



Reluctant Press

Swap Over

Deena Gomersall



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS

A 'HER TV' NOVEL

Copyright © 2002, Friendly Applications, Inc. - All Rights Reserved

Reluctant Press TG Publishers

This story is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder.

Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet!

We need *your* help! We want to keep providing our readers with low cost, professional quality fiction on the Internet. We spend thousands of dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

This story is protected by US and International copyright law, and is owned exclusively by Friendly Applications, Inc, DBA Reluctant Press, which retains exclusive rights to publish these materials. The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. If a court determines that the infringement was committed willfully, statutory damages of up to \$100,000 for each copyright infringed can be awarded. Even if not found to be acting willfully, a defendant can still be held liable for statutory damages of \$500 to \$20,000 for each copyright infringed. **These penalties apply even if money was not charged.** In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain. This crime is punishable by up to five years imprisonment, up to \$250,000 in fines, or both. State civil damages and criminal penalties vary from state to state and country to country, but are always severe.

The best way to keep professional illustrated fiction available on the Internet is to do YOUR part to protect the author's and publisher's copyright. *You can be part of the solution.* Encourage others to purchase our stories. Never share the access rights you've purchased. **You** make the continued availability of TG fiction on the Internet possible. Thank you for your cooperation!

SWAP OVER

by Deena Gomersall

Chapter One: Battle of the Sexes

Clive didn't feel good, he didn't feel good at all. As his head spun, he could hear muffled voices, he was also aware that he felt uncomfortably damp between his legs.

"Jenkins, Jenkins, come on, wake yourself up." He heard the distinctive voice of a woman, followed by having his shoulder roughly shaken.

"He smells like a brewery...and the disgusting boy has peed himself," Clive heard another, younger female voice complaining.

"Jenkins. Stir yourself this instant!" the first voice commanded again.

As Clive slowly opened his eyes and his vision cleared, he could see Miss Eversham, the head teacher of Prenton Park, peering down at him and, behind her, Miss Cooper who was one of the teachers in the Prenton Park girls school.

"Get up and over to your own school, I want you to clean yourself up and then come straight back down here to my office," Miss Eversham snapped angrily, "I will not tolerate the drinking of alcohol by any of the Prenton Park pupils, let alone getting into such an intoxicated state as you are in. And then, not least, your being on the girls' school grounds."

None of this made any sense to the eighteen-year-old boy. Sure his head felt woozy, but he knew that he hadn't drunk anything. Yet, even as he began to protest his innocence, he could smell the strong odor of alcohol...plus he was clutching an empty beer bottle in his left hand, his clothes were all disheveled and, he was aware of wetness in the crotch of his pants.

"Bu...but Miss, I haven't been drinking! Honest!" He tried defending himself, once again feeling the dull ache penetrating through his head.

"So, you are going to lie about it, too, are you? I think we have all the evidence that we need. Now, go do as I have told you...Now!"

Miss Eversham was really pissed off with the boy; there was little doubt about that and he didn't want to anger her any further so, he got up, clutching his head whilst trying to tuck his shirt back into his pants.

He wasn't even sure why he was where he was. Prenton Park county school was in two parts. His school, the boys', was at the top of a long hill whilst the girls school, separated from the boys by a park and a modern housing complex, was down at the bottom, about six minutes walk. Right now he was in the girls' school and last thing he could remember, he had been in his own school.

Rushing back up the hill and crossing over the road at the pedestrian crossing, Craig entered his school building and darted upstairs to his dormitory. He found clean clothes, washed his face, combed his overly long hair and put it back into its short pony tail. He adjusted his tie, then raced down the hill and back into the girls' school. He had done it all in just over fifteen minutes. Mrs. Eversham's office was in the main block of the girls' school, down a long corridor and to the right.

As Clive walked quickly down the corridor, his face flushed, he saw four girls near the bottom; one of these girls was Tammy Whittle, a girl he especially did not like. Clive had often fought with Tammy over which sex was the weakest. His view was that girls were soft and simpering, useless at any sports, they cried over nothing and, basically, were only good for two things, keeping a home and giving their guy good sex.

Tammy and her group of friends viewed boys as arrogant, smelly, unfaithful liars. They cheated and were egotistical wimps. She had no doubt which was the stronger of the two sexes. After all, which guy, anywhere, could cope with child birth?

"Hello Jenkins, off to see Miss Eversham, are we?" Tammy asked as her friends all stifled sniggers.

"What's it to you what I'm doing?" Clive snapped back in response.

"Serves you right. Fancy coming down to our school, trying to drink up enough Dutch courage to ask some poor girl to go out with you, then getting yourself wrecked because you couldn't take it," Tammy taunted.

"I didn't get drunk...I haven't even been dri... Just a minute. How did you know about that, anyway?"

"Hmm, maybe a little knockout drop that I had one of my boyfriends slip into a soda you were drinking this morning told me, Squirt."

"What d'ya mean?" Clive demanded to know, his face now reddening with rage in embarrassment from the continuous giggling from the other girls.

"Oh! Don't you get it, stud? We had you knocked out with a Mickey, brought down here where we dumped you in a locker room, poured beer over your crotch to improve the stale smell. It was Jenny's idea to wet your whistle and to place the empty bottle in your hand. Angie went to Eversham's office to report that there was a disgusting, drunken boy trying to come onto the girls in the locker room before passing out, and Presto! Here you are off to get a real slating from Eversham." With that all the girls burst out laughing.

“You have gone way over the top this time, you bitch! I’m gonna make you pay big time for what you have done,” Clive yelled, scarcely able to hold back from attacking his tormentors.

“Wrong, Asshole, it’s me that has made *you* pay. Last week you and your dickhead mates groped four of my friends when they were doing sports, not to mention that we know it was you that went into the lockers and covered all the girls underwear in slimy mud! Call it even,” Tammy told him.

“No way. I’m never gonna let some simpering sissy girl get the better of me. I warn you, you’d best beware because...”

“JENKINS!”

Clive’s threats were cut short by the bellowing voice of Miss Eversham who was now standing at the end of the corridor. “To my office this instant.”

Tammy grinned and, in a lowered voice, said, “See ya later, stud!”

Clive clenched his teeth and snarled at her before continuing to Miss Eversham’s office. Already his mind was ticking over on how he could get even with her.

“But Miss, it wasn’t anything to do with me, it was Tammy Whittle! She was even admitting what she had done when you called me,” Clive tried to explain.

In fact, Miss Eversham had heard all that Tammy had said but she was sick and tired of the endless feud between the two pupils and was determined to put an end to it.

“Enough! I have just about had it with you and Whittle,” the principal yelled. “I have had to endure your stupid Battle of the Sexes since last semester. I am not going to have another period of it, do you understand?”

“Yes Miss,” Clive replied sullenly. His head was bowed and his hands clasped together behind his back. “Only...”

“No Jenkins, there is no ‘only’. I am simply not going to tolerate anything more. If you and your friends or Whittle and her friends continue to play tricks on each other, fight or argue, then I will be forced to take drastic action. Now, dismissed.”

Tammy and her friends were confounded as to what had happened. They had a very important hockey game that afternoon against Somerfield School for Girls but they had discovered that every single hockey stick handle had been covered with oil or grease. The Prenton Park girls were second in the league whilst Somerfield were near the bottom. If Prenton Park were to win their game that afternoon and the league leaders lost (they were playing away to the third-placed team) then Prenton Park would take over at the top of the league with only four more matches still to be played.

Tammy, who was the hockey team captain, had all the players scrub the handles before going out onto the field but they still found it hard to grip the sticks properly. By half time they were losing. There was worse still to come when half the team had to be substituted as they ran to the toilets suffering with diarrhea. It was a disaster. Prenton Park lost their game by the largest margin of their season.

To rub salt into the wound, Clive Jenkins and seven of his gang had stood watching the game and jeered and heckled Tammy's team of losers.

"I see your team scored a few home runs," Clive mocked as Tammy and the other girls filed off the field towards the showers.

"What do you mean by that? I'll bet it was you that sabotaged the hockey sticks, wasn't it?" Tammy accused.

"Don't tell me you are going to blame your sticks for your defeat? I just thought some of your players may have developed a kind of stomach problem," Clive retorted as he and his friends walked away laughing.

Tammy was convinced it was Clive and his friends who had been responsible for putting the grease on the hockey stick handles and she was left without doubt when she discovered an empty laxative container by the water dispenser the girls had drank from at half time.

Now she really was mad. Playing tricks on her was one thing but doing something that affected the school team was something else.

<000>

"How on earth can we play like this?" Clive questioned. He was holding aloft his football kit; both his jersey and his shorts were shrunk to half their normal size and the kits of all the other players had shrunk, too. Worse, all of the spare kits had been shrunk as well!

The team coach, Mr. Hilton, was talking with Clive, who was the school team captain and the captain of the opposing side. The two teams were set to play each other in just under an hour's time.

"Well, to me, buddy, you have two choices," the coach of the Bedford Hawks team put across. "Either you find a substitute kit or you concede to us. I have brought my team here to play football. If you cannot field a team against us, then we're gonna claim the game."

"Unless you could loan us your spare kits, which I know you won't as you would rather take the points unfairly, we have no chance of getting a kit from anywhere else," Mr. Hilton announced, scratching his head as he pondered the problem. "The kits we now have wouldn't even fit the kids in the junior team, unless...I may just have an idea. Clive, get one of your players to take a note down to Miss Eversham. I am going to ask her if she will loan us the Prenton Park girls' soccer team kits. Some may be a little tight for the boys, but it's better than nothing."

"But sir, you can't expect the team to wear a girl's football kit. They're...they're..."

"And do you have a better idea, Jenkins?" Mr. Hilton scolded. "You're the captain, do you really want to concede points to our nearest challengers?"

<000>

It was a shamefaced and demoralized Clive who led his team off the playing field at the end of the game. His team had beaten the Hawks but they were never going to live down having to wear bright yellow football jerseys and florescent pink shorts. Even in defeat, the Bedford Hawk players were laughing at and goading them. Worse still, Tammy Whittle and her friends had watched the game from the touch line and were grinning all over their stupid girlish faces.

As Clive passed close by her, he heard Tammy say to her friends, "Come on girls, let's go and talk to those Hawks players. They are far more hunky and handsome than the Prenton Park sissy team!"

Also watching proceedings from the touch line were Mr. Hilton and Miss Eversham. "I'm not accusing, Ma'am, all I am saying is it's the Prenton Park girls' school that does the laundering of the boys' school team kits," Mr. Hilton stressed.

"Yes, you are correct, and last week it was the girls' Hockey team that had been sabotaged. I think I have an inkling as to what is going on, and who is responsible," Miss Eversham replied with a very set expression on her face. She was not in the least amused.

<000>

Clive sat outside Miss Eversham's office waiting to go inside; he could hear her raised voice from within. After five minutes, Tammy Whittle came out of the office with her head bowed, not so much as glancing at Clive. She sat down outside as he went in. He had no doubt, by the look on Miss Eversham's face, that he was in for big trouble.

As Tammy waited outside the head teacher's office, she could clearly hear Miss Eversham shouting angrily at Jenkins. She was fully aware that she hadn't heard the last of the matter herself, which was why she had been told to wait outside rather than being allowed to return to class.

While Jenkins remained in the office being chastised by the principal, three more teachers walked down the corridor and into her office. Claire Knight was Tammy's head of year, Mr. Phillips was her counterpart for Clive, then there was Mr. Hargreaves, the head teacher of the boys' school.

Mr. Hargreaves was a robust, heavysset man who had a ruddy complexion, wore heavy tweed suits and had a humorless face. He glanced down at Tammy with a scowl before rapping on Miss Eversham's door. The three teachers were bid inside and the door closed again. Tammy was nervous, things weren't looking too good.

A further seven minutes elapsed before Claire Knight reopened the door and, with a half smile, told Tammy to go inside. Tammy was made to stand alongside her adversary who had his hands clasped behind his back. His head hung low. The three teachers and Miss Eversham were sitting facing them.

“Jenkins. Whittle. You are both aware why you are here,” Miss Eversham began.

“Yes Miss,” both teenagers muttered almost inaudibly.

“You two and your respective sets of friends have repeatedly taunted, fought, swore and played tricks on each other. This is the fifth time I have had to address the both of you within the last four months!

“Now, however, it is starting to affect the whole of Prenton Park, your pranks being to the detriment of both the girls and the boys sections. The girls lost an important hockey game because of a stupid trick played on them by you and your friends, Jenkins. Then the football side, though managing to win their game, had shame and dishonor brought about them by you, Whittle.

“You are both ringleaders in some ridiculous ‘battle of the sexes’ so, as an example to your friends, you will both have to suffer the punishment. What *is* it with you two?” Miss Eversham then asked, “Don’t you like girls, Jenkins? Have you got something against boys, Whittle? I mean, seriously, are you both gay?”

“No way!” both Clive and Tammy replied in unison. “Of course I like girls,” Clive continued indignantly. “I definitely don’t fancy guys, but I don’t think that girls should keep trying to be an equal to boys. I mean, they’re even trying to form their own football team. I think they should stick to sissier games like hockey.”

“I am the senior principal between the two schools, but I am a mere woman. Mr. Hargreaves, do you have a problem with the fact that I am above you?” Miss Eversham asked her counterpart.

“Absolutely not, the fact that you are a woman bears no relevance at all to your seniority,” Mr. Hargreaves responded.

“I have a boyfriend,” Tammy pitched in, hoping to score points against Clive, “who, fortunately, is nothing like Jenkins, Miss. He is sweet and caring and sees girls as an equal. You have just heard for yourself how arrogant and chauvinistic Jenkins is. He doesn’t like girls and he started all of this.”

“No I did not, you liar. It was you and your poxy friends. And you don’t have a boyfriend, everyone knows you are a lesbian,” Clive retorted.

“No I’m not. I admit I’m bisexual but that has nothi...”

“SILENCE!” Miss Eversham yelled, totally losing her patience with the two of them. “You will both wait outside, quietly, while we decide how to punish you both.”

Even as they waited outside the principal’s office to hear their sentence, the two of them could not resist goading each other.

“I’m gonna get you back for all of this, Whittle. You started all of this that day you and your friends snatched my school bag and soaked my work books in that puddle.”

“Try blaming yourself, Jenkins. It was you and *your* friends that had us thrown out of the bar in town by telling the doorman that we were underage.”

“Uh! I was only trying to protect you. You know that girls don’t have the same capacity for alcohol that guys do. I just didn’t want you getting sick.”

“Oh, how very thoughtful of you, though any girl could drink any boy under the table, and you know it.”

“What a load of crap! Guys are better than girls at almost everything. I do admit you are better than us at one or two things, such as keeping house and giving us guys satisfaction by sucking us off.”

Tammy was just about to fly into a rage when the door opened once again. Mr. Hargreaves glared sternly at the pair before bellowing at them to follow him. Soon, once again, both girl and boy were standing, shoulder to shoulder, facing the panel of teachers as though they were awaiting execution.

“Clive Jenkins. Tammy Whittle,” Miss Eversham, began. “As neither of you seem to be able to get on with members of the opposite sex, we have decided that you should try living in the shoes of the other, thereby perhaps improving your view of each other.”

Both pupils looked in bafflement at their principal, not quite grasping what she was getting at.

“For the period of one week, you will both dress in clothing normally associated with the opposite sex. Jenkins, you will dress as a girl and, at such times as your classes demand, you will participate in girl’s lessons such as cooking and needlecraft and will practice with the girl’s team at Hockey. Whittle, you will dress in clothing regarded as boys wear, you will do metal work, attend mechanics classes and participate in football and baseball training.

“It is fortunate, Whittle, that you wear your hair in a short girl’s cut. Jenkins, if you release your hair from its pony tail and brush it out, it should be long enough to form a modern, short feminine hairstyle. This punishment will commence tomorrow morning.”

“Bu...but you can’t make me do that. No way I am dressing up as a girl. I would feel foolish and be a laughing stock,” Clive protested.

“Oh yes you will. If you don’t, I assure you will have low grades and be given a poor reference for when you leave school at the end of term. I shall also permanently remove you from the boys’ football team and place you in a lower form for the rest of your year,” Miss Eversham warned.

“No, you can’t do it. I’ll tell my parents what you are planning to do and they will report you to the education authorities. You’ll be struck off as a teacher and...”

“We have already contacted your parents, Jenkins, and they have given us their full support. I have also been in touch with the education committee which is very much against sexual rivalry in schools. They believe it is a good idea; in fact everyone has given full backing to whatever form of discipline Prenton Park deems to be necessary to end this unruly behavior between you both and your friends.”

Clive couldn’t believe what the school was attempting to force him to do. He protested until he was blue in the face; the school even let him phone his parents to verify their consent. All that resulted was his being chastised by his father for having caused so much mischief.

What Clive couldn't understand though, was what about Tammy Whittle? Why didn't she feel as indignant about the punishment as he did? She hadn't said a word of protest. Typical, just like a girl to take punishment without at least trying to fight back.

Not surprisingly, word quickly spread throughout both schools in regards to the punishment that had been meted out. Some of the boys felt sorry for Jenkins and what he would be forced to do, some made sarcastic comments and taunted him. His friends who had been actively involved in some of the tricks played upon the girls, were now nervous in case they received similar punishment.

At least Clive had a reputation for being able to look after himself; he was one of the tougher kids in school and that, alone, was enough to warn most boys off from having a go at him. Some though, with the backing of their friends, felt brave enough to poke fun, rightfully not expecting him to retaliate as he would not want to get into any more trouble than he was already in.

The most humiliating thing, however, came later that evening, before lights out, when two of the younger female staff visited him in his dormitory and gave him a pair of silky pajamas to wear for bed. They also put other items of clothing in his locker, informing him that they were for him to wear the following day.

The two teachers even had him strip down to his underpants so that they could put the decidedly feminine garments on him themselves. Apart from the soft flimsy material of the PJ's, the chest was embroidered with white flowers. There was white lace on the cuffs of the jacket sleeves and the hems of the pants. In fact, the only saving grace was that they were royal blue and not some absurd "girly" color.

Clive remained in the dormitory and was under his blankets before any of the eleven other boys who shared the dorm came upstairs. They still saw the tops of his PJ's though and even some of his friends laughed at what he had been given to wear. Some of them wanted to see what he had been given for the following day but Clive had no desire to see himself. Tomorrow would arrive soon enough and a scowl from him was enough to warn the other boys not to pursue the matter.

Of course, whether or not Clive wanted to see what he had been given to wear, the following morning he was not only required to *see* them, but to *wear* them.

In fairness, Mrs. Frobisher and Miss. Cooper, who traveled up to the boys' school to help dress him, were not too hard on him. They could have made him dress far more femininely, and, they could have gone in whilst other boys were there and not waited until the dormitory was empty as they had done.

Stripping down to his underwear, Clive was handed a black, sleeveless dress and a black nylon half slip, all of which he had to put on in their presence. He was not allowed to wear socks and so he slipped his bare feet into the black, low-heeled pumps that had pointed toes which he had been given to wear.

Mrs. Frobisher also instructed the humiliated boy to let his hair down which, after he had, she brushed down over his ears; Clive's hair was long enough to reach to the bottom of his neck.

Poor Clive looked beseechingly at his two “tormentors”. It felt totally weird to him with his exposed lower legs and the feel of the flighty dress around his thighs, the feel of the dress’ hem tickling against his knees. Worse still was the silky feel of the slip and the tightness of the shoes with their pointed toes.

His head was hung in shame hoping for some last minute reprieve, but none was forthcoming. “Okay now Jenkins, let’s have you down to morning class... you are already late. Off you go and present the new you to all of your classmates,” Mrs. Frobisher told him.

“Please Miss, I’ll be ridiculed, I’ll be made a laughing stock!” Clive pleaded.

“Oh dear oh dear! We can’t have that happening, can we?” Miss. Cooper mocked “Maybe you should have considered the consequences when you were being rude to our girls.”

“But Miss...it wasn’t me that...”

“Oh no, it wouldn’t have been you that was to blame! Those nasty brutish girls are always bullying you poor boys, aren’t they?” Mrs. Frobisher added. “Now, no further protests from you. You got yourself into this mess and Tammy Whittle is having to suffer the same punishment as you are, though without nearly as much complaint, so let’s move. Your class started ten minutes ago.”

<000>

The heckling and embarrassing remarks Clive had to endure that morning were humiliating to him, so humiliating in fact, that he didn’t even stand up and argue with his tormentors like he normally would have done.

Being made to wear a dress and girl’s shoes should have been bad enough for him but, during lunch period, things became a whole lot worse for the suffering Clive.

Tammy and some of her friends walked up the hill to the boy’s school to see what Clive had been made to wear; all of the six girls doubled up in laughter when they saw him.

“Oh! Just look at her. Doesn’t she look lovely?” Tammy teased. “If the nasty boys start giving you a hard time because you are now a girl, dear, you can always hang around with us for protection.”

“I am not a girl! I would kill myself before ever becoming one,” Clive spat back. “This is all your fault and you had better watch yourself because I am going to get even with you, you bitch!” he warned, snarling.

But the thing that really was annoying Clive was that Tammy barely looked any different from normal. Just about all of the girls in final year classes wore black pants, jumpers or sweater tops and either loafers or chunky-heeled ankle boots. Tammy wore her hair short anyway and now she was wearing pants that looked no different from what she usually wore. She did have on a boy’s style sweater...but then she normally wore boys style sweaters. The two-inch soled loafers she was wearing were of a very

unisex design; in fact, the only thing he could see different about her was that she wasn't wearing any make-up.

Although she had removed her usual large hoop earrings, she had replaced them with gold studs.

"That's just not fair," Clive thought to himself, "I'm the only one being punished. I'm wearing this humiliating dress and look like some great big sissy. Anyone seeing Whittle wouldn't look twice at her as they would only see a girl wearing clothing that has now become acceptable as girls' wear." He was realizing that society, for decades, had become accustomed to girls and women in wearing what would formerly have been seen as male attire, while a guy wearing a dress was still a thing to be frowned upon or ridiculed.

For the second time that week, Clive found himself standing outside the door to Miss Eversham's office. He was now regretting asking for a meeting with her to complain about the unfairness of his punishment.

Whilst he was waiting for the principal to see him he had to endure stares, sniggers and embarrassing remarks from the hordes of girls who deliberately passed to look at him and tease him. He had a burning desire to yell at them, tell them to Fuck Off, but he knew that would do him no good at all, considering where he was standing.

Eventually he was invited to come into the office by Mr. Hargreaves, who was in there with Miss Eversham. As he stood in front of the head teacher, Miss Eversham could barely contain herself as she looked the hapless boy up and down.

"What seems to be the problem, Jenkins?" she eventually asked, idly straightening out some paperwork on top of her desk as if she wasn't really interested in giving him her full attention.'

"It's not fair, Miss. Both of us were supposed to be punished but it's only me that has to wear humiliating things and dress differently," he began.

"I don't know what you mean. Whittle is dressed as a boy like as you are dressed as a girl. I saw her myself, earlier," Miss Eversham replied, for once looking directly at the youth stood before her.

"But...she's only wearing the kind of things that most girls wear these days. Nearly all the final year girls wear pants or jeans. Whittle doesn't look any different while I have to wear this dress."

"As far as I am concerned, Whittle has obeyed my instructions. If her mode of dress is the kind that many girls have adopted from boys, there is very little I can do about it. I have noted that she has not done her hair in a feminine style, she isn't wearing any make-up and she hasn't painted her nails like she normally does."

"She's wearing studs in her ears, Miss," Clive cut in, trying to find any fault he could.

"Whittle normally wears large golden hoops. She has taken them out and replaced them with studs. Prenton Park allows boys to wear reasonable ear adornments. It would be unfair if the holes in her ears were allowed to close up."

“Well, if it’s okay for Whittle to dress like she is, like most of the girls in school dress, then surely, if I have to dress as a girl, I too should be able to dress like them and not have to wear this stupid, humiliating dress.”

Miss Eversham entwined her fingers and, with her elbows on her desk, she rested her chin on her hands, looking deep in thought.

“So, what you are asking then is, if you have to dress as a girl as your punishment, then you feel you should be allowed to dress exactly like the majority of our last year students do. Is that correct?” she asked after a few moments’ consideration.

“Yes Miss, I mean, it’s only fair, isn’t it?” Clive answered with fresh hope.

“Yes, very well. I agree to your request. I shall designate two of the older girls to find you some more appropriate, young women’s modern clothing so that you don’t look any different from the majority of the other last year girl students. Is that acceptable to you?”

“Yes, very acceptable, Miss. Thank you for listening to me,” Clive replied, pleased now that he had made the effort to have words with the head teacher and relieved that he would no longer be required to wear a dress.

<000>

Clive was to discover that he had not won the victory he thought he had the very next morning, when two of the girls’ school teachers, accompanied by two of the girl students came over to his dorm to fix him up with that day’s wardrobe.

Sure enough, as promised, there was neither dress nor a skirt and he was delighted to see, on top of the pile of clothes, a pair of blue denim jeans. He was less pleased, though, with another garment he could see which was in bright pink and lilac colors and which had an overlapping scallop design. As well as the prissy color the thing looked far too small for him to wear. Worse still, underneath this garment he found that there was a pair of flimsy satin and lace panties...along with a matching bra!

“Why on earth do I need these?...or these?” he cried out in exasperation as he held the panties and bra aloft. “I don’t have any ti...uh, breasts!”

“No you haven’t, but we will be padding the brassiere out to make it appear as though you have,” one of the teachers, Mrs. Edwards, informed him.

“Why, why do I need to look as though I’ve got boobs?” he asked again, indignantly.

“So that you appear like all the other girls in school. They all have breasts.”

Clive had little choice in the matter and went off to the bathroom to slip on the panties and jeans. The feel of the panties as he pulled them up his leg gave him a feel of shame. The jeans, he discovered, were tight in the legs, uncomfortable about his groin but loose in the rear. They did fasten easily enough at the waist, though.

Walking, topless, back to his dorm, Clive had to endure the humiliation of having a lacy bra fastened around his chest and its straps adjusted at his shoulders; this was even more embarrassing because the two girls who were there, Angie and Jenny, were

both good friends of Tammy Whittle. Seeing the bra strapped around his chest with the shapes of the cups dark against his skin, he appeared like so many girls he had seen in girlie magazines, even without any shape pushing the bra out.

Poor Clive's cheeks became fiery red as one of the teachers put jelly-like sacs, which he was told were silicone prosthesis, into the empty bra cups, giving them sudden shape and weight, almost as if he really did have his own breasts.

The colorful top was then pulled over his head, the two girls helping Clive guide his arms into the openings and allowing the garment to fall and settle about his upper form. Only, it didn't fall that far. To his chagrin he discovered that the, whatever it was, was sleeveless...and tight...so that the form of his "breasts" looked all the more prominent. It only reached as far down as the bottom of his rib cage, leaving a considerable gap of naked skin between it and the top of his jeans.

"Has this thing shrunk or something, or is it just meant for someone much smaller than me?" he asked.

"It's your size, Jenkins," He was told. "It's a tank top, lots of the final year students wear them."

"Now Jenkins, I would like you to sit down so that Angie and Jenny can commence on your make-up," the second teacher, Mrs. Cowle, told him.

"What! Make-up. Uh uh! No way am I gonna wear any make-up!" Clive suddenly shouted in alarm.

"Oh yes you are. Wasn't it you that told Miss Eversham you didn't want to wear a dress, that you wanted to look no different from any of the last year students? Granted most of the girls do not wear skirts or dresses, which is why we are allowing you to wear jeans, but they *do* all have breasts; which is why we needed to give you some shape there, and they ALL wear make-up."

Clive couldn't believe it. He had gotten out of wearing a dress; at least, in the dress he had still looked like a boy. Now, as he looked down his body, he saw that his legs were tightly restricted in the narrow-fitting jeans which made his legs look much slimmer and longer. He was struggling to balance in black, side zip ankle boots that had chunky three-inch heels. His midriff was exposed, his arms were bare and he had the shape of seemingly well-formed breasts that protruded from under his feminine top, giving him the greatest impulse to conceal them by crossing his arms over his chest.

Even his hair had been taken out from its ponytail and brushed over his ears into a short "chick" style. Worse still, he had thick mascara on his lashes, eye shadow, a touch of blush and a pinkish lipstick applied to his lips, all of which went towards making him look very girlish. Just for good (or bad) measure, Angie had clipped small silver earrings onto his earlobes.

"Right Jenkins, this is how we expect you to look and attire yourself for the next six days, until your punishment is over. Jenny and Angie have been assigned to help you with your make-up and with what you will wear. After your class today, at 5.00 PM, Miss Eversham has requested that you attend her office. Do have a good day," Miss Cowle told him with an obvious hint of amusement in her voice.