

Anthony's Kilts

No. 3

Classic Reprint

Severe Spankings

Sissy Humiliation

Fear of Being Gay

Teasing & Caning

Forced Crossdressing

Pretty Panties!

ADULTS ONLY



The ultimate story for and about adult sissies who dream of being naughty little boys who regularly and thoroughly are spanked and forced to wear kilts, lacy panties, dresses and other girlish clothes on their humiliating journey toward total feminization.

Since 1981

A P R I N C E S S P R O D U C T I O N S P U B L I C A T I O N

Anthony's Kilts

Book 3

A Message from Princess Lacey

More to It Than Just a Spanking

Dear Sissies,

Spanking is almost exclusively considered a children's form of punishment. Therefore, there is a strong link between spanking and being (or recall being) a child. So when one reads about or experiences a spanking, there are definite childlike associations. Most of our sexual fantasies and fetishes are anchored in our conscious and unconscious memories from childhood, and spankings often help bring back those experiences and associations.

If you aren't born this way or that, you develop your sexual identity and preferences during childhood, and this story about little Anthony is an intense example of



how the conditions a child lives under and the experiences he has while maturing sexually can forever twist his brain and turn him into something he never had a desire to become. The mind games both our superiors and our peers play on us can easily stay with us throughout our lifetime, and even some of the darkest and most horrific childhood experiences set us up to want to relive the experience, either in fantasy or in actuality.

The purpose of this series is to provide both entertainment as well as solace for individuals who may have had similar experiences or entertainment for those who wish they had experienced similar situation while growing up. Now, turn the page and read about how little Anthony got royally mind fucked!

Enjoy!

Princess Lacey

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Anthony's Kilts Book 3

Summary of Books 1 & 2

Book One of this ongoing series details the life of Anthony McLendon from the time he was born until he enters prep school, St. John's. And Book Two takes place during the first half of his freshman year at the school.

During his earliest years, Anthony was extremely sheltered and fussed over by his mother, his nanny and his bossy older sister. Even his mother's friends teased, taunted and molested the child without compunction. He was raised in sissified clothes and even spent time in fancy dresses, frilly nighties and lacy lingerie.

At first, Mrs. McLendon used the kilt as a feminizing device for Anthony and since they had a Scottish heritage, his father couldn't complain. But when she added lingerie and other girlish touches to his wardrobe, Mr. McLendon did vigorously protest, but he couldn't stop what his wife was doing because she had caught him cheating and part of her agreement not to harm his business reputation and seek a divorce included absolute control over the upbringing of their children without his interference.

At a local park, she met other mothers who also desired to have sweet, loving sons. These women formed an informal group who regularly got together to show off their sissified boys, and they began engaging in a game of one-upmanship and it didn't take long to move the boys from kilts and frills to complete outfits of girls' clothes. They feminized them and put them in everything from training bras to party dresses.

As a young boy, little Anthony had no idea there was anything wrong with being a girlie-boy. He loved all the attention he received and his fancy clothes, especially his kilts, but when he started grammar school, his peers quickly

taught him it wasn't all right for a boy to wear girls' clothes and act like a sissy. But his school had a Scottish link and therefore required all the students to wear a kilt uniform for special occasions, so he couldn't escape the kilt, which he had learned to hate because to him it was just a girls' skirt.

At least, all the other boys had to also wear a kilt on those occasions, but Anthony had already been labeled a sissy pantywaist, and he spent his grade school years desperately trying to live down his reputation as he struggled to be accepted as an equal by the other boys.

Anthony was sent to St. John's, a prep school that also has a Scottish heritage, and this school also required wearing of the kilt for formal occasions. The regulation kilt is taken very seriously at St. John's. It's a very manly garment, and no one considers it effeminate in the least. They are taught it is an honor and privilege to wear the classic school kilt. But in those rare instances when a boy does not measure up, the school authorizes the use of a special punishment kilt outfit, and it is another matter altogether: It's a specially altered girls' kilt. There are not-so-subtle differences between kilts made for boys and those made for girls, differences that are well known to anyone who knows anything about kilts. Besides, the punishment kilts are severely shortened and usually supplied with girlish accessories like frilly blouses, lacy ankle socks and at for the worse offenders, even lingerie to be worn underneath.

Anthony is now in his second semester of his freshman year at St. John's, and he has been recognized as the most spanked boy at the school, mostly due to becoming the personal whipping boy of Mr. Hillman, the school's library research professor. He's a sadistic old queer who has taken a special interest in Anthony, and much to the boy's horror has begun to make him wear girls' clothes during his paddlings and spankings. To Anthony, who has been desperate to establish his manliness, dresses and lingerie are a particularly devastating punishment.

Since Anthony is the most often punished boy in school, he also brings down his roommates, Phil, John and Tommy, who on their own also do their share of acting up and being punished, but with Anthony in their midst, they are tabbed as the school's most spanked dorm room. By the end of volume one, Mr. Hillman had increased Anthony's punishment regimen to include wearing frilly pink panties everyday under his regulation uniform, a shameful secret to remind him to be good, but despite his best efforts, the well-beaten boy can't escape Hillman's wrath, this part of the story ends with the queer old professor paying a visit to the boys' dorm room where he thoroughly spans each of the four boys, including Anthony, and in the process, his three roommates are shocked to see Anthony exposed wearing pink panties under his school uniform and for ever after have to wear them in place of his boys' underwear.

In Book Two, the Headmaster decrees that the four boys must be publicly punished by being made to wear specially shortened shorts that are an embarrassingly childish replacement for their manly trousers. However, Anthony is singled out to wear a girls' kilt every day in place of his trousers. It is a major ordeal when he is fitted for the kilt by Ms. Gilbert, the wicked wardrobe mistress. The kilt is made quite short and he lives in constant fear that the other boys will get a peek at his pink panties underneath.

A few boys do see his panties, and he is endlessly teased and laughed at. His roommates understand his stress, but blame him for the short shorts they have to wear, and the only real friend little Anthony has is Colin, a junior and a faggot. Colin becomes something of a father figure to Anthony and their friendship scares Anthony with fears of being queer.

Anthony endures a spanking in one of his classes, a spanking that exposes his pink panties to his classmates. Word soon gets around and he is tabbed a sissy more than ever, and a nasty sophomore prefect and his buddies decided to further shame Anthony by making him wear a girls' nightgown every night in bed.

Book Three starts on Tuesday, the first full punishment day in which Anthony has to wear his girlish kilt complete with stockings, half-slip and panties, and his three roommates have to be outfitted in their little kid's short shorts.

Book 3

Chapter 1

Tuesday the New Punishment Day Begins

Upon exiting their dorm room to the dining hall for breakfast, Anthony ran first down the hallway in his short kilt followed by his three roomies in their humbling short shorts. They turned a corner and ducked into a supply room seeking respite from the catcalls and laughter the other boys hurled at them when they saw how the four were dressed. But then the supply room door was opened and that bastard sophomore prefect Frank Bell walked in. In unison, the boys told him to get out, but he ignored them.

He closed the door shutting off the laughter still echoing though the hallway. "Hi, guys, it looks like you're ready for your punishment week," Frank said. "I see you three have your nicely ironed shorts on, and Anthony, I see you have your girlie kilt on. I hope you have your bloomer panties on too. It will be hell for you if you don't." Anthony didn't resist when Frank lifted the edge of his kilt and laughed when he saw the pale blue panties. "The sophomores pooled their money to buy them for you; we were sure you would love

these panties; they're the fanciest one we could find. Sorry they're not pink. Maybe they're not frilly enough for you?"

"Leave him alone, Frank; stop teasing him. He's got the damn panties on, so now get out!" Phil said.

But Frank continued to hold up Anthony's kilt. He fingered the elastic leg of the panties and snapped it. "These panties do look so nice and girlie on you, just the way you like from what I understand. You look so good in them that I'm tempted to give you a kiss."

As Frank laughingly leaned toward the defenseless boy, Tommy pushed him aside. Phil and John were right behind him and the three of them threatened the bigger boy with their fists. Frank saw he was outnumbered so he decided to leave but gave them his middle finger as he walked out the door and waved goodbye with a limp wrist.

Seeking safety in numbers, the boys exited the storage room when the hallway was empty and headed down to breakfast. They were all embarrassed, but Anthony had the most to fear because he had to wear the humbling pale blue panties with lace that could easily be exposed at a moment's notice. The other boys wanted to protect him from the abuse the other boys had been heaping on him, but they were also protective of Anthony because they wanted to prevent boys from getting a peek up Anthony's kilt. If they saw his panties, the shame would befall the other three boys as well, and it would surely lead to more trouble for all of them. They kept Anthony in the center of their little group. The problem would come when they had to break up for the day and go their separate ways. Anthony assured them he could take care of himself. Still, he most feared Hillman picking on him again.

During breakfast, the other freshmen and sophomores were rolling all over themselves with laughter as they pointed at the four boys, whistled at them and called them names. But John and Phil were amongst the strongest and most feared of the freshmen, so they scared off many of the teasing boys with little more than mean looks. Still most of the freshmen boys had never seen anything before like these guys in kids' short shorts and Anthony in his punishment kilt. The boys' hoots and hollers were nonstop. One of the guys told them they had cute legs, another warned that somebody was liable to rape them, another one jokingly asked them for a date.

Then it was onto classes for Anthony in his shortened kilt outfit along with his three roomies serving their short shorts sentence. Phil with his long legs looked wickedly funny in his abbreviated shorts. "Damn," he said, "if these dumb shorts were an inch shorter, everyone would see my underwear."

Anthony accidentally exposed his sky blue panties in the jakes after taking a leak as he bent over while washing his hands. A junior named Alex, sitting on the toilet bowl behind him, saw them "Hey, kid, come here. Am I seeing right? It

looks like you have lace on your panties, and they're sissy baby blue. Girls' panties wow! Come over here and let me rub my hands up under your skirt and feel you up in your panties while I jerk myself off."

Anthony quickly righted himself and ran out of the rest room as he heard Alex howling in laughter. "I'm going to tell everybody you have panties on unless you come to my dorm room tonight and let me feel your panties while I jack off – or maybe you want to give me a handjob, panty boy!"

Except for a lot of laughter and cutting comments by the staff as well as the other boys, morning classes went without any major incidents. In the cafeteria at lunchtime, Anthony was relieved to find Colin, who smiled at him and said, "It's going around about you wearing panties. Hillman really gave you the full treatment, huh? He's making you wear panties every day now, huh?" Anthony just nodded. Other boys approached them, whistled and made fag boy type comments, but a mean look from the tall upperclassman Colin made them keep their distance. Colin then asked Anthony if he would join him for a walk at three. Anthony agreed, but then as he was going down the hallway toward his first afternoon class, Mr. Hillman beckoned with his finger and told him to report to his office promptly at 3:05 PM! Anthony wouldn't even have time to tell Colin he couldn't go on that walk.

Chapter 2

Hillman Can Humiliate Like No Other

As Anthony sat bored through Mr. Rath's history class, he thought he had nothing to fear from Mr. Hillman because he hadn't been cited for doing anything wrong yet this day, and when the bell rang following his last class, Anthony went to Mr. Hillman's office. He entered the library on the first floor of the classroom building and went to the main desk, and told Miss Plame that Mr. Hillman wanted to see me. She told him to go right into his office in the research department. He entered and walked to the front of Mr. Hillman's desk. "Sir, you wanted to see me?"

"Ah, yes, Anthony, yes, yes. Come around, boy. Come around the desk."

When Anthony came around, Mr. Hillman, sitting in his large leather chair, rolled back from his desk, took the boy around his waist and pulled him in between his parted legs, and while intently staring into the boy's eyes, he said, "Well, now, Anthony, have you been a good boy, today?"

"Yes, sir."

"I see. Well, you certainly look nice in your feminine little kilt. Do you like wearing a girls' kilt? The Headmaster

thought you in a sissy kilt and the boys in short shorts would be a good reminder for you not to act up, huh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, the shorts do look like nice on your roomies, and this kilt certainly looks nice on you. You should wear it all the time as a regular uniform, don't you think?"

"Uh, my roomies think their shorts make them look like little kids, and my kilt, sir, is very sissy and embarrasses me, sir."

"But what would be the sense of dressing you boys in older boys' clothes? You and your roomies are not grown up yet. You're just little kids, aren't you?"

"Uh, yes, sir."

"Now, do you like your new kilt outfit, then, or do I have to teach you how to appreciate the Headmaster's rules?" Mr. Hillman said as his hand slid slowly down from the boy's waist and over his big, round buttocks until his fingers rested on the kid's thigh just below the edge of his short kilt. Then the dirty old man shot his hand upward, cupping the boy's silken butt; combined with his words, it was a definite threat of a spanking.

"Yes, sir."

"'Yes, sir,' what?" the pervert echoed.

"Yes, I like my new kilt outfit, sir. I would love to wear this kilt as a regular uniform."

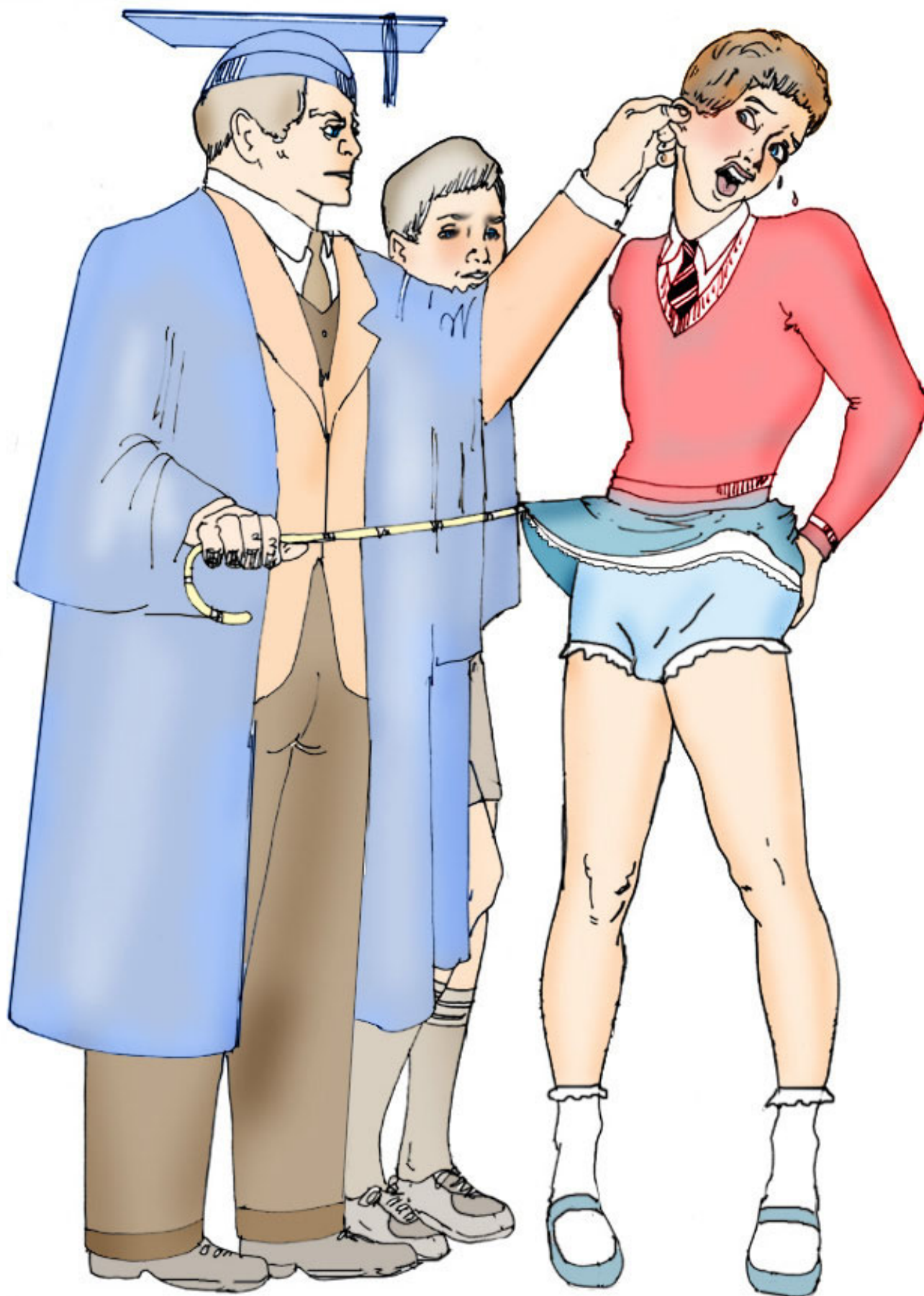
"See how we are learning, Anthony? Here ... let us take this off. It must be warm with this heavy sweater on. We'll just put it here on my desk." As he helped the boy off with his sweater, he kept his one hand under Anthony's kilt, gently stroking the boy's nylon-smooth bottom. Momentarily, he had to take his hand out from under the kilt to pull up on the sweater, but then just as quickly, his hand once again shot up under the short kilt and lazily stroked the boy's pantied ass cheeks. "And, now, let's talk together, boy."

"Yes, sir."

"Perhaps, you might talk more freely if you did not feel so ashamed by wearing this girlish kilt?" And as quickly as he said it, the old man's hands went to the side fastening of the kilt, opened it and slid the kilt down Anthony's bony legs along with his lacy half-slip. Instantly, the old fag put his trembling hand again on the boy's pantied bottom.

"And now, Anthony, are you more comfortable?"

"Yes, sir."



"I must say, you look very handsome in these girlie panties. But these are pale blue panties, and I thought I gave you only darling little pink girlie panties, and commanded you to wear only them every day."

"Uh, yes, sir, but ... but, a sophomore prefect ..."

"Oh, I see, the wishes of a pesky little prefect, a queer boy no doubt, holds more sway with you than my command?"

"I'm so sorry, sir, but, but, he said he'd make hell for me if I didn't, sir. I'm sorry."

"And you thought it would all be fine with me? You feared this boy more than my cane? Or are you in love with this big sophomore boy and doing it because ..."

"Oh, no, sir! It's nothing like that. I, uh, I promise to wear only your pink panties from now on, sir!"

"How sweet of you. But, Anthony, they're YOUR sissy pink panties, not mine, you silly boy."

"Oh, yes, sir; that's what I meant sir. They are MY sissy pink panties, sir, and I love wearing them because you say I need a lesson. I will wear them every day, always, I promise, sir."

His one hand remained on the boy's pantied bottom; his other hand came up and stroked his face. "You know, my boy, you have had quite a few bottom warmings, haven't you? You do appreciate what I am trying to teach, you; don't you?"

"Thank you for taking an interest in me, sir. I do appreciate what you are trying to teach me."

"And how do I show my special interest in you, boy?"

"Uh, you spank my bottom when I am bad, sir."

"Very good, my boy. Well, you do seem to be learning. Fine. But just to warn you that if you and the other three mongrels in your dorm room begin to act up again, perhaps, a day or two of punishment away from St. John's should be in order for the four of you. Do you know what I mean by that?"

"Gees, no, sir."

"I mean if you have problems learning what I'm trying to teach you, perhaps a day or two at the Academy might help you boys out. Do you know what academy I'm referring to?"

"Um, oh, sir, do you mean the girls' academy across the Connecticut River?"

"Exactly! St. Gertrude's Girls' Academy. Miss Prine, the Headmistress has informed me she would welcome an aberrant boy or two."

Anthony had been scared into silence.

"She has been good enough to send over one of the nice uniforms they use for the girls at the academy. Come with me, look, I have it over here."

Mr. Hillman slid his hand off Anthony's pantied behind and walked the boy over to a closet, opened it and took out a frilly white blouse with a blue patterned tie and a blue skirt attached to hangers. He handed them to Anthony, and then picked up some silky white lingerie along with stockings and black strap shoes like little girls wear.

"Come, come, Anthony, bring them over to my desk." After they both deposited all the elements of the uniform on Mr. Hillman's desk, he said, "Now, let's see how these fit you should we have the need to use them."

"Please, sir, I don't want to I've been very good today."

"Now, Anthony, yes, you have been good today from what I understand – except for disobeying my command to wear the expensive silken pink panties I had provided you with and wearing instead these flimsy pale blue bloomer panties that some queer sophomore prefect boy lover of yours gave you."

"Oh, but no, sir. He's not a lov ... uh, no it's not like that. He'd hurt me if I didn't, sir."

"Well, I know you need to save face, my boy. I know you've been trying hard to be good, but breaking the rules just seems to be an inherent part of you that we have to correct. Now, try on this sweet uniform. You have nothing to fear. I'm not punishing you. It's just a fitting, just in case we need to.... Here, start with the stockings, nice little knee socks that are so girlish. No fussing, now, just put them on."

Anthony sat down and pulled the socks on.

"Now, skim down those baby blue panties you have on."

As Anthony did, he was all of a sudden naked except for the stockings. Mr. Hillman handed him something white and silky. It was an undershirt with no sleeves and neat thin edges of lace all around the neck and armholes. "It's called a camisole, dear boy. You'll have to learn the proper names of all kinds of girls' clothes if you go to St. Gertrude's for a stint. Miss Prine will demand you know such facts."

Now, except for the socks and camisole, Anthony was naked and his cock was embarrassingly stiff. Mr. Hillman ignored the boy's erection for the moment and opened a pair of white bloomer panties and held them up to the boy's blushing face. "These bloomer panties are quite nice, aren't they? Even though they are not as pretty in color as the pink panties I gave you or have as much lace and frills, huh? These are

rather a girl's sensible, day-to-day type of under panties, I should think. Put them on yourself, Anthony."

With a tear in the corner of his one eye, Anthony pulled them on. Just then the phone rang.

Mr. Hillman answered it, and said, "Tell him to wait. I'll be with him shortly." He then turned back to Anthony, handed him the thin white blouse and directed him to put it on, saying, "Now, don't we look nice in your genuine uniform panties from St. Gertrude's. I bet you'd love to show yourself off in them to your little sophomore prefect boyfriend."

"Please, sir..."

"Oh, yes, I heard all about it. How the sophomores sent you a little gift. Those pale blue nylon panties and a matching babydoll nightgown that they expect you to wear every night. Knowing what a sissy you are, you're probably enjoying all that attention from the older boys. I'll make you a deal: If you have to be sent over to Miss Prine at St. Gertrude's, I'll fix it with her so you can wear you frilly pink panties with the lace you love so much instead of these fairly plain white uniform panties during your stay with the girls."

"Oh, sir, I'll be good, sir. That won't be necessary."

The blouse was now in place, and Mr. Hillman helped him put on the tie and then the blue skirt, pulling it up over the white bloomer panties before gesturing for him to sit back down in the chair and put on the black strap sissy shoes that were exactly like the shoes his nasty sister always wears. The man went back to the closet, took out a blue blazer and then held it while Anthony put in his arms and pulled it into place.

"So, how do you feel, my boy?"

"Awful, sir!"

"But you look so cute. If your hair were longer, no one could tell you weren't one of those delightfully malicious little girls from the academy. What do you think the other boys would say if they saw you in this girlie uniform?"

"Oh, please, sir! They'd rag on me terrible about wearing ... wearing a girls' dress and things."

"Yes, they probably would, wouldn't they?" he said just before picking up the phone and saying, "OK, send him in." And then he pressed a buzzer that unlocked his office door. Poor Anthony was shocked that he was going to let someone else see him in this shameful girls' uniform.

"Come in, Colin. Come in," Mr. Hillman said. "I'm glad you stopped by; I just wanted to give you this book here." As he handed him the book, he said, "Oh, excuse me, I was in the middle of some business. These freshmen need a lot of

correcting. Um, you do know Anthony, here, don't you" He's one of those troublesome freshmen?"

Anthony was shocked. Colin turned white. Mr. Hillman was able to manage this horridly embarrassing display knowing the boys were friends. Colin couldn't take his eyes off Anthony in the St. Gertrude's school uniform. He choked out a few words, "Uh, thank you for the book, sir."

"You do know, Anthony, don't you?"

"Yes, sir!"

"And you know Colin, don't you, Anthony?"

"Y-y-y-es, sir."

"Oh, Anthony, do not be ashamed to be seen in your skirt and blouse. Colin understands, don't you? Colin?"

"Yes, sir."

"Anthony, did you know that after a terrible freshman year, I had to send Colin to St. Gertrude's for two days?"

Big, tall Colin was sniffing, beginning to cry. Mr. Hillman was exercising his control over this junior just like he did over little Anthony. "Tell, me, Colin, and tell Anthony, did you like wearing your girlie uniform – the bloomer panties and all — while you were at the academy?"

Colin only nodded. As he sniffled he couldn't bare to look at Anthony, the boy he loved.

"You see, Anthony, some boys, like Colin here, really do love wearing dresses and girlie lingerie including some of the frilliest panties you could imagine. You see, Colin is one of my best bloomer panty boys, aren't you, Colin?"

Colin nodded with a mumbled, "Yes, sir."

"And tell us when was the last time you had your lacy panties warmed, the last time you got spanked on your bloomers?"

"Last week, sir."

"You see, Anthony, a boy is never too old for parading around in his silly sissy girl panties and having his bottom feel the sting of my cane."

"Tell me, Colin, and tell little Anthony here, do you still wear your beloved lacy nylon panties every day?"

"Yes, sir. Except when we have PE, sir."

"And you love to wear them?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yes, sir, what, my boy?"

"Yes, sir, I love to wear my frilly pink panties ever day."

"And why to you love to wear your frilly pink panties, Colin?"

"Because I'm a sissy queer boy, sir ... a sissy fairy boy, sir."

"You, see, Anthony, just like you, except for a few other fairy boys, no one else knows Colin wears such pretty under panties under his boys' uniform. What do you think the other junior boys would think if they knew Colin wore pretty panties every day?"

"I don't know, sir. I guess they would not like it, sir."

"Colin, what do you think they would do if they knew?"

"They would laugh at me and call me names, sir."

"But you DO wear girls' panties, do you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yes, sir, what?"

"Yes, sir, I wear girls' panties, sir. Lacy girls' panties and frilly bloomer panties, sir."

"And you love wearing panties, don't, you?"

"Yes, sir. I love wearing girls' lingerie, sir, especially fancy girls' panties, sir,"

"Are you wearing your fancy panties, now, Colin?"

"Uh, no, sir."

"Drop your trousers and let us see."

With his head down, Colin silently undid his pants without looking at either Anthony or Mr. Hillman, who walked around him and then used his cane to pick up the edge of his shirt and look at the Jockey shorts he was wearing. With a smack of his cane on Colin's hands, the boy dropped his trousers down round his ankles. Hillman patted Colin's bottom with a cold hand and said, "Yes, I see you have those ugly boys' briefs on; but you'd rather have your fancy girls' panties on, I wager."

"Yes, sir."

"Yes, sir, what?"

Yes, sir, I'd rather have my fancy girls' panties on, sir."

Hillman turned his attention to an awestruck Anthony. "Come, come, now, Anthony, don't look so shocked. Lift your skirt and show Colin your pristine girlie bloomers."

With his cheeks shiny with gently rolling tears, Anthony eased up the skirt of his girls' uniform skirt until it was completely above his waist; not to do so would surely merit him a caning.

"Colin, look at Anthony. Aren't you envious of him in HIS ... HIS ... HIS PANTIES? Or knickers, as you limeys call panties and bloomers."

"Yes, sir," Colin said as he looked at Anthony's upskirt display and stared at the sobbing boy in girls' regulation white bloomer panties.

"Colin is my big British pansy, Anthony. The biggest, fruitiest little panty-wearing fairy ever to come to St. John's, aren't you, Colin?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yes, sir, what?"

"Yes, sir, I'm the biggest pansy fruit ever to come to St. John's, sir."

"A pansy who loves to wear girls' panties and bloomers ... and knickers as you like you to call them."

"Yes, sir, a pansy who loves to wear girlie lingerie, frilly panties, pink bloomers and fancy knickers."

"Colin, pull your trousers up; take that book and leave."

"Thank you, sir," the humiliated junior said and then silently pull his trousers on and hurried out the office door after Hillman buzzed it open.

"Anthony, go over to the closet and the chest of drawers, take off that nice uniform and put it away – carefully!"

The boy was anxious to get out of the skirt, blouse, half-slip, white bloomer panties, knee socks and black strappy shoes even though he then had to stand naked before Hillman. With shaking hands he carefully folded away or hung up each item as his semi-hard cock made for an embarrassing display.

"Have you learned something, today, Anthony?"

"Yes, sir," he said replacing his pale blue bloomer panties, the hateful panties that were a gift from the sophomore prefect. "I'll be a good boy, sir."

"And wear your pretty pink panties every day like I told you to do? Those panties are expensive; girlie panties cost real money, boy. I have to teach you not to waste and not to take my instructions lightly. I want you to get full use out of those panties; the school pays a lot of money for saucy lingerie like those pink panties for you queer little sissy boys.

"Now, why do you like to wear girls' panties, boy?"

"Because I love to wear them, sir."

"Wear what?"

"I love to wear fancy girls' bloomers and panties, sir."

"And you are just a little freshman fruit, aren't you? A panty-wearing pansy queer boy like Colin – right?"

"Yes, sir, I'm, uh, um, a panty-wearing freshman fruit, sir."

"And a pink pantied queer boy. Tell me, Anthony."

Anthony crying audibly now, "And a pink pantied ... que ... queer boy, uh, sir."

"Go."

"Thank you, sir."

Chapter 3

Anthony's Faggot Fears

Anthony left the office in a daze, through the library, and as he walked towards the dorm, he saw Colin waiting for him ... he gestured with his eyes towards the paths. It was a little before four o'clock, plenty of time for a walk. Colin went ahead. Anthony was still wiping tears from his face and followed him as other boys were coming and going on the paths to and around the labyrinth. Colin went on a deserted side path through some bushes that led to a grassy knoll near the woods. Anthony followed and found Colin lying on the ground, staring up at the sky. Anthony sat down next to him. Still pouting a bit, he said, "Colin, I'm sorry. I can't stop Hillman from doing those horrible things to me."

"I'm sorry you had to see me bowing to him too. Now you know what he's up to, the bastard," Colin said as he reached down and touched the freshman boy's beautiful face, wiping away a tear before putting a finger on the little boy's sensuous rich red lips. He had never seen a boy with lips like that.

With Colin, Anthony felt safe and loved, and he now knew in his heart, he loved Colin too, even though the big, tall, junior

had just been so horribly shamed by that creep Hillman.

"Were you ... were you ... upset when you saw me in that stupid girls' school uniform?"

"Yes, Anthony, I was upset, but not upset at you. I was upset at Hillman because he was terrorizing you and using me to help him do it. I wish I could have punched him in the nose and rescued you, but I'd be expelled if I did something like that. But I sure wanted to!"

Just the way Colin talked, his British accent, and the mature way he said things, made Anthony feel tingly all over. He said, "But I was so ashamed for you to see me like a sissy."

"But you looked so ... so ... oh, forget it."

"No, Colin, tell me. I looked like what? How did I look?"

Colin rolled over and pulled Anthony down to the grass. "Oh, monkey, you looked so cute ... so cute, and I loved seeing you in the shiny white nylon bloomer panties. You looked cuter than ANY girl would look in them. Your little penis sticking out a bit in the front of those panties, made them especially interesting."

"You didn't mind seeing me like that? Like a girl, or kind of like a girl. I was so ashamed."

Colin pulled Anthony's face down to his and kissed him full on the lips. "I loved how you looked in girlie clothes, little money. Oh, shoot! You'll never understand."

The little boy hugged the mature upperclassman. "Oh, but I do, Colin. I do. Don't leave me, Colin. If you like me dressed like that, I would love wearing girls' clothes and panties for you. But I hate doing it for Hillman. Oh, Colin, hold me."

"My sweet boy, I so love you and love you in girls' clothes; you so remind me of when I first came here. Don't worry, I won't leave you," the junior boy said as he reached under Anthony's girly kilt and put his long thin fingers on the blushing boy's penis through his silken underpanties and felt the kid's tiny hard-on.

The two stayed lying together for several minutes. Anthony felt he owed the bigger boy something, so timidly, he reached out and felt Colin's erection through his trousers. He knew boys sometimes did that to one another when they liked each other. He sensed his mature friend wanted him to do it. And the two just lay there and teasingly, gently excited each other. Colin opened his zipper and encouraged Anthony to put his hand inside and directly manipulate his cock.

"Oh, Colin, I would love to be together with you when you are wearing your bloomer panties and I would be wearing my pink bloomer panties if that is what you want. I would want to see you dressed in your other girlie clothes too."

"I'll think about it, monkey – uh, no, monkey, not monkey anymore ... let me call you something else."

"Call me girly if you want," Anthony blushing suggested.

"No, that won't do; let me call you something else, a code name. Let's see. How about Tony something? Some people do call you Tony, don't they?"

"If you want, but my mother always just called me Anthony."

"Well, how about Tony Ann? You see, we could even say that in public, and if other people would hear, we could just correct them and say I said 'Tony AND' not 'Tony Ann' ... plus something else — like it was a slip of the tongue."

"Oh, Colin, you're ever so clever. I love it! I love Tony Ann!"

Chapter 4

Tuesday Evening: Another Nightie Night

Anthony skipped the dining hall altogether to avoid as many of the other boys as possible. Instead he cooked himself a couple of eggs in the little kitchenette in their dorm room. He didn't have much of an appetite with all this day's events, and the eggs were all he could stomach. Phil, John and Tommy soon strolled in and put on their pajamas, anxious to divest themselves of their shorts and go to work at their study desks.

Phil said, "We heard laughter around the bulletin board just now. The boys were laughing at you, weren't they?"

Anthony said, "They posted another magazine ad of a girl in lingerie with a cutout of my class picture."

On his bunk, Anthony found a package and a note from the wardrobe mistress explaining she was supplying him with some additions to his punishment outfit so he could change into a variety of clean clothes each day as long as he wore his kilt and full lingerie. The package contained both white and black knee socks, a thin blouse to wear under his sweater, and even a white lace mini dress. The note explained he could wear the dress in his dorm room or even around campus after school hours. The thought of wearing a dress around school made Anthony ill. But the most surprising item in the package was a kilt, a longer kilt. In the note, Ms. Gilbert explained a number of the professors had complained that Anthony's punishment kilt was too short and too much of a distraction in their classes, and from hereon out, he was directed to wear this longer kilt. Anthony did notice it still was a girls' kilt. The note ended with a summons for Anthony to appear in the wardrobe room promptly at 4 PM the next day, as he was to be measured and fitted for some additional

garments. He wondered why she had sent over all these items and why she needed to fit him with more garments since his punishment period was ending in two days. He tossed the package aside and decided to deal with it in the morning.

Anthony didn't tell anyone about accidentally flashing his panties to Alex in the rest room and Alex's threat to tell everybody he wore panties if he didn't come to his room for a wank before lights out that night, but Anthony bravely took his chances and didn't go to.

Then, in the dark, while lying in bed in his blue bloomers and babydoll nightie, Anthony ran his hands over his silky nightie, reached under the lacy hem and began stroking his firm cock in the nylon panties. His mind started doing tricks on him. He was shamed thinking about the pictures of him stuck on lingerie and dress ads posted on the bulletin board by the sophomores and the disgusting things they wrote on those ads, but that shame did nothing to lessen the hardness of his little penis standing up in his soft bloomer panties! From the bunk next to him, he could hear Tommy's hand rustling under the sheets. Anthony was surprised at his own arousal; he even had a fleeting desire to climb into Tommy's bunk and rub his babydoll-clad body against his masturbating roomie. That momentary urge bothered him, but the thought also made him harder – he blamed it on his feelings of loneliness and having been unfairly singled out and made a target; yet, Anthony stroked away even more vigorously.

Chapter 5

Wednesday: A Longer Kilt, A Longer Day

In the morning, he changed into a fresh pair of the Hillman-supplied pink panties and his white slip and then took the items out of the package sent over by Ms. Gilbert. He hurriedly put on the new clothes, happy for the longer kilt, black knee socks (much better than the bow-topped stockings), and the blouse to wear under the itchy wool sweater and didn't even worry about the girlish nature of the blouse since it would be hidden under his sweater. Between classes that day, he heard some hearty bolts of laughter and not-too-quietly whispered comments about him and panties as he scurried down the hallways, comments mostly from juniors, obviously Alex's classmates:

"You looked great yesterday with your nylon stockings and garters peeking out from beneath your sort kilts – why the long kilt today?"

"Hey, we heard you wear saucy bloomer panties too. Do you have them on today?"

"Give us a look at your panties, boy. Are the pink, today? We all hope so. We're taking bets. Better, yet, let us have a feel





of those silky panties you got on.”

The sophomores too took every chance to make cutting comments. Many of them made faggy impersonations, and in a crowded moment in line for lunch in the dining hall, one sophomore behind him rubbed his hand up Anthony’s thigh and under his kilt, saying, “Oh, Anthony, you have your silky panties on today, how lovely!” The guys around him just laughed but kept going – even the thrill of joining in and humiliating a downtrodden classmate doesn’t keep a hungry boy of thirteen or fourteen from food!

Anthony didn’t react to all the coarse talk and just hurried as quickly as possible to each class. This day was not as bad as the day before, but it was still a very long and trying day and he was happy when he finally arrived back in his dorm room. Soon after, the other three boys drifted in. They were strangely quiet, and then they began changing out of their little boy shorts and into long trousers. Anthony watched in awe, finally saying, “Hey, guys, what are you doing? You’ll be deeper in shit if you get caught not wearing your shorts.”

“John said, “Uh, we don’t have to anymore. The Headmaster lifted the ban on trousers for us, and we’re going to wear them now to the dining hall for dinner.”

Anthony was delighted to hear that, and was about to get out of his girlie kilt outfit when Phil said, “The ban has ended for us three but not for you.”

“What? Why?”

Phil said, “John went to the Headmaster yesterday and today he got the ban lifted after making a deal with him and that faggot sophomore prefect Frank Bell, who gave you the nightie last night. The deal is that as long as we can keep you under control, we get to wear trousers – BUT you have to serve out the month in your girls’ kilt and underpants.”

“But I was just supposed to serve one week, just like you guys, but now it’s a MONTH! How did that happen?”

“John promised we would be able to control you by shaming you a bit more. He conferred with Hillman and they came up with an idea to remind you to always stay within the rules, but it’s has to be for the month. We all felt you are the reason we are being punished – because you are the most spanked boy in school and make our whole room look bad — and the Headmaster agreed.”

“How do you...”

Tommy pointed to Anthony’s dresser and said, “Take a look in there.”

Dreading something horrible, Anthony went to his dresser and opened the top drawer where he kept his underwear and

stared in. Instead of his usual jumble of boys’ underpants and T-shirts next to the supply of pink panties given to him by Hillman, the drawer was very neat – and all his boys’ T-shirts and underwear were gone! In their place were neat stacks of girls’ lingerie. Next to the stack of Hillman’s pink panties was a pile of the white nylon bloomer panties the girls at St. Gertrude’s wear. But the most astounding thing was an orderly stack of three satin and lace training bras – one each in white, pink and faggoty lavender, and next to them, two lightly padded pink teen bras. Alongside were white nylon slips and half-slips and camisoles with wide lacy hems, a pile of ruffle-topped ankle socks and more pairs of nylon stockings in shades of beige and black. Anthony stood staring down into the drawer full of dainty lingerie, not daring to turn around and look at his mates.

John said, “That’s the deal: You have to wear all girls’ underwear and socks everyday this month, even the socks and especially the bras. The bras were Hillman’s idea. He said you seemed to have been putting on some weight lately, your butt is getting bigger and you’re starting to get a lot of flesh around your chest. He thought the bras would help ...”

“Help? Help what!” Anthony groaned, tears dripping down his cheeks and onto his new assortment of sleek lingerie.

John continued, “Hillman thought if you had a bra on it would be a good reminder.”

“A reminder of what? I’m not a troublemaker! I’m not any worse than just about any other boy in this shitty school; it’s just that Hillman has it in for me, that bastard!”

The other boys nodded; they knew he was right, but they also didn’t want to be sucked into the sissy hole he was in and they were trying to separate themselves from Anthony – a roommate’s loyalty only went so far.

John continued, “It wasn’t fair for us to be punished along with you in the first place. The Headmaster agreed and that’s why we got the trousers ban lifted, but I did have to promise him we’d make sure you wore lingerie every day, especially one of your bras, and we would check on you throughout the day. The Headmaster said we have to enforce it or we’d all be in trouble and have to wear an outfit like you have to wear — and believe me we aren’t going to let that happen, so sorry, but we’re really going to be on your case. Try to go along with us on this. It’s just for a month. After that you’ll get your trousers and boys’ underwear back if you stay out of trouble --- AND go see Hillman three times a week for special counseling sessions.”

“Special what” Anthony questioned with a groan.

Then the door opened, and Frankie came in “Did you guys fill him in on the picture?”



"Yeah, Frankie, he knows," John said.

Frankie walked over to Anthony and said, "Well, fruity boy, you're really going to love prancing around all month in pretty bras to go with your sweet panties and all your other girlie stuff. You deserve it. You're a discredit to all boys, especially the freshmen. They should just send you over to St. Gertrude's and school you there permanently." And then he turned and walked out of the room laughing.

Anthony turned away from his roomies and found himself staring back into his open dresser drawer stacked with girlish goodies.

John said, "Sorry, but we have to enforce it. You owe us for getting us all in trouble, you being Hillman's pet spanking boy. We know it's not fair, but that how life is sometimes; just look at it as one of those ugly life lessons we have to learn sometimes. It's only for a month – and you don't have to start with the bras until tomorrow."

Chapter 6

The Pain and Pleasure of Female Domination

Anthony shoved his dresser drawer closed and stormed out of the room on his way to his appointment with the wardrobe mistress. When he arrived he was surprised to see a girl just slightly older than he. Her presence – a teen girl seeing him in his feminized condition — made him more nervous and self-conscious than being seen by the other boys; he was getting used to the boys ragging on him! Ms. Gilbert explained as she introduced him that the girl was her daughter, a junior currently attending St. Gertrude's. She had conferred with Hillman and they thought it was a good idea to give him a slight taste of what it would be like if he was ever sentenced to the Academy for one or more days. She said the girls were notorious terrors when it came to dealing with sissy boys, and they were going to give him a little sample of such treatment as a deterrent to earning for himself such a punishment.

The now terrified and confused boy thought about running out of there, but before the thought barely registered in his mind, mother and daughter had his legs bound and were hoisting him up by his bound hands. Rose, was the daughter's name, and no sooner had he been trussed up when she began taunting and teasing him as she bent down low and began peeking under his kilt.

"Oh, he has a nice white slip on under there, and what's this I see? I think I see girlie pink panties! Imagine that! Pink panties on a boy! What kind of fairy boys are they raising here at St. John's," she screeched and then followed with a deep and hearty laugh. The type of laugh girls can spurt out

that can instantly kill the masculinity of any man or boy.

Of course, Rose wasn't satisfied with just peeking and staring directly into his down-turned eyes as she reached up under his skirt and felt his panties. She snapped his leg elastics and made his thighs sting. She stroked the smooth nylon over his bottom and told him even her own panties weren't that soft and smooth and Hillman must have spend a fair amount of the school's money supplying him with such expensive panties. She teased him by asking if she could borrow some of his panties sometime; she envied having such luxurious panties like he was lucky enough to wear. She then wasted no time and went directly for his penis. She expertly stroked it up into a firm erection that made him huff and puff and squirm, and once he was wild with pleasure, she introduced pain, savagely pinching his dickie. Then she switched back and tenderly stroked him to hardness again only to pinch it again. Repeatedly she did it, and as she did, she kept up a running dialogue, telling him he was a sissy, a fairy and every other faggoty name she could think up. Eventually it was too much and the panty-raped boy shot his cum; it was the most pleasurable and painful orgasm imaginable. He was still half crying and moaning as Rose shoved her cum-coated hand into his face, smeared his slime all over his cheeks and lips and shoved her sticky fingers into his mouth. "Get used to the taste of boy cum, sissy. If you ever are sent over to the academy, you'll be sucking the cocks of any sissy boys sent over with you – they always send over at least two of you fruits together. In June each year, St. John's sends over to St. Gertrude's for special training the boys who had earned themselves the most punishments throughout the school year, and from what we understand you are the number one punished boy, so if you keep it up, we will see you for a few days of fun you won't want to write home about!"

The session with Ms. Gilbert and her daughter hadn't lasted long, but it was another turning point in Anthony's tender, young life. The only welcome surprise of this strange encounter: it was a girl who had made him ejaculate this time – not a boy (Colin), not even his own hand – but a pretty teenage girl! He was immensely satisfied now knowing he could spurt his juice at the hands of a girl; that helped to clear up some his doubts — maybe he wasn't queer after all! Especially the beginning of a boy's teenage years is a very confusing time, and the events of the last few days made it monumentally more so for poor Anthony!

Chapter 7

Another Nightie Night

Instead of going to the dining hall, he went to his dorm room. He wasn't hungry; besides, he had to change out of his cum-sticky pink panties. Back in his room, he was glad the other boys weren't there, so he took off everything and put on his

robe before scurrying off to the shower. When he got back, the other three boys were there doing their studies. He ignored his homework – he couldn't even think straight! He then announced he was going to bed without waiting for the bell for lights out with the excuse he wasn't feeling well. The other three boys watched him turn down the blankets of his bunk, and there spread out on his sheet was a nightgown, a long white nylon gown with pink and blue flowers about the neck and more of the same flowers decorating the lacy hem. Attached was a note. He picked it up and read it:

Nightie night, Anthony,
We hope you like this new nightie we added to your
lingerie wardrobe. All the girls at St. Gertrude's wear
them. You'll surely love it. It's silky. Girls and fairies
wear them. But watch out for your roommates, they're
might not be able to resist jumping in bed with you
while wearing the pretty silk and lace nightie.
Sweet dreams, faggot,
Your friends in the sophomore class.

"The nightie is part of your punishment routine," Phil said.
"Day and night you have to wear lingerie."

Anthony looked away from them, took off his robe and
slipped on the nightie.

"I guess you can wait until morning to put on a bra, but you
gotta put panties on under your nightie; put on a pair of the
regulation white bloomer panties like the girls over at the
academy. We'd like to see how you look in them."

Anthony scowled at his roommates as he took a pair of pink
panties out of his dresser drawer and put them on instead of
the white bloomer panties in defiance of Phil's request.
Tommy opened the door to the hallway and gestured to
someone. A moment later, Frankie came in and looked at
Anthony getting into his bed wearing the new nightie.
"Good," he said, "make sure the sissy wears a gown every
night. He's got two now, so he should periodically wash them
out and always have a clean one to wear. Girls and faggots
are neat freaks and like crisp, clean clothes, right Anthony?"

The beaten boy groaned an answer and that must have been
good enough for Frankie who gave a menacing look to the
other three boys and warned them they were responsible to
make sure Anthony wears a bra and lingerie every day, all
day long for the month. Then he left, and the room was
strangely quiet for the next half hour until it was time for
lights out. Anthony lay in his bunk wishing he would fall
asleep but his mind was too much in a whirl. He kept running
his hands over the long nightie. It felt similar but different
from the babydoll nightie he had worn the night before. This
nightie went all the way down his legs; its silkiness was a
most unsettling sensation. In the darkened room, he could
hear the other boys' hands rustling under their sheets, and the
rhythmic sounds combined with their breathing at increased

tempos bombarded Anthony's mind; all he could think about
was that cum session with Ms. Gilbert's daughter, Rose. He
also thought about the next day and how horrible it would be
wearing a bra too, but the silky material of his nightie
distracted him as it teasingly slid against his pink panties.
While remembering how Rose panty masturbated him, he
now panty wanked himself and cried himself to sleep.

Chapter 8

Thursday: His Roommates Turn on Him

In the morning, the other boys were up first after the wake-up
bell rang. They were happy to be returning to their long
trousers. Anthony hid his head under the covers and wanted
the day to be over before it even started. John sensed
Anthony's reluctance to get up as a sign he might not want to
cooperate and realized they'd all be in trouble if Anthony
didn't apply himself and be dressed according to the bargain
they had struck with Hillman, Frankie and the Headmaster.

John felt the need to take charge and roared at Anthony, "Get
your fairy ass out of bed."

"What?" Anthony said peeking out from under the blanket.

"You heard me, pansy, get out of bed, and from now on, let's
hear you say 'sir.'"

"Please, John."

"Get out of bed now and get dressed in your sissy outfit, and
it's 'sir' to every guy in this room from now on."

"Yes, sir."

"Since it's our job to make sure you do what you are told and
stay out of trouble, we're going to issue a few more rules you
have to abide by. First, you're going to be the maid in this
room. After classes each day, you'll come back here, strip
down to just your bra and panties, put an apron on and do
whatever cleaning needs to be done. Sometimes we'll have
you put on that lacy mini dress you have in your closet. Then
you'll really look like our maid. We'll take turns supervising
you. Today, it will be Tommy. Understand, pansy?"

"Yes, sir." He cried as he pulled himself out of bed, went to
his dresser containing his hateful lingerie and began the
humiliating task of dressing as his fellow roomies watched.

"Remember to dress in your new lingerie," John said.
"Especially the bra -- wear one a pink padded bra today. You
can still wear your sweater, so no one will even notice it."

Standing in front of his dresser, Anthony removed his



flowered, white nylon nightgown and stood with his back to them in just his Hillman-donated pink panties. He opened the drawer and was shocked all over again to see the stunning array of lingerie inside. He had no fight left. He took off the pink panties and changed into a pair of the white bloomer panties like the girls wear at the academy. In deference to his betraying roomie, he took the pink padded bra and fumbled with it. It took him time to figure out how to put it on. Luckily, Phil came over and snapped it closed in back saving him the additional humiliation of having to ask for help. The grip of the snug-fitting bra made itself known from the second he had it on. It was such a foreign and unmasculine sensation; as a reminder for him to be good, it was instantly doing its job. But then, Anthony was thrown back to his distant past, to his early years when his mother and her group of likeminded feminizing mothers played havoc with their sons and tried to outdo one another with how girlishly they could dress their young boys. Anthony had happily forgotten all about the training bras his mother periodically made him wear during those years when he was a pawn between his dominant mother and his unfaithful father who ended up with no say in how their son was dressed and being raised. He now stood there shaking with the memories that came rushing back into his battered brain: He had worn a training bra before, but this time it was a padded pink bra and supremely more humiliating. The sensation of wearing the bra was a physical presence that threw his mind an immense mental curve. He had little ability to think about anything else besides the lace and elastic cupping his flat chest -- a feeling only a preteen girl should ever know. His recollections were interrupted when he felt someone behind him: John was putting something on his head. Anthony



realized it was a wig. He reached up to pull it off, but the boys warned him to keep it on. He did. "Turn around, sissy; we want to see how you look in your new bra, boy," Tommy screeched. "Hillman sent over the wig for fun. No, you don't have to wear it on campus, but we're going to make you wear it here in the room. It will help you look more like our maid. You'll not only clean, we expect you to cook us snacks at night too. Now turn around."

Anthony turned around but kept his head down. He did not want to look at their faces; he knew they were aglow with smirking and laughing expressions. He feared he would remember the looks on their faces for eternity. They made him look up, but he still refused to look directly at them. He asked if he could take off the wig to continue dressing and since it was getting late, the boys said he could, but then reminded him he had to wear it whenever he was in the room. He then reached into the drawer, pulled out one of the pink

camisoles and quickly pulled it over his head to cover the shaming bra. The three boys all moaned in disappointment not being able to see more of him in his bra. He was now becoming adept at putting on girls' clothes and quickly he stepped into a white satin half-slip, the new longer kilt, plain white knee socks and strappy Mary Janes. The only bit of pleasure he did have was pulling on the sweater because it covered his bra and lacy camisole. The boys were sad the show was over for now. Besides, they had to hurry into their own clothes lest they be late, but Tommy did take a moment to preen before Anthony, taunting him as he showed off that now he had the privilege of wearing trousers!

It's hard for a boy in his beginning teens to be away from home, in a new school and having just about everyone in the school turning against you -- now even his own roommates. He didn't understand it was survival of the fittest, and he was the most unfit of all. He wanted to run away but there was nowhere to go to; Colin, a faggot, was the only friend he had. ♦

