

THE BLACK ROSE TRAINING ACADEMY

By Aletha Blackhart



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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THE BLACK ROSE TRAINING ACADEMY

By Aletha Blackhart

Monday - August 31, 2192 1:45 PM

I have not been a very good boy. My father is tired of trying to teach me how to be a good boy for eighteen years.

I have been sent to the Black Rose Training Academy, to be taught how to be a girl. When I have learned how to do so successfully, I will then be taught how to be a woman. When I have learned how to do this successfully as well, my sex will be changed to female. I will then spend the rest of my life on earth, living as a woman.

I am obviously quite depressed about this. I just wanted to have fun and enjoy my life. I figured it really didn't matter if I accomplished anything with it. Apparently, I was wrong. I am required to work like everyone else. And since I refused to do so as a male, my destiny has been changed to that of a female.

I will be learning and performing women's work for the rest of my life. And when I fail to do as instructed, I will be deeply humiliated for my failure. And if that doesn't work, I will be subjected to bondage and discipline. And if that doesn't get me to work, I'll be thrown into a Slave Brothel; where I'll be chained in submissive display for the pleasure of any man that chooses to pay the price for using me as he pleases.

In short, my life isn't going too well, right now. And apparently, my only option for a good life in the future, is to choose the life of a female. I've been told that I'm going to have to learn to choose to be female, 24 hours a day. Anything less, will not get me a diploma. And I will not be leaving this place until I have one.

So far, things have not been too bad. All I've been required to do so far is wear panties all the time. I seem to be going through a testing period, to see how many female skills I already possess. I had to dust and vacuum a bedroom, today. I also had to run a load of laundry. Then I had to place a phone order; run off some copies of documents from a Word Processor program; and balance a check book.

Now, I have to start this diary. I think diaries are stupid, but apparently my opinions don't count for anything here; and I've been advised to keep them to myself. If I really feel a need to express them, I'm to do so here in this diary. It's my understanding that I'm going to have to write in this stupid thing every day. So I guess that makes two things I have to do at this point: wear panties and keep a diary.

Most of the people I've met so far are other boys like myself, and a lot of female instructors. I've met a few men. They are the disciplinarians here. Apparently, their job is to make certain that the female instructors never feel as though they are wasting their time, in teaching us boys how to be female. One of them nearly broke both my

arms, getting me to cooperate with the instructor, who was teaching me the proper way for a boy to put on panties. I now have horrible bruises on both my wrists. The man assured me, that with my continuing cooperation, any bruises I acquire in training will soon fade away. He made it clear that he was not talking about the bruises to my ego.

This whole process is horribly embarrassing. I and my fellow students spend a lot of time red faced from the humiliation of it. We've been told that once we are over our natural reaction to being feminized, we will be taught the proper use and application of cosmetic blush, to give us that shy, coy, bashful look that men find so attractive, in truly feminine women. It is the professed intention of this academy to give us everything we need to attract and gratify, healthy, masculine men. This apparently includes the desire to love and to serve them faithfully; physically, mentally and emotionally.

Given the way I feel about men, it looks like I'll be spending the rest of my life chained up in some kind of Slave Brothel. I've always been exclusively heterosexual. And from all I understand about that, it's a permanent part of my sexual orientation and Satan, himself, cannot change it. I absolutely dread what I am so obviously going to have to fake to get out of this place.

Oh! And what a sick joke! They gave me a quick tour of the electric fence with the barbed wire on top that surrounds this place. And a look at the attack dogs that patrol the grounds. Why? So I wouldn't have to be frightened of any bad people getting in here to hurt me for being a sissy.

Right!!!

Well... I guess that's enough for today. Now all I have to do is shower and wash my hair. Then get some clean clothes on. After that I'm done for the day. I've been told that every day will be like this. That is, once I've finished doing what they want me to do, the rest of the day is mine to do with as I please. I wonder what a boy can do around here to have some fun?

Bye for now,
Shawn.

Tuesday - September 1, 2192 4 PM

Dear Diary,

Well... Another day, another dollar. Mostly, today was pretty much like yesterday. I had to do some more laundry. Only this time there was some female dainty stuff mixed in with it. I had to sort out the hand washable part and do that by hand. Then I had to sew a ripped seam in a pair of pants. Then I had to sew some torn trim back onto a blanket. It's unbelievable how much time some of this female stuff takes to do. Then I had to make my own lunch. Next I had to take the sheets off my bed and wash my sheets and towels. Then I had to learn how to make my bed the way they want me to make it, so I'll know how to do it in the future.

The stupidest thing of all, is that when I'm done with this diary entry, I have to take another shower and wash my hair, again! Then I have to put on another set of clean clothes! No wonder there's so much laundry to do around here!

When I asked them what possible reason there could be for doing this when I'm still clean from yesterday, you're not going to believe what they told me. They said a husband has every right to expect his wife to be freshly bathed and powdered when he comes home. And this is therefore appropriate training for my future as some healthy, virile man's wife! I can't believe they're actually doing this to me! How the hell am I going to survive?!

And the fun and games for after work is done? I don't even want to get into the sissy stuff they consider fun and games. They have three television rooms, for example. All three only show female stuff. You get your choice. Serious stuff on the issues of being a female in today's world. Fictitious stuff on being a female in today's world. And unbelievably silly stuff they refer to as modern romance.

Thankfully, they have a computer room with video games. But even that stuff is rigged against you. Every two to three minutes the stupid games go into pause mode and you have to answer a female question in order to get it to go on. And if you get the question wrong, it ends your game. Then you have to get up and wait in line for another open terminal. And some of the questions you have to answer are really unfair. I lost this game I had racked up a really good score on, because I couldn't tell the difference between "toasted rose" and "Caribbean coral." Now how in the hell is anybody supposed to be able to tell that?!!! Why can't females just call pink "pink" like the rest of the world?!!! What difference does it make what "flavor" it is?!!!

Well, at least the only female thing I have to wear are these stupid panties. I wish they came in colors other than sissy pastels. I wonder how long it will be before they make me wear some other female thing as well? I don't even want to think about what it is going to be.

Enough of this stuff, for now. It's time to get clean, again. Then on to more fun and games. See you tomorrow,

Shawn.

Wednesday - September 2, 2192 - 2:30 PM

Dear Diary,

This place is like really weird. Today, they took me and some of the other boys out to do yard work. We had to rake and mow a portion of the grounds. I don't get it. Why didn't they make me do some kind of girl thing? I mean aside from having to wear girl's panties. I did have to fix my lunch, but that's no real big deal.

What are these people up to?

Like for example, I do have to do what they tell me to do or I end up getting plastered. Yet, I can make ugly faces at them, and rude noises and comments, and it doesn't seem to bother them.

All they ever do is make some comment like, "I see you're not feeling very pretty today. I'm sorry to hear that."

I mean, like what gives with these people. My father would never let me get away with even half the shit I've given them. I just can't believe that it really doesn't bother them. It's almost as if they understood how I felt about all this crap and simply don't expect me to feel or act differently. These people are really starting to give me the creeps. Somehow they're not quite human. Nobody but nobody puts up with the crap me and the other guys have been giving them. Not adults, at any rate. Something just isn't right here. These people are missing some marbles.

I actually got to see a good movie on the Romance Channel last night. It was about this barbarian named Conan. It was all about Swords and Sorcery and stuff. It had some really cool fighting scenes in it. There were a couple of hot babes in it of course. This one was a female thief that got herself killed by this really nasty dude. Then at the end of the flick she comes back as some kind of a ghost and saves Conan's life. If I can't figure some way out of this joint and actually get stuck with becoming a female, I think that's the kind I'd like to be. She was a really cool dude. She got all sloppy and romantic some times, but I don't have to be that stupid. I'm going to be this real tough babe. No man is going to trick me into that sloppy stuff. And there's nothing these people can do about that. I may have to do what they tell me to while I'm here. But once I'm out of here, I'm going to go back to doing my own thing.

I wonder if a person can really make a good living as a female thief? It was a pretty easy thing to get away with back then. Now a person has to worry about the cops. They keep a file on everything. And with modern communications and computers, it's like available all over the world whenever they want it. You can't just skip town and start pulling capers somewhere else. Your file follows you everywhere.

Hmm... Maybe I should learn to be a hacker. That way I could always find my file and change it when I had to. I'll have to give this some thought. Getting to be that good with computers is like really tough. And if they ever figure out a way to keep hackers from getting in, the effort could be a total waste of time.

I wonder if there's anything else I could do as a female that would be interesting? Housework certainly isn't it. And I'll be damned if I'm going to marry some man. They're all a bunch of jerks anyway. And if they think they can turn me into some kind of slave girl, who's going to beg them to fuck me; they've got a whole different story coming at them. Once I'm out of this place, there ain't no man that's going to get close enough to touch me. Not unless he's my slave. And that's that!

So you teachers and disciplinarians enjoy messing with me all you want to while I'm here. Because once I'm gone... I'm gone!

Now, I gotta go and take another shower and wash my hair, again. What a bunch of crap. I hardly worked up a decent sweat, today. And there's nothing they can do about that, either!

So till tomorrow,
Buddy, old pal,
Shawn.

Thursday - September 3, 2192 12:10 PM

Hello again Diary,

I got put back on laundry detail again, today. More hand washable stuff. I also had some white stuff to do. That gets done separate with bleach. I wonder how many other different separate stuff I'm going to have to learn. Any way, I figured what the heck and just did it. As long as they're willing to live up to their promise of the rest of the day off, once the have to do stuff is done, I might as well take advantage of it.

Also, on account of bathing and washing my hair when they want me to, I don't have to do that till dinner time. I still can't believe they expect me to shower and wash my hair every day, but apparently it's something that girls have to do. And until I get out of this place, they're making it pretty clear that I'm going to have to learn and do all the stuff that girl's have to do. This place sure does suck!

At least I'm going to get to do something cool this afternoon. They claim it's important for girls to develop a good sense of balance and coordination. That way, when they're all grown up and have to go to a formal function, they'll be able to get around in high heels and long gowns and still look graceful and feminine while doing so. What that has to do with playing basketball is beyond me. But anyway, they're going to let us spend the afternoon playing it.

These people sure have the strangest reasons for everything they do. Everybody knows you play basketball because it's fun. These people are some kind of crackers. They can't seem to come up with a normal reason for doing or saying anything. I wonder if I'm going to have to learn to talk like they do in order to get out of here? I certainly hope not. It's just plain too weird.

Had another really good video game wiped out last night, because I didn't know the difference between a long line bra and a bustier. Then I got back in there and had another great one going. That one got wiped, because I didn't know the difference between a wedge and a pump. How the hell was I supposed to know they were talking about some kind of shoe!

I think whoever makes up those questions, must have a really twisted mind! How are we supposed to know the answers to questions like that, when they haven't taken the time to teach us anything about it? Having to take a test is bad enough when you do know the answers. Having to take one when you haven't even been taught anything, yet... That is really a bunch of shit!!!

Got to see a decent flick on the real life fiction channel last night as well. It was about this female detective who kept getting herself in trouble. Now that's more like real females. If it wasn't for this tough guy, that kept coming in to bail her out, she would have gotten herself killed at least a dozen times. Females just don't know what they're doing. Having all those different names for colors and fabrics and clothes and stuff, is proof positive of that.

I think the first thing I'm going to have to do when I get out of here, is find some place where I can get back to being a guy. Then I'll find me a real job. Something only

men know how to do. If they think that I'm actually going to spend the rest of my life doing housework...boy are they really looped!

And I still don't believe they're not going to read what I'm writing in this thing. They've just been checking it so far, to make certain that I'm actually writing in it. Boy are they really going to get an eyeful, when they read what I'm actually writing. And it will serve them right, too.

It's a lie to say that what I write in here is private, when they know damn well it's not. They probably sneak in here when I'm not around and read it then. It's got a lock on it and I'm apparently the only one that's got the keys. But if they actually gave me the only keys to it, they're even stupider than I thought. Who ever heard of an adult giving a kid the key to something, and not keeping a spare one in secret for themselves?

They must really think that some of us boys were born yesterday. There's no other explanation for some of the things they do and say. So I guess that's one up for our side. Boy are they going to look like a bunch of jerks, when we get out of here, and go back to doing what we really want.

Grown ups! They actually think they know what's going on in the world. I probably already know more than they will ever learn. I'm just glad I got street wise while I was still young. Apparently, what ever they've got is contagious. And your only protection is to be aware of it. And to make sure that it doesn't happen to you.

Well... Enough of this for now. See you tomorrow.

Shawn.

Friday - September 4, 2192 11 AM

Dear Diary,

I'm not sure if I'm in shock, in fear or in never-never land. Whatever was in that shot the doctor gave me, sure has me floating around. It feels kind of like alcohol, only without the messed up rowdy part. My thinking and coordination don't feel real sparky. And my mind feels real fuzzy around the edges. So if this doesn't make a lot of sense, that's why. I really feel like lying down on my bed and just dozing off. But they insist it's important that I think things through a little first. And writing my thoughts and feelings down in here, is the way that they want me to do that. So here goes.

Basically, I got up today as usual. After breakfast I had to go to the doctor's office for a physical. They apparently wanted to make sure that I was totally healthy before messing me all up, for some reason. All of us boys have been getting physicals, one at a time, since we got here last weekend. Actually, I don't think they started on us till Monday.

I've noticed during the week, how totally subdued and put down the others were, after getting them. It's been like some kind of spark went out of them. Some of them, like myself, apparently got some kind of tranquilizer afterwards. They've sort of been walking around in a daze ever since. I guess I was just cocky enough not to give a

damn about it. I mean what gives? A physical is just a physical, right? I just figured they probably had to get some kind of shot or something, and it was making them feel sick afterward. Sometimes shots will do that to you.

So I went down to the doctor's office after breakfast like I was told to. There, I received what must be the most thorough physical any human being has ever received. The most humiliating part was that he insisted on examining my cock and nuts... like real thoroughly. Then he insisted on sticking his finger up my ass and feeling around inside. If those two disciplinarians didn't have my arms twisted up behind my back and my legs pinned, I most certainly would never have permitted it.

As always, I made it clear, through a choice selection of every four letter word I've ever learned, exactly how I felt about them and what they were doing to me. As always, they spoke and acted as though they really didn't mind my doing so at all. In point of fact, they gave me that shit again, about how they considered me to be an especially good girl for doing so. They absolutely insist that my ability to make my thoughts and feelings clearly understood to others, is a female trait. And that it is a continuing reassurance to them, that the decision to change my sex to female, is the perfect choice for me.

My God! I hate it when they do that to me!

And they say it with such conviction and confidence and gentleness and kindness, that it is really driving me nuts!

They are actually convincing me, that they really believe it! Everybody knows that good girls are sissy and polite and never say anything that isn't sugar sweet and nice. Yet, the nastier and meaner and more surly I get with them, the more they coo and reassure me, that I'm being a very, very, very good girl!

What the hell is a boy supposed to do about this?

What the hell am I supposed to do?!!!

But that is not the worst thing that ever happened in my life. That's just the every day shit I have to put up with around here. It's what happened after that... That's the nightmare!

After the physical, the doctor turned on this slide projector and began giving me this really detailed lecture on human sexuality and reproduction. I mean like really graphic. Then he began explaining about the physical, mental and emotional changes that a male goes through, when he's put on something called female hormone therapy. And he explained all about that to me as well. He spent a lot of time and attention on how especially effective it is, when it's administered to someone as young as myself.

Are you beginning to get an inkling of the growing state of anxiety and panic that was going on within me, at this point?! He was especially careful to answer all my questions concerning this, so that I would clearly understand how totally irreversible the effects are on a boy, especially when accompanied by change of sex surgery, along with appropriate schooling, such as they would be giving me here at the academy.

It was at this point that I fully realized, that the disciplinarians were standing on either side of me, and had a firm but gentle hold on my upper arms.

Then the doctor got out a glass of orange juice from this little fridge in his office, opened up a bottle of medication, inserted a dropper and withdrew some, which he put in the orange juice. As he stood there stirring it, he explained that what he had put in it were the female hormones, he had just been talking to me about.

Instantly, my mind began flashing back to breakfast in the cafeteria and the orange juice we had to drink, prior to receiving our breakfast. I remembered how reluctant some of the boys were to drink it. And realized that the reluctant ones were the ones that had already had their physical.

I remembered the words that the disciplinarians would say to them, when they obviously weren't willing to take it:

“If you require assistance in getting it down, we're more than willing to take you down to the doctor's office to receive it. Someone there will surely take the necessary time and attention to assist you in this matter.”

For the most part the boys they said this to, took and drank the orange juice; though some appeared teary eyed and a little shaky in doing so. Once in a while, one of the boys simply wouldn't take it and the disciplinarians escorted them out.

I wondered if they ever got to eat breakfast, since none of them got back while we were still there. It hadn't bothered me enough to ask. Then I remembered a curious thing. Not all of us were forced into drinking the orange juice. I had refused repeatedly myself. And no one had done anything about it.

All of this sort of flashed through my mind in a second or two. It's amazing how fast your mind can work, when you're as juiced up on adrenaline as I was at that point. My mind suddenly came into sharp focus on the glass of orange juice the doctor was holding and the words he was saying to me.

“You will come to learn that we never give any sort of medication or treatment to anyone here, without first providing them with a complete understanding of what we are giving to them and the reasons we have for doing so. We have explained to you everything your young mind is capable of understanding at this point. Although there has been no medication in your orange juice thus far, there will be the appropriate kinds and amounts of female hormones in it in the future.

“If you are wondering why we are giving it to you this way, our reasons are fairly simple. Shots are painful. And pills can be kept in the mouth and spit out secretly, prior to being swallowed. It is a lot more difficult to spit out a mouthful of juice, without someone noticing that you are doing so. And we will be taking the necessary measures to assure that you receive the appropriate daily dosage your hormone therapy requires. You will of course receive all the necessary assistance you require, to get these hormones into your system.

“You now have two choices. You may take this orange juice and drink it down in the normal fashion. Or you may receive a demonstration of our willingness and ability to assist you in this matter. One way or another, this juice and the female hormones it contains, will be in your belly when you leave this office. If you are thinking of going to a bathroom when you leave here, putting your finger down your throat and vomiting

the medication back up; I assure you we have ways of dealing with that contingency, as well.”

Then he pressed some kind of call button attached to the belt he was wearing. A few moments later, two especially huge disciplinarians opened the door to his office and walked in. They were carrying stuff in their hands that sent a deep shiver of fear down my spine, without my mind even fully grasping what it was that they held.

One of them held up a device that looked like a black rubber ball with leather straps attached. I had seen them before in dirty magazines, I obviously was not permitted to even know about. For some strange reason my brain totally refused to identify it for me.

“This is what is known as a ball gag,” the doctor explained. “When it is properly inserted in someone's mouth and the straps have been secured around their head with a lock; it is totally impossible for them to stick their fingers down their throat and force themselves to vomit. Of course when it is necessary for us to use it, we always leave it in place, until your system has had all the time it requires, to fully absorb the female hormones you will be taking, throughout the remainder of your continuing stay with us.

“Now the time has come for you to make the choice I spoke of earlier. Will you drink the orange juice I am holding, in the normal everyday fashion? Or will you choose to receive a demonstration of our willingness and ability to assist you in getting it into your stomach, with or without your cooperation? Choose.”

It seemed like I sat there for an eternity staring at that glass of juice, as the doctor slowly brought it closer. Then I totally and completely flipped out!!!

The disciplinarians whipped me up into the air and onto the floor. Two of them got my arms pinned up behind my back, while one of them sat on top of me. The fourth strapped some kind of wide leather device around my forearms and up around my elbows and upper arms as well. It was then tightened, so that my arms were secured firmly behind my back. Twist and fight it all I wanted, I couldn't make it budge an inch. And I was fighting with absolutely hysterical strength! I was fighting like I was demon possessed!

But to absolutely no avail.

Then they secured another leather device to my legs. They had chains attached to the bottom of the leg part. After bending my legs double at the knee, they secured the chains to some rings on the thigh part, so that my feet were secured back by my butt and I couldn't straighten out my legs.

Next they secured a wide leather strap around my chest. This they attached with a chain to a ring just above my knee caps, so that my knees were secured just a few inches from my chest.

Then they stood up and took a break in place, while I struggled senselessly on the floor. I was cursing and cussing for everything I was worth. I vowed to find each and every one of them, when I got out of this place. I made very certain they understood, I would torture them slowly and painfully to death. And that I would assuredly see them all sent to hell.