

PREP SCHOOL SWEETHEART

By Linda Gregory



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

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By Linda Gregory

CHAPTER 1

“Here try this on for size,” the salesman said as he gingerly slipped a size 8 red pump on my right foot.

I felt strange to be treated as such. It had been some years since a shoe salesman had done anything but hand me shoes. Now I was sitting in with the salesman positioned right in front of me on his little inclined stool. He seemed so eager to be of help.

As he placed the shoe on my foot I could see his eye glance up ever so slightly. He had positioned himself so close to me I had a hard time preventing him from seeing my privates. In one motion he grabbed the left shoe and moved even closer. When I lifted my leg up to his stool I couldn't help but show him all my glory. Now he grinned noticeably as he jabbered on about how pretty the pumps looked on me. No doubt his grin was due more to the sight of my undies than the sight of some inexpensive pumps.

He'd done this so deliberately but so suavely as to make it all look incidental. Amazingly, even though he engineered my impromptu exposition, I felt like a cheap tramp and was so thoroughly embarrassed I blushed noticeably.

“Well Dorothy, why don't you try walking in them,” said Mr. Legrand. He's my drama teacher and one heck of a cool guy to boot, but right now I just felt like washing myself. The stare of that lecherous salesman made me feel dirty.

Then the salesman piped in, “Yeah honey, you need to walk in them to be sure you have the right fit.”

“Yeah I bet,” I thought. ‘He probably just wanted me to stand up so he could drop some change or something and look up my skirt some more. What a creep.’

It wasn't just the salesman that made me uncomfortable, I was slightly petrified of walking in these shoes. This was my first time in girl's clothing to say nothing of heels.

I'd worn Mrs. Legrand's moccasins over to the store. I hadn't experienced any physical discomfort in any of her clothes. Actually, though I hate to admit it, the clothes felt good. The silky panties felt so smooth against my buttocks and privates and the firmness of the nylons invigorated my legs. But the best part was the feeling of freedom I had with the plaid skirt swishing from my waist. The occasional cool up-drafts were unlike anything I'd experienced before.

Heels though were something altogether different. Until now my public display was going fine, but now I was going to have to stumble around like the sissified school boy that I was.

“OK,” I said to Mr. Legrand, “but you may need to help me.”

“Not a problem,” he answered. Then he glanced over to the salesman and explained that these were my first heels. He would have been shocked if he knew just how many firsts I was experiencing right there.

I stood up. The snugness of the shoes was unusual. Even my dress Oxfords were more comfortable than these things. I took a few awkward steps toward a mirror. I could feel Mr. Legrand sizing me up. Until now I had been doing a fairly good job mimicking a girl but there was no way I could look anything but ridiculous walking around in these shoes.

I managed to make it back to my chair. I flopped down so fast I forgot to adjust my skirt. The back of it was all bunched up against the small of my back. The only thing between my fanny and the cool wooden chair were Mrs. Legrand's panties and nylons. It felt strange and when I look back on it, I realize that it felt kind of sexy and embarrassing all at once.

“Well how do they feel sweetie?” the salesman asked.

I kind of resented this guy calling me stuff like 'sweetie' and 'honey', and Lord knows I didn't appreciate him looking up my dress, but the fact that he was convinced I was a girl made me happy. After all that was what this was all about.

“Do they feel alright, Dorothy?” Mr. Legrand asked.

“I guess so,” I said meekly. To tell the truth, they felt horrible, but I didn't feel like letting that salesman place any more shoes on me.

“Good,” said Mr. Legrand. “We'll take two pairs. This one and a white pair.”

Before I could slip the shoes off, the salesman positioned his stool very close to me, gently grabbed my left calf, lifted my leg slightly and slipped off my shoe. He allowed his hand to slide down the back of my lower leg ever so gently.

I felt used, caressed against my will by a stranger. He repeated the whole procedure with the right leg. As he did this he looked up at me with a big grin. He was jabbering on about how pretty I was going to look all dolled up for a date in my new heels. As before he allowed his eyes to wander back to my undies which were even more visible now with my skirt all bunched up in the back.

I must have turned two shades of red because I felt so embarrassed. I wouldn't swear on it, but when he stood up, I'd say he was noticeably aroused.

“Would you like to try anything else?” the old lech asked.

“No,” I said, not waiting for Mr. Legrand's response. I didn't want this creep handling me any more. I don't know what this guy was enjoying more; a multiple sale or a chance to subtly molest a virgin.

Before you get the wrong idea about Mr. Legrand, or myself, I should explain the situation further. I'm a Sophomore at Milton Academy, a boarding school for the sons of wealthy snobs like my parents. Most of the Milton students were miniature versions of their phony parents. Most of the teachers were pretty stuffy and strict. There were

exceptions in both groups. Mr. Legrand was one as I have already pointed out. There were a couple of guys in my study group that were okay.

Mr. Legrand is on the staff of the English Department. He is also the director of the school's annual play. Since no girls attend Milton all the parts have to be performed by boys. Usually the school puts on plays that have a minimum of female characters. This year is no different.

In *The Wizard of Oz* only the parts of the witches, one munchkin and Dorothy, need to be played en femme.

Mr. Legrand had his doubts about doing this play despite its minimal female characters because the one central character, Dorothy, is a girl. He told me later that had he not heard me sing so convincingly as a soprano he probably would have scrapped the entire project.

Mr. Legrand hadn't forced me to dress up like a girl today. We both agreed it would probably be easier and less sensational for a teenage girl to be trying on pumps in public rather than one of Milton's finest. Besides as long as no one I knew would see me like this, I figured I survive.

I don't know if Mr. Legrand had noticed the salesman's antics. I certainly didn't feel like pointing them out. I was too embarrassed. He never mentioned anything so I assume he didn't notice.

Perhaps no man is capable of noticing the sly touches and errant glances men are prone to around women.

"How you feel Jack?" Mr. Legrand asked as we strolled to his car.

"I dunno," I said. Which wasn't entirely true because I felt like I had just been used by that creepy salesman. That much I knew. Overall though I was ambivalent. I didn't entirely mind dressing up in his wife's clothes. I just knew that I wasn't supposed to like it.

"Well I think you're doing splendidly Jack," he said.

Mr. Legrand always heaped praise on his students. That was one reason everyone liked him. He wasn't a phony either. His praise wasn't just flattery, it was genuine. That's probably why he was able to get so much out of us.

He then changed the subject, probably to reduce my nervousness. He started talking about Mr. Braislix, Milton Academy's Dean of Students. All the students detested this guy. Some of the more perceptive teachers, like Mr. Legrand were aware of this and would occasionally talk dirt about him too.

He told me how years back some students trapped fat ole Braislix in the faculty restroom by propping a chair up against the door. Braislix was too proud to cry for help so instead he tried climbing out the window, which was a mistake because he was so fat he got stuck. The whole student body got the show of their lives when the fire department had to come to rescue him.

Mr. Legrand's story had me giggling just like the little girl I looked like. People passing by didn't pay me any heed, which was good because prior to leaving Mr. Legrand's house I was afraid of being stared at like some kind of sissy freak.

We drove back to Mr. Legrand's house so I could change back into my regular clothes prior to returning to my dorm. We talked about the play we were planning to do. This would be the first time Milton attempted *The Wizard of Oz*. He explained that the red shoes, with the help of a little glue and glitter, would become the ruby slippers.

The white shoes would be for rehearsals. He encouraged me to wear them as much as possible so that I would get used to them. I wouldn't have to go shopping for the rest of my costume since all alterations could be done easily and privately, shoes were a different story, it was best to try them on prior to purchase since there was no way to alter them.

I didn't mind playing Dorothy. Heck it was the lead role. Even though she's mostly a passive character, I'd get to be in just about every scene.

Mostly I got into the play because I enjoyed singing and I wasn't all that afraid of doing it in public. I wasn't particularly fond of anything else at Milton Academy. I wasn't good enough to play on any of the Varsity teams. The school newspaper was a joke. The school chorus was headed by an old fart and nothing else besides the play interested me.

Like I said earlier, Mr. Legrand heard me sing during tryouts and was impressed enough to give a Sophomore a shot at the lead part in the play. All the other major parts were given to upperclassmen, which was good, because they were all at least a few inches taller than me. I would look convincing as a juvenile amongst adults.

Of the other girl roles Glynda, the good witch of the North, went to Avery Hubert. Avery was a senior and, despite his effeminate ways, very popular. He belied his image. To hear the way he talked and see his foppish mannerisms you'd have sworn he was a fag, but quite the opposite was true. He was always getting calls from local girls and those of us who met any of his various girlfriends were quite jealous. From what I'd heard from reliable sources, he was one of the few guys who wasn't lying when he told you about his exploits over Christmas and summer breaks.

The Wicked Witch of the West was to be played by Brad Martin. Brad was a senior and starting center for the football team. He was a regular class clown too. Despite his manliness he was a natural for the part. He had the evil voice down pat and would really put a lot of fun and energy into the play.

The only other girl part was to be played by little Jimmy Campbell. Mr. Legrand figured we ought to have at least one female munchkin. The part was small but required Jimmy to dress up like a ballerina and sing as close to alto as possible. He was probably the smallest guy in the Freshman class and actually had to be recruited for the part. He had fine petite features and his voice hadn't even begun to change. It took a lot of convincing on the part of Mr. Legrand to get him to join the play.

Maybe because we were younger, Jimmy and I had reservations about playing girls. Avery was reassuring though. He'd routinely played women in all the school plays since he arrived at Milton four years ago. Brad may have been doing his first school play but, being the big football jock that he was, made it seem possible for a guy to play a girl on stage and still be respected and feared off the stage.

We had left Mr. Legrand's house shortly after lunch. By the time we got back, his wife was home from work. Her husband had already warned her that one of his students would be borrowing her clothes. I don't think he intended for us to meet under these circumstances though.

We entered the house without fanfare. I think his wife was in the kitchen and I really was hoping she'd stay there but then what woman could pass up the opportunity to see a male dressed up like I was and humiliate him in the process. Women have their way of getting back at men.

She came out to greet us as we crossed the parlor.

"Hi Hon!" Mr. Legrand called out as he reached to hug his Mrs.

From the looks of her I wouldn't have minded hugging her myself. She was still wearing what I guess were her work clothes, a very sharp suit and heels, which did ample justification to her sexy legs and full bosom. If I ever have a woman like that I won't let her out of my sight much less let her go to an office full of horny guys, dressed that way.

"Hey Baby!" she said as she hugged him back, then she kidded. "Who's this pretty honey you've brought home; I haven't caught you having an affair have I?"

Mr. Legrand blushed for just an instant then introduced me to her.

"Honey, this is my student, Jack Knowles. He can sing like a nightingale," then to me, "Jack, this is my wife, Vicki. You may have seen her if you've ever been to the Ridge Valley Savings and Loan. She's the branch manager."

I never saw her before but I intended to open a bank account soon.

Despite the pleasure I took in ogling Mrs. Legrand, I couldn't help but feel uncomfortable standing in front of her dressed up in a skirt and blouse. I began to feel as though it would have been better to have been born poor so that my presence at Milton Academy would never have happened.

Here I was meeting one of the prettiest women I've ever seen and I was wearing her clothes! I would have crawled under a rock if one were nearby.

"Hi Jack," she said. "Gordon has told me much about you." She reached out to shake my hand as she looked me up and down. She was trying hard to be cordial but I could see it was a losing battle.

"Hello Mrs. Legrand, I hope you don't mind my using your stuff." Gosh this was terrible.

"Nonsense," she said. "That outfit looks better on you than it does on me. Besides I never wear it. Would you like to keep it?"

I was incredulous and it must have shown because she immediately followed with, "Until the play is over that is."

I didn't say anything. I wanted to tear her stupid clothes off and I wanted to thank her all at the same time. Man I was in deep.

Then Gordon, er Mr. Legrand, piped in, "that's a great idea honey. Jack can practice sitting and bending in a skirt that way."

I couldn't believe it. Just where was I supposed to 'practice sitting and bending' in this. I lived in a dorm with a couple of hundred guys. He was crazy if he thought I was going to doll up in front of those guys other than for a performance or dress rehearsal.

Instead of saying what I felt, I just agreed that it was a 'great idea'. Besides all I had to do was take the clothes. No one was forcing me to wear them.

Not yet anyway.

CHAPTER TWO

The first few weeks of practice went well. Except for the white pumps I didn't have to wear anything special. A few guys would kid me about them, but after the second or third day no one even noticed.

I'd seen the movie so many times I had the songs down before practices started. I was no Judy Garland but compared to some of the other solos, I may as well have been. I was having some trouble with the lines though. Singing comes naturally to me, but acting is something I can't get right without a lot of work.

Mr. Legrand was so busy choreographing the dance routines and coaching some of the others that he kind of overlooked a lot of my shortcomings. Luckily I had Avery to help me out. He and I would get together after the official practices and just go over all the girl stuff that didn't come natural to me. He showed me how to walk, what to do with my hands and everything else girls do naturally that never even occurs to most guys.

After a couple of weeks I was showing improvement but only when I was alone with him. In front of the other guys it was just like being in front of Mrs. Legrand. I felt silly. In all it was easier to put on a dress and shyly walk into a shoe store than it was to act overtly feminine, even in mostly masculine clothes, when I was in front of my cast mates.

Avery wasn't the only one to help. When Mr. Legrand started showing some displeasure with my acting, Preston Hampton offered to help.

Preston was by far the most talented student in the school. He was in his final year at Milton and was on his way to perfect his performing skills at a big name fine arts college next year. He had the part of the Scarecrow. He was faithful to Ray Bolger's interpretation most of the time. Occasionally he would let loose and dazzle us all with his acrobatic skills. But he was very modest off stage. Despite working summer stock and appearing in numerous amateur productions, he never bragged or made others feel inadequate. On stage he had a subtle way of helping the rest of us. Whether it was a whispered line or just a friendly smile he always knew how to give us confidence long after Mr. Legrand had lost his patience.

Truly my best scenes were those that we shared. He was so believable as the Scarecrow that I sometimes actually felt like Dorothy when a scene called for me to cling to him. With the exception of Avery, Preston was the only actor who treated me like Dorothy. He wasn't afraid to hold me or dance with me when the script called for it. He would talk to me just as if I really were a little lost girl. The others treated me like a guy who was playing a little lost girl. I don't mean to blame all my inadequacies on other people, but it certainly didn't help.

For instance, one scene called for me to hug Uncle Henry and beg for Toto's rescue. When I went to do this everyone laughed, which I kind of expected, but I didn't expect Joe Higgins, (the guy playing Uncle Henry, amongst other small parts,) to recoil and call me a queer. From then on, instead of speaking to Uncle Henry like a desperate little girl who was about to lose her beloved pet, I spoke to him like I would to any guy who threatened to knock my block off and had the punch to do it.

This is just one example. There were many more. Mr. Legrand tried in vain to correct this situation but nothing worked. All the screaming and all the pep talks did little to improve attitudes. It may have even hurt.

The best and worst day of my life occurred at a morning practice about 10 days prior to our maiden performance.

Nothing was going right. I think even Preston flubbed a few lines. Mr. Legrand went ballistic. He kicked us all off the stage and told us to tell our parents not to bother to come next week because he was going to cancel the show.

"This is the worst performance I've ever seen," he cried. "You guys can not be ready in the time we have left. Do you realize that dress rehearsal is in just 5 days? You don't go into dress rehearsal still needing as much work as you people do. You cut your losses that's what you do. Save the school the expense and embarrassment.

"What are you guys doing here? You should go back to your dorms and study or do something else constructive. Its plain you're time here is thoroughly wasted."

Then he got real personal, he looked right at me with a look of utter hate in his eyes, "I should have known we could never pull off The Wizard of Oz with a boy Dorothy!"

I couldn't handle that. I tried like hell to control my emotions, but before I knew it I was bawling like a little sissy who just had her dolly stolen. I ran out of the hall pumps and all.

CHAPTER 3

Everyone else remained totally silent. Even Mr. Legrand went quiet.

He was in deep thought. "Maybe all was not lost," he thought. "Look at the way I caused Jack to break down; just like a hopeless little girl, and look at the way he can run on those heels. He may be Dorothy yet."

Finally he said aloud, "I want all of you back here tomorrow at 2 o'clock sharp. No late comers, no excuses. You guys got it?"

"Yes sir!" everyone shouted. This time he really meant business and everyone knew it.

"Good. Now get out of here!" he shouted.

Everyone dashed out.

"Hold on Avery," he called.

"Avery ...I want you to bring Brad, Jack and Jimmy here tonight at 8. I have an idea. If I can get school approval, it just may work."

“Sure Mr. G. Not a problem. Sounds like you have a plan.”

“I certainly do Avery.”

“Care to try it on me?”

For the first time in days Mr. Legrand smiled.

He looked at Avery, and spoke very deliberately.

“All in good time my girl, all in good time.”

Mr. Legrand was very busy that day. First he sought out Dr. Henson, Milton's Headmaster, and the Dean of Students, Mr. Braislx, to get approval for his plan. It looked like they weren't going to buy it until he convinced them that this was the only way he could put on a quality play. That's when they started to take him seriously.

Dr. Henson always deferred to those around him prior to making his own statement. It was his way of getting the least biased opinions.

“So am I to understand that we are only 10 days away from our first performance and our boys are still struggling to remember lines?” Braislx inquired.

“That's not entirely true Sir,” Mr. Legrand answered. “Most of the boys have no trouble remembering their lines. Its just the delivery. The central character is Dorothy. Everything revolves around her.”

“So the problem is the boy playing Dorothy?”

“In a way it is. He's certainly talented enough to play the role, but he's coming across as a boy playing a girl. In order for the play to work he has to come across as a girl. The fault isn't entirely his. Most of the other boys have a hard time relating to him as a girl,” Mr. Legrand answered.

Braislx started to suggest a solution. “Perhaps we could get a girl from St. Theresa's.”

“Too late for that, Sir. There isn't enough time for me to get someone new ready. Besides, why should we break precedent and allow an outsider into a Milton Academy production.” Mr. Legrand knew that by appealing to tradition he was sure to win some favor from this crusty old pair.

“So what you're saying is that the only way we're going to have a school play worthy of Milton, is to have a 'girl' Dorothy?” Braislx had a great way of condensing someone else's ideas.

“That's right, and..” answered Mr. Legrand.

“... and the only plausible way to have a girl Dorothy is to take the boy we already have and turn him into a girl?” Braislx finished.

“You've got it, Sir,” Mr. Legrand was happy that they finally understood the gist of his plan.

“You propose to do this by having this boy, what's his name...”

“Jack Knowles, class of 82”

“Yes, so you propose Jack live full time as Dorothy?”

“Only until the last performance.”

“We've never had to do this before.”

“We've never done a play which pivoted so directly on a female.”

Braislix tried a new tack. “What about the Cowardly Lion? Should we have that boy crawl around on all fours and eat raw meat for the next couple of weeks?”

Mr. Legrand was ready for that. “No Sir. The Lion is not to be taken seriously as a beast. The essence of the lion is his human nature. The same is true of the Tin Woodsman and the Scarecrow. These characters are supposed to look as men in fanciful roles. Not so for Dorothy. She has to be female, the audience and all the cast must have no doubts as to this for the play to work.”

Then Dr. Henson spoke, “Have you considered just what effect this might have on young Jack? What will his parents think?”

This was much harder for Mr. Legrand to counter. He went out on a limb. “Sir, No doubt we are asking a lot of this young boy. I assure you though, he and all the others would be willing to do this if it meant the difference between success and failure. As far as his parents are concerned, I can only guess that they have made the sacrifice to send their son to Milton so that he may learn what it takes to be successful.”

Dr. Henson wasn't as impressed with Legrand's speech as Legrand thought. He hadn't risen to his position by allowing others to BS him into risky decisions. Still he didn't have much choice.

He regretted that he had approved The Wizard of Oz as this year's play. He hadn't foreseen this problem. He wanted the play to be a huge success. Milton had too much prestige to put on a schlock production. Many of the Alumni were important men. Being that the play always coincided with Homecoming, many of them would be present at the play. Past history had proven that the better the play, just like the better the football team, the better the annual Alumni fund drive.

Mr. Braislix couldn't come up with any alternatives either. Mr. Legrand hadn't offered any alternative other than cancellation. Dr. Henson had no choice but to acquiesce.

“How can I help, Gordon?” he asked.

Mr. Legrand was ecstatic. He'd won approval. “Sir, you can help me most by giving me the benefit of the doubt and as much leeway as possible.”

Braislix cringed. He liked to keep everybody on a short leash.

Legrand continued, “I'll need separate quarters for the 'girls'...”

Braislix saw a chance to interject, “What do you mean girls?”

“Surely you don't expect Jack to go this alone. I intend to segregate Jack, Brad Martin, Avery Hubert and Jimmy Campbell from the rest of the student body. They'll live in their own dorm away from the boys. They'll still eat and attend class with the boys but they'll go as Jackie, Brea, Ava and Jenny. They'll dress, talk, walk, go to the bathroom and everything else like girls!”

Braislix shot back, "What about the other boys, surely they'll ridicule these 'girls' to the point of noncompliance."

Little did Braislix realize that he had just stepped into a carefully laid trap. Legrand could hardly contain his delight.

"That's where you come in Sir," Legrand said. "You will brief the student body tomorrow morning at assembly. I'm sure if you put your foot down and insist that the student body behave as gentlemen, they'll treat these girls as proper young ladies.

"Besides, Avery is numb to criticism and Martin is one tough customer. There aren't too many guys who will give him a hard time. That should spill over to Jack and Jimmy."

Braislix was cornered. How could he refuse now? To do that he would have to admit in front of Dr. Henson that he was incapable of controlling the student body. Braislix had too much ego to do that and Legrand knew it.

"Well then Gentlemen," Dr. Henson started, "if there are no further arguments..."

He glanced at Braislix, who just frowned and shook his head,

"... then consider this plan in effect. Gordon, you can use Gable House as a dormitory for our little girls."

Gable House was sort of a VIP guest house. It was kept in good condition just in case a trustee wanted to pay an unexpected visit.

"What else will you need?"

"I've already spoken with Ms. Duval to assist with the training. She said she'd love to help out.

"I plan to use some of the play budget to purchase some feminine stuff for the coed's. If Mr. Braislix convinces the student body and rest of the faculty to play along, everything should go swimmingly."

"Don't worry about that," Dr. Henson stated, "Mr. Braislix is a very effective 'convincer'."

Dr. Henson was smiling now. Apparently he appreciated the clever trap Legrand had set for Braislix. He was impressed enough to give Legrand a chance with his crazy scheme. Besides the worst thing that might happen was a law suit. Milton counted some of the best lawyers in the state amongst its alumni.

The decision made, the men parted company. Legrand busied himself making preparations.

Ms. Duval had volunteered to assist him. She was a middle aged divorced woman who taught French at Milton. She had a fine figure but usually kept it hidden beneath very conservative clothes. She would be the boy's mentor for the next two weeks. Under her watchful eye Jackie, Brea, Ava and Jenny would blossom into the finest young women Milton ever produced.

She purchased lingerie, makeup, and some casual footwear for them at a local retail outfit. The rest of their stuff, clothing and accessories, she picked up at thrift shops. Even Milton had budgetary limits.

Mr. and Mrs. Legrand did their best to transform Gable House into a pretty little sorority house. Vicki had plenty of pretty curtains and bedspreads in storage. She and Legrand spent the better part the day turning the stuffy old guest house into a dainty little cottage.

Vicki took a great deal of pleasure in setting up the house. Seeing Jack all dolled up the other day had really excited her. There were a lot of hound dogs at her bank to whom she would have liked to administer a little petticoat punishment.

Ms. Duval didn't mind her tasks either. It was fun to use school funds to purchase pantyhose, pinafores, fluffy slippers, panties, brassieres, foundations, and lipstick for four of Milton's finest. She spent the better part of her life trying to teach French to spoiled rich boys; putting up with their puerile shenanigans. She delighted in finally getting a chance to teach four of them a lesson in humiliation.

She was giddy when she thought how pretty they would look and the wolf calls they would be subjected to. She was familiar with all four of them since all had come through her class at one time or another.

Avery would be easy to transform into Ava and hence the least fun. Brad probably would never be a convincing Brea. She and Legrand had discussed that. As the Wicked Witch it wasn't really necessary for him to be overtly feminine, he just had to be evil and very demonstrative. He was effective on both counts, so, on a strictly singular evaluation, his inclusion in the experiment wasn't really necessary. Given the big picture though, he did offer the younger boys a false sense of security so his initial inclusion was quite necessary.

Little Jimmy would be the most fun. Ms. Duval couldn't help but purchase some new outfits for him. She purchased clothes in the little girls department for him. Short little party dresses with bountiful petticoats and pretty single strap Mary Jane patent leathers, topped off with oversize bows would make him a hit with the budding pedophiles.

Jack was the most special though. She could take risks with the others but Jack had to be thoroughly transformed into a sweet adolescent girl by curtain time. For him she carefully selected the kinds of things no respectable teenage girl of the 80's would be without.

Though all the boys had relatively long hair it was decided they would look better with wigs. Here Legrand dipped into the budget big time to purchase gorgeous hair for Avery and Jack, their parts required it. Brad would wear a relatively cheap black witch's wig and Jimmy received a cute blonde wig with baloney curls and long bangs.

Around 7 o'clock Ms. Duval met the Legrand's at Gable house. Everything was set to go. The rooms were devoid of the masculine trappings that occupied them previously. The closets were filled with all their 'new' stuff. It was all set. Now Legrand just had to sell it to the boys.

CHAPTER 4

I walked into the auditorium at 8 o'clock. I was mad at Mr. Legrand, he didn't have to single me out in front of everybody like he had done that morning. Luckily Avery

and Preston had sought me out and reassured me. They knew Mr. Legrand wouldn't have done what he did unless it was to serve some useful purpose.

I felt kind of silly crying in front of everybody but I was starting to get used to the occasional mocking that went along with playing Dorothy. Besides not all the boys were cruel. I could tell that some felt genuinely sorry for me.

All the other femme cast members were already there. Mr. Legrand wasted no time confiding in us just how desperate the shape of the play was. Then he pointed out that the root of the problem was the inability of the cast to relate to us as females. He had a radical solution which caught us all off guard. Jimmy and I looked to Brad and Avery for help. Instead they swallowed Mr. Legrand's whole mom and apple pie argument and the next thing I knew I was volunteering to live full—time as Jackie. Jimmy wasn't about to go against the wave so he joined too.

Heck, Mr. Legrand was so positive he had us all revved up and ready to menstruate by the end of his speech.

“Then its all settled boys,” Mr. Legrand intoned. “Get your books, leave your clothes and report to Gable house with Ms. Duval by 9 o'clock.”

I and the others reported as ordered. We were in for the education of a lifetime.

We sat around Gable house's strange little parlor waiting for Ms. Duval. Only Avery had been in here before. Back then he didn't recall noticing pink curtains, crocheted doilies, and big stuffed animals all about.

Finally Ms. Duval entered the house. She was holding what looked like a riding crop under her arm. She was dressed in a manner I had never seen before. Her hair was tied up in a tight bun. The lines of her makeup were sharper than usual. She wore a charcoal gray jumpsuit with padded shoulders. Her petite feet were encased in nude stockings and rested in 3 inch clear sandals.

She wasn't smiling. She took command of the situation immediately. “Mr. Legrand has asked me to do the school a favor and I consented. He tells me you have all freely volunteered for this transformation. Is this correct?” she demanded.

“Yes Ma'am!” we answered.

“Good. Very good,” she said. “From now on you will do as I say. You are no longer Avery, Brad, Jack and Jimmy. You are Ava, Brea, Jackie and Jenny. You will walk, talk, sit, stand, eat, pee and think like girls. Understand?”

This time our response was a little less enthusiastic but we were still pumped up by Mr. Legrand's speech.

“Yes Ma'am,” we said.

“The first thing you girls must realize is that your Mistress will always be addressed as Mistress. You will avoid my eye and curtsy whenever you address me, make no mistake, I wear the pants here!” I was scared to death. “Now upstairs and out of those filthy boy things.”

Avery and Brad responded, “Yes Mistress.” They were real team players. Jimmy and I followed their lead on fear alone.

Mistress Duval stood in the center of the room as we stripped off our clothes and formed a pile at her feet on an old bed sheet. Later she would order Brea to tie it up and leave it on the doorstep.

After we undressed she inspected each of us. Brad and Avery were ordered to shave all body hair. I had to do the same and shave my pubic region as well. Jimmy didn't have anything to shave but his legs. We then took turns in the shower.

When my turn came I hung my towel on a hook and was about to climb into the shower when Mistress held out her riding crop and said, "I said clean yourself."

"But that's..." Crack, the crop came down against my buttocks. "Ouch!" Now I curtsied and said, "But Mistress that's what I'm about to do."

She deadpanned me and pointed to the bidet next to the commode with her crop. "Jackie, you will learn that a proper young lady will always use this instrument to cleanse herself."

"Yes Mistress," I said as I sat down on the bidet. The upward jet of water felt good against my freshly shaved groin. Though I felt embarrassed as hell to have my French teacher watch me do this, in the nude no less.

After we had all 'cleansed' and showered we put on the nightwear Mistress selected for us. Ava wore Feminine pajamas, Brea wore a long granny gown, I wore a dorm shirt with a picture of Betty Boop emblazoned on it. I didn't feel so bad or embarrassed after I saw Jenny.

Little Jenny wore a tres cute baby doll with ruffled panties. She looked so cute it was scary.

Mistress spent some time with us explaining all the rules. I couldn't believe some of the stuff she was coming up with. I turned red just listening to her. Then so we wouldn't forget she posted the rules on our door and made us recite them. They were as follows:

1. Mistress Duval is my guide and mentor. I trust her implicitly.
2. I am a maiden. I will strive to always be pleasing to the eye and ear.
3. I am bound by the limitations which befall a maiden. I must sit down whenever I use the bathroom and cleanse myself as often as possible.
4. I am weak. I must avoid strenuous routine so as to remain soft and pretty.
5. I am naive. I must remember that all men are after one thing and never sacrifice my virtue.
6. I am a proper young lady. I have a reputation to protect. No boys are allowed in the parlor of Gable house after 8 PM. My bedroom is always off—limits.

She was really serious about this. I hadn't even thought about relations with boys. I just expected to get mocked and somewhat ostracized by the rest of the student body. Mistress anticipated differently.

And with good reason I might add.