressed.”

George positively beamed. “I have some pictures, if you’d like to see them.”

“I’d love to.” Carson was feeling a little giddy. “I’d better not have too much more of this,” he said. “It might be a bad idea.”

“Nonsense. Come and see my photographs, you can sit quietly for a while and maybe the effect will pass.”

George took Carson’s arm as they left the main room, into an elevator, followed by a short walk to George’s suite. He passed a key card across the entry and ushered him into a furnished suite. The lights were low and soft jazz was playing as they entered.

Carson was positioned at the end of a soft couch as George handed him another glass. He sipped, sensing something stronger than he’d been drinking downstairs. George came to sit nearer to him.

“I hope these are to your liking.” George spread some twenty dollar bills across the arm of the couch. “It’s wonderful to meet young people like yourself. You’re always so fresh and clean.”

“It’s my first time here,” Carson mumbled.

He was feeling the warmth of the drink pass through his lips to somewhere deeper and wondered if there was something more potent than alcohol in the glass. The room grew a little spacey and he blinked. George was talking and sitting closer but his words weren’t registering as words properly.

George started to stroke Carson’s breast over his blouse. Then Carson realised that his blouse was open and George’s hand was feeling for the breast underneath the black bra he was wearing.

He remembered that he’d chosen to make his underwear show through.

“Matron would be horrified,” flashed through his mind, as George’s hand advanced from bra to panties.

“It’s the wrong time,” Carson mumbled as he took hold of George’s hand and removed it from his crotch.

“Then there are other ways.” George’s hand shifted out of Carson’s grasp and he felt himself being turned over and the hand was cupping his behind parts.

“Please don’t,” Carson said, feeling the hand under his panties and then under the really tight garment which kept his body parts hidden, the parts which said he wasn’t a girl at all.

“What have we here?” George’s face lit up in surprise. “This is a treat.”

His hand discovered Carson’s secret.

Carson knew he should feel panic as George’s hand advanced, pulling the underwear away and the cupping of his balls and teasing his penis from its tiny state to one of arousal. He knew he should feel panic but something was dulling his reaction. Everything was in slow motion. His power to resist was non-existent right then.

Carson could sense what George was doing and he was lifted and turned so that his legs straddled the floor, while his body was over the arm of the couch. He felt something being inserted into his anus. Slowly it moved, intruding further and then something wider came, massaging its way forward and further inside.

The next sensation was of something cold at the entrance and then warming as it went inside, being massaged and pushed up his passage. He tried to tense but the muscles seemed to have failed. Warmth spread further inside.

Carson felt a new sensation as something pushed at the entrance. Through his stupor, Carson knew what it was. He heard George grunt with the effort as he pushed his now erect penis further into Carson’s raised anus.

“It hurts,” Carson tried to shout, but all that came out was a low moan of half-formed words.

“Try this.”

George held a bottle under Carson’s nose and put his hand over his mouth so that Carson was forced to inhale from the bottle. A rush of sensation ran through his body and then relaxed him. George pushed past the point of resistance.

It really did hurt; not so much an unpleasant hurt, but a detached feeling of discomfort as George pushed harder. Carson knew that his body was tensing, resisting as much as it could, regardless of whether his mind was failing to perceive the danger or was too befuddled to care.

George was grunting now and pushing in and out. Carson could feel something hitting his behind gently with each push. In his mind, he could picture George’s balls hitting him each time. The pushing turned to stillness.

Carson could feel a tension holding George still, then a pulsating sensation. Carson knew what it was and mentally shuddered. At the same time as he knew he was physically incapable of moving away, or even making a slight protest.

He heard a moaning and knew it was coming from his lips as George’s pulsations subsided. He slowly slipped out and stood back. Carson’s breathing had been sharp and fast. Now that George had moved away, Carson’s breathing returned to more relaxed intervals; deeper and surer.

Carson lay there, half on the couch, half on the floor. He could feel some discomfort from being propped over the arm of the couch and now something was dribbling down his thigh. He knew he should get up, hit out and maybe scream but there was no will to do it.

George returned and helped him to move from this strange position to sitting on the couch properly. A glass was held to his lips and Carson swallowed and the liquid crossed his tongue. It was warm and wel-

come and he drank some more. He could feel his senses slowly returning as he took the glass and held it.

"That shouldn't have happened." George sat across from him. "I'm sorry but the sight of you made me lose control."

"Boy, did you lose control," Carson said. "I'm sore; really sore. It's almost as if you were still in there."

"You mustn't tell anyone," George pleaded. "If you do, I could lose everything."

"What have I lost?" Carson replied.

"I know; it's a great deal and perhaps a great indignity."

"And the rest," Carson said, his strength returning fast. "I'm leaking and it's not comfortable."

"I'll get you something to wear inside your rather tight panties," George said. "I presume that the school knows all about your... condition."

"If you mean do they think I'm transitioning, no they don't," Carson replied, making it up as he went along. "My mother has influence and thought I'd be safer there."

"Well, I can understand that," George replied. "Of course, if you keep this as our little secret, I'll make it up to you."

"I'll think about it," Carson replied. "It's all too much to take in. What was in that drink?"

"It's a mild sedative, nothing harmful. It's probably left your system by now."

"Why use it?"

"It wasn't my idea; the others use it sometimes and one of them gave me a sample to use," George said. "The girls know why they come here and they know that they're more than well paid. If they get anxious, they know we've something to help."

"But not for cases like mine," Carson said.

“You were... you *are* one of a kind,” George replied. “I can’t think what came over me.”

“I know what came over you.”

As he left the room, George passed over a brown envelope. Carson knew what it would contain. He didn’t know how much until he counted it later.

“These guys know they have to play for their pleasure,” he thought as he tucked the money away. “I’ll probably have to hand it over as evidence but it’s a lot for a couple of hours’ discomfort.”

Discomfort. Was that all it was, he wondered later. George was probably clean but the risks were awful to consider.

Carson was quiet on the way back to school. He tried to sit and listened carefully to everything but his mind was elsewhere. Bailey took his silence and lethargy for something else as she held him tight and let him rest his head against her.

Back in his room alone, Carson removed his panties and the cloth that George had provided for him to put in there to absorb the leakage. He had the presence of mind to seal it in an evidence bag, which he signed and dated.

He switched off the recorder on his mobile too, making sure that the recording was safely saved. He backed it up to his laptop and then emailed it to himself as well.

“I dare not lose that,” he thought as he pushed the button to send it safely in to cyberspace.

His last call was a coded one to Joy, attaching the sound file. He hoped that she’d be happy when she’d listened to the recording.

“You were very quiet on the way back last night,” Bailey said as they were changing classrooms. “Are you all right?”

"I'm fine. It was all a bit of a shock being there doing that. I wasn't prepared to be... like that." He didn't know how to end the sentence.

"I was like that the first time," Bailey said. "I couldn't believe that they'd be so blatant. Was it worthwhile?"

"I got a lot of money," Carson dodged the question. "I got more than I ever dreamed of."

"I saw you disappear with George," Bailey said. "We were all jealous. He's usually kind and generous."

"Is he one of the regulars?"

"Usually he's there," Bailey replied. "I think he's some sort of math genius and made lots of money from inventing things."

"What sort of things?" Carson really needed to know who he was.

"I don't know... Stuff," Bailey replied. "It's all far too complicated for me."

The day progressed from class to class. The week progressed slowly. Day followed day, with no word from Joy. Carson was getting really worried that something had gone wrong with his last message. Finally there was a message for Carson that his mother was coming to take him out at the weekend.

"I wish my parents would come and take me out," Bailey moaned as Carson did his makeup before going to meet Joy. "I'm stuck here forever."

"I'll ask Mother if you can come next time," Carson said to cheer her up, thinking that there might not be a next time if the evidence he'd sent in proved sufficient.

"I'd love to come out of here with you, even if your mother's there," Bailey said, giving Carson a quick kiss on the lips before she waved goodbye as he closed the car door.

“It’s hitting the fan,” Joy announced when they’d pulled out of the school gates. “The Commissioner wants you to stay here until the end of term, then they’ll strike.”

“Has George been identified?” Carson asked.

“I’m not allowed to tell you anything more,” Joy said. “The Commissioner wants to keep you a secret in case you can do something useful in future.”

“Don’t I get to make a choice?” Carson asked.

“Not the way our Commissioner sees it.” Joy saw his face drop.

“I wanted to do something different when I joined,” he said. “I never wanted to be an undercover girl.”

“But this way, you’re contributing more than you could ever have dreamed of.”

“That’s as may be but you’ve forgotten about what it’s doing to me. I’ve spent so long in makeup and heels that I might be forgetting how to be me. I want to have normal relationships; instead I got to have sex with an elderly businessman and refuse one of the girls in school who’s really my type and I’d love to get inside her panties.”

“What makes you think she’d ever near you if she knew the truth?”

“I have no idea but surely you get my meaning. She seems to have a lesbian crush on me, even though she swears she’s never had those feelings before.”

“It’s a complicated web we weave when first we practice to deceive.” Joy parked in the drive outside her apartment. “Your life seems far more complicated than I imagined.”

“I think I’m going to take my chances,” Carson replied. “I’ll reveal all on the last day of term.”

“Don’t even think about revealing anything.”

“But I really like her.”

“Just don’t. Come and brief me on everything and we can consider the end of term when it comes.”

“What are you going to do after this term?” Bailey asked when they were sitting together in the common room. “I’m going back to the family business. I was hoping to follow you to University but it’s not to be.”

“Is the family business so bad?” Carson asked, removing Bailey’s hand from where it had been playing with his hair and earrings.

“We hire out plant and machinery, lease vehicles, and generally work with construction companies,” Bailey said. “I was always going to be the accountant. Daddy’s the main shareholder and he wants me to take over.”

“Could you do that?” Carson asked. “It seems really hard for a girl to be running a business like that. What about your brothers?”

“You’re a sexist pig,” Bailey laughed.

“I didn’t mean it like that.”

“I’m an only child,” Bailey replied. “Can’t you tell I always get my own way?”

“So maybe University is calling.”

“I was only going to follow you. I told you how I feel.” Bailey’s hand returned to play with Carson’s hair. “I thought the liberal atmosphere might let you have a fling with me. I’m really worth it.”

“I told you that I’m not a girl like that,” Carson replied.

“I’m beginning to wonder what kind of girl you are.” Bailey took her hand away. “I’m offering you a wonderful time with me; sex on a plate yet you’re so secretive. It’s as if you don’t want to be close to anyone.”

“It’s just the way I am,” Carson said, feeling a little bitter. “If things were different, I’d follow you anywhere.”

“Well... make them different.” Bailey couldn’t conceal her tears as she ran from the room.

“Carson, I have to congratulate you on a job so well done. Your diligence and determination has provided evidence that we could never have obtained any other way.”

The Commissioner shook Carson warmly by the hand as Joy’s smile told of her satisfaction.

“Thank you, Sir,” he replied.

He didn’t salute but rather bobbed a little curtsey as they shook hands. It wouldn’t have been right to salute, dressed as he was in a pretty pale pink summer dress, with matching heels and purse. His hair was blonder now that he was no longer restricted by the school rules and his long nails matched his dress too.

“Come and sit down.” The Commissioner indicated the sitting area at the rear of his office.

A knock at the door and an aide announced the Bishop had arrived. He came into the room in full clerical dress. Carson stood and again received full praise for his work.

“I want to go through the results of your work,” the Commissioner started. “Then his grace will tell us about the results from his side.”

“I know that we’ve detained several men.,” Carson said. “I haven’t heard about any prosecutions.”

“You haven’t and there won’t be any,” Carson’s superior replied.

“Does that mean that I went through all this for nothing?” Carson couldn’t believe his ears. “I’ve got breast implants; you know that because you’ve been

staring at them most of the time I've been here. I've been raped by a man older than my father. Have they all gotten away because they're rich?"

"They haven't gotten away with anything," the Commissioner replied. "Powers higher than me made these decisions and the balance of a great public scandal was weighed against the benefit of having these people on our side."

"I don't understand," Carson said. "They were doing wrong and they knew it."

"All the girls were over the age of consent," the Bishop said. "They knew what they were getting into and they happily took money for it."

"Does that make it right?"

"Jacob and John were the ones controlling the whole operation. They have been dealt with most severely," the Bishop continued. "I can't reveal their punishments because they have to be ratified by the church council."

"Is that all?" Carson felt something approaching despair.

"Saint Modestine's School has received some substantial endowments from some prominent men whom you may have seen," the Bishop continued. "They were mortified to hear their voices on your recording and have paid far more than if they'd gone through the courts."

"I get that," Carson said softly, the disappointment obvious to his listeners.

"You have a substantial payment coming directly to you," the Bishop continued. "George has realised the error of his ways and I think you'll be pleasantly surprised by the size of his regrets. It's yours alone. The school has no claim and neither does your employer. You'll find that you can live comfortably for a long time on that and there's a nominal job with a company car as well."

"The economic life of our community would have been so sorely disrupted if they'd been identified

publicly or prosecuted,” the Commissioner added. “In the end, the costs would have been too great.”

“I guess there’s nothing more to be said.” Carson’s disappointment was clear on his face for all to see. “I think I’m due some leave since I calculate that I’ve been on duty without a break for months.”

“I’m putting you on indefinite leave of absence, with full pay,” the Commissioner said. “I hope you’ll be able to return to duty but not before you’re ready. I realise the immense personal sacrifice you’ve had to go through.”

They sat and looked at each other for an awkward few moments. Carson broke the silence.

“If you’re waiting for me to say something about my appearance, then I’ll tell you,” he said. “I’m staying female for a while. I’d like to explore life from this side. Whatever happens, I don’t think I could stand the pain of having my breasts removed right now. I don’t want to think about it.”

“I think I can understand that,” the Bishop broke the silence from that side. “You’ve done so much.”

“Can I drop you anywhere?” Joy asked as the meeting broke up.

“My old apartment, please,” Carson replied. “I’ve had nowhere else to go since the school job ended. It’s strange to be living back there again.”

Carson closed his apartment door and sat down to contemplate his future. He had an income but no real purpose. He had a car with nowhere to go. All his old friends and colleagues had moved on and anyway, would they welcome him back?

“I’d be better dressed and better made up than their wives and girlfriends,” he thought. “Breasts can come between friends.”

He thought again. "I wonder if that could be a lyric for a song, maybe something country."

He wandered restlessly but there wasn't much room for wandering such a small space. Maybe this was the time to find somewhere better to live; somewhere out of town, away from people who might have known the old Carson. That seemed the first good idea he'd had.

The old Carson. Who even was he at this point?

Carson knew he wasn't that person any more but who *was* he now? Was he the girl he saw in the mirror? That was the girl who'd lightened her hair, loved wearing makeup and lashes; especially lashes.

He walked across to the mirror and looked critically at himself. He saw the hand rise and push his hair back. He caught a nail on a big hoop earring and had to fasten it back in place. He saw his newly manicured scarlet nails; too long to be practical but too short to be irritating and really pleasing to wear.

"I make a wonderfully attractive girl," he thought. "Maybe I'm a little too vain but do I want to be a girl anyway?"

His thoughts were interrupted by a knock at the door. Instinctively, he checked his hair in the mirror, then went to answer the knock.

"I thought I'd drop round, before you forget me." Bailey stood there, large as life and twice as beautiful as the schoolgirl he'd known.

"You like what you see?" she asked. "All those makeup lessons weren't wasted."

She was smiling as she pushed past him and into the room, waving a bottle of wine, looking so different from the schoolgirl he knew. This was a real woman and he ached for the chances with her that he'd thought had gone for ever.

He hesitated, shocked that she could find him so easily, then he remembered his manners and invited her in, even though she'd taken it for granted and pushed past him.

She sat on the couch, the only soft furnishing in the room. Carson went to sit on a hard chair beside the table but she patted the couch.

“I want you here,” she said firmly. “You’re not getting away so easily this time.”

“How did you find me?” he asked.

“I’m a rich girl, remember? That’s why I was sent to Saint Modestine’s. Money can buy all kinds of things, even the address where someone lives when they’re trying to forget you.”

“I don’t know what you mean.” Carson could feel himself colouring up under his makeup.

“It can even unlock some of the secrets that a person has been trying so hard to conceal,” she said. “That includes what’s in those panties.”

“So you know?”

“I know why I fell so hard for you and I know why I’m going to make it so damn hard for you to push me away again.” Bailey put her arm round him and pulled him closer.

“Is this what you want?” he asked.

“I want you to kiss me properly and stop pretending you don’t want to.”

“But I’m a boy with breasts,” Carson objected. “I think I’ve forgotten how to be a real boy. Look at me; I’m in a dress and makeup...”

“And I think you’re beautiful and I don’t ever want you to change.” She pulled him closer and almost forced him to kiss her.

Their lips touched and Carson recoiled as if in shock. He looked at the light shining in her eyes and this time, he kissed her. Their tongues met and suddenly they were entwined like they didn’t know what to do next or how to stop doing whatever came next.

“Won’t your parents be wondering where you are?” Carson asked a few hours later, as they lay together in his narrow bed.

"I told them I was going in search of an old school friend and not to expect me back for a few days," she replied.

"They'll hate me."

"I don't think so. They know the Bishop and the Commissioner. I'm sure they'll put in a good word for you."

"But what would they say if they saw me?" Carson asked. "I've decided to stay female. I can't go through breast removal; it would be even more painful than getting the implants in the first place."

"I rather like them." Bailey flicked her tongue over his nipple and then, noticing that he seemed to like it, she did it again, this time lingering to give a gentle suck.

She felt him rising and mounted him again, smiling down at him with a wicked grin on her face. She put her hands on his breasts, squeezed gently, then rubbed the nipples gently with her fingers.

"You can do the same to me," she said. "You don't need permission."

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