

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

THEY'RE GIRLS NOW!



**"Girls, may I present the new and improved Nancy,"
Mrs. Gunderson announced.**

"Wow! They really did a number on him!"

VOLUME 62

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THEY'RE GIRLS NOW

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**CONTEMPORARY TV
FICTION**

Volume 62

THEY'RE GIRLS NOW

By Mindy Rich

(Yeah, that one!)

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THIS STORY IS A WORK OF FICTION. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author’s imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events or persons, living or dead is entirely coincidental.

QUOTE BOARD

“There is something unexplored about being a woman that few men can explore...or something.”

THEY'RE GIRLS NOW

BOOK 2

By Mindy Rich

Chapter-12 - New Girl On Campus

Christina chatting like a magpie led Randall into the familiar exercise room where Miss Grace was waiting. Randall was paired with Nancy who whispered, "I hope you know how to slow dance." He was astonished as Nancy took his right hand and placed his other hand on his back. Miss Grace walked by, grabbed Randal's left hand, and advised, "Your left hand goes on the guy's shoulder."

Randal almost panicked. He was wearing a floppy short skirt that came to 8" above his knees, while assuming the girl's role as the dance partner of another guy also wearing a skirt, heels, and makeup. Nancy's hands felt soft like a girl's, and he smelled like a girl, even though he still sounded like a man trying to speak like a woman, and Randal was about to dance backwards and follow the lead of this feminine guy. "Another thing to unlearn when I get out of here!" he thought.

"It's been a while since I've been on this side," Nancy whispered. "I know you're freaking out right now, but do the best you can to follow my lead. Don't step on my toes."

Randal blushed as Miss Grace played a sappy love ballad. He thought he had mastered walking in high heels, but dancing backwards and following the lead of another was totally different! When he had slow danced with girls, they had held each other close and shuffled around the floor. He lost count of how many times he almost tripped and fell, while Nancy, being considerably stronger, kept him upright. Taking on the role of a gentleman, if a guy forced into skirts and heels is still a gentleman, Nancy gave Randal helpful tips as they glided about the floor.



It felt strange...ridiculous...awkward being led by another guy, also dressed to the hilt in women's clothes. I nearly tripped countless times as I tried to adjust to dancing backwards while wearing high heels.

Miss Grace and the other instructors gathered their charges at the end of the class. "Rachel Marie, your living quarters have changed. Your clothes have been moved to your new room," Miss Grace explained.

"Yippee," Christina screeched as Randal was led into his new room. "Rachel Marie is my new roommate!"

Randal was dumbstruck as he looked about the room. It was double the size as his previous room and had twin beds with lace comforters and matching vanities. He saw a double set of closet doors with floor length mirrors on one wall, a dreaded lacing bar hanging from the ceiling, and a single door to the bathroom. A small couch and coffee table at a corner of the room gave it a homey atmosphere. He looked at Christina and panicked, "They can't expect me to room with a girl!"

"This is your new room and roommate, Rachel Marie," Miss Grace announced. "It helps students accept their new lifestyle if they room with other girls. Your lessons are cancelled for today so you two can get acquainted, but they will start in earnest again tomorrow."

Randal stood riveted to the floor as Christina rushed over, grabbed both his hands, and said, "This is just too much. We'll have such fun together, Rachel Marie! I'll bet your closet is just full of scrumptious clothes!"

Randal was amazed when Christina opened a closet, and he saw dozens of dresses, skirts, blouses, and sweaters hanging within. Four matching schoolgirl uniforms like he was wearing were at one end. Several very dressy outfits like a girl would wear to a special occasion troubled him the most. On the floor was a neat row of two-dozen pairs of girl's shoes in varying styles, colors, and heel height.

Christina excitedly gushed, "Let's get you out of that skirt and blouse and into a pretty dress!"

Like a zombie, Randal tensed as Christina undid the buttons of his blouse, and he asked, "Christina, you expect me to undress in front of you? I am a guy!"

"Phooey! You're no guy! I'm not blind. If you can convince me that you don't look like a girl, act as a girl, and sound like a girl, I'll stop, but not before. You're not only a girl, you're the prettiest girl in the Academy, and you can't convince me otherwise!" Christina scoffed as she finished unbuttoning his blouse. Trembling, he slowly removed his arms from the blouse. Christina undid the button at the back of his skirt, pulled down the zipper, and allowed it to fall to the floor. Standing before her in his soft nylon slip, he was about to be nearly naked in front of a girl who used to be a boy.

"Let me help you out of that slip so you don't ruin your adorable hairdo," Christina gushed as Randal tried to hide his breasts by placing his hands at the bodice of his slip. "I'm sorry, Rachel Marie. I got carried away in my excitement at having you as my roommate, but there's no reason to be ashamed or self-conscious."

"I still find it hard to believe that you or any of the others were guys. I didn't expect to have a roommate. I thought I would return to my old room."

Christina smiled, "Lisa was my last roommate. We used to parade around the room dressed or undressed without a thought, and you know what's to happen to him. As roommates, we'll get used to seeing each other naked, so don't be ashamed. There are eight of us, all peas in the same pod. Our hopes and dreams are different, but we still help each other. So what do you want to wear from that yummy closet?"

Randal scanned the neatly hung girl's clothes before admitting, "I don't know. I've never done this. They always showed up in the morning with whatever I was to wear."

"I'll choose for you this time," Christina enthused. Removing a yellow sundress, she gushed, "This is yummy!"

As Randal pulled the yellow dress over his head, he wondered why the school supplied him with so many dresses. He soon wore the simple yellow dress with a wide collar that almost exposed his bra straps. He was alarmed that it was cut low to expose a hint of his girlish breasts, and that the hem barely made it to mid-thigh. He didn't want to admit how

exposed he felt in this dress as Christina helped him replace his pumps with white opened-toed high-heel sandals. "At least, none of the others will see me in this dress," he thought.

"I'll bet that dress is more comfy than the skirt and blouse," Christina said, as she looked him over with a critical eye. "I still can't believe you are twenty years old."

Randal became nervous when Christina's instructor, Ms. Beth Kelly, fetched them for lunch. He asked Christina to help him change out of his short low cut dress. She refused, saying his outfit was sweet and precious. Soon he was sitting at lunch with the others, and he was so embarrassed to expose so much *skin*.

Lunch included remarks like, "I told you he wasn't wearing pads, although they haven't grown as large as ours."

"I thought he was a spy. Gunderson is always looking for an excuse to make us more girlish," Nancy said.

"You should see his closet!" Christina gushed. "It's full of the cutest outfits you ever saw! Maybe we can have a slumber party with Rachel Marie putting on a mini fashion show!"

That night at dinner, Randal wore a shell, a simple white sleeveless silk blouse that showed his bra and slip and a straight navy skirt that fell to the top of his knees. Christina informed him that they were expected to change clothes three times a day, one outfit for morning, another for midday, and a third for evening. She encouraged him to experiment with different looks and not waste the cute outfits in his closet.

As Randal sat before his vanity in his bra and half-slip rolling his hair one evening, Christina asked, "Would you do my hair in the morning?"

"Gee, Christina, I've never done anyone else's hair," he waffled. "I might destroy your *look*. Are you sure you want to take that chance?"

"Yes, sweetie," Christina giggled as she waved her hands about while waiting for her nail polish to dry. "All the girls

help each other with their hair. It's lots of fun, and it passes the time. You get bored silly when you think around here."

Even though she was a redhead, Christina was beginning to sound like an airhead blonde, so Randal replied, "Ms. Paula says I need practice doing a French Braid. I never seem to get it right, but I'll give it a try if that's what you want."

"Oh goody! I think you're better with hair than you let on. Your rollers are always straighter and neater than mine, and I've been a girl a *lot* longer than you!"

The following morning, as Christina exited the bathroom with one towel wrapped around her girlish body and another around her wet hair, Randal felt an ache under his cover. The towel barely covered the top of her large breasts. He couldn't believe they would allow him to be so close to such a feminine creature that moved with such grace and pose.

He gave Christina a French braid after she dressed in a soft white sweater and a simple red and green plaid jumper. This was a freaky experience. He had run his fingers through Susan's hair, but now he was styling another girl's long, thick hair. At first, he was very tentative, almost scared, but by the time he finished the intricate braid, he was smiling as he fluffed and separated Christina's bangs high on her forehead.

"Oh, Rachel Marie, you are the best! Wait till the others see what you did," Christina exclaimed as she looked in the mirror.

Christina's words of gratitude gave Randal a feeling of accomplishment that he hadn't felt for a long time. As she gave him a hug of thanks, he wondered if it was two guys or two girls whose breasts pressed against each other. As she firmly wrapped her arms around him, he enjoyed the hug more than a handshake, the normal male gesture of thanks.

Randal wondered what his girlfriend, Susan, would say if he offered to style her hair. He quickly dismissed it, although he thought it would be erotic. How could he explain to her how he learned to transform hair into such intricate styles?

At breakfast, Lisa gushed, "Christina, darling, I see you finally mastered that French braid. Can you give me a few pointers? I can't ever get it right."

"I wish I could, but Rachel Marie did it for me," Christina replied with a big smile. "He is quite talented with hair. Look at his perfect ponytail and the way it flips up at the end. You should see how quickly and neatly he rolls his hair. You might want to ask him to do your hair like he did mine!"

The next morning, Randal did Christina's hair, and Nancy slyly asked for his help on Wednesday. Thursday, he had his biggest challenge with Lisa's long blonde hair. True to form, when he completed each *girl's* hair, they embraced him with a hug.

Saturday morning at breakfast, Randal noticed that Nancy was missing. "Is Nancy ill?" he asked.

The other six students looked surreptitiously at each other before Christina ventured, "You don't know about Nancy? He was taken away during the night. We thought maybe you were responsible. None of us know where they took him."

"I bet they are giving him a Christina makeover," Lisa grumbled. "Why else would they take him?" Randal adamantly denied knowing where Nancy was taken. He couldn't tell if the others believed him, but the subject was quickly and quietly dropped.

As the weeks progressed, Randal spent his mornings learning to dance backwards like a girl, and his afternoons with walking, sitting, curtsying, and speech lessons. Evenings, the *girls* would read women's fashion magazines and little pink fantasy books by Sandy Thomas about boys changed into girls similar to what was happening to them.

Lisa always complained that they should be allowed to wear pants. He bemoaned that outside the academy walls, girls and women their age rarely wore skirts or dresses. "Why can't we at least wear girl's slacks or shorts during our leisure time?" he sadly lamented.

Randal used the time to slowly gain the other's confidence, and finally he was partially accepted as one of the girls. Once he was fascinated by a pink dress with a low cut bodice and flowing lower section supported by petticoats. He wondered if it would look cute on him. "Have I slipped that much into a girl's world?" he mused while wondering what hairstyle would look best with it.

Three weeks after being spirited away, Nancy appeared again at breakfast, his face heavily bandaged. "What happened?" "Where have you been?" "What did they do to you?" "Did they do the dastardly deed?" Everyone bombarded him with questions.

Obviously weak, Nancy whispered, "T...they did surgery to my..." then he broke into tears.

"They didn't..." Lisa gasped.

"No, not that, but just about everything else. My face hurts everywhere, my waist hurts, my breasts are huge, and my...my voice..." Nancy couldn't continue.

Saturday nights were dress-up at the Gunderson Academy! "Rachel Marie, you have been examining those dresses at the far end of your closet for the past half hour," Christina teased. "What's wrong? Can't decide what to wear?"

"It's not that, Christina," he sighed. "They are all so low cut. I'm not comfortable exposing so much flesh."

"That flesh is called breasts, and all girls have them," Christina teased. "Anyway, I think you would look lovely in that lavender silk dress if you wore a petticoat to support its wide hem. You have been so helpful with everyone's hair this week; let me return the favor by helping you dress."

"Sometimes I feel like your live doll, the way you fawn over me," Randal giggled.

"Well, you are a doll the way you look and act at times," Christina winked. "You are the luckiest person in the world to truly look like a girl. I plan to ask Mrs. Gunderson and my parents if I can have the same treatment you received."



"Girls, may I present the new and improved Nancy," Mrs. Gunderson announced. Everyone stared in wonder at the lovely vision of femininity that delicately traipsed into the room wearing a long, slinky gown. "Wow! They really did a number on him," Randal thought.

That night was the happiest Randal had experienced since coming to the Gunderson Academy. He wore the low cut mint green dress with its silk bodice taffeta skirt and a bustier waist covered with flowers. He seemed so alive. The feeling of his dress and hairstyle, and the gushing compliments of the others gave him an ecstatic feeling!

Tiffany wasn't required to do kitchen duty, so he joined the others while the staff prepared and served dinner. However, Tiffany's wild attire made Randal wonder if he would have been happier wearing one of his plain serving uniforms. His platinum blonde hair was piled high on his head in massive barrel curls. His heavy makeup included the most outrageous long false eyelashes imaginable. It was like watching butterfly wings fluttering whenever he blinked.

Tiffany's top was a bright yellow silk that was cut so low that his large breasts would pop out and be totally exposed if he coughed. His tight matching skirt with no vent in the back came to mid-calf and forced him to take short mincing steps and wiggle his plump rear wildly from side to side when he walked in his black patent pumps with five-inch pencil thin heels. Randal had to bite his tongue to keep from laughing when Tiffany said he was glad to be out of his yucky uniforms and in a stylish gown. In this get up, he looked like a street hooker.

Everybody was seated for dinner when Nancy made an entrance, and everyone let out a gasp. Nancy floated into the room wearing a full length, figure hugging light blue gown that exposed his full womanly figure. His tiny waist, resulting from removal of a rib, smoothly flowed to voluptuous hips that perfectly filled his dress.

His makeup was perfect and his hair lightly touched his shoulders. He walked quite easily on four-inch stilt heels; his dress parting with each step to reveal long lovely legs sheathed in high top nylon stockings.

"*Girls*," Mrs. Gunderson announced, "May I present the new and improved Nancy. Nancy, take your seat with the other girls."

The students stared as Nancy took his assigned seat. His womanly figure impressed them, but the obvious results from the extensive facial surgery had them tongue-tied. For the first time ever, Nancy was *gorgeous!* Gone were the harsh facial lines, heavy chin, narrow eyes, and shallow cheeks. In their place was a petite, feminine face with a delicate chin, wide expansive eyes, smooth cheeks, and full kissable red lips. He flushed at the awe filled stares directed his way.

"Hello, *girls*," Nancy sighed in a conspicuous female voice. His prior obvious Adam's apple was missing, and his voice was soft and seductive. Lowering his eyes, he trilled, "I look awful, don't I?"

"Uh...no, Nancy, you look gorgeous!" Christina gasped. "You look like a lovely woman. You sound more feminine than my mother."

Nancy lowered his eyes and blushed deeper at Christina's comment. "It's awful! How can I return to being a man when I leave this place after everything they did to me? Why did they do it? Who ordered and authorized it?" Tiny tears appeared at the corners of each eye, which he delicately dabbed away with a table napkin before they could damage his pristine makeup.

After dinner, the *girls* were ushered to the exercise room for a dance. The staff took the male role, and Randal found himself in Miss Grace's arms. He expected her to make taunting comments, but instead she heaped praise on him for helping the other girls with their hair. Before the night was over, Christina, then Judith guided him about the floor. He chuckled when he overheard Lisa and Roxanne arguing over who would take the male lead as they tried to dance together. Finally, they gave up and stopped in frustration.

That night, an exhausted yet happy Randal fell asleep in a long yellow nylon nightgown and matching panties. He felt he could trust Christina implicitly as she had no axe to grind. There was hope that he could become more than Randal in name when he left this place. It might take a while to get back to normal, but he was confident he could pull it off.

Monday brought a change in schedule. Randal's normal morning hair appointment was shifted to the afternoon to avoid interference with his dance lessons. Instead of going alone to see Ms. Paula, he walked hand in hand with Christina like true girlfriends. Christina was excited to be going to the hairdresser with him.

"Good afternoon, my lovely girls," Ms. Paula chuckled. My darling, Rachel Marie! I hear you are thinking of opening a salon in your room. Do I have a competitor on campus?"

"I'm sorry, Ms. Paula," Randal said as he blushed.

"Oh pooh, Rachel Marie, I was just kidding. Go right ahead with what you have been doing. You have sparked an interest in the girls to make sure their hair is more attractive, and that is indeed commendable. Why, Nancy was here yesterday asking to be put on the hair growth shampoo and pills. Since his surgery, he can't wait until his hair grows a bit longer so you can give him a French braid in his dark tresses."

"Ms. Paula, I have a special request," Christina gushed looking shyly downward. "Can you can give me the same hairstyle Rachel Marie wore the day he joined us?"

"The layered look?" Ms. Paula asked.

"Yes," Christina replied nervously shuffling her feet.

"And you, Rachel Marie, what can I do for you today?"

"I want a simple trim to my bangs and a high ponytail," Randal said. "Can you squeeze me in Saturday afternoon? I want something special for the dinner and dance."

"I think Rachel Marie has a hot date for Saturday night!" Christina gushed.

Before Randal could reply, Ms. Paula instructed, "Watch and learn while I do Christina's, so you can repeat it on the others if they like."

Randal paid very close attention as Ms Paula carefully sectioned Christina's damp hair after a quick shampoo. He was amazed how quickly her fingers neatly sectioned her hair

and layered it. He was surprised at how easy creating this complicated style seemed to be. When she finished, he was certain he could do it almost as neatly.

With his bangs trimmed and a high bouncy ponytail tied off with a feminine ribbon, he and Christina walked hand in hand back to their room. "What are you planning to have Ms. Paula do Saturday?" Christina asked.

"I'm not actually sure, but I've been looking at hairstyle magazines to get ideas. Whatever it is, it will be a surprise," Randal replied with a sly smile.

Randal was wearing a red jumper style dress with a straight mid-thigh length skirt over a white satin blouse with long billowing sleeves and red three-inch pumps when Christina exited the bathroom in her panties and bra. When they first became roommates, he ogled at her developing feminine body when she paraded about topless or in her sexy undies, but now he only gave her a cursory glance.

"Have you decided on your hairstyle for the evening?" Christina asked when she saw him busily going over hairstyle magazines one last time before his appointment with Ms. Paula.

"Sort of," he blushed as he looked up and saw her ripe breasts spilling out of her bra. Feeling a stirring in his locked away manhood, he sighed in desire and frustration, "I have the choice narrowed down considerably." Glancing over his magazine when she thought he wasn't looking, he wondered, "Will I remember how to act like a guy when the time comes to undo all the horrible things those bitches have done to me? If I can, who will be the critical eye that corrects my mistakes like Miss Grace does when I make the slightest error in my girlish actions?"

"Oh my!" was all Ms. Paula said when Randal showed her the hairstyle he wanted. After she recovered from her initial shock, she said, "You want to look older. It's a good thing Tiffany has the flu. There wouldn't be enough time to do you

both. Okay, if this is really what you want, I can add a few touches and accessories to complete your look. Let's get started!"

"I brought my dress, heels and undies because I don't want the others to see me in advance tonight," he blushed. "Will you please help me dress and do my makeup when you finish with my hair?"

"Of course, Darling!" Ms. Paula gushed. "I would be happy to help you look elegant and sophisticated so you can make the other girls green with envy."

Later when Randal made his way to the dining room, even *he* could hardly believe he had asked Ms. Paula to create such an elaborate hairstyle. Neither could he believe the sexy dress he had chosen. It was a gold floor length satin evening gown that molded to his figure and moved erotically with him. A push-up bra, with padding underneath, caused his B-cup breasts to almost spill from their tight confines. Ms. Paula said he looked as though he was a C-cup. The dress was designed to hold his B's, and he vowed to be especially careful to prevent an *accident*.

The skirt was tapered to the hem and restricted his stride to about fifteen inches. That did not bother him because he couldn't step much farther in his gold open-toed evening pumps that featured four-inch stiletto heels. They were the tiniest and highest heels he had ever worn.

His exposed toenails were polished deep red instead of his normal teen pink. Ms. Paula had glued long false fingernails adorned with the same red color. He was used to using his normal quarter inch nails, but his hands were virtually useless with these long extensions. His makeup was heavy to compliment his *look*. His painted lips were full, wet, and red to match his nails. His blush accented his cheekbones to appear high and pronounced, and his brows were penciled in to accent his red hair and give him an alluring flamboyance.

Ms. Paula used several shades of blue eyeshadow and long false eyelashes to give his eyes a mysterious flair, but most remarkable was his hair! His shoulder length auburn tresses

were piled high atop his head in large barrel curls. Exceedingly long faux diamond chandelier earrings dangling from the lower holes of his pierced ears brushed the top of his bare shoulders and made a slight clicking noise as the stones collided. The upper holes contained large faux diamond studs.

Nearly swooning with sexual excitement when he got his first glimpse of his image in the mirror, he smiled deviously and thought, 'what the hell! I'm stuck in dresses, so I may as well have some fun!'

Loud gasps greeted him upon entering the dining room followed by dead silence as the others took in his look with awe. They couldn't help noticing how he sparkled. Maybe it was the wide choker adorned in matching false stones around his slender neck. Maybe it was the choker's several strands of stones that extended down into the exposed girlish valley on his chest. Perhaps it was Ms. Paula's last added touch where she had lightly sprinkled his hair with gold glitter. Holding firmly onto a gold clutch purse with his hands above his waist and pressed firmly against his stomach, he put as much wiggle in his walk as possible as he joined them.

After a prolonged silence, Lisa held his fingernails out like claws and grimaced, "I feel like scratching your eyes out, Rachel Marie! My genitals have been locked behind this damn patch for over ten months, and I'm horny as a twenty-year-old stag! If having to wear these sexy clothes weren't bad enough, you have to come here looking like a sex kitten!"

Hamming it up for the group, Randal flipped his hand at Lisa and said, "But darling, this is just something I threw together on a whim!"

Christina gasped, "You must have planned this for some time. I thought you didn't like these aspects of your girlishness and wanted to return to being a guy."

"It's a good thing Tiffany is sick," Lisa sighed. "He gets a thrill out of being the most glamorous *girl* at our formal dinners and dances, but in your first effort, you surpassed anything he ever achieved!"

Randal drew on his speech lessons and giggled, "I got the idea when I saw Tiffany in his delicious outfit last week. You must admit he looked rather elegant. If you explored those scrumptious fashion magazines and hairstyling books, I bet even you could make a delightful appearance next Saturday!"

As Randal scanned the table for further reaction, he was amazed that Christina had pulled back from the table with her arms folded under her breasts. By her scowl, he knew she wasn't happy with his grand entrance. The kitchen doors swung open to reveal the instructors with the evening meal. When Miss Grace saw Randal, she screeched, "My Gawd, Rachel Marie! Look at you!"

Randal, feeling confident, calmly replied, "Don't you just love my gown and my new hairstyle? They make me feel so elegant, so *feminine!*"

Miss Grace placed her hand on the paddle hanging from her belt and asked Ms. Paula, "How did you do this? Do you know how many times I thought I was going to break my paddle over his cute fanny when he refused to wear his pretty dresses and silky undies? I know girls like to play dress up and pretend to be older, but you have a real boy doing that!"

"Don't worry, come Monday morning, our coquettish Rachel Marie will be sweet sixteen and in his schoolgirl uniform again," Ms Paula smiled.

Later, Randal wished he had worn shorter heels, as he was asked to dance every tune. The only breaks were when Miss Grace snapped photo after photo of him playing to the camera in one feminine pose after another in his shimmering floor length gown.

Later, a totally exhausted Randal was back in his room with Christina still giving him the cold shoulder. Instead of undressing in the common area as she normally did, she went to the bathroom and shut the door.

Randal took this time to view himself in his full-length mirror. As he turned, he grimaced in frustration that he could

get no sexual release from the beautiful creature standing before him. He rubbed his thighs together to get his concealed member to do something, *anything*, to relieve his passion, but his efforts were to no avail. Finally, he removed his gown, washed the exotic makeup from his face, pulled on a long shimmering Kelly green nightgown, and placed a net over his elegant hairdo. Without so much as a good night from Christina, he tossed and turned all night with a head full of pins, curlers, and troubling thoughts.

At breakfast on Monday, Randal was back in his schoolgirl skirt with his hair in twin angel wings. Most of the *girls* provided their normal chitchat, but Christina remained withdrawn and detached.

Nancy was dressed to the hilt with full makeup, short figure hugging dress, and his normal high heels, yet he seemed withdrawn. When asked the problem, he said, "Mrs. Gunderson told me why I had the surgeries and why I have to wear these ridiculous seductive clothes. She said my wife accused me of planning to divorce her to marry a trophy wife. I never planned any such thing, but now, she has left instructions for me to be turned into the image of that trophy wife! Why would she say and do such hateful things to me?"

"Don't believe everything Mrs. Gunderson tells you," Randal piped in. "She said I was accused of attempted rape of my girlfriend, but I never did any such thing! I've learned that these people make things up to gain their own ends."

"No matter," Nancy moaned. "From now on, I will be trained to become perfect trophy wife material. My figure, looks, and attitude are being modified so I will be seductive '*arm candy*' to some successful businessman. I don't want to be some guy's trophy wife who wears stylish dresses and sexy feminine undies! I want my old life and my manhood back!"

"Don't we all!" Lisa quipped. "I have to marry Ron and dress like a fashion model and dote on him in public so people won't suspect him of being gay. That's just as bad!"

"Maybe so, but why would my wife do this to me?" Nancy lamented. "Sure, I looked at the pretty girls, but that's as far as it ever went. I was a loyal husband."

"Perhaps she was the disloyal one," Lisa mused. "You said she and the Judge were giggling like teenagers in the kitchen when you lost consciousness, didn't you?"

"Do you think she...she?"

"One never knows, but since I've been here, I've learned to question *everything!*"

After breakfast, Miss Grace presented Randal with a sappy romance novel like the others read and instructed him to write a book report on it. Not a typical book report, mind you, but one to tell how he felt about the heroine and about how she dealt with the men in her life. He was told to write on what she should do to find true love and total happiness. He assumed Christina was required to do the same, as they both sat in silence, reading their books.

After almost an hour of silence, Randal could take it no longer and said, "I am truly sorry, Christina, if what I did upset you. I want my girlfriend back, but you must understand why I did it."

"Oh, I understand completely! The story you cooked up about why you are here is complete rubbish! You are probably planted by Mrs. Gunderson to get what she wants. You could be a real girl with a false cover glued over her female parts to make us think you're a guy. First, you help us with our hair and have everyone concerned about how we look, and then you show up looking like the Belle of the Ball. Lisa spent hours last night going through fashion and hair magazines trying to come up with a plan to out do you next Saturday."

"Do you realize how you have changed in just two weeks? When you showed up, you were this innocent shy girl. Last night you were an overconfident sexpot! You might have fooled the others, but you can't fool me!"

"If I could get this cover off, I would prove I'm really a guy. Open this locket, and take a good look at the picture inside. Look at the facial features, and then look closely at me. That's my high school graduation picture from two years ago."

"It *is* you!" Christina gasped in disbelief.

"From the minute you laid eyes on me, you got sucked into becoming just like me. Before I showed up, I'll bet the idea of becoming smaller and more petite never crossed your mind. You wished you were, but you are who you are. When and where will it end?"

As Randal finished, he noticed tears starting to trickle down Christina's cheeks, as she sobbed, "Who the hell are you, and why are you doing this to me?"

"It's not me," he insisted. "Lisa pointed out that this place manipulates people. Do you think I knew I would be forced to look like a sixteen-year old girl when I volunteered for this assignment? Did you think it was possible for you to become a real girl before you heard of this place?"

"No, but if it is possible, I want more than anything to erase as much of my life that was wrong so I can do it over right!" Christina sniffed. "By the way, when do you plan to start this investigation of yours?"

"If I find documents incriminating this place, do you want me to hide them in this room? Think what Mrs. Gunderson would do to me, and possibly you, if they were found. Give me time, and I will get what I need!"

"Oh, Rachel Marie," Christina sobbed as she gave him a hug and a kiss in the cheek. "Please forgive me for doubting you."

"There's nothing to forgive," Randal assured her as he returned her hug and kiss.

Later, Christina visited with her parents, and while she was gone, Randal mulled things over. To complete his investigation, he needed the name of the doctor who performed the surgery. Sure, he got a thrill out of wearing

girl's clothes, but the concept of becoming a real girl like Christina, was too scary to consider.

When Randal awoke the next morning, he was surprised to see Christina's bed empty. Was she having the decalcification process performed? He wondered what she would look like when he next saw her. He wondered what the others would say at breakfast when he told them the news. His thoughts were broken when his door opened and Miss Grace entered. "Almost ready?" she asked.

Checking his hair and makeup in the mirror, Randal added a touch of lipstick and said, "I just have to grab my purse."

As they left the room, Miss Grace put a firm hand on his shoulder and pointed him not towards the dining area, but towards the main office, saying, "This way, dear!"

"What's going on, Miss Grace? Why aren't I going to breakfast? Oh, please don't tell me Mrs. Gunderson is angry over the way I was dressed Saturday night!"

"No, Mrs. Gunderson was quite pleased by the way you dressed. Several of the girls have already made appointments with Ms. Paula for next Saturday afternoon. She wants you to meet a Doctor Delilah Samson this morning."

'Doctor Delilah Samson!' Bells went off in his head. That's the doctor Nancy mentioned that does the surgery to make guys totally into girls! The only reason Miss Grace could be taking me to see this Doctor is...! Oh, no! Randal pondered. Breaking loose from Miss Grace's grip, he ran as fast as his slender legs would carry him toward the front door of the Academy. Expecting it to be locked, he never felt so much relief as when it opened and allowed him to run outside.

Since he hadn't been in the sunlight for months, he squinted from the brightness and heard Miss Grace yelling from behind him, "Rachel Marie, stop. Come back here this instant!"



"Please Mr., help me. I'm a guy like you being changed into a girl against my will," Randal gasped at a nearby construction worker.

"You have such an imagination, Rachel Marie," Miss Grace laughed. "You are hardly a man!" The workers laughed in agreement

As he ran over the dew soaked lawn, his heels sank into the soft earth. When he kicked off his heels, he saw Miss Grace, not running, but walking after him. Quickly turning to run, he felt the moisture squish between his nylon clad toes. He spied the high fence that surrounded the Gunderson Academy and saw the sharp barbs of the zip wire sparkle in the morning sun. He didn't realize that running less than a hundred yards would leave him totally winded, but his lungs ached, and he was gasping for air.

Reaching the gate, he grabbed the iron rods and shook them with the little strength he could muster. When they didn't budge, he screamed, "No! No! No!" He heard a siren to signal the staff that a student was trying to escape. Turning in panic and seeing Miss Grace drawing nearer, he ran along the fence perimeter. Frantically searching for a way past the high fence and over the zip wire, he hoped he had chosen the right direction. The thought that he could end up a real girl forced him to keep moving. Even though he was totally winded, he struggled onward. He begged his small body to keep moving as he tripped and fell, smudging grass stains all over his schoolgirl uniform.

In the distance he saw workers at a construction site, and near total exhaustion, he spied an elderly worker walking his way. He desperately hoped he could reach the man before Miss Grace caught up to him. Despite falling twice, he finally managed a burst of energy and literally leapt into the man's arms just as she closed in.

Breathless and gasping for air, Randal screamed with tears running down his cheeks, "Help me, Mister. Please help me! Don't let her take me back. There is an evil doctor who is going to do terrible things to me!"

"Whoa, young lady. Calm down. Nobody is going to hurt you!" the man said.

Randal could hear Miss Grace say, "Thank you, sir. I don't know what got into Rachel Marie to cause this unfortunate event. I'll take her back now."

Randal tightly hugged the man around his thick chest and pleaded, "Mister, please don't make me go with her! I'm a guy! They are making me dress like a girl in that horrible place, and now a terrible doctor is going to cut my willie off and turn me into a real girl! Please don't let her take me back there. It's true! Please believe me, and take me away from here! Please!"

"That's quite a tale, young lady, but no guy ever ran in such an uncoordinated manner with his arms and wrists flopping wildly about. Nobody is going to hurt you," the man soothed. "Now, go along with your teacher like a good girl."

Taking Randal's wrist in a firm grip, Miss Grace smiled, "Thank you, sir. I'm Rachel Marie's instructor. I was escorting her to meet the dentist and she just bolted."

"Please, Mister!" Randal pleaded with mascara-laden tears flowing down his cheeks, destroying his already ruined makeup. "You don't know what those horrible people are doing to me! Please get me away from them!"

"Lots of kids are afraid of the dentist," the man smiled. "Don't worry, sweetheart. I'm sure he'll be gentle with you."

"Let's go, Rachel Marie," Miss Grace smiled with that look that Randal knew well! "You heard what the nice man said."

"Please, Mister!" a very scared and nervous Randal pleaded one final time as the determined Miss Grace roughly pulled him toward the Academy. "I'm not lying!"

"Rachel Marie!" Miss Grace scolded under her breath. "Unless you want the nice man to see you spanked on your pretty panties, you'll come along like a good girl." When they were out of earshot from the smiling man, Miss she added, "No one has ever escaped from the Gunderson Academy. Many have tried, but you are the first to get this far. Also, I want to compliment you on is your actions this morning."

Looking up into Miss Grace's strange smile, wondering what he did during his attempted escape that would draw praise, Randal asked, "How so, Ma'am?"

"Like the man said, you ran with your elbows close to your sides and your hands and arms flopping about in a most uncoordinated fashion, exactly as you were trained." Randal sighed in defeat at Miss Grace's reminder. "Rachel Marie, do you remember Mrs. Gunderson saying that you would be severely punished if you tried to run away?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Randal sniffed, shaking in fear at the horrible things Mrs. Gunderson would do to him for trying to escape!"

Chapter-13, Suspended

After the most severe spanking Miss Grace had ever given him, Randal was locked in a room wearing nothing but a completely closed corset and a scratchy cotton nightshirt. The room was barren except for a cot, a toilet, and a sink. He was told that he would be there for a week as initial punishment for his escape attempt, and this penalty time didn't count against his six-month sentence. Also, his training was suspended until he was released. Other than meals, he would receive nothing nor talk with anyone. Although they supplied him with a toothbrush, they didn't give him a comb, brush, or makeup.

Within hours, Randal was bored silly. As much as he hated needlepoint, knitting, and that sappy romance novel, they would have helped pass the time. By the end of the first day, he was climbing the walls and longed for something to wear other than his rough cotton nightshirt. He hadn't worn male clothes in months, and it bothered him that he longed to return to the cool feel of silk, satin, nylon and lace. He ran his fingers through his ghastly tangled hair. His bangs had grown impossibly long since their last trim. Even eating became difficult since he had to use one hand to hold his bangs out of his eyes.

At long last, the seven days passed, and Miss Grace entered his room with a small bundle of clothes. "Get dressed, Rachel Marie!" she sternly announced. "We have an appointment with Ms. Paula, and then, you go to see Ms.

Gunderson where you will be told the consequences of your escape attempt. You have a busy morning ahead, so hop to it, *girl!*"

He saw that his panties and bra were plain cotton like his nightshirt. His top was a simple white cotton blouse with a round neckline that reminded him of his old male T-shirts. His skirt was tight fitting, fell to mid-calf, and along with his plain four-inch pumps, severely restricted his stride. 'I have to avoid stepping on my own toes as I place one foot ahead of the other in this ridiculous outfit!' he inwardly seethed.

Ms. Paula seemed distant as she trimmed and curled his longish bangs to keep them out of his eyes. She placed his hair in a simple ponytail and secured it with a white scunchie. This was by far the plainest girl's clothes and hairstyle he had ever worn.

Randal stood in front of Mrs. Gunderson's desk. Glancing up from a large stack of papers, she scolded, "I'm disappointed in you, Rachel Marie! Given the way you responded to your lessons and integrated with the other girls, you are the last person I expected to attempt an escape. Why did you try to run away?"

Randal tried to be on his best behavior, "I was afraid I was going to be operated on to become a complete girl like Christina."

"Where did you get such a crazy notion?" Mrs. Gunderson calmly asked.

"It was Lisa, Ma'am," Randal replied.

"Lisa told you the new school dentist would permanently alter your sex?"

"Yes, Ma'am. Christina had surgery to make her into a girl, and I thought that was about to happen to me."

"In Christina's case, that is true, Rachel Marie, but her parents arranged it in advance. Mrs. Maddox made no such arrangements when you enrolled. I assume Lisa told you that story to scare you. Also, you were rooming with a complete

girl who might not have given you all the facts, but nevertheless, you did try to escape."

"Yes, Ma'am, but I was worried about a few other things as well," Randal nervously replied.

"What other things, Rachel Marie?" Miss Gunderson leaned forward in her chair.

"My hair color, my rounded hips, and my feminine breasts. I never expected any of these changes when I came here," Randal answered.

"Didn't you tell Ms. Paula you wanted to be a redhead?"

"Yes, but in jest," Randal looked firmly into Mrs. Gunderson's eyes.

"Did you laugh? Did you tell her it was joke? Her report said that you where excited. She fulfilled your request. Did you learn a lesson from this? Make sure you are a clear when you make a request."

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Your file says that Susan pleaded '**No**' when you tried to force yourself on her. You must be clear in what you say and what you hear. Remember me saying in the presence of your stepmother that we would alter your voice and make a few other changes to help you fit in?"

"Yes, Mrs. Gunderson, I remember, but I didn't know what those changes involved. If I had, I wouldn't have agreed. When I arrived here, I knew I would have to wear dresses, but I didn't know all *this* would happen!" he swept his hands across his body for emphasis.

"Another powerful lesson! Ask questions when you don't fully understand. Now let's get to the problem at hand."

"Yes, ma'am," he sighed in fear and anticipation.

"If you haven't figured it out, I specialize in deprivation and humiliation. For instance, to meet my goals, I deprived you of your former muscular body, and by forcing you to dress as a girl, you no longer possess your precious masculinity. I

have instilled in you an affinity for silky fabrics caressing your skin, and you love styling your girlish hair. Have you ever wished you could gain access to that thing you are worried might be cut off, and masturbate?"

Randal's face instantly turned as red as a stoplight. Looking down, he blushed and whispered, "Yes, ma'am."

"Yes ma'am, what, Rachel Marie? Do you admit that you get sexually excited looking at yourself in girl's clothes and by styling your hair in a girlishly manner?"

Randal lowered his eyes as he answered, "Yes, I sometimes get sexually excited when I see myself in the mirror wearing soft silky feminine clothes. I need sexual relief, but I can't with that awful cover."

"Precisely my point, Rachel Marie. One, I have deprived you of sexual gratification. Two, I have stolen your masculinity. Three, I have just humiliated you by making you admit that you would like to masturbate while looking at your feminine image in the mirror. Four, you are sensitive about your short stature, so I reduced your height by two inches. Do you want me to make you even shorter, say five feet even?"

"Please, don't do that!" Randal pleaded with tears starting to form in his eyes. "You have taken everything I once deemed precious and turned me into a different person. I'm sorry I ran away, and I promise not to do it again! I'll do anything you ask."

"Anything I ask? Interesting statement. I could take that statement as permission to have your sex surgically altered."

"Please don't do that, Mrs. Gunderson! I overreacted!"

"Okay, let's get down to business," she continued, ignoring his plea. "I can't trust you to room with the other students, attend meals, classes, or spend evenings socializing with them. However because of you, they have a sudden concern for their hair and their feminine appearance, especially on Saturday nights. Ms. Paula was so busy last Saturday afternoon that two of the girls were late for dinner. It appears

she needs an assistant. Would you like to become an apprentice hairdresser?"

"Yes, I guess. I mean...I like to work with hair. You said so just now."

"Very well. Mrs. Maddox has given permission for you to work for Ms. Paula on the condition that you only appear before her as the sweet sixteen-year-old girl she wants. Since you love silk and satin, for the next month you will be denied all soft or silky clothing except during our Saturday night dinner dances. You will only mix with the other students when they visit the salon. Your dance lessons will be in private. You will not be allowed to style your own hair. You will wear it in a simple, neat, low ponytail except for Saturday nights. I'm sure you will be frustrated when you give the other students great looking hairstyles, while you traipse around in plain clothes and a simple hairdo. To keep you from trying to run away again, you will always wear long tight skirts and stilt heels."

Chapter 14 - Date with Destiny

Upon leaving Mrs. Gunderson's office, Miss Grace ordered, "Walk that tile line in those spikes and tight skirt, Rachel Marie!"

Randal quickly found that in his stilt heels and with no walking vent in his long skirt, not only could he not walk very fast, his feminine gait was exaggerated in every aspect!

"Rachel Marie, you have been deprived of the ability to take long strides. I doubt that you can attempt another escape in that skirt and those heels." Miss Grace said as Randal minced about with very short steps. "For your information, you are wearing a hobble skirt."

"I'm lucky to get off so easy," Randal thought as Miss Grace escorted him to Ms. Paula's. "I can put up with just about anything for the next eight weeks until I get out of this awful place. Little do those bitches know that they put me

just where I want to be. The person I need most to complete my investigation is Ms. Paula!"

Ms. Paula apologized, "These aren't my ideas! Please don't blink to much," as she affixed long false eyelashes to his lids.

Miss Grace explained, "These lashes don't peel off like the false type you wore before. With these, each individual lash is glued to your existing lashes. You will wear heavy mascara and dark green eyeshadow at all times during your punishment to give you a cheap, trashy appearance."

Randal sat confused as Ms. Paula applied a small black *beauty* dot to his left cheek. Using heavy foundation, she applied new and different makeup. He lost count of how many different colors of shadow she applied to his eyelids. She used a mascara wand to make his lashes appear thick, and then she painted his lips full and garish with dark red lipstick.

Ms. Paula removed the simple gold studs from his pierced ears and affixed two pairs of large hoops. Two inch diameter hoops were affixed to the lower holes, and four inch diameter hoops were added to the his upper holes. The hoops swung heavily and wildly as they pulled on his earlobes and brushed the side of his neck when he walked in his stilt heels.

"Place your arms in this smock," Miss Grace handed him a short-sleeved pink smock that resembled the one Ms. Paula wore. Arranging it carefully about him, she attached a small name badge that read, 'Rachel Marie Maddox, Apprentice Hairstylist'. "You like, Rachel Marie?"

Remembering Mrs. Gunderson's warning about being clear about what he said, he replied, "Not particularly."

Ms. Paula sprayed him with a cheap smelling perfume, and Miss Grace produced a package of bubble gum. Withdrawing a piece, she popped it into his mouth and told him to chew with an open mouth. As she slipped the remainder of the pack into a pocket in his smock, she said, "You must chew bubble gum whenever you work in the salon, Rachel Marie. Now let's see how you look for your new job."

Randal remembered the first time he approached that mirror. When he saw his image, he almost fainted! Gone was the innocent teenager and fancy dressed teen that might have been heading to a gala formal event. His innocent image was replaced by a cheap tramp with a simple hairdo. Her face was overly done with heavy makeup, her eyes looked clownish with many shades of eyeshadow and dark lashes, and her eyeliner extended well past the corner of her eyes. Her lips were overly full with dark red lipstick, and as she chewed the bubble gum, her outrageously large earrings swung near her neck.

"Rachel Marie, you may find your new look more humiliating than you have endured previously," Miss Grace announced. "You will be escorted here at the beginning of each day where Ms. Paula will place your hair in a low ponytail and apply your makeup as it is now. You will eat breakfast and lunch in the salon. Your evenings will be taken up with private dance lessons, behavioral classes, and advanced speech therapy. You will eat dinner alone in your room."

Within seconds of Miss Grace's exit, Ms. Paula rushed over to Randal, threw her arms around him saying, "Oh, honey, I am so sorry! Please forgive me! I had to do those things to you to keep my job! I miss my sweet sixteen-year-old Rachel Marie. Miss Grace is evil, evil, *evil!*"

Randal return the hug and sighed, "It's not your fault. They set me up to believe they were going to force the surgery on me to make me a girl. I have eight weeks until my stay is over. Mrs. Gunderson said that I wouldn't face my stepmother looking like this, as she is only allowed to see me as a sixteen-year-old girl. I can survive until then!"

"At least your stepmother isn't going along with Mrs. Gunderson's scheme to punish you," Ms. Paula said.

"Why would she care what happens to me?" Randal sighed. "What if she wants me to leave here so girlish that I can never be a man again? She made a request that she only

see me as a sixteen-year-old girl. Does that mean she wants me to stay that way?

Randal's thoughts were interrupted when a petite teenage girl made her entrance. "Excuse me, Miss, are you lost?" He assumed she was a new student. This girl had long flowing red hair that made Randal green with envy.

"Hello, Christina, I will be with you in a second, sweetie," Ms. Paula replied over Randal's shoulder.

"Christina? Do we have two students named Christina?" Randal asked.

"No, we only have one! While you were out of touch, there were a few changes to your ex-roommate, Rachel Marie," Ms. Paula smiled.

The girl yelled, "Rachel Marie?"

"Christina?"

"It is I, Rachel Marie, but what happened to you?"

"You are so petite, just a wisp of a girl!" Randal gushed at the gorgeous teen queen standing before him.

"Oh, the decalcification program worked wonderfully. I lost 25 pounds and four inches while retaining my womanly assets," she proudly displayed her luscious breasts and curvaceous hips. "It is reversible unless they give you a fixer. Oh, and all the girls are *so* concerned about you! Even Nancy respects you since your escape attempt."

As Christina sat in the salon chair, Ms. Paula instructed Randal on how to work with her hair. As he touched up her long flowing locks, he told his story, why he tried to escape, and what he had been through.

Christina gave Randal a girlish hug as she was leaving. "Rachel Marie, the other girls are here for you," she assured him. "Remember that you have friends who care about you. You sparked an interest in them to have more pride in their feminine appearance, and they are very appreciative. Of course, Nancy is becoming more the image of an elegant trophy wife every day. Lisa is quiet and withdrawn as usual.

Tiffany is becoming more of an airhead by the day, but he is sorry you missed the dance last Saturday. Believe it or not, everyone's attitude has really changed since your little dress up game a couple of weeks ago."

Randal replied with a chuckle, "Thanks, cutie! That's what you used to call me, and now the tables have turned. Tell the girls I can't wait to see them when I tend their hair and during the Saturday night dance," he sighed.

Randal spent the morning mincing about the salon in his tight skirt and heels. He blanched at the thought of becoming a beautician, the ultimate feminine profession. Guys that styled women's hair were effeminate sissies, but the mirror showed him looking more feminine than any of them ever could! How could he have let Miss Grace and Mrs. Gunderson make him into such a wimp?

After dinner in his room, Randal received a speech lesson from Miss Grace where he repeated phrases like, "Being a girl is *so* delightful! Wearing pretty dresses is *so* much more fun than yucky *pants*! Being a boy was miserable. I would rather be a gorgeous girl! I love to wear soft silky fabrics against my skin!" After that phrase, he thought, 'If only I could wear some soft silky undies. I hate my coarse cotton panties, bras, and slips!'

Randal's training as a sixteen-year old girl beautician in training was now in full force. His struggles with his highly hampered body were offset with assurances from Christina that he could lose his girlish shape when he left the academy.

When it was Lisa's turn to visit Ms. Paula, he was apologetic that he was an instrument in the phony story about Doctor Delilah Samson and what she supposedly did. He said even Nancy was very standoffish towards him, and that he felt isolated by the way they treated him.



"You have such a talent for hair," Ms Paula gushed. "You should consider taking it up as a profession when you leave here."

"I came because I wanted to be a detective, and I leave here as a hairdresser?" Randal dejectedly thought.

By Friday morning, Randal was accustomed to mincing prissily about in his tight skirt and spike heels. That afternoon was a flurry of activity as Lisa and Nancy joined Tiffany in having their hair styled in some elaborate fashion. Randal sighed, as each described his dress so his hairstyle would create the look he wanted.

Randal longed to wear something other than his cotton undies, blouse, and unlined wool hobble skirt. He was crazy with jealousy crazy as each *girl* gushed about his hairstyle and the elaborate gown he was wearing to the dance. Mrs. Gunderson's deprivation punishment was getting to him. He realized how deeply he was hooked on the feel of silk and satin and styling his long hair. When finished, he knew exactly what each girl was wearing down to his silky undies.

Randal was excited at the prospect of getting dolled up again when Miss Grace entered the salon with a garment bag. Not until she made two more trips to the office for several boxes, one being a wig case and another a shoebox did his heart sink. He strongly suspected Mrs. Gunderson planned to humiliate him in front of the others instead of allowing him to attend the dance.

As Randal entered the dining area pushing a serving cart filled with dinner salads, his face burned bright red with shame and embarrassment. He wore his treasured silk undies, including a figure enhancing silk strapless bra complete with large pads, but he couldn't escape the feeling that if he moved the slightest wrong way, the pads would pop from their tight uplifting confines. When he walked, he delighted to the feel of his double lined silk panties. Miss Grace called them pettipants, but they didn't resemble any pants he had ever seen! He feared that bending even slightly would put them on display.

He wore the highest heels he had ever worn. Miss Grace explained that the two-inch platforms made the seven-inch spikes the same as walking in five-inch heels. The extreme angle of his instep set his ankles on fire. The fishnet hose and garter tabs, like his panties, were barely hidden beneath his skirt and extremely short petticoat. His dress was an off the

shoulder, very low cut, extremely short black silk, complete with a dainty lace apron tied in an enormous bow at the back. In his mind, he looked exactly like a French Maid!

Ms. Paula had coiled and carefully pinned his long red hair to the top of his head before slipping a chin length, jet-black, bob styled wig to cover it. His ears still sported exceedingly large hoop earrings, and to complete the image, she pinned a small lace cap atop the wig.

Burning with shame, Randal announced, "Ladies, I will be serving your dinner tonight. After I serve your tasty salads, I will be ever so happy to take drink requests. Turning to Nancy, he asked, "Nancy, honey, what would you like to drink tonight?"

Nancy nervously responded, "Ah, gee, maybe an ice tea."

They went around the table, each agreeing to an ice tea. It was obvious that his appearance shocked them, and they were doing whatever they could to make his task easier. The girls whispered behind him as he minced back to the kitchen, but still, this was the quietest dinner in the history of the Gunderson Academy. Randal continued to act as a simpering maid, including being the drink hostess during the dance.

Chapter 15 - Suspended into Suspicion

Randal barely slept the night before his scheduled visit with Mrs. Maddox. He lay awake all night. Would he stay in this horrible existence for his last month at the Gunderson Academy? What other awful things would he experience at the hands of the evil and sadistic Miss Grace? Would he return to being a sixteen-year-old girl and rejoin the others?

He paced back and forth waiting for Miss Grace to bring the outfit he would wear. His horrendous life would continue if she brought the same hobble skirt. Still, Mrs. Gunderson had been clear that Mrs. Maddox wanted to see him looking like a sixteen-year old girl. He was hoping his clothes would be those of a teenage girl when a key entered the lock to his door.

Randal nearly fainted with excitement when Miss Grace entered with a hanger holding a schoolgirl uniform. "Lets get you dressed and off to see Ms. Paula. We want you looking like a sixteen-year old girl before your meeting with Mrs. Gunderson," she said.

Randal squealed with joy. Running to Miss Grace, he giggled, "Oh thank you, Miss Grace! I can't wait to wear my uniform again. Do I get to wear the luscious nylon panties, bra, and slip like before? Please, Miss Grace, say it's true! I would do anything to not ever wear those scratchy cotton undies again!"

Miss Grace was only slightly surprised at Randal's enthusiasm to wear silky undies. She saw the way he barely held up in the coarse clothes he had been forced to wear for the last month, but she thought he would get his fill of silk and satin on Saturday night when he was forced to wear that ridiculous maid's outfit. Once dressed in his pleated skirt, blouse, and blazer over his silky panties, bra, and slip, she was astonished when he pulled her along at a fast pace toward Ms. Paula's salon.

They entered the salon, and in a bubbling voice Randal gushed, "Look at me, Ms. Paula! I got my heavenly schoolgirl uniform back. Oh, this is the happiest day of my life!"

Randal's happiness continued even as he stood in front of Mrs. Gunderson's desk. His hair was in two forward styled simple angel wings that fell over his shoulders and covered the front of his pert breasts. He was relieved that his look and dress were normal, if you call a twenty-year old guy looking like a sixteen-year old schoolgirl normal.

Needless to say, Randal was surprised to hear Mrs. Gunderson say, "Your punishment for trying to escape has ended, Rachel Marie. You will be allowed to wear your beloved silky undies and schoolgirl uniform as before."

"Oh thank you, Mrs. Gunderson!" Randal beamed with an appreciative curtsy.

"Of course, you will be closely watched, and should you try another escape, you don't even want to *think* about the punishment you would receive."

Grasping the sides of his pleated skirt, Randal executed another polite curtsey without thinking and gushed, "Thank you, Mrs. Gunderson! I'll be a good girl, and I promise I won't try to run away again!"

"Very well, I'll hold you to that promise. We are having a special event this Saturday night, and I want all the girls to look their best. I would consider it a personal favor if you would help Ms. Paula in the salon prior to the event. Of course, you can wear your schoolgirl uniform instead of your punishment costume."

"I would be happy to help Ms. Paula," Randal beamed.

"Good!" she smiled. "When you get a little older and want to consider the profession of cosmetology, please contact me. I have heard nothing but praise about your talents with hair. Now, it's time for our meeting with your stepmother."

When Claire Maddox came into Mrs. Gunderson's office, she looked over the smiling Randal and said, "Well, Rachel Marie, you seem to have become much happier in your girlish role than you were when I last saw you two months ago."

"Oh yes, Mother!" he gushed. "I'm very happy now!"

"Mrs. Gunderson said I couldn't visit you last month because you were being punished for trying to run away. You must not have always been as happy here as you are now. What happened to change your mind?"

Blushing brightly, Randal lowered his gaze and sheepishly admitted, "They made me wear scratchy cotton undies instead of my soft silky things, and they wouldn't let me style my hair."

"You like wearing soft silky undies and arranging your hair in neat girlish styles?" she asked in disbelief. "When I was here last, you were distraught by having to wear them."

"I know, but after Mrs. Gunderson sealed my genitals away, I became aroused by my feminine image in dresses, skirts, makeup, and chic girlish hairstyles. I don't know why, but with no way to achieve sexual release, I developed a strong affection for silky panties, camisoles, slips, and nighties and a love for styling my hair like a girl. When I was denied the pleasure of wearing my beloved silky undies, I suffered both physical and mental anguish. Now that I'm back in them, I'm extremely happy!"

"Are you saying you will continue wearing silky girl's underwear when you are released from Mrs. Gunderson's academy?"

Turning red again, Randal sighed, "Mrs. Gunderson and Miss Grace have done so much to my mind and body since I came here. I don't know which of the habits and desires they ingrained in me will remain when I leave, so that question is hard to answer."

"Since you two are finally being honest with each other, I'll leave you alone for a while," Mrs. Gunderson said as she made her exit.

When Mrs. Gunderson was out of earshot, Claire sneered at the smiling Randal, "Okay, cut the crap! She's gone, so you don't have to pretend to like your sissy dress and silky undies any longer."

"I'm not pretending," Randal blushed as he adjusted his pleated skirt across his smooth hairless thighs. "They not only changed my body to that of a girl in this awful place, they did something to my mind that made me like my girlish clothes."

"Humph!" Claire scowled. "I never thought I would see the day the macho bastard who wanted to marry my daughter would admit that he loved wearing sissy girlish clothes and flitting around like a fairy! Will you continue to wear them when you leave here in four weeks?"

"I don't know," Randal blushed. "The things Mrs. Gunderson and her cronies have done to me will be hard to reverse. Not just my clothes and girlish habits, but my

budding breasts, rounded derriere, pierced ears, shaved body, and plucked brows, not to mention my weight and muscle loss. It will take at least a year to reverse all the things they have done to me."

"Hearing that makes it easier for me to tell you this. As you know, Susan was greatly upset when you left her in the lurch to come here. Well, soon thereafter, your brother Craig started coming around with Chief Murphy. To make a long story short, they started dating, and four weeks ago, they were married."

"But why, why? Craig knew why I was here and when I would return!"

"A matter of necessity, really. With Craig being single and promising to clean up prostitution and close the sex shops, questions arose about his sexual orientation. Well, those rumors hurt his standing in the polls, and marrying my socialite daughter gave him the boost he needed in the eyes of the public. Now, he's considered a shoo-in to win the election in two weeks. As for Susan, I think he got her on the rebound."

"Oh no! Thoughts of marrying Susan were the one thing that kept me going all those months when my mind and body were being besieged with femininity."

"What's done is done, and you may as well accept the facts. Anyway, you never fit the image of the husband I envisioned for my daughter, and you certainly don't in that sissy skirt with your makeup and girlish hairstyle! That said; let's move on. What has your investigation turned up?"

"Lots!" Randal said while trying to put Claire's insult and thoughts of his brother being married to his beloved Susan out of his mind. "I have testimony from some of the other girls that this place is run by powerful people in both elected and appointed offices. Tiffany and Nancy were sent here by a court order signed by Judge Harris. Roxanne agreed to a plea bargain with the District Attorney without understanding what would happen to him. Chief Murphy referred Judith and

Laura to the District Attorney for alternate sentencing. Christina and Lisa were sent here by their parents.”

“Do you have documents to prove those accusations?”

“No, but I’m working on it. I hope to have something by the time I’m released from this place in four weeks.”

“Good work!” Mrs. Maddox gushed.”

Chapter 14 – To leave a Nightmare

As Randal entered the dining area, Christina jumped from her chair to hug and kiss him, while the others smiled happily and, like a group of giggling girls, told him how glad they were to see him back.

At dance class, Miss Grace announced that this Saturday night would be very special. All the instructors, including Mrs. Gunderson, would be in attendance, and every student would wear an exquisite gown with elegant makeup and an elaborate hairstyle.

Saturday morning, Randal enjoyed his blossoming passion, helping the other girls look charming for the dinner and dance. Being encouraged by Ms. Paula that he was a natural with hair added to his excitement. There was a lot of work to do. In addition to a lavish hairstyle, each girl was to get a ravishing pedicure and manicure with matching polish to make his hands look slim and elegant. They were also given false eyelashes to make their eyes look alive and inviting to go with their stunning makeup and full red lipstick.

Randal enjoyed doing the hairstyles the most. Tiffany's blonde hair was teased into a towering beehive, easily a foot above his head. Lisa's blonde hair was styled in a French twist with the hair atop his head teased slightly into a bun decorated with shiny white pearls.

Each girl was a mixture of excitement, unlike a group of boys forced to dress as girls against their will. Lisa gushed elatedly, "Oh Rachel Marie, we all look so deliciously

feminine! What could this special occasion be? Do you suppose some of us are about to graduate?"

"I'm not sure, dear," Randal replied with a heartfelt smile.

"Let's not get too keyed up, girls," Tiffany cautioned. "I wouldn't be surprised if we are about to be embarrassed in public or something else just as humiliating! I just wish my sister would let me leave this place and return to my former life. I don't want to spend the rest of my life as a ditzzy blonde waitress with some truck driver's hand under my skirt. You know how difficult it is to reject the habits this place ingrains into us, so I know I won't have a choice if that's what she wants. Anyway, short of having me snipped, she can't do much more to me."

"Tiffany is right," Nancy scowled. "Something devious has to be up. I just hope they don't announce we are to become girls against our wishes."

Not realizing Tiffany was capable of such insight, Randal rushed over and hugged him affectionately in an overtly feminine manner.

Nancy, who had become much friendlier since Randal's escape attempt, nervously adjusted his short skirt with his long red fingertips and asked, "Rachel Marie, you'll be leaving us soon, right?"

"Yes," Randal responded. "Four weeks to be exact."

"Some here never believed your story about you running an undercover investigation of this place and possibly closing it down," Nancy sighed. "I hope you weren't lying and can get it closed before it's too late for us. The training has literally overwritten our natural instincts and actions. Except for Christina, none of us wanted to be girls. It has been an experience we'll never forget, but please, stop those crazy bitches before it's too late."

"Girls," Miss Paula interrupted. "You look upon me as someone who can be trusted. I assure you that Rachel Marie is serious, and what he told you is true. Now, scoot back to

your rooms and finish getting ready for the dance. I still have Rachel Marie to get ready!"

The girls were happy with Ms Paula's assurances that Rachel Marie might save them from becoming real girls. They were also nervously anticipating the lovely gowns waiting in their rooms.

Randal was stunned as he made his way to the dinner area three hours later. Instead of remaining in his sixteen-year-old persona, Ms. Paula had transformed him into a girl of eighteen who looked as though she was ready for a night of clubbing! His makeup was subtle, and his long red flamboyant locks were trimmed about an inch in a feathered cut that caused the ends to curl ever so slightly. As a result, his hair was loose and straight with no teasing or backcombing. In his ears were the same large hoop earrings. His panties were soft silky black nylon, and his bra was strapless, padded, and uplifting. Enhancing his older than normal image was a strapless black silk evening gown that was form fitting all the way to his ankles. Black velvet pumps with four-inch stiletto heels adorned his nylon-encased feet.

Randal recognized the outfit and where he had seen it before. It was an exact replica of the outfit Susan had worn on their last night together. She wanted to go clubbing, but he had to tell her he was leaving for six months. Was this a coincidence or some evil scheme hatched by Claire and Mrs. Gunderson? He was now shorter than Susan, and if his breasts were a touch larger, he could give her a run for her money in the hot babe department. He shuddered at the thought that he was as attractive as his girlfriend in this replica of her dress!

Lisa wore a long dark blue strapless form-fitting satin dress that shimmered in the dim light. The tops of his bountiful breasts were bared, revealing ample cleavage and giving him an aura of sexy womanhood. His golden blonde tresses flipped up at the ends to tickle his bare shoulders, and dark evening makeup, eyeliner, eyeshadow, and red dark lipstick easily made him the most glamorous girl in the room.

Tiffany, Nancy, Christina, and the other girls were dressed to the nines in elegant floor length ball gowns.

Throughout dinner, the table was abuzz with chatter as everybody tried to figure out the promised surprise. "Ladies, tonight is a special occasion," Mrs. Gunderson interrupted their anxious chatter. "Your months of dance classes are to be put to the ultimate test. Some of you will be happy to learn that your stay at the Gunderson Academy is ending. Granted, your behavior tonight could adversely change that, so be on your most ladylike behavior. Now, let the festivities begin!" she finished by motioning towards the door.

When the door opened, the assembled *girls* let out a low gasp when seven tuxedo-clad young men and one well-dressed older man walked into the room. Lisa nearly fainted when he gasped, "Ron, what are you doing here?" Ron responded with a wink and wide grin.

Mrs. Gunderson introduced each of her girls, in their elegant evening gowns, to the young man, who was to be his *date* for the evening. Noticing that Ron was tall and handsome, Randal thought, "If Lisa has to marry a guy, he could certainly do worse!"

Mrs. Gunderson introduced, "Rachel Marie, this is Jonathan." Randal blushed brightly as Jonathan who was much taller than his petite size eyed his body with a wide smile. He was expected to dance the night away in the arms of this tall handsome young man. He was even more upset that he considered another guy as handsome. Randal wondered if Jonathan know who, or what, he was?

Mrs. Gunderson was right! Arranging male dates for her *girls* was a total surprise and an ultimate humiliation for everyone except Christina. Randal was soon being guided around the dance floor in the arms of this handsome youth. He almost fainted when Jonathan whispered, "Ron was right when he said you were the hottest boy on heels, Rachel Marie. I never expected meet someone as lovely as you."

"You know who I am...what I am...what they did to me?" Randal gasped in total surprise.

"Ron told me at a club meeting," Jonathon admitted as he expertly guided Randal about the dance floor.

"What club might that be?" Randal asked.

"The Gay Alliance for Young Executives. I have a thing for petite boys in skirts, and I especially like redheads. I find it hard to believe that you are a guy!"

Randal knew Mrs. Gunderson was watching him closely, so he lidded his eyes and sighed, "Thank you, Jonathan. That's very sweet, but I must tell you that all this was done to me against my will."

"So was Scott," Jonathan smiled deviously. "Isn't it a shame what happened to him?"

"Scott?" Randal asked.

"Oh, that's right, His named was legally changed to Lisa. I always thought he was so cute in high school, but he was straight as an arrow. With all the pretty girls hanging around him, I never had a chance with him. But wow! Look at him now! What a fox in that sexy gown with his big boobs and long blonde hair!"

"We are only allowed to use our new feminine names here. What is so shameful that happened to Lisa?"

"That a straight guy like him was converted into a girl against his wishes. Ron wants a mate that looks like a girl, but isn't. That way, they can lead an apparent normal life without anyone suspecting a thing. In the bedroom; however, it will be a different matter, and that's the shame for Scott...uh...Lisa."

"Wow!" was all Randal could say.

"So, as you see, Rachel Marie, I know you aren't a girl, if you know what I mean," Jonathan had a dreamy look in his eyes.

"You're right, Jonathan," Randal blushed. "Everything is still there, but it's locked away behind a feminine looking cover."

"Great!" Jonathan gave Randal a kiss on the cheek. "Say, that's a nice perfume!"

"Thank you," Randal blushed, not knowing whether the kiss or the compliment embarrassed him more.

"This place is great!" Jonathon gushed. "Just think, a bunch of guys who look, act, and dress like beautiful girls!"

"Christina isn't a boy, at least, not any more," Randal admitted. "She had surgery to make her the girl she wanted to be, but the rest of us are technically still males."

"Yeah, I heard there was a transsexual here. Are any of the boys changed into girls against his will?"

"There are rumors, but I don't know of a specific case where that was done."

"If that's true, somebody needs to stop these people from changing these lovely creatures into real girls. I say, make them look like girls; make them dress as girls, but don't change them into girls against their wishes."

"Rumor has it that the authorities are secretly working to close this place down," Randal replied with a touch of internal pride.

"I hope that doesn't happen," Jonathan said. "Not completely. Boys could still be sent here and forced to wear dresses and act like girls like in the past. These boys definitely shouldn't be transformed into girls unless they wish it to be done, and the people who force it upon them against their wills should be thrown in jail."

"I don't agree that boys should be forced to wear dresses and made to mimic girls in every move, gesture, and voice inflection," Randal disagreed. "You don't know how distressful and humiliating having to wear dresses, silky undies and makeup is for men and boys!"

"Let's not be overly dramatic," Jonathan quipped.

"Overly dramatic!" Randal gasped. "Have you ever worn panties, skirts, and lipstick in the presence of people who know you're a male? Have you?" When Jonathan blushed

slightly but remained silent, Randal continued, "Then, you have no notion of the embarrassment we feel!"

"Okay, I get your point," Jonathan admitted. "But if certain boys weren't forced to wear dresses and present themselves as girls, where would people like Ron and me find wives, sweethearts, and lovers?"

"Let's take a break, for some punch?" Randal sighed in an exasperated tone when he realized he wasn't about to change Jonathan's mind on the subject.

"Anything for a hot number like you, Rachel Marie," Jonathan gushed as he gently took Randal's arm and escorted him toward the punch bowl.

Mrs. Gunderson introduced the older gentleman to Nancy. "Chuck, this is Nancy Jackson. Nancy, this fine gentleman is Chuck Lewis, a very successful businessman, and quite wealthy too." She winked at Nancy with her last statement.

"Uh...pleased to meet you, Mr. Lewis," Nancy delicately extended his hand like he had been trained.

"Call me Chuck," the nicely tanned man smiled showing pearly teeth. Chuck stood over six feet tall, trim, of muscular build, and obviously someone used to having his way. "Making your acquaintance is a distinct pleasure. Judge Harris said I would meet a lovely woman at tonight's gathering, and he was definitely not wrong!"

"Judge Harris?" Nancy's heart skipped a beat with the realization that he was the Judge his wife was working with the night when he suddenly appeared at this awful school. "How do you know him?"

"We are both on the board of Central Bank," Chuck admitted. "Do you know him?"

"Only briefly," Nancy shied not wanting to admit too much. "He's acquainted with a...a friend, Carol..."

"You know Carol?" Chuck interrupted before Nancy could give Carol's last name. "What a small world. A lovely woman, but not nearly as charming as you, my dear!"

Nancy blushed at the compliment, as he considered that his meeting Chuck was no coincidence. Hoping to learn more, he delicately took Chuck's arm and led him to the punch bowl. "Let's have some punch and continue this fascinating conversation, Chuck darling," he cooed.

"After a dance," Chuck smiled as he took Nancy in his arms without asking and began moving in time with the soft sensual music.

The *girls* were constantly on the dance floor with their dates who obviously took delight in dancing with them. While being guided about the dance floor in the arms of his strong virile date, Randal became confused. He didn't know whether to be mad about having to dance with Jonathan or glad that this handsome man found him femininely attractive.

During a break, Randal saw Ron and Lisa slip out the side door onto the terrace. He knew Lisa well enough to know they weren't slipping away for a romantic rendezvous. Surely he just needed to have a quiet conversation with Ron to try and get out of the corner he was boxed into.

On the patio, Ron held Lisa close, stared into his made up eyes, and asked, "Have you decided to leave this place and become my bride?"

Blushing through his makeup, Lisa stammered, "I hate being here, but I...I *can't*."

"Then I'll decide for you!" Ron firmly stated. Removing a small velvet covered box from his pocket, he opened it to reveal an engagement ring topped with a large expensive diamond. "Hold out your hand and accept this ring!" he commanded.

Lisa was at first angered, slowly replaced by a strong temptation to raise his hand and accept the ring. But his resolve gradually returned, and he whispered, "I...I *can't*."

Wasting no time, Ron grabbed Lisa, roughly pulled him across his lap, and began assaulting his silk covered posterior with his open palm. After a dozen or so vicious swats, he stopped. Looking into Lisa's tear filled eyes and at his

streaked and ruined makeup, Ron demanded, "Your procrastination and indecision have gone on long enough, so I have decided to take charge! Unless you want seconds on your cute fanny, raise your hand, and accept my ring!"

Sniffing through his tears, Lisa slowly raised his left hand and watched with nervous apprehension as Ron lovingly slipped the ring on his third finger. "Now, let's seal it with a kiss," Ron said in a firm, yet softer voice. He lowered his lips onto Lisa's for their first romantic kiss. When he finally broke away from the steamy kiss, he said, "I don't like having to take a firm hand with you, but in this case, it was necessary. Go to the ladies room, repair your makeup, compose yourself, and return here. We have a wedding to plan."

"What's going on?" Randal wondered when Lisa ran across the dance floor to the ladies room with his long skirt held at his knees to allow him to run faster in his heels. He started to follow Lisa into the powder room, but Mrs. Gunderson stopped him saying, "This doesn't concern you, Rachel Marie."

After an agonizing fifteen minutes, Lisa exited the powder room and walked back to the patio without a sideways glance. Again when Randal and the others moved towards her, Mrs. Gunderson indicated that they should stay put.

Ron was sitting confidently and leisurely in an easy chair smoking a cigar when Lisa returned. "Are you still wearing my ring?" he asked. Unable to speak, Lisa blushed brightly and extended his hand for Ron to see. "Good!" Ron exclaimed with a satisfied smile. "Sit on my lap and let's get a few things straight."

Lisa remembered being heavier, stronger, and more assertive than Ron, but as he smoothed his long satin skirt and sat on Ron's lap as instructed, he felt frail, weak, and delicate by comparison.



"I can't believe I'm to become Ron's bride," Lisa groaned as Ron pulled her into his arms.

"It looks like Chuck is scoring with your friend, Nancy," Ron commented as he pulled Lisa closer so they could cuddle while making their wedding plans.

Noticing his intended was avoiding eye contact, Ron raised Lisa's chin so that their eyes met. "We will be happy together, but like in all marriages, a sincere effort, especially on your part will be required. You will play the role of a happy housewife in public, and in private, you will keep me alternately sexually aroused and satiated. You will arouse me with your clothes and actions and satisfy me with special sexual acts that I will specify. Since you can only receive gratification by stimulation into your false vagina, I will keep you sexually frustrated and horny as incentive for you to please me."

"You...you'll use my cover as a chastity device?"

"More specifically, I will use it to give you incentive to fulfill my needs. If you give me resistance or backtalk, I'll turn you over my lap, flip your skirt up, and give you a sound spanking on your silky panties and deny you sexual release for a time. Do you understand?"

"Yes," Lisa sighed in helpless resignation.

"For our wedding, you will wear a beautiful white gown, and your lovely girlfriends here at the academy will be your bridesmaids. Chuck will be my best man, and your father will give you away. The rest of the details I leave to you and your friends as girls are better at planning these things. Okay, now that we have reached an accord, let's go tell everyone the good news. Then, you can show off your ring to the *other* girls!"

"I knew this day would come," Lisa sighed dejectedly as he brushed the wrinkles from his long silken skirt. "I just didn't know it would be so soon or so distressful."

"Act like you're the happiest and most devoted bride ever," Ron said as he took Lisa's arm and led him back to the ballroom. "That's the way I expect you to behave from now on, and this is a good time to start."

While Lisa tearfully blushed, the *girls* oohed and aahed over his ring like schoolgirls. As for the guys, they shook Ron's hand, congratulated him, and raised their glasses in one toast after another.

"Thank for an enchanting evening, with a most charming lady," Jonathan beamed as he took Randal's hand and gentlemanly kissed it.

Randal responded by kissing Jonathan on his cheek. "You are a true gentleman, Jonathan sweetie," he blushed at his feminine reaction to his date's chivalrous behavior.

As the girls exited the ballroom, Tiffany teased Randal, "Jonathan is smitten with you, Miss Maddox. He couldn't keep his eyes or his hands off you all evening! You must have been taken with him as well. Don't deny it, because I saw you kiss him."

"Hold it," Randal flushed. "I saw the way you danced all cuddly and close to your guy! What you saw was an innocent peck on the cheek. Jonathon was kind, sensitive, and shy. I was just showing gratitude for an enjoyable evening."

"Whatever you say, Rachel Marie," Tiffany giggled as he scurried away as fast as his long evening gown and stilt heels would allow.

Randal saw Nancy and Chuck locked in a long steamy embrace. Even though Nancy appeared to be trying to get away, Chuck was caressing Nancy's buttocks through his long silky gown. 'I'll get to the *bottom* of this when I see Nancy in the morning!' Randal mused with a sly smile.

In a daze, Randal was late to breakfast the next morning. Tiffany and Nancy looked as if they didn't sleep well. "Where is Lisa?" he asked. "I have some questions."

"He's lounging around in our room in his nightgown and negligee," Tiffany replied. "He asked for the day off to think, and his request was granted. Personally, I think he's mesmerized by that shiny ring on his finger."

Later that evening, Nancy and Tiffany cornered Randal and asked, "Is it really true, Rachel Marie, that you are making plans to stop these manipulative people before it is too late?" Nancy asked.

"I have a plan. Ms. Paula needs to get me one last document, then I'll be set," Randal replied. "She plans to have it for me before I leave here, and if she does, I'll put an end to this awful place!"

"What is your plan, Rachel Marie? What is this last document?" Nancy asked.

"If any of the staff got word of what Ms. Paula and I are up to, they might destroy the evidence before we get it" Randal replied. "For that reason, I can't reveal what I need. You'll just have to trust me!"

"You mean you aren't sure you can stop these crazy bitches?" Tiffany queried as he relocated a stray curl with a completely feminine gesture. "My sister says I'm ready to take my new position, but one tiny detail has to be finalized first. I think that detail lies in my panties!"

"I have a plan, but nothing is fool proof. If it backfires, I could be the next Christina."

"Well, Rachel Marie, your cause sounds noble. I hope it works before it is too late for you and the rest of us as well," Nancy said.

Tiffany asked, "What did you feel when you first saw the guys we were to dance with last night?"

"Repulsed! Sick to my stomach that I would have to dance with some guy, especially when I learned that he knew I was still a guy," Nancy responded with disgust. The others agreed.

"You danced, you became thirsty, and you drank the punch," Tiffany stated. "As the evening wore on, your feelings towards your guy shifted. You wanted to surrender totally to him as he held you tight and guided you about the dance floor. You wanted to be his girl, to please him in any way you could. Finally, you had great difficulty sleeping because he kept invading your dreams!"

The look of shock and embarrassment on the other's faces said Tiffany was right.

"I think the punch was spiked with something to temporarily rewire all of our thinking," Tiffany continued. "Because I look so much like a girl, my date was withdrawn at first. Even though he was gay, like all the others, as the night wore on, we couldn't seem keep our hands off each other. Anybody notice that the staff never drank from the punchbowl?"

Randal was impressed that the airhead Tiffany was more cognizant of minor details than the others. He adjusted his skirt across his smooth nylon sheathed thighs and replied, "Tiffany, I am impressed! I thought you were a detached airhead blonde, but you are right! Yes, I felt all those things, including a repeating dream sequence where I was the bride in a wedding!"

Blushing through his heavy makeup, Tiffany replied, "I learned early on that I was expected to act as a ditzy blonde, but acting and reality are two different things. My concern is that we could be snipped like Christina, and think that's what we wanted. Then, we would stop thinking as guys and happily take on the female role in a sexual relationship."

"Gosh," Nancy sighed. "I had a dream were I was a bride too!"

Just then, Lisa joined the surprised *girls*. As he adjusted his skirt across his nylon encased thighs and sat at the table, they were quick to notice that the huge diamond engagement ring, proclaiming his intent to marry Ron, was still on his finger.

Tiffany observed, "See what I mean? You all know how adamantly Lisa has resisted Gunderson's tricks to make him agree to marry Ron. Then, a few sips of whatever was in that punch, and *voila!* Instant surrender to that bitch's demands, and we have a wedding to plan!"

"Interesting theory, Tiffany, but I didn't drink any of the punch," Lisa blushed as he placed his hands on the table and stared with dismay at his ring, enhanced by his long red fingernails.

"Then, why did you accept that ring, for Gawd's sake?"

"Ron got rather assertive, aggressive actually," Lisa blushed at the thought of the events that occurred on the terrace. "I've never seen him that way, and I couldn't find a way to reject him. Refusing to take no for an answer, he turned me over his lap and spanked me until I agreed to be his wife. Only a fraction of my original strength remains, so I was at his mercy."

"Why didn't you run away from him?" Nancy asked.

"With the restriction of my long tight skirt and stilt heels, and with Gunderson and her goons in the ballroom, how far do you think I would have gotten?" Lisa asked as tears filled his eyes. "Even if I had gotten past to the ballroom, which I doubt I could have, they would have sent me back out there to deal with my 'personal issues', as she calls them."

"Are you to be snipped like Christina?" Nancy gasped.

"No," Lisa sighed as he tossed his head to keep his long blonde tresses out of his eyes. "Ron is bisexual, and he wants a male who is forced to dress as a woman, and yet remain totally masculine behind the false vagina in his panties. He made it perfectly clear that he will deny me sexual release unless I am lovingly obedient and attentive to his needs, both in public and in the privacy of our bedroom. I will be leaving here Saturday, but before I go, I should inform you that you are expected to be my bridesmaids."

"When is the celebrated event?"

"Four weeks," Lisa sighed. "I know that's not much time, but my mom will be here to help select my gown and the bridesmaid's dresses. Mrs. Gunderson is using her influence to quickly engage a minister, an organist, a caterer, a photographer, a florist, and the like. I have to be fitted for my gown, and all of you have to be fitted for your dresses, shoes, jewelry, and the like. Of course, we will all be getting elaborate hairstyles the day before the wedding. Oh, this is all so terribly dramatic and distressing! How can I be a wife?"

Chapter 17 - Escaping From Skirts

The normal routine at the Gunderson Academy was drastically altered during the following weeks. The place was abuzz with activity. Since Lisa had been at the Academy for more than a year, his classes were suspended to allow him to prepare for his wedding. The classes of the other girls were interrupted to try on their bridesmaid dresses. At Lisa's request, they had to select a hairstyle, as they would not only be dressed alike, they would have identical hairstyles too.

One morning after breakfast, Tiffany was told to put on a conservative dress and report to Mrs. Gunderson's office for a meeting with his sister. Pins and needles went through his body as he slipped a red mini-dress with a straight skirt over his red nylon panties and matching bra. After raising the back zipper, he slipped his feet into four-inch pumps with tiny heels and checked his feminine image in the mirror. While brushing a stray platinum curl away and adding a touch of bright red lipstick to his collagen enhanced lips, he tearfully lamented, "This is the moment I've dreaded for so long! I just know Babs is about to have me surgically turned into a real girl, and I'm powerless to prevent her from doing so! Oh, haven't I been punished enough for taunting her about being a mindless slut with no morals?"

"If that's what you consider dressing conservatively, I'm glad I didn't leave instructions for you to dress as a ditzzy blonde bimbo," Tiffany's sister ridiculed her ultra feminine appearing brother when he joined her and Mrs. Gunderson. "As you might have surmised, I'm here to take care of that little problem we discussed during my last visit."

Tiffany looked his sister over in her conservative business suit, sedate makeup, neat hairstyle, and sensible heels. Tears filled his heavily made up eyes, and he pleaded, "Please, Babs! I'm sorry for all the things I said about you. Please don't have me changed into a real girl! Haven't you done enough to me already?"

"*Nobody* calls me Babs anymore!" she rebuked while ignoring his pitiful plea. "In the future, you will refer to me as Barbara."

Just then, two burly men in white uniforms pulled a gurney into the room. Seeing them, Tiffany feared the worst was about to happen, and he fainted dead away. If one of the men hadn't caught him and lifted his limp form onto the gurney, he might have hurt himself.

When Tiffany awoke several hours later, he saw he was in a hospital bed and fainted again. The next time he awoke, he saw he was wearing a white nylon gown, and he heard voices through a thick foggy haze. He tried to raise his hand to wipe his hand to wipe his face, but found his arms were strapped to the sides of his bed.

"Look, our girl is awake!" he heard Nurse Adam's voice exclaim. "Here, Doll. Take these ice chips into your mouth and let them melt."

"Oh, Ms. Adams, why did they take my manhood away, and why am I strapped down?" Tiffany sobbed as he slowly opened his mouth, and with tears trickling down his cheeks, he accepted the ice.

"Who said anything about turning you into a girl?" the nurse asked. "We merely replaced your patch with a permanent false vagina like Lisa's that will allow sexual release only by the insertion of an erect male organ. Your arms will remain strapped down until your sutures heal in a few days. We can't have you tearing your new vagina away, now can we?"

Later, when his sister came into his room to visit, Tiffany sobbed, "Oh, Babs! Why did you do this awful thing to me?"

"I told you to call me Barbara! Fail to address me properly in the future, and I just might consider having your pathetic genitals removed and transforming you into the girl of your dreams."

"But why did you do this horrible thing to me?"

"After you've been around all those viral truck drivers for a while and get really horny, we'll see who in this family is the mindless slut with no morals!" Babs chuckled.

"Oh, please, Barbara! Tell them to remove that awful thing!" Tiffany pleaded, his body shaking with sobs. "Even if I have to wear dresses and pretend to be a girl, I don't think of men that way!"

"You will, Sweetie, you will," Babs smirked while kissing him on the cheek. "Just give it some time. Your normal sex drive, plus the extra stimulation you receive from wearing short sexy dresses and silky undies will drive you wild with desire. When you accept that you have only one way to achieve sexual release, those truck drivers will start to look good to you. I can just see you, wearing a low cut top, an ultra short skirt, and stilt heels with heavy makeup, and bright red lipstick, with your bimbo blonde hair cascading freely about your shoulders, while some hunky stud escorts you to a redneck bar."

"You have robbed me of my masculinity," Tiffany sobbed without disputing any of what his sister said. "Do you plan to rob me of my inheritance as well?"

"Doing so would have been so easy," Babs replied with an evil smile. "But no, I'm deeding you the restaurant and the adjacent thirty room motel. Their value, plus the cost of your training at the Gunderson Academy are equal to roughly half the family fortune at the time I took control. Of course, I have increased the value of my holdings many times over in the interim."

"Please don't do this to me, Barbara," Tiffany begged. "Surely you have had your revenge for my teasing by now."

"Maybe so, but it's done!" Babs exclaimed. "Just think, in another month, you'll be running your own greasy spoon restaurant and flea bag motel. You can live in the mobile home out back, so you'll be close to work. Three of the waitresses live there now, but I'm sure they won't mind if their ditzy *boss* moves in with them."

"These documents list the officials who support the Academy and keep it stocked with men and boys to be feminized," Ms. Paula said as she handed Randal a sheath of papers. "The culprits include the Mayor, several Councilmen, the retiring District Attorney, the Police Chief, Judge Harris, and of course, Mrs. Gunderson."

Today was the day of liberation. 'V' for victory day, finally free of these culprits, free to become a man again! Although not specified, he expected either Mrs. Maddox or his brother to pick him up. "Pay dirt!" Randal beamed as he read letters from these dastardly people to Mrs. Gunderson and her responses. "This is the mother lode! With these, and the other documents we have, I'll bring this place down with a thud!"

"For all the good it will do now, here's a list of the students who were converted to girls without their consent."

"Great! Put all this with the envelope containing the information on the drugs the Academy administers to the students and their manufacturers. As you know, it details the decalcification process and references the re-calcification procedure that will allow me to regain the body structure I had as a man. Also, it explains the pigment altering process used to change my hair color and gives the reversal procedure along with the formula."

"Three days before Lisa's wedding, and you have all the evidence you need to bust this place," Ms. Paula smiled.

"Even if the authorities won't act on this evidence, some investigative reporter will!" Randal beamed. "Mrs. Gunderson and her cronies are *toast!*"

Ms. Paula cried out as he left her salon, "Remember, Rachel Marie! I get to give you your first butch male haircut!"

"Soon I'll be free," Randal thought as he examined his image in the full-length mirror. He was wearing a long sleeved white nylon blouse that showed the outline of his bra and lacy camisole and a straight black mid-thigh length skirt when Miss Grace led him to a waiting limousine. He stopped

in shock as the Chief of Police stepped from the car, closely followed by Mrs. Maddox.

"Rachel Marie, dear, don't you look absolutely darling!" Claire smiled. "Have you met my fiancée, Chief Murphy?"

Glad that the incriminating documents were safely hidden in the back of his panties and under the waistband of his skirt, Randal dipped a perfect curtsy to the two and said, "I'm pleased to meet you, Chief Murphy, but I expected Craig...uh...Mr. Jackson to meet me."

"He is assuming his duties as District Attorney," Claire smiled. "So, let's be on our way home."

After Chief Murphy dropped them off at the Maddox mansion, Randall excitedly announced, "Mrs. Maddox, I have the evidence we wanted, including a list of the conspirators!"

"Oh really, dear," Mrs. Maddox smiled, "Where is this evidence? And you must always refer to me as Mother!"

"Why? The charade is over, so I can return to pants and be myself, can't I?" Randall excitedly exclaimed.

"I don't think that's a good idea until after Lisa's wedding, dear," she said without answering his question. "Anyway, wait here. I'll be right back."

While waiting, Randall raised his short skirt, lowered his silky panties, and retrieved the hidden documents he had smuggled out of the Gunderson Academy. While he was alone, he quickly pulled his panties back into place and smoothed the wrinkles from his skirt. As he read the pages Ms. Paula had given him, he saw something that made the tiny hairs on the back of his neck stand straight. "There are others in on this operation, including..." he gasped.

Suddenly the door opened and Craig entered the room. "Randal!" he exclaimed. "So good to see you!"

"Randall recovered from his shock, and snapped, "So, you stole my girl and married her!"

"I can explain everything..." Craig started.

"Tell me this, Craig," Randal demanded while seeing red. "Are you still homophobic? Do you hate homosexuals, lesbians, and the like?"

"Look, Randal, I know what has happened to you is wrong," Craig tried to explain. "It just got out of hand and went way further than I expected."

"Are you still homophobic?" Randal asked again.

"Certainly! I will ban same sex marriages and all the other cohabitation rights those spineless liberal politicians want to pass into law," Craig spat. "Under my administration, you would be in my cross hairs too. Look at the way you are dressed! I heard you danced with another guy and kissed him goodnight as well! What happened to you in that place?"

Randal handed his brother the pages he had just read. Trying to not lose his temper, he snarled, "Before you say another word, you dirty bastard, I think you should read this! I'll bet you didn't expect me to turn this up when you sent me undercover, *sweetie!*"

Claire returned just as Craig was turning white from reading the papers. "Mother, the new husband is a little green around the gills," Randall growled.

"What's the matter, Craig?" she asked. "Are you ill?"

Randal grabbed the papers and passed them to her saying, "Actually, *this* made him sick!" Claire, as well, turned several shades of red as she read the document.

"OK, here is the deal," Randal started as a sick Craig and an angry Claire looked on. "I want to be changed back to Randal, a twenty-one year old guy..." Randal laid down a litany of items he demanded done, including firing Mrs. Gunderson and her evil staff, financing a salon for Ms. Paula, and returning him to his former male self. "You do what I demand, and I will destroy all the documents I have. If not, the television talk shows will have a field day, and the career of recently elected Mister District Attorney here will be ruined!" Carefully grabbing his skirt in his dainty fingers, he

sashayed from the room giving as much wiggle as he could to his girlish tush.

As he left, he heard Mrs. Maddox threaten Craig that she would ruin him for life if he so much as considered contesting his marriage. "I didn't set up this elaborate plan and sink donations into your campaign to make sure my daughter married the next District Attorney for nothing. Rachel Marie is no longer related to you. I am her legal guardian, and will decide what is best for her! Now, get back inside and act the sweet devoted husband."

Randal smiled broadly as he looked for a phone to call Ms. Paula. God forbid, they actually planned for him to remain in the girlish role of Rachel Marie Maddox, adopted stepdaughter to Claire. He quivered at the idea of living under her iron-fisted control. Suddenly, he recognized a woman's voice, "Excuse me, young lady, have you seen my husband, or perhaps my mother, Claire Maddox?"

Randal spun around and gave her a deep curtsey, saying, "Hello, Susan. Long time no see, dear!"

Susan walked up to Randal, looking as smashing and radiant as he remembered. "Do I know you?" she asked.

"Susan, honey, I'm shocked you don't recognize me," Randal played his game to the hilt. "It has been 26 weeks since you last saw me. Maybe the hair color is throwing you off. Possibly my voice doesn't sound the same."

Suddenly, it dawned on Susan who was standing before her. "It can't be, but it is, isn't it? I can't believe I considered marrying you! Let's duck into the girl's lounge, you little pervert!"

Why do you call me a pervert, Stu?"

"Who is Stu?" Susan blanched.

"You are, Stu!" Randal calmly replied. At least you were. Look at the proof I discovered at the Gunderson Academy. Name change of Stuart Maddox to Susan Maddox, mother listed as Claire Maddox. Your mother always wanted a

daughter, so she sacrificed her only son to make sure she got one! She sent you to the same Gunderson Academy where Craig tricked me into going so he could have you to himself."

As Randal watched Susan turn white, she gasped, "What do you want to keep quiet, Randal? My marriage will be ruined if Craig ever found out! Mother would never let him divorce me, so my life would be hell! What will it take to keep you quiet?"

"Craig already knows!" Randall smiled.

"You have ruined my life!" Susan cried. "You beast!"

"Craig and your mother ruined my life!" Randal spat.

Mrs. Maddox entered the powder room as if nothing had happened and proclaimed, "There you are, Susan. I suppose our cute Rachel Marie told you of his discovery. Okay, Randal, you have us dead to rights. I have no choice but to agree to your demands. Since there's no reason to be bitter, let's seal it with a toast," she proclaimed as she handed Randal a glass of punch.

Randal took the glass, clicked hers, and chugged the contents in a couple of gulps. As he wiped the back of his hand across his mouth in a male fashion, smearing his lipstick, he observed, "This wine has a bitter aftertaste!"

Claire smiled and gloated, "How do you like your new sister, Susan? Isn't she a real cutie?"

"The bastard ruined my life!" Susan moaned.

"Oh, don't worry. I've resolved that problem. Now, Rachel Marie, since you won't have further need of those papers, I'll take charge of them. Oh, it looks like she is about to fall asleep. Does anyone have anything to say before she fades away?"

"Oh I do, mom," Susan said with a gleeful voice. "Well, little Miss ex-investigator, here's to your new life in silk, satin, lace, and curls!"

Chapter 18 - Wedding Belle Blues...

The magical day arrived. Lisa's wedding! The birds were chirping, children were singing, and the happy bride beamed. Well not really! Lisa was nearing a nervous breakdown, and none of the bridesmaids wanted to be there, or anywhere they had to display their feminine charms in public. However, what they wanted did not amount to much, and everyone converged on the little rural church for the big event.

Lisa still couldn't believe he was actually going through with this charade. After all, he was still a male, and couldn't marry another male! Surely this was a mock wedding for show and didn't carry any legal weight.

The bridesmaids nervously tittered among themselves in a corner of the chapel, still afraid at being exposed in public while wearing their gorgeous burnt flower slip style bridesmaid gowns. The dresses were long flowing creations that followed the contours of the boy's utterly feminine bodies to touch their brightly colored toes. Spaghetti straps held these elegant gowns up, and they had open gathered bodices to show more than a hint of expanding feminine bosoms. Each boy's long flowing hair was styled to compliment his facial features and to reveal the long glittering earrings that pierced their small shell-like ears.

Only Christina felt completely comfortable wearing her lovely dress. After all, she was a girl for real now, and these were the clothes she was supposed to wear. She swirled about to allow her dress to lift and expose her matching lime green pettislip and a peek of her garters holding her sheer nylon stockings in place. She giggled, "Oh, girls, isn't this the most wonderful feeling? I just love my lovely dress."

Craig and Susan Jackson entered the chapel, closely followed by Mrs. Maddox. Close by her side walked a completely subdued Rachel Marie looking very much the sixteen-year-old teenager in her lovely bridesmaid dress. "Your girlfriends are in the corner, Rachel Marie," Mrs. Maddox gestured to where the bridesmaids hovered. "You

should join them, since the wedding will start soon. I'll find a seat with your sister and her husband."

"Yes, mother," Rachel Marie nervously agreed. Standing on tiptoes, she gave Mrs. Maddox a kiss on the cheek.

"Oh, Rachel Marie, you are just so lovely," Claire beamed. "I have so many plans for the two of us now that you are officially my daughter. Next week you will enter charm school to learn to compete in beauty contests. We will have so much fun together. Now run along to your friends."

"Thank you, mother, I can't wait for charm school," she chirped and then delicately walked to where the other bridesmaids stood.

"Rachel Marie, Rachel Marie..." the three girls rushed over to greet her. "We've been so worried about you. Where have you been? What happened when you went to expose those people?"

"Expose? Uh...it didn't work out..." Rachel Marie lowered her eyelids and flushed pink.

"Didn't work out? What happened?" Christina asked.

"Mother...uh...convinced me that I was wrong...and that Mrs. Gunderson's charm school performs a public service. It was for the best that I was transformed from an unruly guy into a sweet obedient demure daughter," Rachel Marie confessed truthfully as she swirled her skirt about her shiny nylon encased legs.

Rachel Marie was so confused. How had he fallen from being almost a detective at the moment of his greatest triumph to being this scheming woman's teenage daughter? Three weeks had passed since she awoke from the drug-induced sleep and realized there was no escape. She was truly Rachel Marie Maddox now, a girl, Claire Maddox's teenage daughter. She could try to escape again, but where would she go, what would she do? No one who knew her as a guy would acknowledge his existence. All records of Randal Jackson had been destroyed as if he never existed.



"Thank you, mother, for making me your daughter," Rachel Marie kissed her mother on the cheek before joining the other bridesmaids.

Suddenly, the organ began, and the group of *girls* quickly ran to the back of the chapel. Lisa entered from a side room, closely followed by Nancy, his Maid of Honor.

Lisa looked absolutely stunning in a romantic white satin wedding gown in empire-style and a long flowing train, and lovely tulle embroidered on the bodice. Lisa's hair was styled in a French braid with flowers intertwined down its length.

Nancy was lovely in his sky blue satin taffeta wrap dress with self-covered buttons. The dress hugged his now womanly curves to flow over his hips to his four-inch open toe sling pumps. Smiling sweetly, Nancy handed Lisa a bouquet of flowers and straightened out the train of his wedding gown.

Nancy smiled brightly showing his sparkling teeth, flashing oval eyes, absolutely feminine face, and stunning body, as he slowly led the bridal procession down the aisle. His magnificent breasts slightly swayed under his dress as he completed his walk, and looked over at Chuck, who was standing as Ron's best man. A spark of passion passed between the two as the bridesmaids finished their walk.

They played the wedding march, and Lisa dutifully marched down the aisle on the arm of his smiling father. As he slowly walked along to meet his fate, he still held out hope that this was a mock wedding. If one could see beneath his veil, they would see the two small tears trickling down his smooth cheeks and assume they were tears of joy.

When the wedding party was assembled, Judge Parker emerged from the wings. "Dearly beloved," the Judge began, "I hope you don't mind if my new wife joins me in overseeing this ceremony."

Nancy uttered an audible gasp when he saw Carol walk out on the arm of the Judge. Muttering, "How can my wife be married to the Judge?" he fainted dead away.

Confusion reigned for a moment, but Chuck quickly kneeled and offered Nancy comfort as he regained consciousness. Dabbing his forehead with a moist hanky, he asked, "Darling, are you all right?"



"Ohhh!" Nancy fainted away at seeing her former wife next to the Judge performing Lisa and Ron's wedding.

"My, how feminine my former husband has become," Carol whispered to her new husband. "He will make some handsome man a lovely trophy wife."

“Uh...I...I don't know...I guess...” he looked at what must be his *former* wife.

“Oh, the darling is suffering from a little reality shock,” Carol offered. None other than she and the Judge knew what was transpiring. The bridesmaids, however, suspected the real reason Nancy fainted.

Once reassembled, Judge Parker started, “Dearly beloved, we meet together for the marriage of Ron and Lisa...” He continued with the ceremony, until finally he said, “Do you, Lisa, promise to love, honor, and *obey* this man as your lawful wedded husband?”

“Uh...” Lisa stammered, looking at Ron. The stern look in his eyes told Lisa what his answer had better be. “I...I do...” he stammered.

The Judge asked Ron if he would keep, protect, and discipline Lisa. He readily responded, “I do!”

“Does anyone have reason to object to the union of these two people?” Judge Harris inquired. Lisa hoped his father would speak up or that maybe Ron would suddenly exclaim, ‘*April Fool!*’ but alas, no one spoke. After a short pause, the Judge continued, “Then, by the authority vested in me, I pronounce you husband and wife. You may kiss the bride!”

As Ron's lips met his, Lisa was aghast! They had actually done it. It wasn't a charade! A Judge had married them, so the wedding was legal! He was a wedded *woman!* How could that be?

After the *happy* couple made their exit, Carol called Nancy aside. “You are confused about what has happened during your absence,” she observed. “Well after the Judge and I sent you to the Gunderson Academy, I petitioned the court for a divorce. Since you presented no claim or objection, I was awarded all of our communal property. Therefore, not only do you have the body and training to be a trophy wife, you are also penniless.” Needless to say, Nancy left the chapel in a dizzy, confused state!

Rachel Marie obediently took her *mother's* hand and was led from the chapel to a waiting limo. "Rachel Marie needs rest," Claire told those who asked. "She is still a bit weary from her recent surgeries, and she begins charm and modeling school next week. I'm sure you girls will have much to talk over when you next get together."

"Surgeries? What surgeries has Rachel had?" Christina asked the others as the Maddox car rolled down the driveway.

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Epilog:

Wearing an extremely short low cut, sleeveless black dress decorated with gold sequins, Lisa was busily preparing dinner for their guests. His makeup, hair, bright red lipstick, and nail polish were immaculate. He moved cautiously about the kitchen with his pendant earrings tickling his neck and his stiletto heels clicking rhythmically on the tile floor. He checked to be sure the food and table settings were precisely in keeping with his demanding husband's desires. He didn't want to chance a mistake that would cause Ron to instigate an embarrassing scene before their guests.

"You are beautiful and everything looks perfect," Ron beamed as he looked around the kitchen and dining room. Taking his bride of six months affectionately into his arms, he pulled Lisa close for a kiss. Lisa's initial reaction was to turn away to prevent Ron's amorous affections from ruining his recently applied lipstick. However, painful and embarrassing punishments had taught him the folly of that ploy. Instead of pulling away, he met Ron's lips with his own. As they shared a passionate kiss, the doorbell rang announcing the arrival of their guests. Lisa removed the handkerchief from his husband's pocket and wiped the lipstick from Ron's lips. "Answer that while I touch up my makeup and hair, sweetheart," Lisa cooed as he gave his husband a quick peck on the lips.

"Okay, Doll!" Ron smiled as he playfully swatted his sexy wife on his nylon-covered rear. "Don't be too long!"

Despite Ron's cheerful manner, Lisa recognized his appeal to hurry as a command, not a request. Not wasting any time, he gracefully smoothed his skirt, sat at his vanity, and quickly, yet expertly, brushed his hair into place, replaced his ruined lipstick, and added a spritz of pleasant feminine perfume.

Chuck and Nancy were removing their coats when he arrived. He greeted Nancy with a hug and a light kiss on the lips and gave Chuck a hug and a kiss on the cheek. "It's

wonderful to see you!" he gushed excitedly. "May I get you a drink?"

Not surprisingly, the *men* ordered drinks, but Nancy, wanting to avoid the calories, declined. After Lisa served the drinks, he left to get dinner on the table. "I'll help," Nancy said as he followed his friend to the kitchen.

"Your dress is lovely," Lisa gushed as he looked over Nancy's red satin dress. It was backless to the waist, low cut in front to display abundant cleavage, and the full skirt was open from near the top of his sheer nylons to the hem at his knees. "That shade of red goes perfectly with your long black hair.

"Your dress is nice too, but isn't it a bit short?"

"Way too short for my tastes, but most of my skirts are this length," Lisa admitted. "Ron likes to show off his pretty sexy wife, so no one will suspect him of being gay. To that end, he insists on me wearing ridiculously short skirts and revealing low cut tops. Anyway, how are you and Chuck getting on?"

"Great! He's a wonderful lover!" Nancy gushed. "I may be his trophy girlfriend, but with him, I got the better of Mrs. Gunderson and that bitch ex-wife of mine!"

"What about your ex-wife?"

"She thinks because I'm straight, my having to live with a huge macho man is hilarious, but Chuck is a dreamboat. I love him beyond words! How about you? Is being married to Ron as awful as you feared?"

"Worse! While trying to keep Ron sexually aroused and content, I would forget the clothes I have to wear if they didn't help keep me so horny and sexually frustrated."

"I know the feeling. The sexy clothes and silky undies I wear keep me so horny, but Chuck takes care of that at bedtime! Thankfully, he allows me to buy all the lingerie and clothes I want. He's such a lovable teddy bear."

"Ron is nothing like that. If I don't do everything exactly as he wishes, he goes into a rage and verbally berates me wherever we are for being a dumb blonde who can't do anything right. When we get home, he makes me lift my skirt, and lie across his lap so for a sound spanking on my silky panties. Then, he insists that I continue to keep him satiated while denying me sexual release until I '*deserve*' an orgasm."

"How long does that last?"

"Usually a week or so, but only after I've been exceptionally sexy, obedient, and submissive. He has me so intimidated, I'm afraid to make a move on my own for fear of being punished or humiliated. I tell you, walking as if on egg shells while wearing sexy dresses, lingerie, makeup, and high-heels is definitely not the life I imagined for myself when I was growing up as a boy!"

"Say, Chuck and I are going to Hawaii next week, for a combination business trip and vacation!" Nancy gushed, changing the subject. "Why don't you and Ron join us? The boys can play golf and indulge in their other macho games while we girls sit prettily on the beach in our skimpy bikinis and work on our tan."

"Ooooh, that would be so lovely," Lisa cooed at the thought of leaving the cold weather for a couple of weeks of Waikiki sunshine. "Why don't you bring the subject during dinner? If I do, Ron will just berate me for being too assertive. For punishment, he would probably flip up my skirt and spank me right here in front of Chuck and you."

"You're kidding!"

"No! The only way I can get away with expressing an opinion is when I tell Ron what a sexy, intelligent, macho stud, hunk lover I think he is. By the way, have you heard from any of the others from the academy?"

"Let's see, Judith is going to secretarial school and working as a receptionist; Laura is going to nursing school; Roxanne is working as a hairdresser; Christina is attending a

local community college to become a school teacher; and Tiffany is a waitress at the truck stop."

"None of them returned to being guys?"

"Guess not. And, oh yes, guess what! Remember the construction site Rachel Marie saw when she tried to run away? Well Tiffany's sister, Barbara, put up the money to build an addition to the academy, and that's what she saw. When it's finished, Gunderson and her goons will have room to train forty boys at a time instead of eight!"

"Wow! Men and boys look out! No telling who will be next!" Lisa giggled.

"Have you heard the latest about Rachel Marie?" Nancy smiled.

"No! Please tell! What's the latest tea?"

"She graduated from charm and poise academy and her mother has signed her up for a local beauty contest. If she wins, she can try out for the State title. If I know Mrs. Maddox, poor Rachel Marie will be in a lot of pageants from now on. When I talked to her, she was confused and dumbfounded at her situation. She still insists that she was a 21-year-old male cop, but I don't see it. I personally think she made that all up. I mean really, who ever heard of a detective becoming a schoolgirl and beauty queen. It's just too farfetched. Too much like those silly *Sandy Thomas* stories they made us read at the Academy. Given what we've been through, even *we* didn't fall for that one!"

The End?



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“Have you heard the latest about Rachel Marie?” Nancy asked Lisa as their men watched the football game. “She still insists that she attended the academy as an undercover detective.”

“Yeah, sure!” Lisa giggled. “I think she read too many of those Sandy Thomas books while in training.”

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