

ADULTS ONLY

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# CONVICTS TO CO-EDS

Story by Courtney Captisa & Claire Bear  
Edit. by Mindi Harris, Illustrated by Joe Six-Pack



TEENS  
**Trans-  
Formed**  
TG



**COURTNEY CAPTISA  
CLAIRE BEAR**

**CONVICTS  
TO CO-EDS**

**Story by Courtney Captisa & Claire Bear  
Edited by Mindi Harris  
Illustrations by Joe Six-Pack  
A Teens Transformed Story**



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## ST. ELIZABETH'S SCHOOL FOR WAYWARD GIRLS

In the back of his mind, Nicholas knew this wasn't a good idea. The young man didn't spend a lot of time paying attention to the back of his mind, though. He paid attention to his impulses. Surely there were some other available forms of entertainment for a boy his age, but nothing could beat this. This was his thing.

Nicholas lived in a very prosperous neighborhood with his parents, in the River Valley development that sits on the bay on the south beach of Florida. His parents both had successful and lucrative careers, allowing them to afford a \$700,000 house, a garage full of nice cars, a cigarette boat docked on the bay and a swanky private school education for their children.

Most people would have felt blessed to have such luxury. Not Nicholas, though. He wanted excitement. He wanted to push everything to the limit. He was addicted to feeling the rush of danger.

"Are you sure this is going to be okay?" asked Martin, one of Nicholas' friends. It was night, and the sound of crickets filled the lukewarm air.

"Yeah man, trust me on this," confident Nicholas replied. He pushed Martin by the shoulder, causing him to lose his balance and crash into the third member of their group, Anton. Anton just pushed him right back. They were known around their school as troublemakers, rich boys with idle hands, and like the saying goes, idle hands are the devil's workshop.

Anton said, "Bro, this is going to be *ratchet*. Gonna spin that bitch." Anton was the oldest of the three by a couple of months, just past 16. He was an African-American, and slim, but he had a mean scowl he could use to look intimidating. He played several sports, but was mediocre in all of them. It was more important to him to look like a powerful, dynamic athlete than to actually be one.

They all lived in this neighborhood, and knew the streets by heart, even as dark as it was. They used that to their advantage, making sure they couldn't be seen as they weaved in between parked cars and tall bushes. Nicholas had a plan tonight, and he wanted to stay stealthy.

One of Nicholas' neighbors was a retired actor who starred in a popular 90s sitcom, and since then, he had become an investor. A very successful one. He had just recently purchased a gunmetal grey Lamborghini Estoque that Nicholas hadn't been able to keep his eyes off of. Even now, as they approached his house, the boy couldn't help but make little engine noises under his breath as he imagined what the motor felt like.



Knowing his neighbor fairly well, Nicholas knew he'd be away fishing as he did every weekend. In fact he'd been invited along a few times, but turned down the offer because he considered fishing to be "old man shit."

Slipping through the gaps in the outer fence, the boys approached the garage, as Anton and Martin were nervously looking over their shoulders.

"What did I tell you!" Nicholas triumphantly announced, smirking at the other two. "The garage door is always a little off the floor. If we all lift we can get in!"

"You said joyriding, nothing about breaking in and trespassing!" Anton cursed under his breath, careful not to be too loud.

"It's only illegal if you're caught! Now help me out here," Nicholas replied, eager to see his prize.

Not being the largest or fittest guys for their age, the teens struggled for a little while before lifting up the garage door enough to slide underneath. When they'd squeezed inside, they switched on the light, and saw the super car glisten back at them. After a short glance around, Nicholas found the keys on the wall with a school girl squeal.

"Hey, what the fuck man, aren't these only two seaters?" Martin yelled out, peering through the driver's side window.

"Nope!" Nicholas yelled out. "Special edition! I saw him driving in it the other day with that young skank he's dating and her 8-year-old!"

Anton smiled from ear to ear, showing his perfect white teeth which complimented his dark skin. His cell phone had been pulled out, and he was already taking video for a Snapchat story.

"I still think this is a bad idea..." said Martin with a whiny tone. He had always been the shy one of the group, although given the brash recklessness of Anton and Nicholas, that was relative. His short stature of only 5' 5" and 120 lbs made him the butt of jokes constantly, along with looking like the stereotypical nerdy Asian kid. The three were sometimes complete opposites, but growing up in the same amazing neighborhood bonded them. Martin usually was the third wheel, while the other two frequently instigated trouble, but the boy had never backed out on his friends.

"Stop being such a pussy," said Nicholas as he grabbed the keys. "I swear, he'll never notice. My dad is good friends with him as well, so even if he does find out, we won't get in any real trouble." He clicked the keyring and the car beeped as the security system was turned off. "We can just take it out real quick on the highway for a spin and then bring it right back."

"But you just got your license three weeks ago," complained Martin.

"I'm calling shotgun, Bitches," said Anton as he put on his sunglasses and got into the passenger seat. He was eager for action, despite the late hour. "You get

the first twenty minutes, then I get to drive. I want to take this mutha to the hood and show it off.”

Martin examined the cramped seating and said, “I think you need to scoot up a little for me to get back there!”

“Don’t you want to sit in my lap?” joked Anton with a pat on his leg.

“Come on guys! I don’t wanna be here any longer than we have to be!” Nicholas snapped, assertively. “Let’s get on the road before someone finds us!” The leader of this little gang of miscreants had lived in this development most of his life, and he had grown to hate it. The safe cookie-cutter houses, the old folks driving golf carts to and fro, the private security cops watching your every move. It was all so sheltered and sterilized. It made him sick. Even worse, it made him angry. He just wanted to bust out of this neutered little dump.

With every day, Nicholas could feel the testosterone surging stronger and stronger through his growing body, like he was about to explode with energy at any moment. He wasn’t very tall nor very big, but that just served as motivation to be as aggressive and assertive as a man twice his size. He had also learned how to use his average looks, with his ordinary brown hair and passive blue eyes, to his advantage — if you underestimated what Nicholas was capable of, it was always to his benefit.

Martin pressed the remote button to open the garage door and then the front gate before jumping in the back seat, still shaking his head in disapproval. Meanwhile, Nicholas revved up the engine and, with a gigantic smile, drove sharply out of the garage and onto the street.

Unused to the speed of it, he had a little trouble figuring out when to lift off as they exited the neighborhood, hitting a trash can next to the road by accident, and swearing.

“*Shit!* At least it wasn’t anything important!”

“What about the car though? We can’t leave a scratch on it or we’re all dead!” Martin scolded, ever the voice of reason.

Shrugging off the complaints of his friend, Nicholas kept going, his confidence growing by the second as they finally found their way onto the freeway. Keeping their speed steady for a little while, he was enraptured by the sound of the engine. It felt like a thousand sticks of dynamite going off every fraction of a second. Eventually, a lot of empty freeway opened in front of them, and Anton goaded the young driver into flooring it.

The outside world flew by as they picked up speed. The acceleration pushed the three friends back in their seats as the speedometer rose quickly. Nicholas had driven his dad’s Mercedes a few times, but he’d never exceeded 100 mph. This was a whole new sensation as a quick glance down showed they were approaching 150 mph. As he scanned the road in front of them, however an all-too-familiar blue and red light flashed across his vision.

“It’s the cops!” yelled Martin, panicking and already envisioning a future in jail.

“*Fuck!*” said Nicholas.

Anton just threw his hands down, beaten, but continued recording on his cell phone.

Nicholas started to speed up.

“*What are you doing?*” yelled Martin.

“You know damn well we can out run them in this!” the driver replied.

Anton and Martin tried to find something to grip as Nicholas started to accelerate. He’d only been legally able to drive for the last few months, and he’d never gone much faster than 65 mph, so he was surprised to learn that this was not at all like driving at high speeds in video games. The torque of the engine at full throttle was so much more power than he had ever controlled before, and the back end of the car started to swerve. In horror, Nicholas started to lose control of the vehicle and struggled with the steering wheel. Luckily for him, no one else was on the road.

Martin looked back only to see more flashing lights. The three heard a chorus of sirens as more police vehicles joined the pursuit.

“*Pull over!*” they heard as a muffled command over the police loudspeaker.

“I don’t want to go to jail!” Anton cried, finally showing some emotion. He liked taking risks, but this was too much.

In a rare moment of clarity, Nicholas started rethink their situation. Even if he could outrun the police, they had certainly run the tags by that point, and would probably know they’d stolen the car. He finally slowed enough to regain control, and started to pull to the side near a close-by exit. Cop cars surrounded the vehicle as several officers got out, deploying behind their car doors doors with guns pointed at the three teens.

“Everyone!” Came a command from the police loudspeaker. “Put your hands up and get out of the vehicle — *slowly.*”

“You go first, Anton,” said Nicholas.

Anton turned to Nicholas with wide eyes, “Are you fucking *insane?* I’m *black!* You know I’ll get shot!”



“This is so bad... This is *really, really bad...*” Martin practically shouted as he paced back and forth. “I can’t believe you two talked me into this, my dad’s gonna kill me!”



“Your dad’s the least of your problems!” Anton said, angrily. “Man, we could be looking at jail time... Serious jail time!” He dropped his head into his hands.

“Would you two chill? My dad’s friends with the guy!” Nicholas said optimistically, looking over at the others in the white holding cell with them. “I’m sure we’ll just pay a fine. Maybe community service at worst.”

A derisive snort came from elsewhere in the large cell. The three boys from the suburbs weren’t alone. There were at least a dozen other kids in there with them.

They were all of a similar age, a few looking rather nervous and in shady clothing. *They look like drug dealers*, Nicholas thought. A group in the other corner were seemingly laughing, though by the puke on one’s shirt, he could tell they were underage drinkers.

After about an hour in the cell, with Martin increasingly imagining dire situations that wouldn’t have been out of place in *The Shawshank Redemption*, they eventually were told they’d been bailed out. Following one of the officers, they saw their parents waiting for them, all giving the boys looks that made even the hardened cops nervous.

After Nicholas had left the station, meekly following his parents, he slipped inside their car. The deathly silence grew painful on the drive home, but that was far better than the double-barreled verbal assault he received when they got inside their house. His parents immediately confiscated his Xbox, phone, and TV, leaving only the bed and closet in his room.

The next few weeks didn’t improve either, as the three found out about their impending court date, sat through meetings with lawyers and underwent questioning by prosecutors. It wasn’t very long before the gravity of their situation finally sunk in. As the apparent instigator, Nicholas may have suffered the worst. He felt like the world was out to get him. Although his mother consoled him a little whenever he found himself tearing up and sobbing, his father grimly declared to his son that he had no one but himself to blame.



“All rise...” said the bailiff in the courtroom.

The boys nervously stood up as the judge entered, having reached his verdict. The charges and the potential sentences were severe: breaking and entering, grand theft auto, reckless driving, and other criminal counts. The boys’ lawyers warned them they could be facing serious prison time, first in juvenile detention, followed by transfer to adult prison at the age of 18. Making their situations even worse, the boys would have a criminal record and the loss of their driver’s licenses along with thousands of dollars in fines.

Despite Nicholas' insistence that the charges would be dismissed because Nicholas' dad was friends with the car's owner, the charges were too serious. In any case, the parents had agreed that the boys needed to face significant consequences for their behavior.

The judge spoke up, "Young men... Your actions on that night showed your disregard for the law and complete irresponsibility — not only displaying a lack of respect for your neighbor and fellow man — but also for endangering yourselves and the lives of others. The law grants me the latitude to send you to jail for several years... However, due to your relatively clean records, and these being your first serious offenses, we've come upon an alternate solution."

He continued, in his stern tone of voice, "Your parents have come to an agreement with the court and with the state that will require you to attend a special reform school in lieu of jail time. You will remain there until graduation, and if you complete this program satisfactorily, you will face no fines. In addition, I order you to complete 200 hours of community service before graduation. Considering that you're all age 15 or 16 right now, that should give you plenty of time to fulfill your obligations during your upcoming junior and senior years."

The judge looked them in the eye, one-by-one, and seeing their chagrined faces, went on, "The reform school we've selected is called St. Elizabeth's Reformatory. It's a boarding school on the other side of the state, and since we are only two weeks away from the beginning of the fall term, you shall be remanded there immediately. As per the agreement with the court, all three of you must graduate from St. Elizabeth's, and you must follow all the rules of that institution."

The judge raised his voice slightly as he concluded, "If there are *any* other infractions while you are attending there, the terms of our agreement will be terminated, and you will spend time in jail. Your parents are covering tuition for the school, and taking care of your legal fees pending in this case as well as restitution to the owner of the car, Mr. Kirkpatrick. So I am sentencing each of you to five years in custody of the state, to be served in juvenile hall and medium security prison at age 18 — sentence suspended upon graduation from St. Elizabeth's."

"Court is now adjourned!" He boomed out finally, slamming the wooden gravel down. Immediately everyone started moving around, the lawyers began putting papers in suitcases while the three boys walked off with their parents, relieved for the moment. Sure, this reform school sounded like a pain, but it was lot better then the alternative.

"You're very lucky the judge took sympathy on you. If I was in his shoes I'm not so sure I would have," Nicholas' dad told him, while giving him a very disapproving glance.

"I know... It was just a one-time mistake..." the still-anxious boy whined.

"It better be, because even one tiny slip up and you'll be back here receiving your jail time sentence." He promptly replied, walking so quickly that everyone else had to almost jog to keep up.

Outside, as the parents all headed to the parking lot, the boys were given a little breathing room and were finally able to talk to each other. Nicholas said, "Told you we wouldn't get jail time!" with more false bravado than confidence.

"Yeah well that's that last time I follow what you have to say!" Martin said, still pissed at Nicholas for dragging him into the whole mess. "For the next two years I'm going to be a teacher's pet."

"You *already* were one!" Anton joked before offering a little smile and looking up to the sky, "It's good to be free."

"You're talking as if you actually did time..." Nicholas said, rolling his eyes, before smiling back. The three friends were glad to have the worst behind them.



Nicholas looked around his room. Growing up wealthy, he'd always had a large room packed with the most up-to-date gadgets and tech. Would this private school have video games and large TVs? Would he have to pay extra for wifi? Would they make him clean his dorm room? As a teen, he'd grown used to just dropping his stuff anywhere he wanted, and his mom had long ago given up on trying to get him to clean up. He'd always thought of his room as his own tiny castle, painted blue and packed with posters of hot girls and cars. This was his personal domain, and he didn't like the idea of leaving it.

Curious as to what life would be like at this new school, he did all he could to find more information on this St. Elizabeth's Reformatory. Their web presence seemed non-existent. There was only a landing page with a picture of the school and a caption reading, "More information coming soon." The school looked like a college campus with well-manicured lawns and old brick buildings.

"Are you finished packing?" asked his mom, Joan, as she entered his room. It was the day after the court sentence, and it was already time to head out.

"I barely packed anything!" The young man complained.

"Well, that's what the brochure said, Nicholas. Only pack what's on their list."

"Just basic clothes? And I can't even bring my cell phone?"

Joan walked closer to her son, "It's a very strict school Nicholas. Going there is a privilege, and the only alternative is detention and jail. You're getting off easy,



and believe me, you'll like the food and the conditions *far* better than if you went to jail." The woman turned her head away and looked to the ground. "I still don't know why you act like this. Always getting in trouble. Your dad and I raised you better than this," she said, as a few tears dampened her cheeks.

Nicholas was oblivious to her dismay. "This just seems really sketchy. There is hardly any information about them online. How did you even find out about this place?" He asked.

"It was referred to us from a friend..." She answered, vaguely. "So then we spoke to Martin and Anton's parents about it. It's a last resort, but we do have the money..."

"Why do I have to go to this place? No one knows anything about it. And don't I need to be going to a place that prepares me for college?"

"Well, it is a boarding school after all, so look at it as pre-college. You'll still get to come home for Christmas," she comforted.

“What about Thanksgiving?”

“Even though it’s just across the state, only Christmas, Easter, and summer breaks are allowed.”

“We aren’t even Catholic...” he complained.

Joan smiled, “It was founded on Christian principles, but there aren’t really any religious classes anymore. Just a boarding school following very strict guidelines.”

“Do they have internet and cell phone reception?” he asked, trying to find some consolation.

“I’m sure they do honey. Now we need to drop you off at the bus station at 4, so please hurry finishing up things here. Remember, there is no outside contact, so before we leave, make sure to tell your other friends you’ll be away for a very long time.”



After dragging his bag into the back of the car, Nicholas prepared for the short drive to the station. He remained brave, even as his mom teared up a little. Meanwhile, his dad still was a little cold to him. The drive was quiet and frosty. After hugging his parents, he met up with Anton and Martin who’d only been waiting a short while.

Taking his phone out of one of the suitcases panels, Nicholas started playing a game, knowing it could be a significant wait before the bus arrived. Martin looked at Nicholas, his mouth open with shock.

“*Man, what the hell?*” Martin complained. “My parents said they didn’t allow us to bring phones!”

“Well, yeah, mine said the same, but they’re hardly going to check our bags are they?” Nicholas reasoned.

“We haven’t even left yet and you’re already trying to break rules. You must want to drop the soap in the prison showers...” Anton chimed in, a little annoyed. The truth was that he wished he’d thought to bring his, too.

Eventually the bus arrived and the three boys, with a little help from the driver, got their bags onto the bus to set out on the long trip. St. Elizabeth’s was in-state, but still a fair distance out in the middle of nowhere.

Thankfully the three of them could chat to pass the time.

“Man, I can’t believe you got us into this,” Anton said to Nicholas.

His friend was ticked off at that. “Me? What did I do?”

Anton was adamant. “Stealing a car? That whole thing was your idea.”

“I don’t remember you ever trying to bail,” Nicholas countered. “You wanted to see if we could get laid while we had it.”

“We would have been neck deep in pussy, if you didn’t want to be a fuckin’ race car driver!”

“What the fuck am I supposed to do with a car like that? The speed limit?”

“Shit, man,” Anton said. “I ain’t never gonna let you talk me into anything again.”

“You want me to say I’m sorry?”

“No, ‘cuz I know you ain’t sorry for nothin.”

Their conversation then ranged from the usual sports debates to video games to arguing over who’s hotter: Taylor Swift or Ariana Grande. The time slipped by quickly, and before they knew it, they were driving onto the school grounds.

It was a very old-fashioned place, with a small parking lot before the large, ornate front gate. The campus was surrounded by a very tall and thick wall, with security cameras mounted every few feet. Nicholas wondered why you needed huge walls to keep people out. He didn’t notice that the cameras were pointed to see inside the wall, not the outside.

Looking out the window, they could see several people. It was full of activity today. As they got closer, it became clear that the students were mostly girls, doing various activities on the lawn on the hot day. Some were playing frisbee, while others were laying out in bikinis. All of them were crazy cute, too.

Anton turned to Nicholas, “Oh shit man... Oh *shit!* This school has a lot of hotties!”

“Yeah! Where are all the guys?” Nicholas asked.

“I see some over there!” said Martin, pointing to a couple of guys shooting hoops.

“It’s gonna be time to time to show them up,” said Anton.

“I wonder if they have sports teams here,” said Nicholas.

“Everyone seems active, even though it’s hot as balls out here,” said Anton referring to the typical humid Florida August weather.

Martin smiled, “And this is a *reform* school?”

“It could be like one of those white collar prisons,” said Nicholas. “You know where they can kayak and have cells like hotel rooms. Must suck to be poor.”

As the bus pulled up to the main building, the boys saw three burly security guards along with a very conservatively-dressed woman. She must have been in her early 40s, had long straight brown hair, and wore frumpy-looking glasses.

“Stay seated!” yelled the bus driver as he opened the door.

The stern-looking woman walked on board, saying, “Hello everyone. I am Mrs. McHenson, Dean of Students. Welcome to St. Elizabeth’s. Please get off of the bus casually. Form a single-file line, and put your bags on the ground. State your name for the security staff when they come toward you.”

This was more along the lines of what they were expecting at a reform school — the stereotypical older strict lady that always wore black, looking like a Disney villain. They all sensed that dawdling was a bad idea, and followed the instructions by quickly standing up and carrying their bags down the few steps of the bus.

All the boys on the bus, which were about a dozen kids, stood with their backs straight as she walked across in front of them, seemingly judging them, and even cracking a smile at Martin’s diminutive appearance. The security team soon walked one by one down the line ticking off their names on the list. Finally, Nicholas’ turn was up, and just as he replied with his name, his contraband phone went off in his pocket.

It was at that moment that Nicholas began to regret using a wet, juicy fart noise as his ringtone. The noise filled up the silent, tense summer day as Mrs. McHenson approached, her heels clicking on the brick surface. “Do you happen to have a *phone* on you, young man?”

“Y... Yes, I found out about the rules after I got on the bus.” He said, trying to cover his tracks.

The matronly dean gave a slight nod before she held out her hand, “Very doubtful since that was in the brochure your parents were given, now hand it over.”

The urge to deny her request was strong, but his insecurity overruled his reluctance, fueled by her sheer, powerful presence. Shaken, he found himself on autopilot, handing over his treasured phone with a meek apology.

Taking it in her talon-like hand, the dean gripped it like prey, and walked toward the nearest building, signaling for the rest to follow her. With a jolt, on their way through the main doors, Nicholas noticed an old brass sign that read “St. Elizabeth’s School for Girls.”

“This is a school for girls? Why are we here? Why were those boys out there on the lawn?” asked Nicholas.

Mrs. McHenson smiled, “Oh, the plaque? Well, this was an all-female Catholic school at its founding, but we have since... diversified. The sign is there as part of our history.”

Anton spoke up, “Pfft! Why not just get a new sign?”

Mrs. McHenson walked closer to him, “Again, here at St. Elizabeth’s, we honor our history — and we teach people *respect!*”

Nicholas spotted a few girls walking towards the group. As they arrived, they were split off into groups, and the three friends found themselves matched with two teenage girls, about their age. They were with an older woman whom Nicholas assumed was a teacher or administrator. Mrs. McHenson noticed them as well, and turned her attention to them.

“Boys, this is Mrs. Baker, one of our English teachers. With her is Bree and this is Carrie, two of our school ambassadors. They will give you a tour of our facilities while security takes your bags to your rooms.”

“So... Tour guides?” asked Anton.

Nicholas turned to Mrs. McHenson. “Are we all going to be in the same room?” he asked.

“Your parents made a generous donation, so all of you will be in the same quad. Two to a room with shared bathroom.”

“Who’s the fourth guy in our quad?” asked Martin.

“You’ll meet him soon enough,” Mrs. McHenson said. “Now I must be going. Enjoy your time here at St. Elizabeth’s boys. I’m sure you will adapt quickly to our standards.” She addressed her students and teacher. “Mrs. Baker, Carrie, Bree, this is Anton, Nicholas, and Martin; please show them what St. Elizabeth’s is all about!”

Just as the Dean departed, Mrs. Baker turned to Carrie and said, “I trust you can lead them to their new rooms? I have something I need to do.”

“Yes, Miss,” Carrie replied in a cheerful and sickeningly sycophantic teachers-pet tone. “Bree and I would be happy to do that.” The other girl rolled her eyes, then she smiled a little and gave the three boys an appraising glance.

As the teacher left, the three boys followed the girls towards the boys’ dorm. Nicholas took this chance to get a good look at both girls. Carrie was a redhead who looked every bit the well-behaved school girl. Her uniform was neat and precise, while her red hair was a little wild, but shiny and well-kept.

Bree, on the other hand, was more what he expected at a girls’ school. She wore prim black tights instead of socks, and her skirt had clearly been pulled down to hide some of her long, lean legs. Bright blonde hair flowed down her back freely, bouncing as she walked. She was a stunner that the boys could hardly keep their eyes off of.

Once they’d reached their rooms, Anton and Nicholas were selected to share a room while Martin was assigned to share with the other, unknown, student. As the boys examined their new accommodations, they saw the rooms were pretty plain with grey and white walls, and military camp style beds. After putting their bags down, each by a bed, they turned back to Carrie who had a sort of guilty look of concern etched across her pretty face.



“Something wrong?” asked Nicolas.

Carrie hesitated before saying, “Nothing... Just know, like, your room isn’t that exciting right now, but you can decorate it if you get a special privilege.”

“And how do you get that?”



“You’ll see, I guess...” the goody-goody girl replied, vaguely.

Bree smiled. “I think you three will do really well here! Let me know if you need anything, because I want to make sure you all fit in!”

“Really?” asked Nicholas. He was a little surprised by Bree’s enthusiasm since, in his opinion, most hot girls at his old school were a bunch of bitches.

“Totes!” said Bree. “We girls are at the building across the square called Chipola House. I’m sure you will see us around campus again. It’s a small school, but kind of a big campus.”

Suddenly, a short kid with glasses showed up at the door.

“Hey, Liam...” said Carrie. She apparently knew this person.

“Hi!” Liam replied. “I guess this is the new group?”

All of them did their introductions, making very clear that Liam was quite familiar to Bree and Carrie, and that Liam was a bit shy. Both Nicholas and Anton were glad he was going to be Martin’s roommate, not theirs.

The three new boys were a little curious to know why a current student was available, and Martin decided to ask about it. “Why did you lose three roommates at once?” he queried the slender, slight boy. “Seems a little odd.”

“Oh yeah,” said Liam with a slight shrug. “Two of them graduated last year and one got moved to another dorm... For some reason. No one will tell me why, though. So since I just got back from break a few days ago, and I like it in this dorm the best, I put in for a new place. The other dorms seem a little... Different... The girls here are all nice to me, but the boys, after they’ve been here a while... Act kinda weird.”

“So you *like* living in something that looks like a jail cell?” asked Anton. He was looking at the heavy iron grate on the windows.

“Beats a *real* jail cell!” said Martin. That comment earned a suspicious look from Liam.



Hours later, after the girls had left and the boys had finished settling into their dorm rooms, the three new students of St. Elizabeth's Reformatory were relaxing in their accommodations. A knock came at the door, but when they boys opened it, they only found small white gift box with Nicholas's name on it. It contained one item – a small, pink leather-bound book that read "My Diary" on the cover in gold leaf.

"The fuck is this?" Nicholas said, picking it up, slightly troubled by the 'gift.' Attached to the diary was a sticky note on it, reprimanding him for trying to slip a cell phone in.

As punishment for his transgression, the note warned him to make sure to use the journal at least once a day for the next three months, with his entries to be reviewed by the dean every few weeks. He just threw it in the drawer and figured he would get to it later. Not like he'd ever kept a journal in the first place.

Liam stuck his head in the room and spoke. "Are you guys ready to see some more of the campus and meet some more people?"

"Yeah, I'm down," said Anton, as the others nodded their agreement as well.

"What is that?" asked Nicholas, looking at the bag slung around Liam's shoulder.

"Oh, just my messenger bag," the new guy replied.

"You mean a purse?" laughed Anton, causing his two friends to laugh as well.

"It's not a purse, it's a messenger bag!" Liam said defensively. "And it's not a *murse*, either!"

"Why do you even *have* something like that?" asked Martin.

Liam smiled, "Cause it fits a lot of stuff in it, and it won't make my pockets look big."

Nicholas tried to look inside the bag. "What do you need to bring? We're just going around campus..."

"Just things..." said Liam, pulling his bag away from Nicholas' prying hands.

The thought of going around campus made Martin think more about the situation, "How often do we get to leave campus anyway?"

"You'll probably be stuck on campus for the first term," Liam responded, "Until you get permission to go out with a chaperone. Cabin fever sets in occasionally, but there are a lot of things to do at this school. You never get bored here."

As the four boys left the dorms, they took a more leisurely, casual tour of the place. With Liam as their guide, the boys walked throughout the grounds, covering every inch of the distinguished-looking, ivy-covered school. Liam

showed them what buildings had which departments, the library, the student union, and he took them around the back of the buildings where the massive green was. The three new students couldn't believe it.

It was a teen boys' fantasy, with young girls everywhere. Some were on benches reading and studying, some were painting, others doing outdoor yoga, while still others were having impromptu picnics. "Dude, this is crazy, there's so many girls!" Nicholas said, speaking for all three of them.

"This is like some kind of dream, isn't it?" Martin said.

Anton nodded. "Some kind of *wet* dream, yeah."

"I guess it's been an girls school up until a couple of years ago, apparently, that's why it's only us a few guys in their second years and first years," Liam said. None of the boys were even paying attention to him anymore, their eyes scanning the girls like lighthouses by the sea. "Are you even listening? Then you might want to know they're pretty strict about interaction between boys and girls, so don't let a teacher see you hitting on any of them."

"Don't worry, we know our way around that!" Anton said a little lustfully as he stared at a tall, long-legged girl walking past. "Hey, this might not be such a bad year, haha!"

Liam kept the tour moving, and took them inside a large building. "Over here is the cafeteria, it gets busy during lunchtime and dinnertime, but it's not so bad otherwise. Right now, it's just past dinner service. The guys eat over here usually," Liam pointed to a few tables out of the way, where a few clearly younger boys, wearing similar uniforms to Liam's, were seated.

"Hiya!" called out one boy, who was standing and waving them over with a rapid shake of his hand. "So you must be the new three, same age as Liam huh? I was hoping for more first years!" He said a little dejectedly, sitting down, and crossing his legs. He turned to his friends. "But it's always nice to get fresh meat here, right, fellas? Daddy likes."

*This guy must be gay...* Anton thought to himself.

Politely, but hesitantly, the four boys approached him.

"Yeah, this is our first day," said Nicholas.

"Oh great! Welcome to St. Elizabeth's!" One of the other boys said out loud. The boys all noticed that this student had long, shoulder-length hair and surprisingly red lips.

"Thanks," said Martin, as he looked around in a curious manner.

"These guys are my new roommates!" said Liam.

"Super!" said the guy with his legs crossed. "Are you all going to do any sports while here? You two look so well built, very handsome. But your friend in the shorts... not so much."

*What the hell?* Martin thought, *total dick move.*

Anton, not picking up on the insult nor the sexual innuendo, was eager to reply. "Definitely. Heard there are a lot of activities here."

"Oh totes! You are going to have so much fun! So many activities to get all sweaty and shirtless. Yes, I'll have to drop by and join in the fun!" The boy gripped his fists and giggled. "And what's great is all of the sports here are open to *everyone*. No blurred lines between... Anything..."

"Okay..." Nicholas responded, a little uncomfortable and a little confused.

"Let's ditch these guys..." Anton whispered to Liam, finally feeling the weird vibe these boys were giving off.

Liam took the hint and said, "I'm showing these new guys around campus now, so we'll catch up with you later."

"Perfect, sweetie!"

As the four boys walk away, Anton laughed. "Damn dawg... That guy was such a faggot."

Liam freaked out. "*Be careful!* We can't say that stuff around here. If someone hears you say that, you could be reported."

"What're they going to do?"

"You'd be surprised..." Liam's face went pale.

Continuing the tour, they headed next door to the gymnasium, passing the changing rooms. There were several for girls, but only one for boys. Then, they got to the main hall. Seats were all on one side while the rest was a makeshift court for various sports, currently volleyball.

Bree was on the court, and seeing the boys, waved towards them before continuing playing. The boys sat down on the front row and took in the view, with several attractive girls jumping up and down. However, their staring was cut short by a fairly stout woman blowing a whistle and announcing a five minute break.

Bree took the chance to skip over to them, taking a few sips of a energy drink before asking, "So you're showing them around fully, Liam? Good, don't want you newbies getting lost, haha."

"Yeah, just showed them where the classes were and the cafeteria is — basics." Liam played it off, clearly trying to seem disinterested and cool.

Bree nodded. "Right, so you haven't shown them where all the girls go to make out in secret, away from the teachers, then?"

"*What?*" Martin said.

Anton sat up straight. "You do that?"

“Where?” All four of them said, almost in unison, turning from her then to each other in disbelief.

“Haha! Relax, I’m kidding. You’ve seen pretty much all there is.” Bree replied, dabbing her sweat off with a fluffy towel. “Except the girls dorms... But I’m sure you’ll see those eventually!” She added, giving a sly wink to Nicholas that the others instantly hated him for.

“So is this a class?” Martin butted quickly in, wondering why she was taking the lesson fairly late in the day.

“Huh? Oh no this is just practice, classes end same time as other schools with a few activities and clubs after. Sometimes we get lucky enough to go to the local town, and eat or shop. I’ll be happy to give you the tour of it sometime!” Before they could respond, she smiled, waved and turned away, heading back to the court to continued her game.

Nicholas watched as Bree skipped her way back to the volleyball court. Her side ponytail bouncing in the process. There wasn’t too much breast jiggling since she had a pink Nike Pro sports bra peeking out from underneath her tank top, but the hormonally-charged young man’s attention was brought to her ass.

Although she was skinny, she had a nice little bubble butt. He could already see his hands on her cheeks, parting them for action. Having anal sex with a girl had always been on his bucket list, especially since the last girl he dated said she would never do it. According to Anton, when he did it to a girl, she cried... But there’s a first time for everything. This girl could be the one to make his dreams come true. He knew in his mind that getting close to Bree could be one of the best things to happen to him while stuck at this school.

“Day-amm, there are some real hotties here,” said Anton, covering his mouth to deaden his voice. “Serious business.”

“You’re telling me...” responded Nicholas. “It’s like a fuckin’ softcore movie on cable. Unreal.”

The boys started walking out of the room when Liam spoke up. “Hey guys, maybe I should bring this up as well... The school isn’t too much on public affection. In fact, you can get in real trouble if they know you’re involved with a girl. I know a few people who, like, hold hands and stuff, but that’s about it. So if you *do* decide to hit on someone just be casual about it.”

“You getting any pussy?” asked Anton.

Liam shivered at the question and looked a little blue in the face, “Not yet...”

“You’re a virgin, too?” asked Martin, happy to have found a fellow sufferer.

Nicholas and Anton shared a laugh at the expense of their two friends.

Liam continued, “It’s just hard to date here...”

“*Why?* With all this fresh pussy?” asked Anton.

Nicholas agreed. “The snatch practically grows on trees here!”

Liam looked extremely uncomfortable. “Rules are rules! Although we do have dances every few months. And the fair. That’s coming up.”

That got the boys’ imagination running. Nicholas started to imagine dancing with Bree. Maybe putting his arms on her waist and pulling her in close so that she could feel his thick erection. She literally had the perfect body and he couldn’t wait to have some more time around her. He wasn’t going to let her get away.

They rounded their way back to the dorms and splitting into their rooms. Nicholas and Anton got back to their place and laid down on the grey, uncomfortable beds, starting to think a little more positively about their situations. Eventually, after getting changed, it was bedtime — signaled by a teacher walking the hallway outside, knocking on the doors. Annoyingly, Nicholas was reminded by that same teacher not to forget his diary.

Grabbing it out of the bedside table he cringed at the bright pink color before taking out the matching pen:

*“School is dumb and teachers are all stuck up... But the girls are legit!”*

Smiling at his own small victory, he turned the bed-side light off and drifted off to sleep, his dreams laced with nubile female bodies.



Nicholas groggily opened his eyes and looked around the unfamiliar room, unsure of his surroundings for a moment. Sitting up and stretching out, his memory came back as he saw Anton still sleeping opposite his bed. A loud voice, that clearly was the reason he woke up, once again called out, “Wake up students, you have one hour before breakfast!” A sharp, startling rap on the door punctuated the point.

“Like a fucking prison...” Anton muttered joining his friend sitting up.

“Yeah, though hopefully the food is going to be better.” Nicholas replied, getting out of bed.

“Yo, who cares about the food with the girls around this place.”

“Got a point, my man.”

Having one bathroom, however large, was troublesome for the four guys, with the bathroom sitting between the two rooms. Each took their turn, some longer than others, and in the end each was thankful they were woken so early, otherwise they’d have been late for orientation.

Grabbing his near empty backpack, Nicholas walked with the others towards the next building. The three boys all felt a little weird wearing school uniforms,

with maroon pants, black blazers and stiff white shirts that felt scratchy and uncomfortable, but they all knew it was better than prison rags.



The boys learned that, indeed, the food at this private school was better than jail, and in fact much better than their last prep school. It had been years since any of them had attended a public school in years. They had heard many horror stories of eating meals of frozen food and processed pre-packaged junk from the few people they knew in the public system.

Nicholas settled on scrambled eggs, sausage, and plenty of bacon while Anton went with the same but with French toast, and Martin ate cereal with a few bagels. The only odd thing about the food was that it was weighed before they were allowed to eat. They were informed they could only consume so many pounds of food per week, as per school regulations.

“What do you suppose that’s about?” Martin asked his friends.

“Probably some government law or something,” Nicholas replied. Liam followed the three boys as they looked for seating, when they were waved over by the flamboyant boy they were introduced to yesterday.

Today, he was wearing his uniform, but sitting with legs crossed again. His skin appeared to be very shiny for some reason. “Hey boys, please join us!”

“Thanks,” said Liam.

Nicholas, Anton and Martin all gave each other cautious looks, but they didn’t see any other free spot for the four of them. Their trays clanked on the table as they set them down. Nicholas spoke up, “I don’t believe we caught your name yesterday?”

“Oh, I’m sorry, honey. I’m Jamie and this is Leslie and Cameron,” referring to the two other boys sitting next to him.

“I’m Nicholas. I guess you know Liam, but this is Anton and Martin,” he replied as he sat down.

Anton still thought it was a little weird sitting with these guys and he eyed the room looking for any extra space to escape.

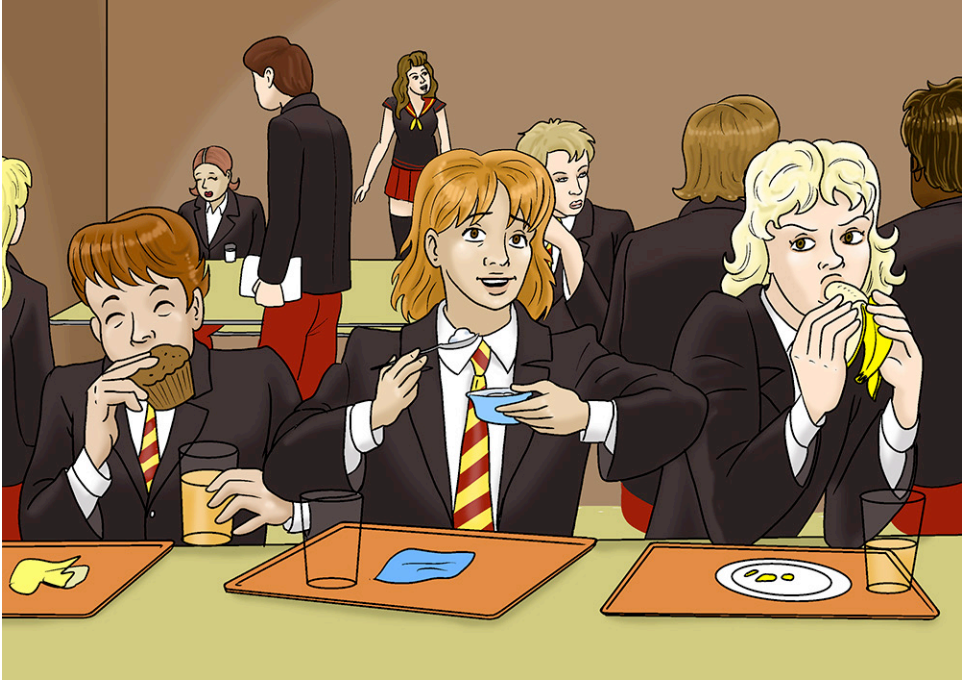
“So how do y’all know each other?” asked Cameron with a southern accent. He had long blonde hair, like a surfer, but also very clear skin like Jamie.

“We went to school together before, but then got sent here,” Nicholas replied, editing the full story quite a bit.

Leslie smiled, “You’ll really like it here!”

“We will?” asked Martin. “Everyone keeps saying that for some reason.”





“Cause this place is *awwwesome!*” said Jamie throwing his hands up in the air and putting extra emphasis with his accent on the last word of the statement.

“I wonder if any of us will be in the same classes,” said Martin.

“We all have our schedules, but since you’re new here you’ll get yours after orientation and then join everyone else in class tomorrow,” Leslie said. “It sucks and it’s boring, but you’ll see what the school is all about.”

“We already took a tour of the place,” said Anton in a direct and authoritative tone as he chewed on his food.

“Twice,” Martin added.

“Orientation is different,” said Cameron. “All the rules and that stuff will be explained in detail — which is why it sucked.”

“Why is this place so big on rules?” asked Nicholas.

“You know... I, like, ask myself that everyday,” said Jamie. “But what I meant was that this place *is* called St. Elizabeth’s. Some classes are still taught by nuns, and you know how some of them are... Still, it’s really not that bad here.”

“Did you do something with the law, as well?” asked Martin. He quickly realized he had just blurted out their reason for being sent here and covered his mistake. “We know *some* people are here because of not going to jail... But others were sent by their parents.”

Jamie dismissed the subject with a wave of his limp hand. “Oh yeah, but I don’t like to talk about it at all, you know... it’s kind of in the past.”

They decided to respect that, and not question him further, because they were also sensitive to the subject. Although Anton joked, in a whispered voice to Nicholas, “Jail? How bad could it have been if *this* guy did it?” Which caused Nicholas to almost spit his drink out, and the reaction attracted a few odd looks. When he finished swallowing, he let out a loud gasp and a laugh.

Since Anton was behind him, Nicholas had his back to the door and didn’t notice Mrs. McHenson approach. The austere dean cleared her throat once, then twice before speaking in a calm yet commanding tone, “Nicholas, I believe you were told to behave yourself, now face the front and not another peep.”

Rolling his eyes, he turned back to face the front, and gave her a defiant stare. “You will follow me to orientation,” she commanded.

“We just stared eating.”

Mrs. McHenson gave Nicholas a dirty scowl. “Well, you should have started eating sooner. Class starts in five minutes. Now come with me.”

“Oh, man...” Martin said, dropping his spoon.

The three boys did as they were told and followed the surprisingly swift-walking woman across the grounds to a small classroom, where there were only three chairs.

“How long is this going to take?” Anton asked.

“It takes as long as it will take.”

“’Scuse me?” Anton replied. “What’s that supposed to mean?”

Ignoring him, she began, “Now today we will be going through the rules, and what is expected of you. We will also cover your schedules, and answer any questions you have. Just raise your hand and I’ll answer them.” Leaving a pause as she emphasized looking around the room even though all three were clearly in eyesight.

“Good,” she continued, “now first things first, just as you did this morning you will wake at seven a.m. sharp when the teacher calls you. That gives you roughly an hour to get ready before heading to breakfast. You are expected, of course, to be wearing your full uniform and that includes shirts tucked in and ties on.” She said this with an arched eyebrow while looking over at Anton and Nicholas who had done neither.

“After breakfast, you will have your morning classes, which change each day. You’ll be given schedules that will tell you the room and lessons. After those classes, you’ll have a short break, but you will stay on the school grounds.”

Nicholas's hand shot up at that, causing her to pause before nodding in his direction, "So are we ever allowed to leave the grounds?" He asked.

"Possibly, with a chaperone yes. On rare occasions in a group, after lessons when no club activities are on. But since you are new students, you will be limited to the campus for the duration of the term. Even then, you will need to earn the privilege. When the term is over, of course, we allow you to leave either to travel to your home or the surrounding areas." She then got back on track with the orientation. "Now, after the short mid-day break..."

She continued like this for what felt like a millennium. Martin listened intently, while Nicholas and Anton zoned in and out of boredom. They were throwing things at each other whenever Mrs. McHenson had her back turned. As the day wore on, Nicholas's mind was wandering, and he was thinking about the dozens of incredibly sexy girls he had seen so far. Then he began to think about Bree, wondering if they had any of the same classes. *I'll have to ask Bree later when I have my schedule to check*, he thought to himself. *Some alone time with her would be good.*



The next day, the boys started their day off on schedule, just as they were told during orientation, and headed to their first class. Anton and Nicholas were lucky enough to have some classes appear together on their schedule, although Martin was placed in some advanced classes and given a different schedule.

First period History and Gym class were first on the agenda for both Nicholas and Anton. When they walked into Sister Ellen's classroom, they noticed Carrie, who they'd met the other night with Bree, was already seated. She was wearing a similar uniform, a skirt on with black thigh-highs and her school uniform top which surprisingly, showed part of her bra as well if you looked at the right angle.

Something about this look made her much cuter in the eyes of the boys than if she had just been wearing normal stuff. They wouldn't consider her 'hot' — she was more on the girl-next-door side. She smiled as they walked towards her.

"Hey guys," she said.

"Glad we know someone else here," said Nicholas as he grabbed a seat next to hers. Anton too the next closest seat.

"Yeah, I'm just taking this class to finish off my requirements. I can't wait to see how Junior year goes this year," Carrie said, wanting to establish that she was of higher 'rank' than the other two, "and maybe I'll be able to leave here after this semester!"

"Don't like it here?" asked Anton.

Carrie leaned over and put part of her hand over the side of her mouth as she whispered, “I *hate* it...” She leaned back and kept her eyes on the boys for a reaction. They were still in a daze from having to wake up early.

“Why’s that?” Anton replied rather loudly, not catching on to her trying to be silent.

She gave an awkward glance up towards the teacher before back to them. “I really shouldn’t say, class is about to begin anyway.”

“Oh c’mon, you’re acting like they’re all secret cannibals, what is it? Don’t like the uniform or something?” Nicholas prodded, never one to let gossip go unheard.

She giggled a little, though at the first or last part of his sentence the boys couldn’t be sure. “The uniform is just one thing, I’m hoping to leave this school and go back to a normal one because...” Just then a ruler smacked down on her desk causing a squeak to escape her lips, and even the boys jumped back in surprise.

“Is there something you would like to share with the class young Miss Carrie?” Sister Ellen asked in a condescending tone. She wore a traditional nun outfit, with her hair covered, but you only needed to see the sneer permanently on her face to know how strict and surly she was.

“No, Miss, nothing at all!” Carrie replied instantly, the fear in her eyes clear to everyone.

“Hmmm... Well, I see... Now, I did hear your complaints, girl and you know such things aren’t taken lightly here at St. Elizabeth’s.”

Carrie’s tone changed completely. She was as scared as a person could be. “No, of course ma’am, I’m really sorry... It won’t happen again...” She pleaded, her voice shaking a little.

“No, no it won’t.” Sister Ellen turned back to the head of the classroom with Carrie breathing a huge sigh of relief, just up until she pointed in front of where she stood, “To the front Carrie.”

Anton and Nicholas watched in both curiosity and horror as she stood up and trudged along to the front, her hands shaking a little, causing a nervous glance between the pair.

Sister Ellen was not a small woman, she was in her late 40’s and was a little heavy set. Not the type of person to be taken lightly. She made her way to her desk and pulled out a large paddle.

“Again, St. Elizabeth’s is about showing respect to faculty, fellow students, and the history of the school. For those of you who do not appreciate those around you, there are ways of making you think before speaking up. Carrie, place your hands on the side of my desk...”



*There's no fucking way this is really happening... Nicholas thought to himself. This is the 21<sup>st</sup> century!*

“Oh, snap!” Anton whispered to himself.

Carrie hung her head down low and slowly did as she was told, as to avoid further punishment. She placed her hands on the desk as told by the vague instructions, as if this wasn't her first time receiving this punishment.

One of the other guys in the class said out loud, “My dad is a lawyer...” Causing Sister Ellen to look up. “That's enough! All of your parents signed waivers to allow this when they enrolled you at this fine institution! Would you prefer that I do this to the *entire* class?”

That caused the room to become silent. Meanwhile, Carrie already had her eyes closed awaiting her punishment. Sister Ellen walked closer to her. The boys noticed Carrie's skirt was coming up a little bit, and her butt cheeks were exposed to the class.

“Three strikes, Miss Carrie,” Sister Ellen said out loud. Without much of a warning, she smacked the paddle against her skirt causing Carrie to bend over more in pain.

“*Owww!*” Carrie cried, already feeling tears start to come down.

Sister Ellen looked sternly at the young girl and gave her another firm whip with the paddle. The impact caused Carrie to have a similar reaction and she became a little weak in the knees. With the third hit, the paddle grazed only Carrie’s left butt cheek and luckily was not as painful, the only but of Mercy Sister Ellen was willing to grant. Carrie knew she would feel the pain for a while and that there were red marks that would take weeks to heal.

“Good girl, Carrie,” the Nun said, with a surprising tone of tenderness. “Now go back to your seat.”

The experience left Anton, Nicholas, and other new boys speechless. It took everything for them to not get up and leave, but they knew if the faculty did this to Carrie just for speaking her mind, things could get worse. They all pondered what else their parents consented to waive.

“Are you okay?” asked Nicholas, as Carrie came back to her seat with tears painting her reddened cheeks.

“...I’ll make it... *Ouch!*” Carrie said as she sat down.

Sister Ellen continued. “Now that this order of business is taken care of... Welcome everyone to US History! I’ll be passing out the syllabus to everyone in the front row, please take one and pass it back.”



“Relax dear, and take a few breaths, I’m sure the punishments are perfectly legal and fitting for the rule-breaking,” Nicholas’ mother said, as she was trying to reason with him. “Besides, it’s not that bad! You have freedom of movement, a good roof over your head, lots of new friends to make, and three square meals a day.”

Nicholas just shook his head in disbelief, “My phone got confiscated, and they haven’t given it back to me! That’s total bullshit!” He was talking on and old-fashioned payphone in the hallway and would have stomped his foot in anger, but he didn’t want to attract attention.

“Don’t swear at your mother,” she scolded. “You were warned not to bring it. At least this way I’m sure you won’t be distracted by it in class.”

“Oh no, I’ll be far too busy watching people get spanked!” He shouted into the phone getting all worked up. “I mean, is this Medieval Britain? You can’t do that shit now!”

“Now stop your cursing, Nicholas! I had hoped they’d teach you some manners at the school, but it seems you need more work... As for the spankings, I said before, it’s perfectly legal and you have nothing to worry about — just as long as you don’t break the rules!”

Nicholas turned himself to face an empty corner in the hallway, relieved that none of his roommates were there to see the disappointment on his face. He rarely showed any emotion, but seeing Carrie get spanked was traumatic for him. The other guys were shocked as well, and none of them could believe the school would employ such an abusive form of punishment. The one person who he was hoping would be more understanding would be his mother, but she seemingly did not care at all.

“Mom, seriously! This place is scary. They keep talking about rules and how we can be punished, it’s like they’re sadists.”

His mom sighed. “I know it is much different than what you’re used to, but we made sacrifices too just to make sure you were able to continue your education rather than go to jail. You committed grand theft auto and other serious crimes, Nicholas. You could have been sent away for a long while.”

He knew there were no lies in that statement, and realized that the conversation was going nowhere. The dejected young man was resigned to the sad fact that St. Elizabeth’s would be his home for the entire school year. “This place looked kind of cool at first. They have a lot of activities here, and we get a lot of free time to hang out,” he said with a little more enthusiasm. “It’s just they have been doing all these other weird things as well.”

“Oh, stop being paranoid Nicholas! You’re very lucky to be there instead of a prison cell, so count your blessings,” his mom scolded. “Besides I’m sure there’s plenty of girls there — who knows maybe you’ll bring back a girl for me and your father to meet.”

Smiling to himself at the thought, he did have to admit there were plenty of cute girls here. He was planning on getting to know some of them better, especially Bree, who he was flirting with and he was sure flirting back. “I guess so Mom, there is this one girl who is pretty amazing,” he confided, feeling a little awkward talking to her about it.

“She’ll be a lucky girl to have you Nicholas! Now I have to go fetch some things from the store, be sure to call me when you can, love you!” she shouted through the phone.

Nicholas was thankful no one else could hear. “Yeah yeah, love you too Mom...” he said, hanging up the phone before looking around again to make sure no one saw him. He headed back to his room, shuffling his feet, frustrated.



Nicholas was hoping Bree wouldn't notice his erection coming through his gray sweatpants as he ran his fingers through her hair. Over the past few weeks of school, they had grown closer and formed a bond.

Although she was stuck up at times, Nicholas thought she was easily the hottest girl at the school and loved that she paid attention to him. She had demonstrated a special interest in him, and already, Nicholas felt that this was a relationship that was going to get hot and heavy real soon. He also suspected that Bree was perfectly aware of the effect she had on him, and could get him to do whatever she wanted.

The two of them, along with Carrie and Anton, shared a Personal Finance class in which groups were selected to operate a booth at the school fair during the last weekend of September. Ideas ranged from having a dunking booth, to archery, to drone targeting, but it was ultimately Bree's idea to have them put together a little salon setup.

Anton and Nicholas thought this was the stupidest idea they had ever heard. Who goes to a fair to get manicures and facials? Of course, since both of the boys were trying to get in the girls' panties, they lost out on their ideas and were overruled.

School had been in session for a month, and the last few weeks of school had been awkward for the three friends. It started when they noticed some kids around the school dressed in ill-fitting clothes and some of the girls were wearing pants. This was against school rules, but they were not disciplined. Maybe it was because those girls looked kind of butch, or were they guys who looked kinda girlish? It was hard to say. Another weird thing was how the teachers used non-conforming language around them, avoiding terms like 'he,' 'him' and 'mister.' But they did use terms like 'she,' 'her' and 'miss' around the girls. Anton suggested that it was because it used to be a girls' school, and that kind of made sense to Martin and Nicholas. Lastly, for some weird reason, they were not allowed to get a haircut.

The three boys had gotten to know Liam a lot more, since they were in the same dorm, and to no one's surprise, he got along with Martin the best. They were both a little eccentric and into the same stuff, like books and games.

Besides Anton, of course, Nicholas considered Bree to be his best friend at the school. He still hadn't had the balls to make a move on her, but figured things were about to get serious soon.

As the fair got closer, they decided to meet up in Bree's room as Bree, Carrie, Nicholas and Anton were planning the fair. The boys were able to sneak in with the help of Bree who insisted that they get together to practice for the salon booth. That was when Nicholas decided that tonight was going to be the night.



Nicholas was waiting patiently for his moment, once Carrie and Anton left the room.

Despite his bad boy reputation, it was Nicholas' first time in a girl's bedroom, though what he was doing was far from what he had dreamed of. Bree was



sitting between his legs giggling away as he made sure there was enough distance from his crotch and her butt so she wouldn't feel his excitement.

Struggling to remember just what to do, he awkwardly attempted a fishtail braid, making sure to separate the hair into bunches before putting them around one another, trying to look at it as a knot so he could somehow make it more masculine. Bree's encouragement shattered his attempts, however.

"Be a little more gentle," she said, her back to him, "You don't want any girls complaining of you pulling their hair! You're doing great! It's almost like a girly slumber party!" Reminded of the feminine activity they were participating in, a loud groan escaped from Anton and Nicholas in unison.

Anton was on the other side of the room with Carrie, whose red hair had already been braided, albeit rather sloppily. Now she had her feet on his lap as he carefully tried to get the hang of the small nail polish brush, trying to do an even coat on her, but not get too much on the sides — something he was utterly failing to do.

Carrie was shaking her head in disappointment. "You're going to need a lot more practice if people are going to like our booth, Anton! Little girls can do this sort of stuff, why can't you?" She was a little annoyed at how her pedicure was turning out.

"Little girls should be doing this sort of thing, not a guy!" Anton retorted, smudging one of the toes accidentally as he spoke. "Besides, you two have been doing this your whole lives."

"No, actually I only really started doing it once I came here. Me and Bree practiced a lot, though, and got pretty good..."

Nicholas started to wonder if Bree was one of those ugly nerdy girls who suddenly turned really hot in their senior year.

Anton kept complaining. "Just can't wait until this whole thing is over," he growled. "We don't have to practice anymore after tonight, since the fair is this Saturday, right?"

Bree turned to him, "I mean the more practice the better. Plus we *are* raising money and you *can* get tipped!"

"How exciting..." Anton said, sarcastically. He then changed the subject. "Do you have any snacks up in this bitch? Like Doritos or something."

"Yuck, we don't eat that garbage," replied Carrie as she looked down at Anton. Bree smirked, "Yeah, it's really unhealthy."

"Well I'm starving," Anton replied, "What about you, Nicholas?"

"Yeah, I could use something. We've been over here for two hours already."

"There's a snack machine downstairs by the laundry room," said Bree.

"Great! I'll be right back. Coming?" Anton said as he looked at Nicholas.

As Nicholas was about to get up, he felt Bree's hand hit his chest holding him back. "We are in the middle of something. Why don't you go with Carrie?"

Carrie gazed at Bree with confusion. "How am I supposed to walk around with freshly painted toenails?"

"Have Anton carry you, silly!"

With slight laughter, Anton hurled Carrie over his shoulder and started walking out of the room.

"Just be careful not to get caught!" said Bree.

"And don't let anything hit my toes!" instructed Carrie.

As they heard the door shut behind them, Bree looked at Nicholas. "So, what do you think about all of this?"

Still feeling nervous, especially with the excitement happening in his pants, Nicholas shrugged. "It's not the ideal situation but in the end, it's all for fun."

"No, about this school," Bree said, leaning in a little.

"Well, I'm just still getting used to how things are here. It's hard, you know?"

Bree suddenly took her red manicured fingers and touched Nicholas' hard cock through his sweatpants. "Yeah... I can tell you are having a *hard* time here."

Nicholas's breathing became heavy and a little labored as he stammered out a shocked response. "Uh..." he said, and was cut short by Bree's pink glossed lips hitting his. She moved so she was now almost sitting on his lap, arms over his shoulders, as they continued to kiss.

He couldn't believe his luck, as Nicholas' hands roamed her body cupping her ass a little before sliding one hand up her stomach and cupping one breast — rather clumsily, having only done it once before. She rolled her eyes a little before continuing kissing, her tongue in his mouth as the more dominant kisser.

A few more blissful seconds before she pulled out, her wry and cocky smile returned to her face as she winked. "Just like a girly sleepover!"

Nicholas just nodded his head a little, still caught up in the moment feeling a little wetness in his boxers. Luckily, it was just pre-cum, and he hadn't made a complete fool of himself. With his usual confident demeanor, he replied. "Guess I've been missing out all this time then if girl's sleepovers are like this..."

Giggling again, as her blonde half-braided hair bounced, "Well, usually we put on lingerie and have a pillow fight before making out, but I doubt Anton would fit in my panties." She smirked again. "You could, though," Bree teased while she poked out her tongue.



The annual Saint Elizabeth's School Fair was the one event on the school calendar returning students most looked forward to. Every September, the school organized various activities from different classes and groups in the large auditorium for students and faculty to visit. In addition to the exhibition hall, which included several student vendors, there were also sporting events and various music acts.

The event itself was only for the students and staff, not open to the general public. On the surface, the event looked like fun for the three boys. However, Nicholas and Anton were still a little pissed about having to do the girl's stupid salon idea. Martin was placed in another group, since he had a different class for the assignment, but didn't talk about it back at the dorms. If anything, he seemed even more pissed than his friends. Liam got lucky, since the people in his groups picked a booth selling hand-drawn book covers.

Setup for the salon booth took longer than expected.

fortunately, because of the school's long history with putting on plays and events, there were several props and resources available. The team of Anton, Bree, Carrie, and Nicholas managed to get two large salon-style chairs, a portable sink, and plenty of shelves to hold props, makeup, hair bands, nail polish, and other essential elements such as skin care products.

Bright white-framed mirrors, a beautiful rug, and other decor items made their booth shine. For uniforms, Bree wanted them to dress as if they were working in a salon, which meant all-black attire. She and Carrie did their hair in updos with lots of eye makeup and embellishments like bracelets and jewelry.

Nicholas and Anton both wore black t-shirts and pants, looking thoroughly bored and disaffected as they finished the booth. Carrie and Bree were 'organizing' while the boys did the heavy lifting and moving. Opening a little late, Bree stood out front, bringing in 'customers' as she called them, even though there was no money being exchanged, and the other three prepared themselves.

The first few girls came around and walked in, after setting up their own booths, instructed to sit in the salon chair while Carrie did their makeup. Embarrassingly, Nicholas had to go around behind and ask her what braid she wanted before doing his best to implement, having gotten plenty of practice that week.

Anton, however, had to sit on a stool next to her and ask what polish she wanted before carefully — and rather expertly — beginning to paint her nails, much to the girls' delight and giggling. For the rest of the day, it carried on

much the same with the four of them switching roles once and a while, though one of the girls always did the makeup.

While kneeling and doing a pedicure, Nicholas's now fairly long hair kept obstructing his vision causing more than a few complaints to Bree. "Can't you cut it?" Nicholas asked.

"Like I keep telling you, we're not allowed." Bree said. "They don't even let us have scissors. You could always sit up on chair and we could braid it, maybe! Although all customers get the full treatment so you'd have to have nails and makeup too!" she said cheerfully, as she painted another girl's eyelids in a deep azure blue.

"Pfft!" Nicholas replied. "There's no way that's happening. I'll just ask one when I can have it cut," Nicholas replied, flipping his hair over to one side with a shake of his head.

"Not much chance of that, they're um... Pretty strict on hair here." Carrie said, nervously glancing around a little as the two salon chairs become available.

Bree took a look around and sees no new customers before jumping up a little excited. "We've hit a bit of a lull here, so we might as well have you two get a little pampered — Nothing crazy or girly, just relaxing spa-day stuff!"

Both boys were less than eager, but quickly relented with a casual shrug, both plopping down into the chairs lazily. Sitting and resting was worth the price.

Bree hit play on the digital boombox and picked up something from one of the tables. "Wait, what are you doing with that?" asked Nicholas, as he looked on, fearfully. Bree was prepping a makeup brush in some type of palette.

"Don't worry about it. It's just a powder like they use for anchormen on TV. It will make your skin shine a little and you'll look hotter. You shaved recently right?"

"Yeah," he responded, "just the other night, and nothing has grown. For some reason, I haven't had to shave as often since coming to this school."

Meanwhile, Carrie held up a shade chart to Anton's face with his darker skin, before settling on a tone that would be perfect for his medium-dark African color.

Bree stood in front of Nicholas, quite close, as she swiped the final amount of color on the brush. Her shirt showed some cleavage, and he could see her bra when she bent over to start applying his makeup. The touch of a makeup brush against his face was a new experience. It tickled slightly, but the smell was weird and slightly feminine, enough to make his penis shrivel a little as the Macklemore song played on the boombox.

"I thought you said nothing girly," Nicholas said.

"I may have been stretching the truth," Bree confessed with a smile.

After both Nicholas and Anton had a little blush and concealer applied, the girls both grabbed some nail polish, which both boys protested over. “Oh relax!” Bree said. “It’s clear, see?”

Carrie held the bottle up to Anton’s face. “It just makes the nails stronger and healthier!” She said.

“Yeah, okay, fine,” Anton said, with a sigh, holding out his hand.

“Dude, seriously?” Nicholas asked.

“Man, until we say yes, they’re not going to leave us alone,” the young man replied.

The explanation seemed to be enough for them both as they relaxed a little more into the soft chairs, enjoying being the ones on the receiving end rather than doing the salon work. Nicholas was brought out of his peaceful daydream — until the moment Bree walked over with pink lipstick in her hand, causing him to jump up and out of the chair. “Ha, very funny. I think that’s enough pampering for one day!”

“Oh fine, killjoy,” she replied in her usual upbeat tone. “Though we still haven’t got many customers, why don’t you two go and have a walk around since it’s your first fair? Enjoy the booths!” Bree ushered them both out of the booth before waving over another girl for a makeover.

The hall was packed with students, and as the two boys stepped out of the booth, they found it was difficult to avoid bumping into people in the dense crowd. “Do you know where Martin’s booth is?” Anton asked, looking around but not seeing anything to catch his eye. “I heard it’s a Café so we should be able to get food as well!”

“I’ve no idea, but food does sound good. Let’s look around for it, most of the booths are all for girls anyway...” Nicholas complained, flicking a stray hair from his vision while his nails glistened in a little the light.

Walking through the noisy exhibition hall, the boys glanced at the various other setups. One group had a beach theme with a sandbox and lounge chairs. They had a hard time not staring at the girls in bikinis. Another group was dressed as witches from the movie *Hocus Pocus*. They were getting people set for Halloween, as they had various costumes for people to try on. To add some atmosphere, they had something that looked like a spell book along with a giant cauldron.

Finally, after walking around a few corners, they saw a white sign with red letters that read ‘Café Elle.’ The café setup had a few stools next to a coffee bar. It was a combination of a coffee shop and vintage diner with French presses, coffee machines, an espresso maker, a few pastry dishes, and four waitresses. Obvious, they had raided the drama department for some sets and costumes. It was all very impressive. Looking around for Martin, Anton and Nicholas didn’t even recognize him as they walked up.

“Oh shit...” Anton said as he stifled a laugh and put his hand over his mouth.

“Dude... what the fuck,” said Nicholas.

Martin snarled. “...shut up.”

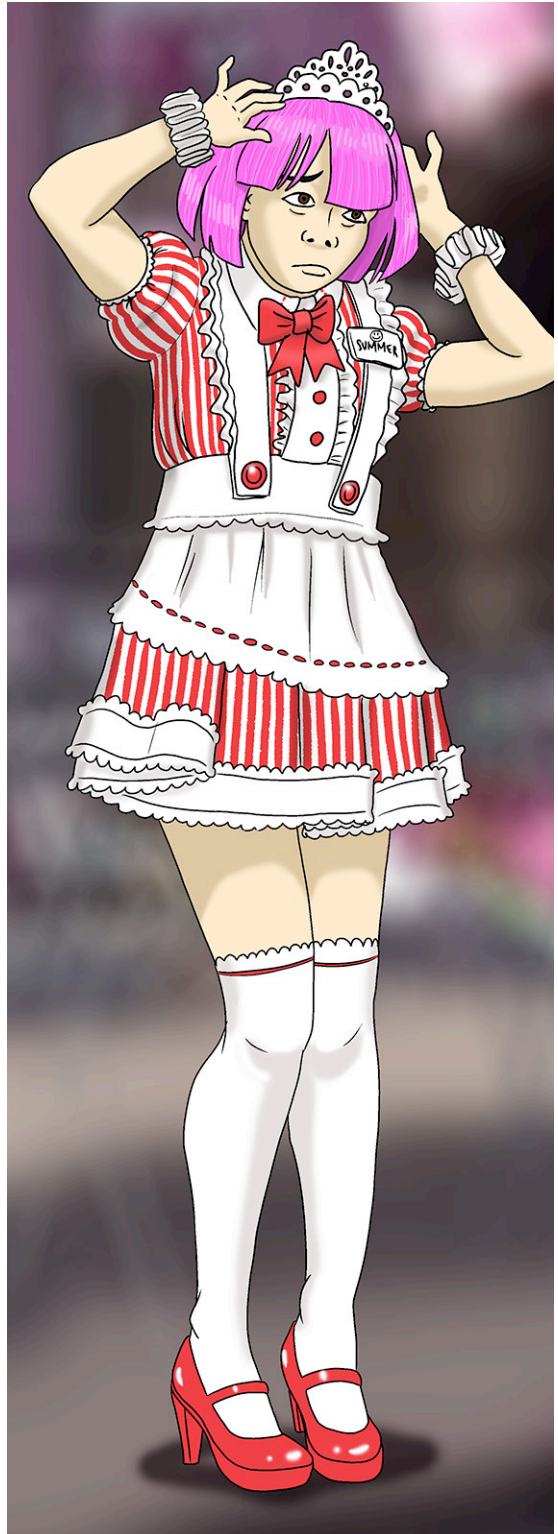
“Was this your idea?” asked Nicholas.

“*Shut up!*” Martin replied as he moved his head, causing the curls of his wig to bounce.

Martin’s bright pink wig fell on both sides of his shoulders framing his face in curls; that wasn’t why he was so annoyed, though. He was wearing a short red and white striped diner waitress outfit with a little white apron on the front.

The skirt flared out at the waist and finished above his knees with a little white trim of a petticoat underneath. The short puffy sleeves were tight around his slim arms, and completing his feminine appearance was a pair of red kitten-heeled shoes that made a loud clicking noise on the wooden floor.

Anton and Nicholas were both stunned as they took their seats at a small table. They could hear various girls around them giggling as Martin minced his way from table to table, until eventually getting to theirs. “Keep the smart-ass comments to yourself and just order something...” He muttered, clearly flustered.



A girl in a matching outfit, minus the pink wig, appeared next to him shaking her head, “*Summer?* You can’t talk to guests like that, now do it properly!” she barked out her order, then turned and headed to a different table, smiling away.

Martin just let out a little sigh while looking down at his feet and gathering his courage, before looking back up with his best smile. Holding a pad and pen, he pointed to the name tag on his top that spelled Summer with a happy face above the ‘U.’ “Hi there, my name’s... Summer... And I’ll be your waitress, what can I get you?”

“Dude, are you enjoying this?” Nicholas said as he smiled.

“*Of course not!*” said Martin. “I told them I would dress like a soda jerk or something, but they insisted that we all have matching outfits.”

“Feel like a little sissy?” asked Anton.

Martin was about to groan, but then he noticed something. “Wait... are you guys wearing makeup?”

Both of them kept still before Nicholas spoke up. “It’s not makeup, it’s just like some shiny stuff since we’re working at the salon booth.”

“I’ll take a red eye,” said Anton, quickly changing the subject.

“Anything for you?” asked Martin looking at Nicholas.

“Coffee with four sugars and cream. Oh, and a cheese danish.”

Martin scribbled down the orders, even though they were easy to remember, and said, “Coming right up!”

Suddenly, the girl who was acting as Martin’s manager came back over to them. “Excuse me, did I overhear you say you had a salon booth?”

Clearly they didn’t want to admit it, so Anton hesitated before quietly saying, “Yeah.”

She smiled, “Oh my God, that sounds *so* fun. I want to check it out. Plus look at this!” She held up Martin’s hand to expose that his nails were bare. “I think Summer needs some attention. Do something that matches her outfit!”

“Umm...” said Nicholas, feeling uneasy about the situation.

“*Just do it!*” she demanded.

“Right now?” asked Martin. “I’m kinda busy...”

“Just grab these orders real quick and follow them back to their booth! I can’t believe we forgot to do your nails, yet let you borrow some panties.”

Anton and Nicholas both lost it at the mention of panties, laughing loudly as Martin stormed off. He quickly grabbed their order, before returning to the table and shoving it in his friend’s hands. Then, he headed right for the exit, not looking behind him as he walked out. He already knew where the salon was,



and didn't want one second of any more humiliation in the diner. Nicholas and Anton quickly hurried behind him, still chuckling.

"So what color are your panties?" Anton asked, as he tried to hold it together.

"What style?" Was Nicholas' question. Both were asked between fits of laughter as Martin did his best to ignore them, and the mocking looks he was getting from people passing by.

Eventually they calmed down a little and pointed out their booth. Bree saw them and waved, putting her hand over her mouth once she caught sight of Martin. Rushing over, she gave him a quick glance from several angles before looking at the name tag and giggling, "Summer? Well, it seems you two brought us someone in need of our services! Please tell me *she* is going to be a customer!"

Martin just bowed his head in shame as the other two guys nodded, giant smirks on their faces. "Of course, once we told him we had a salon he practically begged to come over," Nicholas chimed in, nudging Martin forwards towards the chair.

Martin turned back ready to yell curses or even throw a fist but Bree just took his hand and lead him down onto the chair shaking her head. "Just ignore those two, I bet they're just jealous!" Poking out her tongue at them before pointing to the nail polish stand, "Grab the matching red bottles. Nicholas you do mani, and Anton, pedi. I have makeup covered!"

Anton and Nicholas were not enthused about being the ones who were adding to the feminization of their friend. Especially with Bree yelling at instructions and mentioning that she wanted to see them progress in everything they learned today. The smiles left their faces rather quickly.

Anton took off Martin's heels and got a glimpse of his small feet. Martin couldn't have been more than a size seven in men's size and he couldn't even guess what he wore in girl's shoes, but knew he wouldn't have an issue fitting in them since Martin was small for a boy.

He grabbed a small bowl and put Martin's bare feet in them. The lukewarm water was a little surprising to Martin, who had never had his feet prepared in anticipation for nail polish.

Meanwhile, Nicholas took a giant nail file to Martin's fingers, getting rid of some extra edges. Martin could not see what was going on since his head was leaned back as Bree started prepping his face.

"That wig is staying on very well! It's fun that you went with pink. Great color for you!" smiled Bree.

"Thanks, I guess..." said Martin.

"I still can't believe you're wearing this getup," said Anton, as Martin blushed deep pink to match his wig.

“I can’t believe we’re doing any of this to begin with!” replied Nicholas.

As Martin sat there silently brooding, he calmed down a little, eventually forgetting his current situation and relaxing. Once his beauty treatment was done, though, he had to stand up again. Soon, his heels were back on, and he faced a mirror, looking at the incredibly feminine reflection where his boyish face should be instead.

Bree threw compliments at him a million a second while Nicholas and Anton looked totally weirded out that their friend looked like a cute chick. Martin looked dazed as he stood shakily, touching his face to make sure it wasn’t a trick. His heart skipped a beat when he saw his bright red ruby nails matching his lips for the first time, and he winced knowing his female booth teammates would all soon be teasing him mercilessly.

Before he had a chance to ask them to clean it all off, Miss McHenson peered into the booth looking at the salon’s handiwork and smiling, “I had heard the girls were putting you in a matching outfit, but didn’t expect you to go all out, you make a very cute girl, Martin.”

He just nodded, taking the compliment, knowing she wasn’t the kind of woman you disagreed with if you were smart. Nicholas apparently wasn’t though. “Oh hey Mrs. McHenson, I was wondering if I could see you about something later today or tomorrow, I have an issue I need to talk to you about.”

“I can give you five minutes tomorrow morning at six thirty five. Don’t be late.”



The next day, Nicholas woke up an hour early, so he’d be ready to talk to the dean at the appointed time.

“Quiet! I’m sleeping!” Anton said, rolling over in his bed, turning away from the light.

Nicholas was just putting on his tie, almost out the door. “You gotta get up in fifteen minutes anyway,” he said.

Anton clutched a pillow over his head. “And I’m gonna use all fifteen! Now, turn out the light!”

“Fine,” Nicholas said. He headed out the door. “But when I get back, you’re gonna call me a haircut hero.”

Forty-five minutes later, Nicholas came back to the dorm and slammed the door on his way in the room. Looking up, Anton asked him, “Holy shit, what the hell happened!”

“Man, that woman is such a bitch,” he responded.

“What did she *say*?”



“It’s just really weird being here,” said Nicholas, in Mrs. McHenson’s large office, gazing at her across the desk. He had arrived on time in the early morning, much to the dean’s surprise.

“You seem to have been adjusting fairly well other than a few misdemeanors,” replied the dean.

“Because everyone is so bossy. Especially the girls here.”

Mrs. McHenson smiled, “Our young ladies in the student body often display examples of authoritativeness, passion, and sophistication.”

“It’s just a little much... Yesterday at the fair was humiliating. Passion? All they wanted to do was embarrass us and shot down all of our ideas for that booth.”

“You did very well, considering the circumstances.”

“Mrs. McHenson, I really don’t like it here and neither do my friends. I ask for simple things and they are denied.”

“Please provide me with an example,” she insisted.

“My hair has never been this long. They told me I couldn’t even make an appointment at the campus grooming place without special permission. Why would they deny something that is basic personal hygiene?”

“As I have stated before Nicholas, St. Elizabeth’s has strict grooming and dress code standards.”

“So you don’t let people get *haircuts*?”

“Of course we allow students to receive haircuts. It’s just our resources are stretched, and can only accommodate so many students every day. We do haircuts on a precise schedule. It’s just not your turn, yet.”

Nicholas sat there, confused. “My hair is touching my shoulders now. It’s been growing more rapidly since coming here for some reason. I heard before that some private schools didn’t let guys have long hair.”

Mrs. McHenson grabbed a form from her desk and started filling out some lines on it. “Just for you, I am granting you special permission to go there right now. Right about now, they should be opening for the day. They will accept you as a walk-in with my approval. Just give them this form.”

“Wow, *really*? Thanks!”

“It’s my pleasure.”

Nicholas asked, “Do I have to get this form from you every time I want my haircut?”

“You can ask one of your advisors as well.”

“Okay, thanks!”

Happy he'd finally made some ground, Nicholas strolled his way contently towards the schools grooming room, something he thought was ludicrous to have on school grounds. But with hundreds of girls here all year it did make a little sense, and he could understand why they may have been a little overtaxed.

He walked through the front door of the salon and into the unsettling foreign environment, with the smells of feminine shampoo and various other products hitting his nostrils. He sighed and headed over to a smiling lady waiting for her first customer, passing over the note he hadn't even read.

She studied it a little, glancing up at him then back down smiling still until finally putting it down and motioning him over to a chair. “Right then, I have an open spot for the next half an hour, so why don't we get started on that unruly thing on top of your head you call hair!” She giggled.

Sitting in the chair, eager to have his usual short back and sides, he explained his usual look before she cut him off with a wave of her hand. “Sorry hun, but as I'm sure know, there're only certain styles allowed here, though I'm sure we can compromise and find something you like.”

“Certain styles?” Nicholas asked.

“It was all in the orientation,” the lady explained. Nicholas regretted not paying more attention on his first day. So, a little pissed off that he wouldn't be getting his desired hair he just nodded, he was thankful that at least it wouldn't be as long as it was now.

“I just want this off of my shoulders. Too long!” he said.

“My name is Samantha, by the way.”

“Nicholas,” he responded.

Samantha examined his dark brown hair and ran her fingers through it, finding some knots, which told her he didn't comb his hair properly. She turned him away from the mirror and grabbed a few hair clips from her table. He didn't question her because he was happy just to finally get his hair cut.

The clips were placed in various parts of his hair, and he had never had his hair clipped like this before, but Samantha was a professional, and he figured she knew her stuff. Samantha took her scissors in one hand and held parts of his hair in the other, giving certain parts some texture.

As Nicholas sat there, he didn't see the massive chunks of hair falling on his cape as he'd expected, and became curious. “Samantha, how much are you taking off?”

“Oh, I'm just spotting some areas before I work my magic.”

“Okay...”

After several minutes, Samantha took a small break and sprayed something in his hair. Nicholas could not identify the product based on the smell, and it was neutral in scent. He then felt a hot object come towards his head.

“Stay still,” commanded Samantha, holding his chin still so he didn’t budge.

“What *is* this?” said Nicholas as he tried turning around.

“Hold still for safety!”

The hot object went around various parts of his hair, holding in place for a few seconds at a time. After Samantha had finished, she sprayed his hair with another substance, this time with some type of citrus scent.

“All done! Are you excited to see?”

“What the hell, Samantha, is that a new way of cutting hair or something?”

To end the anticipation, Samantha slowly turned him around in the chair so Nicholas could see his new look.

As he was spun around, he could feel the now familiar — and annoying — hair at either side of him, but what he saw in the mirror almost caused him a heart attack. In the place of his unkempt, shaggy hair was now a well-kept messy-waves hairstyle, parted down the middle and framing his face the same style he’d seen on quite a few other girls at school.

“What the *fuck* Samantha? It’s a girl’s hairstyle! Not to mention it’s the same damn length!” His breathing was becoming heavier as he shook with rage.

“As I said, there’re only certain styles allowed at this school; I did my best to get it close to what you wanted... Besides, it suits you. It’s a popular style with your classmates.” She smiled back at him in the mirror, weaving her hands through his thick hair, giving it a little volume.

“My classmates are *girls!*” He turned around to address her. “You have to shave it off right now; the guys can’t see me like this...”

“I have nothing to shave it off with, I’m afraid. I’d be fired tomorrow if I did. We don’t do that here; now I can give you a few things that will help you maintain this look...” She continued talking, ignoring his protests as she grabbed a few bottles and a pink hairbrush before passing the items to him.

Standing back up, he felt his hair bounce along with his movements, making his stomach turn. Knowing it was no use to argue, he took the objects disdainfully. Only one thought kept him from doing something violent and stupid: the school only had one hair stylist, but for sure, the nearby town had barbers...



Back in the present, with Anton staring at him in shock, Nicholas had trouble holding back his emotions, but still managed to get the words out. “She told me I had to get a permission form to get a haircut, and only certain styles were allowed. Gave me a slip, and I went down there, and they did this to me!”

“Did you fight them?”

“I argued, and they said they couldn’t shave it off. Do you know how embarrassing it was walking back here like *this*?”

“Did anyone say anything?” asked Anton.

“Surprisingly no, but Anton... I can’t walk around like this!”



“We got any scissors to do anything about this?”

“Nah, I thought about that,” Nicholas said. “I haven’t seen a pair of scissors or even a knife since we got here. But you know when we took the bus ride in here and saw that strip mall on the outskirts? Here’s what we can do: we can sneak out and find a way to get rid of this girly hairstyle.”

Anton started rubbing his head. “Man, I need a haircut as well... You sure you didn’t fuck up doing something stupid and punished you with a girl’s style?”

“Dude, something about this school is fucked up. We need to get out of here for a bit.”

Anton frowned. “How? Just leaving? We can’t take a ride out of here that easily. They’re watching us, and they have those security guards all over the place.”

From the other door, Martin walked in the room. “Jesus! You have to wear a wig to the dorms?” Martin asked Nicholas.

“No! This is my hair!”

“What the hell...” said Martin, visibly astonished.

“Long story, Martin. They forced me to get this style, and I want this gone now. Too much weird shit has been happening lately, especially yesterday and today. We need a break from here.”

“They told us we have to stay here,” said Martin, “And we won’t be allowed to leave until the end of the term,” That was just like him, almost always going by the rules.

Nicholas became assertive. “Exactly, and that is why we need to sneak out and get into town. We can get our hair cut the right way, maybe see a movie, grab something to eat, and come back before they do the head count at night in the dorms.”

“When are we supposed to do this?” Anton asked. “If we try it right now, those security guards are going to spot us easily since the sun is still out until like five. After five, the shops in town will be closed.”

Nicholas stopped for a moment to think over the situation. “We need to do it just before dawn when it’s still dark. Those security guys will probably be lazy, working graveyard shift. We can get off of the property, hang out for a bit, and maybe get breakfast at some 24/7 diner. Then, we get to a barber shop as soon as they open, see what is happening in town, and make it back here before lunch and afternoon classes.”

Martin spoke up while adjusting his shirt. “We’ll be missing morning class though, so won’t they notice? Shouldn’t we wait till next Saturday?”

“Man, I can’t go almost an entire week looking like this! Needs to happen *tonight!*” demanded Nicholas.

“He does have a point...” Anton said. “They’re gonna notice we’re gone in at least two classes and they’ll start looking around campus.”

Thinking for a moment, Nicholas said. “We haven’t said we’re sick yet. Since people know we’re always hangin’ out together and live in a small dorm, we can get someone to cover for us and tell the teachers that we have the flu or something.”

“So... We should ask Liam, then?” asked Martin.

“No bro,” Anton said. “That guy’s gotta be a little snitch.”

“Well, he’s going to notice that we’re all gone,” Nicholas pointed out. “He’d tell someone and get us in trouble.”

Martin was still searching for an answer. “Should he come with us?”

“I don’t see any other way,” said a disappointed Nicholas.

“That still doesn’t solve the issue of getting someone to cover for us,” said Martin.

Nicholas smiled for the first time that day. “I know! Bree! I can ask her to tell someone in the office. She’d do that for me.”

That night, before he went to bed, he scribbled in his pink diary, *“Told you that you fuckers you couldn’t hold me!”*



With Liam dragged behind reluctantly, the three friends carefully left the dorm in the early hours of the morning, about four a.m. as the clock tower told them. Sticking close to the walls until they had open ground, they carefully skulked through the hallways and towards the front of the dorm, where a little booth with a security guard waited.

In their room, they’d come up with various plans to get around this hurdle, varying from throwing a bottle so he’d investigate, like a game Nicholas had once played, to knocking him out like they’d seen in spy films. Thankfully for them, though, they clearly heard the guard snoring as they approached.

Snickering to themselves as they crept past the slumbering security man, they relaxed knowing that now they’d just have to find the outer gate, then climb over it, and they’d be outside and free. They were thrilled that their plan was going perfectly so far. Or at least three of them were — Liam took the moment to once again protest. “Guys come on! You know it’s not too late. We can still go back. Imagine how much trouble we’d be in if we’re caught?”

“Would you relax man?” Nicholas said. “We’re not going to be caught! Besides what’s the worst they can do? They already humiliated me with... with *this!*” He pointed to the cute new feminine hairstyle he now possessed.



“Yeah,” Anton added, “besides we’ve been cooped up here for weeks, about time we headed out, I haven’t even been to this town yet!”

“I heard a few girls talk about going there,” Martin explained, turning his head sharply on the lookout. “It’s pretty small, but apparently has a lot of shops thanks to the school being close...”

“Good, then there has to be a hairdresser or barber or something and someone who can give me a short back and sides...” Nicholas complained, moving a lock of hair from his view.

“Geez, you’re obsessed with your hair,” Anton said, grumbling.

“Well, it was getting long!”

“Big deal! Look where it got you!” Anton fired back.

Nicholas was pissed at his friend. “This isn’t my fault!”

“Guys!” Martin shouted, “Shut up!”

Anton looked around, “We can’t just keep talking about this. Let’s get moving! Remember, stay near the ground and watch out for any lights!”

So, the group started their late night adventure of getting out of St. Elizabeth’s. Trying to leave through the front gate was out of the question. They knew there was serious security there and too many obstructions to find a way around it. Based on what they had seen of the layout of the property, the school was surrounded by woods, so seeking cover in the forest was their best bet at getting out unnoticed.

Crunching over gravel and walking quickly, they tried making as little noise as possible and stayed away from any pathway that was well lit up in the darkness.

Liam and Martin kept looking back, while Anton and Nicholas looked directly in front of them and to the sides, making sure that no one on a security golf cart or other vehicle would see them. They could see a light on a cart two buildings away, but knew they were out of its driver’s sight. Although not easy to spot at night, they did realize that coming back onto the property would be much harder since it would be daylight.

However, they figured if they knew the right path to take, they’d make it. Getting back to class or the dorms would be easy since they could just make an excuse about looking around campus or doing something on the lawn.

Ten minutes later, the group could see the main buildings of the campus in the background with very little else around them other than a random statue, a field house, and some old tower that looked like it hadn’t been used in years.

“We’re getting close, guys!” said Nicholas, excited to get a small chance of freedom.

Liam became apprehensive about the situation. “We never talked about how big these woods are...”

Anton interrupted. “Man, don’t be such as pussy. All we gotta do is go through a little bit of trees and then cut east. That will put us out of the property but right there near the road. Just can’t go by the road for a little while in case anyone spots us.”

Liam looked at Martin, knowing that he had similar concerns. But Martin wanted a break far more than Liam ever did, especially since Liam was already partially conditioned to St. Elizabeth’s strange ways. Martin shook his head at Liam, and then looked away.

Liam then realized that not even Martin was on his side, but he didn’t want to risk anything. He had worked too hard at the school to get in trouble for the first time, much less over something this major. Panicking he said, “Go without me! I’m going back!”

Nicholas said, “Are you fucking *insane*? We’re almost out of here!”

“I can’t do it!” cried Liam.

“Bro, just come with us and be quiet!” urged Anton.

Martin stood silent, unsure of who to agree with. Part of him wanted out of that school even for half a day, but the other part of him shared Liam’s concerns about the harsh consequences.

“No guys... Really, it’s not worth it,” Liam said. “Go on without me. I won’t say anything once I get back. Just let me know how it goes.” He turned and dashed back towards the school.

The other guys started to go after him, but Nicholas stopped them. “Just let him go... We’re better off without him!”

Headed out towards the woods, Anton felt like an anchor had been taken off him, in a way. Nicholas was too focused on his goal to give it much thought. Walking for a few more minutes and getting closer to the woods, the group heard the sound of crickets along with some things plunging in water. It was too dark to see, and even though they had a small flashlight, they were trying not to use it. They were afraid it would attract unwanted attention.

“Is that part of the river?” asked Martin.

“Sounds like there’s some water around here, but probably just the end of the creek or something. We can step through it,” said Nicholas.

Nicholas lead the pack, walking in front slightly and looking side-to-side to see if anyone was watching. Anton and Martin looked backwards, knowing they had almost reached escape.

Nicholas smiled to himself as he inched closer, feeling his heart racing and sweat on his palms. This was what he lived for, the unknown, the danger, the adrenalin. Unfortunately, he got the shock of his life, literally, when thousands of volts of electricity shot through his body, throwing him back several feet. He bolted backwards sharply as Anton and Martin looked on, confused.