

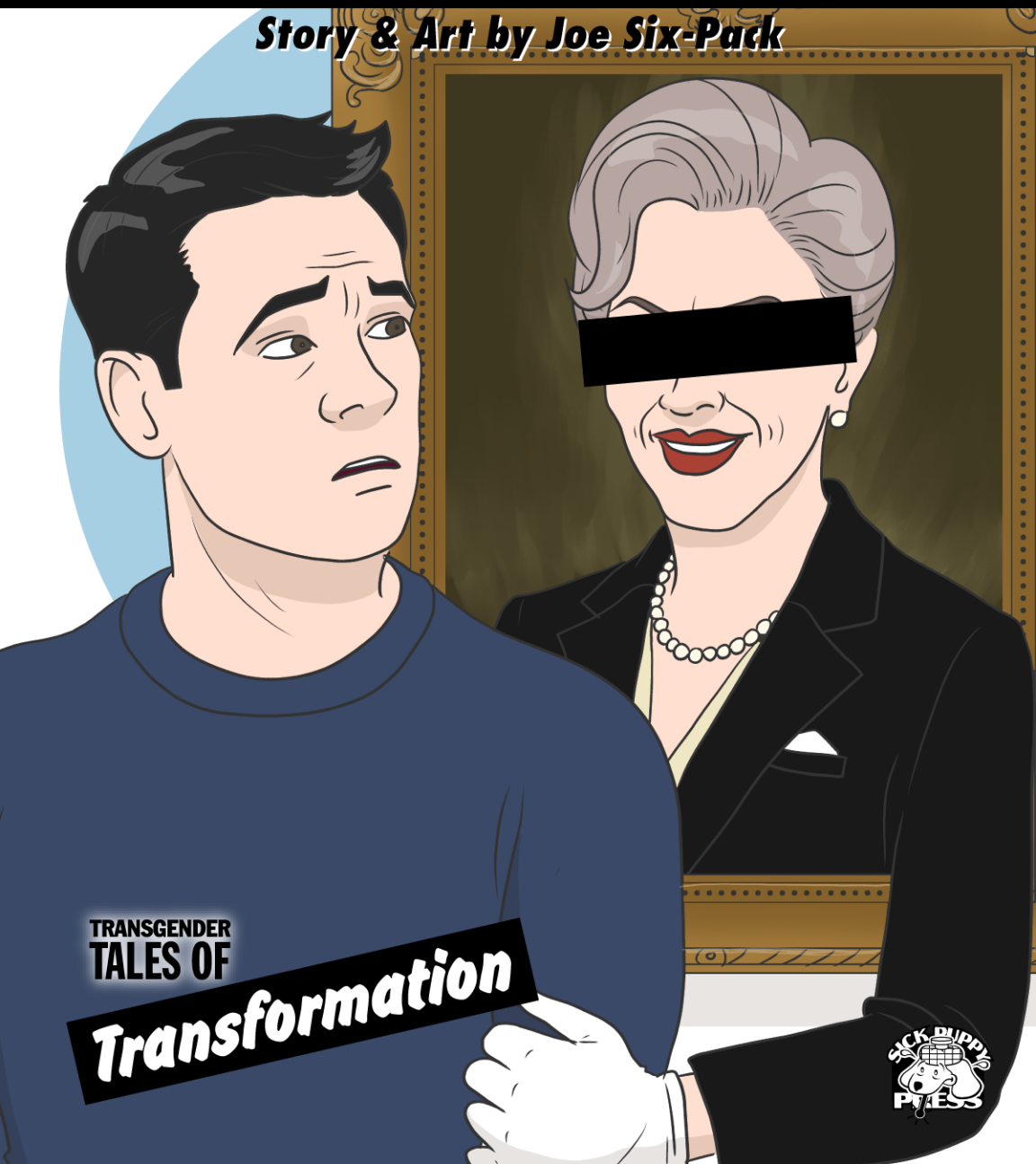
**ADULTS ONLY**

**124** pages **31** illustrations

# **CHARM SCHOOL UNDERCOVER**

**CHARM SCHOOL BOOK 1**

**Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack**



**TRANSGENDER  
TALES OF**

**Transformation**



**J O E   S I X   P A C K**

# ***CHARM SCHOOL UNDERCOVER***

**Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack**  
**A Tales of Transformation story**



2025 Edition

Design & layout © 2025

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## CHARM SCHOOL UNDERCOVER

Officer Thorpe turned his head over his shoulder, looking at the young woman in disbelief. She was in the back seat of their patrol car, having been picked up for being a public nuisance, making a scene at a 7-11 at 3 AM. The girl bounced her leg nervously, wearing white pumps, tugging anxiously at the hem of a bright pink skirt decorated with glittery hearts. She wore a tube top with pink sequins that read “Princess” across the very generous chest. “Okay, like, seriously, I’m not even kidding,” she said, gesturing wildly. Her hands fluttered through the air, punctuating each word. “This is super, totally serious! I was tricked into going, like, six months ago. No joke, dudes. And it’s *so* not okay. I mean, like, look at me — this is not even my style.”

The other officer, Perez, raised an eyebrow and glanced at Thorpe. Thorpe cleared his throat. “Miss, can you slow down a minute?”

“I’m not a miss!” She yelled with all her might. “I’m a guy, like you!”

That seemed far-fetched as she was barely 5’ 5”, as thin as a 16 year old girl and had long, blond hair with a face full of makeup. She couldn’t have been more of a girl if she tried. “You’re telling me someone kidnapped you and dressed you up like this?” The officer verified.

“Um, yes! That’s exactly it!” The young man stomped his feet, pouting dramatically. “Oh my god, why is this so hard for you guys to understand? It was the charm school! They were totally brainwashing me and stuff. They made me learn cheer routines and slang and how to match accessories, and they made me say ‘like’ and ‘oh my god’ and...”

“Right, the charm school,” Thorpe interrupted calmly. “You know it?” He said, asking his partner.

“It’s on Abernathy. Next to the Jack in the Box. We get lots of complaints about them.”

“You have?” The young woman’s big eyes went wide, bright with hope. “Thank god! I thought you totally wouldn’t believe me.” She pouted as she fussed with her long hair, drawing her pink-nailed fingers along some strands as she talked.

“Just slow down and speak slower,” Thorpe said, opening the squad car door. “We just want to make sure we’re clear on the story.”

She glared, crossing her arms, but the motion was too practiced, too perfect, like she’d watched a hundred YouTube beauty vloggers. “They wouldn’t let me go! So I knew I had to escape! I literally — I mean, I just climbed out the window and...”

“And then what?” Thorpe asked, eyebrow raised.

“And then I, like, ran across the parking lot, and I tripped in these shoes...” He looked down at her pumps. “...but I kept running, and I went to the

convenience store to ask for help, but they didn't help and... and... they flagged you guys down, and you *have* to help me! Please!"

Perez snorted. "You ran in those? Respect."

But Thorpe just shook his head. "You're saying you were held at this... *charm school*? Against your will?"

She nodded frantically, hair bouncing. "Yes! Yes! You have to believe me. I mean, nobody would *want* to tell you a story like this, right?" She tugged at an earring, cheeks coloring with shame, voice wobbling dangerously toward tears.

"No, no they wouldn't," Thorpe had to admit.

The patrol car slowed to a stop in front of a half-dead strip mall. The young man pressed his face against the window and let out a piercing squeal of panic. "No! Oh my god! You brought me back! Oh my god, I totally trusted you! Don't make me go in there again! I'm begging you, dudes, please!"

Thorpe stepped out of the vehicle and looked at the shabby building labeled "The Priscilla Dandridge Charm School for Young Women" on a shaky old glass door. As they came to a stop, a striking young woman came sauntering from the doorway, flashing a confident grin.

"Officers! What a lovely surprise," she said warmly as she allowed their eyes to run up and down her voluptuous figure. "Oh no, don't tell me little Michelle got out again?" She leaned down and peered through the window. "Michelle, honey, you know you're not supposed to leave without the permission of your mother."

"She's not my mother! She's my secretary!" The girl objected.

"She's very worried about you, Michelle," Randy said.

The young man inside the squad car cringed and shook his head frantically. "My name is Mike, not Michelle! I'm done with this weird, girly stuff!"

Randy straightened, chuckling lightly. "Oh, she's such a drama queen sometimes, officers. But we love her for it. She just has cold feet." She winked at the officers, friendly and calm, totally at ease.

Thorpe nodded knowingly. "Yeah, you guys really gotta change the locks on the place. That's the third one this month."

"I'm so sorry, guys" Randy said graciously. "You have the patience of saints."

As Officers Thorpe and Perez climbed back into the car, the young man clawed at their shoulders, screaming at the top of her lungs. "No, please! Don't leave me here with them!"

"Just calm down, honey," Perez said, with a bemused grin. "Must be that time of month, huh?"

“No! They’re going to make me do cheer practice again! They’re going to force me into panties! Oh my god, please just drive away, okay? I promise I’ll totally chill out if you just drive away!”

“Easy there, little lady,” Perez said, chuckling as he unlocked the car door for Michelle. “You’re gonna be fine. Just listen to Randy.”

“I’m not a little lady! I’m a man! I run a company! My mom... I mean my secretary tricked me into coming here so she can take over! Please! They’ll make into a teenage girl for realies!”

Randy opened the back door, holding out a manicured hand. “Come along, Michelle. Let’s get you cleaned up. You don’t want your mascara to run, sweetheart.”

The young man took Randy’s hand reluctantly, shoulders slumped in defeat. “*Ohmigaaaaawd*, you guys seriously suck,” he muttered at the officers.

## DAY 1

The Priscilla Dandridge Charm School for Young Ladies had been under suspicion for years. People went in, and they never came out. There were two dozen missing persons reports that could be traced back to the Dandridge School, but we could never prove anything. Not only was there no evidence of any wrongdoing, we couldn’t find any criminal connections whatsoever.

We’d sent people in to inspect the place under false pretenses, but found nothing. We ran surveillance on the building, but found no sign of wrongdoing. We went through the garbage and put everything through DNA analysis. Zippo.

Yet the reports kept coming in. People were still going missing. LAPD knew there was something here, we just had to crack it.

I’m Brody Callahan, LAPD. This has been my baby ever since the files got dropped on me by my captain. She wants this one bad. I think it’s a waste of time, as I’ve been slaving away on this case for three years, destroying my budget and eating up all my resources. I have nothing to show for it. Any other case with these kinds of results would have been taken off my hands by now, but not this one.

So today, when Capt. Keller came to my desk and pulled up a chair, I knew what it was about.

“Break in the case,” she said. Even without being specific, I didn’t have to guess it was about the Priscilla Dandridge Charm School. “Finally, what we’ve been waiting for. A stroke. Priscilla Dandridge has gone into the hospital. She’s unconscious and unresponsive.”

“Great?” I said.

“You bet your ass it’s great!” Capt. Keller said, her red lips breaking into a crooked smile. “It creates an opening. There’s a void in their leadership, and we can fill it. We can get our own plant in there and blow the operation wide open.”

Priscilla Dandridge was a legendary actress of the silver screen, and although it had been decades since she was in a movie, her stardom was more than enough to sustain a small business like a charm school. She was once the most prized leading lady in Hollywood, famous for her beauty and grace, and they still sold posters of Priscilla Dandridge in stores. I don’t mind saying that she was quite the looker, even if she was sixty years too old for me.

Why or how she got into the business of running a charm school, who knows. I guess they didn’t have clothing lines back then, and you had to make your money by running a business. The skipper on Gilligan’s Island used to run a seafood restaurant across from my apartment, or so I’m told. As far as I know, it didn’t make the diners disappear, though.

“So you want to plant someone inside?” I asked the captain. “How the hell is that supposed to happen? I’m the only one working the case.”

“Shut it and let me explain,” Capt. Keller said. She laid out a folder in front of me. “I’ll have the identification cleared by the end of the week, and we just need someone to take the role. What we need to do is train someone, and train them quick. Our window is only open for a few days.”

“We don’t have the people or the money, Captain.”

“I’ll find the money,” she said, gritting her teeth. “My superiors want to close the case for lack of anything to go on, but I’m going to take this operation down single-handed if necessary.”

She slipped a piece of paper to me. “What’s that?”

“Don’t lose this,” she said. “This is the login and password to the Dandridge School surveillance system. You’ll need it.”

“How long have you had this? Where did you get it?”

“Officially, you’ve never seen this,” she said. “I have a pal at the FBI who got it for me. They’ve got all that spy tech the government isn’t supposed to have.”

“So what do I do with it?”

“With this, you can watch everything that goes on in that school. I need you to make reports to brief the agent that’ll be going inside. Who does what, what time they do it, how many people there are, names, faces, everything.”

“A complete analysis of how they work,” I confirmed. “Do you think I’m made of time?”





"I'm taking you off everything else," the captain said. "This is your one and only priority."

## DAY 2

So this morning, I filled my mug full of coffee and grabbed a fresh notepad. I knew it was going to be a long day. I woke up the computer and logged into the Priscilla Dandridge Charm School for Young Ladies server, and had complete access to their camera system. They had one in every room, but according to my layout of the building, I wasn't able to see into the main office or the reception desk. I also couldn't see the top floor, which according to our info was made up of student residences.

The first thing that caught my eye was the way people there were dressed. It was like they were dressed for job interviews. Every adult woman was in a suit with a skirt, they wore heels and they looked... Well, they all looked amazing.

After the first hour, I was able to isolate on the woman who appeared to be the most important. An "Elenor Tuft" was the second in command, and without Mrs. Dandridge, and I suppose she was now running the place. She was easy to spot, wearing a grey skirt suit set and with hair that was either platinum blonde or greying blonde. It was hard to tell. She must have been sixty, but she was pretty well put together for someone of that age. Great legs.

I watched as four women of varying ages were brought into an office where they signed a stack of papers. New students, I had to assume. They looked a little rough, in my opinion. Just the type to need a little help from a charm school.

Elenor arrived to look over things. "You're signing the standard student contract with financial aid," Elenor



explained to them. “The cost to you is virtually nothing. The student aid pays for just about everything including room and board.”

Interesting. That sounded like it had the potential to be quite the scheme. Government checks, little oversight. I’d seen that racket before.

## DAY 3

Now that I had the general feel for the school, and could identify some of the people, for my second day of surveillance I decided to concentrate on the classes themselves.

I clicked through the cameras, figuring out where to start. It was clear that the school was suffering, as I only saw a handful of students but a couple dozen staff. It was built to be much busier than it was, that was for sure.

Then again, since the school was finding a way to dispose of people, it would explain the surplus of employees. I guess it was up to me to figure out how that worked.

I finally found yesterday’s group of four new students on camera 4 and I decided to follow their day. “Welcome to orientation,” Mrs. Tuft said to them as they sat in desks waiting to start their instruction. It was a small classroom, about the size of a bedroom, and the walls were lined with pictures of old movies Mrs. Dandridge had once starred in.

The students were all a little skittish with what I’d have to say was a bad case of the nerves. Or was it something worse than that? It was hard to say on the compressed video I was watching. It was probably just my suspicious cop mind.

Still, I was going to keep my eyes open to see if they were behaving oddly. Somehow the students at this school found ways to disappear, and it may not have been by choice.

The first class really wasn’t much of a class at all. After Mrs. Tuft left, the instructor introduced herself as Millicent Hawthorne. She’s a stately woman who stood tall in a dated athletic outfit. I was beginning to see a pattern in the women who worked here. They all seemed to have the same air of elegance and confidence I imagine Priscilla projected.

The four women were told to stand still and remove their outer clothes. They all looked a bit panicked.

“No need to look so stressed, ladies,” said the instructor.

We only need your measurements. For those who are a bit modest, you can dress in one of our leotards, if you like.”

They all took that option and spent a minute to change into skin-tight leotards behind a screen.

After that, they were measured every which way. Height, weight, waist, chest, leg length, arm length, and even neck circumference.

After the girls had changed back into their regular clothes, Ms. Hawthorne handed out sheets of paper to each student. "This is your diet and exercise plan for your particular body type," she explained. "We have exercise periods in the morning and evening, and attendance is mandatory."

I could hear the deep groans from the girls. Not that they should have complained. They all needed to lose a few pounds.

"We will also be prescribing you weight reduction medications and a vitamin regimen," Ms. Hawthorne said.

I wasn't sure how this exactly fit with being a charm school, but the new students didn't object to the demands.

"You will also need undergarments," Millicent said. "All students are required to wear our approved underwear and body-shapers. It's all a part of your tuition, so you won't have to buy anything, and your dressers will have your new items ready and waiting for you by the end of the day."

That was interesting. They cleaned up on involuntarily selling stuff to the students, I bet. Another way to get more aid money.

That class came to an end, and I found the new students on Camera 9 as they arrived in the next classroom. There were no desks, just stools. It was actually a dance studio, if I didn't miss my guess.

This was a modeling class taught by a Mrs. Fallon, who looked like she had likely been modeling all her life, with the practiced and graceful way she carried herself. She had the students stand before her, and were all judged on



their posture and walk. She made a lot of “tsk-tsk” sounds as she got a look at them. Like I said earlier, they were kind of rough, these girls.

By the end of the class, she had the students walking along a line on the floor with books balanced on their heads, just like you would see in a movie. They looked like they had a long way to go.

Next was Cosmetology, taught by a Jasmine LaMay, which was quite the name. Cosmetology, I slowly learned, was not the study of astrology or the cosmos, but makeup and hair. Go figure.

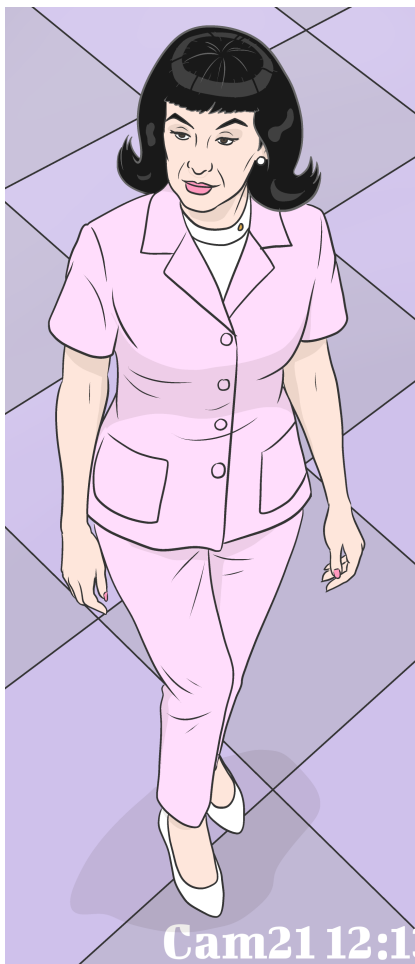
She was a woman with an immaculate head of black hair that looked a little dated. She was dressed in a vintage beautician outfit from the sixties, or at least it appeared to me that way. In fact, just about everything about her looked like it was decades behind the times, despite the fact that she was probably only in her 40s.

I watched as Jasmine went over what they were going to learn and how they were going to be graded. It was all over my head.

They collectively seemed grateful to get out of there and go to lunch. According to what I could see, the school had a selection of complimentary salads and soups, but in remarkably small servings. It seemed they were ready to enforce a low-calorie lifestyle and weren't going to wait for their students to cut back of their own free will.

Their next class, was “elocution,” which I had to look up on my phone to have explained to me. It was about speaking clearly. The instructor, a Mrs. Wiest, made a few jokes about “the rain falls mainly in the plains of Spain” but also was very clear that she wanted her students to speak clearly, but in a “lady like” tone.

Finally, we ended the day with a fashion class, taught by a Mrs. Bianca Newman. She gave each student a small stack of magazines, filled with fashion photography, and the threat that they would be quizzed about the content the next day.



I was surprised there isn't a manners class or something like that. Then again, from what I had seen, they were *all* manners classes. They taught that subject in everything they did.

All in all, it seemed normal. Well, normal in a not-normal kind of way. I had always visualized a "Charm School" as an old lady's living room where she'd lecture some girl on how to sit, serve tea, set a table or some junk like that. This was a far more involved process than I had ever thought it needed to be. It was run almost like a community college.

Maybe that was the key. Maybe it was too much. Maybe it was all cover for what they were really doing. I was going to have to think about that.



## DAY 4

After three days of watching the school, I have a pretty good idea of the way it works. I have a schedule down, I have screenshots of faces and associated them with names I even have some light bio info on some of the staff. Where they live, marital status, that kind of thing.

I even have a chart of where the staff members go and at what time of day. It was one of my better dossiers, if you ask me. Being Friday, I decided to drop it off on Capt. Keller's desk as I headed out for the weekend. She wasn't expecting it until Monday, but I was looking forward to working on my regular cases again, so I wanted it done.

She stopped me before I could leave. "Quick work, Callahan. But don't leave yet." She picked up the report and weighed it in her hand, then opened it up and leafed through it. "So who have you found to do the undercover work?"

“Me? I... Isn’t that *your* job?”

She looked at me like I was the dumbest person on Earth. “I was counting on you, Brody!”

“Don’t pin this on me,” I said. “You never told me that it was my responsibility!” I know she never asked me to find an op for this job. Not a word.

“I only have until the end of the day to pick someone!” She slammed her fist down on her desk. I’d never seen her do that before. “We’re so damn close! Don’t screw this up now.”

“I didn’t screw up anything.”

Captain Keller rested her head in her hands. “Criminy,” she said.

After she was silent for nearly a minute, it fell on me to move things along. “What do you want to do now?” I asked.

She released her head and fell back into her chair. “I have until five o’clock to submit a name for this assignment. If I don’t, we lose our window of opportunity.”

“I’d volunteer myself...”

“Consider yourself volunteered.”

She was trying to trap me. “Captain.”

“I’m out of options, Brody. It’s you or we flush this whole case down the drain. 26 missing persons cases go unsolved.”

“Look, it’s not that I don’t want to help, Captain. But I’ve learned something with my surveillance — they have one big rule at the Priscilla Dandridge Charm School for Young Ladies.”

“Which is?”

“No men allowed. Men are forbidden inside the school. That rules me out.”

## DAY 5

I was dozing off in front of the game I was watching when I got an urgent text from the captain. There was something going down, and she needed me there. This being my day off, I wasn’t happy. Being called in is just the nature of my job, and you’re expected to reply to every text, but I wish I’d ignored this one.

After getting my shit together and jumping in the truck, I arrived at a house on the other side of Hollywood. It was one of our safe houses, if I wan’t mistaken. Inside, the captain was waiting, but she had a guest. The lady who taught makeup and hair at the Priscilla Dandridge Charm School for Young

Ladies. Jasmine LaMay. I'd been watching the surveillance of her for three days, so I recognized her immediately.

"What the hell?" I asked the captain.

"Thanks for coming, Brody," Captain Keller said. "I appreciate your commitment."

"What's she doing here?" I needed to know.

"This is Jasmine LaMay, who happens to be one of my closest friends. I grew up with her as a little girl." The captain explained.

"She works at the school!" I said. "I know who she is."

"Jasmine's been our unofficial mole on the inside now for some time. She's actually the one who alerted us to its suspicious nature."

I turned to Ms. LaMay. "And you still work there?"

"Honey," she said, "I can do more good inside the walls than I can outside. It also happens to pay better than any other job I've ever had."

"If she's on the inside, why do we need an undercover agent?" I had to ask.

"Jasmine isn't official. She's my personal contact, and no one knows about it." She gave me a good glare. "Is that understood? *No one* needs to know."

"So what's the point of this, then?"

"Callahan," Captain Keller said. "I had to make a decision on who was going to go in undercover. I made that decision. I put in your name."

"Why? Like I said, it's women only in that place."

"We can work around that." She gestured to her friend. "That's why Jasmine is here. She's going to help us."

"Help? Help how?" I asked.

"Help you look like a woman, Brody."

I looked at the both of them, waiting for the punchline. Neither were smiling. "You're serious? You're not serious. You can't be."

"I don't have a lot choices left," the captain said.

"You can do it!" I said to Keller. "You're a woman."

"I'm not cleared for that kind of work. You're a trained undercover agent. A good one." She picked up the report I had given her yesterday. "You've literally written the book on the school, and you know it better than anyone I can train."

"I'm not doing it."

"It's an order, Callahan."

"I'll quit."

"Don't be stupid. It's just undercover work. It's assuming a role, like any other you've done. Just with a little extra challenge."

"I'm going to look like a chump in a dress."

"I won't send you in if you're not totally convincing. I wouldn't do that. I'll call the whole operation off."

"I'm going to be the laughing stock of the department. I'll never live it down."

"No one needs to know. Only you and me. And Jasmine."

I couldn't do it. I couldn't agree to this. At the same time, I knew I was trapped.

"I'm *ordering* you to do this. This is on me."

It wasn't much, but it made it a formality. I had taken an oath. I trusted Keller. I didn't much like her, but I trusted her.

She was also right when she called it a challenge. That had me interested, in a twisted kind of way.

"Take your clothes off," Jasmine said. "I have some things for you to try on."

"How long is this going to take?" I asked.

"We need you to be ready by Wednesday," the Captain said as I sat down in the chair. "Your cover is..."

"If I don't look like a nightmare," I interrupted.

"If you don't look like a nightmare, your cover is going to be as Priscilla Dandridge's granddaughter. I've done the research, and Mrs. Dandridge's one son died twenty years ago in Malaysia, leaving unknown descendants. That gave us the opportunity to create a niece, Dianna Dandridge, 47."

"Forty seven?" I said. "I'm twenty six. I can't pretend to be 47!"

"A twenty-something man and a woman in her late forties look very much alike, in terms of an unmade face," Jasmine said. "Once I do the makeup I think you'll be pleasantly surprised."

"Oh, I'm *sure* I'll be surprised," I told her. "Just not pleasantly."

"Hurry up," she said, referring to my undressing. So I had to strip myself down to just my briefs in front of two middle-aged women.

A suitcase was open on a couch, and Ms. LaMay began to pick out some items.

"This is going to be your new best friend," she said as she held up a pair of underwear.

It looked like a panty, but was padded, and had some folds of fabric on the inside that didn't make any sense to me. "Uh... Explain?"

"It's a gaff."

"Explain what a gaff is?"

The two women exchanged a look that chilled me.



Ms. La May sighed. “It keeps your... front flat. Like a woman.”

“How?”

The lady dug through the suitcase. She found a folded piece of paper. “Here are the instructions.”

I didn’t look at them right away, as I still had no idea what to expect, but when I did look, it was horrifying. I thought it was porn at first.

She next presented me with a heavy beige-colored garment. “Put this on,” she said. “It’s a body shaper.”

I turned it around a few times, baffled. “How the hell...”

“I’ll help,” she turned it right-side up and showed me how to pull it up over my head. She tightened some straps in the back, crushing my waist — then tightened it further.

“Don’t even bother complaining,” Captain Keller said to me. “We women already know it feels like you’re being cut in half.”

“It’s going to crack my ribs!” I said. It really felt like that.

“You’ll survive. It’ll only hurt for a few hours.”

“Now put this on,” Ms. LaMay said, and handed me a bra. I sighed. I knew it was coming, but I was still humiliated to have one in my hands.

“I’ll hook it up in back,” the captain said.

Ms. LaMay slipped some foam inserts in the cups to flesh it out. They looked huge to me, but I was told they were “quite modest” in size.

“Do you know how to wear stockings?” Ms. LaMay asked me.

“Do you really need to ask?” I replied.

She sat me down and showed me how to “properly” put on stockings, being careful with the fabric, rolling them up my legs, making sure they weren’t twisted, and then hooking them to some small clamps dangling from the body shaper. I had wondered what those were for.

“Shouldn’t he have shaved?” Captain Keller asked her friend.

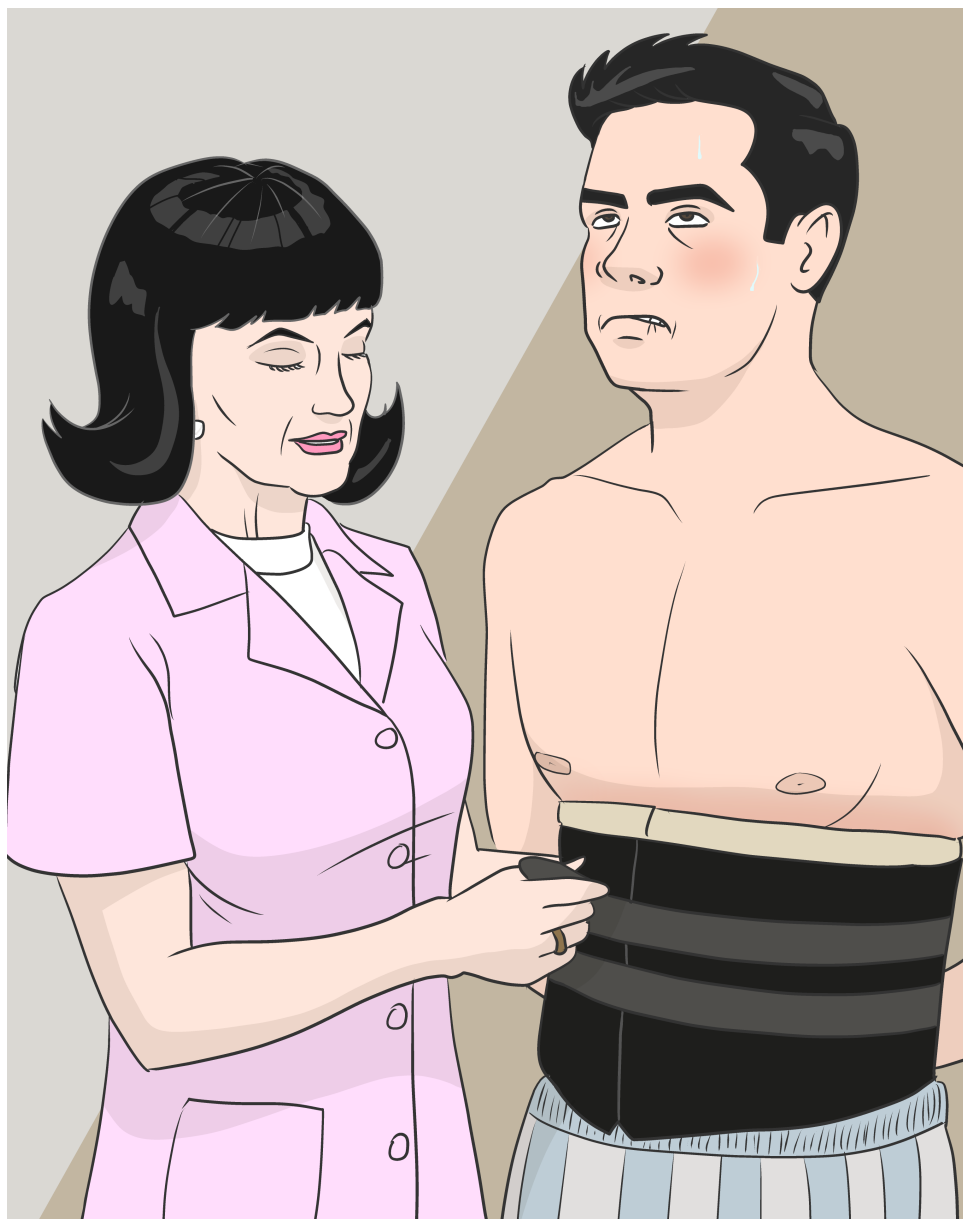
“That’s why he’s putting on opaque skin-tone stockings. We can shave when we do the real thing.”

“Don’t count your chickens,” I told them.

“Here’s a robe,” Jasmine said, giving me a silky red robe. “And I brought some slippers for you as well.”

I already felt like a freak, and this was not helping.

“Time for the gaff,” Ms. LaMay said. “You’ll want to use the bathroom for that. We’ll wait for you in the kitchen.”



When I was done, which was as revelation as the elasticity and compressible nature of the human penis, I went into the safe house kitchen, where the breakfast table had been loaded up with makeup, brushes, a few wig-sized boxes and I couldn't tell you what else.

"Have a seat," Jasmine said, pulling out a chair.

"I can't sit with these things on," I told her.

"Yes you can," she told me.

I guess she was right in a technical sense, but I felt like I was about to burst or faint or both.

Anyway, I sat there for probably about an hour and a half, doing jack shit, while Jasmine worked me over. She might as well just applied the makeup with a paint roller, it was put on so thick. It all had that makeup kind of smell too. It's hard to describe, but you know it when you smell it. Kind of a putty-like odor. However you describe it, I was surrounded by it now.

They also tried a few wigs on me, and settled on an auburn color with a few grey streaks through it. It was mid-length, and Jasmine called it a 'Page Boy' as if there was anything boyish about it. After an industrial amount of spray to the wig, I was ready to see myself.

However, the captain and Jasmine weren't. "If the whole undercover operation is riding on this," Captain Keller said, "then you'll get a look when the whole package is done and you can make your judgements then."

"That bad huh?" I asked.

"You might be surprised," the captain remarked.

I was then escorted upstairs where another suitcase had been emptied of its contents which were spread out on a bed.

"I really like what you were able to do with him," I heard the captain say to her friend Jasmine.

"He came out really better than I expected," Jasmine replied.

I don't know if they thought I wasn't listening or what, but I was sure they were trying to trick me.

"He's going to look really great when we can epilate his skin."

"I can't wait," Keller said.

"What does epilate mean?" I asked them.

"You'll find out," Jasmine said with a grin. "Oh lordy lord, you'll find out."

I was then told to get the robe off as Jasmine picked up a peach blouse. "How did you know my size?" I asked.

"The police department had your clothing size for your dress uniform," Captain Keller explained. "It was all in the employee database."

"Congratulations. You're a women's size 18 Tall," Jasmine said to me, giving me the skirt. "And a 10 1/2 shoe."

"That sounds huge."

"Well, it's not *too* large," Jasmine said. "A lot of women at that age have put on weight, and you won't look fat, just a little 'big-boned' as they say."

The blouse was distractingly thin and slick. I had never worn anything quite like it, and I was hopeful I never would again.

I was next given a peach wool skirt that was, oddly, one of the heaviest things I'd ever worn. It felt stiff and constricting. The two ladies let me search around fruitlessly for the way to fasten it closed, and it was pretty obvious they were enjoying themselves at my expense.

"Do you want me to zip you up?" Captain Keller asked with a pronounced smirk.

There was a short zipper at the back of the skirt that secured it, and Keller made a show of taking care of it for me. Humiliating? More than you can imagine.

Finally, I had a matching peach wool jacket to put on, and it fit surprisingly well, although tighter than any other jacket I'd ever worn. It was heavy too, not quite as much as a leather jacket, but heavier than you would expect.

Jasmine clipped a pair of large gold earrings to my earlobes and messed around with them for a moment to get them the way she liked them.

The final item were shoes, and I was given a pair of heels in peach. "You think I can wear heels, huh?" I asked.

"Everyone at Priscilla Dandridge Charm School for Young Ladies does," the captain said to me. "It was in your report."

So it was. I sat on the bed and crammed my stockings feet into the shoes, then slowly — very slowly — rose up.

I stood in triumph. "Are we done?"

The two women contemplated that answer for a little while as they looked me over, exchanging positions. Their expressions looked like they were examining modern art at a gallery.

"I think so," the captain said. "Jasmine?"

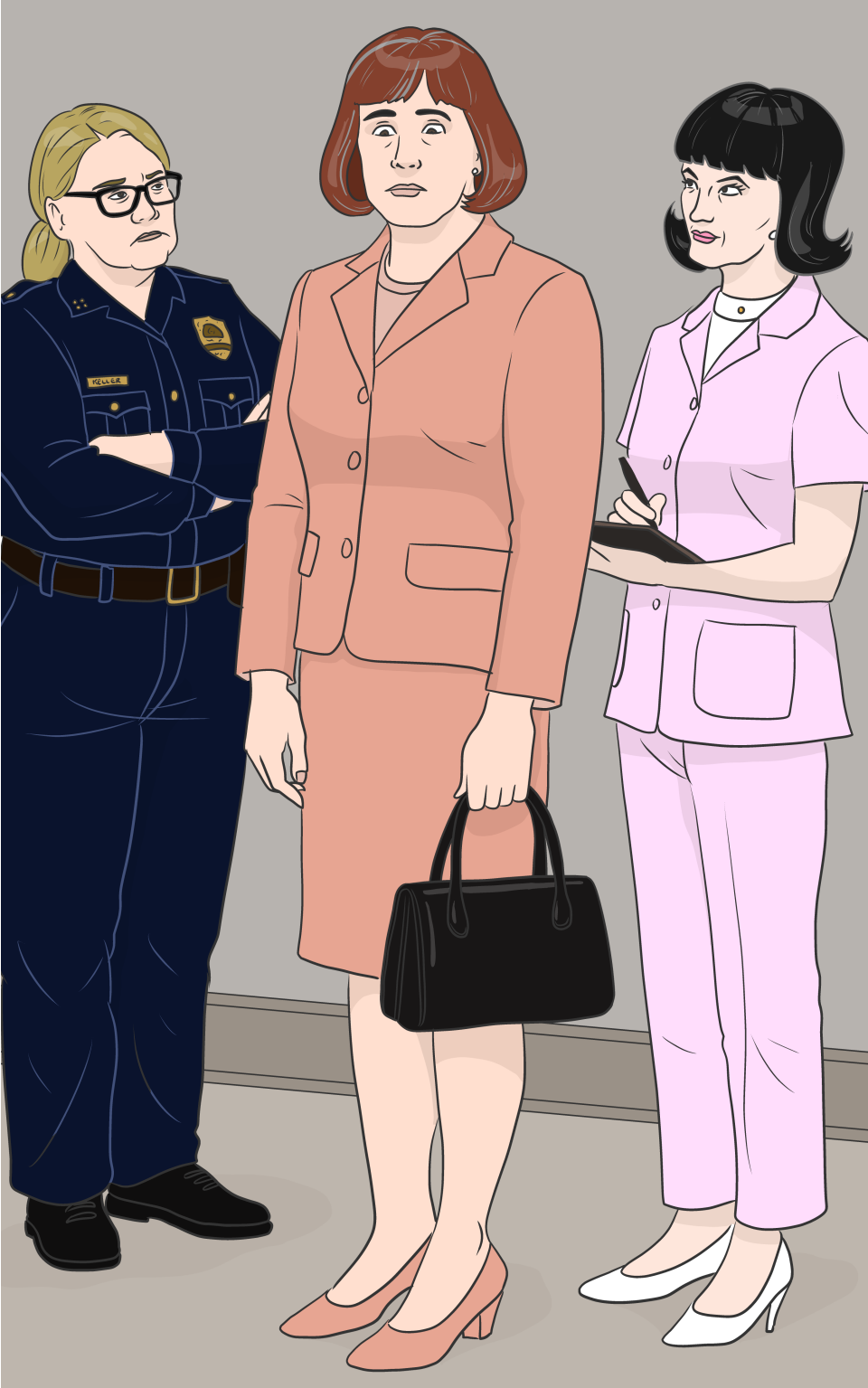
"The final product will be much more refined, of course, but I think it's..." She pointed to a full length mirror that was against the wall. "Why don't you see for yourself?"

I hobbled my way over to the mirror, as the shoes really didn't make any sense to me at all. I had no idea what I was doing, and I could hear one of the women quietly chortle behind me.

When I got to my destination, a harrowing four feet away, I was shocked. Yes, I had been set up all right. The reflection was of an intimidatingly dignified older woman. Every detail looked genuine, presenting the image of a woman who came from money, had dressed in fine clothes all her life, and although her youth had faded, she still projected confidence and grandeur. I looked like a professional, mature woman.

They had done it. I looked perfect for the role.

"That is a Dianna Dandridge if I've ever seen one," the captain said.



“She would fit in perfectly at the school,” Jasmine added.

“Well, detective?” Keller asked me.

I could go anywhere and no one would even question it. I looked like a woman in every way. If there really was such a thing, this was the perfect disguise.

“I don’t really know what to say,” was all I could come up with.

It’s not every day you find that there was a woman inside you all along.

## DAY 7

I haven’t been home since coming to the safe house. It’s turned into a kind of school of its own with me as the only student. I’ve been drilled relentlessly on everything feminine.

While I never said I was going to do this, the captain and Jasmine LaMay have just decided to start teaching me, and I haven’t run for my life, so I guess we’re doing this.

It wasn’t my first time learning how to play a role, or take on some character traits. It was definitely the most extreme situation I’d ever been in, but picking up on what I needed to know came easy.

At least most of it. Walking in the shoes is impossible.

Otherwise, I had to learn to talk with my hands, keep my back straight, giggle rather than laugh, manage my skirt, and use every possible moment alone to make sure my hair and makeup looked good.

We all decided that since I was posing as Priscilla Dandridge’s granddaughter, I ought to pattern my behavior and mannerisms to hers. So I must have watched six (seven?) of her films over the last 36 hours, repeating her lines just the way she says them. Her husky voice isn’t too hard to mimic.

Other things the captain impressed on me was getting used to more people touching me even when they didn’t need to, not to stare back when stared at, not to scratch myself.

I’ve also been rid of most of my body hair, finally learning what “epilate” means. Yay for me.

Jasmine went back to work this morning, leaving just me and Captain Keller to finish things off. She helped me with long nails, and perfume.

She also gave me a few tips to look like I was in command and knew what I was doing. One was to make a decision as quickly as possible and never back down from it.

“Not that you ever use any tricks,” I said.

“No, of course not,” she said.

## DAY 8

So today was the big day. I checked the address again. This was the place. The unmarked entrance was tucked in between two nail shops and across the street from a wine shop. The Priscilla Dandridge Charm School for Young Ladies.

It looked innocent enough, except for the fact that a charm school seemed completely out of place in modern times, that is. I also knew it was far from innocent.

As I went up the stairs and into the lobby, I couldn't help but be reminded of how unrelentingly feminine the whole place looked. The color scheme was pink, pink and off-pink. This was already going to be a tough job, but having to look at this place for the foreseeable future made me sick.

"May I help you, ma'am?"

The tall drink of water at the desk was looking at me expectantly. No doubt few men had ever made it any farther than this. When they said it was for ladies, they meant it.

"Ma'am?" the blonde asked me again.

"Yes," I said, using my feminine voice for the very first time in public. "I'm Dianna Dandridge. I think you're expecting me?" That was my cover, the "lost" granddaughter of Priscilla Dandridge, here to inherit and take over the business while my dear grandmother was incapacitated. By putting me in charge of the business, we were sure to finally figure out how the place worked, and what they were doing.

"Mrs. Dandridge!" the girl said, warmly. She had the most amazing eyes. By eyes I mean tits. "We've been awaiting your arrival!" She got up and took my arm. "Let me take you to Mrs. Dandridge's office. I'll let everyone know you're here!"

"And you are?" I asked.

"Randi Sparks," she said. Of course it would be a name like that. At least she lived up to it. She was, even for a girl in Hollywood, a genuine knockout. Her touch on my arm felt like the touch of an angel as she escorted me down the hallway, her flaxen blonde hair gently swaying back and forth, just like her butt in the tight black skirt she wore.

I was already liking this assignment.

"Here you go. Make yourself comfortable," Randi said to me as she led me into a very large and opulent office. It was obviously designed to impress. We hadn't been able to see it on the surveillance, and it was just as impressive as one would expect. "It's so sad what's happened to Mrs. Dandridge," Randi said

with an adorable pout. I so wanted to nibble on that lower lip. “Everyone here is hoping for the best.”

She left swiftly, I assumed for the purpose of rounding up people that needed to meet the new person in charge. Me, “Dianna Dandridge,” who had just inherited the business.

I noticed Mrs. Dandridge’s surveillance monitor set up that showed images of all the various classrooms so she could see and hear what was going on. They were the same views we had tapped into. I was tempted to try it out for myself, but I was trying to make a good first impression. The surveillance could wait.

I took the opportunity to check my appearance, not out of vanity, but out of panic. I was sure the first real woman to see me would immediately spot the wolf in sheep’s clothing, but so far, so good. My wig was still looking good, my lips and eyes still looked decent and the earrings dangling from my ears sparkled.

“How do you do, Ms. Dandridge,” said a very composed and elegant woman who strolled into the office. “My name is Elenor Tuft. I’m the director of The Priscilla Dandridge Charm School for Young Ladies.” I already knew that, of course, but played it like it was news to me.

“How do you do,” I said, coming around to shake her hand. I noted she held her hand limply, but it seemed purposeful. I tried to match it. “Dianna Dandridge, as you know.”

“Yes, of course. The rest of the staff is conducting classes at the moment, but they’ll be here if they become available.” She seemed to size me up for a few moments and then continued. “We’re all devastated by what’s happened to Priscilla. She’s been so full of life. It’s hard to imagine that we may lose her so suddenly.”

“It’s been a shock, and I feel horrible to have to introduce myself under such circumstances,” I said.

“No, it’s understood. Priscilla did want to keep the school in the family,” Elenor said. “How much do you know about our school?”

“Aside from the obvious, that it’s a charm school for ladies, not much,” I said. “I was hoping I could be shown how it all works.”

“Well, there’s quite a bit to show you. I can take you on a quick tour.”

“I’d appreciate that, yes.”

We headed out, Elenor leading the way, which was just the view I wanted. I almost felt bad lusting after a woman that was old enough to be my grandmother, but she was in almost as good a physical shape as the receptionist.



“This is the admissions office. All new students start here,” Elenor said, coming to the first door nearest the lobby. She opened it up and we went in. “We’re in luck. It looks like we have new students signing up.”

The small office was divided by a glass partition, and on the other side from us several women were signing documents.

“They’re signing the standard student contract with financial aid,” Elenor explained. “If we approve a student’s admission, the cost is essentially free. Even housing is included.”

Again, we were covering things I already knew, but we had to go through it. Besides, maybe I’d learn something new. “So the students live here?”

“The top floor has about fifty living spaces and we can accommodate 70 students. Although at the moment, it’s much lower. Charm school doesn’t have the demand it once did, I’m afraid.”

“I see.” I looked at the prospective new students. They didn’t seem any bit odd. They appeared normal enough, although they didn’t speak a word. There was a tension I hadn’t picked up on the video. They didn’t appear to be relaxed or comfortable in any way. “How much aid is that?”

“About \$15,000 a term, which is three months. It takes three terms to graduate.”

“Expensive.”

She turned to me and made very sure eye contact. “Yes we are.”

We proceeded to walk by the various departments. One thing that was also different from the video was how compact the school was. It was about the size of a small office building, maybe eight offices wide and three floors tall. The bottom floor of the strip mall was rented out for retail, and the school took the top two.

After the short tour, I was taken upstairs to the residences. “I assume you’ll be needing a place to stay, as you just got into town.”

“I have a hotel room.”

“No sense in wasting money. We have regular guest speakers and have a room set aside especially for them. You’re free to use it.”

Staying on site 24-7 was exactly the kind of thing that would help me close this case as fast as possible, but I didn’t want to seem eager.

“I’m going to have an apartment once I have the chance to hire a realtor. I can just stay at the hotel until then.”

“I will not allow it,” Elenor said. “You are a Dandridge, and your grandmother would eviscerate me if I allowed you to go bankrupt paying for expensive hotels.”

“Well, if you insist.”



"I do," she said. "Room 112," she said as she gestured to the door with that number on it. She then delicately placed a key in my hand. "Here's your key."

"That's very kind of you," I said. "I'll send for my bags." We headed back downstairs.

"Ah, Jasmine," Elenor said to a passing woman. "Come meet Priscilla's granddaughter, Dianna Dandridge. This is Jasmine LaMay, our head of cosmetology."

"Makeup and hair, yes. Hello, Jasmine, I'm Dianna," I said, trying very, very hard to not look like I already knew her.

"Ah, Ms. Dandridge. It's such a pleasure to meet you." She shook my hand in the same limp manner Elenor had and gave me a metered smile. "Under such sad circumstances, though. I hope your grandmother is feeling better soon. We all miss her."

"The doctors say there's always a chance," I said, pretending to have talked to them. Honestly, I knew nothing about her condition. She could have been dead or standing right behind me. I had no idea.

"I'll catch up with you later," Jasmine said. "I have a class staring in just a minute."

I watched as she left, her pumps clicking on the hard floor, never turning back to give me wink or anything like that. At least she knew how to keep a secret.

We returned to Priscilla's grandly furnished office. "To be practical, Ms. Dandridge," Elenor said, "your grandmother, and my best friend, is not going to survive much longer. Even if she does fight like the tough old bird I know her to be, I don't believe she'll be in any shape to run the school. So if you are going to be inheriting this place of learning, I want to know that you're going to give it everything you've got."

"I may be new here," I said. "But I have spent my lifetime living up to my name. The Dandridge Charm School will be my way of holding up my grandmother's legacy. I will do everything I can to make this institution live up to her standards. I love my grandmother and I will not let her down."

"I know you'll do wonderfully," Elenor said, apparently pleased with my little speech. I had practiced it. "Tomorrow, I'll be calling on you bright and early. Are you ready?"

"Yes, Ms. Tuft."

"Please, *Elenor*. Well, buckle up! It's going to be a wild ride."

She had no idea how wild I intended to make it.



I was a bundle of nerves after just a few hours of pretending to be a woman. My pulse was probably double what it normally was. I was scared out of my mind for every moment I was being seen by others, but I think I got away with it. There were lots of lessons I'd learned from my first day, and primary amongst them was to take every break I possibly could.

I needed every spare chance to adjust my stockings, my sagging bra, my blouse becoming untucked, my hair going stray, my makeup wearing off — I needed constant maintenance. My appearance was vital to keeping my cover.

The next thing I had learned was that I had to work harder on my character. I had never really had to completely imitate someone before. Usually, my characters were just versions of myself. Dianna Dandridge, granddaughter of the famous Priscilla Dandridge was a very specific persona, and I was finding myself falling in and out of character at times. I needed to do a better job of fully realizing who Dianna Dandridge was — I mean, it's Hollywood. We're all frustrated actors here.

I was going to just have to think "Dianna Dandridge" from here on out. How she talks, how she acts, how she sits, how she stands, how she speaks... These are all things I'm going to need for the days ahead, I would have to say. It was time to bury myself in Dianna's life.

The investigation could wait. I needed to be Dianna for now and gain everyone's trust.

## DAY 9

When I woke, my phone had a message on it: "Your auction bid is still pending and the seller is interested." That was a code from Captain Keller. It meant that the undercover operation was still active, and Priscilla Dandridge was still alive. You need to work these things out for the unexpected.

The room they've given me has a bed that is probably the most comfortable I've had in years. Ever since the divorce, I've been on my own, and I haven't had the kind of money to get a decent place, so it was nice to relax in a luxuriously soft bed. Oh, and I checked for microphones and cameras, and the place was clean.

The door also has an interior lock, so I don't need to worry about anyone breaking in to find me without my disguise on. However, as I would do for any undercover job, I make sure I'm always ready to be interrupted.

I slept in a nightgown, covering a less constrictive body shaper that was suitable for sleeping and still had inserts for the breasts. The wig I was wearing was pinned to my scalp so it wouldn't come off in anything less than a tornado.

There were post-it notes stuck to the clothes in my suitcase to coordinate the items in there, left by Jasmine. I was grateful for the help. It took forever, starting with the shaper, then panties, garter, stockings, bra, slip. I then attended to my wig, which was a mess. I must have spent half an hour undoing it and starting over.

I was also tasked with doing my own makeup today, which I had been practicing, but I got the feeling it takes women a lifetime to get it right. I did it three times before it was acceptable. I added some perfume as my last step.

Then I moved on to the blouse, then skirt, earrings, necklace, bracelets, and jacket. I had done it before in training, but I was still overwhelmed by the sheer time and steps involved.

A knock came to my door. I was expecting it. "Just wanted to stop by and see if you needed anything," Jasmine LaMay said. Actually, she was checking in to make sure I had made it through the process of getting dressed in decent shape. "Oh, you might want to touch up your lipstick, Ms. Dandridge."

If that was all I need to do, I considered the morning a success.

My first full day as the new head of the Priscilla Dandridge Charm School for Young Ladies began with meeting Elenor Tuft in Priscilla's office. She was just as impressive as she had been yesterday. I swear she could just run this whole thing by just giving staff withering stares.

When I arrived, I found Elenor seated in discussion. "Ms. Dandridge, good morning." She checked her slender watch. "And just on time."

Well, I had gotten up two hours ago. I was going to be on time this morning even if it killed me.

Elenor spoke to the guest. "Ms. Dandridge stands to inherit the school, if we should be so unfortunate to lose Priscilla."

"My dearest wishes to your grandmother, Ms. Dandridge." The guest stood to shake my hand. I held it limply like I had learned. "I was devastated to hear what had happened. I'm Merrill Thorne."

"Ms. Thorne is our recruiter," Elenor said.

"We are all hoping for the best," I said. "My grandmother is a fighter." A paused for a respectful moment before continuing. "What kind of recruiting, Ms. Thorne?"

"Recruiting new students," she said, taking her seat again. "The school has employed me for thirty years to recruit its' students. I've brought over a thousand students to the Priscilla Dandridge Charm School for Young Ladies."

I did the math in my head. That worked out to just over 30 students a year. It wasn't exactly the kind of low numbers I would expect. I filed that number away.

"I'm glad I got a chance to meet you, Ms. Thorne," I said to her. "I'm sure we'll be seeing quite a bit of each other."

"So you'll be running the school?" She asked.

"It seems likely, yes, if the worst should come to pass."

I looked for any kind of reaction from Elenor. I suspected she was anticipating that she'd be in control if Mrs. Dandridge had passed away, and she might be a bit bitter. She didn't seem to react in any way, but I was coming to believe she had a face of stone.

Ms. Thorne and Elenor ran me through the basics of how recruiting worked at the school. She essentially was the sales department, but she didn't really do traditional marketing. There were no print ads, no TV or radio, no press releases, nothing like that. They hadn't even printed up a brochure. Mrs. Dandridge apparently relied on word-of-mouth marketing and the use of her name.

That in itself felt suspicious. They didn't even have a sign on the building. It was like they wanted to keep the very existence of the school from gaining any kind of attention. Like they were trying to hide something. For now, though, I was only gathering information. I'd question Elenor about it after I had some standing here. That's undercover lesson number one: be patient.

Elenor saw Ms. Thorne off and told me she had meetings with the staff scheduled all day, leaving me alone in the huge office. I watched some of the surveillance cameras, but mostly I just examined Mrs. Dandridge's amazingly ornate office filled with books and memorabilia from her acting career. I recognized several props from the films I had been watching, now decades older and showing their age. I didn't dare touch them.

It was fascinating, seeing her whole professional life played out in the items. The photos displayed her with famous actors and in amazing locations. I could only imagine the stories she could tell. She had truly seen it all, filming all over the world and meeting the most incredible people.

It seemed hard to imagine she'd have anything to do with a place that makes people disappear, wiped from the face of the Earth, never to be seen again.

As the day was coming to an end, Bianca Newman, the fashion instructor dropped by the office. "I didn't see you at lunch," Ms. Newman said. "I was hoping you'd drop by."

"Lunch?" I had to ask.

“At the commissary,” she explained. “You know we have a commissary, right?”

“I uh... no. To be honest I guess I got wrapped up looking around this office.”

“It’s very impressive, isn’t it? I could spend days in here. But you do need to eat.”

She led me down the main hallway, and through to a room with several small, round tables with embroidered tablecloths and flowers in vases. It looked like an old European café one might see in a Priscilla Dandridge movie. However, the room beyond the tables was more along the lines of a prison cafeteria.

My stomach growled, but under the many layers of clothing I was wearing, it couldn’t be heard. I did need something to eat. What I found wasn’t exactly what I was hoping for — the food on offer was a large salad bar, with a few brothly soups and some crackers. Tea, coffee and “fruit infused” water were the only drinks on offer.

I did what I could and made a salad for myself, piling it as high as I could on the shallow, small plate they supplied. Portion control was in effect here, that was for sure.

“They don’t want the girls to get too much to eat, I suppose,” I said, as I brought my plate back to the small table Ms. Newman was seated at.

“I find the salads here to be more than filling enough,” she replied. “You may have more than you can handle there.”

My salad couldn’t have been more than a couple of inches tall on a plate that was only 8 inches wide. A rabbit ate more than this in a sitting.

“I wanted to make sure you have all your questions answered about the fashion classes,” Bianca said in between bites. I noticed she was a very proper eater, being very deliberate about holding her fork in the right position and chewing everything a specific number of times. She also didn’t put her elbows on the table, just like my mother used to tell me. She also lightly dabbed her lips with the napkin, like a princess. I did my best to mimic her immaculate table manners.

“Well, I don’t have a lot of questions,” I said. “Fashion is the kind of thing I’ve never had much of a history with.” I could tell by the look I was getting from Ms. Newman that this was not news to her. “If that wasn’t already obvious,” I added.

“Well, I do have some suggestions,” she said, as diplomatically as she could. “When we’re done here, come with me to my classroom.”

“Oh? Is there something there that might improve my fashion sense?”

"We provide multiple outfits for many of our students during their stay," Ms. Newman said. "And, after all, I'd like to show you what I do."

"It sounds good," I said. This was a chance to see deeper into how and what instructors did here, exactly, so I was game for it. I just had to make sure I didn't need to undress in front of her. I then looked down at the food in front of me. I had only eaten less than a quarter of it, but I was full. Maybe it was the body shaper's compression of my stomach, but I honestly didn't feel like I needed to eat any further. "Shall we go?"

Sure enough, at the back of the fashion classroom was another room, a wardrobe even larger than the classroom itself, stuffed to the rafters with outfits of endless variety. It was like a costume shop, in many ways.

"Now Ms. Dandridge..."

"Please, after hours, it's Dianna," I said.

"Dianna, in my professional opinion, your clothing choices may be a bit... Flashy for being the head of the school." She was working her way through a rack. "What size are you?"

"18 Tall," I replied, pleased with myself for remembering that. "A little flashy? I thought this was conservative."

"The cut is, but the colors aren't. It looks like something Jasmine might wear."

You don't say. She was the one had picked my clothes out. Bianca knew her stuff.

She pulled a skirt suit set from the rack. "Let's try this one," she suggested. "If you don't mind."

"Uh... Is there somewhere I can change?"

"Behind the screens," she said, pointing back out into the classroom. She smirked a little, obviously amused at my need for privacy. Little did she know what I was really covering up.

The variety and volume of clothing in the back was mind-boggling. It was hard to imagine that every single student needed to be clothed with a full set of outfits, but maybe that was a part of the service they provided here. That would account for what I had just seen.

I was very, very careful to be unseen, and Bianca stayed in the wardrobe area, far away from where I was. I changed out of the peach outfit I was wearing into a more neutral grey outfit, that was styled very much the same. I did note the skirt was a little shorter, which I was not a fan of. However, I did agree that the grey was more becoming of a person in charge.

"What do you think?" Bianca asked as I returned to the wardrobe.