

## Miss Agatha's School for Lost Sissies: Chapter 6

By: CrissieBaby

"Aaaaaand voilà!" said Marsha as she finished applying the final touches to Matt's new face. She pulled a compact mirror out of her pocket and tabbed over to her camera before presenting her subject with his new appearance, "Pretty perfect, if I do say so myself. And no, I am not accepting notes at this time."

Gawking at his own reflection in the palm of Marsha's hand, Matt couldn't believe his eyes. "Th-there's no way that's me," he said, turning his face from side to side to better examine how well he'd been feminized. From his plump red lips to the foundation and blush caked on his cheeks, there wasn't a single person at this school who would look twice at him now. He had truly been transformed into a picturesque sissy from head to toe.

"You'd better believe it's you. Though, at this point, I'm not sure if Kimmy would even recognize you. Like seriously gurl, you look like you were born to be a sissy," snickered Marsha, running a finger through Matt's new hairstyle, which had been trimmed to give him a bob cut with bangs. Nothing that couldn't be undone once he was on the other side but it certainly made for quite the look in the present.

Matt smacked Marsha's hand away, not appreciating that she was treating him like her personal doll. "Yeah, well, definitely not a sissy," he said, blushing at Marsha's crass assertion, "Now, you've had your fun but dress-up time's over. Why don't we move on to this big plan you've got up your sleeve." He climbed to his feet, cringing as his diaper crinkled and his dress swished with every move he made. It was as if his outfit were designed to constantly remind him of how stupid he looked. Why anyone would dress up like this willingly was beyond him, male or female.

Clapping her hands together, Marsha responded, "Ah, and here I thought you'd never ask. Tell me, Mr. Detective, did you happen to read the check-in sheet when you were trying to smooth talk the receptionist?"

"I didn't get a good look," said Matt, cursing himself internally for missing what was supposedly a key detail. He'd never admit it but he hated being one-upped during investigations. It was one of the major reasons he preferred to work alone. Peeved by Marsha's smugness along with his gaudy attire, he snapped at her, "Look, stop fucking around with the guess and check shit and just tell me what the damn plan is."

Marsha held her hand up, feigning innocence as though that hadn't been the reaction she'd been waiting for. "Okay, okay, no need to get your diapee in a twist," she said, further magnifying the redness in Matt's cheeks, "Here's the plan..."

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\*RIIIIIIIIIING!\*

Click, click, click went the high heels attached to Matt's feet as he allowed himself to be ushered into the busy hallway. Having waited until the next class change, the time had come to set Marsha's plan into motion. Unfortunately, this required Matt to make a very public walk through the halls of Miss Agatha's school dressed like he was. It was already nerve-racking enough to have been put through a full-blown sissy makeover. To be surrounded by so many eyes in extremely frilly girls' clothes plus a diaper was a special kind of torture. The only thing keeping him from breaking his composure and sprinting back to the gym's storage room was the thought of rescuing Jesse from a similar form of torment.

Mercifully, while Matt's anxiety was on high alert for each new person he walked past, no one paid much attention to him or his appearance. Instead, everyone acted like the way he looked was nothing out of the ordinary, much like Marsha had predicted. This allowed him to slowly relax as he strutted across the long, locker-lined corridor. "You're right. No one's even looking at me-WOAH!" he said, stumbling in his heels as he finished his statement.

"Told you, silly head," said Marsha, who was thankfully standing close enough to Matt to save him from face-planting in the middle of the hallway. Claspng his hand within hers, she pulled him forward, forcing him to keep moving despite how shaky his legs were, "Let's keep moving. We only have so much time to pull this off."

The odd pair continued on their path, moving slower than desired thanks to Matt's lack of sea legs. Thankfully, they didn't have much further to go, arriving at the front desk just as the hallway was beginning to clear for the next period. However, before they could approach the desk, there was still one last thing that needed to be done. "Okay, Matt, I was saving this until it was absolutely necessary," she said, holding out her empty hand, "If she sees those earpieces, there's no way she won't know something's up. I'm gonna need you to hand them over."

Cupping the device in his left ear, Matt had almost forgotten about the translating gadgets that Kimmy had given him when he entered the school. "Oh, sure," he said, failing to understand why Marsha seemed so hesitant to ask him to give them up. He removed the devices from his ears and placed them in Marsha's hand, becoming aware of the faint presence of classic music all around him for the first time, "Wait, there's music playing in here?"

"Oh...oh, you don't know..." said Marsha, stashing the listening device in the diaper bag. She let out a deep breath, believing that Matt deserved to know.

\*RIIIIIIIIIING!\*

Before Marsha could explain the purpose of the music, the bell sounded off again, letting them know that the next period had begun. "Shoot. Look, I'll explain later. Right now, we need to get you in that room," she said, linking arms with Matt and pulling him toward the window. She allowed a casual expression to grace her face as she made eye contact with Denise, "Um, excuse me. I need to sign my sissy baby out so I can take her back to the nursery."

Raising an eyebrow at Marsha, Denise looked her up and down before shifting her gaze to Matt. "You were supposed to have your baby checked out fifteen minutes before the next

class. And you're already late as is," she scolded, still staring at Matt as though she knew he didn't belong.

"Sorry, I had to stay after class. She wrote me a note," said Marsha, pulling a forged note out of her pocket and passing it through the window to Denise. It was a simple note only mentioning that she stayed after class to help clean up. After all, only amateurs would make an overly complicated note.

And much like Marsha had planned, Denise bought the note hook, line, and sinker. Though it was less due to how convincing Marsha was and more due to wanting to get this annoying girl out of her sight. "Fine, whatever. You know where the Littles sign-out sheet is," she said, pressing a button under her desk and buzzing Marsha into the office.

"Thank you," said Marsha, maintaining her cool demeanor as she marched Matt into the office and over to a set of clipboards hanging on the corkboard on the wall.

Meanwhile, Matt was still awestruck by how flawlessly Marsha's plan had been executed. "Fuck, that was too easy," he said, leaning into Marsha's ear and keeping his voice to a whisper.

"Yeah, well, we aren't out of the woods yet, so keep your mouth shut. You're supposed to be a babbling sissy baby, remember?" she said, looking over her shoulder to make sure Denise wasn't paying attention to them. Luckily, she was too focused on the TV that was stashed under her desk to worry about the mumblings of a student and her baby.

Grabbing the Littles sign-out sheet, Marsha picked one of the names who wasn't signed out and began filling out the necessary information, "Okay, you've got a minute, tops. Find whatever you're looking for and let's get out of here."

Nodding to Marsha, it was time for Matt to do what he does best: dig. Fortunately, the filing cabinets were lining the small wall that the clipboards were on, giving him access without forcing him into Denise's line of sight. Quietly opening the cabinet labeled H-K, he quickly thumbed through the lineup of manila folders searching for Jennings, Jesse. To his dismay, no file appeared to exist for anyone with the last name Jennings, let alone Jesse. Had he been wrong about Jesse's whereabouts? He'd hate to have let himself be sissified just for the investigation to hit a dead end. If only he could find a list of all attending students, then he'd know with 100 percent certainty.

Pivoting away from the filing cabinet, Matt crept up behind Denise to get a better look at her desk, something that proved far more difficult than usual while wearing a diaper and multiple layers of petticoats. Sure enough, there was a stapled stack of papers sitting next to her elbow with dozens of names listed as "present" on it. That had to be a daily attendance record. "Pssst, Marsha," he said, gesturing to the desk with gritted teeth.

Marsha dropped her shoulders as she figured out what Matt was alluding to. "Are you f..." she said, cutting herself off to stop herself from losing her temper. Glancing up at the corkboard in front of her, she knew what had to be done, "...you owe me big for this." Looping

the clipboard in her hands around its designated hook, she closed her eyes and pulled down as hard as she could.

**\*CRASH!\***

Leaping up from her chair, Denise centered in on the source of the loud noise immediately as she spotted Marsha next to the corkboard, which had fallen to the ground unceremoniously. "I-I don't know what happened! I w-was just hanging the thing!" she said, panicking as though she'd merely been a victim of the evil corkboard and not the assailant.

"Oh, for Goddess's sake! Move," said Denise, rolling her eyes and rushing over to clean up Marsha's mess.

This gave Matt ample time to swipe the daily attendance, rolling it up and stuffing it down the front of his diaper. He then gave Marsha a double thumbs-up to let them know that they were in the clear.

Acknowledging Matt's signal, Marsha stopped "helping" pick up as she placed the fallen materials on top of the nearby filing cabinet. "I'd love to stay and help more but I'm already running late as is. Mind if we get out of here?" she asked, already inching her way toward the door.

"Hang on," said Denise, stopping Matt and Marsha in their tracks before they could make a clean getaway. She sternly pointed to the far wall before continuing to pick up Marsha's mess, "Aren't you forgetting something?"

Looking to the wall, a cruel smile worked its way onto Marsha's face; one that contrasted the pure dread in Matt's eyes. Standing before them was a row of parked strollers, which were lined up and waiting for their Bigs and Littles to return from class. "Oh...yes...can't expect a baby to walk, now can we?" said Marsha, slowly turning to meet Matt's eyes with all 28 of her pearly white teeth showing, "Let's get you all buckled in, cutie."

TO BE CONTINUED...