

## Anthony's Kilts #1

### Chapter 1

#### *A Jealous Sister*



"Myrtle, get the strap!" Mrs. McLendon said to her son's nanny as she stormed down the hallway calling out his name in search of him.

Anthony was in his big sister's room quietly playing paper dolls with her. He trembled when he heard his mummy approaching. He sensed he had done something wrong.

She burst into the room, the nanny following, and the moment she saw him, she shouted, "Anthony! Why was the toilet seat up?"

"I, I, uh, I, I don't know, Mummy," was all he could mutter as she took the strap from Myrtle and picked him up off the floor.

"Were you standing up to use the toilet?" she wanted to know.

"No, uh . . . no, Mummy," he meekly replied.

But she didn't listen to him. Instead, she pulled the boy over her lap, lifted up the back of his new school kilt, and whacked him half a dozen times across his tight little bottom, which was only protected by a tissue-thin pair of white rayon panties.

"Tan his hide good, Mummy!" his sister Melissa said gleefully. "I think he's turning into one of those nasty little boys."

Anthony hadn't left the toilet seat up. Melissa had done it to get him into trouble. She was jealous of her little brother, who was always so cuddled and fawned over by his parents.

Melissa felt neglected because Anthony was the battleground between their feuding parents. Mr. McLendon wanted to make a little man of him, but Mrs. McLendon wanted to make a sweet little doll of him, and for years, she had been winning the battle. But this had been Anthony's first day at school, and she felt the tide had turned and she was beginning to lose the battle. From the time he had been born, Anthony was very sheltered. He had been brought up to be a mama's boy, a pantywaist, a sissy. For one, he had always been required to use the toilet sitting down. He didn't even know boys could use the toilet standing up to take a pee until he went to school and saw the boys there doing it.

"So you think you're a little man now and you can do all those disgusting things like standing up to pee. Well, I'll not have your little droplets of pee all over the floor. You must sit down every time you go to the toilet or you'll get the strap again!"

"What's more," she continued, "I want you to keep the door open whenever you go to the toilet. I want to make sure that you do your peeing sitting down."

"Yeah, yes! Yes, Mummy," he moaned through his crying and rapid breathing.

"Myrtle, Melissa, both of you keep an eye on him. See to it that he sits whenever he does his little peepees. If you ever catch him trying to do it standing up, spank him then bring him to me."

Melissa grinned. She loved it when she was recognized as superior to her little, overly sweet, six-year-old brother and given power over him.

Mrs. McLendon fears of losing her control over her sissy son angered her and caused

confusion in Anthony. One moment she was hugging and kissing him and the next she'd be punishing him for some minuscule misdeed. And when she did spank him, as she just had done, she hadn't hit him all that hard, but to a sensitive little boy like Anthony, it was both upsetting and painful.

He wasn't embarrassed to have his kilt pulled up to be strapped on his little white panties in front of them. He was used to being seen in much frillier panties in addition to extremely girlish and sissified clothes. He had been dressed that way everyday almost since he had been born. The embarrassment of being seen wearing lingerie and other girls' clothes by people who would make fun of him was a shame this heavily sheltered little boy had yet to fully experience.

But Anthony was upset because he always tried so hard to be a good boy, and more than ever lately, he knew he was a disappointment to them. His mother, his sister and his nanny were constantly finding fault with him. And most of the time, he had no idea what he had done wrong.

## *Chapter 2*

### *Feuding Parents*

Until he had started school, bright-eyed little Anthony had no idea that he was a disgrace to boyhood. His overly protective parents shielded him from the outside world. He loved both his parents, but they fought over him as much as they showered him with affection. He especially loved his mummy. He also loved his nine-year-old sister, Melissa, and his nanny, Myrtle.

From the time he was born, the three females had closely supervised his every move. They bathed him, brushed his hair, and even oversaw his bathroom functions. For example, after going to the toilet, he had been taught to carefully pat his penis dry with toilet tissue then dust it with baby powder. And when he was going to have a bowel movement, his nanny or his mummy wiped his bottom when he was finished.

In his parent's battle over controlling his upbringing, Mrs. McLendon was winning by far. She had a hold over her husband that had prevented him from having much say about how their little boy was dressed and treated.

Mr. McLendon was a wealthy businessman, so Anthony's mother was able to keep him outfitted in the best and fanciest little outfits available for little boys. Initially, she dressed him in tiny little shorts and pullover shirts, but soon got bored with the limited, dull selection of boys' clothing. She fantasized about buying clothes for him in the girls' department but knew her husband would surely balk at that. Still, she tested the water and bought Anthony girls' slacks and overblouses and even replaced his underwear with simple little silken vests and lacy panties. Her workaholic husband didn't even notice!

Anthony's hair was kept a boyishly short to medium length, one concession his mother made to his father. Anthony used to have a bad habit of letting his hair get messed up and not combing it



Anthony's mother's idea of proper boys' clothes for her son.

back into place. But one day, after she had gotten tired of telling him to take care of his hair, his mother taught him to keep it neat by subjecting him to a special punishment. She tied half a dozen little pink bows in his tangled mess then sent him downstairs for his father, sister and the servants to see.

Anthony was so innocent that he didn't even know that it was a punishment until Melissa, the cook and his nanny laughed at him and called him "sweetie" and "pretty boy." His father called him a "sissy" in disgust. Anthony had never heard that word before, but he would hear it a lot as he got older. By the way they all said those things, Anthony knew they weren't being nice but making fun of him. After that, he was careful to keep his hair neatly combed.

### *Chapter 3*

#### *Dominated Mama's Boy*

Anthony's father owned a coal mine and employed over three hundred workers. He spent a lot of time at the mine's office in town, but he also had to frequently travel to the mine and take business trips to consult with other mine owners. Even when he was in town, he worked long hours and by the time he came home at night, the children were usually already in bed.

Mr. McLendon had no choice but to leave the day-to-day management of the house and raising the children to his determined and very capable wife. He did notice what was going on with Anthony's upbringing. He watched in the background over the years as Anthony was dressed in increasingly feminine clothing. An outsider would wonder why he permitted his son to be pampered and decked out in such girlish outfits. Why didn't he demand that his son be brought up like other boys and encouraged to do the things other boys did?

Years earlier, while Mrs. McLendon was pregnant with Anthony, she had caught him cheating. After threats of divorce and public humiliation, which would have been very detrimental to his business and their social standing, he gave into his wife's demands in order for them to remain married. The children were part of the bargain. Their mother was given complete charge of their upbringing. She also obtained complete control of the house, including all the hiring and firing of the staff.

With this new power it didn't take her long to assemble a staff that was totally loyal to her wishes. She decided to raise the children in a fashion to suit herself, and she didn't care if her methods annoyed her husband. In fact, she made a point of doing things that flaunted her power in his face. Anthony became her focus. She used him to remind her husband that, within the house, she was in total charge.



She had decided to turn their son into a sweet, simpering, swishy, candy-ass sissy, and at least until the boy had to go to school, there wasn't much that her husband could do about it.

Even if he wanted to ignore what was being done to his son, he wasn't able to escape it. As Anthony was increasingly sissified, he was frequently paraded before his father. Before his glaring eyes, his wife flaunted Anthony as a mockery of her husband's masculinity.

Whenever Anthony got a new addition to his wardrobe, he had to model it for his father even if that meant staying up past his normal bedtime to wait for his daddy to get home. His father not only had to endure seeing what was being done to his son, he had to make it appear like he completely approved. If he didn't, his wife knew how to make his life miserable in a hundred little ways.

Since her husband was Scottish and she was Irish, she had kilts for Anthony representing the McLendon clan as well as a kilt representing her own ancestry. Mr. McLendon could hardly protest his national costume even when she began to add girlish touches to his kilt outfit, like frilly blouses, little ankle socks and strappy girls' patent leather shoes.

Mrs. McLendon used the kilt as a step in the direction toward more girlish clothes for her son, but unwittingly, Mr. McLendon was the one who first put the boy into some very girlish clothes!

While Anthony was a toddler and still going through his thumb-sucking stage, like a lot of little boys, he developed a liking for the satin trim on his little blue baby blanket. He loved to stroke the satin edge as he sucked his thumb. Anthony's father picked up on this little fetish and tried to discourage his son from doing it. To antagonize the father, Mrs. McLendon let the boy suck his thumb and have his fetish blanket every day, all day long.

She also let the boy sleep in her bed. She knew he liked to do that because he liked to cuddle up to her in her silky nightie and suck his thumb as he fingered both the edging on his blanket and the satin fabric of her nightie.

One day, Mr. McLendon had enough. He simply took the baby blanket away from Anthony, threw it into the incinerator and told him to grow up.

Poor little Anthony ran crying and screaming to his mummy's room, but she wasn't there. However, one of her pretty pink satin baby doll nighties was draped across the bed. Anthony quieted himself down as he stroked the silky fabric and sucked his thumb. A little while later the innocent little Anthony went back downstairs, but he was still sucking his thumb and clutching his mummy's soft, feminine nightie.

When his father saw him, he pulled the kid over his knee and spanked him with his firm, broad hand.

Smack!

"What's the meaning of this!"

Smack!

"What are doing with your mother's night gown?"

Smack!

"Are you a little sissy or something?"

Smack!

". . . still sucking your thumb, well, I think it's time for you to stop!"

Smack!

"You god damned mama's boy!"

Smack!

"I'll teach you a lesson."

Smack!

"This'll teach your mother a lesson too!"

Smack!

The frightened little boy dissolved totally into tears. Mr. McLendon was frustrated. To him, his son was a sissy. Not knowing what else to do, he pulled Anthony to his feet, completely stripped him of his T-shirt, shorts and underwear, and then pulled the nightgown over the boy's head.

Thinking he was instituting some type of punishment to teach him a lesson, Mr. McLendon proceeded to laugh at him and call him a mama's boy, a sissy and a pantywaist. But little Anthony didn't know what those words meant and he didn't know what was going on. He didn't know that wearing the frilly, feminine peach-pink nightie was supposed to embarrass him. Instead, he just cried from the spanking and thrilled to the soft material as he hugged it against himself.

Just at that moment Anthony's mother entered the room. Her husband explained what was going on and how he was punishing him.

Her short baby doll nightie was much too big on her little boy. On him, it hung down to the floor like a full-length nightie. She was abhorred that her husband would do such a thing. He was well aware of their longtime agreement. He knew better than to interfere with her raising of the children.

But at the same time, Mrs. McLendon wanted to smile, almost laugh because her son did look cute in her nightie.

Ignoring her husband, she went over to her boy, cuddled him, urged him to stop crying, and stroked his frail little body through the silky nylon. She carried the boy up to her bed and let him keep the nightie on as she crawled into bed with him. She also promised to buy Anthony another baby blanket the next day.

Mrs. McLendon went shopping the next day and bought another blanket for Anthony, but her mind was working with ideas of how to turn this situation to her advantage. And that very night, she decided to tease her husband by dressing Anthony again in one of her silky baby doll nightgowns.

Then, wearing the soft nightie and dragging his new baby blanket, she took him downstairs to say good night to his daddy.

Mr. McLendon looked at his boy strangely and asked his wife what she was doing. She explained that since he had been forced to wear the baby dolls the night before, he came to like them and wanted to wear them again. So she let him, explaining that their son was still thoroughly shaken from the severe spanking he had suffered at the hands of his father.

Just to tease his father, she had Anthony model the flowing gown, getting the boy to prance

around like a swishy sissy as he held out the sides of the gown and twirled like a daffy girl.

Mr. McLendon wanted to scream out his disapproval, but he decided not to upset the innocent little boy any further. He had to give into his wife as she pushed him to compliment their son on the pretty nightie he was wearing.

He half choked but forced out the words, "Oh, Anthony, you look very sweet! That nice nightie makes you look so very pretty."

After Anthony was put to bed, his parents got into a big fight, but when it was over, it was obvious that Anthony's mother would continue to have her way with the boy. She held all the strings and she wasn't afraid to pull any of them in order to get her way.

That was the night that Anthony's father resigned himself to the situation - that he was powerless when it came to the children - and now there was no question about it.

On the very next night, when Anthony came downstairs to say "good night" to his father, he was dressed in a brand new baby doll nightie, one that fit him perfectly. In response to her husband's questioning frown, Anthony's mother explained that she had purchased three sets of silky baby dolls for their son so he didn't have to keep borrowing hers.

Little Anthony danced around to show off the satin nightie, a cute, silky little pink baby doll set trimmed in white. At his mother's urging, he finished his little, limp-wristed dance by pulling up the skirt high around his waist to fully show off the matching lace-trimmed, panties.

Once again, at Mrs. McLendon's command, his father had to compliment the boy on wearing such a pretty nightie.

Melissa didn't mind Anthony being dressed in baby dolls and, during the day, in increasingly feminine fashions. In fact, she loved to fuss over her brother almost as much as her mother and Myrtle, his nanny, did. Besides, she would often be dressed in a matching outfit, and when Anthony was dressed in very girly things, she would pretend that he was her little sister and they would play girlish games together, like doctor, house, paper dolls, and jacks.

Most of their play periods were confined to their nursery because outside they would get their clothes dirty. But even while playing indoors, they had to wear little smocks over their regular clothes. These smocks were loose-fitting coverall garments made out of cheerful, pastel-colored fabrics. Sometimes they just wore the smocks over their babyish vests and panties.

## *Chapter 4*

### *Like-Minded Mothers*

Sometimes Mummy and nanny would take the children to Gillian Park. In a public park, one would have thought that other little children might have made fun of Anthony; however, very few



children knew him, and between his smock or kilt outfits and his gentle demeanor, most people took him to be a little girl!

In a special little corner of the park, there were many other children with their mothers and nannies, and most of those children were also of a gentle manner. The mothers themselves policed the park, and they would chase away any roughneck older boys in order to preserve their quiet little gathering place. The families that went to the park were from all over the city. It was a very popular place for little children because the mothers loved to get together to discuss their charges while the nannies organized little games for the children.

It was at the park that Mrs. McLendon first met like-minded women who were raising sweet, gentle little boys. And it's where she first saw a number of other little boys in kilts and sissified boys' clothes. She quickly became friends with some of the other mothers, and they started to get together for afternoon tea in addition to their visits to the park.

As a group with a common goal of making sweet little darlings of their sons, these women quickly progressed in their thinking. They extolled the benefits of severely restricting the negative influence of everything traditionally masculine and decided it was best to force upon their offspring feminine rule and female attitudes. They all agreed that how a child was dressed had a great influence over how that child acted. This philosophy quickly became expressed in the types of clothing their little boys wore.

Consequently, both dress-up clothes and normal everyday wear for these unsuspecting little boys became fancier and more feminine. Several of these women had sons about Anthony's age, and some of them liked to dress their sons in fancy fashions too. To this end, they were delighted when they found an exclusive shop that offered pretty velvet Little Lord Fauntleroy suits. Anthony's mother bought four of the suits, one in each color that was available - white, black, light blue and dark blue.

When the mothers got together with all of their sons dressed in the velvet suits, they tried to outdo one another with how nicely their own boy was dressed, but since all of the suits were so similar, the mothers resorted to trying to outdo one another with various accessories.

Gradually the starched shirts were replaced by girl's blouses, which were made of soft fabrics and featured subtle frills and decorations. Then they bought blouses that were more and more girlish, often loaded with frills down the front, on the sleeves and around the collars. As time went on, the boys' klutzy shoes were replaced by feminine little dance slippers or shiny strap shoes. Next, heavy woolen socks were set aside in favor of lace-trimmed anklets or even nylon stockings.

Of course the stockings had to be held up, and that was accomplished with lacy and beribboned pantywaists, flounced garters or snappy garter belts. Having gone this far, the mothers followed Mrs. McLendon's lead and introduced their charges to the delights of feminine vests and panties. And in their pursuit of the best, sweetest and most elegant, those vests and panties were made from the finest silky fabrics and adorned with a barrage of lace and ribbons. Eventually, these little games of one-upmanship even went so far as to include little satin training bras under the guise of "support for healthy posture."

When it came to outer clothes, the other mothers took Mrs. McLendon's lead and often adopted the kilt as a refining form of dress; even the mothers who had no Scottish or Irish heritage whatsoever had kilts made for their boys.

The kilts allowed the addition of one more girlish garment namely: petticoats. Soon all the boys were dressed in fancy slips and billowing petticoats as well as the kilt. The mothers found it endlessly entertaining as the boys gave off revealing flashes of their lacy slips and panties, which had a tendency to peek out from underneath the boys' kilts because the boys weren't used to sitting and standing modestly.

### **Anthony's Kilts #1**

## **Chapter 5**

### ***Makeup for a Lifetime Role***

It wasn't long before the boys had their hair curled or waved and their faces painted with little touches of mascara, rouge, and lipstick. But getting the boys to agree to wear makeup the first time took a little doing.

These boys were sheltered but they weren't dense! They knew only girls wore makeup, so the women treated it like a game. They started out by dressing their boys in the kilts for their walks in the park and then putting "warpaint" on their faces like the Scotsman of old did in their wars with the crown. The Scots painted their faces much like the American Indians.

The boys actually thought it was quite manly to wear such warpaint after hearing tales of the warriors of old; however, each successive time they dressed up, their mothers changed the warpaint to an increasingly feminine style of makeup. The boys were reticent as their "warpaint" evolved into a thoroughly feminine makeup job. Under little protest, rings, earrings, bracelets and other jewelry were added to the boys' costumes. And only a small amount of effort was needed to get the boys to accept being perfumed and having bows tied in their hair.

Anthony was what most people would call a mama's boy, a sissy, a pansy, a pantywaist. However, he didn't realize how much more he was like a girl than a boy because he was kept away from most other children and anyone else who could possibly have (in his mother's judgment) a negative influence on him.

He was only allowed to play with his older sister and the daughters and equally sissified sons of his mother's friends. He was rarely allowed to watch television, and the only times he saw other children were at the movie theater for a children's Saturday matinee or during one of their annual trips to the zoo.

Anthony loved to dress up in the special little outfits that his mother selected for him. He didn't



know that they weren't very boyish because the other little boys he played with were dressed in the same manner. All he knew is that his mother's friends, especially the matronly types, got so excited when they saw him in his various outfits. And since his mother was often the leader of this feminization process, he was often the center of attention as the women would kiss and cuddle him and make him prance around to show off his newest little sissy costume.

Anthony loved to strut his stuff for the ladies, and his mother loved the attention they showered on him too. So over time, his clothing became fancier and more feminine because it seemed that the fancier his clothes, the more the women fussed over him. Anthony didn't mind. In fact, he delighted wearing such beautiful clothes.

Like most of the other boys, Anthony didn't mind wearing these girlish clothes and accessories. All of them had been raised to be effeminate and appreciate delicate, girlish things. However, when the hair bows were introduced, Anthony became a little apprehensive because he remembered all too well how the servants had teased him the time he was punished for not taking care of his hair. But his mother was quick to quell his fears. She convinced him that it would be okay and that the servants wouldn't make fun of him. Just a word from her to them was enough to stop any teasing before it started.

Whenever the ladies got together, their sissyboy charges were the center of attention. Each of the mothers would corner one of their friend's little boys and fuss with his hair and clothing. The women were always very curious about what each boy was wearing for underwear that particular day, and they couldn't resist undoing buttons to open blouses and to peek down waistbands as they discovered the little bits of lingerie each simpering little sissyboy was secretly wearing beneath his pretty clothes. And they couldn't resist petting each boy's little penis within the silky folds of his frilly panties. They'd fondle the boys until they had each of them swooning with pleasure and squirming with shivers of sissified delight racing through their lithe little bodies.

## *Chapter 6*

### *Anthony's First Dress*

Mrs. McLendon was the one to lead their little group across that crucial line between kilts and dresses. The occasion was Anthony's fifth birthday. On the pretense that it would be a fun joke to play on everyone, his mother talked Anthony into wearing a dress. She had The Little Kings & Queens boutique fashion for Anthony a long, flowing Victorian-style dress in pale blue with puff sleeves and a lacy collar, complete with three tiers of lace and chiffon petticoats.

She convinced Anthony that it would be fun and a surefire way of outdoing all the other sweet little boys. He wasn't too sure at first if it was a good thing to do, but after his mother showed him the dress and all the lingerie that went with it, and when he saw how pretty they were, he



agreed to do it. Somewhere along the way he had fallen in love with all the lace and frills usually reserved for fancy little girls. He fell in love with the feel of soft fabrics against his skin, the teasing caress of silks and satins, and the attention he garnered whenever he was dress so sweetly. He had never worn a dress before, but he knew he wanted to wear this beautiful little dress. His penis erected in his panties as his mother had him examine the dress in detail.

"I think my little boy likes his pretty little dress," she laughingly teased as she slid her fingers up the leg of his satin shorts to tickle his tiny pantied penis.

When he made his entrance at the party, everyone hooted and hollered. He was an instant hit. Even the other boys gathered around him with a mixture of curiosity and envy. Some of the boys couldn't resist picking up the edge of his skirt to peek at his slips and panties. Of course, the other mothers couldn't keep their hands off of him either. During the party, he was repeatedly petted and played with, teased, caressed and buried in little kisses until he more than a dozen resounding dry orgasms shook his frail little frame.

## *Chapter 7*

### *Dressing Up is Contagious!*

Anthony's dress had broken new ground. Just three days later the ladies met again, and two of the other boys attending were presented wearing dresses. Their mothers were quick to explain it was supposed to be a joke in response to Anthony's birthday party dress. And no one was surprised on successive occasions, when more and more frequently, various boys began to wear skirts and dresses.

Around the house, Anthony still wore his little smocks with little shorts underneath. Then one day, his mother decided that the shorts weren't necessary and his silky, lace-decorated panties were adequate. She thought it was adorable how his dainty panties would peek out whenever he bent forward or while he sat on the floor to play. Then, she realized that she could save a lot of money by having Anthony wear his older sister's outgrown skirts and dresses. There was no shortage of money in the family, but in lieu of buying him new clothes, Mrs. McLendon convinced herself that it was a very practical thing to do. And Melissa didn't mind. In fact, she thought Anthony was really cute in her old clothes.

So Mummy passed Melissa's old dresses and other clothes onto Anthony. He really loved how the short-skirted dresses looked and felt. He would stand for long periods of time in front of the full-length mirror in the hallway to admire his reflection. Most of these dresses and skirts were so short that if he just held his arms straight down to his sides and curled his fingers under the skirt's short hem, he could touch the thrilling, silky fabric and ticklish lace of his pretty pastel-colored panties. He loved twirling around in front of the mirror trying to get his skirts to flip up and show off his panties. Whenever his mother, sister or nanny would catch him doing it, they never failed to gently chide him for putting on such an immodest display.



A typical playtime in the park for Anthony and the daughters and crossdressers who belonged to his mother's special little group of friends. There are five girls and five boys in the picture, including Anthony, who is the last child on the far left.

At the park or during their afternoon teas, the mothers loved to talk about their children's clothing, and their favorite thing to do was to have their charges prance up and down and show off their pretty clothes to the other mothers and children. They wore specially shortened kilts, adorable, old-fashioned sailor frocks or shortalls, which were worn with white knee socks and shiny brass-buckled strap shoes. Most of the boy clothes were sissyish, but still distinctly boyish; however, following Anthony's appearance in a dress, most of the other boys were dressed in increasingly effeminate costumes, and a few, like Anthony, were often dressed completely in girls' outer clothing, complementing the girlish lingerie they all had been wearing for almost a year.

After Anthony's complete conversion to girl's clothing, his kilt was the most boyish of all his outfits. His mother let him wear his kilt whenever they were going to the park and he was going to play one of the few boy-style games he was permitted to engage in, like sailing his model boat.

All the children at the park were strictly supervised. They weren't allowed to play any rough and tumble games. Playing with dolls, skipping rope, and walking with pets were some of the standard activities in the park. After Anthony graduated to full girlish attire, he and his sister loved to dance on the lawn and let their swishy little skirts flutter in the wind. Their mother used to gently chide them for letting their short skirts fly up, immodestly exposing their lacy panties. Some of the other children would point and laugh when they spotted their peeking slips and panties, but little Anthony and Melissa loved showing off their pretties. They wanted everyone to see them.

## *Chapter 8*

### *Time to Put Away the Dresses*

As Anthony was about to start school, Mr. McLendon, for the first time in a long time, won a victory. He dictated how the boy was to be educated, dressed and treated. Mrs. McLendon had wanted to send Anthony to an exclusive school where many of her friends were sending their sissified sons, a special girls' primary school that understood the needs of "sensitive" little boys and allowed them to attend.

But Mr. McLendon declared that they would send Anthony to the best local school, Tarniff Academy, where he was on the ruling committee.

Mrs. McLendon knew it would be detrimental to their community standing not to send their boy to that school - so she conceded. Tarniff was a school that always had one of the best football teams - a school that, in most people's opinion, produced solid young men. Mr. McLendon was sure that Anthony's sissy days were soon to be behind him. Tarniff was the place to start him on the road to becoming a proper young man.

As the first day of school approached, Mrs. McLendon knew her days of babifying and



sissifying her son were coming to an end. She knew she was losing her boy to the cruel outside world. It was agony for her to pack away all his little ankle socks, strap shoes and girlish lingerie that she had dressed him in all those years. But on second thought, she held out some of his plainer feminine fashions, she was sure that they could be incorporated into his school uniform and no one would even notice. Of course, he could still probably wear his pretty lingerie. After all, no one would ever see them.

Anthony's mother realized that she couldn't send him to school in a dress; so much to her chagrin, she consented to buy him a school uniform.

Secretly, she did like one thing about Tarniff: The school had a Scottish heritage and one variation of the school's uniform was a kilt outfit. To her, the kilt was very close to a skirt, and it would be reminiscent of all the lovely fashions she had him wear for so many of those sheltered, wonderful preschool years. The school permitted any of three kilt colors: a deep purple, a bright green and a traditional tartan. But Anthony's mother intended that her son wear one of his kilt outfits to school everyday.

When she went shopping for the boy's school clothes, she bought one of each variation of the official school kilt outfits! Of course, she had to buy the socks, shoes and several complete sets of traditional boys' underwear to please Mr. McLendon, but she was sure that most of the time Anthony could wear his girlish lingerie and use some of his plainer feminine clothes as substitute parts of his kilt outfit.

Tarniff was a coed school. The children wore official school uniforms consisting of a tie and a blue blazer. Each boy could wear any white shirt, and each girl could wear any type of blouse, as long it was pure white. The boys wore either knee socks and shorts or regular socks and long pants together with traditional Scottish brogues for shoes. While the girls wore ankle socks, strap shoes, and a kilt. Boys had the option to wear dark blue trousers, but they were required to have at least one kilt outfit for special, formal school functions. While all the girls wore a kilt to school every day, most of the boys only wore their kilt when they were required to do so.

Poor little Anthony, for him, starting school was a very traumatic experience. When he was first shown his new school clothes, he objected; he wanted to keep on wearing his pretty little dresses and other girly clothes. After many tears and explanations, he was persuaded to put on his new school uniform. As a concession, his mother told him that when he got home from school each day, he could change back into his beloved skirts and fancy lingerie. The years of his mummy's training had made him into a simpering little sissy boy, and he could not understand why, all of a sudden, his clothing and behavior had to change. He always did exactly what his mummy wanted; he was a very good little boy, so why did she now want him to be something that he didn't want to be?

That first day of school was one of the official occasions that required all students to wear their kilt outfit. Anthony looked so sweet that day - too sweet. He wore the regulation bright green kilt; however, the rest of his uniform was distinctly feminine. Instead of a plain white shirt, he wore one of his tailored blouses, but it was clearly a girl's blouse since it buttoned down the back and featured little ruffles down the front and a tiny lace trim

about the collar and cuffs. His dark knee socks were plain enough, but his shoes were shiny patent leather with big brass buckles, and underneath, he was wearing some of his prettiest lingerie: a delicate matching set of vest, slip and panties all in white satin, embroidered with tiny pink rosebuds and trimmed in handmade lace.

On that first day of school, Anthony entered a brand new world. He had always been so sheltered, protected from normal children, so he was amazed to see other little boys fighting, yelling, and playing rough games. He was even more surprised that no one was there to punish them for their bad behavior.

One of the first things his teacher did was to separate the boys from the girls in her class. She simply told all the boys to stand on one side of the room and all the girls to stand on the other. Little Anthony didn't know what to do, so he went to stand with the girls. When his teacher sorted through the students with a roll call and discovered that he was standing on the girls' side, all the children let out with hoots and hollers. Several of the boys even yelled out that word again: "sissy!"

Anthony had remembered his father calling him that name at times when he was displeased with him, but he didn't know what it meant. To him it sounded like the word 'sister.' He wondered if it meant the same thing. Then, during recess, he was confronted by several of the tough boys and girls in his class. They cornered him on the playground, teased him and kept calling him a sissy. There was that word again and again. From the way they said it, he knew that being called a sissy wasn't a good thing. Anthony cried and told them he didn't know what a sissy was. The kids laughed and explained to him that a sissy was a girly-boy - a boy that liked to dress up like a girl and play with girls, a crybaby and a scaredy-cat. A sissy was a boy that was like a girl!

So one of Anthony's first lessons at school was to learn the definition of the word sissy. But he wondered why a boy being like a girl was a bad thing. He became very confused. He began to cry. Once he started to cry, the children teased him even more. They started to push him around and call him all kinds of names that he had never heard before. One of the boys shoved him very hard, and Anthony went tumbling to the ground. In the whirl of motion, Anthony's kilt flew up and exposed several inches of his lace-trimmed, silky white slip.

After a moment of stunned silence, the kids descended upon poor Anthony and pulled up his kilt to look at his frilly slip and lace-decorated satin panties. More and more of the children gathered around, and when they saw the boy's girlish lingerie, they taunted him and shouted that hateful word 'sissy' at him over and over again until it just rang in his ears: sissy! Sissy, SISSY! They even pulled up his slip and pulled down his panties to see for a fact that he was a boy.

When the bell rang to signal the end of recess, everyone ran back to their classrooms and left poor Anthony crying with his kilt pulled up around his waist. Miss Simington, his teacher finally came to his rescue and helped him back on his feet. She couldn't help but notice his pretty lingerie as she straightened out his kilt. She told him that she wanted him to stay after school so she could talk to his mother when she came to pick him up.

When they all reentered the classroom, she warned the other children to leave him alone

otherwise they would be severely punished.

Anthony sat quietly for the rest of the day, and during lunchtime, his teacher stayed with him to protect him from the other children who were obviously whispering and talking about him. Anthony could see them laughing and pointing in his direction.

After school, when his mother arrived to pick him up, his teacher invited her to stay for a little talk. She explained everything that had happened that day. Anthony's mother told the whole story about Anthony and his upbringing. The teacher was not the only one enlightened. Little Anthony, standing nearby, heard the details of his childhood, but more than that, he realized that he was a sissy. He was exactly what the other kids had accused him of being, and he also realized that most people thought that it was very bad for a boy to be a sissy, very bad for a boy to be like a girl in any way.

It all came thundering down on the helpless little boy. All he wanted to do was to be a good little boy and get along with everyone, but all the other kids, especially the boys, didn't like him. He didn't mind being a sissy; in fact, if he couldn't be a real girl, the description of a sissy was exactly what he wanted to be.

After the meeting with his mother, his schoolteacher understood his gentle nature and took special steps to protect the cute little sissy boy. Each day, she shielded him from the rough kids at school from the time his nanny or mother dropped him off in the morning until one of them picked him up in the afternoon.

After that first day, Mrs. McLendon realized that she couldn't send Anthony to school in anything feminine. Reluctantly, to protect him, she followed his teacher's suggestion and dressed him in all the traditional boyish clothes like the other boys.

However, during that little talk between Anthony's mother and Mrs. Simington, it was obvious that these were like-minded women. His teacher applauded the way he had been brought up and she admitted that she loved the idea of training little boys to be sweet and gentle by dressing them in feminine clothes to prevent them from turning into little hellcats.

Anthony had just returned home from his first day at school when Melissa created the toilet seat incident. She knew her mother's fears, and she delighted in exploiting them to the degradation of her sweet little brother. Mrs. McLendon knew her little Anthony would be losing his innocence at this tough neighborhood school.

Now, after just one day of school, the toilet seat was in the up position: That was proof to her! Little Anthony was the loser in this struggle, a pawn to be controlled, possessed and won by the opposing forces within this dysfunctional family.

Anthony adjusted to school as well as he was able. It helped for him to continue his home life like before so as soon as he got home from school each day, he'd change into one of his little smocks that tied in the back with a big bow. His mummy wanted him to wear his smocks while he could because he had half a dozen smocks in various colors and he was going through a growing spell. She knew that before long he wouldn't fit into them anymore.

But in the meantime, the crisp, sleeveless smocks were very practical for after school. As Anthony grew, the smocks were getting shorter and shorter on him, and his cute, frilly little

panties would peek out with every movement. Mummy had to admit to herself how much she enjoyed seeing Anthony's girlish panties beneath his short smock as he ran and played in the backyard with his sister.

She was losing him to the boys in school, but as long as he was at home, she was going to do her best to have him be the sweet little boy she had trained him to be. Anthony's mother couldn't have been more pleased with little Anthony. He was well behaved and well mannered. Of course he wasn't perfect.

Sometimes he did inadvertently break one of Mummy's rules. That usually resulted in him being punished with a good switching to his bottom. Anthony just hated these punishments because he had to have his silky panties lowered in front of whoever was present. And many of these punishments were unwarranted because his sister had set him up. But Anthony loved his mother and sister and long ago had come to accept periodic punishment as a part of family life.

Anthony came to adore his schoolteacher and became very close to her during the school year. His mother was fortunate to have someone so caring and in tune with her ideals that the boy could turn to during his often scary years at Tarniff.

## **Anthony's Kilts #1**

### ***Chapter 9***

### ***Sissyboy Tea Time***



But between the demands of his father to "be a man" and the peer pressure from other boys at school, Anthony tried his best to set aside his love of feminine things and develop into a normal little boy. He was used to pleasing his mother, but now he felt he should please his father and his schoolmates. He had to accept the fact that he was a boy. Finally, after being in school for only a few days, he had to say "no" to his mother for one of the few times in his life. In tears, he came to her and explained that he needed to be and act like other boys and not wear girls' clothes and do feminine things anymore.

Anthony tried his best to reform. After seeing what other little boys were like, he wanted to become a strong little boy like all of them and like his father. He tried his best to participate in all the boys' sports and games, even though he had very poor coordination and athletic skills.

Mrs. McLendon was distressed at his request, but she realized that he was quite confused and needed to identify with other boys. Feeling like she had lost a daughter, she nodded acceptance and agreed to help him do whatever he wanted to do.

Mr. McLendon welcomed his son's desire to grow up like other boys, but in many ways, Anthony's haste to become just like the other boys worked against him.

First, almost immediately, his mother's love noticeably decreased even though she had promised to support him. Both consciously and subconsciously she lost much of her interest in him. He was no longer hers, and Mr. McLendon could not take up the slack. He couldn't really

relate to the boy. He soon grew tired of playing and doing things with him because they had nothing in common and the boy remained distinctly feminine in his ways and mannerisms due to his upbringing. Mr. McLendon felt his son was lost and there was little he could do about it.

As a result, little Anthony was left alone. He wasn't a girl and he wasn't a boy either! Even Melissa lost interest in playing with him and stopped getting him into trouble because, for her, it wasn't fun anymore.

Perhaps worst of all were the boys at school. Stemming from his first day in school, Anthony's reputation as a sissy grew even though he never wore any girls' clothes or lingerie to school again. He wanted so much to be a regular boy but had very little luck doing so. Almost all the other children, both boys and girls, shunned him.

Mrs. Simington was his one saving grace. She took a liking to him and even kept track of him as he progressed from one grade to the next. He was a sissy all right, but that's what she liked most about him. She was often there to save him from some of the rougher boys and even some of the wilder girls, who loved to tease him. Somehow, Anthony progressed through school without being beaten up or being humiliated too often.

Anthony had grown to hate the kilt during his primary school years because of its closeness to a skirt, and whenever he had to wear it, the other children would tease him for "wearing a skirt." Many times other kids were in a kilt and they weren't teased, but for some reason they picked on Anthony because with his girlish body and feminine gestures he looked and acted so much like a girl, especially in the dreaded kilt outfit.

## **Anthony's Kilts #1**

### ***Chapter 10***

#### ***Teacher's Whipping Boy***

Then at age thirteen he went away to St. John's, an all boys' prep school and more big changes were in store for him. He arrived at St. John's five foot-two inches in height and weighing a skinny ninety-eight pounds. Despite his thin frame he had a protruding bottom, a distinction that quickly earned him the name "pear shape" from his fellow students.

This was the first time Anthony was away from his home, his mother and his family. Boarding school life, Mr. McLendon was sure, would finally "make a man" out of his boy. Anthony overcame his detractors and found he had a talent for making friends. For some strange reason, despite his lack of athletic ability, his atypical body shape and being away from home and alone, he was accepted by many of the other boys. The jocks ignored him, but he sensed that most of the other boys were in a predicament like himself, alone and desperate for company.

Anthony was glad to be sent away to prep school for one reason, no would knew him there and perhaps he would arrive with a clean reputation. It would be his opportunity to develop as a regular guy without having to defend himself against his sissy reputation. It was his opportunity to try to become a man.



Like Tarniff, St. John's also had a Scottish affiliation, and they too had a kilt outfit as part of the official uniform. Anthony really hated kilts, but he was able to adjust to them during primary school so he was confident he'd be able to adjust in prep school too.

But Unlike Tarniff, the teachers at St. John's used corporal discipline to keep the boys in line. Not since he was a small boy did Anthony experience a spanking or strapping. However, he would soon find out that the physical punishments at St. John's were much more severe than anything he had ever experienced as a little boy at his parents' hands. Moreover, severe spankings, canings and humiliating punishments were to become a major part of his life!

At first, he blended in with the other pimply-faced boys and escaped being punished. During his whole first semester in school, he was only punished twice, once he was spanked with a paddle for staying out beyond curfew and one other time he was strapped for talking back to one of his teachers when one of the other boys wrongly accused him of cheating - ah! Memories of his sister getting him into trouble when he was a little boy!

But during his second semester, his luck ran out. At the outset of a library resource course, Mr. Hillman, the teacher, noticed Anthony's big girlish butt and took a special interest in him. Within a few weeks, Mr. Hillman seemed to find fault with most everything Anthony did. Quite regularly, he'd make the boy report to him after school for punishment. With increasing frequency, the boy found himself over the old man's lap or across his desk to get a hand spanking, a paddling, or even a strapping. The punishments went from being done over his trousers to over his shorts to one day late in October when for the first time it was done directly on his naked buttocks.

It went from being a weekly episode to almost a daily exercise. With underwear down, Anthony would weep more from the embarrassment than from the actual physical punishment. But at the same time, his roommates thought it was all so funny. They knew Mr. Hillman was picking on Anthony, and they admired his ability to put up with it. They said they knew that Mr. Hillman was "kind of funny that way." They all knew that each term, the old teacher liked to single out one or two students for "special attention." They marveled at the stories as Anthony told them what he was made to endure, and they reacted with amazement when he would lower his underwear to show them the glowing red, blue and purple marks that bruised his bottom. Mr. Hillman was a consummate taskmaster; he knew how to reduce an adolescent boy to a quivering mass of jelly. He knew how to deliver the shock of severe physical pain along with the cruel torture of mental pain. His power and Anthony's humiliation started with words, erupted with the actual punishment and finished with more cutting comments and threats of things to come if his behavior didn't improve.

Anthony quickly earned the distinction of "the most spanked ass" in school. He was a hero to his mates, who admired his ability "to take it."

Then one day things really changed.

## *Chapter 11*

### *Punished Like a Girlie-Boy*

A minute is not a very long period of time, unless you're



waiting to be spanked.

Each tick of the noisy old grandfather clock underscored each and every second as Mr. Hillman fussed around for more than eight minutes while getting ready to spank Anthony.

He placed his leather-cushioned, straight-backed chair at a precise angle in the center of the room directly opposite a large oval wall mirror, then slid open the creaky bottom drawer of his antique cherry wood desk. He took his time picking through his collection of spanking implements.

"What will it be today-," he thought to himself, "the paddle, strap, tawse or the cane?"

He decided on a cane. He tried out several of various weights by briskly stroking them through the air. He smiled and Anthony flinched at the loud whooshing sound each cane made as his teacher narrowed his selection. Finally, he chose the one he wanted and gave it a few more test strokes before closing the drawer.

Slowly, he opened the boy's trousers and slid them down. His underwear followed. For a small, slim guy, the boy did have an awfully big behind. Mr. Hillman was aware of the boy's "pear shape" nickname and thought it was well deserved.

The stern old man pulled up the boy's T-shirt and motioned for him to keep it up and out of the way. In his standard, businesslike manner, he touched the boy's big fleshy ass like he was testing the resiliency of a piece of meat at the grocery counter while he took his time and lectured the boy. Then he began caning Anthony's big behind. The boy didn't just cry; he screamed for mercy.

Since arriving at St. John's, Anthony had been paddled about a dozen times, tawsed once and hand spanked countless times. This was to be the first time he had been caned. He had heard that a caning was Mr. Hillman's most brutal punishment. He had no idea how painful it would be, but he was already swearing to himself that he would never get into trouble again.

But trouble seemed to be his middle name, at least as far as Mr. Hillman was concerned. Anthony seemed to have a penchant for breaking the rules, especially Mr. Hillman's rules, and this was the day things were escalating to a new level.

Mr. Hillman had caught him talking in class as he tried to tell one of his mates about some bit of news he was reading in a letter from his mother. Mr. Hillman seized the letter and commanded Anthony to appear before him at the end of the school day.

So once again, Anthony was standing in Mr. Hillman's office bawling like a baby after the being caned for the first time as was just described.

He thought that the four solid strokes that he had just received had almost sliced him in two. While he gingerly pulled his clothes back on, Mr. Hillman decided to prolong the humiliation.

"Well, Anthony, it seems like you're in this office almost every day to get punished for talking in class or some other silly offense. I don't know what's the matter.

"You're just a little busybody, a real talker. Isn't that so?"

"Yes, sir."

"Instead of learning, you just go blah, blah, blah all through class. Don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"You whisper, giggle and sometimes talk right out loud. Don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"You can't keep quiet. You sound just like a silly little girl. Don't you?"

"Ye ... yes. Yes, sir."

"Well, since you act like a little girl, maybe I should dress you like one?"

"Please, sir. Oh, no. Please, no!"

"In the past, I've had to quiet down other talkative little boys like you. I found that by dressing and treating them like little girls, they get over girlish habits like giddy behavior and talking out of turn."

"Oh, no. Please, sir. I . . . I . . . don't. Please, don't!"

"It seems like we've struck a sensitive cord with you, my little talky-talky boy."

"Please, Mr. Hillman. I'll be good. I really will. I'll never talk in class again. I promise."

"Pretty silks and satins. Ribbons and lace," Mr. Hillman teased. "Don't they all sound nice? From what I understand, you really like pretty girlie clothes."

Those words went through Anthony like a shot! How could Mr. Hillman know anything about his girly preschool days?

Of course, it was his mother's letter! She always liked to remind him of those days by ending her letters with a postscript: "Enclosed are a million little kisses for my pretty little girly boy."

Mr. Hillman brought him back to the moment.

"Do you think a nice silky pair of girls' panties would help you keep your mouth shut?"

"Please, sir. No. You'll never have to correct me again, sir. Please don't make me wear ah . . ."

"Now, now, Anthony. How can I trust you? You've promised me before that you'd stop talking. Then, right away, the next day, there you were again cooing and cackling like a stupid little girl."

"No, I think a little panty punishment is just the thing."

"Not that, sir. Please, sir. No."

Anthony tried to continue protesting, but Mr. Hillman held his hand up and made a motion to be quiet. Then, he pointed to the bottom drawer of his desk.

"Open the drawer, Anthony, and tell me what you find in there."

He pulled open the drawer and stared into it through his tear-blurred vision.

"Well, Anthony. What are they?"

"They're ah, girls, girls' things, sir."

"Girls' what? You know what those are, boy. Now, tell me what are they?"

"Sir, ah, they're girls', ah, p-panties, sir."

"And they're pretty ones aren't they, Anthony?"

"Sir. Yes, sir."

"Yes, what? Anthony. What are they, Anthony?"

"Sir, ah, they're pretty pan-panties, sir. Pretty girls' panties, sir."

"Very good, Anthony. Do you like pretty panties, Anthony?"

"Sir. Well, uh, uh..."

"Come along now, Anthony. Tell me. I know you're the type that likes silky little girls' panties. Now, pick them up. Tell me what they are and tell me how much you like them."

The boy reached into the drawer and slowly pulled out the pair of pink panties that were right on top. They had a huge frill of dark pink lace around each leg elastic and a big white lace rosette on the left hip.

He held the panties up with his arms extended. He even feared getting too close to them, gingerly gripping the waist elastic between the very tips of his thumbs and forefingers.

"Sir. They're pretty panties. They're girls' pink panties, sir, with lace on them."

Mr. Hillman prodded him, "And, you like them. Don't you, Anthony?"

"Sir? Ah . . . , yes, sir. I like the pretty panties, sir."

"Well, I'm glad we're making such nice progress. Imagine a boy liking panties. Pretty pink panties. Isn't that cute. I'll bet you like all kinds of girlie undies - silky slips, lacy bras, garter belts, not just sissy panties. You really love all that sort of thing. Don't you?"

"No, sir. I . . ."

"But Anthony, you just told me that you liked these pretty girls' panties."

"But, sir. I like, I mean . . ."

"Well, Anthony, you seem to be confused. I know you love girlie things like pretty panties, but I'm sure it's very difficult for a boy to talk about. Right, Anthony?"

"Sir, I, well . . ."

"Well what, Anthony?"

At this point, the probing, humiliating questions became too much for him, and he started to cry.

"Don't worry, Anthony. It's okay if you like silky panties and other girls' things. I understand some boys just can't help it. They just love all the pretty clothes only little girls get to wear."

He reached forward and tugged down Anthony's shorts and underwear as he continued talking, "Now, let's take these down so you can step into your new panties."

"Please, sir. I . . ."

"Hush, Anthony. We both know you've been acting like an undisciplined, sissy little girl for too long. It's about time that you start dressing like one. Now, stop your sniveling. Step out of your shorts and underwear and get into those panties."

The boy started to open his mouth to protest one more time, but before he could utter a word, Mr. Hillman spoke.

"Anthony, get into those pretty panties right now, or I'll give you another caning, and it will be the hardest caning I've ever given to you."

His ass still stung from the caning he had received just minutes before, he was sure he couldn't stand another assault to his pain-scorched bottom.

Anthony held open the soft, smooth, silken pink panties - took a deep breath and then slowly stepped into them.

He started to pull them up his legs, but he didn't do it fast enough for the impatient Mr. Hillman, who pushed the boy's hands away and himself teasingly drew the lace panties up the kid's scrawny legs until they were high around the boy's slender waist. Then, the old pervert spent several minutes meticulously adjusting the silky little briefs, smoothing out the nylon fabric, straightening the lacy trim, and repeatedly pulling up on the waistband and down on the legbands - often letting the elastics snap sharply against the kid's legs and body. He stroked the soft fabric over the kid's large hips and ass. He boldly adjusted the boy's private parts until he was satisfied with how they were cupped in the neatly stretchy nylon. All of the intimate handling caused the boy's cock to surge to life in the soft nylon. Mr. Hillman smiled.

"Getting a boner in our girlie panties, are we?"

"My God, what a pantywaist you are."

"Seems like you are really enjoying this, boy! - Or should I say 'girl!'"

Mr. Hillman put the boy over his lap and positioned him so his big pink pantied butt arched high in the air directly in front of his lecherous gaze.

The old man picked up his cane.

"I think I should do your father a favor and work on curing you of this attraction you have for girls' panties. He must be embarrassed to have such a sissyboy for a son."

"A hard-on, really! What would your father say?"

Crack!

"O-o-o-o-o! Please, sir. Don't tell him!"

"But you're a sissy, aren't you?"

"Uh-uh, yeah, . . . yes, sir!"

"Good. Glad you admit it."

Crack!

"Ah-h-h-h-h-!"

"Anthony! Your cock is still very hard. I can feel it in my lap! Well, I better tell him. I mean, then I'd just be doing my job. Right?"

"Ye-e-e-eah-th, th-th-sir!"

"Girls' pan-ties? Pan-ties! That's rich. Shouldn't he know that his son has this . . . this perverse addiction? One more ought to help."

Crack!

"Oo-oo-oo, oh, oh, OH!"

"You're still quite hard. I can feel it throbbing. I better stop before you make a mess in your sweet little panties . . . and all over me. Pull yourself together and go!"

"Leave the panties on!"

In a great deal of pain, Anthony pulled on his shorts and the rest of his uniform, moaning and groaning as he eased his clothes over his burning backside. The shorts slid easily over the silky panties even though his boner pushed out the front of those panties. The bottom edge of the panties came close to the high-cut leg openings of his shorts, but fortunately the shorts were just long enough to keep the lacy hems hidden.

"Anthony," Mr. Hillman said, "go to your dorm room. Remember, you must keep those pretty panties on for the time being. If you take them off, I'll really give you a lesson in sissy clothes. Stay dressed as you are. I'll check on you later."

## **Anthony's Kilts #1**

### **Chapter 12**

#### ***Humiliated Before His Mates***



Anthony left the office. His mind was alive with all kinds of frightening and humiliating thoughts. He went directly to his dorm room.

Two of his roommates, Philip and John were there. They were hard at work doing their lessons, but when he entered, almost in unison they asked if he had gotten spanked again by Mr. Hillman.

When he told them he had, they wanted to see the marks on his ass, but Anthony lied to them and said he had received just a light spanking and he was sure there weren't any marks. He hated lying to his roomies, but he had to say something because he didn't want them to find out about the pink panties that he had on under his shorts. They made him so self-conscious. Every few seconds, it seemed, he was running his fingers over the leg openings of his shorts, making sure that those lace panties weren't peeking out.

In their dorm, there were four boys assigned to each room. Their fourth roommate, Tommy, was expected momentarily because it was nearing dinner hour and curfew when they were all required to be in their rooms for the night.

Anthony eased his burning bottom down as he tried to sit on his bed. He sat on his left side to prevent aggravating the pain. He couldn't complain because he had told them that he had received only a light spanking, not the caning - the most severe punishment he had ever received. He winced as he eased back on his pillow, opened a book and tried to study.

They had been studying for almost an hour. The curfew time had long past when they heard a knock at the door and thought it might be Tommy but then realized that he wouldn't knock. He'd just burst in like he usually did.

Philip yelled, "Come in."

The door opened, and there stood Mr. Hillman. Anthony almost fainted. He remembered that his teacher had told him that he was going to check on him later, but the boy never really expected him to do that because rarely did any of the teachers visit the dorms.

Just the sight of him made Anthony weak. The pain in his bottom became alive again. He had almost forgotten about the pink panties hidden under his shorts, but, now, the thought and feel of them dominated his consciousness. The pain from the caning he could handle. The thought of having the pink panties he was wearing exposed to his roommates was an unimaginable humiliation.

Despite the embarrassment of his girlish early years and his years at primary school fighting off his sissy reputation in his struggle to "be one of the boys," Anthony had been finally accepted by his peers. But now, Mr. Hillman could undo all that with a command to drop his shorts.

Mr. Hillman traded a few idle comments with the boys as he asked about their homework, how school was going etc. He knew that there were usually four boys to a room so he asked the name of their missing roommate and if they knew why he wasn't present.

They told him Tommy's name, and just as they explained that they didn't know where Tommy was, they heard footsteps running down the corridor coming in their direction.

A moment later, a huffing and puffing Tommy came flying into the room. He came to a sudden stop directly in front of Mr. Hillman.

Tommy froze in position. Then, he gave Mr. Hillman a feeble excuse for his tardiness and sat by his bed.

Mr. Hillman said, "Well, according to the dean's report just issued, the boys in your dorm - dorm three - receive more punishments than any two other dorms on campus. Moreover, this very room is the worst room in dorm three. The four of you have a combined total of twenty-three spankings, with Master Anthony being the worst with an even dozen such punishments, over half your total. But all of you seem to be picking up on Master Anthony's bad behavior. We better start correcting your problems now before they get any worse."

He pointed to John and said, "Go to the recreation room and fetch me a Ping-Pong paddle."

John was up, out the door and back in moments with the dreaded paddle.

"Boys, I presume you realize that I do not intend to play Ping-Pong with this paddle. Right?"

"Yes, sir," they replied together.

"Why, Philip?"

"Because you only have one paddle, sir."

"Very observant, Philip."

"John, what do you think I'm going to do with this paddle?"

"I suppose you're going to give a spanking, sir."

"How very intelligent."

"Thomas, whose bottom is going to get spanked?"

"Ma-mine, sir?"

"Why?"

"Because I was tardy, sir?"

"You deserve it, then?"

"Yes, sir," Tommy mumbled.

"Anthony?"

"Yes, sir," he said as he jumped like a bolt of lightning had hit him.

"Take off your blazer and hang it up nicely."

He did as he was told, fearful that he'd make him drop his shorts next to expose the pink panties.

"Anthony. Your incessant talking has gotten you into quite a bit of trouble hasn't it?"

"Yes, sir," he moaned on the verge of tears as he trembled.

Tears welled up in his eyes as he thought, "Surely, he wouldn't embarrass me in front of my roommates?"

"Anthony, sit down and keep quiet."

He sucked in a relaxing breath. A reprieve? He hoped so.

"John and Philip," Mr. Hillman began, "both of you were very bad last week. John felt my paddle once, and Philip got a thrashing from me as well as two from Mr. Granger. Isn't that correct, boys?"

"Yes, sir," they answered together.

"I think you both should receive a spanking now to remind you to be good. Don't you agree, boys?"

"Yes, sir," they once again said in unison - to answer otherwise might upset the old teacher even more.

"Good. Prepare yourselves for a paddling. John, you first."

John undid his trousers and stretched himself out over the chair in front of Mr. Hillman. Following three brisk but not overly painful swats on his underwear with the paddle, he was told to get up. Philip followed. He got three similar swats.

"Now we come to you other two culprits - Master Anthony the talker, and Master Thomas the latecomer.

"What shall we do? What shall we do?" he said in a singsongy voice.

"You two deserve more than a simple 'warming,' don't you?"

"Yes. Ye-yes, sir," they answered on top of one another.

"Good. Then we are in agreement. Thomas, come forward and get yourself ready over the chair.

"Let's see. Since this is the most disciplined room in the dorm, and you two are the main reasons for that, I think twelve would be adequate punishment."

"Twelve? Twelve what?" Tommy asked in astonishment.

"Twelve swats of the paddle, Master Thomas. And I'll add two more since you did not address me as 'sir.'"

By now Thomas had taken down his trousers and placed himself over the chair. Mr. Hillman decided that his underpants should be stripped down as well. With teasing slowness, the lecherous old goat made a big production of baring the boy's bottom.

Thomas had to count out each swat and thank Mr. Hillman for administering his much deserved spanking.

When it was over, Mr. Hillman didn't say anything. He just stared at Anthony as he tapped the paddle against the palm of his hand. Anthony knew what was expected of him, but he moved

slowly toward the chair and hesitated taking down his shorts.

"Anthony, do I detect some tears? Are you crying already even though you haven't even gotten your spanking yet?"

"I'm, I'm sorry, sir."

"A perfect little cry baby, aren't you?"

"Y-yes, sir."

"Did you tell the boys here that you already were punished this afternoon?"

"Yes, sir."

"A caning matter of fact. You're first ever. You must be in a lot of pain. Wouldn't be fair to have another one, would it?"

"No, sir," he quickly replied in a high-pitched voice between his sniffles and panting breaths, hoping that he might be spared the embarrassment of being exposed in his humiliating pink panties.

"Get ready to be paddled, Anthony."

With those words, the elastics on those panties seemed to tighten and the soft, cuddly fabric burned every inch of his hips and ass as he mechanically walked toward the punishment chair. He was painfully aware that he was about to be emasculated before his roommates.

"We are going to take our punishment like a real man, aren't we?" Mr. Hillman asked, stressing the words 'real man.'

"You are the most spanked boy at St. John's. Is that correct, Master Anthony?"

"Yes, sir."

"Quite an honor. Did you inform your parents of that fact while they were here over the weekend?"

"My par . . . , ah, ah. No, sir."

"Pity. I'm sure they would have appreciated knowing that. Perhaps, I'll dash a note off to them."

"No. Please, sir, no."

"Well, we'll see."

"Since you're the most spanked boy - let's get this one underway - what's one more spanking? You should be able to take it in stride."

Anthony just stood there, hoping to get a reprieve.

"Well, what are we waiting for? Down with them!"

The dreaded moment had arrived. The panty elastics seemed to be digging themselves ever deeper into his well-caned hips and thighs as he slowly undid his belt, then his fly. Tears rolled down Anthony's cheeks in full force as his shorts easily slid over and off of his silky panties. As he bent over the chair there was total silence in the room. He knew all eyes were on the pretty pink nylon panties peeking out from beneath his shirttail.

"Very pretty, Master Anthony. Where did you get such pretty girls' panties?"

"From you, sir," Anthony said in a cry baby sniveling voice through his crying."

"That's right. And why did I give them to you, my boy?"

"Because you said I was acting like a little sissy girl in class with all my talking."

"Right again. I must admit you look quite cute in them," he said as he lifted the boy's shirttail and ran his hands gently across the boy's ass to smooth out the soft panties.

Anthony flinched. His butt was still on fire from the caning. He was audibly crying. His salty tears were streaming down his cheeks and dripping through his nose and mouth and onto the floor.

Mr. Hillman had Anthony step completely out of his shorts and then removed the boy's shirt and singlet to leave him standing naked except for the flimsy, girlish panties.

The three other boys were coughing and making little restless sounds. They were shocked to see Anthony in the pink panties, fully adorned with lace and ribbons, but they held their reactions in check, fearing similar treatment might come their way.

Mr. Hillman didn't appear to be in any rush to get the spanking started. He just kept stroking the panty-covered butt before his hungry animallike gaze. Anthony was shocked to discover that he was getting a hard-on again in the silky feeling panties. He became very worried that Mr. Hillman and the other boys would see it. How could he explain himself? Would they think he enjoyed wearing the pink panties and getting spanked in them? He tried to 'will' his stiff penis to go down, but it only seemed to get harder.

Anthony gasped and the other boys stared in disbelief as Mr. Hillman boldly manipulated the boy's swelling penis through the soft panties.

"Getting quite a boner again in these sissy bloomer panties, huh boy?"

"Perhaps I should start calling you 'bloomer boy' in class. Yes! 'Bloomer boy with a boner!' That would be nice, wouldn't it?"

Anthony's cheeks were now bathed in his tears. He choked out, "Please, no, sir."

Mr. Hillman led the boy by his pantied penis. He sat down on the chair and pulled Anthony across his lap.

"Left up a bit," Mr. Hillman commanded.

Anthony thought that he wanted to pull down the panties, but to his surprise, Mr. Hillman reached underneath him and again grabbed ahold of his penis right through the silky panties.

"Your cock is getting even harder. So we like wearing our new panties in front of our teacher and our roomies, do we?"

Perhaps, I better see to it that you are regularly supplied with pretty girlie panties.

"These are such nice panties. Aren't they, Anthony?"

"No, I mean yes, yes, sir. But no, don't . . ."

"Come, come, now. Is it 'yes' or is it 'no?'"

Anthony stared crying out loud now.

"I'll just keep ahold of your pantied penis while I spank you. I want to see if it gets harder or softer while I paddle you. Just to see if you're some kind of panty-loving pervert.

Without further warning, Mr. Hillman started to hit Anthony with the paddle. He commanded that the boy count out the strokes, and he continued to talk to the boy throughout the spanking.

"One."

"A real, honest-to-goodness pantywaist, aren't you? We seem to have a couple of them every year. In that note to your folks, perhaps I should ask them to send you some pretty panties?"

With that, Anthony pleaded with Mr. Hillman not to tell his parents.

"Two."

"Why not? You like pretty panties. You freely admitted that to me in my office. You're just a sissyboy."

"Three."

"The sooner your parents know, probably the better. After all, you can't expect the school to keep you supplied in expensive girlie panties. Sissies, I know, go through a lot of panties."

"Four."

"Why waste time writing. Why don't we just give them a call on the telephone?"

"No, . . . no, sir. O-o-ouch! Five."

"You're such a sissy. The way you cried even before you felt the first swat.

"And your cock seems to be getting ever harder!"

"Six."

"These panties are warming up nicely. You like them, I bet? Right?"

"Uh, yes, no, no, sir!"

"Seven! Oh, please, sir . . ."

"No talking now, just count unless I ask you a question, Anthony. Or I'll add more strokes."

"Eight!"

"Still hard, boy? Lift up a bit, let me check a little closer.

"My, oh, my! Harder than ever! Not very big, but very hard! Very impressive, Anthony!"

"E-e-e-ew! N-I-I, nine!" Anthony half screamed through his tears, which were pouring forth from his eyes. Mr. Hillman continued to hold his throbbing cock as he spanked him with the paddle.

"Oh, oh, UH! Ten!!"

"Almost there. Just two more to go. These darling little panties will be tingling and tickling your hot butt all night long. You probably won't be able to resist rubbing yourself off in them. Right, Anthony?"

"E-e-eleven! Oh, y-yes. Yes, yes, sir. O-o-o-o-oh!"

"Very fine, my little sissy la la boy. A real man wouldn't cry, but we give leeway to sissyboys. Don't we?"

"Yes, yes, sir. Oh-h-h-h-h! Uh, uh, t-twelve!"

With the final stroke, Mr. Hillman released his hold on the boy's pantied penis. Anthony slid off the man's lap and collapsed onto the floor as he cried and cried.

"Up with you now. Show all the boys your cute little hard-on thrusting up in those silken panties. They should know what a sissyboy looks like when he's all excited, so show them."

It took every drop of Anthony's strength to pull himself up off the floor and stand before his roommates. His head was dug down deep into his chest, but his cock seemed to have energy and a mind of its own as it bobbed up and down in the stretchy frilled panties.

Mr. Hillman made each of the boys touch Anthony through his panties. He made each one of them rub the boy's pink pantied penis to "see how hard a sissy gets in his panties," then he made Anthony touch himself.

"Get a good stroke going now, sissy. We want to see you cum. Don't act like you don't know what I'm talking about. I know you boys do it to yourselves in bed every night. I know some of you sissies even get together and do it. So don't play games with me. Fill up those panties with your little sissy juice. Get going. If you don't get those nasty juices out of you, I'll make you stand in the hallway in just your cute little panties. I think all the boys would love that!"

"Don't worry about soiling your only pair of panties. I brought another pair for you to change into until you can get a whole supply of your own.

"Here, I'll help you a bit," Mr. Hillman said as he reached between Anthony's legs from behind and gently massaged and tickled his silk pantied balls.

As Anthony hand was a blur of motion and he grabbed onto the edge of the bed for support as he went into a wobbly-legged crouch from the building sexual frenzy, the other boys just stared. Mr. Hillman, with a deliciously wicked grin on his face, also stared, his eyes wild with excitement.

Finally, Anthony doubled over and a big wet stain appeared across the front of his panties, and glistening drops dripped to the floor.

"Bravo! Bravo!" Mr. Hillman cheered. "You sissyboys certainly can get a wad off on command. Quite a show, fag boy.

"Here, now. Here's your little reward," he said as he pulled out of his pocket another pair of pink panties very similar to the first pair. These also had a delicate trim of lace going around each leg opening and a pert little pink satin bow on each hip.

"Step out of those wet panties, boy! You can wash them out and hang them up to dry later. Probably not a good idea to do it while any of other boys are in the lavatory, that is unless you want them to know the kind of underwear you wear," he said with a laugh.

"Anthony, take note. You are to wear panties every day from now on. Your roommates here are my witnesses. If you don't wear them, they'll suffer the consequences. I'll be out to punish them for not making you stick to my rule."

Anthony struggled to get his emotions and physical coordination back in check. He was crying now from the humiliation even more than from the physical pain. He was especially embarrassed from the sentence that he was to be wearing "panties every day."

Gingerly he slid the come-soaked panties down his thighs. He had to take off his shorts, which were still draped around his ankles so he could get free of the wet panties. He grabbed a handful of Kleenex and wiped himself dry. Without looking at the others, Anthony lifted one foot then the other as he stepped into the clean pair of pink panties being held open for him by the accommodating Mr. Hillman.

"Be careful not to juice these panties during the night. Keep your hands off yourself for a few hours. At least until we can get you a regular supply. The wardrobe mistress at St. Katherine's\* is most helpful in these situations. Perhaps by tomorrow, I can have you fully stocked."

"Yes. Yes, sir," was all Anthony could mumble, now crying as much from the humiliation as from the fresh spanking.

"Get dressed boys. It's time for dinner," Mr. Hillman said as he got up and left the room.

The boys moved in silence to the dining hall. Other boys looked at them, quite aware that they had been the targets of Mister Hillman's personal attention. Some of the guys were dying to know what had happened in their room, but neither Anthony nor any of his roomies were willing to talk about it other than to dismiss it by saying, "you know, the usual, swatting our asses."