

Gina was going to ruin everything.

The new students had been studying the school's layout, figuring out ways around its protections and putting together a plan of escape. It was a shot in the dark with almost no chance of working, but maybe it could be improved. They could figure out how to fix some of its kinks or learn things that could help them. They could turn their desperate attempt into something feasible...

If only they waited a little longer.

Adam knew that trusting that was stupid. He knew why they wanted to hurry. But as he woke up, his thoughts were all directed around the hope that they would be patient.

They started there, at least.

His thoughts soon turned to the tenderness on his chest. At first, he thought it was just more growing pains from the hormones and whatever strange things they were doing to them, but then he reached up and touched-

He touched his breast buds.

A small gasp escaped his lips as Cindy sighed. She was already awake, probably still full of bad dreams after what happened to her in the lower levels. "I'm sorry..."

"No..no...it's fine" said Adam, trying to keep his head on straight. All that mattered was convincing Gina not to rebel. They needed more time. So he put aside his sore breasts, trying not to think of them as such, and began to get dressed. His panties were lacier today, more like lingerie than the simple pink ones they'd had before. And, as if the faculty somehow knew, there was a training bra there for him. He considered it

for a moment before putting the shirt on instead. It was a cute little crop top that matched his tiny little ruffled skirt. Then, using all his brainpower to ignore the strange discs beneath his nipples, he made his way out into the hall.

Today's first class was fashion, so the students had a bit of time to wake up before the true torture began. In fact, they were swiftly broken up into pairs so that they could work on making a dress together, and Adam quickly hurried towards Gina.

"You can't do this" he whispered to him.

Gina shook their head. "Any luck with Bri?"

Adam grimaced. "Not really. But just give me more-"

"No!" they hissed. "I got put in a smaller cage yesterday. And don't think I don't see what's in your shirt" she pointed out. "This is going to be a longshot whenever we do it, so we're doing it soon."

Adam blushed as their next chest developments were noted. "Please just...when?" they begged.

"Lunch" they told them. "You have until then to convince me. But fair warning, you won't."

"Excuse me?" asked the teacher as she did her rounds. "No talking unless it's about your hemline. Because yours can do with a bit of work."

The rest of the class went on in a tense silence, though it was probably tense for Adam alone. He spent most of the time trying to think of a way to convince them, some hope to dangle in front of their eyes so they would hold this plan off. He couldn't come up with one, though he did notice Gina subtly stealing some needles and a small pair of scissors. It occurred to Adam that if he turned them in for that, they'd get a slap on the

wrist compared to the basement, and their plan would be put on hold. But he couldn't do that. He wasn't going to give anyone up. He just had to figure this out.

Next came Gym.

The students were ushered down to the locker room, where downcast eyes and heads facing the walls tried to ignore just how feminine they were getting. Adam changed his skirt out first, knowing that everyone here was in a cage and panties. But he hesitated for his top. His hands clung to the bottom, ready to peel it up and off, but he couldn't make them. Finally, as the others finished up and he lagged far behind, he took a breath and did it. He hurried to replace it with the gym top when-

"Eve!" chuckled Mistress Amy, giving a slow clap as she walked over. "Why didn't you say something? LADIES AND LADIES! Listen up! Your classmate Eve is having a very big day. Her breasts are starting to come in!"

Some of them had the decency not to look but most turned and gazed upon Adam as he quickly tried to cover himself. But his hands on his tender flesh was a terrible feeling. If it hadn't been for the eyes, he would never be gripping his sore flesh this tight.

"Come on gurls, let's all sing! For she's starting to get Titties, for she's starting to get Titties, for she's starting to get Titties and no sissy can deny!"

Adam wasn't sure how it happened. Refusing to confront his chest all day probably didn't help. But if he'd been bottling it up before, he couldn't now. Tears were flowing down her cheeks. He felt himself starting to sob as Mistress Amy gestured for the others to head upstairs. By the time they were gone, he was crying in earnest. The teacher came over and chuckled even more.

“Tears of joy. You’re going to be a C cup, if I had to guess. Now...” she said, pushing a bra into his chest. “Put that on and get up there or else we’ll spend next class playing pickleball with your balls” she threatened. Adam was a mess but he slowly put on the bra, then the top over it, before hurrying up the stairs. The other students gave him sympathetic looks.

“Now as you girls have probably noticed, you’re going through changes. I wish I could take all the credit but I just help with flexibility and getting your rump pert. As for the real big alterations, you can thank Dr. Greene. Sometimes my job is more just taking a benchmark. We want to see how you’re doing, keep track of your physical abilities in case a drug goes bad and paralyzes one of you” she joked. None of the students seemed to find it as funny as she did.

“So here’s a challenge for you...” she led the students to the other side of the gym where a bench and bar were waiting. Grabbing one of the weights, she began to set them up for a benchpress.

“The average untrained teenage male can bench press 85 lbs. This is 75 pounds. If any of you can complete just five repetitions up and down with it, you’re free to go.”

The students all looked to each other in shock. She couldn’t be serious.

Gina was the first to step forward.

“Oh, tough girl. Try not break a nail” taunted Mistress Amy as Gina got down under the bar. She stood overhead, ready to act as a spotter if need be. Gina reached up and gripped it, taking a deep breath and pushing...

Nothing.

She pressed hard, grunting with all her might and trying harder and harder until...

Nothing.

Gritting her teeth, she pushed until she was practically writhing under the weight, her back grinding on the bench. She managed to budge it but only barely.

“This isn’t fair! You lied about the weight, didn’t you?! You just want to hurt our feelings!” snapped Gina. Mistress Amy sighed.

“You’re right. I did lie. It’s not 75 lbs. It’s 65 lbs, the average *female* teenage bench press.”

Gina’s face dropped. So did the face of every student. This was 20 lbs less than what an average teen male could do with no training. Gina wasn’t even a teenager and he couldn’t even do the female version of it. He couldn’t even lift it.

“Don’t worry, sissy. This is why you’re so pretty, so that big strong men want to lift things for you” said Amy as she patted him on the head. “Now get up and give everyone else a turn.”

Gina was practically shaking with fear and rage. Mistress Amy leaned down and twisted her nipple through the top. “Now!”

Slowly, she stood and made her way back. A few other sissies tried, but none of them did better. How had they become so weak? Was it just the hormones or was it something else? If this was how weak they were right now, when their breasts were just starting to bud...how bad would they end up?

The rest of the class was all stretched and squats, which the students seemed sickeningly suited for. Then they went back and changed before heading towards their last class before lunch. Adam still hadn’t figured out a plan. With what had happened to

start the day, he wasn't sure if there was anything that could make the conspirators hold off.

The last class, unfortunately, was deportment. There were 5 inch heels waiting for all the students and they were soon locked into them. Adam sheltered a small hope that this would put off the rebellion, since they needed to acclimate to these, but the look on Gina's face said otherwise.

"Today's lesson is flirting. Batting eyelashes, leaning in, swooning and looking cute" said Mistress Rachel as she turned on the screen to reveal a cute, shirtless picture of a boy. "Now give me your best looks."

A few tried...something. The rest just looked confused. "Come on, you know better than most how people want girls to look at them. Look at him like he's so cute and hot and smart. Bat your lashes. Wink. Blush!"

They tried their best and those who did especially subpar soon met the end of Mistress Rachel's riding crop. But she kept it up, telling them that this would take multiple lessons. Plus, them actually becoming hot would help.

Finally, lunch came.

Adam knew enough of the plan from their conversations to look for a few things. Whether it was fabric stolen from the fashion room or their own mashed and pasty food, they were going to use it to stop the collars. All they needed to do was get it between the part shocking them and their skin, or at least that was the idea. Even if only half the options worked, the students left would be able to run and fight. So Adam knew as he sat with Cindy that they at least had until everyone had their plates.

“If they do try this, we have to put our hands up so we don’t get in trouble” he told Cindy as the meals were served.

“Or we can try too...” she muttered. Adam raised an eyebrow.

“I’m just...just saying. We’ll see how they do” she shrugged.

The moment of truth was coming.

He saw them with their homemade and improvised weapons, most of which would do nothing to the men in swat uniforms. But they were something. Gina looked around and then started to rub her paste on the inside of her collar. They were doing it subtly at first, trying not to get noticed. But by the time the guards caught wind of it, they were rushing. It was time. A few guards tried to shock them and a few students fell. Not all of them though. It worked.

So those still up started to run. Those who had been on the fence tried their hands at disabling their collars. The guards called for backup. Adam watched in horror.

Doors were locking automatically.

Students who had managed to bypass their collars were being tazed the old fashion way. A few managed to stab at the guards with scissors or needles but it did nothing to their armor and those that hit the gaps in it just made them angry. Gina had managed to run through the door before it closed but who knew how she and the others were faring out there.

As for the older girls, they just sat there eating, like there wasn’t going a riot going on, like there wasn’t any point in helping.

Soon enough those who had fought were on the ground and cattle prods kept them down whenever they stirred.

The doors reopened and Gina was dragged in by her hair, thrown on the ground.

The headmaster walked in behind her.

“Well, seems like we’ve had some poor discipline here...” he said, hands in his pockets.

“I’m going to ki-”

Gina collapsed to the ground before she could finish the sentence. “What was that?” he asked.

“No...I’m not giving up-”

Another shock.

The guard’s taser was on its lowest setting.

“Now apologize, sissy” ordered the headmaster.

“Never!” shouted Gina. They just kept tazing her, kept asking her to say she was sorry. Finally, she passed out. Adam sat there, watching aghast.

“Thanks for the tip on this, Eve” smirked the headmaster, pointing fingerguns right to her. “Could have never stopped this without you.”

Adam’s blood went cold. He hadn’t given a tip. Everyone was staring at him. Hateful gazes bored into him from every side. But...they had to know he was lying. He was trying to sow division, trying to stop them from listening to him.

“Now come with me” he said as the bell rang early. The guards dragged Gina off on the floor. “The rest of you, go to your next class. I’ll deal with these troublemakers later...”

The headmaster led Adam to his doctor's office in total silence. The only sound was the opening and closing of the door, and the close of the lock behind them.

"I...I didn't tell you anything."

"No, you didn't. But sissies are too stupid to figure that out. And you brats are so easy when it comes to causing discord. Oh, I'm sorry. Those are big words for you" he smirked as he patted the hospital bed. Adam slowly got onto it and put his legs in the stirrups.

"What are you going to do to Gina?"

"You should be more worried about what happens to you" he smiled. Reaching under Adam's skirt, he pulled on the panties and reached down towards his cage.

"Hmm...getting too roomy in here..." he mused, before heading to a cabinet and taking out a key. There was also something in his other hand now, though Adam couldn't see.

"Here....we...go..." he muttered to himself as he unlocked the cage, taking it out and tossing it aside. He opened his palm to reveal a set of two cages. One was smaller than the original, but still the same type. The other looked like a thimble. "This one is the one you'd be wearing if you didn't ask Bri for help" he said, tossing the largest one aside as well. He went under the skirt and began to force it onto Adam's member.

"Wait! Oow! That-"

"Shut up!" he snapped as Adam writhed in pain, soon trapped in the painfully small metal confines. The headmaster locked it and returned the key to the cabinet.

"Stand. Now."

Adam struggled up to his feet as the headmaster took out something else, some sort of massive black tube. "Arms up."

Adam frowned as he did so, seeing as the headmaster put the tube over his torso, where it slowly began to shrink. He thought it was some sort of tube top at first before it started to get painful.

The headmaster grinned as he gasped for air and as the corset shrunk more and more into the ideal shape. "Smart fabrics. It's designed to shrink or expand on its own. It can respond to my remote controls and form itself into any shape I want. To form you into any shape I want."

Adam wheezed for air as the corset finally stopped shrinking, squeezing his waist with a vise like grip that seemed to cinch in on his organs themselves.

"We're going to change your DNA here. We're going to change your fingerprints...heck we can change your eye color if we want to" gloated the headmaster as he walked over and ran a hand through Adam's hair. "So don't think you're smarter than us. Don't think you can win."

He reached for a remote and pressed a button as Adam gasped. His plug had grown in size.

"Now get down on your knees and promise to be a well behaved sissy, before I give you breast implants here and now."

Adam was practically shaking. It wasn't just the pain and agony he was in, but he was terrified. Just lowering himself down was absolute torture. But he was soon looking up for his knees, tears going down his cheeks.

"Pl...please. I'll be a good girl."

"A good sissy" corrected the headmaster.

"A good sissy..." she whimpered.

He leaned down and patted her on the head. "I know you will be."