PETTICOAT PUNISHMENT ILLUSTRATED

ADULTS ONLY

SCHOOLED TO BE GIRLS!

"NORM"



NORM THE TOWN BOY IS SENT TO THE SYLVAN SCHOOL...AND TRAINED TO BE A GIRL!!

VOLUME ONE

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NORM - THE TOWN BOY

Norm and his best friends, Gus and Pete, were walking home from the park one summer afternoon when they saw a parked pink school bus that bore the letters ‘SBS’. The school was well known to them. Its real name was the Sylvan Boys School, but everyone called it ‘Sissy Boy School’. Norm and his friends walked by the school occasionally to yell at the sissies through the high metal fence.
Boys in identical pink dresses were gathered on the sidewalk. This was an unusual and welcome opportunity to catch them away from their school. “Hey, sissies, over here,” Norm said. Several of the sissies lowered their heads. Norm noticed their hair was quite short. They must be new to the school. A couple of them glanced towards the lingerie store that they were standing in front of.



“Are you buying panties?” Norm asked. „I bet they’re wearing them,” Pete said. “Hey, pansies, lift your dresses so we can see.”

“Do you sissies grow tits or just wear falsies and wish they were real?” Gus asked. A couple of the sissies crossed their arms over their chests.

“Pay no attention to those boys,” a woman with the sissies said. “You are here to concentrate on shopping for your new lingerie.”
“I was right, Norm said. “They’re buying pretty pink panties to wear under their pretty pink dresses.” He, Gus and Pete burst into laughter. Some of the sissies glared at them, but most just stared at the ground.
The woman continued, “You will each select a bra, a slip and two pairs of panties to wear under your pretty dresses. Ms Gilbert will require you to model your new things for her. If she isn’t pleased with their style, fit, and fabric, you will have a session with Muffie and then return here to exchange them for more appropriate garments. If you wish to avoid that, select your lingerie carefully. Now hold hands, darlings, and follow me into the shop.”
Eyes glued to the sidewalk and faces red as fire, each of the sissies took the hand of another as they walked into the store. Norm and his friends watched from the door of the shop as the boys searched for the right garments and then held the lingerie up to themselves to check the fit. The sissies looked really uncomfortable.
“Were they were ever real boys?” Pete asked loudly so the sissies would be sure to hear.
“Them? No way,” Gus said.
“Hey sissy,” Norm said, “I’ll bet that slip would look sexy on you. Why don’t you put it on and come over here so we can check you out?”



“Yeah,” Gus said, “make sure you have those pretty pink panties on too.”

One of the sissies turned towards them angrily. “Stop,” the woman said. She grabbed him by the arm. He resisted her for a moment, but then relaxed. “You must learn to control your temper. Violence is not a possible solution for a sissy. Besides, he is right. You will look cute in that slip. Is it the one you've selected, Joy?”

“Joy!” Norm laughed. “That’s a girl's name. It’s a good one for a panty-wearing, big-boobed sissy like you.”

“Shut up!” the sissy yelled at him.

“Joy,” the woman said, “you know I must report any unladylike behavior to Ms Gilbert. Forget those rough boys and concentrate on selecting your lingerie. We don’t have all day, and believe me you don’t want to face Ms Gilbert without your new undies.”

Joy draped the slip across his arm, picked up two pairs of nylon panties with lace at the waist and leg openings, one pink and one white, and made his way towards the display of bras.

“Hey Joy!” Norm shouted when he saw him holding a bra up to his chest. “Come over here, and let’s see if you have what it takes to fill out that sexy bra.” Joy ignored him, walked to the back of the store and entered a dressing room.

“My God,” Gus said, “he really is putting that stuff on.”

A sales clerk came to the door and asked, “Do you boys want to buy some lingerie?”

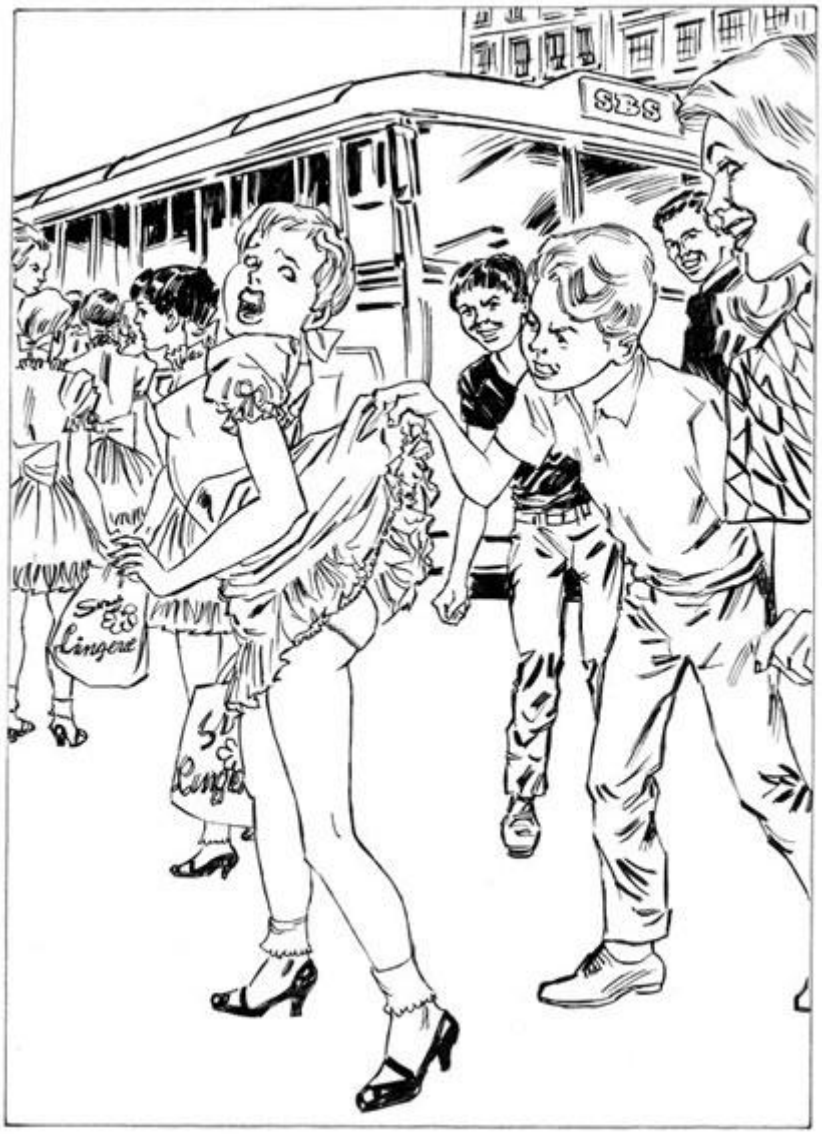
“No way. We aren’t sissies,” Norm said.

“If you don’t want to come in, please move out of the doorway.”

The boys moved back and waited by the bus. Soon the Sylvan boys came out carrying their new underwear. They walked right by Norm and his friends with their eyes glued to the ground in front of them.

“Are they really wearing panties?” Gus asked

“I bet they are,” Norm said. Joy’s was near him and he grabbed the sissy’s dress and pulled it up to reveal his girlie undies.



“Damn you!” Joy spat and jerked away from Norm’s grasp.

“Joy! How horrible! You’ll be severely punished for that outburst.”

“But he lifted my dress.”

“Boys will do that, dear, and you must still behave like a proper lady. Never give a boy the satisfaction of reacting to his rudeness. Just toss your head and turn away.”

Norm was enjoying this conversation. “Yeah, sissy, you’ll be punished for not smiling at me when I lifted your dress.”

Joy turned and walked quickly to the safety of the bus.

Norm’s parents had a good laugh when he told them about his fun at the lingerie boutique.

“What were they buying?” Norm’s mother asked.

“Everything! They were holding bras, slips and panties up to themselves. They even took them to the dressing room to try on.”

“Why would boys wear those things?” his father asked.

“Norm should enroll in the sissy school to find out,” his sister Kelly said.

“If anybody should go to that sissy place,” Norm said, “it’s Roger, the wimp you call a boyfriend. He’d feel right at home in a dress.”

“He’s not my boyfriend.”

“Swish, swish, swish,” Norm said, “here comes Roger in a dress.” Then he burst into laughter. Mom and Dad couldn’t keep from smiling.

Kelly was angry. She really liked Roger, and she didn’t want him to be made fun of, especially by her older brother. Norm thought he knew everything. He always treated her as if she were just a stupid little girl.

She stomped off to her room and called Roger.



“My rotten brother was bragging about teasing some of the Sylvan sissies, and he said you should wear dresses too.”

“That jerk! I wish he were a sissy. Then he could be the one wearing a pink Sylvan dress.”

They both laughed at the thought of Norm in a dress with the sissies.

“Mom and Dad would never do that to him. He’s their favorite.”

“I bet your father would send him there if he was a sissy.”

“Hey, that’s a good idea. Maybe I can get Dad to think Norm is a sissy.”

“How?”

“I’ll tell you about it tomorrow. If it works, I’ll make Norm sorry he ever said you should be in a dress.”

Kelly opened her lingerie drawer, removed her favorite pair of panties, went into Norm’s room and hid them under his mattress.



“Just wait ‘til tomorrow, Norman. Just you wait,” Kelly thought.

That evening, she told her mother, “Mom, every week I’ve been missing some of my panties. They eventually show up in the wash, but I don’t know how they get there.”

“Are you sure you aren’t wearing them and forgetting?”

“I thought I might be, but I’ve been really really careful.”

“ I can’t imagine what could be happening.”

“I think it’s Norm. I’ve found him in my room several times, and he looks guilty when I ask him why he’s there.”

“You must be mistaken. Let me know the next time a pair is missing, and I’ll help you look for them.”

The next morning, Kelly reported to her mother, “My very favorite pair of panties is missing. You know the ones that we bought together for my birthday. They are nowhere.”

“All right, I’ll look around. They are probably just under something in your room.”

“Thanks, Mom.”

Kelly's accusation bothered her mother, so after an unsuccessful look in her daughter's room, she went into her son's. Not believing he could have taken his sister's panties, she still looked in his drawers and behind his books as she did her cleaning. Finally, when she lifted his mattress to tuck in his sheets, she discovered the missing panties.



Norman was called to the den. His Mom and Dad were looking grim. "What's up?" he asked

"I found these in your room," mother said holding up the panties. "What were you doing with them?"

"Nothing. I never saw those before. What do you think I am?"



"That's what we're trying to discover, but from the look of things, you're some kind of

degenerate," father said. Norm had never seen his father so angry.

"Oh Norm, I'm so disappointed," mother sighed. "I never thought I could raise a boy who would do such a detestable thing."

"I didn't."

"I think he wears my panties," Kelly said. She had been listening from the hall but now came into the den to make her accusation.

"No, I don't! I'd never touch them."

"You do every morning when you pull up my skirt and pinch my bottom," Kelly said.

"How horrible, why didn't you tell us, Kelly?" mother asked.

"Because it's a lie!" Norm said.

"I'll bet that's where you got the idea to flip up those sissies' skirts," Kelly said. "I'll bet you were wearing my panties under your jeans when you did it."

"I was not!"

"I'll never be able to wear any of my panties again knowing that you've worn them too," Kelly started to sob.

"Look what you have done to your sister," mother said.

"If you like wearing panties so much, why don't you go to Sylvan with the other sissies?" Kelly said. "You could have your own panties and not need to steal mine."

"I didn't steal your stinking underwear!"

"I bet you took mom's panties too."

"Norman," mother said. "Is that true?"

"No! I never did."

"That's a thought," father said.

"What?" mother asked.

"Sylvan."

"You think Norman should go there?"

"What else should you do with a boy who wears panties? I think we should send him there for a while."

"No, Dad, not Sylvan!" Norm said. Things were going very badly. Tears of fear and

frustration filled his eyes. “I never touched Kelly and I didn’t steal her panties. I didn’t wear them. I swear. I’m not a sissy.”

“Your lying is just making things worse,” mother said.

“We might as well take him there now,” father said. He grabbed Norm’s wrist in a firm grip.

“Kelly put those panties in my room!”

“Why would she do that?” mother asked. “You’re still trying to keep your naughty little secret. Well it isn’t a secret any longer. I understand you are embarrassed, but now we all know that you like wearing panties.”

“I didn’t take her panties,” Norm sobbed as the car sped along. “I’d never wear them. Why won’t you believe me?”

“I found them in your room myself,” mother said. “Don’t worry, you won’t have to pretend to be macho anymore when you’re with your fellow sissies. You can wear panties to your heart’s content.”

“I never wore panties. I won’t wear them at that sissy school. Just you wait and see!”

When the car stopped in front of the gate to the Sylvan school, mother got out and rang the bell. In answer to an inquiry over the speaker, she said, “We would like to enroll our son.” The gate swung open, and they drove through. There were several sissies in their pink dresses playing hopscotch and jumping rope in the schoolyard.



“You’ll look cute in your pink dress,” Kelly said. “Especially with lipstick and a pretty hair ribbon.”

“I’ll never wear that stuff! I’m not a sissy like them.

As soon as the car stopped, Norm’s father opened the door and roughly pulled his son out. An austere looking woman came out of the building. “I’m Ms Gilbert, the principal. How may I

help you?"

"We've just discovered that our son, Norm, is a sissy, and we would like to enroll him in your school," mother said. "He steals his sister's panties. He flips her skirt up and touches her improperly. I think he might be wearing my underwear too. We feel some time in your school might be beneficial to him because he'd be around boys like himself."

"The Sylvan School does not admit boys just because they take their sister's panties," Ms Gilbert said.

"I didn't steal anyone's panties, and I didn't wear them!"

"He should be here with the other sissies," Kelly said. "He tried to go to the lingerie store with them yesterday."

"I did not! I just saw them there."

"And you lifted their dresses so you could see their panties and dream of wearing them yourself."

"Shut up!" Norm pushed his sister hard. She fell to the ground and began to cry.

Ms Gilbert took it all in. "Miss Marion told me about a boy who bothered some of my students during their shopping trip yesterday. Was that you?"

"Damn right!"

"Perhaps he is a suitable candidate for Sylvan," Ms Gilbert said to Norm's parents. "He would be our first local boy. Are you familiar with our program?"

"Yes," father said.

"Then you know that he will live here for three years. There will be no vacations or holidays."

"How much will all this cost?" father asked.

"There will be no charge to you. We are well provided for by the endowment our founder established. However, we do expect you to support the school by attending our functions and by allowing us total discretion in the education of your son."

"That's why we're here," father said.

"Very well. He will start at once. Follow me."

"NO! NO!" Norm cried.

Father took him by the arm and pulled him along into the school. They entered the principal's office suite. In the reception area a secretary was typing. "Barbie, we have a new student," Ms Gilbert said.

Barbie got up from her desk, went to a file cabinet and returned with a stack of papers. She

carefully smoothed her skirt as she sat and fed a document into her typewriter. “His name please.” The husky tenor gave him away. Despite the clothing, makeup and feminine hairstyle, Barbie was a man.

Norm pulled at his father’s grip while mother gave Barbie all of the needed information. When the forms were completed and signed, Ms Gilbert told Norm, “Go with Barbie to the reformatory. He will provide you with a school uniform and show you to your room.”

“No!” Norm shouted. “I won’t do it! I’m not a sissy. I won’t wear a dress!”

“Sweet obedient sissies don’t tell us what they won’t do, Grace,” Barbie said.

“My name isn’t Grace, it’s Norm! I’m not a sissy! I’m not sweet and obedient!”

“You will be,” Barbie said, “and from now on, your name is Grace.”

“Swish, swish, swish, Norm’s going to wear a dress,” Kelly said.

“Shut up! I am not!”

Barbie took Norm by the wrist in a grip even firmer than his father’s and pulled him out of the office and down the hall. Two students wearing pink dresses, makeup, lipstick, and hair ribbons were waiting for them in the reformatory.

“Tradition dictates that two of our third year students help each new boy dress in his uniform for the first time. Grace, say hello to Holly and Heather.”

They looked just like girls, but, as a local, Norm knew that despite their dresses, makeup, and long hair, these were boys. Before he could react, they unbuckled his belt, unzipped his jeans, and pulled them to his ankles.

“Hey, wait a minute!” Norm pushed the sissies away. They fell, skirts flying all about, revealing the panties and slips that Norm was determined not to wear himself.

“Muffie to the reformatory, code pink,” Barbie spoke into an intercom. “Muffie to the reformatory.”

Moments later a huge figure in a pale yellow dress rushed into the room.



“What’s up?” the person demanded in a husky voice that clearly identified him as another man.

“Grace won’t allow us to dress him in his uniform.”

“I won’t wear those sissy things,” Norm said.

“We’ll see,” Muffie scowled as he grabbed Norm around his chest and lifted him up. Despite his struggles, the sissies removed his pants, T-shirt, shoes and socks. When they tried to take off his boxer shorts, he kicked so hard that Muffie said, “Leave them. Get his breasts.”

Barbie produced a bra stuffed with latex replicas of feminine breasts and nipples. Holly stood by with a dress and Heather held pink panties and a matching bra and slip.

Every new boy went through this process upon arrival at Sylvan. Some fought more and some fought less, but they all ended up dressed in the school uniform. It had happened to Holly and Heather just as it was now happening to Norm. They had both lost the battle and now wore dresses, feminine undies, and makeup full time. Norm, now Grace, soon would as well.

Barbie helped Muffie fasten the false breasts on Norm's chest. They managed to get them on him a few times, but he snatched them off. After they had struggled for several minutes, Ms Gilbert entered the room.

"What is all this commotion? Why is Grace not in his uniform."



As if afraid of the stern principal, Muffie grabbed Norm, snatched down his boxer shorts, pulled him across his lap, and with his large callused hand delivered one stinging blow after another to the boy's bare posterior. When he had applied more than a dozen hard swats, he stopped and asked, "Ready to get dressed?"

"No! I won't wear that stuff. I don't care what you do to me."

"Give the child another dozen, Muffie," Ms Gilbert said.

Muffie applied more strokes. Norm's rear was burning and he was unable to stop the tears of pain. But he bit his lip and kept from giving them the satisfaction of hearing him cry out loud. He wouldn't give in, he couldn't.

"Ready now?" Muffie asked.

"No!"

Without hesitation, the spanking resumed. After another two dozen swats, Norm was sobbing out loud with the pain, but he still would not agree to cooperate.



“There is no time for this now,” Ms Gilbert said. “Just put a dress on the boy. We will deal with him after inspection.”

Norm struggled, but not nearly as fiercely as he had before the spanking. He was soon wearing his first dress and a pair of frilly turn down socks. However, he had managed to avoid wearing the bra and panties.



“Take Grace to his quarters,” Ms Gilbert said.

“This way,” Holly said taking Norm’s hand and leading him toward the door.

Norm yanked his hand away and strutted out of the room.

When the trio of boys in pink dresses was out of hearing range, Holly whispered, “You put up a great fight.”

“A real boy would never wear this shit,” Norm said.

“We can’t help it,” Holly said.

“That’s because you’re sissies. If I didn’t know better I’d swear you were girls. You look just like them.”

“Yes,” Holly sighed, “third year students do look like girls.”

“You’ve been here for three years?”

“We’re starting our third year, and we’re expected to set an example for you younger boys.”

“I don’t belong in this damn school. I’m not a sissy.”

“Neither am I,” Holly said. “At least I wasn’t when I got here. I’ve worn makeup, perfume and girls’ clothes every day for two years. I’ve slept in nighties every night. I’ve only taken my bra off to shower. They’ve watched me every moment and immediately punished me if I didn’t behave like a girl. It’s been horrible. I’ve been so humiliated. Everyone thinks I’m a sissy. I’ve practiced acting like a girl so much that I wonder if I can be a real boy again when I finally get my pants back.”

“I’m not going to be like you.”

“Have it your way,” Holly said. “Anyway, this is the first year students’ dormitory. Go in and meet your classmates. Inspection is in five minutes.”

The room was very feminine with pink and lace everywhere. It smelled of perfume and was much too neat to be a boy’s dorm room. It was occupied by several sissies in pink dresses and makeup.

“It’s a new one,” Norm heard one of them say.

“My God! I don’t believe it. It’s the bastard from the lingerie store.”

“Yeah! It is! Hey sissy, show us YOUR pretty panties.”

“I’m not wearing panties. I’m not a sissy like you.” Norm removed his dress. “I’m not wearing a damn bra either.”

“Wow!” gasped a boy. “They put me in a bra and panties the first day, and I’ve had to wear them ever since.”

“That’s because you’re a sissy!” Norm scowled at the boys. He vowed he’d never look like them. He began ripping the lace from the neck and arms of his dress.

“What are you doing?”

“When they see I won’t wear this sissy stuff, they’ll send me home,” Norm said. He ripped the skirt away. The top of the dress looked like a pink shirt. He removed his lace-embellished socks, turned them inside out, put them on and folded the top down to hide the lace.

“Here comes Dolly,” one of the boys said.

The boys scurried to form lines. Norm stood defiantly in the front row. He didn’t know who this dreaded Dolly was, but she was probably nothing to worry about. These sissies were afraid of every little thing.



A tall figure in a dark blue skirt entered the room. Despite the feminine hairstyle, makeup, lipstick, nylons, and heels, Norm quickly realized that Dolly was another man in a dress. He wondered why so many men in this place wore women's clothes.
Dolly scowled upon seeing Norm. "What have you done to your dress, and where did you get those awful boxer shorts?"

"I want to go home!"

"What is your name."

"I don't belong here! I'm not a sissy like you and these wimps," Norm said.

"Take off those boxers. Mary get the child a pair of your panties."

"I won't wear panties!"

"All of our students wear panties."

“I’m going home.”
“You will be severely punished if you do not put on your panties right now.”
“Call my father. Tell him I won’t wear panties.”
Without taking his eye off Norm, Dolly pushed the button on an intercom and said, “Muffie and Barbie to the first year quarters, code pink.”
Muffie and Barbie soon arrived. Knowing he had no chance against these three men in dresses, and not wanting another spanking, Norm made a dash for the door, but Muffie grabbed him roughly.
“This sissy has no respect for authority or for his pretty things,” Dolly said. “Remove his clothes. We’ll put him in the hole until he decides to behave.”
Muffie ripped Norm’s makeshift shirt from his body and started pulling him from the room.
“I’ll get rid of these,” Barbie pulled off Norm’s boxers. “They’re the root of your problem. We should have taken them earlier.”
“Give them back!” Norm demanded. “I won’t wear panties like you wimps.”
“Then you’ll stay naked,” Barbie said
He was uncomfortable being naked in front of all of these people. With Muffie on one arm and Barbie on the other, he couldn’t even cover himself. They dragged him down a flight of stone stairs which led to a small concrete room with just an open toilet, a light hanging from the ceiling and four bare walls.



“You’ll stay here until you put on your bra and panties,” Dolly said.



The door slammed shut, and the light went off leaving Norm in total darkness.



Feeling around in the dark, he found the door. He pushed against it, but it didn't budge. He sat on the floor and leaned against the wall. Both were very cold, not to mention that the hard floor was extremely uncomfortable on his sore butt. He rose and again tried to force the door open. He checked every wall and corner of his cell for a way out. Finally he lay on the cold hard floor with his head on the porcelain flange at the base of the toilet. It wasn't soft, but it was high enough to serve as a pillow, and he drifted off to sleep.



He was so uncomfortable and cold that he woke frequently. The room was dark and silent. Often he would get up and stretch his sore muscles, pound on the door and yell for someone to let him out. Once he found a bottle of water by the door, but he didn't see it delivered.

He remained in the room for what seemed like days. There was no way for him to know how long. All he knew was that he was cold, sore and incredibly hungry. Finally a small portal opened on the door. At first, the light that streamed in hurt his eyes, but they quickly adjusted, and he made out Muffie on the other side.

"Want this?" the stout man in a dress was holding an apple.

"I'm starving."

Muffie showed him a pair of panties and said, "Put 'um on."

"I won't."



The portal closed.

Plunged into total darkness again, Norm panicked. “No, wait! I’ll put them on. I’ve got to have something to eat.”

The portal opened and Muffie passed in the panties.

Shaking from hunger, Norm took the panties, stepped into them, and pulled them up. He had never felt more disgusted with himself as he adjusted the silky garment around his waist. “Give me that apple.”

“Ask nice.”

“Please give me that apple.”

“Here.”

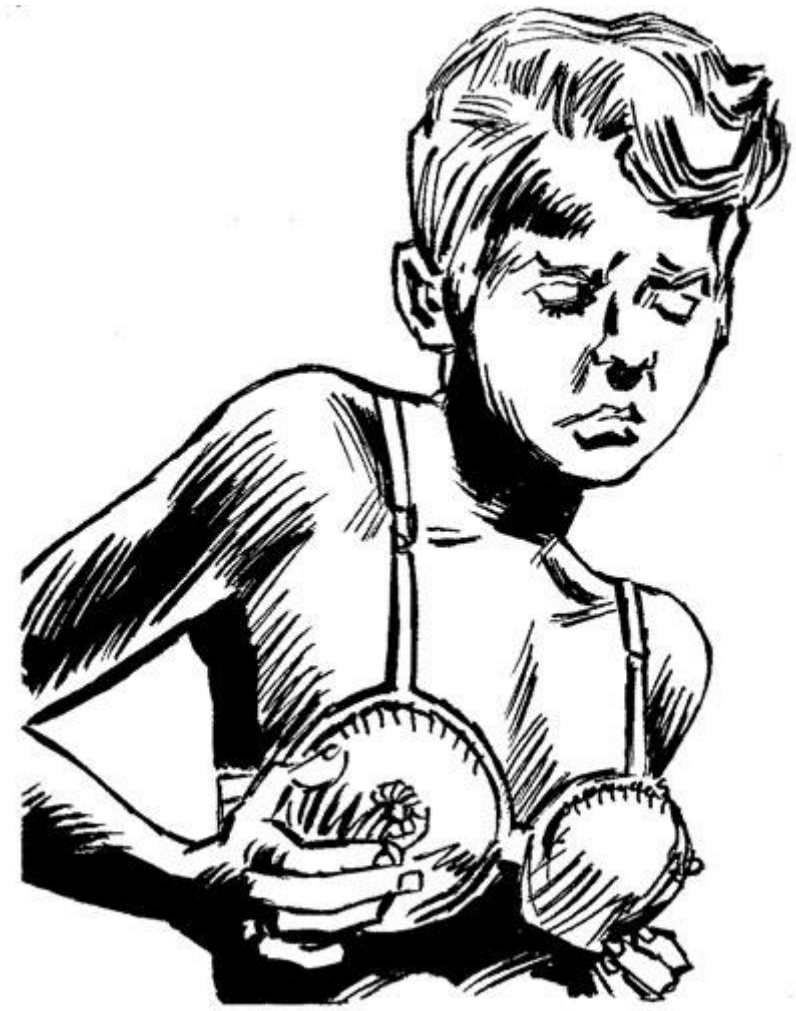
When Norm finished the apple, Muffie asked, “Want a sandwich?”



He could see it through the portal. “Oh, yes! I’m still hungry.”

“Put on your breasts and slip.”

Hunger had overcome Norm’s will to resist, and he couldn’t bring himself to refuse the food. With a red face, he took the false breasts and positioned them about his chest as Muffie had tried to do earlier.



After he pulled the silky slip over his head, Muffie gave him the sandwich.



“Come to the reformatory,” Muffie said, “or stay here.” Norm wanted desperately to escape the barren room, but he dreaded having to wear a dress as the price of getting out. Looking down at his silky slip and feeling the softness as it caressed his thighs, he knew he had already taken a giant step towards sissification. When his answer was slow to come, Muffie closed the portal again.

“Wait! I’ll go.”

Muffie unlocked the door, took Norm by the hand, and led him up the stairs. Norm’s false breasts bounced with each step and their nipples stuck out through the thin nylon of his slip. He was constantly aware of his panties. The elastic on the legs and the compression on his penis were so different from his boxers. When they reached the main floor, he saw sissies in their pink dresses. Norm lowered his eyes but that made him more aware of his falsies and lacy slip.

Upon entering the reformatory, Norm was only slightly surprised to see Holly and Heather. Holly was holding an extremely frilly dress. Norm glared at the garment.



“This is a party dress styled for a little girl,” Holly said. “Since you were rude to your classmates, calling them sissies because they wore the school uniform, Ms Gilbert has decided you will wear this when you rejoin them.”

Norm wanted to protest that he wouldn’t wear any damn dress, much less one designed for a little girl to wear to a party. Still, he was hesitant to say anything that would land him back in the hole.

“Twenty minutes,” Muffie said.

The sissies helped Norm into the dress. It would have been impossible for him to zip up the back by himself. He was deeply shamed when he saw that the front of his dress was almost transparent, leaving his hated panties visible. He wanted to rip this feminine garment from his body, but his fear kept him from acting out. In contrast to his earlier violent behavior, he sat meekly and put on the pink socks and folded over the lacy fringe as instructed. When he saw that the shoes he was to wear had narrow two-inch heels, he said, “I can’t walk in those.”

“You can if you take short steps, place one foot in front of the other, and rotate your hips,” Holly said. “We all wear high heels from time to time. Soon, you’ll be walking in them as well as any girl.”

“I’m not a girl or a sissy.”

“None of us were sissies before we came here.”

“But why do you all dress and act like girls?”

“We dress and behave this way to avoid punishments, as you’re doing now. Believe me, Ms Gilbert and her goons can do worse than the hole.”

“What could be worse than being starved in that cold dark room?”
“You saw some of our first year students shopping for lingerie. Would you like to have been with them?”
“You mean go out in public where my friends could see me wearing a dress and shopping for panties? I couldn’t do that. I’d rather die.”
“Things like that are why we follow the rules. Even if we have to wear dresses and learn to do girlish things like wearing makeup and styling our hair, it’s less embarrassing than what they could do to us.”
Holly and Heather led Norm into the assembly room where Dolly and the first year students were waiting.“Here is our reluctant sissy now,” Dolly said. “Doesn’t Grace look cute in his little party dress? Walk around sweetie, and let’s see what an obedient sissy you are.”



“Go ahead,” Holly prompted him with a whisper. “That bastard will send you back to the hole or spank you until you do as he says.”

Norm had never felt more humiliated than he did as he walked around that room in his unaccustomed heels and allowed the others to view his girly costume.

“Aren’t you cute in your party dress,” Joy said. “Tell us your name, sweetie?”

Norm glared at him. The sissy was clearly happy to be able to get even with him for the teasing at the lingerie store.

“Polite little sissies answer people’s questions,” Dolly said.

“I-It’s Grace,” Norm said.

“What a darling name for a sweet little sissy,” Joy said. “I love your lace panties and your pert breasts, Grace. You’ll be in all my classes. I can hardly wait to see you putting on your makeup and practicing behaving like a proper girl.”

“Holly, Heather, bring Grace along,” Dolly said. “We have to get him prettied up.”

“This is Miss Stanley, our makeup instructor,” Dolly said when the foursome entered her classroom.

“So this is our newest,” Miss Stanley said. “He doesn’t look nearly as troublesome as I was told.”

“Grace is considerably subdued now,” Dolly said.

“He is quite smartly dressed as well,” Miss Stanley said.

Norm blushed and shifted nervously as he felt her looking him up and down. This teacher was indisputably a female, and it could be his imagination, but her eyes seemed to linger on the bulge in his panties. He put his hands in front of it and thought he detected a slight smile on Miss Stanley's face. “Jasmine, come here please,” she said. Another sissy came from across the room.

“Jasmine is a third year student. Do your very best, Jasmine. He has to look pretty for his photographs.”

“Photographs!” Norm thought as he felt anger rising within him once again. “I don’t want any photographs taken of me looking like this.” He was tempted to protest out loud, but a glance at Dolly’s expression changed his mind. Lowering his eyes, he remained silent.

“Jasmine, please explain each step of the makeup process, and show Grace the proper techniques,” Miss Stanley said. “Pay close attention, Grace. You will be responsible for your own makeup soon.”

“I don’t want to wear lipstick.”

“As you will soon learn, the art of makeup involves more than just dabbing on a little lipstick,” Miss Stanley said. “You will be also be wearing lipgloss, eyeliner, eye shadow,

mascara, two shades of foundation, and, although you don't appear to need it just now, a hint of blush. You will be responsible for applying it yourself, and you will learn to keep your finger nails and toe nails properly shaped and polished in an attractive shade that matches your lipstick. You will learn what is appropriate for day, night and special occasions."

Norm tensed, but Holly whispered, "Let it go, or you'll get yourself in deeper."

Norm grimaced as Jasmine brought a bright red brush to his lips.



Some time later, he was turned over to Lark, a second year student, who changed his hair into a feminine style using a curling iron.

"These curls will only last a day or so, but we really can't do much more with your hair until it gets longer. This hair ribbon will help you look more feminine," Lark said as he pinned the pink bow onto Norm's hair.



“Your photographs will be sent to your family. We want them to see what you will be wearing every day, so let’s get you into a uniform,” Miss Stanley said.

Norm allowed the boys to change him into a pink dress just like theirs and stood with his back to the wall as Miss Stanley posed him for one photograph after another. He felt so foolish with his slippery lipstick-adorned mouth, his out-thrust chest and his short pink dress spreading wide over his full petticoats.



If his wishes could kill, his sister and Miss Stanley would both be dead!

Several days after Norm’s arrival, he was called to the office.

“Your photos are ready. You will write a letter to your parents to accompany them,” Barbie said. “Sit over there.”

“At last,” he thought as he smoothed his uniform skirt beneath him and sat at his desk. “Finally I can let Mom and Dad know what these crazy people are doing to me.”

Wincing at the pink stationery Barbie had given him, he wrote:

Dear Mom and Dad,

You have to get me out of here, NOW! These crazy people are trying to turn me into a sissy. In the photo I'm wearing the pink uniform dress I wear to classes every day. They curled my hair for the photo. It's straight again now, but I have to wear makeup all the time. Instead of regular courses like math, science, and history, they are teaching me how to paint my face and nails, prance around in a ballet outfit, and how to walk, stand, and sit like a girl. I didn't hide Kelly's panties in my room. I'm not a sissy, so get me out of here before I go crazy!

Norm

He folded the letter and handed it to Barbie hoping that she wouldn't look at it. She didn't, but she took it into Ms Gilbert's office.

As Norm waited, he licked his lips nervously feeling the slippery coating of his lipstick and gloss.

"This will never do," Ms Gilbert said when she came out of her office.

"What's wrong?"

"This is what you will write," she said handing him a sheet of paper. He read it growing more concerned with each sentence.

"I-I can't w-write this, Ms Gilbert," he stammered. "They'd think I like wearing girls' clothes and being turned into a sissy."

"You will write it word for word. Don't even think of refusing. When you arrived, you insisted you wouldn't wear dresses, panties or makeup, but look at you now. I have punishments that will leave you begging to compose a sweet, sissy letter to your parents, so sit over there, and do as I say."

Norm knew she wasn't bluffing. Everything he had sworn not to do or wear since his arrival, he had done and worn. Tears filled his eyes as he dejectedly took the paper. Making certain to sit properly with his knees together and his skirt adjusted modestly across his thighs while under the gaze of the determined principal, he began copying the abhorrent letter.

Dearest Mommy and Daddy,

Thank you ever so much for sending me to the Sylvan School. I am having <u>so</u> much fun!!! The other boys are very nice, and we all get along so well together. Every evening, we help each other with our beauty rituals. We sit around in our soft silky nighties creaming our faces, moisturizing our bodies, rolling our hair, and painting our nails. We talk about clothes, skirt lengths, makeup, hairstyles, and sometimes (giggle) boys! Our teachers are really great, and they are always there to help us.

As you can see in the photographs, I have on the darling pink uniform dress that I wear to class every day. Under it, I always wear a padded bra, silky pink nylon panties, and a yummy matching peti-slip embellished with oodles of scrumptious lace. They feel so much better than yucky boy's clothes! Please notice my adorable makeup (I had help but I can do all by myself now!!!) I just can't wait to grow long hair like the third year students have - they are so cute! I wish I could wear a wig, but the school does not allow it - DARN!!! My pierced ears have healed, and I can wear elaborate pendants and the largest, most stylish hoops.

Instead of yucky subjects like math, science, and history, we have classes in dance, fashion, shopping, makeup application, hair styling and deportment. Also, we are learning to manage our skirts while walking, sitting, and standing and how to care for delicate fabrics like silks and satins. I've gotten super at hand washing and ironing my silky undies, dainty nighties, soft blouses, pleated skirts, and frilly dresses without even a hint of a wrinkle.

I'm sorry I was a burden to you and Kelly. It was mostly because I was so jealous of her precious clothes. Tell I am truly sorry for stealing her undies but I just couldn't resist. I look forward to returning home a better person after three wonderful years here.

Hugs and kisses from your loving son,

Grace

P.S. I put a drop of my favorite perfume on the envelope. Hope you like it. I think it's dreamy!!!

Norm couldn't believe he had written such a nauseating letter or that he had used sissy, girlish words like scrumptious, yummy, chic, and dreamy. But worst of all was that they were making him appologize to his horrible sister. "How could they be making me write such shit?" he fumed. Deep inside, he knew the answer as he hesitantly handed the letter to his principal without making eye contact.

"This is much better," Ms Gilbert said. "Freshen your lipstick and make an imprint at the bottom of the page. Now, sign one of the photos to your dear mommy, and one to your darling sister."

After he reluctantly complied with her order, he addressed the pink envelope. To his added chagrin, she had him seal it with a kiss as well.

"Please don't mail that," Norm pleaded with tears in his eyes. "From the way I look in the pictures and those horrible things you made me write, my family will think I really am a sissy."

"Your parents will be pleased to learn that you are happy here."

"They'll think I really did wear Kelly's panties. They'll decide I like wearing dresses, panties, and makeup. They'll make me stay here forever."

"Our program only lasts three years. That's hardly forever."

Maybe not, but Norm had seen what three years here could do to a boy and it scared him to

death.

When Kelly arrived home from school, her mother said, “We got a letter from Norm. I’ve been worried if we did the right thing when we took him to the Sylvan school. Apparently we did because he is very happy, and he sure looks cute in his dress and makeup with his hair all in curls. Look what he has to say. He has made lots of friends, and despite his claims to the contrary in the beginning, he is no longer ashamed to admit his love for girls’ clothes. He also admitted that he took your panties. He didn't say so but it is obvious that he wore them too, just as you said.”



“He even signed one of the photos to me,” Kelly said happily. After reading the letter, she smugly thought, “Norm in a dress, bra, panties, and makeup, and he likes it? No way! Wearing girls’ clothes has to be hell for him because he’s no sissy even though everyone thinks he is. He even admitted stealing my panties. I’ll bet that they made him write this letter to convince Mom and Dad that they did the right thing sending him to that swishy school.”

Kelly called Roger and told him that he had to come right over. When he rode up on his bike, she ran out to meet him with the letter and photos.

“This can’t be Norm,” Roger said. “He’s not really a sissy.”



“I know, but it really is him,” Kelly giggled. Anyway, it gets better. Read the letter.”

“This is great,” Roger howled with laughter. “Now your parents will leave him there for sure.”

“It’s even better because he knows I put him there. This will teach him not make fun of you.”

“How could we have not known?” Norm’s father said after he read the letter from his son.

“I suppose we really didn’t want to know,” his wife sighed. “We’re lucky to have had a suitable place nearby to send him.”

“You’re right. Besides, it’s free.”

Life at the Sylvan school continued normally for the next few weeks. That is, if boys wearing silky undies, padded bras, cute dresses, feminine makeup, and satin hair ribbons could be considered normal.

Ballet class was in session. Miss Sophie was teaching the first year boys how to pirouette when Barbie entered the room.

“Ruth, Mary, Angel and Grace,” she said, “you have been selected to lead cheers at Stonewall Academy next Friday afternoon.”

“Stonewall?” Norm asked.



“Yes, Grace. Their own squad will be traveling out of state that day for a cheerleader’s competition.”

“I can’t be a cheerleader at Stonewall! I went to school there. Everyone knows me. I’d be recognized.”

“Don’t worry, Grace,” Miss Sophie said. “With your short skirt and big breasts. I’m sure the boys won’t be looking at your face.”
During the next few days, Norm and the other boys chosen to be cheerleaders practiced under Miss Sophie's critical eye. Instead of their ballet leotards, they donned the short pleated skirts and tank tops of cheerleaders. She made them perform countless repetitions of each of the cheers she taught them, demanding nothing less than perfection in every move and gesture.

Not surprisingly, Norm worried more about being recognized by his friends than learning his moves. His nerves were on edge and he dreaded the shrill voice of his instructor.
“Grace, your kick isn’t high enough, and you’re not in time with the others.”
“Grace, your spin is too slow to twirl your skirt out properly. I want to see your panties during those spins.”
“Grace, pay attention!”

On the day of the game, Miss Stanley supervised the cheerleaders’ application of their makeup. She had them remove their school dresses and apply blush until their cheeks were like rosy apples, eyeliner until their eyes appeared large and doe-like, mascara that thickened and extended their lashes, and bright red lipstick that matched their long oval nails and made their lips full and seductive.



This was indeed a traumatic time for the boys and it didn't get any better when she sprayed them with perfume.

Satisfied at last, Miss Stanley had the boys put cosmetics, a comb, brush, and mirror into their purses. "Remember to freshen your makeup and lipstick during breaks," she said. "As representatives of the Sylvan Boys School, you should always do your best to look prim, proper, and feminine."

"Wh-where will we go to freshen our makeup?" Norm asked apprehensively as he envisioned himself in his feminine cheerleading uniform applying lipstick while his former friends and classmates jeered at him.

"On the sidelines, of course, you silly boy."

"Where everyone can see us?" Norm asked.

Miss Davies, the school's public relations officer, arrived and interrupted the conversation. "You must give the very best impression of our school. I will supervise you at the game, and I will tolerate no poor performances or bad behavior."

"My friends will all be there, and they'll recognize me," Norm said. "I know they will."

"Just worry about getting your routines right and keeping your lipstick fresh. Get dressed."

The boys scrambled into their cheerleading uniforms. Norm pulled up his short pleated skirt, terribly upset that he was wearing his lace edged panties under it. Real cheerleaders wore much more practical underwear. He didn't know how he was going to be able to keep his panties hidden from the crowd. If they got a good look at the front of them and saw the bulge there he didn't know what he would do.

The frightened boys were then placed in the charge of Miss Davies, and they soon were at the Stonewall gym, Norm felt sick to his stomach. The last time he had been here he had been playing on the basketball team with his buddies and the girls had been cheering for him. Now he was about to be a cheerleader himself. He looked anxiously about to see if anyone recognized him. He heard teasing and jokes about the 'Sylvan sissies' but no one seemed to know that one of them was an old classmate, and most people were watching the teams practice.

Miss Davies, however, was not satisfied with her boys being ignored. She lifted the short pleated skirt of one boy and then another, apparently inspecting their attire. But at the same time demonstrating to the spectators that the cheerleaders were wearing lace-edged panties.



Norm was extremely self-conscience as he and his fellow cheerleaders executed their first yell. His face reddened as never before when he made a spin that swirled his skirt about his waist. As he jumped up and down, he was aware that his false breasts were bouncing and he became even more uncomfortable.

“Look – It’s Norm. He’s a cheerleader!” It was Kelly yelling from the stands.

“Shut up, damn you!” Norm thought.

Kelly called out again, “Hey Gus, Look who’s leading cheers for you. It’s Norm.”

Gus looked where Kelly was pointing. He knew the cheerleaders were sissies from Sylvan. “What’s wrong with Kelly?” he thought. “That can’t be Norm. He’s away at some fancy private school. Besides, he’d never wear a cheerleader outfit like that sissy.”
Gus stared at the sissy cheerleaders in their tank tops, short pleated skirts and bright red lipstick. One of them did look a lot like Norm, and he was blushing and averting his face.

“It really is him,” Kelly yelled, “and he’s wearing panties!”



But despite what Kelly said, he couldn't believe that his friend had become a sissy. "Is this some kind of joke?" Gus asked. When Norm continued to cheer instead of running over and laughing, Gus realized it was no joke.

"I'll be damned, he really has joined the sissies," Gus said as he watched the cheerleaders go into a spin that swirled out their skirts and revealed their panties.

"Hey Norm. You said no one could make a real boy wear that girly stuff," Pete shouted as a smile formed on his lips. "Guess that means that you were a sissy all along. Remember what Gus asked at the lingerie store, do you sissies grow tits?"

"They must be real," Gus said. "Look at those beauties bounce."

"Yeah," Pete agreed with a laugh. "I see some serious bouncing. How big are yours Norm? Come here and let me have a feel."

Warnings about punishments kept Norm from attacking his former friends. "Miss Davies would probably pull up my skirt and spank me on my panties right here in front of everybody

if I fought back," he thought as he kicked his leg high in the air in time with his fellow cheerleaders. "Go Team, Go! Go Team, Go!" the quartet of boys shouted in unison as they waved their pink and white pom-poms in their well-practiced routine.



The team and the crowd yelled insults at all four of the boy cheerleaders, but since they knew Norm, he was the target of the most ridicule.

"Hey, pretty boy, lift your skirt and show us your panties."

"Hey, pansy! Are you planning to try out for the Dallas Cowboy Cheerleaders next year? I think you're built right."

"Yo, sissy! I have something right here for you to kiss with those sexy red lips."

Finally, and not nearly soon enough for Norm, the whistle blew to start the game. The cheerleaders had to remain still and silent while the players ran up and down the court, passing and shooting baskets. They could only cheer during time-outs. Then the full attention

of the fans fell on their gyrations. Since many of their jumps, spins, kicks, and cartwheels displayed their lacy panties, the insults began anew.

Nick, Mike and Wilson (Ruth, Mary and Angel) were blushing as halftime neared, but Norm was fuming with anger and embarrassment. Having to appear before his former friends and classmates while dressed and behaving like a dippy cheerleader was the ultimate humiliation.

“Stop standing around,” Miss Davies said. “Get your purses and freshen your makeup. You know very well that a sissy can’t look his best if his lipstick isn’t fresh.”

“But, Miss Davies,” Norm said. “I can’t put makeup on here. All those people are watching, and they know I’m a boy.”

“If I were you, I’d follow orders,” the woman said. “If you wish, however, I can arrange for them to watch you repair your makeup after they see you receive a well deserved spanking on your pretty panties.”

Without further hesitation, the four femininely dressed boys hurried to their purses and began freshing their makeup while pretending to ignore the jeering crowd.



Norm had completed applying a coat of bright red lipstick when Kelly appeared at his side. “I never thought my brother would be such a cute cheerleader,” she grinned. “You handled that mascara and lipstick like you’ve used them all your life. Mmm, you smell sweet too.”

“Come on, Kelly. You’ve had your fun. Tell Mom and Dad you lied.”

“What did I lie about? You do wear panties. I can see them.”

Norm blushed and pulled down his skirt as Kelly grinned. “Come on, Kelly, you know.”

“Are you really sorry now that you called Roger a wimp and said he should wear a dress?”

“Yes, I’m sorry.”

“Will you promise to wear my panties every day and play sissy girlie dress-up games with me whenever I want you to?”

“Never!”

“Oh come on, just think how much fun we’d have sitting around in our silky nighties talking about clothes, makeup, and boys.”

“You know I didn’t mean that.”

“I could dress you in my things and we could go out shopping for pretty clothes to wear just as if we were sisters.”

“No way!” Norm said. “Haven’t you humiliated me enough. When I get home I’ll be through with this crap forever.”

“Then I won’t tell Mom and Dad I lied. See you later, Gracie.”

“Kelly, help me!”

“You know what I want.’

“Alright, I’ll do it.”



“You’ll wear - what did you call them - my 'precious' little panties every day?”

“Yes,” Norm whispered.

He wished Kelly would whisper too but she spoke in a normal voice that others could hear when she asked, “You’ll put on my cute dresses and my makeup whenever I tell you to and

then you'll go wherever I want you to while you're wearing them?"

"Yes, I will," he whispered again.

"You promise?"

"Yes! Yes! anything you want."

Norm knew that as soon as he was home he'd break his promise. After all it would be his sister who would be in trouble then, for her lying.

"Okay," Kelly said, "I'll tell Mom and Dad you want me to help you with your dressing up when you come home."

"Just get me out of here soon."

"Oh I can't do that. But don't worry, I promise you can share my clothes after you graduate from Sylvan."

"Kelly!"

"Pay attention to your sissy lessons."

"You bitch!"

"Don't get your panties in a knot, Gracie. I love it that they keep you in girls' clothes twenty-four hours a day. I don't even mind that your breasts are bigger than mine. Maybe in three years I'll catch up. See you soon." She turned and walked away.

Norm balled his fists and swore, "Damn!" He was furious that he had again been out-maneuvered and shamed by his little sister. Now she'd tell everyone what he promised.

The teams emerged from the locker room and ran by the cheerleaders onto the court. Gus said, "Way to go, sissy boy," as he went past.

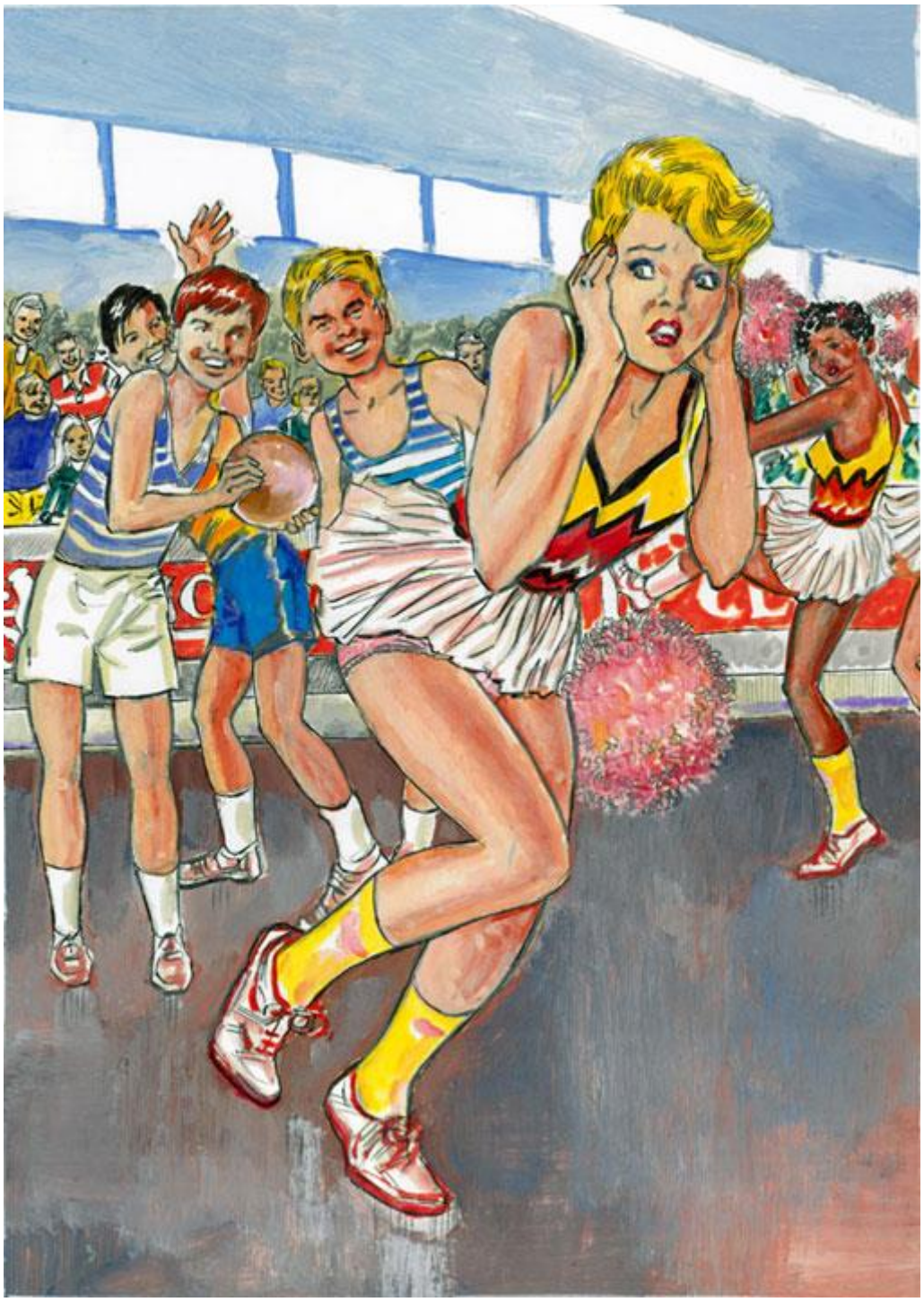
"If he only knew how horrible it is to wear this stuff, he wouldn't tease me," Norm thought.

During the next timeout, the cheerleaders began performing again. Norm felt his penis began throbbing. Perhaps it was because of the constant embarrassment or maybe the friction from his slippery nylon panties as he jumped and kicked. In either case at was unwelcome.

"Oh no!" he thought, "I can't get a hard on now!" But his organ had a mind of its own. He tried to will it soft but felt it straining against his panties. He couldn't stop to look down, but he was sure it was visible. He tried to keep his legs together. He kicked lower and spun slower so his skirt would keep it covered. He tried to take his mind off it hoping that it would go away. He began doing a math problem in his head, 100, 93, 86 --



“The sissy has a boner,” someone yelled out. As everyone on the court and in the stands burst into laughter, Norm threw down his pom-poms, covered his ears with his hands and ran.



Collapsing on the bench, he pulled down his skirt as far as it would go, crossed his arms over his horrible breasts and turned his painted face away from his tormentors. He felt as if he was about to cry.

Miss Davies was there at once, “Go back and cheer.”



“I can’t. I can’t stand it any more.”

“I’ve had it with you. Go back this instant, or I’ll take that uniform off you and you can sit here in your bra and panties.”

“You wouldn’t.” But he knew she would. He also knew that the jeers would be worse, much worse, if he were stripped to his bra and panties. An image flashed into his mind of him running through the streets in his feminine underwear. Frightened, he rose to his feet, brushed his short skirt into place and said, “I’m sorry, Miss Davies.”



“Even so, you will be punished for your tantrum. Get back out there and resume your bouncing and flouncing.”

“Welcome back,” Nick said.

“Why, because I’m getting most of the shit?” Norm asked.

“Do you think this is fun for me? I was only trying to be nice.”

Norm’s discomfort intensified when the players stopped by during the next time out. They got another good look at his panties while he executed a tight spin, and his short skirt swirled out at waist level. At least his penis was behaving itself.

“Hey sissy boy,” Gus said. “We thought you’d run away and left us.”

“Couldn’t stay away from us real men, huh?” Pete added, refusing to let the issue rest.

“Just had to come back and show off your pretty panties and bouncing breasts to the real boys, didn’t you?” Gus laughed. “That’s the way it is with sissies, I guess.”



Norm wanted to explain that Kelly had set him up. He wanted to tell his friends that he only wore dresses and panties because the school made him. Near tears, he continued to cheer.

When the game finally ended, Norm and the other cheerleaders stood beside the stands and freshened their makeup before leaving. “I’m sure glad that’s over!” he said.

“I know what you mean,” Wilson said. “Having to wear all this sissy stuff and do girlish things is bad enough. My life would be over if my old gang saw me like this.”

“You think mine isn’t?” Norm said. “How can I ever go home or back to my school? Those guys will never forget this. I’ll always be a sissy to them.”
“I know how you feel, “Nick said. “Last summer my brother and I stayed with Mrs. Baldwin. She dressed us like girls and took everywhere. She told everyone, including our friends and the wimps we used to beat up, that we liked wearing those damn girls’ clothes and that stupid makeup.”

“Yeah,” Mike agreed, “she screwed us royally. She told everyone that we were boy-girls. The day she took us to the park in her old dresses and loads of petticoats I could have died.”
“I know I’m not the only one, but why is this awful thing happening to me?” Norm sobbed.
Before the boys had time to reflect further on their frilly fate, Miss Davies collected them and drove them back to Sylvan.
Upon their return she had more news for them. “You sissies will be excited to learn that I have pulled off another public relations coup for our esteemed institution. The basketball players and their parents have graciously accepted our invitation to visit Sylvan for a snack and a show.”

“Why should we be excited about that?” Norm asked.

“Because you and your fellow cheerleaders will have the honor of serving our guests.”

“Why can’t some of the others serve?” Nick asked. “We’re tired. Besides, haven’t we been punished enough?”

“Grace’s tantrum earned waitress duty for the entire cheerleading squad. Now go change clothes.”



“Do we have to wear maid’s uniforms?” Norm asked.

“What else would you wear to serve food to our honored guests?”

“But those skirts are so short and those stockings and garter belts look so sissy.”

“Get dressed promptly and properly or I won’t hesitate to call Muffie.”

“What will Pete and Gus think when they see me?” Norm wondered as he kneaded the smoky, thigh high nylons over his smooth hairless legs, pulled them taut, and attached them to his garter straps.
When he reported to Miss Foster for inspection, she pinned a lacy waitress cap in his hair and said, “You may start by serving drinks. Remember to be polite and courteous to our guests no matter what they say about you or your uniform.”

Needless to say, Norm was blushing for all he was worth as he walked out into the garden in his short dress and heels to face his former friends and their parents.



“What do we have here?” Gus smiled as the mortified Norm approached his table. “Our cheerleader is a waitress now. Doesn’t she look hot in that sexy uniform?”

“I’ll say,” Pete laughed while shaking his head in disgust. “Boy did you have us fooled. Your sister told us after the game that you’ve been wearing her panties for years. She said that you wanted to wear all of her things but you had to go to sissy school first to learn how.”

That awful lie so rattled Norm that he forgot to maintain his feminine posture. As he served them, he leaned forward enough that his skirt rode up displaying his undies.

“Look at that,” Pete said. “I bet Kelly doesn’t have anything as sissy as that slip or those panties.”

“Is that why you wanted to come here?” Gus asked. “Did you want to wear sissier clothes than you could borrow from your little sister?”

As Norm blushed and his eyes filled with tears, even the parents in attendance joined in the laughter. He wanted to lash out, to retaliate for their teasing. Instead, he bit his lip to regain control and, after serving the drinks, he walked back towards the kitchen with as much dignity as he could muster.

However, he didn’t realize that his long hours practicing a feminine gait and his high heels combined to give his hips a seductive sway that was definitely not missed by the boys on basketball team. When they saw their former teammate’s girlish stride, they burst into jeering laughter. He almost ran back to the kitchen.

“I can’t go through that again,” he sobbed to no one in particular.

Seeing the mascara running down his cheeks, Miss Sophie said, “Grace, dry up those tears and repair your makeup this instant.”

“They made fun of my undies and called me a sissy,” he sniffed.

“Well, they are right. What boy other than a sissy would wear a cute serving dress, silky panties, petticoats, makeup, and nail polish?”

“I never wore them before I was sent here.”

“You were a bully. You earned what you are getting. Get busy serving. Any more complaints and I’ll call Muffie. That goes for all of you waitresses.”

None of the boys wanted to find themselves across his lap. They began loading their trays with food.



“Check your clothes and makeup each time before you go out,” Miss Sophie said. “Miss Davies is supervising, and you know what a stickler she is for decorum when we have guests.”

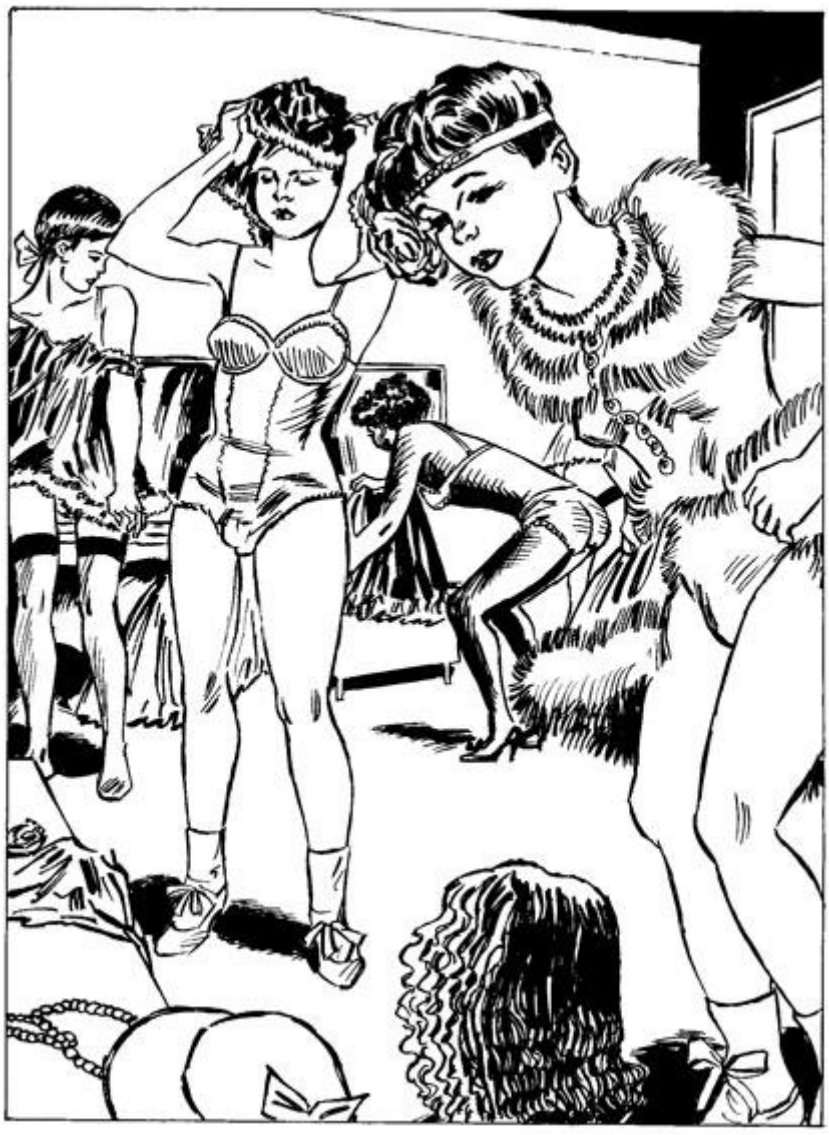
Norm blushed with shame as he refreshed his bright red lipstick, brushed his hair into place and checked the bow on his apron. He knew that his looking like a carefully dressed and made-up girl would only make the teasing from his former friends worse. Still, he had no option but to swallow the scant remnants of his once potent masculine pride and obey. “How could Kelly have done this to me?” he wondered as he walked outside to meet the jeering boys in his ultra feminine ensemble.

“Here comes sissy Grace again in his pretty little serving dress!” Gus shouted as Norm approached.



“Hey, sissy boy,” Pete said, “we real boys played a tough game of b-ball, and we’re starving. Bring on the food.”
Anticipating an outburst from Norm, Miss Davies gave him a stern glare and a slight shake of the head. Even with her unspoken warning, all his will power was required to remain silent while serving. His efforts to restrain his actions being barely successful, his eyes filled with tears despite himself.
“Look,” Pete said, “the sissy even cries like a girl.”
With great effort, Norm maintained his composure through the teasing.
“This is horrible, Miss Sophie,” Norm said when he reentered the kitchen and began drying the moisture from his eyes.
“You will endure your punishment like the proper sissy you are,” Miss Sophie said. “Or you will suffer the consequences which will include a spanking, dress up and panties down, right out there in front of your friends.”
Taking her horrible threat seriously, he reluctantly returned to the scene of his torment. Only with extreme effort did he manage to keep from crying as he served the taunting boys.
When Norm and his fellow waitresses finished clearing the tables, he brushed his skirt beneath him, plopped down in a chair in utter exhaustion, and sighed, “This is one day I’m glad to see end. I could never go through anything like that again, ever.”
“You’re not the only one who had a tiring and embarrassing day,” Nick said. “We were teased

too."
"Why are you sissies sitting around?" Miss Davies asked. "Your performance starts in fifteen minutes. Hurry and change into your costumes."
"Wh-what performance? Wh-what costumes?" Norm asked."The first year class is doing a dance for our guests. The cheerleaders, with the exception of you, Grace, will wear darling dance dresses. The others will wear precious bunny and kitty costumes. Grace, you will be the serving wench. You will bring refreshments to our guests while they watch the show."
"Please Miss Davies, I thought that I was all done out there. I can't go back there dressed like this. Everyone laughs and calls me a sissy."
"No matter. The trustees of our unique school have decided that a certain amount of humiliation is necessary to teach you self-restraint and humility. In their wisdom, they determined that a proper sissy must remain meek and submissive in the face of ridicule. Both verbal and physical retaliation is strictly forbidden and will bring on painful and embarrassing punishments. You will learn to control the aggressive tendencies that led to your admission to Sylvan. Now, unless you want to experience the painful part as well as the humiliating one, I suggest you stop objecting."
Norm lowered his head and dejectedly followed the other boys to the dressing room.



“Here is your new serving costume, Grace.”

The short frilly dress outfit had a low cut bodice that would highlight his large false breasts.



“Oh no!” he exclaimed.
”Hurry and put this on so Miss Stanley can do your makeup.”
“I can do my own stupid makeup.”
“Watch your attitude, Grace. You will need help to have the proper makeup for this costume,” Miss Stanley said. “To make you fit the image of a traditional serving wench, Miss Stanley will need to tart you up with heavy rouge, deep blue eyeshadow, massive black mascara, several coats of dark red lipstick, and a bath of cheap perfume. With your serving cap, large hoop earrings, nylons, and three inch heels, you’ll fit the role perfectly.”
“Not earrings, everyone will know my ears have been pierced, and they’ll have something else to tease me about.”
“You brought this on yourself with that tantrum at the game,” Miss Davies said. “I gave you prior warning that any unladylike behavior would be severely punished. You must suffer the consequences. Maybe in time, you’ll learn to control your ego and follow instructions. Now, I suggest you get dressed before your situation worsens.”

“What could be worse than dressing like a slut and prancing around in front of my friends and their parents?”
“One more word and you’ll find out.”
Swallowing his pride once more, he removed his waitress uniform and allowed Miss Davies

to drop the frilled serving dress over his head. When she tightened the wide belt securely about his waist, he gasped for breath and realized that this bizarre punishment included discomfort as well as embarrassment.
Wobbling slightly on his unaccustomed three-inch heels, Norm went to the vanity and meekly allowed Miss Stanley to tart him up. When she finished with the makeup, she sprayed him head to foot with perfume. He couldn't decide what was more embarrassing, his frilly low cut dress, overdone makeup, high-heels, large hoop earrings or the strong scent.
"Remember to flirt with the boys when you serve them, or you'll be in big trouble."
"I . . . I don't know how to flirt."
"Yes you do," Miss Davies said. "You learned in Miss Bancroft's classes on femininity. Maintain a pleasant smile, make eye contact, give the boys an occasional wink, and swing your hips provocatively when you walk."
Norm blushed at her words as he glanced over at his fellow cheerleaders and waitresses getting dressed. All of his classmates, Ruth, Mary, Eve, Faith, Nicole, Hope, Joy, Sarah and Angel were changing for the show. How he wished he could dress like them and perform. Even being in one of those stupid animal costumes would be better. At least he wouldn't be in the audience being teased and felt up by his former friends.



“Get your tray, Grace. Mince right out there and take orders,” Miss Davies said. To the boys dressed as animals she said, “You are to bounce about the stage, mimic the dancers, and keep the spectators laughing.” After peeping from behind the curtain to check the audience, she added, “You’ll go out soon, try to look like the cute little darling sissies I know you are.”



Norm dejectedly walked into the audience.

“Look what we have here,” Pete said when he saw him approaching in his frilly serving dress. “Our cute waitress has changed dresses, and check that awful perfume.”

Norm knew Miss Davies would be watching so he smiled, winked, and swayed his hips as she had instructed. The boys, seeing his smiling red lips and the winks from his mascara-laden lashes, burst into peals of laughter and wolf whistles. While he served another table, Pete placed his foot under Norm’s skirt and raised it high to reveal his panties. Norm had to restrain his urge to react with the anger he felt.



“And to think, I encouraged my son to play with him,” Gus’ father said.

Norm was happy when the start of the show turned the attention of the audience to the boys on stage. He could easily see the blushes on their faces as they danced about in their brief skirts. The boys in fuzzy animal costumes were slightly better off as their undies were covered. Still, they were wearing eyeliner, mascara, lipstick, nail polish, and girlish boots with a two-inch heel that gave them an undeniable sissified image – not to mention the horrible effect of their bouncing breasts.



The Stonewall boys laughed as the nervous performers made many mistakes in their impromptu performance. They ran together, stepped on each other's feet, and occasionally lost their balance and fell.



After the show, Miss Davies came on stage and announced, “There will be a social hour in the garden so your boys and our students can get acquainted. We anticipate many more occasions like this as we feel the children should get to know one another better. Our dancers will remain in costume so you can examine their outfits. Perhaps some of you might want to enroll your boys at the Sylvan school.”

That brought a round of nervous laughter and denials from the boys.

In the dressing room, Nick hesitantly approached Miss Davies and pleaded, “Please don’t make me go out there again dressed like this.”

“The Sylvan Boys School is a member of this community, and as such, we have certain obligations. Mr. Sylvan and Ms Gilbert have decreed that one important way to become good citizens is to get to know our neighbors. That is why I was hired. Social events like this are an excellent start.”

“But, Miss Davies, it’s so terribly embarrassing when my friends tease me, and they will tease me because of this outfit,” Norm said.

“Freshen your makeup and hurry out to the garden. We don’t want to keep our guests waiting.”

“Won’t you please let me stay here or at least let me change into something less embarrassing.”

“You are part of the reason that we have such excellent attendance today. Don’t say another word. Mince out there and entertain our guests.”

The boys, having already discovered the punch, had helped themselves. They were standing around talking with glasses in hand when Norm and his fellow first year students arrived. As instructed, under the threat of severe punishment, they began to circulate.



“What have we got here, a black sissy with a little bow in his hair,” a boy said to Wilson.
“You love your panties, home boy?”Wilson lowered his eyes and replied, “I’m not a sissy. My grandmother was afraid I was getting mixed up with gangs so she sent me here.”
“What were you, part of the sissy auxiliary? What were your gang colors, pink?”

“Look at this one," one of the boys said, indicating Nick. He’s wearing his dress so short that his panties are sticking out the back.”
“I’m not a sissy either. I hate wearing all this stuff,” Nick tried to explain as he stood with his panties in full view of anyone who looked at him from behind.
“Then, why did you enroll in this school? You knew the boys here wear dresses, didn’t you?”
“I’d never heard of this place. Miss Baldwin sent me here. I’d leave in a minute, but I have nowhere to go.”
“You look almost like a girl with that lipstick and all,” Sam smiled. “Do you have a boyfriend?”
“No!” Nick said. “I told you that I’m not a sissy. I don’t like boys that way.”
“I’ll bet you do have a boyfriend. How about it, sweetie?”
Nick turned and walked away. When a chorus of whistles rang out behind him, he pressed his hands to his bottom covering his panties but that just made the taunts grow even louder.
Meanwhile, Gus was intent on making life miserable for Norm. “Hey, Grace,” he said, “you look really cute in that dress.”
“Please leave me alone,” Norm said. “If you knew how horrible it is to have to wear this stuff, you wouldn’t tease me.”



“Horrible to wear your pretty dresses and panties?” Gus said. “Oh, come on. You’ve got to be kidding. After the game, Kelly showed us a letter you wrote on that pretty sweet smelling pink stationery saying how much fun you were having at your sissy school. You said you loved wearing bras, panties, and slips under your pretty dresses, and that you adored sitting around with all of the other sissies in your silky nighties putting on makeup, rolling your hair, and gossiping about boys. You even said that you had been taking Kelly's panties. She told us you were probably wearing them to school under your jeans. You must be a real panty lover. Is that why you strutted your stuff at the game in that skirt that kept flying up? You wanted to show off your panties to all the guys. Really made your day, didn’t it?”

“We’re friends. Why won’t you believe me?”

“We were friends when I thought you were a real guy,” Gus said. “Let’s go behind those bushes, and you can get on your knees and show me how a sissy makes friends.”

That was it. Norm forgot the warnings and threats of punishments. That was the last straw. He could take no more. Swiftly he dumped a glass of punch on Gus’ head and charged into him.



Miss Davies and Miss Stanley were standing across the yard. They were helpless to prevent Norm's attack.

Pete jumped in to help, but Gus waved him away saying, "I don't need any help to whip this sissy's ass."



As the Sylvan students nervously moved back from the fight, one of the Stonewall boys shouted, "Let's strip all the sissies!"

They grabbed the nearest Sylvan boys and tore away at their outfits.

"Boys!" Miss Davies screeched, "You're ruining your pretty dresses. Just you wait until I tell Muffie."

Norm had to change his sissy image and reestablish his manhood. He tried to beat Gus, but the tight belt and the awkward breasts and heels soon took their toll.



Gus sat on top of him, held his shoulders to the ground and said, “What gave you the idea that a sissy like you could beat a real guy like me? What were you going to do, scratch me or pull my hair?” Then seeing what was going around him, Gus began tearing Norm’s dress off.



“What are you doing?” Norm said as his dress was ripped and pulled from him. He grabbed at it and tried in vain to cover his silky nylon slip. “Leave me alone!”

“Drag them into town so everyone can see!” Gus said.

“Let’s get out of here!” Nick yelled. He broke away from Gus and sprinted away as fast as possible, and despite his difficulty with them in the past, his high heels didn’t slow him one bit.

Following Nick’s lead, the other Sylvan students ran toward the sanctuary of the main building.The group of laughing Stonewall boys watched the Sylvan students’ dash for the school’s entrance in what remained of their silky feminine attire.



THE END