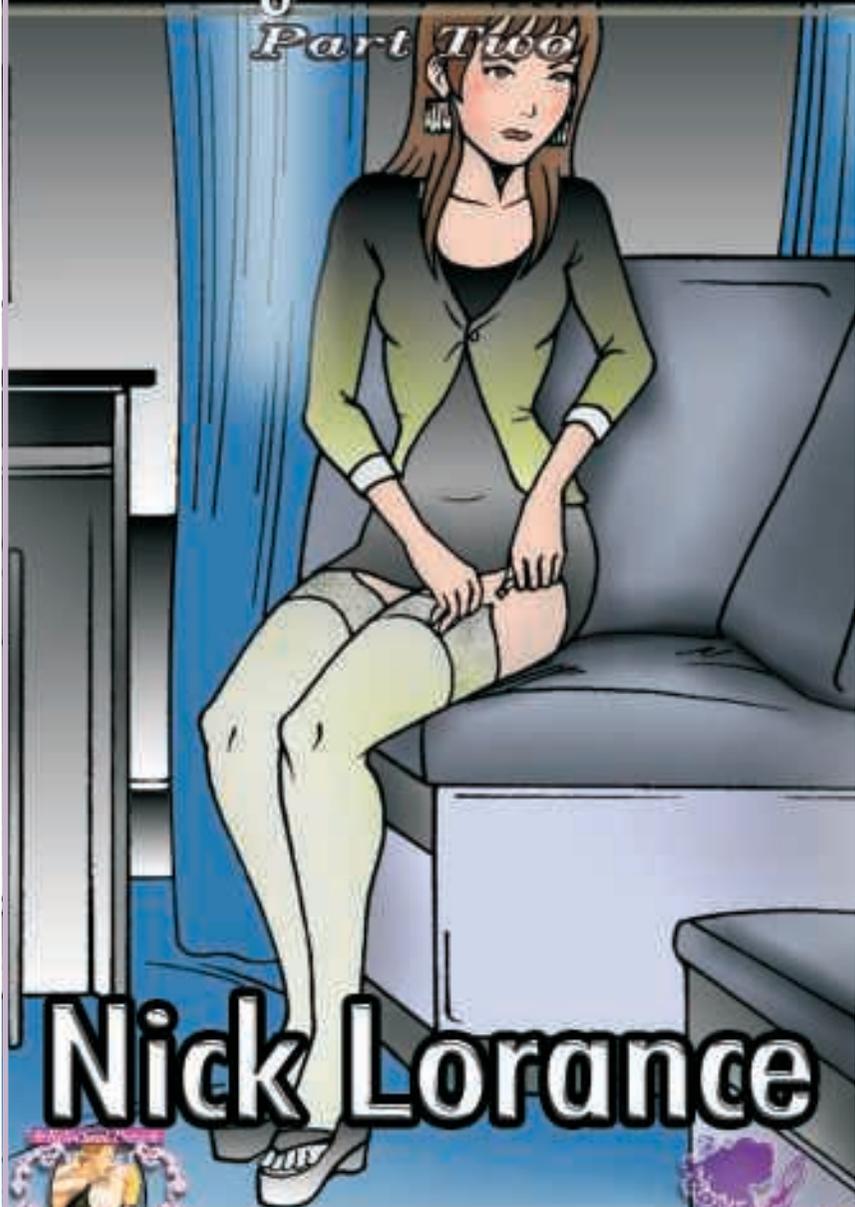


# Becoming The Perfect Student

*Part Two*



# Nick Lorance



An "Adult Tv" Novel



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# **Becoming The Perfect Student part 2**

**By Nick Lorance**

## **Tatiana's torment**

The stop at the nurse's office was merely to pick up a small bottle of multivitamins to take every evening before bed, and instructions to go get a drink. Except for a couple of women setting up for lunch, it was empty when I came in. I got a glass of tea and sat waiting. I heard someone come up the steps outside, glanced back idly, then found myself doing a double take. The last time I had seen Tiger he had been just some guy in drag with a serious bad attitude. The figure that minced into the room was almost as big a change as using Quasimodo and Esmeralda as before and after pictures.

He was wearing some kind of heels that made him look like a ballet dancer that kept the foot arched a full seven inches in nylon stockings. He was wearing what they call a pencil skirt, one of those tight skirts from the Fifties where you have to take short steps because it's too tight to walk normally, and a vermilion full blouse with a froth of lace at the throat and wrists. Cuffs held his hands at his sides, and there was some kind of harness that covered his mouth and encircled his head. The nails on his fingers had been lengthened, shaped and were a light green.

He saw me, and for a moment, I knew he wished to ignore me, but the woman following him pushed him, directing him toward me. He minced toward me, his ass making smooth little circles as he approached. The woman with him pulled out a chair and Tiger reluctantly took it. He sat, a look of resignation and some discomfort on his face. I looked at what I could see of his face and realized that they must have done that permanent makeup on him.

“Excuse, please,” the Oriental woman beside him said softly. “We must go to lunch early.”

“Early?” I asked.

“Yes,” the woman replied. “The punishment is strict, and if we do not eat early, our dear Tatiyana might never get to eat . . . food.” She moved behind who I just had to call Tatiyana because there didn't seem to be any ‘Tiger’ remaining. There was a click and the face harness came away. He opened his mouth, waiting until it was clear of his mouth, before giving a sigh of relief. That was when I saw what had been in his mouth, a penis gag about an inch and a half long and about an inch around. A hose ran from it to his collar and disappeared. The woman clipped the end of the hose and pulled it off the small bayonet fitting.

He noticed what I was looking at and blushed. The Oriental girl had gone to the serving line, and he leaned toward me. "Another week of this hell," he whispered. "Thank god that . . . thing is out of my mouth, even for a few minutes."

"It doesn't look so bad, except for the heels." I commented.

He gave me a cold look. "Really. The worst part is that, and the butt plug that goes with it." He pointed at the harness.

"Hey, kids eat Blow-pops all the time." I nudged it with a finger. "That isn't even that big."

"Food soon," the Oriental girl said. She looked down, and dimpled in a smile. "Does not seem bad, yes?"

"Not really."

She looked at Tatiyana, and he gave a slow grin. "Perhaps, you see why just one cycle?" the girl asked. I shrugged. "I fix, you explain." She lifted the harness, stepping behind me.

"Wait. A cycle?"

"No more than ten to fifteen minutes." Tatiyana said softly.

I opened my mouth and the girl moved the harness into position. The small dildo slipped between my lips and I felt the harness being locked into position. "Now, we start," the Oriental woman said, and she held up a control box and clicked it. I flinched as the dildo seemed to quiver in my mouth.

I reached back but there was a small padlock. Nothing I did could budge it, and as I gasped in fear, I

felt the dildo seem to stretch and lengthen. No, not seemed to, but actually did lengthen! I looked at Tatiyana who gave a slow evil laugh. "You probably don't know it but your tongue and lips move all the time unless you concentrate on not allowing it. Think of that as some guy stuffing his dick in your mouth and just allowing your own struggles to get him hard."

I could feel it extending a little further. Was it also getting larger? I concentrated on not fidgeting, not running my tongue across my teeth or pallet. It seemed to work and I gave a sigh of relief, which I found was also a bad idea. I moaned as it slid across my tongue stud and it lengthened.

"Ever hear of a hum job? That's when a girl sucks you off and hums. Every sound you make sends vibrations through the dick. Oh, and don't bite." He must have seen something in my eyes as I considered it. "You won't like what happens when you do." He paused, then squirmed on the chair as his food was delivered. The cuffs were unlocked and he took his napkin, flipping it to open it, then laid it on his lap.

"While that is being stimulated by your tongue and lips, the butt plug is rotating and vibrating against my prostate. Making me enjoy it too," he moaned.

I found that I couldn't listen to him talk because it took concentration from stopping my mouth from moving. Every time I tried to keep track of the conversation, I would slide my tongue, or flex my lips, and that damn thing would get longer. I had a brief bit of joy as I saw Tatiyana lean forward and give another moan, but it was quenched by that damn dick growing again. It had almost reached my throat.

"And your mouth is starting to water," Tatiyana said in a conversational tone. "It's automatic, like when you put a piece of hard candy in your mouth. It acts like that is food, and automatically tries to lubri-

cate it to get it down.” I swallowed convulsively, and it lengthened again. Another half inch, and I’d be choking! I frantically clawed at the harness again but it lengthened more as if I were pushing some guy away from me and he was liking it a lot. Tatiyana moaned again, then whispered. “Please do it! It’s agony feeling that blasted thing rotating like some guy trying a new move!”

There was a brief hum, then suddenly something shot into my mouth. I don’t know what it was, something a bit acrid and sour, but it kept spurting until I was swallowing just to avoid suffocating. I don’t know how long it went on, but then the gag began to shrink again. There was a click, the Oriental girl stood, and began removing the harness.

Tatiyana looked at me as I stared back in horror. While he had been satisfied with my going through the agony, his joy was bleak. “Two weeks. 24/7 except for meals. That is repeating over and over.” Then he was silent. I had not watched him eat before, but something about it . . . He had a piece of meat on his fork, and when he put it in his mouth, he closed his teeth over the fork, only then closing his lips to pull the fork out.

“The Headmistress and Miss Sasha said I wasn’t eating in a lady-like manner,” he said after swallowing. “So every time they see me eating like a guy, they add an extra day of that.” He motioned toward the harness. “That is how a week became two.”

Jennifer came in and waved as he came toward us. He stopped looking at my companions. “Ti-”

“Jennifer! You remember Tatiyana.” I put in quickly. God alone knows what torments we both would share this time.

He nodded, repeating the name to himself. "May I?" We all nodded, and he sat. "Those heels must be murder."

I picked up the harness. "Actually Tatiyana tells me this is the worst part. Want to try?" Jennifer picked it up, then nodded. I looked up and saw Tatiyana looking back. We might never be friends, but at that moment, we were joined by the idea that someone else was on the hot seat.

Classes were on for the rest of the day and on my schedule I saw swimming at the beach was required for two hours on Sunday. I looked at my choices for swim gear and wanted to moan. I either had a bikini or a monokini. Jennifer was silent as he studied. I decided to buckle down just to avoid having feminine tan lines. We dressed in our nightgowns; again we had limited choices, baby dolls, chemises or teddies. I chose a baby doll just to avoid too many choices, and we took our vitamins before going to sleep.

*I was walking down the hall to the milking room. I opened the door, and Yolanda smiled, going to a chair. "Sit on my lap, Monique," she ordered. I came over and sat on her lap crosswise. "No, dear. Take off your panties first, and sit facing the mirror." I stood, noticing that I was in my baby doll, but obediently pulled down my panties.*

*She started as she had before, and we went into the same litany. Then she paused. "You love being a pretty girl?"*

*"Oh yeth!" I moaned, silently begging her to go on.*

*"You even want someone to play with those pretty little nipples, don't you?"*

*I paused. Her fingers danced, and I almost screamed at the sensation. "Answer me, Monique."*

*“Yeth. I want thomeone to play with thoth pretty little nippleth!”*

*She began again, playing me like a fiddle. Then the fingers of her other hand slid up, pinching my nipples. “Again. But they are your pretty little nipples,” Her hand was driving me insane. “Say it”*

*“I want thomeone to play with my pretty little nippleth!”*

*“Again.”*

*“I want thomeone to play with my pretty little nippleth!!”*

I woke up, shaking my head. I still felt tired. I stretched, and began to get dressed.

## **Milking**

A note was left for us to wear bras and panties instead of corsets for the rest of the week. Home Economics wasn't that bad, I found it easy following a simple recipe. Then math, then science where Jennifer joined me again. Finally we headed for the office. When we arrived, both Yolanda and Sasha were there.

“Ah, girls, come in.” Sasha motioned. We stepped in, closing the door. “We had a new student assigned to the school, and she has been added to our milking schedule. That means Miss Yolanda and I will milk one of you each so that Rosemary can get her turn also during the gym period.” She stood, holding her hand out to me. “Come, Monique.”

I followed her into the same room as before. Sasha motioned toward a hanger. “I would like you to remove your dress this time, please.”