

*Princess Rewrites*  
**Candy Ass Classics**  
Book 1 - The Mary Gesner School for Girls - Part 1

**Book 1**

*Classic Rewrite*



*Adults Only*

Completely rewritten and freshly illustrated classic stories for adults about boys under the control of aggressive females who humiliate and dominate them with spankings, panty training, female hormones, castration and forced feminization.

Since 1981

**A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION**

# *A Message From Princess Lacey*

## *Old Crossdressing Stories in New Clothes*



Dear Sissies,

In Candy Ass Classics we present our rewrites of some of the best privately produced, old-time crossdressing stories, most of which were only traded by collectors for decades and never officially published. These stories were created by people who were unsatisfied with typical transvestite literature, so they chose to write their own material. Consequently, even the most amateurish and poorly written and illustrated of these stories usually contained very personal and highly erotic elements that rang true to other fetishists and crossdressers.

Even though many of these stories lack the skill of a professional writer or artist, they survived and rank among classics because they expressed universal truths for a select audience and contained an eroticism and passion often lacking in mainstream crossdressing and petticoat punishment stories.

Over the years, most of these stories suffered horrendous assaults on their appearance and readability because copies were made of copies then recopied again and again. Also, as people traded these stories back and forth they often lost or discarded some pages and added or deleted parts according to their own tastes as well as added pages to their own interests. In this publication, we are giving these old manuscripts new life by completely rewriting them, redrawing original art and/or adding completely new art.

The Mary Gesner School for Girls was probably written in about 1970, and that edition quite possibly had been rewritten many times over the proceeding years. Because in those days before copy machines, these underground writers kept typing up new copies of their stories, and while they retyped them, they often made changes and further developed the story. This story was written by Posy, an ardent writer, collector and trader of crossdressing material for forty or more years prior to his death in the mid 1980s. The original drawings are some of the earliest pictures by the great Missie McQueen.

Love,

*Princess Lacey*

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# The Mary Gesner School for Girls

Revised by Princess Lacey

## Chapter 1 Boys Will Not Be Boys

“Just listen to this ... inattentive, poor study habits, lack of respect for teachers ... bad influence on the other boys ...

“But that’s not the worst of it. If you read on, you’ll see that Jason is on the verge of being expelled. Headmaster Rhomsdale called and had me pick him up at school today because he had been caught peeking into the girls’ locker room.”

“Damn it, Martha! I thought he was improving. What kind of boy are we raising? I wanted him to go onto college and then take him into my business ... but, but Jason as a banker?”

“Harold, I thought you gave up on that idea long ago. He’ll never be able to ... I mean, the way he’s been going, we’ll be lucky to get him into any college ... but the window peeking, that is very disturbing to me. They could have had him arrested, you know. Our son a peeping Tom! It’s disgusting!”

“Martha, I think it’s time.”

“Boarding school? Oh, I know what you’re thinking!”

“It’s that or we’re going to have a bum on our hands for life. I know just the place.”

“Oh, no! Not that place by Philadelphia! I’ve heard it’s worse than a prison.”

“Well then you come up with a school,” Harold said.

“I don’t know. Maybe the headmaster can recommend a place,” Martha said even though she already had a place in mind. Actually, she had been thinking about it for a long time but never dreamed Jason would do something bad enough for her to send him there. But now drastic action was needed. Now, she just needed to steer the conversation in the right direction.

“You better find a place for him quickly if you’re still going with me to Germany in three weeks. Find him a school, a strict one and one that will board him. He can’t be trusted home alone with just the housekeeper while we’re gone.”

“I’ve got a great idea. Why don’t we send him to Gesner along with Merle and Jane?”

“A girls’ school! Martha, that’s silly.”

“You have to admit that ever since the girls started there, they’ve developed nicely ... so sophisticated, just look at their manners, their attentiveness, and they’re doing well with their studies. Gesner is the most progressive school around here.”

“Sure, it seems to be an excellent school. I mean, the girls are doing great, but why would you want to send him to a girls’ school. Besides, I am a little leery about that place. Maybe it’s a bit too progressive. The way our girls talk ... and the things they do. Almost overnight they’ve matured so much, and they’re ... they’re .... What am I trying to say? They’re so sexual! God, Martha, that was a dumb thing for me to say. I’m their father. I mean, I think they’ve become much too sexually aware for their age. Hell, the way they talk I think they know more about

sex than I do!”

“Well, girls these days have to know a lot, especially about sex ...with AIDS, sexual harassment, abortion, birth control, boys pressuring them to do it, pornography all around, rape ...”

“What happened to girls being innocent? They’re so young.”

“Those times are gone, old man. Sure the girls are sexually aware. They should be. But they’re smart girls just learning how to survive in this world. Harold, don’t be such a prude.”

“I guess I’m old-fashioned, but a girls’ school ... how can ...?”

“They take girls for grades one through twelve and boys grades one to eight.”

“So how can they take Jason? He’s much too old.”

“We can convince them. The headmistress has a weakness.”

“What’s that?”

“The school’s always in need of money. The girls joke about Mrs. Martin—she’s the headmistress. They say she’d turn the place into a whorehouse if she could get away with it! I hear she’ll do anything if she smells money! I bet we could get her to take Jason if we made a big donation to the building fund.”

“Well, if it only takes money ... that’s what I do best! In fact I can lean on one of our major depositors to underwrite some of their expenses. I know just the one: Garworth Chemical. They’re looking to improve their image ...”

“Great! That would make this all very easy. I’ll call the girls and let them know what’s up. Then I’ll call Rhomsdale and set up a transfer. I’ll do it before Jason has any idea ...” her voice trailed off as she smiled broadly then started to laugh gently.

“Wait until you see the uniform.”

“Uniforms? The girls wear those pleated skirts,” Harold said.

“Those aren’t skirts exactly. They’re kilts.”

“Are you saying the boys wear kilts too?”

“Of course!” she said.

“But do you really think, I mean, that ... that can’t be good for a boy. Jason ... in a kilt? We’re trying to make him into a gentleman, not a ... not some girlish ...”

“What are you afraid of? Do you think a kilt would turn him into a sissy or something?” she giggled.

“Well, frankly ... No! He’s a tough kid. I don’t think we have to fear ... but I think a uniform like that would piss him off. Good luck trying to get him to wear it!”

“By the way, what’s wrong with being girlish?”

“Well, nothing, honey, but boys need to be boys.”

“Like you say, he’s very tough. You could put him in a dress, and he’d still look and act like a boy, right? I don’t think you have to worry about him turning into a sissy,” she said smiling.

Martha knew a lot of what went on within the ivy-covered walls of the staid and somber Mary Gesner School for Girls. Her daughters had secretly reported to her what the teachers and prefects did to boys unlucky enough to attend that school. But what Martha didn’t know was that the quiet little school was owned by a group of lesbians who used the school as a never-ending supply of nubile young ladies they could recruit for their own pleasure. For years, the school drew praise far and wide for the scholastic achievements of its students and the success of its graduates in the outside world, but what people didn’t

know about were the schoolgirl orgies discreetly organized by and for the school's board members and staff.

Three years earlier, two of the school's founders, the Hudson sisters, a pair of shriveled up old maids with a healthy appetite for lithesome young girls, were unexpectedly forced to take in two great nephews after both of the boys' parents had died from illnesses at a young age. The Hudson sisters knew they were totally ignorant in how to raise young boys so they appealed to Mrs. Martin, the school's headmistress. She advised them to bring the boys into the school where they could be educated and cared for in a way that would ensure they would receive a good education as well as learn proper respect for all females.

The truth was that Mrs. Martin was a man-hating bitch who relished the idea of lording it over a couple of unsuspecting boys. Her immediate success with the pliable young lads opened up a new channel of revenue for the cash-strapped school. By

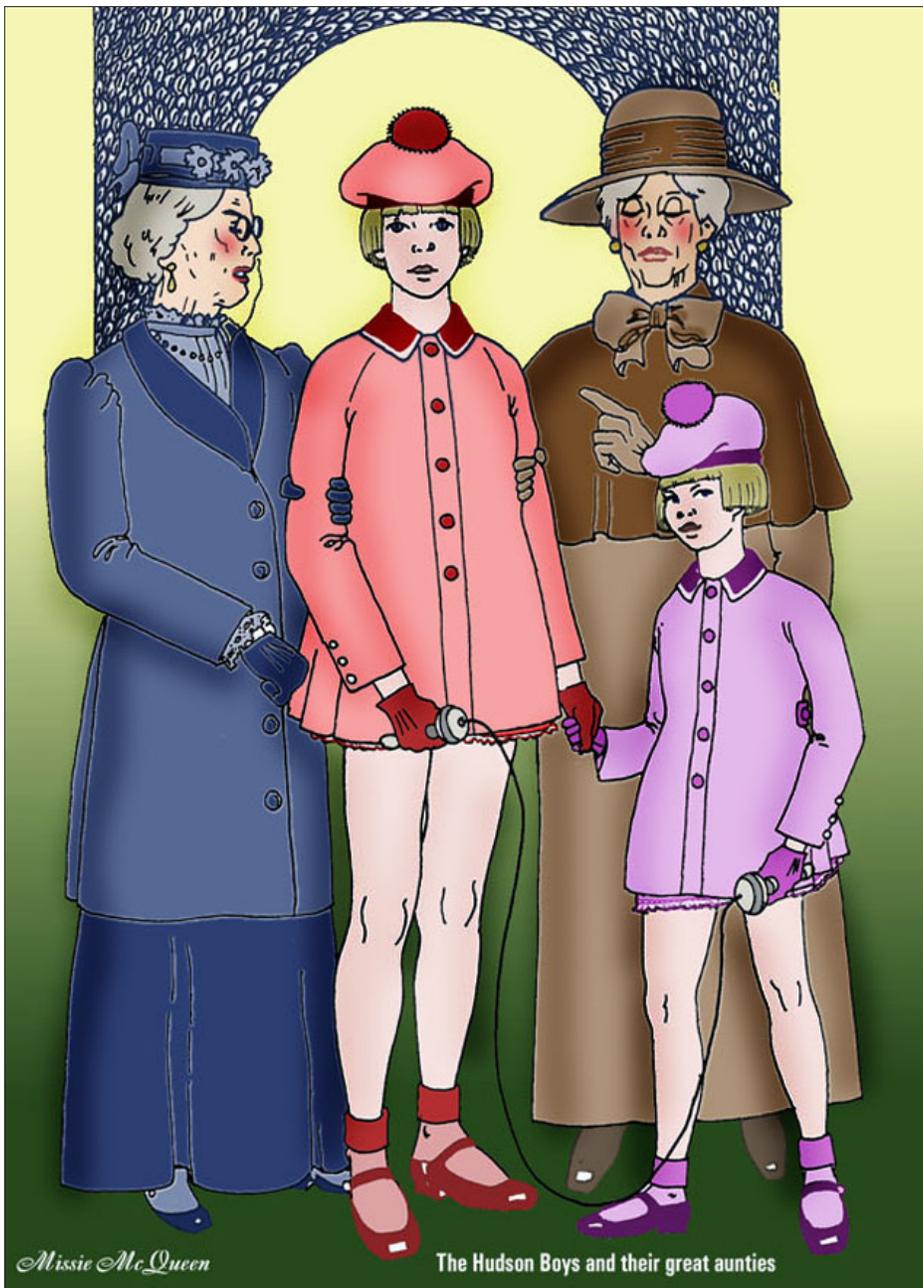
offering a high-priced program guaranteed to change nasty little boys into sweet little gentlemen, they'd enhance the school's coffers, and so the school opened its doors to boys. Mrs. Martin developed an effective reform program, and the parents of prospective students were shown the thoroughly domesticated Hudson boys as examples of how little ruffians could be turned into respectful, well-behaved, and well-educated children.

From time to time, Martha had seen the boys in the community. She didn't even know they were boys until her daughters pointed them out to her one day while shopping.

Martha stood in awe as she watched them clinging to their old aunts. The boys looked so sweet in their coordinated, girlish outfits with perfectly matched hats, shoes and gloves. Peeking out from beneath the hems of their short coats were bits of lace and frills, showing the boys were even more girlishly dressed underneath. The only thing more striking than their clothes was the way they acted. They minded without hesitation or argument, and they moved with grace.

Not that she thought Jason could ever be turned into a sissy, but images of those sweet little boys stuck in her mind and eventually helped to convince her to send Jason to the Mary Gesner School. She liked Jason for a lot of his boyishness, but he was growing into something very repulsive to her. To have a son like one of the Hudson boys was a very tempting thought. Eventually, she concluded that taming Jason would be worth striking a blow to his boyhood. Her enlightened daughters had convinced her that Jason's hormones were the problem and they had to be harnessed if she wanted to control him.

Even though she had a hard time believing everything they told her, Martha knew the school aggressively punished, teased and feminized boys to break their spirit. That should have bothered her. She had always wanted a strong, independent and intelligent son. Well, Jason's intelligence left something to be desired if his current grades were any indication. The kid was strong and independent, but disgustingly so. No, now she realized that she wanted a son she could manage, who respected or even feared her, and most of all, who would grow up to be a credit to her. If that meant turning him into a limp-wristed sissy, she'd take that chance. Even that would be better than having him grow up to be a



Missie McQueen

The Hudson Boys and their great aunts

rapist or a sex pervert. She had enough of the headaches and heartaches he had already caused her.

Harold had been silent, obviously mulling over the idea.

“You know, a kilt might help him develop a bit of respect for women,” Martha cheerfully continued as she tried to sell her husband on the idea. “After all, you’ve seen how he talks back to me and how nasty he is to his sisters. Now with him being caught peeking at naked girls ... boy, I hate him for doing that! That’s the ultimate in disrespect. He’s on his way to turning into a pervert. Is that what you want for a son?”

“God, no, honey! Okay, I’ll give it a try,” Harold conceded. “But I just can’t imagine a bunch of women and girls being able to handle him. I still think he needs a tough military school, but I’ll leave this one up to you.”

“You better dust off your dad’s strap and have it handy when we break the news to Jason. He’s not going to like this one bit.”

“You know, lately I’ve been thinking that putting that strap away a couple of years ago was probably a mistake. Come to think of it, we rarely had a problem with Jason in those days. I think just leaving that strap hanging up in his room did a lot of good. I don’t remember using it on him all that often. Do you?”

“But he knew it was there for whenever he ...”

“I’ll get it ready. He was a decent kid in those days.”

“Yes, dear.”

A few days later, Jason’s sisters, Merle and Jane, were home for the weekend. They were delighted to hear Headmistress Martin had agreed to admit Jason after a little financial bribery. The headmistress personally took care of all the paperwork and assured the Farnsworths her staff would be able to handle their errant son. On that Saturday night, the girls went to a sleepover at a friend’s house. That left Mr. and Mrs. Farnsworth home alone with their son, so they decided it was a good time to break the news they were transferring him to Gesner.

Jason was dumbfounded. Through bugged-out eyes he stared at them in disbelief. “You’ve gone crazy. Me at that place! Are you blind? That place is for dumb girls. I’m a boy and boys are so much smarter than girls are. I can’t learn anything there.”

“They do take some boys, dear,” Martha explained sweetly to her son as she tried to make herself sound positive. “We’ve made all the arrangements. I think you’ll like it ...”

“Boys? From the few boys I seen at that place ... they’re all little boys ... and they’re all sissies! You’re not getting me to go there. No way!” Jason screamed as he tried to storm out of the room, but Harold stopped him. When Jason became physical and started punching and kicking his father and calling him names, Harold picked up the strap and began beating his son’s backside and thighs until the boy crumbled in a heap.

“We’re taking you to Gesner Monday morning; if you give us any more trouble, you’ll get more of this,” his father said waving the strap.

“We’re going to have you board there,” he continued, “just like Merle and Jane. They’ll be able to keep an eye on you. You’re going to turn yourself completely around and get excellent grades. If you’re so smart and you think girls are so dumb, Gesner should be an easy school for you. Don’t even think about doing something stupid like running away or trying to get expelled. If your conduct deteriorates any more, we’ll have no choice but to throw you out on the street. Understand?”

## Chapter 2 Arriving at the Solution

The following Monday morning the Farnsworths drove their son and two daughters to the school. Jason’s eyes were still red from the tears he had shed after two more bouts with the strap. His ass and upper thighs were still sore. He was finally convinced his parents weren’t making idle threats about sending him to this school. And since his father was strong enough to easily overpower him, Jason thought it was best to go along with them until he could figure a way out of this ridiculous mess.

He stared out the window as they turned into the tree-lined driveway leading to the majestic huddle of Tudor-styled buildings. He cringed as he read the entrance sign, “The Mary Gesner School for Refined Young Ladies.”

A few of the students were milling around, mostly girls of course, but there were a couple of boys. Most of the girls wore a gym tunic and blouse combination. A few of the girls wore a kilt outfit, and a number also wore regular dresses or a skirt and blouse combination. He wondered why they weren’t in uniform. The boys wore kilts. Jason had hoped he’d be spared wearing a uniform like that, but he resigned himself to the fact that he would probably have to wear a kilt too. Those boys looked like screaming faggots to him! But especially eerie to Jason was the fact that even though he was in his best suit and tie, his long trousers didn’t give him any sense of superiority. If anything, he felt terribly out of place, especially after they got out of the car and were on their way to the headmistress’ office.

He happened to see an older girl, about his same age. She was in the gym tunic, but she had short hair and it looked like she had been crying, red face and all. The strangest thing about it, the girl had on an amazingly short tunic. It was so short Jason could see the girl’s pink panties sticking out! For a moment, Jason thought it was a boy, but then he chuckled to himself, realizing a boy in a girl’s uniform surely would be funny. No, he convinced himself it was just a plain-looking girl with short hair. Maybe she was undergoing some type of punishment in that absurdly short uniform. Even though he thoroughly enjoyed getting a glimpse of that girl’s panties, he wondered to himself just what kind of crazy place he was about to enter.

Of course, Mr. Farnsworth had frequently seen his daughters in their school uniforms, but this was the first time he saw little boys in kilt outfits. He had to admit the kilts made the boys look quite feminine. When he saw that girl in the gymslip with her panties sticking out, he did a double take. A girl so exposed should have been an erotic sight for him, but instead, he got a creepy feeling it wasn’t a girl at all but a boy. He had heard rumors over the years, but he disregarded them as gossip. Besides, with his daughters attending, he would have heard from them if any of those horror stories were true. He was beyond

his limit with Jason, and if wearing a kilt would straighten the kid out and get him to study, then so be it.

Mr. Farnsworth felt a chill go down his spine as they approached the office under the sign: Mrs. Martin Headmistress. From his years in school, he had feared his headmaster. And this headmistress' office in this girls' school even made him uncomfortable. In fact, as they entered the headmistress' inner sanctum he was amazed at how strongly those horrible old feelings came rushing back.

Martha had visited the school and filled out all the papers for the transfer. Up to this point, Harold had only dealt with Mrs. Martin on the phone, and she was very businesslike but warm. Now, in person, Harold was amazed just how formidable she looked. Yet, she was gracious. She told Martha and Harold to sit down, but told Jason to remain standing before her.

At that moment the reality of the situation started to hit the boy.

"You look like you're about to cry," she said. "Are you a crybaby? I thought you were a big strong boy. Your parents told me you think you're smart, smarter than any girl. I was wondering how we'd fit you in, but now that I see you, you seem to be contrite and quite submissive."

"Oh, but he's not, Mrs. Martin," Martha interjected. "I mean, he's not submissive at all. As I told you, he's been acting very badly lately. If he seems contrite, it's probably because we had to take the strap to him a few times to get him here."

"Oh, do you strap him often?"

"That's probably part of the problem," Harold said. "Before this past week, I hadn't done it in years."

"I see. For some boys it's the only way. As I'm sure you know, we use corporal punishment here if needed. I'm sure we can handle him. If he's not submissive now, he soon will be."

Mr. Farnsworth had another one of those chills go down his spine.

"I'm sure you've seen the uniforms," Mrs. Martin continued. "The girls have the option of wearing a purple gym tunic with a white blouse, matching knee-high stockings and a dark blue blazer. Or they can wear a kilt outfit like the boys wear. The girls have another special option.

Anytime they score 100% on a test, they are allowed to wear regular clothes of their choosing the following day, including makeup and silk stockings as part of their reward.

One other thing about clothing: Pants, shorts and slacks of any type are not permitted here. We believe they are a reminder, temptation and distraction for boys who may long to return to their former ill-mannered and naughty ways.



The school colors are purple, dark blue and white; however, kilts of any color or representing any clan can be worn. We at Mary Gesner are great believers in equality between the sexes that's why we like the kilt. It's perfectly acceptable for both boys and girls.

"One more thing about the uniform. Some boys, especially when they first arrive, think they're superior to girls and resent being here. To cure that, all our boys wear lingerie instead of regular boys' underwear. We have found this form of dress discipline is most effective. It's amazing, but most boys lose any superior attitudes they might have had the moment they are put into some pretty lingerie.

Jason blinked in awe. He looked at his father, but Harold looked away.

"Boys who continue to be bad have to wear a girls' gym tunic, and the most uncooperative boys are forced to wear very frilly 'regular' girls' clothes, fancy dresses and some of the most outrageous lingerie you could imagine! I assure you, nasty little boys at Gesner don't stay nasty for long," she said with a hearty laugh.

Jason and Harold were both squirming in their seats.

"As for corporal punishment ... Jason, look up here and pay attention, now! For both teachers and prefects, the cane and the strap are the most commonly used instruments," she explained as she picked up a wispy bamboo cane and a wide leather belt to illustrate her point. "And any boy who cannot take his punishment without crying like a baby is automatically required to wear a girls' gymslip for all following punishment sessions until he demonstrates he can take his beating without crying."

Harold was visibly uncomfortable with all this talk about boys being spanked and punished in girls' clothes. He had no idea such punishments were standard procedure at Gesner. He didn't comment, aside from giving his wife a few strange looks. He started fidgeting again. Martha knew he was uncomfortable listening to Mrs. Martin talk. He mumbled something into her ear about a meeting he had to attend and didn't want to be late.

But if he felt uncomfortable, his son

must have felt horrible. The awestruck expression on his face showed that.

"I do see one problem here. Since we generally only take boys up to thirteen, I don't know if we have any kilts large enough for your son. We did order two kilt outfits for him as per your instructions, Mrs. Farnsworth, but with such short notice, they didn't arrive yet. I am having the matron check the storeroom right now to see what she can find.

"And now that I see him in person ... Stand up straight, boy!" she said as she poked him with the cane she still held in her hand. "He's is much bigger than most of our current boys. We may have to outfit him in a gym tunic until his kilts arrive."

"Tunic? You mean a fucking girl's dress? You're all idiots. I'm not wearing no dress!" Jason blurted out.

Mrs. Martin's reaction was automatic and quick.

Whack!

She struck him a hard blow with the cane across the back of his thighs.

"Ouch!" he yelped as he crumbled. He had to grab onto a nearby chair to prevent himself from falling.

Whack!

"You get a second for your filthy language!" she said.

Whack!

"And that's for using a double negative in a sentence."

Harold bristled at the sight of his son being struck. He had flashbacks of canings he had received while in school.

"Young man, stand up straight, or I'll hit you again!"

Any idea Jason might have had this was all a big bluff to scare him vanished from his mind. Eyes blinking and adrenaline flowing, he stood up as straight as he could. He couldn't resist rubbing the backs of his thighs to disperse the stinging.

"Is that a tear I see in your eye?" Mrs. Martin shouted, as she was now nose to nose with him like a drill sergeant.

"No!"

"Don't you mean, 'No, ma'am!'"

"Y...yes, I mean, no ... no, ma'am!"

"Well, you better not cry or you'll have a rough time here. After all, if I can raise a tear with just three swats of the cane, and I might add they were applied over your thick clothes, you'll be bawling like a newborn if you ever really get caned. You better be on your best behavior so you don't get punished or we won't have to worry about getting you a kilt uniform. You'll be in a gymslip all the time!"

Jason and his father both grimaced at the thought.

"As I was saying, most of the girls prefer the gym tunic so we have plenty of them in stock, in all sizes. Whenever one of the older girls wants a kilt uniform, it's specially ordered."

She interrupted herself as she called out over the intercom, "Casey, have you located any large-size kilt uniforms yet?"

In a garbled reply, someone said the matron was on her way up to the office to collect the new pupil to be outfitted.

"Mr. Farnsworth, by the way you keep looking at your watch, you obviously have to be somewhere else soon. I think we can manage from here, but just a few more things before you go.

"First, as a new student boarding here, your son is not allowed outside the gates of this school for the first six weeks.

That's to get him fully acclimated to life here. Also, no visitors are allowed during that time, even including you, his parents."

"Well, we are leaving on a trip to Germany on the 21st and will be gone for three weeks so we wouldn't be able to see him during that time anyway," Martha explained.

"Second," Mrs. Martin continued, "Jason will be taking classes with girls his own age, but his homeroom will be the grade one classroom. There is another new boy in there. Even though he is more than twelve, he'll still have a lot in common with the new boy since he has a lot to learn about life at Gesner. So they might as well all learn together along with the little girls and boys in their first year here.

"Third, Jason must obey all monitors and prefects, both boys and girls, regardless of their age. Prefects have the power to punish him on the spot.

"Fourth, he must participate in all games and sports."

Ignoring Jason and directing her attention toward his parents, she added, "Do you have any questions?"

Martha Farnsworth stated, "Jason has been quite a problem of late, I'm sure your methods are just what he needs to turn him around. Anything to do with girls he abhors, so this will be good training for him. You have our full permission to do whatever you have to do to make him shape up. Right, Harold?"

Her husband nodded his approval as his son glared at him.

"I'm sure we have the ways and means to make your boy amenable to all our rules and regulations," Mrs. Martin said with a sardonic smile. "Not only the staff, but our system of monitors works very well even for the most difficult child."

Harold was fidgeting more than ever. He got up to leave, patted his son on the back and handed him his suitcase.

"Mind your superiors and everything will be fine," was the extent of his fatherly advice.

Mrs. Farnsworth hugged her son. She saw the horror in his eyes and thought he was about to cry, but she didn't think for a moment to go back on her decision. He whispered to her a final plea, but she ignored it.

"Now darling," she said, "just work hard and do good, and when we come back from Germany, if you have done well with your grades and have not caused any trouble, we may consider sending you to some other school if you don't like it here."

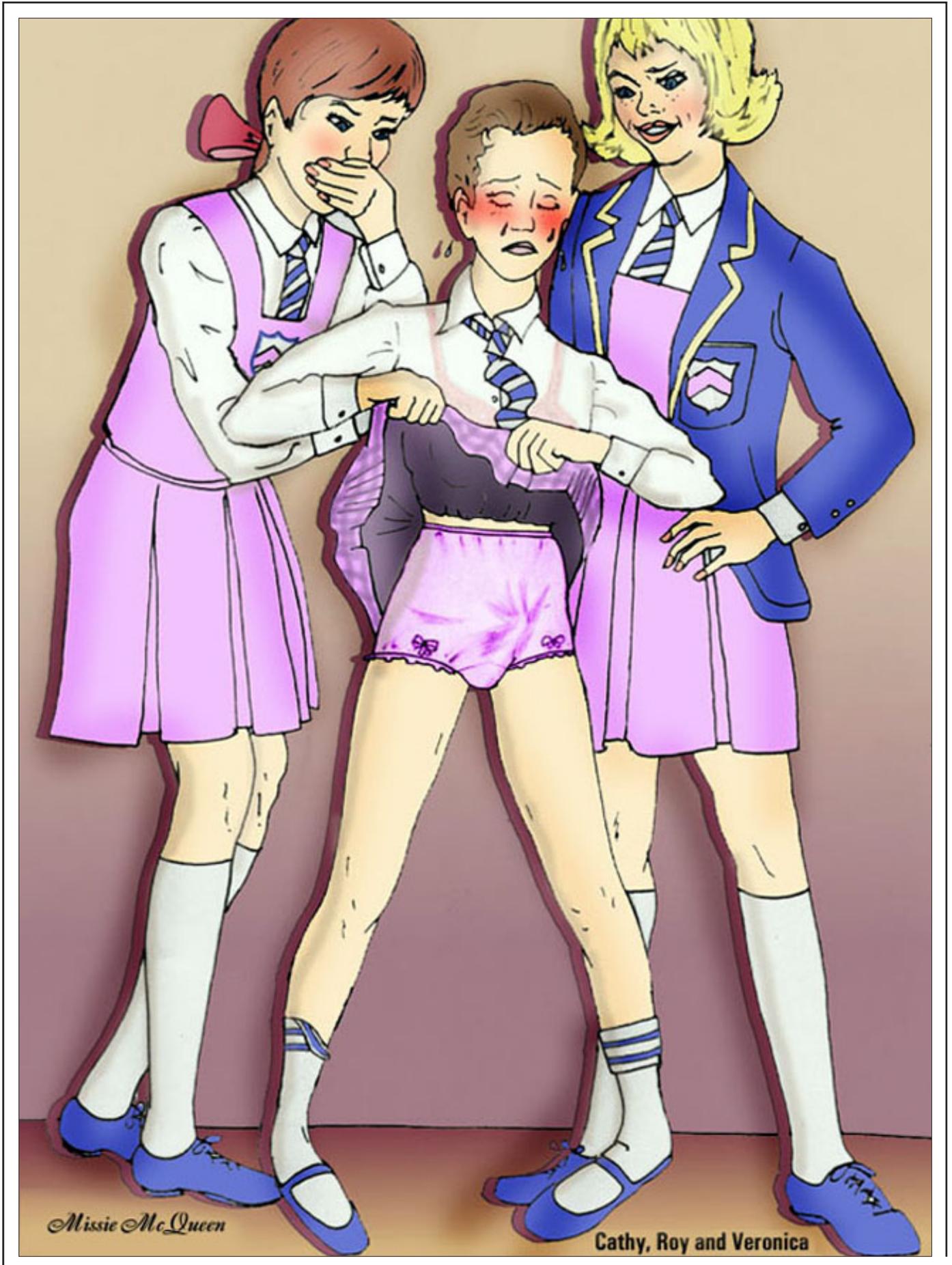
With that they were gone.

### Chapter 3 Uniform Treatment

Once Jason's parents left, Mrs. Martin told her secretary to send in the girl and boy who had been waiting in her outer office. The girl was eleven, wide-eyed and perky. The lad was ten, freckle-faced and nerdy looking.

"Jason, this is Veronica, a prefect from the sixth grade, and this is Roy, a monitor from the fifth.

"Veronica and Roy, this is Jason. He has just been enrolled and will be in the first grade homeroom until he learns the basics about our school and can be assessed. Then he will be placed in classes with girls his age. The matron will be along shortly to take him to the wardrobe room for a uniform. You



Missie McQueen

Cathy, Roy and Veronica

will go along and help. Keep an eye on him and start filling him in on how things work around here. If you can get him to mind you, it will be a plus on your record, and I'll assign him to you permanently."

Jason thought it was ridiculous that he was put in the care of these two kiss-ass little kids with wide toothy grins. He looked at the boy's uniform, knowing he would probably be wearing something similar very soon. Like Veronica, Roy wore a white shirt and tie, but his blazer was in dark blue and his kilt was pale lavender. However, some elements of the boy's uniform seemed to be even more feminine than what the girl had on. Whereas she wore plain white knee-high stockings, he wore half socks with an unmistakable thin edging of lace. He wore girlishly styled one-strap shoes, while her shoes were much more substantial and laced up instead of buckled.

Just then Mrs. Greyson, the matron, knocked then burst into the room exuding energy and military-like efficiency. She was a large woman, and as a matron in the English school tradition, she was the school nurse as well as head of housekeeping and the domestic staff. Just the sight of her made Jason realize she would not put up with any nonsense. Following her was Cathy, a young girl of twelve in a gym tunic. She clung to the matron like a witch's familiar, never letting go of her arm and periodically grinning up at her with a prissy, kissy face. Only a moment after Mrs. Martin introduced him, the matron ushered the children out and up to the wardrobe room. Once inside, she immediately commanded Jason to strip off all his clothes.

"In ... in front of them?" Jason stammered as he pointed to Veronica and Cathy.

Little Veronica seemed to take offense at that. "Undress immediately or I'll give you a caning!" she said sharply in her shrill little girl voice.

"There's a cane in that cupboard," the matron told her. "Use it on him if he's not quick about getting out of his things while I get his uniform."

Jason found himself taking off his jacket, pulling off his shirt and undoing his trousers. He had decided not to challenge them, despite the fact these girls were only about two-thirds his size. He was relieved when no one told him to remove his underwear. Maybe that junk about boys wearing lingerie was a scare tactic. He kept looking down the aisle between the shelves filled with boxes, trying to see what kind of uniform the matron was getting for him.

"Get out of that T-shirt," the matron demanded as she returned with a pile of clothes. "Boys and girls here both wear the same undervest. It's called a camisole."

She was holding out a silky white vest with a delicate lace trim around the neck and hem. Jason knew it was girls' underwear. He cringed and blushed but decided this wasn't the time to rebel. Veronica helped him off with his T-shirt. She threw it into a nearby trash bin with such finality he had to gulp back his surprise. The matron handed the camisole to Veronica. She crawled up on a chair to hold it up high enough for Jason to slip it over his head and arms. Cathy and Roy each grinned.

The matron made Jason hold up his arms again.

"You always have to wear a slip to keep the rough cloth of your kilt from irritating you skin," she explained as she pulled

a silk white slip over his head. In the room's dim light, he saw in a wall mirror how horrible he looked, the slip hung loosely from his shoulders to mid-thigh. In the drafty, cold room, the contact of the crisp, silky slip against his skin made him shiver.

Veronica told him to sit down, and when he did, she told Roy to show him how to properly put on his socks and shoes. They were lacy ankle socks and strap shoes exactly like the ones Roy was wearing. Cathy added a 'shirt,' but it was really a puffy blouse. Jason had difficulty buttoning it because he wasn't used to having the buttons on the opposite side of a boys' shirt. A tie with the school colors in alternating stripes was added.

When Jason saw the matron intended to put him into a kilt, he was somewhat relieved because at least it wasn't a girls' gym tunic. It was a fairly plain red Scotch plaid kilt, but he was surprised to see it was so short.

The children laughed at his horror as she explained, "You're such a big boy the only kilt we had in stock that will fit you is this one, which was made for a fat boy. So it's big enough to go around your waist, but it's not very long."

Veronica and Cathy laughed out loud as they helped him into it and buckled it around his waist.

Jason was troubled to see the kilt only came to mid thigh. His slip stuck out to a ridiculous degree, and beyond the slip all the way down to his socks, the long expanse of his pale white legs made him look like a little kid.

"But, matron," he begged, "I can't wear this. It's too short. This ... this thing sticks out," he said as he pinched the lacy hem of his petticoat and pulled it out. "Everybody will see my underwear if I bend over or move around!"

"Well, you can wear a gym tunic if you prefer," she offered.

The two monitors hunched up their shoulders and giggled.

"No, ma'am. I'll keep the kilt."

"Indeed, so I won't hear any more complaints. Otherwise you'll be in a gymslip whether you want one or not. It's your fault the kilt is short on you. It's a perfectly good kilt so it's your fault because you're such a big youth. You have been sent here because you have not been acting like a proper young lad, and if you are ashamed of your kilt, it's your own fault.

"Veronica, show this miserable big boy how to adjust his slip so it won't show beneath his kilt."

The young girl unbuttoned his blouse and reached inside. She explained what she was doing as she adjusted the slides on the shoulder straps of his slip. He cringed a bit because her little hands were invading his personal space as they roamed around inside his blouse. For a moment, he thought of how a girl must feel when a boy tries to stick his hand inside her blouse. He became more embarrassed and felt even more out of place.

"Why aren't you treating me like a boy? I'm not a girl, and I'm not a sissy! A sissy is not a boy. I shouldn't ..."

Whack!

Jason nearly fell over from the blow the matron gave him with a cane she had instantly produced from some unseen place.

"On the contrary, Jason. We are treating you like a boy so you will develop into a proper young lad. Furthermore, a 'sissy' is a boy. Look it up in the dictionary. Sissies are very sweet and very proper little boys.

"Any more nonsense on your part, any more talking back,

and we'll order a child's bodice kilt for you and with it you'll wear a very lacy overblouse. And if you still act up, you'll be in a gym tunic and fancy bloomers. Once you get into those, you might be in them for the rest of your stay here. Anyway, I'll let Veronica explain it all to you later as they show you about.

"Now for your objection about your underwear being seen. That's true, especially if you are hyperactive like some boys and not careful about how you stand and walk. And you are correct. Seeing a boy's underwear is objectionable, especially if it's an undisciplined boy because such boys tend to be unclean and are usually wearing dirty underwear. That is disgusting.

"But I'm glad you mentioned it because I almost forgot to give you your panties. You see, you don't have to worry about exposing your ugly boys' underwear for all to see because, like all our boys, you have the privilege of wearing dainty panties.

"Roy, raise your kilt and show Jason your panties."

The boy's confident and superior expression immediately changed to one of shame and bashfulness, yet he did not hesitate to comply. Veronica grinned unsympathetically at Roy as he hoisted up his kilt and lace-trimmed slip with one swift, well-practiced motion. He may have fretted about exposing his saucy purple panties to them, but nothing was timid about his instant response. He held the kilt and slip up as high as he could even exposing his stomach above the high waistband of his panties. Despite his embarrassment, he was trying to stand still, but his unraveling nerves caused him to involuntarily quake and caused his shiny satiny panties to flex and flutter with his every twitch.

"Pretty, huh?" the matron asked Jason. "Actually, the girls tend to be a bit jealous of the boys because most of the girls wear rather plain regulation panties whereas all the boys get to wear panties with a lot of very nice lace and frills."

Roy was supremely embarrassed. That was evident as he stood sweating even though the room was quite cool. Then everyone noticed his boyishly small dick tenting up the front of his panties. Like a stubby, worn-down pencil, it was short and thin, not the type of tool a boy would be proud to own.

"What a pathetic willie! It's a funny, tiny little thing even when it's saluting our guests," Veronica teased.

Roy blushed. One would think he would be used to such treatment, even that sort of indignity. After all, he was a monitor so he must have been there for some time, plenty of time to get used to such humiliations. Something else must have been bothering Roy that day. Jason blushed too and looked away because he felt the shame Roy must have been experiencing.

Veronica had an idea what was bothering Roy.

"Why don't you take off your blazer, dear boy? You're getting all hot and sweaty."

"Oh, I'm fine, Miss. No need to ..."

"Take it off!"

Roy dropped his kilt, thankful for the momentary respite from that humiliation, but he knew another and even more embarrassing humiliation was to follow. He slid out of his blazer, quickly folded it in half then in quarters and set it down on a nearby chair. He seemed to be in a rush to go back to the panty inspection position.

"Not so fast," Veronica cautioned as she eyed Jason, watching for him to react.

Cathy spotted it first. She let out a little giggle that deflated any shred of masculinity Roy had left. He blushed a deeper red and hunched his shoulders. That's when Jason noticed it too.

"The bloody queer has a bra on!" he said out loud.

Whack!

Veronica hit his thighs with her cane.

"Who told you, you could say anything. Do you want me to put you into a bra too?"

Jason went wide-eyed at that, less shocked from the sting of the cane than from the threat of being fitted with a brassiere.

The bra was pale pink and could be seen shining through Roy's white shirt (blouse). Jason shook his head, looked away, didn't say a thing, and didn't look back when Veronica told Roy once again to "assume the position," meaning for him to stand at attention with his kilt and slip hiked up to his chin.

But Jason's stint as a bystander was short lived because now the matron was pulling up his kilt. He didn't resist. Veronica then stepped forward and yanked down his boys' briefs, but he did rush to cover his privates with his hands. The girls laughed but let him protect his precious little boy parts from view. He had been somewhat comforted that he had been allowed to retain his regular underwear, but now, oh shame on shame! Veronica was on the floor untangling from his feet his last bit of manly attire. How could he fight off these people? Just when he thought he'd be spared the indignity of having to wear girls' underpants, this girl was kneeling before him with a gleaming yellow pair of panties draped over her small white hands. She gathered them into a soft, shiny ring of silk and lace and slipped them over his feet. One foot at a time, he felt them go on. He didn't have to look. As they traveled up his slim legs, he felt them more completely than he had ever felt anything, and they also made him feel powerless, weaker than he had ever felt in his life. His days as a true boy were evaporating by the minute. Life as he had always known it was vanishing. Once those panties were up around his hips, he'd be, he'd be ... Holy shit!

The panties were soft and smooth, upsettingly so. Similar to the ones Roy was wearing, except these were sunshine yellow with flowers embroidered on the hip, a waistband of pink elastic and pink lace going around each leg opening.

"Now, you have nothing to worry about, Jason," the matron said as the panties continued their journey up his legs, their ticklish silkiness igniting his every nerve ending they touched. The loud snap of elastic hitting him in the stomach announced the panties had arrived at their destination and in Jason's mind, signaled the end of his life. Boys in gym tunics! Roy in a bra! So the fuck what! Those things were nothing compared to this!

The matron spoke in a lighthearted tone as if nothing unusual had taken place, "Now if your skirt rides up, all people will see are your pretty little panties. It's a feature of our unisex program you'll get to enjoy. Pretty panties are so nice," she said as Cathy and Veronica ran their hands over the panties checking the fit and adjusting the waist and leg elastics. Their roaming hands touched him intimately and made him shutter. Without compunction, they adjusted his shriveled up penis and limp balls. He jumped like being struck by lightning when Veronica poked a finger at his asshole through the thin nylon. His shocked reaction made the matron and Veronica laugh.

Even Roy cracked a smile, and he was in the embarrassing position of still standing with his kilt and slip fully fanned out like a cancan dancer.

Finally, they let Jason's kilt and slip fall into place covering his panties. With a snap of her fingers, the matron let Roy drop his skirt. Blushing at being so abused, he quickly straightened out his kilt and smoothed it into place. Then he rushed to put his blazer back on to cover up his peeking pink bra.

"Give me your suitcase," the matron said to Jason.

He picked up the case and gave it to her.

"We'll put it in storage. You won't be needing ..."

"But I need my things, my pajamas, my games, my ..."

Whack!

Another strike of the cane landed across the backs of his thighs. The pain from the strappings he had endured from his father still smarted. Now, every fresh strike of the cane made that pain worse and drew him closer to shedding tears.

"No talking out of turn!" she screamed. "You didn't ask for permission to speak. Now, you're new here, but you better learn quickly to remain quiet in the presence of females or your thighs will be raw hamburger before the day is out.

"There's nothing in your suitcase you need. We will supply you with everything. The matron will give you what you will be wearing to bed as well as explain your bedtime routine. Concerning your other questions, most of those will be answered by your prefects as they give you a tour of the campus. As for your stupid little boys' games, you won't have any time for such nonsense. Besides, the girls will make sure you're involved in a lot of fun little games. They tend to be very creative and make a special point of involving the boys in their playtime. Now you're ready to have Veronica and Roy show you around the campus and acquaint you with your new surroundings.

"Oh, by the way, in a strange coincidence, another boy close to you in age was also accepted here today. I outfitted him first thing this morning. You'll share the same homeroom. Perhaps you two could become friends. Bye, bye."

## Chapter 4 A Rose for Tony

Veronica took Jason by the hand, and with Roy following, they began their tour. Their first stop was the dormitory where Jason would be staying. It housed six boys. It was devoid of any decoration except for some paintings of pixies and fairies on the lavender walls. Two dressing tables were at one end; six cots and lockers were lined up on one side of the room. Going fully across the opposite wall was a massive, wardrobe case.

Next to his dormitory were the lavatories and showers and along the hallway a half dozen dormitory rooms housing some of the girls. Veronica pointed out a room at the end of the hall and explained it was the punishment room, but she didn't open the door for him to see inside. Then they toured the gymnasium, assembly hall, a couple of the classrooms currently not in use and the nurse's station. Inside, they saw the matron, Mrs. Greyson, doing her duty as the school nurse tending to a sick girl. Throughout this little tour, the prefect and the monitor ex-

plained many of the rules and regulations and told Jason about the school's background and rumored horror stories.

But he wasn't much interested in what they were saying. He was more worried about holding down his short little kilt, lest it fly up at any moment and expose his panties. Besides, he was sure a lot of the things they were telling him were just made-up stories designed to scare a new student like him. He knew many of the things they were saying couldn't possibly be true.

As they wound up their exploration of the grounds, they crossed paths with a red-haired girl in a gym tunic leading a boy almost as big as Jason, but that boy was dressed in a gym tunic too, not the boys' kilt uniform. At that moment, Jason realized this boy was the kid he had seen out of the window of his father's car when they first arrived, and this kid was not a girl with short hair at all but a boy!

It looked like the matron had found a gym tunic designed for a chubby little girl and put the boy into it because even though the tunic fitted him properly on top, it was way too short on him. The boy's legs appeared tremendously long as they were bare from his tiny ankle socks all the way up to the hem of his tunic, and that tunic was so short it left his panties constantly on display! And this boy's panties were bright pink!

While the two girl prefects exchanged a few words, Roy stood at attention like a soldier. Jason felt ridiculous in his outfit, but he realized he didn't look half as ridiculous as this boy in the gymslip who was nervously shuffling his feet to and fro. At that moment Jason realized that boys didn't count for much at this school. He found it very troubling. He couldn't help being a boy. Why should he be treated so badly just because he was born a boy? Weren't boys supposed to be in charge of things in this world? All he could think was that this was a very screwy school. He had to do something to get out of there!

From the conversation, Jason discovered the other girl's name was Rose. She turned to Roy and Jason and said, "Kids, I want you to meet Anthony, Tony for short, who has just been enrolled. He's going to be staying with me in one of the dormitory X rooms."

Jason was distressed that the girl had included him in the term 'kids.'

"Miss!" Roy went wide-eyed as he squealed, "Tony is going right into an X room?"

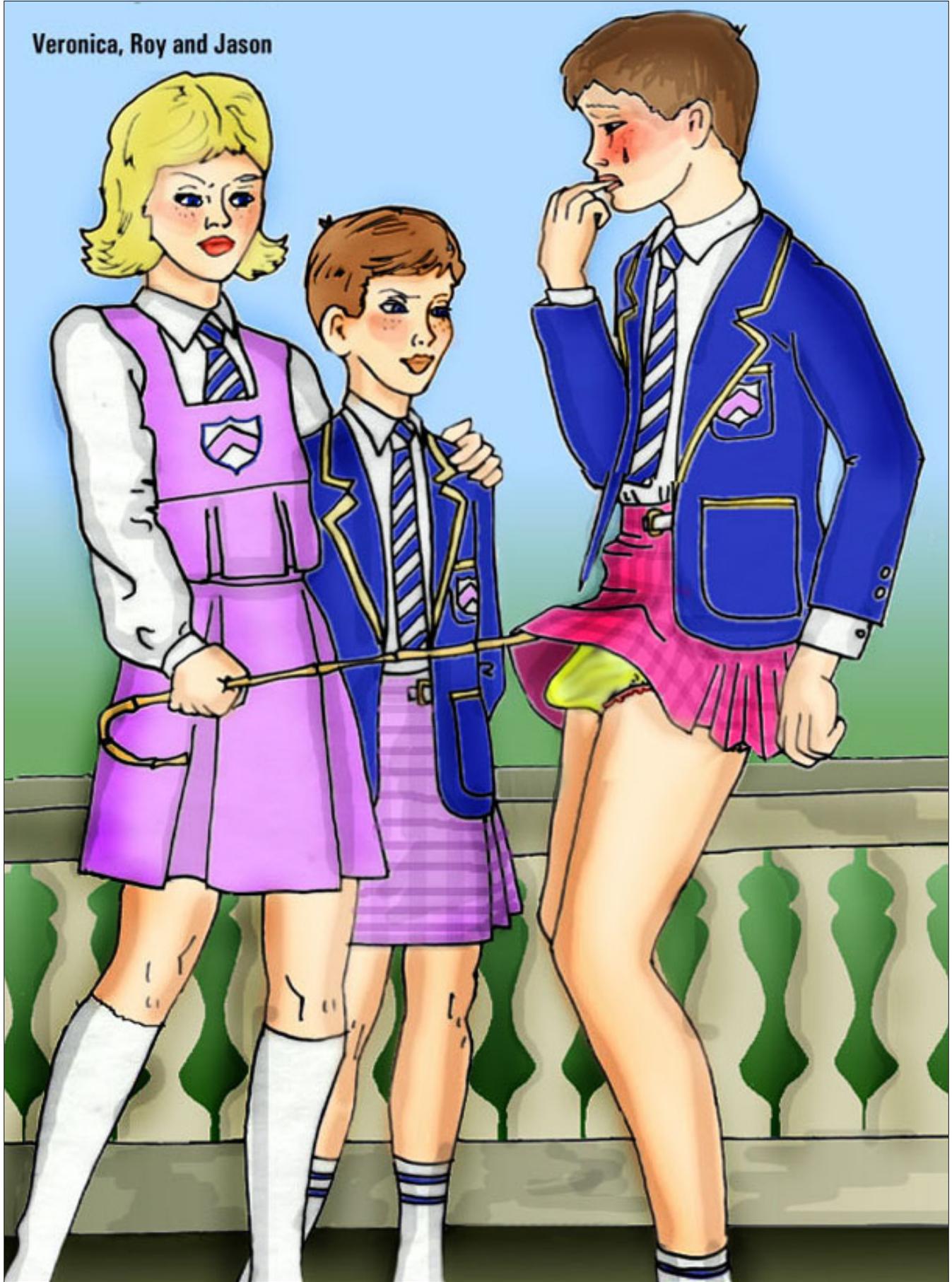
For Jason's sake, Veronica explained, "I didn't show you, but some of the dormitories have a special room attached, just big enough for two pupils. These rooms are used for special cases, such as boys who wet the bed, boys who get an erection around other boys, boys found playing with themselves and the like. In the X rooms they get special treatment to help them with their problems.

Jason blurted out, "Buh, but why is Tony dressed like a girl? Did he do something wrong already?"

The two girls laughed.

Rose said, "Little first grade boys like you are not supposed to talk to prefects without asking permission. But since you are new here and curious, I'll tell you. It was Tony's mother who decided he should wear the girls' uniform. It's not a punishment. She wanted it that way because she was convinced the girls' uniform would have an immediate moderating effect

Veronica, Roy and Jason



upon his normally poor behavior. She also said he's clumsy and unrefined, and the uniform should help him become more graceful and elegant. So this will be his regular outfit, but if he does act up, we can still do plenty of things to him as well as alter his uniform to make him sorry he did do something naughty. For example, we can put rings in his nipples or dress him like a toddler girl.

Jason blanched when he saw Rose openly run her hand over Tony's exposed panty crotch while she asked, "Doesn't he have pretty panties? And he's not shy to show them. Indeed, once his mummy said he was to attend wearing the girls' uniform, he begged to wear fancy pretty panties instead of the plain regulation panties the girls normally wear.

"Isn't that so, Tony?"

Tony was sullen and did not answer.

"Remember," she said, "you'll get a caning if you don't answer when a prefect asks you a question."

"Er... ah... ah, yes," he said.

"Yes, what?" Rose said sharply. "Answer properly, and say 'Miss' when you address a girl."

"Yes, Miss! My mummy wants me to wear the girls' uniform, and I much prefer these pretty panties to the regulation ones."

Jason blinked in disbelief.

That made Veronica giggle, "Jason and Tony should become great friends. I think we should ask matron to dress Jason in a gym tunic too. Then he could keep Tony company."

Jason wanted to make a scene, but he caught himself just in time. He was sure the smart-aleck little prefect was baiting him, trying to get him into trouble.

Veronica kept it up, trying to ignite a fire under him.

"Tony, dear boy," she said, "you can be consoled that Jason, like all the boys here, wears pretty panties, even if they aren't quite as pretty as yours."

With that, she lifted Jason's kilt to show off his panties.

Jason's frilly yellow panties shined like a beacon. They were sweet and thoroughly feminine. He yanked his kilt back down. Veronica reacted by smacking his hands with her cane. He let go of his kilt and vigorously shook his hands to dispel the pain. He didn't resist when she used the tip of her cane to raise his kilt once again. This time she pulled it way up so everyone could admire the full expanse of his pretty panties.

When Roy laughed at Jason's hard-learned lesson, Veronica scowled, snapped her fingers and pointed at him. Immediately, Roy hoisted up his own kilt with practiced efficiency, high enough to expose his belly button peeking out above the waistband of his sissy panties like the rising sun. His embarrassment was obvious, but once his skirt was up to his chin, the girls took little notice and just let him stand there at attention fully exposing himself as they talked between themselves.

Finally, Veronica said, "We're taking Jason on his get-acquainted tour. How about you?"

"I was taking Tony around but we got waylaid because he complained of being sick and I had to take him to the nurse. When she discovered he was faking, she gave him a big soapy enema. Now, he'll think twice before he fakes sickness again."

"I bet that straightened him out," Veronica laughed.

"In more ways than one," Rose said as they both laughed. Tony was getting redder by the minute.

"Rose, you and Tony are welcome to join us for the rest of our tour. We have one more stop before going back to the administration building."

"Where are you going next?" Rose asked.

"Well, I saved the best for last. I'm taking Jason to one of the punishment rooms."

"Sure, we'll join you."

The punishment room was fairly barren except for a wide bed with folded-down, pink satin sheets and a padded horse with wrist and leg straps that dominated the center of the room. On the wall hung a wide assortment of canes, straps and paddles while in buckets bunches of twigs were being pickled for use in making birches. Three chests of drawers held untold mysteries.

"Most of the prefects like to use this room to punish their boys," Veronica explained. "Some mistresses use it, but most of them are into more ceremony so they prefer the headmistress' back office because it is stocked with a wider assortment of interesting devices for their ritualistic punishments."

With the three boys left to wonder what she meant by that, their short tour was over. The three boys were elated just to get out of that frightening room. Jason had been particularly unnerved. Now bits and pieces of things his sisters had said over the years flashed through his mind. He remembered them saying something about the horrible canings and punishments meted out to some of the boys and even at times to some of the girls. The walls of that room seemed to scream and cry pain.

Veronica and Rose then announced that it was time to return to Headmistress Martin's office to get their final assignments.

## Chapter 5

### Sidney Displays His Stuff

As they approached the office, both Jason and Tony stared in horror at a twelve or thirteen-year-old boy standing rigidly at attention next to the entrance. He was dressed in an extremely girlish nylon nightgown and cuddling a teddy bear. The pale lavender gown was festooned with rows of flowers and lace and so short you could see the boy's bright purple panties. He stood like a lighthouse on the shores of female domination.

Jason blurted out, "Why is he there in that nightgown?"

"This is the last time that I'm going to warn you, Jason," Veronica said in a firm voice as they momentarily stopped in front of the boy in the nightie. "When you want to speak to me, or any girl prefect, you must address us as 'Miss.'"

"Now, for your edification, this is Sidney. He's undergoing a standard punishment mistress' use for being disrespectful to a girl. Any such offender is given a specific time to report to the headmistress' office. However, before receiving his punishment, has to go to his dormitory and dress in his nightgown then come and stand here at attention for one half hour before knocking on the door to request admittance to receive his punishment. Afterward, if he is caned -- and a caning or strapping of some sort is almost always part of the ordeal -- he is often required to come back here for another half an hour and stand facing

the wall with his panties lowered to expose his bruises. I told you the mistresses enjoy a lot of ritual. Prefects, on the other hand, tend to carry out punishments with a lot less ado. For example, they often just bend a boy over the horse for a good tanning.”

“But, Miss, do boys ...” Jason said hoarsely, but his voice faded as his mind wondered and ached with the troubling thoughts flying around inside his head, distracting thoughts, dumb thoughts, eerie thoughts he was thinking while desperately trying not to think about the fact he was wearing girls’ lacy panties! As he tried to force himself to think of masculine things, his voice returned, and he asked, “Do boy prefects and monitors like Roy get to punish the girls like girl prefects punish boys?”

“Certainly not!” Veronica said indignantly. “What a suggestion! Boy prefects are not allowed to punish any girl at any time. Only girl prefects can punish girls. And they are punished in private. However, girl prefects, even the youngest of them, can punish any boy, even the oldest boys, and that includes you two. On the other hand, monitors can only report the wrongdoing they see. They cannot initiate corporal punishments; however, they are often used to administer punishment sessions. Furthermore, all girls are encouraged to report any boy for wrongdoing, but no boy may report a girl. If he even tries to, it is considered tattletaling, and he is punished instead of the girl.”

At that moment, a little girl in pigtails and a green kilt outfit walked up to the boy in the babydoll nightie and grabbed his penis through his panties. She pumped on it wildly. As she kneaded it like she was working dough, it quickly inflated.

“Please, Miss,” he pleaded, “please, don’t do tha-a-a-t!”

But the little smart aleck just grinned as she stared up into his eyes, looking for the point of no return. This little pipsqueak of a girl could barely get her hand around his throbbing boy muscle. Still, she chose that moment to form her hand into a claw and pinch his dick with all her might. The boy must have been a masochist because instead of hurting him, it sent him over the edge. The boy shook, his knees gave way and he fought to remain standing. A spreading wetness filled his panties. Veronica saw it. Roy saw it. Jason saw it. The look of horror and embarrassment from shooting his wad for an audience made Sidney’s face light up fire engine red as he groaned and then bolted from his position. Instead chasing him,



the little girl blew a loud whistle. Almost instantly three girls came running out of one of the rooms. The girl pointed the way and the chase was on.

## Chapter 6 Sidney Gets Good Marks

Veronica and Rose didn't seem concerned about the boy running away as they told their charges the boy would surely be caught and punished further. When they entered the headmistress' office, Mrs. Martin asked what all the commotion was about. Rose explained what had happened.

"I expect they'll have him back here for a double dose of punishment in less than ten minutes," Mrs. Martin said with a smirk.

While the prefects gave their report on the new boys, Mrs. Martin studied Jason and Tony standing at attention in their new uniforms. Seeing both boys had been properly outfitted and seemingly well under control, she made it official: Veronica, assisted by Roy, would be Jason's prefect, and Rose would be Tony's prefect. She added that since Rose had the singular duty of managing Tony, she wouldn't need an assistant whereas Veronica had other duties (Mrs. Martin said with a wink) and therefore could use Roy's help.

Then there was a knock at the door. Roy opened it.

Sidney, the boy in the nightgown, now a little worse for wear, stood there with head bowed and crying. He was firmly in the grip of three uniformed girls. It had been less than five minutes.

"Yes, Sidney. What do you want?" she said.

"Headmistress, please, I'm here to be punished."

Roy, having a good idea what was in store for the youth, spoke up. "Headmistress, perhaps it is best we go to our homerooms now?"

"No, stay here. I think it will be a good lesson for the new boys to witness this."

Turning her attention to the boy in the nightgown, she said in a sickly sweet voice, "Come in Sidney and tell me what you did reacquiring punishment."

He balked for a moment, realizing there was going to be an audience and then quickly scuttled into the room, shivering because he was nervous or because he was cold in that thin little nightgown, or both.

"Headmistress, my prefect, Miss Chelsea, told me I to report to you for lying. And Miss Allison here says I need additional punishment for trying to run away."

"And what lie did you tell?"

"Well, I, er... I complained I got sick to my stomach when Stacey Grimes made me wash out her panties with my mouth, Miss Chelsea told me I was lying."

Jason and Tony looked at each other with blank, drawn faces. Roy blushed in sympathy for the boy. The two girls lit up with wicked grins.

"Of course, that's a lie," Mrs. Martin said. "How

preposterous! Our girls have the sweetest tasting pussies. Doing a panty rinse in your mouth certainly can't get you sick. Besides, I got a report on you. Your prefect tells me you're a queer boy, and you probably got sick from sucking too many cocks. Now, isn't that closer to the truth, Sidney?"

"Oh, no, headmistress! I'm not a queer boy! That's not it."

"Are you compounding your failure by saying your prefect lied?"

"Oh, no, headmistress, she would never lie."

"So it's true? You got sick sucking up too much semen?"

"Er, well, headmistress, if she said it in a report," Sidney was groaning as he spoke, his face flushed with embarrassment. "I guess, I mean... yes, headmistress. It must be true."

Jason was in shock. He couldn't believe what he was witnessing. It was obvious the boy didn't lie. "How ridiculous," Jason thought to himself, "boys don't do things like that to one another! The girl who was his prefect must really be mean to make up stories like that about him."

Without saying anything else, Mrs. Martin indicated they were all to follow her into her back office. Veronica and Rose sensed their new charges were getting quite agitated so the girls and Roy maintained a firm grip on them to prevent any escape.

Once inside, everyone remained standing except Sidney. Mrs. Martin took a scissors and cut a slit in the back hem of the boy's nightie. Then with a quick, dramatic flourish, she tore open the back of the gown. In contrast, she gently grasped the waistband of his stinky, cum-filled, high-waisted panties and slowly peeled them down to reveal his boyishly tight, quivering bare buttocks and his glistening cum-soaked boy toys. Directing him to hold the torn nightie in front of himself to protect her furniture from his misused juices, she pushed him over the arm of her overstuffed sofa.

Watching these preparations for what was obvious to follow made both Jason and Tony jumpy. Even little Roy was shuffling back and forth. He was distressed because it was never a good idea to be in the headmistress' back office during a punishment session. If he made the slightest mistake, he knew he could find himself as the next victim of this big woman's rage.

The boys had been so consumed with the punishment session they were about to witness they barely looked around the room, which was stocked with punishment devices and accessories like they were expecting another Spanish Inquisition.

While the boys were agonizing and sympathizing with Sidney, Mrs. Martin selected a cane from a wall display holding hundreds of canes, sticks and paddles of various types, lengths and weights. A few whooshing test swats through the air brought everyone back to reality and announced she was ready.

"Veronica, as a new prefect, you need practice. Take this cane and give this bawling boy three cracks on his ass."

Veronica took the cane and, without hesitation, hit Sidney with all her might and smiled as three nice red weals appeared on his buttocks. This girl must have done her homework!

"Excellent," Mrs. Martin said. Then she took the cane.

Whack!

"Downright lying," she yelled as she brought down the cane with amazing force. Two more cuts, interlaced with biting words.

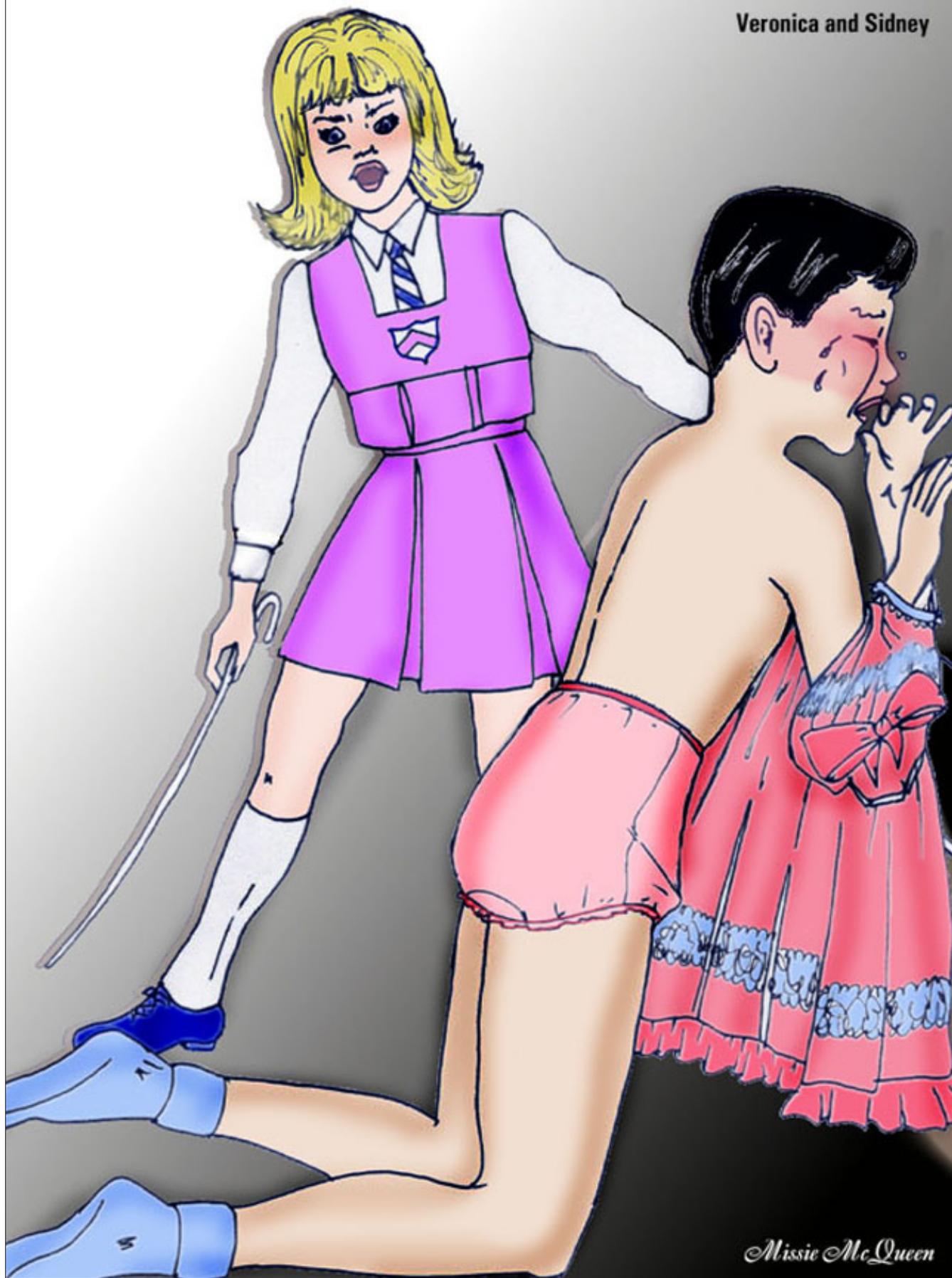
Whack!

"Cocksucking pussy boy! Never, never, never lie!"

Whack!

"And now for trying to run away."

Veronica and Sidney



Missie McQueen

An unbelievably rapid tattoo of a half dozen more strokes followed, each one expertly placed alongside the last, the cane slashing through the air like a rapier in a fencing match. Each cut left a vivid white weal surrounded by a red glow. The pain left the boy a sobbing mess. Mrs. Martin, breathing heavily, was wanton-eyed and visibly aroused. As quickly as it started, it was over. She took a fresh pair of green panties and a yellow babydoll nightie out of a drawer, tossed them to Sidney and told him to pull himself together. He lay there shaking and hollering in pain. Ever so slowly he rolled off the edge of the sofa and into a standing position. He tried to stifle his moans and groans, but he couldn't stop the crying as he eased his cum-drenched panties down and stepped into the new pair.

Mrs. Martin stared at the beaten boy with pleasure. She made no effort to disguise her excitement. The grin on her face loved each groan and sigh Sidney made. Relishing the results of her handiwork, she continued to stare at this wreck of a sissified boy but directed her words toward Veronica and Rose.

"I see you girls are doing splendidly. You can take the new boys to their homeroom. I'd go with you, but I have some pressing work to attend to. I'm relieving Sidney from having to display his paddled butt in the hallway because his prefect is going to be using him in a demonstration and needs to get him ready. So, if you would please, take Sidney back to his prefect. He'll know where to find her."

Then Mrs. Martin leaned over to the two girls and whispered so the boys couldn't hear, "She's going to make him use a dildo to show the first grade girls how boys give each other a blowjob. It's planned for right after lunch. The new first grade boys will be there as well as your two new boys, so they will be seeing Sidney again sooner than they think.

Ruth and Veronica laughed. Thank goodness the boys didn't overhear. It might have made them try to escape.

Jason was the last to leave the office, and as he closed the door, he heard a loud humming sound and saw Mrs. Martin leaning back in her desk chair with her skirt already pulled up while holding Sidney's dirty panties up to her nose and positioning a big vibrating plastic penis between her legs. He looked up and saw her staring directly into his eyes and smiling like a grem-

lin. With a shutter and a groan ready to erupt in his throat, Jason quickly dropped his eyes and closed the door. Some things he didn't want to see.

## Chapter 7 Tears Define His Fate

As they walked down the hall, Jason was more upset than ever by the strange things he had seen, and it was still only mid morning! His eyes darted back and forth as he wondered what new horror would appear around the next turn. As they walked, the boy in the nightgown was still sobbing, dancing on tiptoes and rubbing his stinging butt as Rose led him by the ear.

"Sidney, you know I must report you to your prefect since you couldn't take your caning without crying like a baby. I'm sure she'll send you up to Mrs. Greyson to be outfitted for a little gymslip. Or do you already have a gymslip in your locker?"

Through tears, he told her he already had his own gymslip.

"Good! Since you're such a crybaby, you'll probably be dressed in it permanently, now. I've seen you being punished quite often lately. If you don't straighten up, I'm sure it will be fancy party dresses for you next."



Moments later, while the others waited, Rose escorted the hapless boy into his classroom that was in session. When she came back out, she was laughing as she said what had happened.

"It was a bit of a disruption for the class with him arriving in his nightie and all, but I didn't even have to tell his prefect what had happened. She's just a tiny little girl, but she's definitely in charge of that boy. She pulled his face down to her level to get a good look at him. Seeing his tears prompted her to whisper in his ear loud enough for everyone to hear, 'I'll be taking you to your dorm room right after class. It's time a pesky little cocksucker like you starts wearing little girl dresses. You're way beyond gymslips.'" When Sidney tried to protest, she hit him across the face so hard it spun his head around."

## Chapter 8 Horrendous Homeroom

Jason thought, "Will the humiliations ever cease?" He was beginning to realize life for any boy at this wacky school was just one long session of pain and suffering. He immediately decided to swallow his pride. He was not going to cross any of the girls in any way. He wanted to run away, wanted to go home and complain to his father and mother. If they knew what really went on in this school, they'd let him stay at home or at least send him to some other 'normal' boarding school. And at this point, he'd be willing to go anywhere else, including the strictest boys' school around.

About the only thing Jason was happy about was that he hadn't run into either one of his sisters yet. With the way his class schedule was organized, he would be mixing with the older girls only in the afternoons so he still had time to worry about how he was going to react in their presence. Thinking about them made him think about home. In his opinion, they had always been pretty rough on him, and now he thought it was especially true since they had started attending this school. In this environment, he reasoned, any girl would feel superior to boys. Now he understood why they had such disrespect for males, and why they even sassed their father without compunction.

Yet, running into his sisters, as humiliating as it might be in his present outfit, might actually have positive consequences. Since he wasn't allowed to go home on weekends or even have any visitors for his first six weeks at this school, he wasn't going to be able to communicate with his parents. His sisters, however, were allowed to go home on weekends. He held out a ray of hope. Perhaps after they saw how he was being treated, they'd feel sorry for him, let their parents know the truth about this horrible place, and then they'd get him out of there. Consumed by his thoughts, Jason wasn't paying attention to where they were leading him until Rose opened a door and the two new boys were taken inside.

The room was decorated with nursery rhyme characters, finger paintings and a banner displaying the ABC's. The desks were very small and all the children were tiny! This was the first grade common room for fifteen laughing, screaming little girls and three boys. The two new boys were introduced to the room's mistress, Miss Helga. Everyone called her Miss Helga

because her little children had difficulty pronouncing her long Eastern European surname. She was an even bigger woman than Mrs. Martin. Jason thought being a large woman must be one of the requirements for being hired as a teacher. This woman had to look like a monster to these tiny little kids! A piercing gaze and a sardonic smile seemed to be plastered on her face. She had thick brows and short chopped hair. Except for her huge breasts, she was quite mannish.

Jason immediately set aside any thoughts of protest and running away in the presence of this powerful and commanding woman. She didn't say much, just grinned and slowly looked him and Tony over from head to toe. Her stare made him feel worse than being naked on a street corner. She led him and Tony into the center of the room then encouraged all her little she-devils to come forward to meet their new roommates.

As a sea of little girls pushed forward and engulfed the unfortunate boys, she asked Rose and Veronica if the new boys knew about all the school's customs, rules and regulations. The girls said that since the boys had just arrived they had a lot yet to learn. Miss Helga just nodded and then clapped her hands. The giggling, screaming girls immediately quieted down.

"Girls, our two new boys have to be taught all the rules so it is up to you to teach them. I want you to monitor everything they do and show them how we do things here at Mary Gesner. If they disobey you in the slightest, report them to me."

With a snap of her fingers, the two boys were once again subjected to the scrutiny of the boisterous first grade pixies who teased them and poked at them with their soft little hands. For the boys, seconds went into minutes and the minutes seemed like hours as the precocious little girls devoured them like a piranhas. Miss Helga let the free-for-all go on because she explained to the prefects it was good for the little girls' education. Besides, the little girls knew the rules well and were sticklers for conformity so they were screaming out at the boys, instructing them the proper way to do this and that. In their little voices, they told the boys about the dos and don'ts, including some of the most important:

"You must stand up when a girl enters the room!"

"Never talk back to any girl!"

"Stop! Stop doing that!" Jason yelled out as he felt cold little fingers slide up under his kilt and heard lively laughter as one girl after another touched his panties.

"Your panties are silky, just like mine," one little minx said.

"O-o-o-o! And they have lace on them too. I wanna see 'em! I wanna see 'em!" her little friend cried out.

"You must always call a girl 'miss.' If you don't, you'll get reported."

"And if you don't call a girl prefect 'miss,' she can spank you on the spot!"

"Boys have to show girls their panties."

Tony wasn't fighting to hold down his gym tunic because it was no use. His tunic was so short his panties were constantly on display. Both boys found it embarrassing for anyone to inspect and touch their panties. The girls kept up the comments, name-calling and instructions.

"Stop squirming, boy! Let the girls touch your panties!"

"Yes, donkey head. You have to let us see your panties

anytime we want!"

"I'm going to call you 'panty face' because when I see you I only see your panties."

Jason and Tony tried to stop the onslaught and started shoving the little girls back. Miss Helga blew a loud whistle and everything stopped and went quiet.

"Now, listen, boys, whenever a girl wants to see or feel your panties, you have to let them do it. If you refuse, they'll report you and you'll be strapped or caned or maybe even worse."

The boys stared in shock. What could be worse than what they were already enduring? What kind of a school was this? What did this stupid superior little girl stuff have to do with them getting a good education? Tony had thought he'd have his nose glued to a stack of books in this place, but he had already been there for a couple of hours and he hadn't even seen a book yet. God, how he wanted to study! Even the most boring subjects he'd dedicate himself to learning if he could be spared being humiliated and ridiculed like this. When Miss Helga called out their names, they lit up and paid attention.

"Jason and Tony, now, listen carefully. The rules on panty inspection are some of the most important rules for all boys to follow. Whenever a girl comes into the room, you must immediately stand up, lift your skirt up to your chin and ask her, 'Do you want to examine my panties, Miss?'"

To their horror, she then said, "And a girl can examine your panties to her heart's content. Often, girls like to take their time. They like to make sure your panties are pulled up high and tight, not drooping, they may want to run their fingers around and inside your leg elastics. You have to stand perfectly still if for that, and they are even permitted to touch your penis, test it for hardness and pull down your little panties to see if you have left any nasty little boy spots in the crotch. Do you understand?"

Both boys could only do a trancelike nod in agreement.

"So what are you waiting for?" she yelled as she snapped her fingers and motioned for them to pull up their skirts.

Red faced and on the verge of tears, the boys complied, but from the scowl on Miss Helga's face, they could tell they hadn't done it fast enough. With a nod to the girls, the little imps once again crowded around them. This time they openly poked and prodded the pantied loins of the emasculated big boys who towered over them. The embarrassing touching combined with the little girls' giggles, comments and continuing list of dos and don'ts assaulted the boy's senses. Their lifetime of boyish bliss had been reduced to meaningless muck. Jason wondered what he was and what he was going to turn out to be. He fought not to outwardly cry in front of them, but inside his still very potent all-boy thoughts were drowning in tears. He had had enough! He pulled down his kilt and violently pushed the girls away. He pushed them so hard three of the girls fell to the floor.

The whistle sounded again. Miss Helga rushed over to see if the girls were all right. Once she was satisfied the little girls were OK, with huge nostrils flaring, she turned on Jason.

"Just what do you think you're doing?"

"I'm not a sissy. You can't treat me like this! Boys don't wear skirts and they don't show their underwear to little girls! My parents are going to get me out of here!"

Jason's outburst came to a quick halt as Miss Helga grabbed

him by the ear and hauled him right over her desk. His short kilt flew up in back exposing his yellow pantied rear. Without a moment's hesitation, Miss Helga was delivering the most viscous hand spanking Jason had ever received or imagined possible. She had a hand like a seasoned piece of lumber, and with a powerful rapid motion, she whacked him silly. Within three seconds he was screaming uncontrollably and pleading forgiveness. Her spanking hurt unbelievably because his rear end was burning sore before she had even started, but he struggled to keep his tears inside. When she let him go, he could only lie there in shock and pain. She forced him to his feet, and he didn't resist as she divested him of his blouse, kilt and slip and made him stand before everyone in just his flowered, pink and yellow panties.

"Since you had the gall to knock down some of my innocent little girls, you'll spend the rest of the morning standing on display in just your panties. The next time you see a girl, I don't care if she's two or seventy-two, you'll immediately raise your kilt and ask her if she wants to inspect your panties, and you will not resist her in any way. Now, to give you practice, I want you to go around to every girl in this room. One-by-one, stand in front of each girl and ask her if she wants to inspect your panties! Do you understand?"

Jason nodded.

"Then start."

He shuffled over to the girl standing closest to him, a tiny perky little flower with bright, glowing eyes.

"Miss, I...uh, will you, I mean...do you want to see me?"

Whack!

"See me?" Miss Helga said as she delivered another blow to his pain-ridden buttocks.

"Panties, boy! Say, 'Do you want to inspect my panties, Miss!' And say it now!"

"Do-o-o you want to inspect my, my pa-panties, Miss?"

"That's better," she said. "Now let Angela have a go at you."

"Naughty, naughty, boy!" the little girl scolded. Her undeveloped speech patterns may have made her sound more like a toddler than a savvy young girl, but the pronouncements she spat out made her sound like a powerful queen.

"Yeth! I do want to see yer panth-tees!"

This sneaky little tyke boldly inserted her tiny hands, one on each side, under the lacy legbands of his panties and simultaneously ran them all the way around the elastic openings, carefully straightening out the delicate frills to perfectly position the lace on each thigh. She did it slowly and carefully, looking from one side to the other and back again, making sure both sides were evenly displayed to her exact liking. Jason knew he had to stand perfectly still for this inspection. He didn't want to risk having Miss Helga beat on his smarting ass again. The girl was hovering so close to his crotch he could feel her breath wafting over his panty-coddled dick and balls. His hips tingled against the silkiness of the panties. The warm, humid air from her baby dragon nostrils, her teasing, ticklish fingers and his burning, silk-slathered butt combined to evoke a truly uncanny feeling in his loins. Quickly, without warning and completely against his will, his prick twisted itself around and erected within his silky panties. It popped up so fast and poked out so far it almost

bopped the little girl right in the nose.

“Mith Helga!” Angela screamed, “Heth got a big dickie! Heth got a big dickie!”

Miss Helga, Rose, Veronica and even Roy gathered around and took a look. At Miss Helga’s urging, Angela poked at and pinched Jason’s penis to test its resiliency.

“Mith Helga, thath my first big dickie. And I made ith all by myselth!” she said giggling and very proud of herself.

Everyone laughed, Roy turned red with embarrassment and Tony, who had been steadily leaking tears, wondered when it would all cease. Jason was in shock. His body, his mind, his life was not his own. Surely his parents had no idea what was going on in this school. Promising himself to forever fight being turned into a sissy, he straightened up and tried to force out of his mind all this silly simpering girl stuff and tried to force into his mind things boys should think about like football and cars and teasing girls. He wanted time to pass as quickly as possible until he could meet up with Merle and Jane. He was convinced even his evil big sisters would feel sorry for him and help him get out of this horrible place!

**To be continued  
In Book #2**

