

## Ten Years

My best friend Billie and I were in deep shit. For past two years we worked as mules for a very notorious black Street gang. Up until last month it had gone well. We did minor courier work for this gang's bosses. We were considered perfect for the job. Two ten year old white kids, considered to be generally good kids, average students and to date, no discipline problems. Our contact was a fellow student at our school, a black kid whose dad was muckity muck in the gang. We had moved guns from one place to another several times in the past for the gang. There was a black kid at school who would tell us where the pick was, what it was and where to drop it...no sweat. Everything was always in walking distance from school and looked like a couple of dorky white kids just hanging out. This time it was a little different. There was an altercation between 'our' gang and a rival and the idiots on both sides were using automatic weapons and three civilians, that's bystanders to you, we're killed. The next day the black kid at school told us that we had a job after school and where to pick and drop. We made the pick, two twenty pound packages and when arrived at the drop, the cops swooped in and bagged Billie and I along with two gang members. We sat in juvenile holding until the ballistics tests were run and they were a match.

That's when proverbial shit fan came on and both Billie and I were standing right in front of it. Transporting six Uzi's used in a Capitol Murder crime. Since we were both twelve at the time, the D.A. decided to charge us as adults. Since both Billie and I had single mom's with very limited means, we had to take the state provided lawyers to run our defense in court. It did not go well. At the pretrial hearing our attorneys did what they could, I suppose, but we were both miffed that they used stupidity as our main defense. The judge did show mercy [after he quit laughing] after he found out that we only got twenty dollars each for our mule runs and ordered us into juvenile court. Our attorneys proposed that we plead no contest at our trials and take what the state could give us...ten years.

We sat in juvenile detention throughout the whole process and a couple of days after our trial we were decked out in full chains, hands, legs and waist, loaded into a state van and sent to a place called New Horizons. We arrived at our new digs after about an hours drive and were pleasantly surprised at what we saw motoring up a long tree lined drive. The reformatory was collection modern single story buildings and domed buildings in the rear, that on the outside looked a hellava lot better than our homes. We unceremoniously clanked through a steel door and began our sentences.

We were officially logged in as new 'students', unchained, stripped and introduced to New Horizons version of personal hygiene. We were escorted naked by a lady guard, whom we were told to address as Matron, to a shower room and scrubbed ourselves down to the exacting specifications our Matron while she watched without cracking a smile. Cleaner than we had ever been in our lives and still naked, we walked down a hall, embarrassingly passing a young girl wearing a red sack like dress with a wide black belt, mopping the hallway. We entered a room with a 'NEW STUDENT ARRIVALS' sign on the door. It was a typical clinic and again the nurse was a female. Billie made the mistake of addressing the nurse as Matron where upon she clouded over and ordered him to bend over and grab his ankles. Once he had assumed the correct position, she swatted him on the ass with a ping-pong paddle. Billie yelped, but maintained his posture awaiting a second swat. The nurse put down the paddle and quietly informed Billie that she was a nurse, not a Matron. She then carried on with the examinations. After

about an hour of poking, prodding and inoculations, she ordered us to sit side by side on the examination table. The Matron then came over to us, forcing us back on the table. We were flat on our backs, she then proceeded to tape my left and Billie's right ankle together and chain our other ankles to a table leg, forcing our legs to spread wide. She then told us to put our hands behind our heads and she then handcuffed our wrists together. The nurse giggled and remarked about our hairless crotches. The nurse then went to the refrigerator and came back with two bags of crushed ice. She then started to fondle our privates resulting in the desired reactions. She then put a bag of ice onto each of our crotches which elicited a broad grin from the Matron as our less than impressive pre-teen erections deflated. The nurse, leaving the ice bags in place went to a cabinet and returned with a tray containing plastic tubing of various sizes, some plastic wire and two small plastic balls. She started with me.

Off came the bag of ice. My little pecker had all but disappeared, but my nut sacks were still very apparent. She wrapped a length of thin plastic tubing around my scrotum behind my balls and over my cock and cut the tubing to a correct length and she welded the two loose ends together with some sort of glue. She then plopped the ice bag back over my recovering tallywacker. She then went to work on Billie. The nurse came to work on me some more, commenting about how this was her favorite part of her job. With a practiced eye, she plucked a larger piece of tubing that she lubricated the inside of and then she lubed my cock up and she then tied a piece of string around the head of my cock. Running the loose ends end of the string through the tube, she pulled my slippery cock through the tube. I was getting an idea of what was happening. The tube had two thin plastic strips glued on opposite sides of it. Once the tube was snugly in place, the nurse then ran those strips underneath the ring around my cock and balls, folded them over and glued them to tube. Shazaam, my preteen pride and joy was in prison. She finished the job by trim the business end by trimming the excess tubing so only a small portion of my cockhead peeked through the end to facilitate my peeing. The final humiliation was the small plastic ball. The nurse picked one up and ran a thin length of plastic wire through the ball, then making a quick measurement of the distance from the underside of the tube to my anal opening and glued the apparatus together but left it dangling. Then Billie was fitted with his device. Once Billie was properly fitted our hands and ankles were freed and we were ordered off of the table. The nurse looked at Billie and me and were told to bend over and grab our ankles. We both complied instantly and grimacing, awaited the swat we assumed was coming. It was worse, we heard the snap of surgical gloves and she moved behind us and then I felt a prodding at my rear orifice and a finger speaking something cool being spread around the opening, followed by a finger, then two penetrating my bottom followed by something being pressed in. After some initial resistance from my sphincter, whatever was pressed against it, won. The nurse then told me to stand up.

Billie soon followed me and we looked at each other then he looked down at his crotch. There was nothing there. Our tube encased cocks were snugly pulled back between our thighs and I could feel a slight tug from object occupying my asshole. The plastic wire had pulled my tube encased dick back between my thighs and the attached plastic ball firmly anchored my manly package out of sight.

The nurse smiled, looking at us told us that she done and that us 'gurls' were to go with the Matron. The Matron motioned to us to follow her and out into the hallway, still naked, but also sexless. Following the Matron, I could feel a slight change in my gait and noticed that Billie was also walking strangely. I didn't quite place the difference, but I knew that I had seen that walk before.

Comment [s1]:

We arrived at a door labeled WARDROBE. Entering, we were confronted by a woman and a young girl, maybe fifteen or sixteen dressed in a pale yellow sack with a wide black belt. We were told to stand still with our arms out and they then began to measure us. The girl was doing the measuring and the woman made notes on a chart. The woman then told that we were going to get a uniform there, but the rest of our clothing would be delivered to our room later. They then rummaged about various shelves and a substantial pile of unfamiliar cloth was piling up on a table in the room. Eventually, they finished and motioned for us to come over to the table. The first item offered to us was a pair cotton briefs. We gratefully pulled them on and quickly looking at each other we realized that they had given us girls panties. I was about to question the woman about the briefs, but before I could say anything the Matron told us to keep quiet and put the clothes on as they were handed to us. Next came training bras and girl came over showing us how to manipulate the item and she began to adjust them to fit properly. The Underwear was followed by a pair of knee length cotton socks, a cotton shirt that had buttons on the wrong side, a short pleated tartan skirt, a pair shoes they called Mary Jane's, a red beret and finally a purse called a shoulder bag. Billie and I fumbled with the unfamiliar clothing. Once properly outfitted, we were told look into a full length mirror and we gazed at two boys dressed as Catholic school girls wearing what would probably not be church approved skirt lengths. Oddly, the shirts and skirts were not an exact match. The Matron, smiling broadly said OK gurls, let's go. We have more stops to make". Following the Matron down hallway, I watched Billie walk with his skirt swaying, I realized where I had seen that gait before. Our next stop was the cafeteria and an early lunch.

The lunchroom was about half full, maybe fifty or so girls. Billie and I were beet red, embarrassed no end to be dressed as we were in front of all these girls. The Matron saw our discomfort and told us to relax and told that these girls were just like us, fellow students. Billie whispered to me that some of our fellow students were quite pretty. We were hurried through lunch by the Matron and we were off to our next stop, a place labeled SALON.

Entering the salon we were hustled into adjacent chairs and girls in pink sacks with wide white belts smiled at us and told that they going shampoo and condition our somewhat longish hair. We sat there nearly three hours getting our hair trimmed and shaped, our fingers and toes shaped and painted and finally some makeup was applied and a good spraying of eau de Cologne. Lastly, we had our ears pierced and small gold colored studs inserted. Standing in front of a mirror, I couldn't help but tell Billie what a hot babe he made. The woman in charge of the Salon took our purses and starting filling them with lipsticks, colognes, tissues and various other feminine essentials. Calling us jailbait, the Matron told us that the Head Mistress wanted to see us. So off we went to meet the warden, for better or worse.

Following Matron, I couldn't get over the transition that Billie and I have undergone. Billie in particular was sashaying down the hallway, his longish hair very like mine was styled into a page boy and his bare thighs swishing the hem of his skirt side to side. He had his beret at a saucy angle, complimented by his perfect makeup and I could tell that he very much into what was happening. Arriving at Head Mistresses office we were ushered into her office by her secretary and told to sit on two straight back chairs that arranged side by side facing the wardens desk. Before leaving the office, she warned us to sit up straight and to sweep our skirts forward beneath us and keep our knees and ankles together, the Head Mistress is not interested in viewing your panties. Billie and I sat down, awaiting our fate. I for one, felt extremely vulnerable dressed as I was. After several minutes of

anticipated doom the office door opened a middle aged woman strode in. She was probably a out five foot six inches tall in the modest heels she wore. No surprise that she was dressed in a tailored charcoal pants suit with lemon colored, collared blouse and charcoal scarf that warned us not to fuck with this lady. At the Head Mistresses entrance we snapped out of our chairs and remained standing until the HM took her seat behind the battlements of her desk. The first thing she said was that in the future, when we were standing, feet together. Then we received the imperial hand wave and sat down, remembering to sweep our skirts hems properly and with knees and together.

We sat there withering as her stony glare washed over us. After a short silence, she opened the lap top on her bare desk nodding occasionally at the information she was gleaning. "So", she began, "You two are going to be students here for ten years. I am going to outline the basic ground rules we have at our school. First, this institution has a zero recidivism rate. That means none of our graduates and everyone graduates, have reverted to Their criminal habits. Secondly, all of the staff is female and all of our students are male. The reason you are so dressed as you are is to purge you of your machismo traits. Lastly, this is primarily a school, a very special school. You will attend classes year around. Academics are only a part of your education'. You will also be intensely schooled in various vocations. Whether you like it or not, by the time you leave our care, you will have a superior high school or better academic education and at least one imminently employable vocation. The next few days will taken up by testing to determine your current educational level, learning basic personal skills and becoming acquainted with the everyday rules of our institution". Failure to conform with rules of this institution will be rewarded will a session with the 'paddle' or worse. With that the HM waved us off and a Matron opened the office door and motioned for us to follow her.

The Matron said she was taking us to our room and that we were to hold hands at all times that we were together in a hallway. We went through an interconnecting hallway to another building and then a couple of more until we arrived at the entrance to our room. The Matron opened the apparently unlocked door and ushered us in. We were given a brief tour and then she left, saying that we would be released for dinner at six. Looking at the closed door, I noticed that there was a round blank on the it where the doorknob would normally be. That explained why the door was unlocked. Billie looked at me and whispered, "What the fuck is going on?" I stammered, "I don't know. But my cock is pinching me in this fucking tube. You make a hot looking school girl." Billie looked me and grinned, "You ain't so bad yourself." We started laughing and began a closer inspection of our 'cell'.

The room was quite large, it included a large shower, a very large walk in closet, a vanity with a bench for two and one double sized bed. We inspected the closets and surprisingly finding several dresses, skirts, blouses, sweaters and a few things we couldn't identify. Investigating our separate dressers, we discovered which was ours as they were labeled, they contained a dizzying variety of dainty under things that assaulted our aspiring manhood. After exploring our new digs, we plopped down on the bed and discussed our situation. Billie observed that we were certainly well outfitted, if somewhat unconventionally for our gender. I added that our sleeping arrangements were certainly cozy. Billie then got up off the bed and swished over to the vanity and began examining the myriad of bottles, pots and tubes that covered it's surface. He turned and looked at me and remarked that we were definitely expected to be somewhat girly during our stay. I nodded and somewhat downcast added that I didn't think that we had much choice. Billie noted that we were definitely better off than

being in a traditional juvenile lockup. Just then a light rap on the door and a 'girl' entered the room and introduced 'herself' as Charlene, our upperclassmen mentor.

She was dressed similar to us in a school uniform, but skirt had different tartan pattern. She was quite the eye-fu! and my heart picked up it's beats per minute as she strutted over and sat next to me on the bed. She looked at Billie standing next to the vanity and patted the bed next to her. Billie instantly picked up the que and swished over to the bed and surprisingly gracefully sat down next to her. Charlene giggled, "My, my aren't you quite the little hussy in the making. That's a very good attitude to have around here. Now, I am going to tell you all about our unusual little institution and then we will go to dinner. You probably noticed that all of students, that what they call us inmates, are dressed enfemme. That is a constant. You will be in skirts or shorts all the while you are here. Your cocks are locked up and they will stay that way until you earn a release. Your bed here is where you will sleep together and take advantage of your 'release' privileges." Billie and I looked at each other with puzzled glances, all the while admiring Charlene's magnificent boobs. "Are they real?", asked Billie, eyes fixed upon Charlene's attributes. Charlene threw back her shoulders and smiling at Willie's compliment, replied that that they one hundred percent home grown. Billie just nodded, but his face betrayed a mix of thought, envy and lust. "What's this release business?", I asked. Charlene laughed again and said, "It's your reward for good behavior, but you both have to qualify for a release period at the same time to get the privilege. It would be a good idea for you two to be somewhat affectionate to each other while you are here. It will make your lives much more comfortable and very much more fun." Billie and I had no idea of what she was talking about.

"OK, let me get back to my instructions. You will attend school four's hour's day, five day's a week and will work at your assigned work area's four hour's a day. You will be occasionally required to work weekends and longer weekday hour's. You will be paid for all the hour's that you work. You will attend school two weeks in a row and then you get a week off from school, but you will work that week. All the work will be suitable for young ladies. You will work Saturdays and have most of your Sundays off. I have been told that you will spend the rest of this week in evaluation of your educational level and working in the Salon learning the basics of makeup and fashion. Make no doubt about makeup and fashion, they are very important in earning release time. That's all for now, let's go to dinner. The Matron will be around shortly to open the door and now let's touch up your makeup. Oh, and when we get out to the hall, remember to hold hands. That is a big time requirement here. If a Matron catch you two together in a hall and you are not holding hands, she will write you up and that's one demerit, five demerit's and you one swat of the paddle on your cute little pantied butts." I asked Charlene why her skirt color was different then ours. She replied that it was a long story, but basically the school gets them and the blouses donated, but all of the beret's were red. She told us to touch up our lipstick before the Matron gets here. A few minutes later the door swung open and the Matron motioned us out.

After dinner, which was quite good by the way, Charlene showed us where the 'common' room was. It was filled with 'gurl's in all manner of dress. About half were in school uniforms of various colors, but all of the skirts had mid thigh hems, there gurl's in non uniform skirts, short shorts, bibed shortalls, various colored nylon uniform sacks that we learned were called shifts and some in very sissy dresses called 'Lolita's'. One theme was common in the room, it was very feminine. The gurls were mostly chatting in groups or watching tv. Once back in our room, we found more clothes piled upon our bed.

Most notably, were the night clothes. There were short chemises, baby doll nighties, peignoirs and fuzzy elevated slippers. On the vanity was a note with more instructions and a video disk with note taped to it 'WATCH THIS NOW'. The video was a do and don'ts about the basics of applying makeup and painting nails. We were instructed to do our finger and to nails in a light pink before we went to bed. Also, we were instructed to change into baby doll nighties before we did our nails. We were both unsuccessfully trying to get a hard on while we did our nails as we were turning each other on, dressed as we were. Finally, the last of evening instructions involved removing our makeup. This girly business was a time consuming chore. After we had finished removing our light makeup we watched a bit TV from our bed until flashing ceiling lights signaled fifteen minutes to lights out. The last and most embarrassing chore before lights out was removing the little ball from our poop shoots. Billie had me turn over on my hands and knees and rolled the thin baby doll panties down to my thighs and then tugged on the short thin cable connecting the ball to my cock tube. Once it popped out, he told me stay as I was as he cleaned the ball with alcohol and wiped it clean with a tissue. He told me stay in my humiliating position and I heard the snap of a surgical glove and felt a new pressure on my anus. He was packing my rear aperture with a cool lotion. He said it was an antibiotic lotion and he giggling as he had two fingers rummaging around in my butt hole. He then hit something in my asshole, it was a very pleasurable electric sensation. I involuntarily bucked my hips as to get his fingers back to that spot in my bottom. Billie picked up on my bodies signal and quickly found the spot and bucked even more and Billie then laughed with glee, telling me that my tube strapped cock was spurting cum. I could feel him wiping the tip of my cock clean and he then slapped my ass and told me to do him. After finishing the anchor ball extraction ritual, I finger fucked his ass, positioning tissues for forthcoming squirts, but feeling very weird all the while, he got up onto his knees, twisting around to face me, he pinioned my face between his now very feminine hands and kissed me full on the lips. I didn't know how to respond, but in my sexual excitement, I tugged him tightly, returning the kiss and forcing my tongue between his lips and into his mouth. It must have been quite the sight, two skimpily clad girly boys, trying to strangle each other with our tongues.

The next morning we were awakened at six AM by soft chimes and the lights flicked on and off. Billie rolled over to me a pecked me on the lips. I didn't respond like I did the previous evening, but he didn't care. He said that we had only two hours to get ready for breakfast. I thought that we had plenty of time, silly me. We showered together, a strange but incredibly erotic experience. After we had finished lathering and caressing each other and rinsing the scented suds, Billie told me to bend over and lean against the shower wall. What was he up to? I soon found out. He was packing my bottom with a lubricant he had found on the vanity top. The label read chastity anchor ball lubricant. Again he had two fingers exploring as he had in bed the night before. Again, he found my sweet spot and again I responded to the electric sensation, bucking my hips to meet his busy fingers with the same results, a healthy squirt of my jissim just missing Billie's leg. Billie then giggling, wiped the exposed tip of my cock with a wash cloth and the pushed the ball into my sunless tunnel. Billie then pulled erect and handed me the jar. So began a ritual we performed virtually every morning for ten years.

I soon discovered my error in the estimate of the time it would take prepare ourselves for our grand entrance into our new horizons. The application of makeup by novices further hampered by gender ignorance, turned the act applying a light coat of lipstick, a little blush and some scratching with an eyebrow pencil took about an hour. Our initial efforts would have qualified us for employment as children's birthday party clowns. Several cleansing and subsequent redo's resulted in imperfect, but

presentable results. Quickly stepping into the unfamiliar uniform skirts and figuring out front from back, the blouse was simple enough, including the absurd tie on the elastic band. Knee socks and Mary Jane's were no problem, arranging our hair into high on the head ponytails was odd, however. We had three minutes to spare before Charlene collected us. In those three minutes we realized that we had forgotten our personal scent (a forgivable oversight for preteen males). properly perfumed, we awaited our mentor.

A light rap on the door and it swung open with a smiling Charlene inspecting us, "Not bad. OK, not grab your purses and then let's eat." As we left our room Charlene whispered, "Hands." Billie and I quickly grabbed hands, hoping that a Matron had not noticed. Billie and I were dutifully holding hands as we followed Charlene down the hallway and glancing at each other and oddly down at our thighs. We were enjoying the bounce of the pleated hems of our skirts off our legs, very erotic. We made it to the cafeteria without incident and went through the line and finding a vacant table ate breakfast undisturbed with Charlene outlining our itinerary. Billie asked Charlene about the variety of costumes the 'students' were wearing. Charlene said that they signified the various duties that the students were designated for. She said that the blue shortalls were agricultural, floral and grounds, pink shifts were salon, yellow shifts were laundry, blue shifts were kitchen, white were medical, red were housekeeping and of course the student uniforms. Charlene continued that we start as students, but after that she didn't know. Our first stop was evaluation and that would take about four hours and then to the salon for further feminization instruction. The evaluation room was like a, small classroom. There were about a half a dozen of those cheesy classroom chairs with the table arms. A severe looking Matron sat behind the standard instructors desks eyeing the three of us like you examine your shoes if you have just walked to closely to a fire hydrant. She waved Charlene out and motioned for Billie and I to sit. She then launched into our instructions for the morning. We were to take ten written tests, all of which were multiple choice, pick the best answer. The tests included all the academic items plus electrical, mechanical and an odd one that asked about symbols in sequences. To my surprise, Billie and I finished all of the tests in about half of the allotted time. The Matron ran our test papers through a machine and she reviewed the results.

Holding our test papers in her hands, the Test Matron looked at Billie and I and said, "You two are a couple of real smarty's. How did you manage to screw up bad enough to get ten years here?" She went on to tell us that we going to be advanced to 8<sup>th</sup> grade and that our first classes would be Monday. Billie and I just looked at each other. The Matron then smiled and told us to relax and started to tell us in depth about New Horizons. "You are very lucky to be here," she started. "Even if you weren't a 'student' and voluntarily enrolled. This institution will prepare you for life like no other. New Horizons was originally established to put younger and more physically defenseless offenders in a safer surroundings than the typical youth reformatory. The reason you are in feminine attire is that we know that males are reluctant to demonstrate their masculinity while wearing bra's and panties and their virility locked away out of trouble." She continued. "Also, in your case, due to the length of your sentence, it was felt that your probability of recidivism would be quite high if you served your sentence in a standard reformatory, provided that you survived your incarceration." We, Billie and I were clearly flummoxed by the use of recidivism and 'probability of survival'

The Matron smiled and explained that recidivism refers to our probability of returning to our previous lives of crime and survival meant exactly that. She went to explain or rather boast that New Horizons

had a zero recidivism rate. She further elaborated about the program in use at this peculiar institution which involved high quality academic instruction and intense vocational training. She didn't elaborate further about how all of this instruction worked better on male students in skirts. We just nodded sagely while the Matron, who was just getting warmed up, continued with our near term schedule. We were to start academic classes Monday. Classes were in a two week block followed by seven days of vocational training. She droned on about how we were to start in the kitchen as all new students did. She added that we would be paid fifty cents per hour we worked, no overtime pay increase. Also that half of what we earned would be put in 401k account in our name and that the state had already placed a two hundred dollar starter deposit in our accounts. Next she gushed that our state supplied personal laptops would be delivered to our room and our 8<sup>th</sup> grade curriculum was loaded in said laptops and that we should review those programs closely. Looking at the wall clock and said that we should go immediately to the Boutique and get a wide black belt and white belt to add to our wardrobe. With that out of the way, she shoed us out of the room. "Hands, remember your hands", was last thing she said as we grabbed our purses and swished our way into the hallway.

Charlene was waiting for us in the hallway and giggled "Off to the Boutique and how did it go?" We chattered like school girls, bragging about becoming 8<sup>th</sup> graders and asking about how were we going to pay for the belts? Charlene explained that we had a one hundred dollar credit line available at the Boutique and that we needed to buy more than just the belt. We asked what was so important about the belts? Charlene told us that most of the work smocks were shapeless and the belt would help us not be mistaken for walking tube socks. Also we would need to make an appointment for fitting our corsets. Billie looked at me and whispered, "Out of the frying pan and into the fire." We left the Boutique with our belts and various other purchases suggested by Charlene and proceeded to the Salon where we subjected to more feminine tortures and spent two hours being instructed and practicing the art of make-up. Once more, Charlene was right on time in collecting us and we returned to our room to deposit our afternoons acquisitions. Charlene advised us that dinner was at six and that since we not on duty anyway, that we should wear something other than our school uniforms to dinner. She said that we would gain great brownie points for making an effort to present ourselves in suitable dinner attire and grinned and volunteered to help us.

"OK, What's suitable dinner attire?", I asked Charlene. Charlene just smiled and motioned towards the large closets. "Let's see what they gave you." Billie and I followed Charlene around gazing at the mostly unfamiliar clothing hanging on oddly shaped hangers, clueless as to 'appropriate dinner attire'. Charlene gazed and nodded, finally turning and smiling, "You did OK". She went on to explain that almost all of the clothes were of Japanese and Korean origin. Charlene continued her explanation that twice a year, both Japanese and Korean designers and manufacturer's came to New Horizons to photo shoot our gurl's modelling their spring and fall creations. They leave most of the clothing here, hence the uniform skirts and blouses. We are probably the best dressed girl's school in history. Billie and I stared at Charlene in amazement. We asked why would women's clothing manufacturer's come to the USA and in particular a male reform school to have boys model their clothes? "We work cheap", was Charlene answer. "You guy's are very pretty. If they spot you, I'm sure they would pick you to model, especially the school girl uniforms and other preteen outfits. It pays fifty dollars a day". Charlene then snapped us back to business, what to wear for dinner. A totally foreign concern.



“Skirts and dressy blouses will work. You two have virtually no accessories besides the few things we picked up at the Boutique this afternoon. You each have a pair dressy sandals, so a light skirt and flouncy blouse will do. Put those plastic bangles on and the cheap necklaces and no hose. OK, touch up your finger and toe nails, redo your make up and fix your hair. Those bob’s are easy.” So, after about an hour of ‘easy’ fixing up and walking around the room getting the feel of the wedge sandals, Billie and I were ready for our debut for dinner. While there weren’t trumpet fanfares, Billie and I did get some careful and hopefully approving visual examinations from the Matrons overseeing the evenings dinner conduct. While breakfast and lunch were set up cafeteria style, everyone got in line and self served. Dinner was delivered by ‘student’s dressed in blue smocks, wide white belts, no hose and walkers pushing small trolleys containing the salads, main course and dessert. Very smart. After dinner, Charlene took us to the lounge where we were introduced to Charlene’s roomie Monique, a very pretty black gurl and several other gurls, many of them quite striking. After a couple of hours of fraternizing we returned to our room to begin the tedious task of undressing, hanging clothes, degreasing our faces of make-up and getting into our skimpy night clothes. We then set to the task that we had secretly looking forward to all day, removing the little anchor balls from our rectum. This time with a box of tissues handy. Free of our anal intruder and our bottoms tingling from the application of the medical lubricant and flushed from a couple of digitally induced squirts into waiting tissues, Billie and I cuddled(?) while we briefly scrolled through our 8<sup>th</sup> grade lesson plan for the following week. When the room lights flashed, signaling lights out, Billie scooted on top of me and gave me long kiss (with tongue).

The next morning, a Matron entered our room right after our room lights came on and told us to dress in our pink smocks, belt, pantyhose and pink walkers and report to the Salon after breakfast. We spent the next four days working in the Salon mostly sweeping floors and learning about hair; shampoos, rinses, conditioners, tints, etcetera. Apparently, there is no laying about at New Horizons. Every evening was spent refining our anchor ball removal and anal medication and lubrication techniques. Billie and I were growing ever closer. Monday came and school days began. Charlene showed up at our room to escort us to school.

A sharp rap on our room door was followed the door opening and there stood Charlene dressed in lace trimmed light green shortalls bibs [that showed off her fantastic legs], dark green tights and pink ankle boots. “Good morning kiddies”, she chirped, “Are you ready for your first day of school?” Billie and I were dressed in the school de jur, in other words the standard reformatory uniform. Little red and white pleated skirts, white short sleeve bonuses, white knee socks, black Mary Jane’s and red berets all pressed and polished and eager for the days adventure. “How cute are you two”, gushed Charlene wryly. “No school for me this week, I have horticultural duty, as you can obviously tell from my work togs”. Upon which she commenced with a short twirl to show off how her well developed body did indeed enticingly fill every nook and cranny of her(?) outfit. Billie and I responded with an appreciative gasp and small grimace as tube encased cocks quickly encountered the limits of their confinement. Completing her ego enhancing demonstration, Charlene inspected us, including a mandatory twirl before complimenting us on our appearance. “OK, grab your computer bags and purses and we’ll be off to breakfast”.

After breakfast and following Charlene, Billie and I were deposited at our first classroom, our homeroom. Our homeroom teacher [a woman, all of the teachers were women and they all wore pants suits. Only boys wore skirts and dresses at New Horizons], we were instructed to open our laptops and

refer to the schedule file were we discovered that our schedule included four hours of academic endeavor, lunch, a visit to the clinic and the wardrobe for more clothing items. Our classes were held in different rooms, so our floor map in the schedule file was essential. Math, history, general science and English were our first days curriculum. Scanning forward, we found that dance and deportment, basic cooking, introduction to fashion, health and civics were other area's of Instruction to be investigated over the next two weeks. That morning we discovered that the general, level of education was considerably more advanced than what we had been exposed to at our former public school. Also, classroom behavior was exemplary as opposed the barely controlled chaos of our previous school. I quickly came to agree with the concept of boys in skirts and penile restraints didn't display their masculinity in an overt manner. Another item that caught my attention was the paddle that hung on every teachers desk.

Our visit to the clinic involved a quick inspection of our ear piercings and a very embarrassing discussion of how we removed and Inserted our chastity anchor balls and did we ejaculate and did we anally manipulate each other to ejaculation during our morning shower? Red faced after answering in the affirmative to all of the questions, we left the clinic clutching a large jar of medical lubricant and hastily made our way to the wardrobe. At the wardrobe we were fitted for shoes, pumps with two inch heels, dainty little slippers, mules, loafers and other footwear. We also received a couple of scarves and head bands. We were told that once we had received our first waist nipper corsets, we were to return to wardrobe to be properly fitted for several dresses that we were to be issued. Leaving the wardrobe, our new scarves stuffed into our shoulder bags along with the jar of lubricant, we were told to go to the Boutique as our corsets were in and we were to be instructed in the wearing and care for this item.

By the time we were finished with corset training in corset wear and care we had about an hour or so before dinner. We returned to our room and just as we got into the room a worker student wearing the lavender shift and white belt of a wardrobe worker knocked and opened the door. The gurl was pushing a four wheeled cart piled high with shoe boxes and more shifts of different colors. She said that the shoes and shifts were part of our issue and she then launched into a detailed explanation of laundry procedures, in particular the form that was to be placed in form holder on the hallway side the door by noon every Sunday. The form a fill in the blanks outline of personal schedule for the next seven days. This, she smugly informed us that was the correct freshly laundered work and school uniforms could be left daily. This system was used to more efficiently use our closet space. Ta Da. This institution was a breeding ground for future bureaucrats and other low level functionaries. Billie and I rushed through refreshing our make-up and tried on couple dresses that to our surprise fit quite well now that our waists were now three inches trimmer thanks to our newly acquired and thoroughly hated waist nipper corsets. The dresses, both black chiffon and surprise, surprise....short. What was a real surprise was that in each pair of pumps was an ankle bracelet. Looking at ourselves in the large full length mirror, we decided that with a little more upstairs we would be served in most bars. Our amazement was interrupted by a sharp rap on the door and it swung open with a very appraising Matron nodding her approval of our somewhat over dressed, but very sexy appearance. Grabbing the small clutch bag that was attached to dresses hanger we were off to dinner.

Staggering down the hallway in two inch heels, holding hands was a God send. Mutual support was a great help. After a couple of a hundred feet Billie and I were learning to shift our balance point forward in a more tippy toe stride we gained confidence every stride. Entering the dining hall, the normally

muted conversation level died away and a low rumble of long suppressed masculinity slowly built with a scattered eruption of whistles and muted shouts of 'you go gurls' greeted our entry. Our over done, but apparently well done dressage was well received. We were asked to join Charlene and Monique at table with other senior students and sponged up their compliments. We left immediately after dinner to return to our room and the mound of shoes, whose utility we had not a clue.

With and clothes piled upon our bed, Billie and I set about sorting, hanging and stacking our latest acquisitions in the closet and drawers. We went on line [Note: Our computer could receive the internet, but we could not message out] and discovered a site that was a woman's what is and how to site all about clothes, cooking, make-up, hair, jewelry and just about everything that govern their lives. We concluded that it would take centuries to master the day to day complexities of the well appointed ladies life. However, now that we had discovered the site, we had basically an encyclopedia to reference the plethora of new challenges that we face daily. Completing our housekeeping, we proceeded in our evening rituals of makeup removal and homework and best of all, taking off the damn corsets. So ended our first week, only five hundred and nineteen left.

Charlene joined us at breakfast the next morning. She was curious as to our opinion of our first week. Billie was surprisingly enthusiastic, I was more reserved. Charlene laughed and replied that it took her a few weeks to get use to the feminine life style. She went on telling us that she was a tubby little shit and was put on a forced diet for three months losing some thirty five pounds. She laughed about having to go to the Wardrobe every week to get smaller clothes. I did comment on how well Charlene's diet turned out. We told her about the web site we found that just about covered everything feminine and she said that she was going to tell us about it and that it was a very good source on coordinating outfits and other such information foreign to males. Charlene gave us another hint. She told us that when we walked, try and walk like we were stepping on a line, it would force our hips to sway and it would take pressure off our little friend up our rectum. So after breakfast, Billie and I, holding hands, breathing shallowly [corsets], chins up and sashaying like hookers made haste to our first class.

Six weeks at New Horizons and with our exemplary conduct we were allowed visitation by our mother's and Billie and I were very nervous. House rules were that if you were under fifteen years old, you dressed in your school uniform to visitation, except for holidays. Our first visitation was three weeks before Thanksgiving, so pleated skirts, berets and ear studs were us. Our mother's came in together with our siblings to the cafeteria. They were seated together and a Matron escorted two very red faced boys with skirts swishing to confront our families. Our mother's were delighted, our sisters envious and our brothers shocked. All in all it went well. We especially enjoyed posing for pictures with our mortified brothers. Our sisters asked us about our clothes and makeup while our brothers remained strangely silent, obviously promising themselves to walk the line of civil virtue. After an hour and a half of intense inspection, we were pronounced suitably presentable young ladies. Upon departing our mother's dictated that when they and our siblings returned for thanksgiving, that Billie and I would be suitably attired for the Thanksgiving holiday dinner. They heavily hinted that proper dresses, shoes and accessories would be expected. Returning to our room we immediately logged in to our online feminine how to advisor. We spent the rest of the afternoon trying on just about everything in our very large closet, frequently referring to our online pal as what kind of shoes, under garments and accessories went with what. It was kind of a delirious Halloween costume selection party. After much online searching and label reading we settled on similar A Line type three quarter sleeves with yoked tops and

'cute' bows, linen dresses that went with our black two inch heeled pumps. We also noticed that nearly all of our clothes had Japanese or Korean labels, odd?

It was approaching dinner hour so we decided to impress our fellow 'student's with our best skirt and top 'outfits'. [gag]. At dinner we were joined by two gurl's who introduced themselves as Margie and Joanie. They quickly established their superiority by informing us that they were Sophomore's. After suffering a thankfully short lecture describing their history at this weird institution, they allowed us to speak. Billie asked the question that we had on our minds all afternoon. "What's with a lot of the clothing in our closet having Asian labels?" The upperclassmen laughed and launched into a very unexpected answer.

They expanded upon Charlene's brief explanation of a few days past, that twice a year a few Japanese and Korean women's clothing manufacturer's come to New Horizons to do the photo shoots for their catalogs. We 'student's are the models. The manufacturer's buy all of their materials in the US and make their clothing here at New Horizons) to avoid duties. The manufacturer's pay the chosen models fifty dollars a day for the photo shoots and the designs they are going to display are essentially made for the model chosen for those designs. Apparently, it is much cheaper than the import duties and permits and not to mention travel and housing for Asian models to use the services of the ever compliant and disciplined New Horizons beauties to use in their catalogue shoots. So, as part of the deal for exploiting the wonderfully cooperative bevy of New Horizons youthful transvestites the provides the use of the five domed arboretums and other garden's for the shoots the school gets all of the clothing used in the shoots. Hence, most of the clothing in your closets are those items made exclusively here and are one of a kinds. Margie concluded by remarking that New Horizons was home to the best dressed juvenile transvestites in the world. Joanne added that we could go to Wardrobe and request skirts, tops, dresses and accessories for any occasion, but if they had it, you could keep it until you grew out of it and then it gets returned to Wardrobe for the next lucky gurl to wear. Billie and I looked at each other, wide eyed and open mouthed. It made so much sense, lots high end clothing that you would never see in a state run penal institution and the incessant feminization. I asked how do they get by the obvious fact that few if any of the models are Asian? Joanne laughed, "The Salon here is amazing, they could turn you into a very convincing Martian if they wanted". Margie added, "You two cuties are very good candidate's for the spring and summer shoot in January. Tell wardrobe and Salon that you are interested. It's good money and you'll get to keep ten percent as walking around cash, the rest will go into your 401k. We thanked the gurl's and left the dinning hall for the Common Room for a soda before returning to our room.

The next day after classes, we reported to the Salon for our afternoon work assignment and asked about the upcoming fashion photo shoot. They were surprised that we knew about it, but also enthusiastic, promising to have us around and 'prepared' for when the photographer's showed up. After work, we hustled over to Wardrobe and explained our mother's request for our suitable presentation at Thanksgiving dinner. They were appreciative of our trust in their taste and took our measurements and told us to come back in a week and our holiday dinner outfits would be ready, including proper footwear and accessories. On the way to dinner [in our Salon shifts], Billie pulled me next him and he kissed me on the cheek and said, "Girlfriend, I think that you and I are going become very girly sissy boys before we get out of here". Surprising myself, I turned to face him and kissed him full on the mouth there in the hallway. We heard a heavy throat clearing and turned to see a Matron

with a smiling smirk on face motioning us to move along. She whispered, "Save it for the bedroom, gurls". We did.

Our first Thanksgiving, we showered together, as usual. However, we took extra time cleaning and lubricating our rear aperture's to our mutual enjoyment. After breakfast, we took extra care in ascertaining that the three quarter inch diameter retaining ball for our chastity devices were properly lubed and placed. This mornings daily ritual required the proper placement of the ball took several enjoyable attempts along with much finger probing and kissing. We had to rush to fix our hair and makeup. With our undergarments including pantyhose, were correctly in place, we put on our holiday attire. Both dresses were linen, A Line with modest yoke bodice, three quarter sleeves and off color bows. Our accessories included gold ankle bracelet's, gold [colored] bangles, several rings, a thin necklace, ear baubles and a small hair berrett with a bow. Our shoes were open toe, two inch pumps with a small bow above the toes. We were stunning. I pressed the wall button that turned a flashing light on above our door so a Matron could open it for us.

The Matron answering the door was clearly impressed and with an unusual [for Matrons] smile, she escorted us the waiting area for our families to arrive. The room was full giggling gurl's posing and twirling in holiday finery. We were called and escorted into the dining hall, now divided into family areas and eagerly presented ourselves to our mother's for their approval. What we received was open mouthed astonishment. Not only was our mother's reaction unsettling, our siblings were equally incredulous, especially our sisters. Being boys [?], Billie and I didn't fully appreciate the effect of the clothing on our feminine relations. The sisters were clearly envious, the brothers clearly amused and the mother's clearly confused. While dinner was being served, Billie and I explained our clothing and accessories which helped alleviate the impression that we had somehow won the lottery. After the explanation, everyone relaxed and the mom's gushed, the sister's examined and the brothers silently snickered. Billie and I were quite content. Saying our goodbyes and promising not to go anywhere, Billie and I were collected by a Matron who surprised us by taking us to the Clinic. "A happy day for you two sweetheart's", the Matron snickered. "Come on in", called a voice from inside an examination room. "I have a surprise for you two". Cautiously, Billie and I entered the examination room followed by the Matron. A nurse was waiting and told us to disrobe and sit side by side on the examination table. Smiling, the nurse Billie and I to take off our panties and lie back on the table with our legs spread. "I'm going to remove you chastity restraints", she said. I thought that that was a good idea and quickly complied. It occurred to me the nurse was the same one that put the damn things on Billie and I when we first arrived at New Horizons. The nurse took a pair of surgical scissors and easily cut through the rigid tubing and removed it. The cool air in the examination room felt glorious on my newly freed cock and I reached to touch it. "Don't you dare touch your clit or I'll cut it off here and know", snapped the nurse. She quickly wiped my hardening Dick with a alcohol wipe and immediately followed with a lubricated wipe and an ice bag. My earlier enthusiastic erection retreated like frightened deer. Nurse Cratchet then slipped my newly diminishes cock into a plastic tube of the precise dimensions of my penis during its least formidable stages. She worked a very flexible plastic tab underneath my scrotum ring and through a hole in the tab, glued a small metal button, which I soon discovered was a locking device when it was pressed against a metal stub on upper side of the tube.

Now, partially secured, the nurse ordered Billie off the table and looking him in the eye, said, "Little gurl, I want to take the restraint anchor ball out off your gurlfriends bottom like you have done so many

times recently". Billie, taking the recently removed chastity device in hand, gently removed the plastic ball from my asshole. The nurse smiling and the Matron snickering, thoroughly enjoying Billie's embarrassment when the nurse handed Billie a jar of the same medicated lubricant that we used daily on each other. Billie, nonplussed, soldiered on, lubing my innards with practiced skill. He looked at the nurse and she assented, "You may give her a free squirt", and handed Billie a few tissues. With a few experienced strokes on my prostate, a manly squirt into the awaiting tissues was managed. Impressed, the nurse complimented me, "Well done, young lady" and she told Billie to plunge the new anchor ball up my experienced rectum. I went the identical procedure on Billie, including the complimentary squirt before being allowed to redress and leave for our room.

Arriving at our room, we changed out of our borrowed dresses. Changing underwear, we took the opportunity to inspect the new hardware encapsulating our packages we came to the conclusion that they were designed to be removed. A little wave of excitement rolled over us. Is it possible that we were going to be allowed to pull our long neglected puds in the near future? We were close, but not quite prepared for what was about to happen. We pulled on our favorite skirts and top a signaled that we wanted to leave the room. Being a holiday we were permitted to go to the common room to hang out until dinner. We met Charlene there and excitedly informed her of our new chastity hardware. She laughed and said that after two months that happened to everyone provided you hadn't been a very bad gurl during your orientation period and that we would discover more about the significance of this this evening. She would not elaborate, saying it would spoil the surprise. Knowing better than pressing the issue, we let the matter drop and our conversation slid into our upcoming schedules. Until Billie recalled the matter of the fashion photo shoots. She leaned in close to us and whispered that we had to sign-up with Wardrobe and Salon. If you get their permission, you had to sign-up with the Head Mistresses office and get her permission. We told her that we Salons had OK and we would sign-up with Wardrobe when we returned our borrowed outfits. So girly. She continued by telling us to keep our application to ourselves and that there was a great deal of competition for the modelling positions. She added that we stood a very good chance that we would be offered school girl uniform spots. Charlene apparently been chosen for the last three years and would hopefully get to do 'misses' outfits this year. "So, keep you noses clean and dress well when you're not in a work shift or school uniform and I think that you two have a good chance of being selected", whispered Charlene. "Let's go to dinner and you two go directly to your room after we eat", she added with a leering wink.

We did as Charlene told us and on our bed was a large paper bag containing two silk chokers with a metal ring attached to the front, two pairs of silk wrist cuffs also with metal rings attached, a short length of silk cord with a metal snap at each end, a longer length of cord with snaps and two smallish butt plugs and four AA batteries. A note was also in the bag containing a list of instructions; (1) Undress Completely, (2) Put on the Chokers and Wrist Cuffs, (3) Put 2 AA Batteries in the Anal Stimulators, (4) Remove Your Anal Restraint Anchors and (5) Depress the Hallway Alert Switch and Hold it Depresses for FIVE SECONDS and finally (6) Knell on Your Bed and WAIT. We looked at each other with excited puzzlement. Following the instructions to the letter, I walked over to hallway alert switch depressed it, One Mississippi, Two Mississippi and so on.

A few minutes later the door opened and Matron entered. "So, I see we have two eager gurl's here", she snickered. The Matron walked over to bedside and said, "OK, face me and staying on your knees go face down on the bed, head on your hands". Complying with her order, Billie and I embarrassingly

assumed the position and waited while she found a jar of lubricant in its correct location in the upper left drawer of the vanity. We heard the snap of a surgical glove and lid of the jar being opened. She then came around to other side of the bed and she whistled as she took in the view of our defenseless derrieres. I was first to be lubed, fortunately I was prepared for and anxiously awaiting the coming penetration. I was not disappointed. Two of her gloved fingers expertly slavered up my anal canal. Billie swooned lightly when his turn came. A slight delay ensued as she greased up the butt plugs. Impressively, she worked the four inch long, one inch wide flared devices effortlessly into our now very receptive bottoms. Then she flipped the switches on our new friends. OMG, was our mutual reaction as the now vibrating intruders worked their magic. "OK, now sit back up and put your hands behind your heads and do NOT REMOVE them until told", she snapped. Looking at us she pulled a thin cord with a small key attached and bending down in front of us unlocked our penis prisons. Sliding the tubes off of our highly excited cocks she whistled again as the expected inflations took place. "OK, keeping your hands behind your heads, face each other", she ordered. She then took the short cord and leashed us together our lips almost touching. She then tapped me on my right shoulder and forced, mildly, my right hand down towards Billie bouncing member. Taking another short cord retrieved from her uniform shirt pocket, she clipped my wrist cuff to Billie's scrotum ring. She repeated the process with Billie. Finally, she clipped the longer cord to my left wrist and running around my back, she clipped to loose end to Billie's left wrist cuff. "Done", she said, "You have an hour, so get to it and enjoy". The Matron then left room.

I looked into Billie's eyes. His mascara and light eye makeup highlighted his cosmetically feminized face urging my pent up penteen lust into high gear. Leashed by the neck as we were, our lips were barely two inches apart. He leaned slightly towards me and our lip glossed mouths jammed together as our right hands, shackled to each other's groin gripped our partners straining member. Lust prevailed as our right hands went about their tethered duty while our left hands, restricted to just reaching each other's back, thus reduced to observer status. We were in heaven, tongues clashing, smearing lip stick and gloss, bottoms squirming under the mechanical assault of the vibrating plugs all leading to multiple crescendos of spurting semen.....it was gloriously satisfying. The hour passed in seconds, but we were spent. The Matron barged and snapped, "Times up, sissies". She proceeded to release our bonds and saving the worst for last, had lying on our backs with legs spread and hands by our ears, reinstalled our now fully abused tallywackers escape proof prisons. The final indignity was her relubing our still tingling our girlyboi erogenous zone and stuffing our little cock anchors back into their snug home. The Matron, satisfied with the evenings results pointed towards our vanity bench pointing to a fresh comforter as the one on the bed was a mass crisscrossing sissy tracks. Her parting remark was, "Keep your pretty noses powdered and you will be allowed to abuse each other every three days". Spent, we rolled off the bed, removed the soiled comforter and headed for the vanity to remove our totally destroyed makeup. We then waddled into the shower. It was down to business under spraying water with no extracurricular hanky-panky this evening.

Just before Christmas, we were notified that we could accept a modelling position with the visiting Asian manufacturer's providing their acceptance of us. Christmas visitation with our families went off well. Best of all we had enough money in our personal accounts to buy presents for everyone. We decided to dress in those very sissy 'Lolita' dresses. Our mothers and sisters loved them. Our brothers were understandably less enthusiastic about the outrageous hooped skirts and prolific bows. Our sisters

loved them so Billie and I decided to get each sister one for their next birthday. The holiday out of the way, we prepared for the Asian guests.

Two concerns confronted us in January, first was mastering the makeup techniques for giving our faces a more Asian cast and the unexpected discovery that we were developing breasts. Charlene was delighted in our Asian disguises, asking us to give her a makeover for her audition and in return she advised us about our advancing breast development. Billie was delighted in his developing boobs, I was less enthusiastic although I didn't know why. We had been at New Horizons for only four months and I was even by my own admission, a full blown sissy. My thoughts were feminine twenty-four seven. As a disgusting fashion slave and hair and makeup aficionado, I for some reason was somewhat unsettled at the prospect of charging through life behind two mounds of flesh. I was sitting by myself pondering a life with tits when 'Happy Birthday' erupted and I looked around and saw Billie, Charlene and several other gurl's coming towards me and I realized that January fifth was today, my birthday. I was yanked out of my funk and allowed the fun not to be dented. The common birthday gifts here at New Horizons were small accessories, a gurl can't have to many accessories. Billie and Charlene pooled their cash and bought me a very lacy padded bra. "To prepare you for better days", leered Charlene. Billie chimed in, "You needed some upper floor help, lover". I admit, it was lovely and it would be a definite positive as far as enhancing my figure. I wore my new bra to class the next day and the enhanced topography did make a definite improvement over my training bra. I felt better about boobs after my birthday.

The Asian's arrived and Billie, Charlene and I were ready. The Japanese responsible for picking the model's were the photographer's and the headed straight for the Salon. The Salon Matron made sure that Billie and I were present when the photographer's arrived they recognized Charlene and immediately added her to the model roster. Then they saw Billie and I. They asked us to stand and took several photo's from different angles and reviewed the digital results and seemed impressed. They asked the Matron if we had the required permissions and she said that we did. So that was our interview. We were told to report to the Junior trailer parked on a driveway next to one of the domed arboretums. We were closely measured and complimented on our make-up and that was it for the day. Getting back to the Salon, the Matron said to report to Arboretum Dome A at six thirty AM in two days. A change trailer would in place next to the dome and that where we were to report. The Koreans would make use of the trailers after the Japanese left.

The night before the first of our photo shoots, Billie and I had one of our every three days officially termed Juvenile Stress Relief Exercises. Billie and I have discovered that JSRE's generally result in earlier than usual bed time. So when five AM wake up rolled around, we were ready for a new adventure. We had time to shower and make-up. Dressed in our school uniform, we made our way to the change trailer. There, a young Japanese woman inspected us and gave us a schedule of changes and shoots for the day. Our make-up was near perfect and we were scheduled for three pre-teen school girl uniform shoots that morning. The first was a typical Japanese school girl outfit, pleated skirt [mid thigh], white short sleeved blouse, loose tie, leggings and Mary Jane's. We did this shoot wearing three different wigs. The photographer's had us pose solo and together in pairs, trio's and a group of five. Also, we repeated the poses in all five of the domes and various other locales inside the some of the buildings and outside with various jackets and coats. All in all, it was very tiring, but fun because they had us hugging and quick kissing in some of the shots, all with different partners. My cock was pinching most of the time trying to achieve the dimensions it was originally designed for. Alas, we all were reminded



by our chastity devices of why they were on duty. We saw other gurls, also being photographed dressed in all manner of dresses, almost always with very short hems. When we broke for lunch, our group was outfitted in school girl sailor uniforms. In the cafeteria, the variety of costumes mixed with regular school and work attire was breathtaking. The gurls in the expensive dresses all were wearing transparent plastic smocks. No gravy spots, please. The afternoon program was the same, sexy school girl attire, hugging and kissing. A very girly day. There were five days of this, although on Thursday and Friday, we modelled non uniform day dresses, skirts and tops, night clothes and pre and early teen lingerie. All of the clothes were gathered up by the Wardrobe workers and added to the schools sizable inventory. Two days off and next came the Koreans. The clothes were somewhat more modest, it the routine was basically the same, with much less hugging and kissing. I learned later that the Japanese published a separate catalogue mostly comprised of the hugging and kissing pics compiled for that nation's healthy population of dirty old men.

For the next three years Billie and I fell into the routine of New Horizons, school, work and modelling twice a year. On my sixteenth birthday Billie and I were introduced to a new bedroom activity. No more hand job's for us. Although Billie wouldn't turn sixteen for two more months, the senior bed partners birthday took precedence in these matters. We knew what was coming and were more than a little apprehensive about it. We had said goodbye to Charlene a few months previous as she was released. She wrote us and said that she was enrolled at the State U. and doing well, still prancing about enfemme and displaying her 'home grown's' and dating a guy who was mightily impressed with her New Horizons acquired talents. We wrote back giving her what little dirt passed for gossip here. We have been corresponding now monthly and I hope it keeps up. Now about my birthday.

After dinner and a short but, surprisingly boisterous reception in the common room, were I was serenaded with traditional birthday tune and with snickering congratulations from some of the older gurls. Billie and I headed for our room and the fate that awaited us. Entering our room, the familiar paper bag was sitting the bed. What surprised us was that it was the new bed, a queen sized. Hallelujah, the old full sized was becoming cramped as we had grown a few inches, but still slender [hormones?], but, somewhat expanded in the chest and hips. Opening the bag, the contents were slightly different. There were chokers and short cords, but no long cord. The butt plugs were different. They were about two inches longer and about a half inch wider. Billie remarked, "They look like my mothers vibrator, but with the back end the same as the butt plugs". Also, there was a package of eight AA batteries. Looking at the 'vibrator's', knowing full well where they were going, we started undressing. Naked, save our chastity's, I pushed the hallway signal switch, we climbed onto the seemingly very large bed and awaited our fate.

Right on schedule, our favorite Matron barged into the room with cheery "Happy Birthday, your big gurls now." Continuing, she said, "The routine is a little different today. Put on your choker and wrist cuffs and I'll do the rest". Kneeling on the bed, we complied. Once we were suitably attired, the Matron stepped over to the bed in front of me and clipped the short twelve inch cord to my right cuffs and lifting my right arm, ran the cord through the restraint ring on my choker. She then motioned for me to left hand up and she clipped the cord to that cuff. Billie was quickly bound like me. "OK, now turn around and assume the position", she ordered. With our faces buried into the comforter and our hands in prayer position above our budding breasts we presented our targets to the very business like Matron. We listened while she picked the first vibrator and dropped four batteries into it. We heard a

buzzing, proving the device was in working order. She loaded and tested the second unit in short order. We listened while the upper left hand drawer in the vanity was opened and the lubricant jar being removed. With the snap of the surgical gloves we knew the game was on. After she extracted the anchor balls, the ceremonial lubricating of our rear aperture's proceeded with the victims expressing their appreciation with a series of grateful bumps and grinds. Withdrawing her fingers from Billie's bum, the Matron proceeded to lather up the penetrators. Being the oldest, I was treated to insertion first. The bullet shaped tip was rested against my pulsating rosebud. "My, but aren't you an eager gurl", cooed the Matron. She gently pushed the invader past my sphincter and buried its full seven inches where the sun don't shine and turned it on. OMG, I was not prepared for the treat that I had received. While I was groaning softly, Billie was ring likewise impaled with a similar reaction. "Roll over on your backs", she barked. "Spread your legs, the best part is yet to come". Obediently we complied. Standing next to or spread legs, the Matron was holding a narrow box, she opened it withdrawing a device identical to the ones now exciting our rectums. "A birthday present", she grinned, "I'm leaving this with you two. I sure you will have many adventure's with your new toy, happy birthday to you". Bending towards, she told me to lift my ass and when I got it high enough, she placed my legs on her shoulders and proceeded to remove my chastity tube, whereupon my manhood sprang to life. Removing my trembling legs from her shoulders she repeated with the liberation of Billie's willie. "Ta ta", she said and with a wave left us there cocks erect and hands restrained. What to do, what to do?

Billie and I rolled simultaneously facing each other. Our hand prayer beneath our chins and our eyes wide. "You realize that we only have one option", squeaked Billie. "Lying here for an hour with our little friends buzzing around in our bottoms won't do". I nodded and squirmed off the bed onto my feet. Puzzled, Billie just watched me as I waddled into the bathroom in step with the intruder in my bottom dictating my strides and returned with two bath towels. Billie caught on immediately and worked his way to the center of the bed where he clumsily spread the towel out. I kneed my way over to next to him and spread my legs. Billie leaned over and tapped my shoulder and I turned my head into a very tongue invading kiss. Removing his tongue from my mouth, he whispered, "No sissy tracks on the new comforter". So began our careers as aspiring expert cocksuckers.

After we were relieved of our intruders, we preformed our nightly toilet and showered. Choosing the more modest sleep chemises, we explored our new bed, cuddled embarrassingly while watching TV and drifted into a secure sleep. The next day began with a much stronger bond between us than I thought could exist.

The next six and a half years were highlighted by continuing slide into femininity. Closing in on our release date, we were staggered by our accomplishments here at New Horizons. We had finished high school, earned Bachelors Degrees from the State University, amassed nearly fifty thousand dollars apiece in our 401k accounts and acquired state licenses to practice Cosmetology. On release day, Billie and I dressed in new suits, summer wool, silk blouses [short skirts], panty hose [ugh], modest accessories, three inch heels, leather shoulder bags and wealth of knowledge and practical experience. Never had two young men ever left a penitentiary better dressed and with better hair and nails than us. We had closed our accounts at the Boutique and had between us better than sixteen hundred dollars walking around money. We had purchased two large suitcases apiece to carry our immediate change of clothing needs, the majority of our personal effects, mostly clothes and accessories were boxed and just awaited our notification of where to send them. Our last stop was the new Head Mistresses office

where she congratulated us upon our accomplishments here New Horizons and gave us a most important parting gift, the keys to our chastity device's. On our way to the entry foyer Billie suggested that we buy a car for our return to town. I gently reminded him that we did not know how to drive. Our mother's saved the day by picking us up.

It took two weeks for us to withdraw funds from our 401k's, establish checking accounts and enroll in automotive driving school. Missing ten of the most formative years of your life required a good deal of running around and patience in filling in the blanks. Thank God we did not have parole to deal with, but did hire an attorney to start the process of having our first names legally changed and acquiring appropriate identification. The bank where transferred our money to surprisingly provided us with debit cards and bank's manager, a woman, peppered us with fashion questions. Billie and I had informed her of our academic accomplishments and that we were licensed Cosmetologists, but lousy criminals. Less than a week after opening our bank accounts, the manager called us and asked for a meeting.

We met with her at small restaurant near the bank and after a short period of small talk, she got down to business. She informed us that she knew of a modest beautician's shop that was going to be vacated in the near future. She added that the rent was also modest considering its locale, which was near a very upscale suburb. Impressed with our taste in clothing and obvious skill in hair and nails, she said that if we were interested, the bank would approve a start-up loan for up to twenty-five thousand dollars. Billie and I looked at each other, we hadn't even considered going into business for ourselves. I asked when could we look at the shop? After lunch, was the banker's reply. It was a six chair shop that needed some remodeling, but the sinks, electrical service and HVAC seemed OK. The banker was impressed that knew about plumbing and the other stuff we referred to it. The rent was three thousand a month, plus utilities. Asking when would we meet the landlord, she said that we were talking to her. We agreed and shook on the deal and banker said to come into her office in three days and everything would be formalized. We were to talk to business insurers and remodeling contractor's on our end and she would get the applications for the necessary state and local permits going. Our hearts pounding, closed up the shop and rode back to the bank and spent the hour filling out loan and other forms all conditional of getting the necessary permits. The banker said it would be the better part of a month so she would give us key to open the shop showing it to any remodeling contractors that we could interest. We needed that month to get our drivers licenses and a car.

Two months later.....our grand opening. We had jumped through multiple hoops, hired eight employee's, spent most of our money, leased a new Ford SUV and had moved into a small apartment, furnished in early college sophomore. I had one chair and Billie did nails along with being girl of all talents and floor sweeper. We had three full time beauticians and five part time. Best of all, our door to door leaflet campaign had secured a busy opening day. Amazingly, in the first week we made the payroll and covered debts with enough left over to eat on. With the bank's help [for a price, of course], we did quite well enough in our first financial quarter to fancy the place up and hire an Asian lady every bit as skilled as Billie in doing nails. With our first Federal tax payments made, Billie and I treated ourselves to a first class dinner out celebrating our long transformation from gunrunners to sophisticated business women. Ta Da.

Post Script

During the five years that followed our release, Billie and i got married [to each other], bought the other five store fronts in the strip mall, opened an upscale and not so upscale boutique, expanded our salon into one of the other stores, rented out a store from to a cell phone company and a specialty bakery all while accumulating sizable business debt. Living the dream.

END

