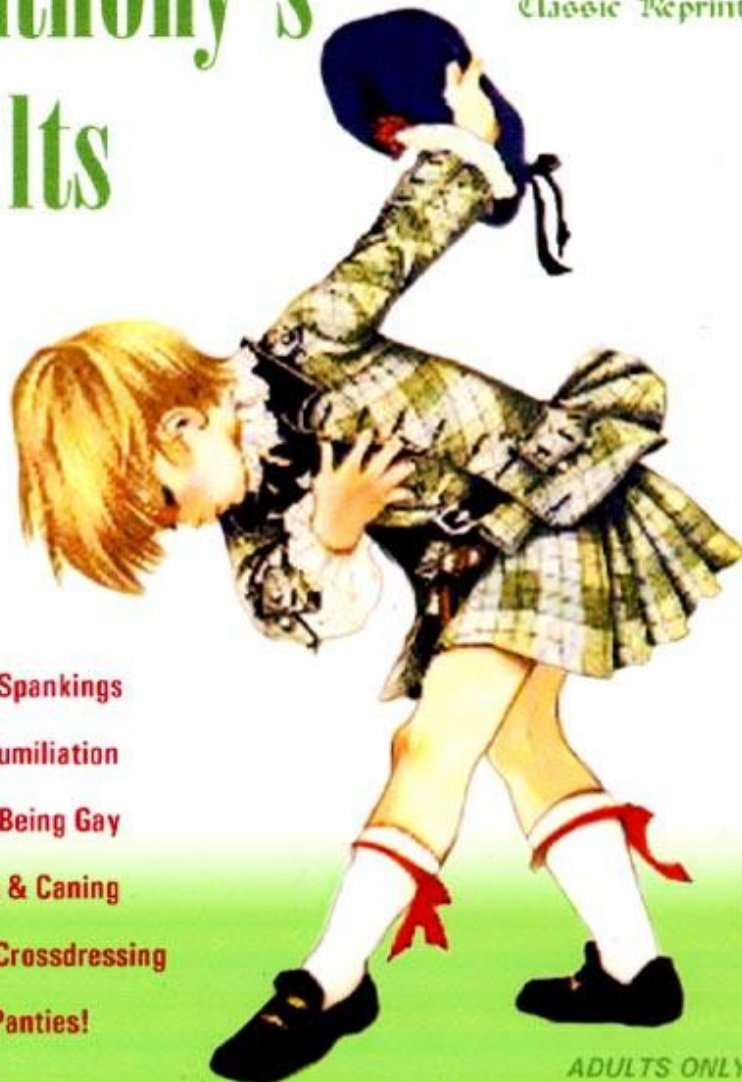


Anthony's Kilts

No. 2
Classic Reprint



Severe Spankings
Sissy Humiliation
Fear of Being Gay
Teasing & Caning
Forced Crossdressing
Pretty Panties!

ADULTS ONLY

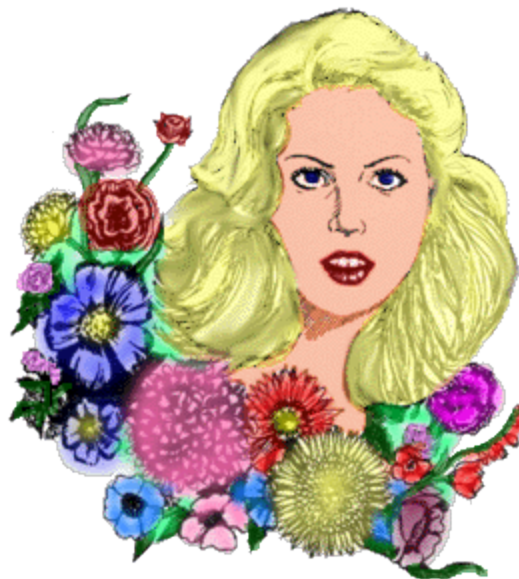
The ultimate story for and about adult sissies who dream of being naughty little boys who get regularly and thoroughly spanked and are forced to wear kilts, panties, dresses and other girlish clothes on their humiliating journey toward total feminization.

Since 1981

A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION

A Message from Princess Lacey

Why Spanking?



Dear Sissies,

Spanking is a frequent ingredient in crossdressing stories, especially stories of petticoat punishment, domination and humiliation. While spanking is frowned upon or even considered child abuse in today's society, it still has a lot of proponents that say children were much better behaved when parents regularly spanked them.

Childhood is the incubator of sexual fetishes, and since spanking can be a very traumatic experience, it's understandable how any child so disciplined may develop a perverse, lifelong interest in spanking. Naturally spanking/crossdressing stories appeal to such a person. And this can be the case whether or not that individual experienced a spanking while being crossdressed either willingly (getting caught dressed in his sister's clothes) or unwillingly (petticoat punishment).

But stories of this type appeal to a much broader audience. Many guys who were never spanked as a child for any reason love these stories too. Sometimes a parent simply threatened a spanking but never carried it out, and that threat was enough to start the fantasy factory going. Or they feel they deserved the spanking that they never got. Others who were never spanked may feel guilty about years of crossdressing in secret, and being spanked (or living vicariously and simply reading about being spanked) absolves them, at least temporarily, from their guilt.

Spanking has attained a classic status as the number one method of disciplining a child. Therefore, it is not only a punishment but also a childish punishment. To be spanked is to be treated like a child. It's a link to those dark, hidden moments from childhood well locked away in the subconscious.

The story that follows involves a lot of spanking as well as other experiences one may have had while growing up. While most people have probably not experienced an upbringing anywhere near what Anthony experiences in this story, they may be able to relate to many of his most awkward and humiliating moments. This volume concentrates on Anthony's first year at prep school. He is pursued by dominant women and homosexuals. He is terrorized, humiliated and mind fucked at a time when he is trying to sort out the sexual confusion, misinformation, and self-doubts common to boys his age.

Enjoy!

Princess Lacey

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Anthony's Kilts #2

Summary of Book #1

Book one of this ongoing series details the life of little Anthony McLendon from the time he was born until he entered prep school. During his earliest years, Anthony was extremely sheltered and fussed over by his mother, his nanny and his bossy big 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 seek a divorce included absolute control over the upbringing of their children.

At a local park, she met some other mothers who also desired to have sweet, loving sons. These women regularly got together to show off their sissified boys, 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.

Little Anthony had no idea that there was anything wrong with being a girlie-boy. He loved his fancy clothes, especially his kilts, but when he started grammar school, his peers quickly taught him that 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 the kilt on those occasions, but Anthony had already been labeled a pantywaist, and he spent the next eight years desperately trying to live down his reputation as a sissy and struggling to be accepted as an equal by the other boys.

Now Anthony is at St. John's, a prep school that also has a Scottish heritage. This school also requires the kilt for formal occasions, and 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 that it is an honor and privilege to wear the classic school kilt.

But the school also has a special punishment kilt outfit, and it is another matter altogether: It's a specially altered girls' kilt. There are subtle differences between the male and female versions, and those differences are significant 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 lingerie.

Anthony is now in his second semester at St. John's, and he is the most spanked boy at the school, mostly due to becoming the personal whipping boy of Mr. Hillman, a sadistic old queer who has taken a special interest in him. At the end of volume one, Mr. Hillman thoroughly spanked Anthony and his three roommates one more time and has now increased Anthony's punishment regimen to include wearing frilly pink panties everyday under his regulation uniform. Volume two starts on the following morning.

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FROM THE HEADMASTER

To the Boys is Dorm #3 Room #315

Collectively, you are, by far, the most undisciplined four students at St. John's, and therefore, the most often punished. The matter appears to go beyond a simple ignorance of or disregard for the rules. Certain rebellious attitudes are obviously being promoted within your ranks. As freshmen, you must be taught now to adhere to the school's rules and code of conduct. By the sheer number of punishments received, Master Anthony McLendon appears to be the most undisciplined amongst you; and therefore must be the leader, who is infecting your ranks with disrespect for everything we stand for at St. John's.

The wearing of long trousers is associated with reaching a certain level of maturity and since the members of your room appear to be particularly immature, starting Tuesday, the 18th, and for a period of at least one week, you will be required to wear specially designed shorts and caps more befitting kindergarten boys than prep school students. This is to remind you of your inferior status.

However, your ringleader, Master McLendon, will be singled out to wear a special punishment kilt outfit, since he has not shown himself to be worthy of wearing any sort of traditional boys' uniform. He is to meet the wardrobe mistress, Miss Gilbert, at the entrance of the Greystone Building at 5:00 o'clock p.m. Friday the 14th. At that time, he will be measured for this special uniform, which will be issued to him on the following Monday. All punishment uniforms are to be worn during all waking hours starting on Tuesday, the 18th.

Anthony's Kilts #2

Chapter 1

New Punishments

In the morning while pulling on his clothes over the hateful pink panties he had been decreed to wear, Anthony made a plea to his roommates, John, Phillip and Tommy, before they left to join the other freshman for breakfast.

"Please, guys, don't tell anybody anything about last night. Well, I guess you'll have to tell them that Hillman spanked us; I'm sure a lot of them could hear us getting it, but Hillman really screwed me with that girlie shit. Don't tell anybody about that!"

"But are you going to wear those, those, uh, panties? Are you going to wear 'em all the time like Hillman said?" Tommy wanted to know.

"I-I guess. I don't know," Anthony answered. "I guess I better wear them for now because my ass can't take another beating any too soon, and Hillman is liable to check on me at any time."

"Sooner or later, somebody is going to find out," Phil said dreadfully. "Then we're all in deep shit!"

"Not if we don't tell," John added. "If any of us does say anything, everybody will think we're all a bunch of fags in this room."

"No shit! So let's all keep quiet," Anthony urged.

"Yeah! OK! All right!" the other three readily agreed.

The guys in the dining hall were relentless as they badgered the four for information about what had happened when Mr. Hillman had unexpectedly visited their dorm room the night before, but Anthony and his roomies held their ground, only admitting to being spanked but not letting anyone know that Anthony was being forced to wear pink panties. Suddenly, Ronnie, a wiry little wise guy came running in holding a paper.

"Wait till you guys see this! They've just posted it on all floors."

Everyone gathered to read the notice. (*See notice above.*)

"Oh, shit," Tommy moaned, "We've gotta wear fucking little kids' shorts!"

"Wow!" Phil yelled. "And Anthony's gotta wear a sissy kilt! I heard about guys being punished like that. They use a girl's kilt, and they fix you up real faggoty like!"

Phillip spoke up, "I bet that fuck Hillman is behind this!"

Henry, whom everyone had nicknamed 'the German,' denounced Hillman as "that Fairy Fuck!"

That made all the boys laugh.

The day passed without incident until 8:15 that evening when the boys returned to their dorm room for study hour. Anthony was the first to arrive. There was a package, addressed to him, sitting by their door.

Once inside the room, he opened it and found a half dozen pairs of pink panties, all of them with lace and frills, and a note from Mr. Hillman, telling him that he was to wear a clean pair every day and to wash them out and hang them up to dry every night. Furthermore, he directed Anthony to wear his regulation kilt outfit on Monday in preparation for wearing the punishment



kilt starting the following day. Mr. Hillman felt it important for Anthony to be fully aware of the difference between the classic male kilt and the sissy kilt outfit, a contrast that would serve to remind him to be on his best behavior in the future.

Stunned by what he was seeing and reading, he was slow to shove the contents of the package all back together as Tommy came bounding into the room. Tommy saw the panties and got Anthony to show him the note. When the two other boys came in, Tommy told them about the panties and the instructions from Hillman. They wanted to see the panties and didn't stop pestering Anthony until he opened the box and showed them.

One would think that the boys would have teased and harassed Anthony miserably, but their reticence reflected their own fears. They felt sorry for their roommate and were glad it was happening to him and not to them.

John sat down at his desk and started shuffling some papers. The others thought it was wise to get working on their studies too, because if that old creep Hillman paid them another one of his surprise visits and they weren't studying, there would be hell to pay.

Eventually, as boys always do, they loosened up and started joking around, but they did stay sitting at their desks with their books open.

The 9:15 bell rang: no Mister Hillman. Everyone breathed a bit easier.

Phil got undressed to go to the showers.

"I'll go now, too," Tommy said. "Wait for me."

Phil stood there in his jockey shorts as Tommy stripped down to his cotton midways. Then they skinned off their underwear and donned their bathrobes. Seeing them in their underwear made Anthony think about the girls' panties he was wearing under his trousers. Unwillingly, his penis erected as he thought about it nestled in the soft rayon panties. That had been happening all day long that day. Each time, he had to delve into his studies for about fifteen minutes before his hard-on went away. He cursed the soft panties every time they made his penis do that.

Since Anthony was trying to disguise his erection from the other boys, he was glad when John said, "We'll wait to take our showers until you guys get back."

Anthony began undressing slowly, still thoroughly embarrassed to even momentarily expose his pantied condition to his roommate but glad that it was the end of the day and he could now get rid of the irritating panties at least until morning, since he was certain Hillman wouldn't be coming by anymore that night to check on him.

Seeing Anthony in the pink panties again, John laughed out loud.

"Sorry!" he said. "But it is a funny sight - you in those things - those panties. They must really feel weird to wear."

Anthony just nodded then hurriedly slid the panties down and off his legs and suddenly threw them at John.

John jumped and deflected them away from himself like they were a live snake.

"What the fuck! You won't catch me wearing those faggoty things!"

But he quickly returned to giggling over the panties, pointing to them on the floor and making little faggy gestures toward Anthony.

"Don't get smart, John, or I'll kick your ass from here to the showers," Anthony threatened.

"Sorry, about that," he apologized with a laugh.

Anthony picked up on the laugh too, but inside he felt deep humiliation every time any of his mates made teasing comments about the panties. But he knew not to let on that such remarks really hurt him, or the whole school would hound him forever!

Now, they were both naked. Anthony picked up the panties and put them along with his other

dirty clothes in his laundry bag. As they got into their bathrobes, he thought about washing them out, but he wasn't going to deal with that now. Besides, he didn't know where he'd be able to hang them up to dry.

John wasn't finished teasing. "Bet you'd look good in a bra!" he said.

To that remark, Anthony picked up his towel and flicked it at John, just missing his dangling naked dick.

"Hey! Don't break the machinery!" he complained just as Phil and Tommy came back into the room.

Anthony and John went out the door pushing, shoving and taunting each other.

After they had finished their showers and were getting ready for bed, John said to Tommy, "I told Anthony he'd look good in a bra."

They all laughed and Anthony just wrinkled his brow and shook his head resigning himself to the teasing. He changed the subject, but the conversation quickly came back to Hillman and how all of them were getting in trouble and getting spanked all the time. They then decided to pull their pajama pants down and compare their spanked butts. Anthony's well-beaten butt, heavily scared with multicolored bruises, both old and new, was by far the winner.

As they were crawling into bed, Tommy couldn't resist delivering one more barb.

"Hey, Anthony, get yourself a pretty nightgown - you know, one with lace and all that stuff - a nice silky one - and I'll let you sleep with me every night!"

"You'd love that, wouldn't you, you little fag!" Anthony responded.

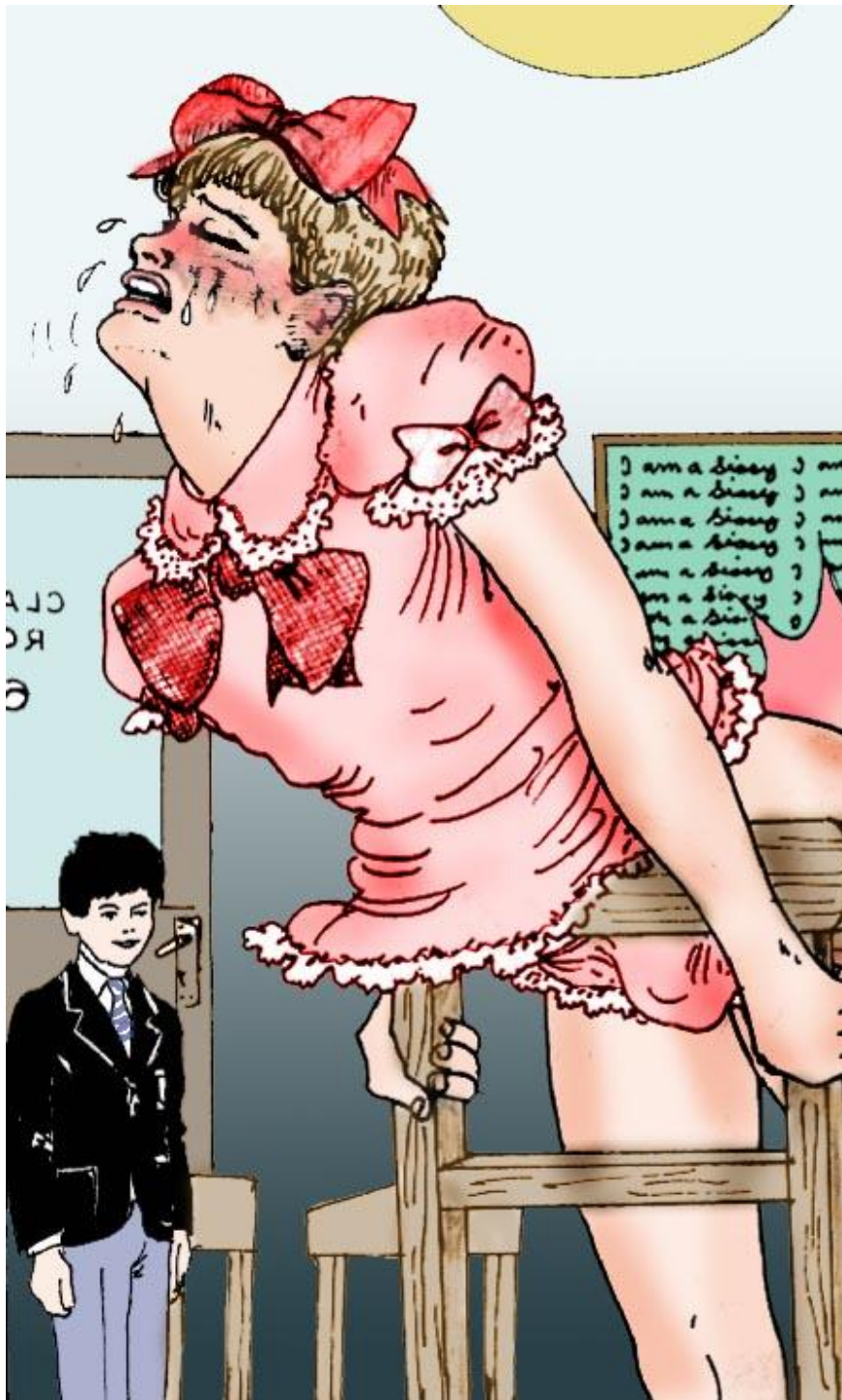
Minutes after the 10 o'clock bell rang, the lights went out. With all the boys in bed, the only noises that could be heard were the tiny little whispering sounds made by the boys' hands rustling against the sheets as they masturbated themselves and released their pent-up passions.

Class the next day went without event, and it appeared that most of the guys had already forgotten about Hillman's raid on the boys' room since scarcely anyone mentioned it; however, a number of the boys did point and laugh at Anthony and make reference to him being fitted for a punishment uniform.

One sophomore went by him, and in a faggy impersonation said, "Oh, dear boy, we're dying to see those lovely legs of yours next Tuesday when you have to start wearing your short little girlie kilt."

Anthony tried to take it in stride, opting to deflect the teasing with laughter and by firing back snide remarks, but in his mind he wondered just how bad the outfit was going to be.

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Anthony's Kilts #2



Chapter 2

Getting to Know Colin

After classes, Anthony didn't feel like playing ball, afraid somehow that the activity would expose the panties he was wearing, so he decided to go to the library and see what sex things he could read about in some of the old medical books they had there. As he walked across the rugby field he felt someone tap him on the shoulder with a, "Hi, laddie."

He turned around to see Colin. Anthony knew Colin to be a swell guy, but Colin also made him uncomfortable because many of the older, rougher boys called him "The English Fruit," suggesting he was a faggot.

Colin was head and shoulders above Anthony. As they walked together they talked about school, then Colin said, "I know you have to wear that punishment kilt next week. Don't let it bother you. It happens to several guys at least a couple of times every year."

In a sometimes lonely place like St. John's, Anthony appreciated one of the older guys trying to soothe his fears. Most of the upperclassmen didn't want anything to do with the freshman, so Anthony found it very comforting.

Before he knew it, Anthony realized that they had walked completely across the campus and were entering the surrounding woods. When Colin put an arm around his shoulder, Anthony didn't resist. Colin was one of the nicest boys he had met at St. John's, so he didn't mind. In fact, the physical contact was very comforting to his battered mind and soul. Outside of sports, the boys rarely had any kind of physical contact with one another. Anthony realized that he liked Colin's arm about him in a somewhat fatherly manner!

Colin kept the conversation light. He joked around and occasionally stuck a finger in Anthony's ribs and tickled him. Anthony was ticklish, so Colin escalated his attack and began to tickle him with abandon. Soon the two of them were rolling on the ground laughing like a couple of giddy little girls.

All of a sudden Anthony noticed that Colin had a huge boner pushing out the front of his shorts. Anthony was surprised and embarrassed as he felt his own, much smaller penis, starting to swell within the damn sissy pink panties Mr. Hillman was making him wear.

Anthony liked the close contact but still was relieved when Colin backed off a bit and sat up to look over the Connecticut landscape and resume their conversation.

"I heard that Hillman, the old queer, made one of his raids on your room last night."

Anthony nodded.

"Bet he spanked the whole lot of you."

Anthony nodded again.

"Well, did he do any of his drag bit?"

"Drag bit? What's that, Colin?"

"Drag means dressing a guy up in girls' clothes."

"Oh!"

"Well, did he do it?"

"I, uh, uh . . ."

"Anthony, you can tell me. It's OK. He did it to me once."

"No kidding?"

"Yeah, last year when I was a freshman, like you. He took a weird hatred toward me, used to

walloped the daylight out of me, several times every week! I was his regular whipping boy. One day he made me put on a pair of girls' knickers - you Americans call them panties - well, he made me put them on and keep wearing them for a couple of weeks. Eventually everyone knew that I had to wear them under my clothes - it was rough! I still get teased about it! Anyway, when he would spank me, he'd also put me in a girls' school uniform or one of the frilly dresses he keeps in his closet."

"Dresses?" Anthony repeated in surprise.

"Yeah, dresses - he's got a bunch of them, more sissy than you could ever imagine! Anyway, he'd make me stand in front of him in those panties, then take down the panties and cane the shit out of my butt. Afterward he would make me stand in front of him some more with the dress up exposing my pulled-down panties and beaten bottom."

Colin could see that he was getting to Anthony's core. The young boy was blushing and seemed to be on the verge of tears.

"He'd tease me about what a fruit I was," Colin went on. "Me! I was the fruit! That old queer! I wanted to kill him. But I survived him and all the teasing I got because of it. Don't let him get to you."

Anthony was aghast; so the rumors about Hillman being a queer were true. It made him feel bad, so he said, "Colin, that old bastard ought to be fired, or even sent to jail!"

"I agree, laddie, but that asshole is an institution around here. I think he's got something on everybody in administration. He must have in order to get away with the queer shit he does to some of us guys. Everybody knows about it. But I'm worried about you. All the school knows you're the 'class ass' this semester." Then he playfully grabbed Anthony, threw him over, slapped his ass and said, "But you have a delightful big butt and deserve the title!"

In his British accent, the way Colin said most anything was really cool to Anthony, and he didn't take what he said as an insult but as a strange kind of compliment, and he laughed too as he now lay flat on his back with Colin pinning his hands to the ground.

"You little monkey," he teased as he alternated tickling and hitting his butt with little slaps.

Anthony looked and saw that Colin's penis was still hard and obscenely poking upward, making a frightening huge mound in his shorts. It was at least twice the size of his penis, which he felt swelling again; his silky panties seemed to be particularly ticklish at that moment as they slid around his body and sent pleasurable sensations over his hips and bottom. To hide his condition, Anthony struggled to turn over on his stomach.

Colin let him roll over then started spanking his butt all over again, all the while repeatedly calling him "little monkey."

He said, "I can see why Hillman likes to spank this ass of yours; it's nice and big and soft, not the typical bony ass that most guys have around here."

With all their struggling, Anthony's T-shirt had gotten pulled out of his shorts and the thin waist elastic and a narrow band of the delicate silky pink fabric of the panties peeked out across his tummy.

Colin had stopped holding him down, so Anthony twisted around toward him and was going to sit up again, but before he could, he saw Colin staring at the peeking panties. Anthony tried to pull his shirt down to cover the top of his panties, but Colin stopped him, then reached out and touched the snappy elastic and silky bit exposed to his view. He gently plucked the elastic and let it snap against Anthony's tummy.

Tears were rolling down Anthony's cheeks. He wasn't crying - at least not in the usual sense - his sense of shame - of being seen in those panties was most embarrassing. And it was

embarrassing even though Colin had already admitted that he had suffered an even worse fate at the hands of Mr. Hillman.

"I do say, at least the old fart gave you quite a nice pair! The panties he gave me the first time were some plain old white ones, regulation panties from St. Gertrude's down the way. Eventually he got me some pretty ones, quite similar to these," he said as he kept toying with the silk and elastic, gently snapping it against Anthony's tummy.

"St. Gertrude's?" Anthony asked nervously, trying to say anything to break into this all-to-real moment. "That's that girls' school; how'd he get . . ."

"He has some kind of deal with one of the old lesbian teachers over there, gets panties and all kinds of girls' clothes from her for his little boy drag sessions. Hope to pray, he never gets mad enough at you to send you to that place for a weekend. You'll never come out alive after dealing with those perverted little girls. I swear they're all lesbian bitches in training!"

As Colin talked, Anthony was breathing erratically, trying to assuage his nervousness, but he didn't resist as he felt Colin's hands undo his belt and slide down his zipper so he could pull open his pants and get a good look down at Anthony's panties. Anthony looked away and tried to hide his beet-red face because his springy little penis was making an embarrassing sight of itself, sticking up in the soft panties. Anthony closed his eyes, which were watering profusely. He knew what was coming, but he prayed it wouldn't happen. Just then he felt Colin's hand on his penis, gently massaging the stiff little pecker, stroking those teasingly smooth silk panties all over his penis and balls. He wanted it all to end immediately, but he also had never felt anything so wonderful. He was shocked to realize that when Colin touched his penis it felt better than when he did it to himself. Colin's loving touch excited him to unbelievable heights.

When his nanny, sister, mother or his mother's friends used to touch him, they'd usually grab and pinch him. They were rough, teasing and taunting, not nearly as comforting and pleasurable as this. Regardless of how good it felt, Colin's touch frightened Anthony. He feared they were doing were things homos did. If Colin was a queer, Anthony wondered if doing this stuff would make him a queer too. As he wallowed in the sinful, sensuous, wonderful sensations, Anthony felt the surge of cum welling up in his balls and getting ready to explode. He tried to resist, tried to hold it back, fearing he would become a homo if he let go. But the more he tried, the more intense was the pleasure and the humiliation of the moment. Anthony caught sight of Colin simultaneously masturbating himself, his huge penis now outside his pants. He was rolling it through his fingers long and hard. Colin groaned with waves of ecstasy. Finally, Anthony couldn't resist any longer; he did let go and go and go! God, what a feeling surged throughout his body as he flooded his panties and watched as Colin shot his load of jism on the ground.

After resting for a few minutes, the hot cum on Anthony's pantied stomach became very cold and wet. He tugged downward on his shirt to cover himself. When they heard the evening warning bell ringing from the school grounds, they got up, straightened their clothes and headed back toward their dorm rooms. As they walked in silence, the stickiness in Anthony's silky panties trickled down into his crotch and chafed him with every step, but the realization of what had just happened chafed his mind with agonizing, painful thoughts and fears.

For Anthony it had been a tender, loving but terrifying experience. He was now thoroughly confused. He cared so much for Colin, but being a homo was more than he could handle. He kept telling himself that he liked girls not boys. He was sure of that, so he knew he couldn't be a homo, even if Colin was one. He tried to console himself, telling himself it was just an accident. He heard a lot about stuff like that. The guys were always joking about it, and he even heard a couple of his roommates from time to time doing things. During the night, he was sure two of

them were sometimes getting into each other's bed and doing things together. But he had always convinced himself that they were joking around or just a little homesick and needed to be close to someone else. But he wasn't sure. He wasn't sure of anything!

Colin could tell Anthony was tormented and confused, and he got him to agree to meet him near the labyrinth after dinner to help him sort things out. Anthony was filled with strange new fears and wasn't sure about meeting up with Colin again, but he did feel he needed someone to talk to about what he was feeling and the scary thoughts going through his mind. And there was no one else he could talk to.

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Anthony's Kilts #2

Chapter 3

The Wardrobe Mistress Does Her Thing



Anthony had just enough time to clean himself up before heading off to Miss Gilbert's office to be fitted for the punishment uniform. Lucky for him all his roommates were out as he hurriedly shucked off his wet panties and stuffed them into the back of his dresser drawer then got into a fresh pair of panties. He arrived at the entrance of the Greystone Building just moments before 5 o'clock, the appointed time. Miss Gilbert opened the door and motioned for him to follow her to the wardrobe room.

She had him immediately strip down to his underwear. Anthony was completely embarrassed. Miss Gilbert laughed right in his face when she saw the panties.

"It's good you have your panties on, boy. Mr. Hillman told me to take the belt to you if you didn't. Now stand still while I take your measurements."

Standing around in front of her in just his pink panties was unnerving. He avoided looking at her menacing face, opting to simply stare at the blank wall and hide his embarrassment until it was over. Miss Gilbert amused herself by intimately touching him as she did her job, poking at his penis and balls, tweaking his nipples and even running her finger between his ass cheeks. She stroked Anthony's penis within his silky panties.

Since his recently discharged penis did not quickly erect in his panties, she said in a very loud voice, "What's wrong boy, are you queer or something?"

Anthony shook his head 'no' and breathed deeply in reaction to the frightening question. His fear of being a homo brought tears to his eyes. Did it show somehow? Did something happen to him while he was with Colin and now anyone could look at him and see he was a homo? Amidst this great fear, his penis did begin to react to the pinching touch of this horse-faced woman. A thirteen-year-old's penis packs prodigious life, and even if Anthony's penis wasn't very large, it did perform honorably and rescue him from his fears. It stood up to the attention being paid to it and pointed itself to heaven, making a laughable protrusion in the pink panties.

"Well, glory be! I guess you like girls after all. But you've got a lot of growing to do there," she commented as she continued to grab at it and rub it. "Otherwise, you might as well wear panties forever. No girl would be interested in this babyish bit of gristle."

Even though she was making fun of him, Anthony was greatly relieved that his penis erected for her. If he could get worked up over being handled by this ugly old hag, he concluded that he must still like girls! He was relieved as much as tormented!

After she had gathered all his measurements, Miss Gilbert took only a couple of minutes to fetch a number of boxes and a garment bag.

If Anthony had thought about it, she had been gone much too short a time to select all those clothes using his measurements, she must have had those clothes all ready and went through the measurement routine just to further humiliate him and to get her kicks from feeling up his young body.

Anthony audibly moaned and groaned as she took a sweater, blouse and kilt outfit out of the garment bag. It was a girls' kilt all right, and it had been shortened, not the normal length to the kneecaps. The blouse was trimmed with a thin bit of lace around the collar and cuffs, but it was made of very sheer nylon. Anything he would have to wear underneath it would show through like he didn't have a blouse on at all!

He was getting close to completely breaking down and crying as she opened a cellophane package and took out fancy white nylons, the thigh-high type that stayed up without garters. The nylons were decorated with big ribbon rosettes in front. They were about the most sissified things he had ever seen. From another packet, she took a frilly white nylon slip. Finally, from a box, she took out some strappy little black shoes.

"Now, stop your sniveling and pay attention, Anthony. I'm not supplying you with panties, since I understand Mr. Hillman has given you a supply. The rest of these clothes, you'll get two complete sets, so you can rotate them and always have clean clothes to wear.

"Now, let me explain to you about your punishment outfit. Over the weekend, I'll make any needed alterations, and you can pick everything up from me at 3:30 on Monday, so you'll be ready for your punishment week, which starts first thing Tuesday morning. From that point on, you are to wear this outfit every day, all day long. No changing into your regular clothes after school hours.

"At least initially, you won't have to wear the thin blouse; you can wear this," she said as she held up a red sweater that was very conservative and not really girly at all.

"Except for being buttoned on the girls' side, this isn't any different than a typical boys' sweater. Also, you will be allowed to wear your blazer or a heavier coat whenever the weather outside so warrants.

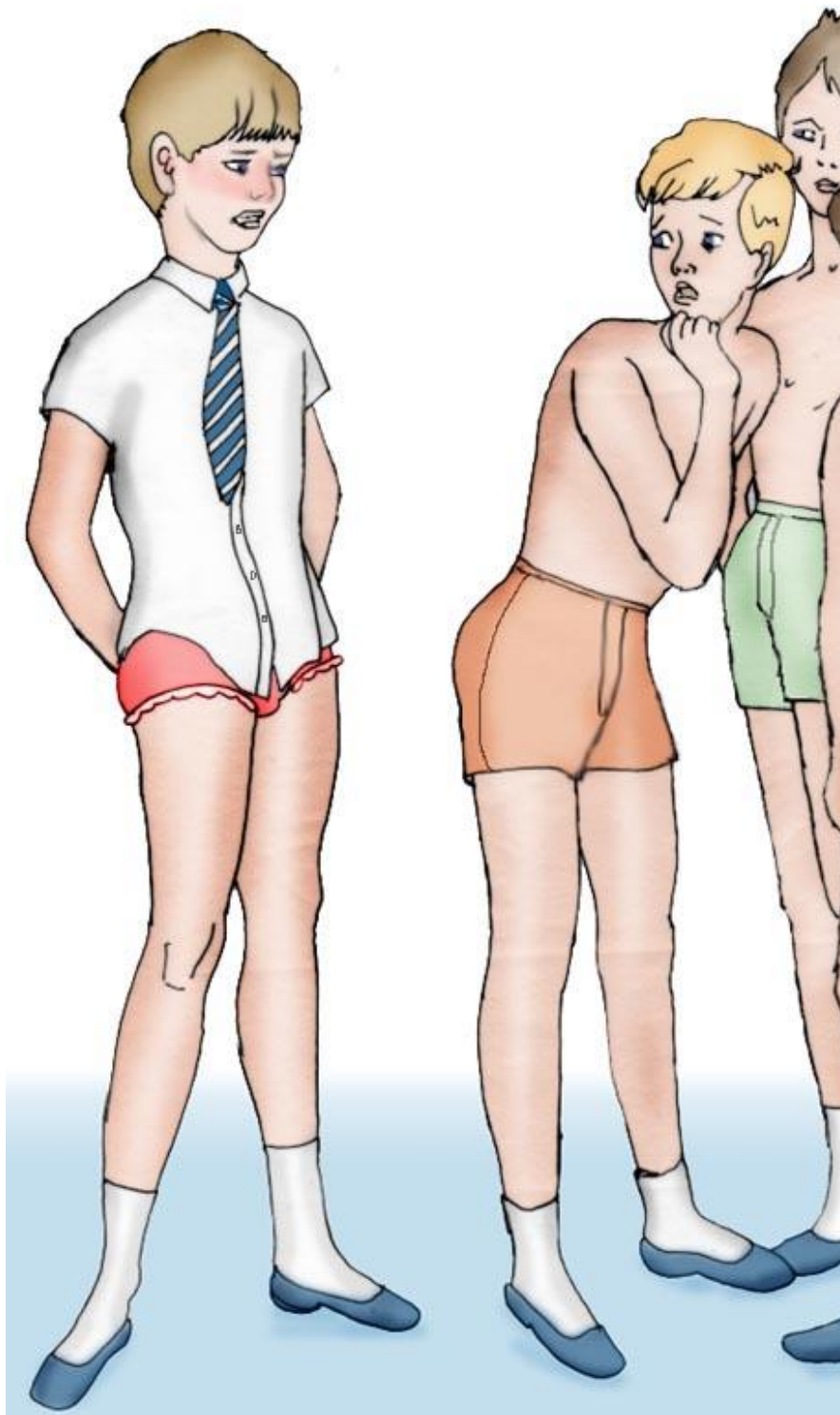
"And that, in addition to your own panties, will be your outfit unless you merit additional punishment. With any infraction of the rules, you open yourself up to extremely severe punishment, so I recommend that you walk the straight and narrow."

Anthony's downtrodden expression gave way to a look of pure astonishment as Miss Gilbert picked up a pink satin brassiere and held it up before him.

"For example, instead of this unisex sweater, you'll be wearing this cute little bra under that sheer blouse if you don't obey every school rule implicitly. And that would just be the beginning. We have more punishments, harsher punishments, and more humiliating punishments than you could ever imagine, so don't try our patience!"

A stone cold silence hung in the air as Miss Gilbert had Anthony try on all the clothes, and she made a few markings and put in a few pins to peg the various items for alternations. The most embarrassing part was trying on the brassiere. Miss Gilbert took her time once again, touching him intimately under the guise of adjusting the fit. She teased him about having quite a bit of flesh around his breasts, saying how the training bra molded that flesh into sweet little girlish mounds. Her sardonic smile, cutting comments and periodic giggles made him very nervous. Between the cool silky garments and her icicle fingers, each time she touched him, a freezing jolt of cold went surging down his spine. There was no doubt about it. The old hag was having her way with him and there wasn't a thing he could do about it.

As soon as it was over, Anthony rushed out and back to his dorm room. Then he went to dinner and tried to forget about the immediate past and future. It was the weekend and he was going to try to forget his problems as he engaged in the usual round of sports and recreation.



Anthony's Kilts #2



Chapter 4

Alone Together

All four of the boys returned to the dorm room at practically the same time. It was the start of the weekend and they were all undressing and changing into their casual clothes. Phillip was down to his briefs and T-shirt. While he was desperately looking in his dresser for a clean pair of shorts, Tommy, ever the jokester, walked up behind him and goosed him.

That was a special thing with boys at St. John's - local ground rules - to goose one another without being thought of as a fairy. That even extended to grabbing at each other's crotch. It was just considered playful to do, albeit annoying to have it done to you.

Phil jumped, "You bastard."

"Hey, if you can't find any clean underwear," Tommy teased, "you can always borrow some of Anthony's pretty panties!"

Tommy laughed as Phil tackled him and wrestled him to the floor. After they scuffled for a moment, it was over.

Anthony had removed his trousers. His penis was erect again within his panties, Tommy saw it even though Anthony kept his shirt on to hide it as much as possible while getting out a pair of jeans to put on.

Tommy asked him, "Hey, where were you after classes. I thought you were going to join us playing soccer?"

"I didn't feel like it. I went for a walk with Colin."

As soon as he said it, he realized that maybe he shouldn't have mentioned Colin by name.

"That limey fruit!" Tommy laughed.

"Oh, shut your ass! He's not any more of a fruit than you are," Anthony defended even though the conversation was quickly becoming very upsetting to him.

John interjected, "Yeah, if you shouldn't be criticized for letting that fag Jerry Sullivan pat your ass all the time, Anthony shouldn't be criticized for going around with Colin! By the way, Anthony, he is a nice guy, but Tommy is right. Colin is a fag!"

Jerry Sullivan was a senior who had befriended Tommy. They liked to play basketball together, and Jerry was forever patting Tommy's behind. They too had been seen walking toward the woods together, but no one ever asked what they did in the woods.

As they lolled around in their underwear and took their time changing clothes, Tommy noticed that they were all nursing at least partial erections in their shorts.

He took a ruler out of his desk and said, "Hey, you guys, you got your cocks up, let's all measure."

The boys looked at each other in a bit of shock, but at their age such a challenge rarely went unanswered.

Anthony, wanting to avoid anything that called any more attention to his panties, resisted.

"Hey, that's kid's stuff. I just wanna change and get the hell outta here."

Phil said, "Oh, what the hell!" putting his hand through the Y-front of his briefs. "Yeah, let's do it. I know I'm going to win."

Tommy grabbed up a pencil and a piece of paper then busied himself with taking his own cock out of his underwear and stroking it up a bit.

John and Anthony were a little apprehensive but knew they had to go along with the other two.

Through a lot of nervous laughter, each boy took his turn placing his peter on the piece of paper on the edge of the desk, and Tommy marked its length. A very embarrassed Anthony fished his little penis out of the legband of his pink panties and then quickly put it back after Tommy marked it on the paper.

John measured four and one-half inches. Tommy a fat four and three-quarters inches, and John a long slim six inches. Anthony was very skinny and just barely four inches.

That finished, an embarrassed silence followed. No one knew what to do next.

Tommy yelled, "Hey, Anthony, since you're the one in the panties, let's all take turns fucking you!"

"Fuck you, you bastard," Anthony shouted back.

"Well, you really look cute in your panties. I bet you really like wearing 'em."

Anthony was ready to cry.

John moved in.

"Lay off, Tommy, you know he only wears them because of Hillman. Don't tease him anymore. How would you like it if Hillman made you wear panties?"

Phil added, "Let's get along, guys. It's very unfair the way we're all hit with a punishment week, but Anthony really got fucked over; let's not make it any worse for him. We don't want any trouble. All we need is for that crazy Hillman to give all of us that sissy kilt punishment shit. Let's cool it!"

They all nodded in agreement - another crisis averted. A long befuddled silence followed - teasing was their daily bread, and they instantly felt a loss. As much as they wanted to live in peace, each of them knew it probably wasn't possible.

In all seriousness, John asked Anthony about the punishment outfit and what it was like. Anthony shrugged off the question. He didn't want to talk about it at that moment, and the others understood.

Anthony put on his blazer and told them all he was going for a walk. Actually, he was going to meet Colin. He both feared and liked Colin. He wasn't so sure if meeting up with him was the right thing to do but hanging around with his roommates was very trying. And besides, while they were all around, he couldn't think straight. Maybe Colin could help him figure himself out. He wanted Colin to tell him that he was OK, that what had happened between them that afternoon meant nothing, and that he wasn't going to turn gay. Anthony was sure he only spurted in his panties because they were so soft and irritating, not because he was attracted to a guy. After all he reassured himself; he liked girls, not guys. He was sure of that!

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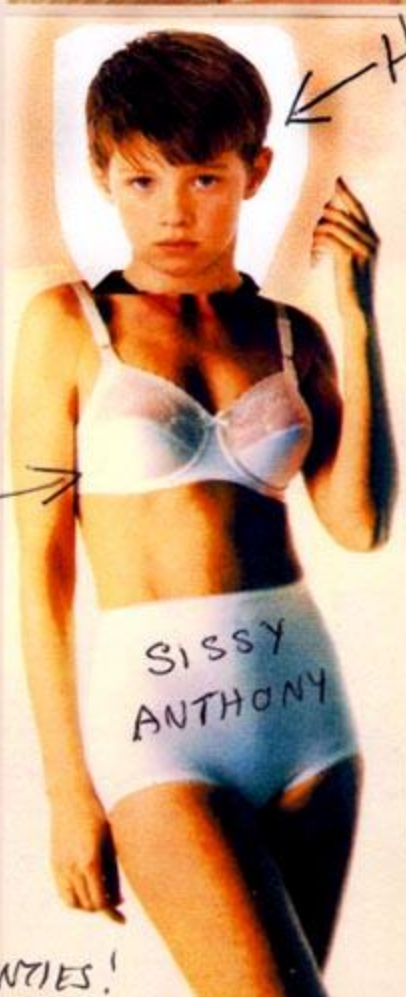
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Anthony's Kilts #2

Chapter 5

Getting to Know Colin Better

Anthony fretted meeting up with Colin again. He wasn't sure if he should, but his feet took him to the entranceway of the labyrinth just as it was getting dark. Colin was there. They entered the maze, which was illuminated only by tiny lights about fifty or sixty feet apart. Two upperclassmen passed them, and one said, "Watch your ass, panty boy!"

Anthony turned to Colin with a thoroughly shocked expression on his face. His secret was out! He trembled as he asked Colin how the guy knew about his panties.

"Pay no attention to him," Colin responded. "He's the biggest fruit on campus. Don't be so worried about the panties! Most of the guys that have been here for a while know Hillman's routine. Most of them probably just assume that he's got you in panties by now."

In a way Anthony was relieved, but he was also furious, knowledge of his humiliation was widespread, and he felt helpless. As the boys talked, Anthony was comforted by Colin, who knew what he was going through and knew how to make him feel better. Anthony noticed other boys walking in twos. A few of them were holding hands, which he thought was a little strange. As the sun went completely down, Anthony saw boys paired off together in little dark recesses of the maze. There were sighs and muffled moaning sounds. Then Colin took Anthony's face between his hands and kissed him on the lips.

"I love you, little monkey. I think I've loved you from the first moment I saw you. I'm going to help you through this. You'll be OK. Believe me, you'll be OK."

Anthony was stunned. No boy had ever kissed him before, especially on the lips! He tried to talk, but momentarily only sputtered before being able to voice his fears.

"Colin, don't kiss me. I'm not a homo. I can't be! And I'm bothered by so many things. These stupid panties are soft; they make me get hard all the time. They made me have that accident in them this afternoon."

"Don't worry so much, little monkey! Everyone knows Hillman is a real son of a bitch. And panties are like that. They can make any guy's thing stand up. In fact, a lot of guys like to wear them, and not just panties, all kinds of other girls' things too. And so what if they like to do that? They're not hurting anyone. If you can keep a secret, I'll tell you. I'm a bit like that. I like pretty clothes. I have some nice girls' things I keep in my room to wear when no one else is around. Nothing wrong with that."

Colin's little speech gave the green light to Anthony. Beyond the humiliation of wearing girly clothes, he was embarrassed to admit that he kind of liked how the panties felt on his penis. It brought back memories of his early childhood when he was constantly clothed in silks and satins. Colin went on to tell him not be disturbed by it. In fact, he told him to enjoy it!

As they walked and talked, Colin got Anthony to tell him in detail about his upbringing, how

he had been dressed like a sissy and fondled and toyed with at every turn. Anthony also told him about his horrible years in grammar school, where he struggled to be like the other boys but singled out as a sissy. He explained that he had been doing fine there at St. John's, being accepted by the other guys as one of them and not tagged as a sissy; that was until Hillman latched onto his star.

Colin also got him to talk about all the things Hillman had done to him, including details about that surprise visit to their dorm room. After such revealing conversation, the two felt closer together than ever. Colin guided Anthony into a nook in the bushes.

Colin said, "I have a surprise for you."

As Colin opened Anthony's trousers and freed his penis from within his panties, he didn't stop him. Anthony watched like he was in the audience at a movie, and everything wasn't happening to him but to someone else up on the screen. Colin sucked the boy's penis into his mouth. The sensation was the finest thing Anthony had ever felt in his life. Anthony feared becoming a faggot. He didn't want to do such things, but the pleasure he was feeling took control of his mind until he spewed his seed into Colin's loving warm mouth. When it was over, Anthony was crying again. Colin kissed the boy's pink panties and pulled up his trousers. On their way back to the dorm, Colin once again told Anthony how much he loved him before going off to the senior smoking lounge.

All day Saturday and Sunday, Anthony's roommates played games and engaged in sports and tried not to think about the stupid punishment shorts they were going to have to wear and all the bullshit going on at St. John's.

Mr. Hillman took off to places unknown on most weekends as he did on this one. Anthony spent almost all of his time alone in his room, trying to sort out his feelings and trying to assure himself that he wasn't a homo. Colin looked around the campus for Anthony and asked about him, but realized that the boy probably needed time alone.

There was only one exception to the otherwise uneventful weekend. Sunday after dinner while all four of the boys were in their room, someone had put an envelope under their door. It was addressed to Anthony. He opened it up to find a clipping from the Sunday paper. It was an advertisement from one of the department stores in town. Someone had cut out Anthony's head from the class photograph and pasted it on a girl modeling a bra and panties. And they had written things all over the ad: "Hi faggot!", "Don't miss this big panty sale!", "Buy the pink panties!", "Suck my dick you pantywaist!", "Get some bobbies" (with an arrow drawn to the model's tits.), and "Sissy Anthony" across the model's panties.

Anthony's roommates looked over his shoulder and read it too. Then Anthony tore it up, got into his bed, pulled the covers up over his head and cried to himself.

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Anthony's Kilts #2

Chapter 6

A Sub for Hillman



On Monday morning, Anthony got up extra early and got dressed in his regulation kilt outfit over his panties as Mr. Hillman had commanded him to do. None of the other boys were wearing their kilt uniform that day so he stood out and caused some of the others to comment and wonder why he had his kilt on. Anthony arrived at breakfast early and finished before most of the others, especially the juniors and seniors, who had a thirty minute later breakfast time. He wanted to avoid them since he feared that word had spread amongst them that he was now wearing panties.

But throughout the day, the classes, the time between classes, lunchtime, all went barely without an incident. A few times some of the older boys did laugh at him and point him out to their friends, but things went much better than Anthony had anticipated. Then came the last class that day: Library Research, a mixed class of freshman and sophomores, with the dreaded Mr. Hillman.

But there was no goofing off in Mr. Hillman's class. Even though Anthony stood out in his kilt, and by then some of the other boys must have heard about his being in panties, as they came into the room and took their seats, no one cracked a joke or bothered him, much to his relief.

Then a powerful, almost mannish-looking woman came into the room. She announced that she was Miss Prine, a teacher from St. Gertrude's, the girls' school less than a mile away that had longtime ties with St. John's. She announced that Mr. Hillman and she had traded places for the day as part of an exchange program with the teachers of the two schools.

Immediately, Anthony wondered if she was the 'old lesbian' friend of Hillman's that Colin had talked about. One thing was for sure; she looked like a witch that wouldn't put up with any nonsense. Most of the other boys must have felt the same way since they all sat quietly and none of them seemed too willing to challenge her authority.

As usual, the class started with a roll call, each boy had to stand up when his name was called. When she got to Anthony, Miss Prine paused.

"Ah, yes, Anthony McLendon! Mr. Hillman told me to keep a special eye on you. He said you are the big troublemaker here at St. John's. But I must say you look more like a wimp to me than a contrary little troublemaker. I'm not going to have any trouble with you today, am I, Anthony?"

"No! No, ma'am."

"Glad to hear that. My, my, don't we look sharp today in our proper kilt outfit. Don't you look the well-mannered boy! Tell us, what's the occasion for being in formal dress?"

"I, oh, uh, you, ma'am, Mr. Hillman directed me to wear the kilt today in preparation for tomorrow, sir, . . . I mean, ma'am."

"What in heavens is happening tomorrow, boy?"

"I, uh, have to wear a, a punishment outfit, ma'am."

The class laughed.

"Oh, I see," Miss Prine added, pretending that it was news to her.

"You look so young and girlish in your regular kilt. Heaven only knows what you'll look like in the punishment kilt. You better be careful around the seniors, some of them might mistake you for a girl, a girl for easy pickings!"

The class laughed some more, and amidst the laughter someone from the back of the room said loud enough for everyone to hear, "Make Anthony show us his panties!"

Such outspokenness was never tolerated in Hillman's room; the punishment for such an offense could be severe. Yet, Miss Prine, chose not to go after the one who said it, instead she concentrated on Anthony.

"What's this?" she asked. "Panties? Did I hear someone say Anthony wears panties?"

Anthony was cringing, wobbling from one foot to the other and tears were pooling in his eyes.

"I must say, Anthony, it would be fitting if you did wear little girls' panties.

"Isn't that right?"

"Uh, yes . . . yes, ma'am!" Anthony was forced to answer.

"So you agree! How sweet. That means you must be wearing panties. Is that so?"

"Uh, oh, uh . . ."

"Come now! You can tell us. We'll understand! So Anthony, are you wearing girls' panties?"

"Uh, yes, yes, ma'am," Anthony said in little more than a whisper.

"What, Anthony? We didn't hear you. Are you wearing girls' panties under your sweet little kilt?"

"Yes, ma'am," he said so everyone could hear as he grimaced and the tears streamed down his face.

There were some laughs, but most of the boys contained themselves.

"Well, well, isn't that interesting; just think of it, a big sissy like you wearing girls' panties. Well, I suppose it's to be expected.

"Are they silky panties?"

"Yeah, yes, ma'am."

"Do they have lace on them?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"O-oo! That's nice. My, my, my! What color are they, dear boy?"

"P-p-pink, ma'am!" he moaned through his anguish and tears.

"PINK! Wow! You can't get anymore girlie than that! Right, boy?"

"Yes, sir. I, uh, mean, no, ma'am!"

"Well, since they're pink and silky and lacy, I think the class should have a look. It's not often that the boys here get to see cute little things like girls' panties.

"Do you want to see Anthony's pretty panties, boys?" she asked the class.

The boys let loose with wild cheers, clapping hands and shouts of, "Yes, let's see his panties! Let's see Anthony's panties!"

Miss Prine took him by the hand and led him to the front of the room to face the class of totally amazed, wide-eyed little boys.

"Well, you heard them, Anthony," Miss Prine said, "So up with your kilt. Show the boys what they want to see. They want to see your darling little panties."

Resigned to his fate, thinking no further humiliation was possible, Anthony took hold of his kilt and slowly inched it upward. As the crotch of his bulging pink panties came into view, the boys went wild with merriment. The whistling and catcalls were sounds never heard before in one of Mr. Hillman's tightly monitored classes.

Miss Prine produced one of Hillman's favorite three-foot long bamboo canes and used it as a pointer to indicate to Anthony to get his kilt up higher. When Anthony didn't raise it high enough and fast enough, Miss Prine used the cane to give a sharp blow to each of the boy's hands. Finally the kilt was all the way up, totally inverted and exposing even the elastic waistband on the panties, riding high across his tummy. Miss Prine further used the cane to trace the outline of Anthony's pantied penis. Then as she drew the cane down and across the boy's penis, every boy in the class drew in his breath and shared the pain as Miss Prine inched back with the cane only to strike Anthony directly on his pantied prick.

In shock and pain, Anthony doubled over. Miss Prine then told him to stand up like a real boy and not a sissy. Then she made Anthony lean over Hillman's desk. Miss Prine put the cane under her arm and took her time lowering the ruffled pink and white ruffled panties until they were draped across Anthony's thighs. It was most unusual for a boy to be punished before his fellow students. Almost all the spankings and canings at St. John's were done in private, after school hours, but Miss Prine explained to the class that Anthony was a special case because he got into trouble more than any other boy in the school, and that a little public punishment might help him mend his ways.

After she delivered six resounding blows with the cane, Anthony could hold still no longer and jumped around trying to alleviate the pain in his butt. His ruffled panties fell to the floor. A few of the boys were still giggling, but most of them had been scared into silence.

Miss Prine told Anthony to pull up his panties and return to his desk.

The thing Anthony most feared happening, had happened, and happened in the most humiliating way. Now the whole school would know about his panties. He'd never live it down!

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Anthony's Kilts #2

Chapter 7

The Aftermath

When the class ended, Anthony hurried to meet Miss Gilbert at the appointed time. He had to wait for her on the steps of the Greystone building, where most of the seniors took their classes. He stood there in terror anticipating further taunting and teasing from the upperclassmen, but he was spared as most of them just ignored him as they went in and out of the building.



Finally, Miss Gilbert arrived and took him to the wardrobe storage room. She had him try on every piece of the uniform and once again handled him intimately as she checked the fit. Once she was finished, he gathered the bags and boxes and hurried back to his dorm room. He stashed all of them in the closet, so he wouldn't even have to look at them until the morning.

After dinner, the other boys came back to the room. John showed Anthony an ad from a ladies' shop that someone had posted on the bulletin board. The ad showed a teenage girl lifting up her slip to show off a slip and panty combination that was on sale. Someone had written on the ad, "Anthony will be posing in his new lingerie at 7 pm."

The guys tried to laugh it off. They tried to loosen up and lighten up about the whole situation to help poor Anthony, whom they knew was taking it very badly.

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Anthony's Kilts #2

Chapter 8

Babydolls and Bloomers



That night, when Anthony returned his room from the showers, he noticed that his three roommates were particularly quiet. And as he got ready for bed, he knew something was up, but no one said anything. Then when he went to get out his pajamas, he noticed something bright, silky and pale blue in the drawer laying next to his stack of pink panties and along side it was a note and some other papers.

John spoke up, "While you were in the shower, one of the sophomore prefects came in and put some stuff in your drawer. He also started laughing and took something out of your drawer before he left too, but I didn't see what it was. He was laughing like a hyena. Take a look at the stuff he put in there.

Anthony lifted up the pale blue nylon and saw that it was a frilly girls' nightgown. As it unfolded, a pair of matching panties fell to the ground.

Tommy whistled.

John and Phil both told him to cut it out.

Anthony picked up the panties in disgust and threw them under the lamp on top of his dresser. He opened the note and read it.

Dear Anthony:

We tried to get you a luscious pink nightie but had to settle for this baby blue one because the pink ones were all sold out. It's one of the popular babydoll nighties, and yes, it comes complete with some delicate matching panties. The saleslady assured us that this is the style of nightie and panties that a lot of the little girls wear over at St. Gertrude's.

We want you to wear this nightie and panties to bed every night, and tomorrow, wear these lacy blue panties under your punishment kilt. We'll be checking on you to make sure that you have them on.

And as you know, the prefects can enter your room at any hour of the day or night; so you better be in this nightie every night, and you better wear these panties tomorrow. If you don't follow these instructions, we have drafted a letter, signed by the seven sophomores in your library resource class. The letter details how you were prancing around in class showing everyone your lacy pink panties today. A copy of the letter is attached."

Anthony read the letter. It was a total exaggeration of what had happened. Most importantly, it made it sound like Anthony enjoyed wearing the panties and showing them off to the other boys in class, and it strongly suggested that he was a total fairy boy.

It made no difference that the letter was fiction; the mere chance that such a letter might be sent home to his parents and his bitchy sister was more than Anthony could bear. He sat on the edge of his bed and cried.

Just then the door opened. Frank Bell, a well-built sophomore prefect walked in and went over to Anthony.

"Hi, guys. Got you shorts pressed for tomorrow? If they're dirty or wrinkled or anything, you'll get caned!"

"Get the fuck outta here," John said as he stood up and approached him.

"Do anything to me and you'll be in a sissy kilt too!" he told him.

"I'll only be a minute," Fran continued. "I just wanted to see if you guys are all ready for tomorrow. How about you, Anthony?"

"Leave him alone," Phil demanded.

"I don't think you're in a position to tell me anything. If I report you for the slightest breech of the rules, your reputation won't be worth dog shit, and you'll get punished even worse than what Anthony's in for."

Frank noticed the panties on top of the dresser. He picked them up and approached Anthony. He held the bloomer panties up by the waist elastic and studied them for a minute.

"These sure are pretty. We tried to get frillier ones, but this was the best they had. So tell me, Anthony, are these frilly enough for you?" he asked as he held the panties up to Anthony's waist.

"Yes, sir," was all Anthony could say.

"Good. That's good. Here, let me get a better look. Open your robe."

Anthony opened his robe. He was naked underneath.

"Hold it open, wimp! I'm trying to see if these are going to fit you all right."

Anthony pulled aside his robe, totally exposing his nakedness.

"Well, that little thing isn't going to be any trouble staying hidden in your panties," Frank laughed as he held the panties directly up to Anthony's waist. He kept moving the panties back and forth slithering them across the boy's hips. The silky fabric teased Anthony's penis and it responded, standing up like a little finger pointing skyward.

"We thought you'd like them.

"Here, let me help you put them on for the first time."

Anthony stepped into the slinky, full-cut panties as Frank knelt before him with the waistband spread wide open. As he pulled the panties up, Anthony twitched and wiggled. The nylon tickled his legs. When they were all the way up, Frank yanked them up as high as they would go so the crotch of the panties crushed Anthony's baby-sized penis and balls.

Frank went to the dresser and took out the babydoll top. He snapped his fingers indicating to Anthony to take off his robe. A moment later, he was helping Anthony into the nightie and pulling it down to straighten it out.

The other three boys had gotten into their beds, and when Frank made Anthony do a slow turn that flared out the nightie, the other boys had seen enough. They all turned their backs to them. Frank made Anthony strut around the room and pose in various girlish stances, as he expressed his disappointment that he did have a camera. But he said that he'd have one the next day, and he'd get a lot of pictures of Anthony for the school newspaper and just in case he needed them for anything in the future.

Anthony feared that meant blackmail for as long as he attended St. John's.

At the 10 o'clock warning bell with just two minutes before 'lights out,' Frank let Anthony scramble into bed, where he pulled the covers over his head. After the lights went out, Anthony remembered John's comment about the prefect taking something out of his dresser drawer, but Anthony hadn't noticed anything missing. Then after thinking about it for a few minutes, it hit him like an ice-cold shower: The prefect must have taken his cum-stained panties!



FAGGOT ANTHONY'S
Cum-FILLED PANTIES



Anthony's Kilts #2

Chapter 9



FAGGOT ANTHONY'S
Cum-FILLED PANTIES

Punishment Day

By the time the morning wake-up bell rang, Anthony had already been up for hours. He felt like he hadn't gotten any sleep at all as he began the painful task of dressing himself in the punishment uniform. He removed the powder blue babydoll top supplied by the sophomore prefect the night before, but as directed, he kept on the matching panties. In the morning light, Anthony found it particularly embarrassing to be seen by his roomies in the bloomer panties with their ruffles and ribbon frills. He stepped into a corner nook of the room to shield himself as he quickly pulled on the full-length white slip and then the punishment kilt to cover the panties.

God was the kilt short! He knew he'd have to walk and sit carefully; otherwise, everyone would be able to see the panties. The slip came right to the very edge of the kilt, so he also had to be careful not to expose any flashes of the lavish white lace that trimmed the hem of the slip. The sweater was a relief. It was the most masculine part of his costume. He was thankful that he got to wear it instead of the shockingly thin chiffon blouse. If he had to wear that, the whole world would be able to see the top half of his slip, and the slip's bodice was made up of row after row of lace around the cups. He had enough to deal with at the moment, so he wasn't about to borrow trouble and worry about some humiliation that he might be able to avoid.

The three other guys were getting themselves dressed in their ridiculously short shorts that buttoned up the sides like little kids or girls' shorts. They found the shorts to be very intimidating and knew they'd be razzed throughout their punishment period. They had enough problems of their own to worry much about Anthony. Still, all of them were curious to see Anthony's girly kilt outfit. With sidelong glances they watched in amazement as he got dressed in his sissy frills. Each of them had an urge to comment or laugh, but they simply kept quiet. They also had an urge to offer some kind of support. They could only imagine what Anthony was going through. But they knew that there was nothing they could say or do to help him. They just had to get on with the day and hope they'd be able to survive it.

The quiet in their room was interrupted with a hammering on their front door. Tommy went to answer it and started to open the door, but a voice from outside told him to keep the door closed for a minute. They were just putting some decorations on their door.

When Anthony put on the thigh-high white nylons with their huge rosettes at the top, Tommy couldn't hold back. He let out a whistle. John threw a book at him and told him to 'shut up!'

Tommy apologized but still stared at Anthony's nyloned legs.

Anthony slipped on the little strap shoes and prepared himself for a day of total humiliation. He walked out the door to a waiting crowd that had lined up in anticipation of this moment. The jeers, whistles and laughter reverberated throughout the hallways of that old dorm. The echoing sound Anthony would remember for the rest of his life.

Unsure what to do, he turned to duck back into the room. That's when he saw his stained panties and a sign on their door. The sign read: "Faggot Anthony's Cum-Filled Panties."

He heard one of the guys yell out, "You better leave them hanging on your door, or we'll make you wear those panties over your head to all your classes!"

Anthony turned and ran through the gauntlet of guys overflowing the hallway, his kilt flying up around him as he ran, exposing his lacy white slip and fancy blue bloomer panties.