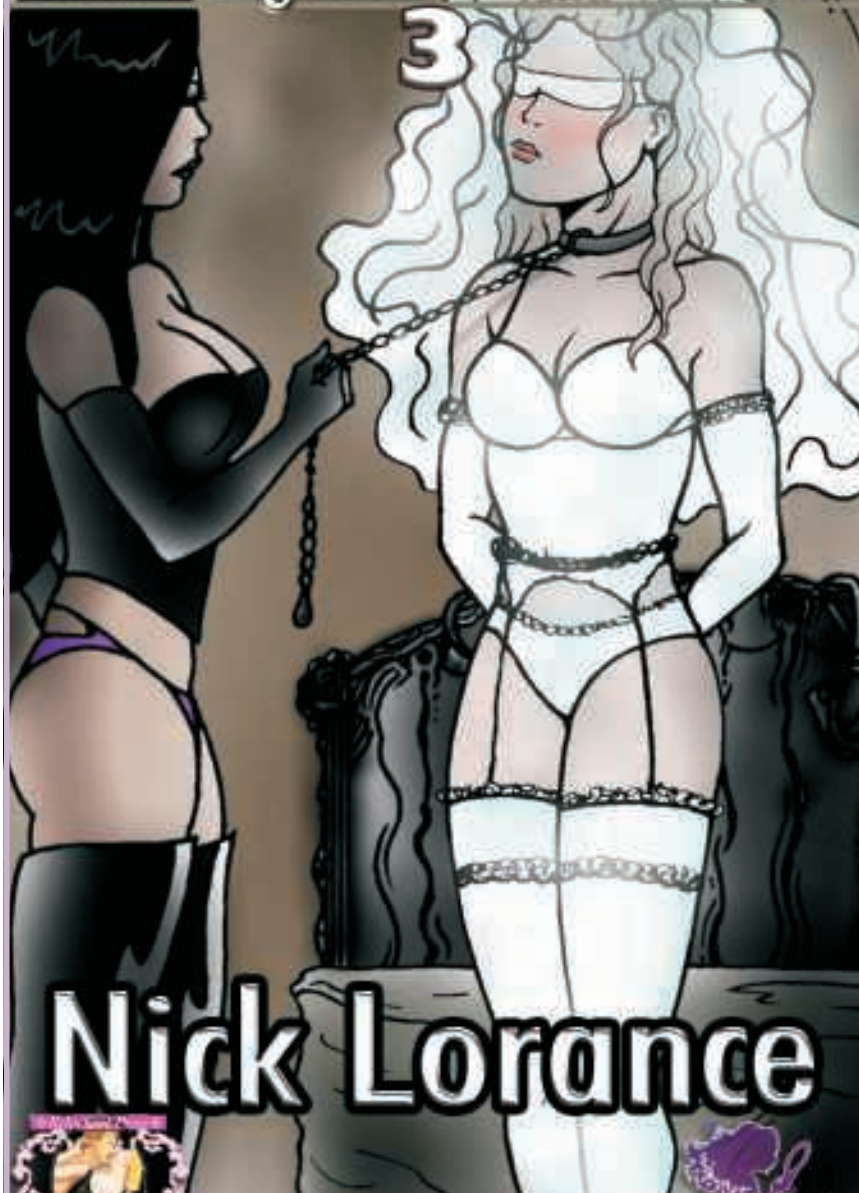


Becoming The Perfect Student



Nick Lorange



An "Adult Tv" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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Becoming The Perfect Student

Part 3

By Nick Lorance

The perils of a good massage

We returned to our room. There were a few minutes before dinner, and I opened my armoire hesitantly. There were no business suit clothing in my selection. But there were skirts and blouses, and even dresses. But I wouldn't be caught dead in that red number!

Rebecca had gone immediately to the computer, and was busy looking through the outerwear. Then she stood and went to her armoire. "I only have one other suit," she sighed. "What can I wear for Saturday?"

“What can I wear for tomorrow?” I replied. Rebecca looked them over, then chose the same damn red sheath. “No way this side of hell,” I said.

“Oh come on. Put it on and look at yourself in the mirror.”

I took it, stripped to my underwear, and pulled the dress on. It was a smooth tight sheath that ended just above the knees, with a high collar and partial sleeves in a ruby red. Rebecca fussed around me as I pulled it on, closing the zipper on the right side under my arm to complete it. I stood in front of the mirror, one foot in advance of the other. When did I start standing like a girl? Then I gaped.

In Dance class one of the video representations we were to learn was Shakira’s Whenever Wherever, and I suddenly remembered the second verse;

Lucky that my lips not only mumble

They spill kisses like a fountain

Lucky that my breasts are small and humble

So you don’t confuse them with mountains

All this time I had been worried about my chest, when I should have been paying attention to my ever-widening ass as well. In that video the first thing anyone watching her body moves would notice is that full ass on Shakira, and mine was almost as big now. In fact, if they had dressed me in the same outfit Shakira wore in it, I would look like her sister. “God, what’s happening to me?”

“Pardon?”

I pointed a quivering hand at my image. “My body wasn’t like that when I got here! I didn’t have even boy-boobies, and never had an ass like that!”

“Don’t worry about that.”

I wanted to scream at her. Damn it, in just under four months I had gone from a guy to that bimbo I was looking at now! Didn’t she realize what was happening?

She saw my face, and touched my cheek. “You can see the nurse later or tomorrow, maybe she will know what’s happening. I said not to worry because until you do that, nothing can be done. Now look,” She went back to pure business. “Will Lacey say that isn’t sexy?”

“Sexy! If I’m in red pumps to match, I’d need a stick to beat the horny bastards off!”

“Then she will not complain.”

I looked at her askance. Why should I give a fuck what Lacey thought? Then I looked at her more closely. “How long have you been here, Rebecca?”

She considered. “This next week, I will have been here six months.”

Unlike Jennifer, I had never thought of Rebecca as a boy. She was too smooth, too centered to be a boy. But what would I look like in two more months? Hell, in three months Rosemary had gone from a loud-mouth boy to a stone fox with tits three times the size of what I had grown!

“Rebecca.” I pulled her down on the bed, leaning toward her to whisper. “What if they’re making us girls?”

She looked at me for a long moment, then laughed. “Why would they do that, Monique? There are a lot of girls in the world, why would they need to make them?”

“Think about it.” I held her close. I didn’t know if they could hear me or not, but I had to try! “Think. When you arrived, did you look like you do now?”

“Of course not.” She replied. “I was . . .” She looked confused. “I was . . .”

“Monique, you are disturbing Rebecca. Please stop or you will be punished.” The Guardian ordered from the air.

I leaned back. “Sorry, Rebecca.”

She shook her head, then smiled. “For what, Monique?” She ran her hand along the cloth of the dress.

“You should wear this tomorrow.”

“Fine.” I stood. “But tonight, can I go back to the skirt and blouse I had on?”

“Sure.” She helped my strip off the dress and I was back in the blouse and skirt I had been wearing before. I spent several minutes going through our ‘lessons’ for the night. Then, I insisted on seeing the nurse before dinner.

The nurse was disturbed by my tale of growing ass and titties. She took samples of my blood and promised to let me know what was happening in a few days. But I was already sure of what was going on.

Dinner was somber. I had a chef salad with plenty of sliced lunch meat and dressing. Rebecca had a hamburger and cut me a wedge of it. I eagerly scarfed the burger segment; it made the salad more palatable.

We returned to the room and went through the lessons. I discovered the difference between chenille and silk, and between satin and terry cloth. Then we

stripped off our stockings. Rebecca suggested a fire engine red to go with the dress. I allowed it, then helped with the teal she used for her own.

I took my shower, toweling dry as I cleared the bathroom for her. I was laying face down on my bed, totally despondent when she came out, patting herself down. "You look tense, Monique."

I grunted. Despondent was too sedate a term for what I was sure was happening. Then a pair of hands dropped to my neck, and I almost purred in enjoyment as they moved. I had heard about massage; suddenly I was living it. Her hands found every knot, and I felt them vanish beneath her hands.

As she moved down my back, I was whimpering. I had heard that massage was sensual but I had never realized how sensual it could be. Her fingers seemed to find every erogenous zone in my body and bring it to full life. They ran over my ass and I didn't give a damn that it was round and sweetly packed. As she began on my thighs, I found that I was hard for the first time in weeks. They ran down and began to stretch my calves out, and I arched in pleasure.

"Roll overs" she instructed, and I did as I was told. My erection was reaching toward the ceiling as she began at my ankles and worked her way upward. Her hands grazed around my tummy, then I gasped as she wrapped one around my erection. "Oh you poor thing. You're in need."

"What-" I gasped as her hand moved, driving me to distraction. I clawed the bedspread as she gently manipulated me.

"Please . . ."

"Please what?" Her mouth dropped to my ear. "Please stop? Please let me come? Please suck me?"

As she asked, her hand moved. "Answer me, Monique."

I whimpered and she took it for acceptance. I felt her mouth close on my tip and almost screamed as she began to suck me. My hands wanted to clamp on her head, to ram myself down her throat. But I couldn't do it. My fingers ran along her cheeks, caressing rather than forcing as she slid me deeper into her mouth. I gasped in desperation as she drove me further, making me writhe as her tongue ran across me.

"Oh, god!" I felt it deep in me, an orgasm like none I had ever felt as she swallowed all I put out. Still I writhed, wanting her to go on, to put her own dick in my mouth . . .

Where had that come from? I wasn't a faggot cocksucker! I was a guy! I pushed her away, rolling over to face the wall. She tried to ask what was wrong, but I waved at her to leave me alone. Finally I got to sleep. But I dreamed . . .

She was sucking me, my hands on her face, moaning as I spent in her mouth. Rebecca leaned up. Licking a line of sperm that had run down her face, then knelt over me. She was erect, a slim spear of flesh she rubbed with her hand.

"Turn about is fair play, Monique." She leaned forward, the tip brushing my mouth. "Come on, Monique, suck me." I suddenly woke up. It was hell getting back to sleep.

A New Me

I got up the next morning after only a few hours of sleep. I felt like shit. Rebecca was able to get me into that goddamned red dress and heels to match. I walked into the orientation room looking like an ad for Come Fuck Me Dot Com. Lacey merely nodded;

Rosemary helped by showing up in something so frumpy I wondered whose closet he raided.

Lacey looked up. "One."

"This is better than yesterday!"

"Two."

"Damn it, I don't want to sink into being a bitch,!"

"Three."

"Please for the love of god!"

"Four."

"All right!" Rosemary ripped the tacky dress off, turning to his closet. He chose a dress not unlike my own and begged Rebecca to help him dress in it. He hung his head, sitting silently. Lacey paused in her count, looking over his selection. The dress looked good, but the nails matched the other outfit.

"You may resist. Rosemary. You may rebel. We don't expect you will give up your masculinity without a fight. But in the end, you will lose. Or win, depending on one's perspective. Like every single girl who heard this speech before you, remember that in the end, we will win. Like them, you will have no choice but to accept that the only way out of here has to be walked in lingerie, a dress, and with perfect makeup. Stilettos clicking, hips swaying, breasts bouncing. Happy smile, although optional, will be welcome." She looked at Rebecca and I.

"Today you learn about makeup, ladies. Don't concern yourselves with the rest of the cosmetics for now. I know that the abundance of them may look overwhelming, but you'll learn to use them all in due time. Today, we'll only make a brief introduction to

makeup. For the first time, today, Nancy will demonstrate why."

The picture showed Nancy reclining on a couch, wearing only black stockings, garter belt, and high heels. The camera zoomed in slowly until her lovely face filled the entire screen. She smiled lightly and slowly batted her lashes several times, then closed her eyes. Her full lips parted to let out her tongue. She circled it lazily over her, lips coating them with saliva.

A white shaft with rounded tip appeared in the lower left corner of the screen and started advancing towards Nancy's lips. It was ice cream. It stopped when its tip was less than an inch from Nancy's mouth.

She puckered her lips and leaned towards the tip. The slow, affectionate kiss that followed left her lips coated with white translucent film. Then they parted to let out her tongue. It sneaked underneath the shaft and reached an inch farther along the ice cream. With her eyes still closed lazily, Nancy started running the tip of her tongue along the underside of the shaft.

I didn't even notice that I'd stopped breathing. Each time Nancy's head moved forward, the ice cream penetrated a bit further into her mouth. Finally, she pressed her tongue flatly against the underside of the shaft and wrapped her lips around it. She opened her eyes a little and started sliding her lips down the shaft, very, very slowly. The thawing white cream was gradually building up under her lips.

When most of the shaft was inside her mouth, she reversed. Equally slowly, her lips retraced their path and she let the ice cream out of her mouth. Her lus-

cious lips, now glistening with the mix of saliva and thawed white cream, parted again, forming an O.

Nancy stuck out her tongue and rested its tip on her upper lip. It slithered lazily around, licking off the ice cream covering her lips. When there was nothing left, she closed her eyes and retraced her tongue back inside her mouth. With a contented smile she swallowed. The picture faded out.

“Good. Now let’s see the same scene again, but with some alterations. Ladies, your attention, please.”

By alterations she must’ve meant makeup. The moment the camera began zooming in, it became clear that the only change was the makeup Nancy wore now. Her cheeks were covered like an innocent flushing teenager. Her made-up eyes appeared twice as big as they used to. I had no idea how she had achieved that effect, but it brought one thing to mind - an anime girl from a Hentai movie sucking a prick.

However, it wasn’t eyes or cheeks that drew my attention. Nancy’s lips sparkled with a vivid crimson gloss that was as bright as the beacon from a lighthouse. Soon her tongue started on its trip around them. The film of saliva left in its wake made Nancy’s lips practically shine. While I was trying to figure out if the makeup made her appear sluttier or more innocent, the ice cream started its slow advance.

Nancy’s delicate tongue licking underneath and the innocence of her looks contrasted starkly with its phallic shape. As her lips closed around it, vivid crimson created a contrast against pure white.

With every inch the rod made forward, the slick white ice cream gathered over her lips causing, them to lose more and more of their glossy shine.

In the end her tongue came to the rescue, licking the white covering off. ‘How did they force her to do that?’ I wondered as the picture faded out.

“Good. Now let’s talk about why women wear makeup. I’m sure you’ve heard people say that beautiful women don’t need makeup. Maybe you even think so yourselves. Well, I’m sure that Nancy has just proved this statement wrong. Expertly applied makeup can turn an ugly duckling into a beauty. A beauty can turn herself into whatever she wishes.”

“The ‘how’ in case of makeup is no simple thing. It will take a lot of time to learn and even more to master. The first baby step you will take in just a moment. The next one, when you’re ready. Any questions, girls?”

I had a lot, though most of them didn’t seem wise to ask. For example, did they really think that forcing me to wear stockings, high heels, lingerie, makeup, and whatever else they had planned would truly turn me into a woman? If so, they weren’t as smart as they appeared. Everything I had endured so far only served to strengthen my resolve to resist. I had finally realize that these people wouldn’t stop after turning me into a woman. They wanted me not only to accept it, but revel in it.

“No questions then? Fine.” She approached Rebecca’s vanity table and picked something up.

“Lipstick,” she said, presenting the silvery tube. “This is usually the last article of makeup applied. But it’s not a finishing touch. It’s the most important article. Why? Because it’s the most visible. Think about the last scene. Where did your eyes spend the most time? Admiring Nancy’s eyes? Her cute nose? Her clear complexion? Her soft silky hair? I don’t think so. Nancy turned her lips into an invitation for a kiss . . . or something more. A promise of ecstasy. A

magnet for your attention. Don't get the wrong idea that she did that just for the video. Her lips look like that at all times. And so will yours."

Lacey handed the lipstick tube over to Rebecca and returned to the dais.

"When you went through the hair salon the first time, they created a 3D virtual view of your face as you were when you arrived. Your vanity mirrors have built in computer screens that will show you the various tutorials of this segment of your training. Please touch the corner of your mirror to bring up the interface."

I touched the mirror's surface and a table with several items appeared just above my hand. The blue framing and letters of the list contained only three items: 'Face', 'Eyes', and 'Lips'. Below the frame, several buttons resembling those on any video player remote were projected. Symbols identified the first four as 'Play', 'Fast Forward', 'Reverse', and 'Stop'. The purpose of the last three buttons wasn't clear.

"Are you familiar with these controls, ladies?"

"What do the last three buttons do?" I asked.

"The one with arrow pointing down slows down playback. The more times you press it, the slower it will be. The one with arrow pointing up speeds playback up. The last one invokes the step-by-step mode. I'll explain it later. Now, please, choose 'Lips'.

"Applying lipstick is usually a four-step process, girls, as the first four items on your lists indicate. Some of them can be omitted at times. For example, when you use a glossy lipstick you could decide not to apply a lip gloss. It all depends on the effect you're going for. However for now, don't concern yourselves

with that. As you gain experience it will become clear what can be left out and when.”

Choose ‘Foundation’, please, and watch the tutorial. I’m sure you’ll recognize our model.”

I nearly jumped in shock after pressing the play button. A three-dimensional image of Nancy’s head with roughly two-thirds of her neck appeared in front of the mirror on the right hand side. The resolution of the life-like image was astounding. Every detail was there – the flawless texture of her skin, the cute wrinkles on her velvety lips, the emerald irises of her eyes. Pixels, if there were any, were too small to see.

I rose from the chair and looked between the hologram and the mirror. I found Nancy’s auburn hair flowing down her head all the way to where her neck ended. I had been certain that holography hadn’t yet left university labs. What I was looking at meant that I wasn’t as up-to-date with technology as I had thought.

I looked at my vanity table. With all the cosmetics, it reminded me of the kitchen where I had been learning to cook with scores of spice bottles with only the contents to distinguish them.

I brought the finger to my lips, and hesitated. If I did this, I would be submitting even more. Then I felt my finger touch my lips as if instructed. The cream felt cold and oily on my lips, as I tried not to think that I was actually preparing for lipstick.

Not surprisingly every time I did something wrong during any of the subsequent steps, I had to start from scratch just like with the stockings and garter belt. Lacey said it was intentional, to ensure we got plenty of practice. I now understood why she hadn’t wanted us to use the foundation. If we had to apply

everything from scratch every time something went wrong, we would never finish.

After my fourth attempt at each of the steps, the mouth smiled and a green check mark replaced the 'X'. Rebecca had finished a minute or so ago. We both had to wait for Rosemary.

"You're doing great, girls. Now, please, touch the green check to move on to the next part."

Ten or so minutes later, I was done. The result was far from perfect to me, however the hologram gave me a thumbs up. The sight of my plump-looking lips covered in red gave me chills. This wasn't what I'd expected. I was certain I'd end up looking like a twelve-year-old painting her face with mama's makeup. What I was staring at looked . . . sexy. I fought an urge to wipe the red color off my lips. Instead, I looked at that copy of my face, both curious and worried.

"Well, ladies, I'm positively shocked," Lacey finally announced with a warm smile. "It looks like all of you have natural talent for makeup. Keep this up and we'll be done in no time. Now start the tutorial on lip color, please.

"Perfect, aren't they? That's how yours will look in a short while. First, however, a few words of advice. You are just shown you one way to apply lipstick, girls. There are also others. You may use the stick to apply color directly to your lips. This method, however, requires experience, as one wrong move can leave you with a sticky mess that's time-consuming to fix. But since this is the only practical method to refresh your lipstick, we will drill it extensively. Yet another way to apply color is a sponge applicator. It doesn't differ much from working with a lip brush. Once you master all these methods, you'll be able to handle anything life throws at you.