PETTICOAT PUNISHMENT ILLUSTRATED

ADULTS ONLY

SCHOOLED TO BE GIRLS!

"VAN, THE BRIDE"



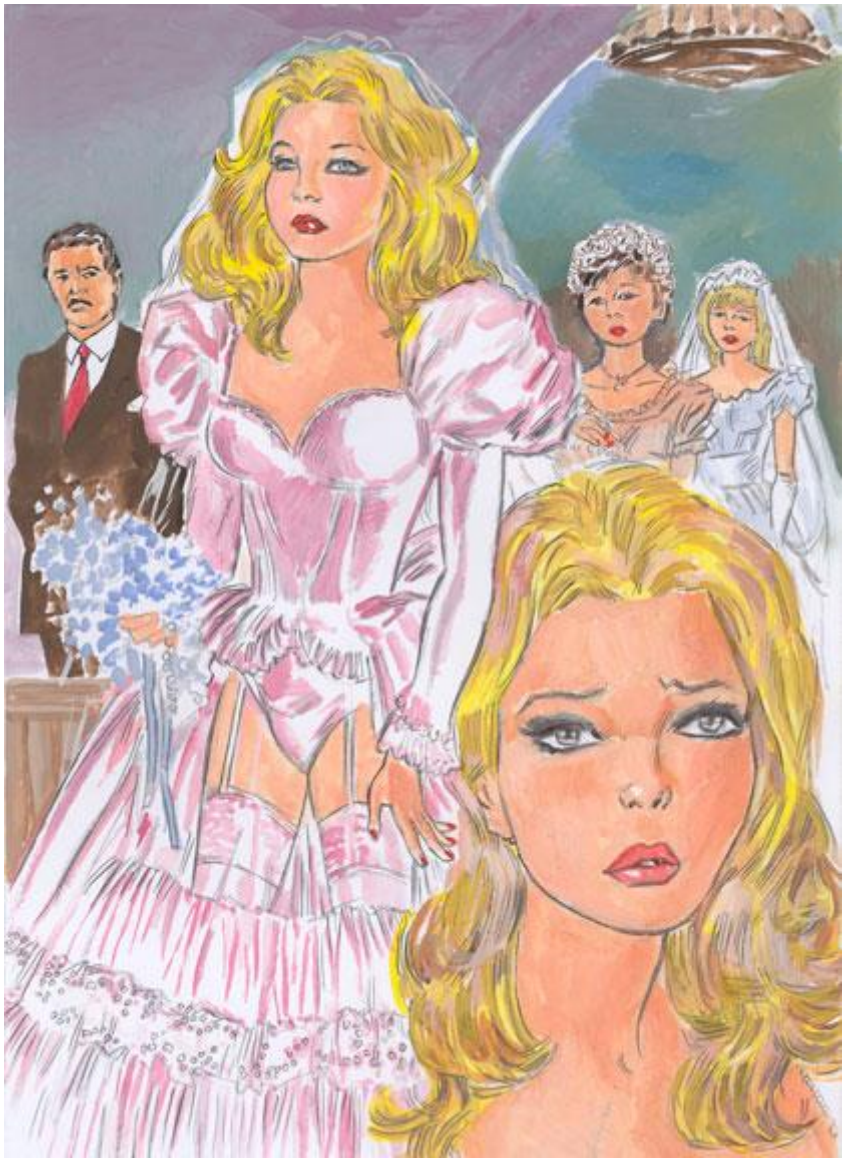
VAN CAUSES TROUBLE AND IS SENT TO THE SYLVAN SCHOOL TO BE TRAINED AS A GIRL!

VOLUME TWO

A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION
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Van The Bride

Iris felt that everyone could see right through his gown. He lowered his bouquet and walked down the aisle looking up, away from the guests.



His thoughts drifted back three years to a time before the Sylvan School. He'd been Van, the leading scorer and captain of his soccer team. Then came the incident that changed everything . . .



Van was surprised to be called to the principal's office. He didn't think he'd done anything wrong recently, at least nothing that could be proven.

His parents' presence was a shock. The circus was hundreds of miles from here. What could be so serious that they would come?

Had the principal discovered that he was responsible for the incident with the horse? Who would have dared to tell? He'd deny it! He'd kill the guy who squealed.

"Alexia fell," father said.

"Is she all right?" Van asked.

"Thor was startled and threw her during a performance," mother said.



“She can’t get on the elephant again. You must join the act,” father said.

“But I have two more years of school. You said I could finish.”

“She was unconscious for nearly an hour. For days she had severe headaches and couldn’t sleep,” mother said.

“It was those damn clowns that caused the lights to explode,” father said.

“The doctor said another fall could cause worse symptoms, even death,” mother said.

“She could have done it,” father said, “she just lost her nerve.”

“She wants to live with grandmother,” mother said. “We tried to go on without her, but it didn’t work. The manager told us that without ‘Lovely Alexia’ our act wasn’t good anymore.”

“Five years we’ve headlined,” father said. “One problem and they’re ready to dump us, come on Van.”

Fifteen minutes to clear all of his possessions from his room, no time at all to say goodbye to his friends and a four-hour drive brought them to their trailer at the circus. Van had been silently brooding about having to leave school. Would he ever see the guys again?

“Put these on,” mother said.

“Those? But they’re Alexia’s!”

“We need for you to be the ‘Lovely Alexia’,” mother said.

“I can’t pretend to be my sister. No one will believe I’m a girl.”

“They will if you try,” mother said. “I’ll help you dress.”

Van felt foolish and bare in the costume. The panties and short skirt were bad, but the false breasts were incredibly embarrassing. He ached to tear off all these horrible things.



“I told you it wouldn’t work,” father said.

“You need a real girl,” Van said. “How about Cynthia? She’s beautiful, her family has an animal act and she loves Thor.”

“Your girlfriend isn’t a Hearn,” father said. “We’re been a family act for generations.”

“Makeup and a different costume may help,” mother said.

Van squirmed and complained as she dressed him again and put girl’s makeup on his face.

The circus manager wasn’t impressed. “That sissy boy won’t fool anyone.”

Van’s cheeks burned at being called a sissy. He was the farthest thing from being a sissy, ask anyone at school.



The manager continued, “Find another Alexia. Until then, I have an opening for some clowns.

Those last ones cost me too much in damaged equipment."

Back in the trailer Van quickly changed into his own clothes. He overheard his parents arguing.

"Now will you agree to send Van to Sylvan?"

"They'll have my boy in a dress."

"Do you think it was easy to get him into that school? They wanted proof he was a bully. I had to bribe his school secretary to falsify his records."

"But Van's my son."

"He'll still be your son. It's the only way to keep our family together. We have no other choice."



"We can't wait three years," father said.

“We can be clowns for that long.

“Clowns! We’re artists.”

“We need to stay with the circus. Where else could we keep Thor?”

“Can’t he learn to look like a girl in less than three years?”

“If you think it’s so easy, how’d you like to try to make the crowd think you’re a woman?”

“Damn it! You win. I’ll take him there tomorrow.”

“Take me where?” Van entered the room.

“There’s a school where boys are trained to look and act like girls,” mother said.

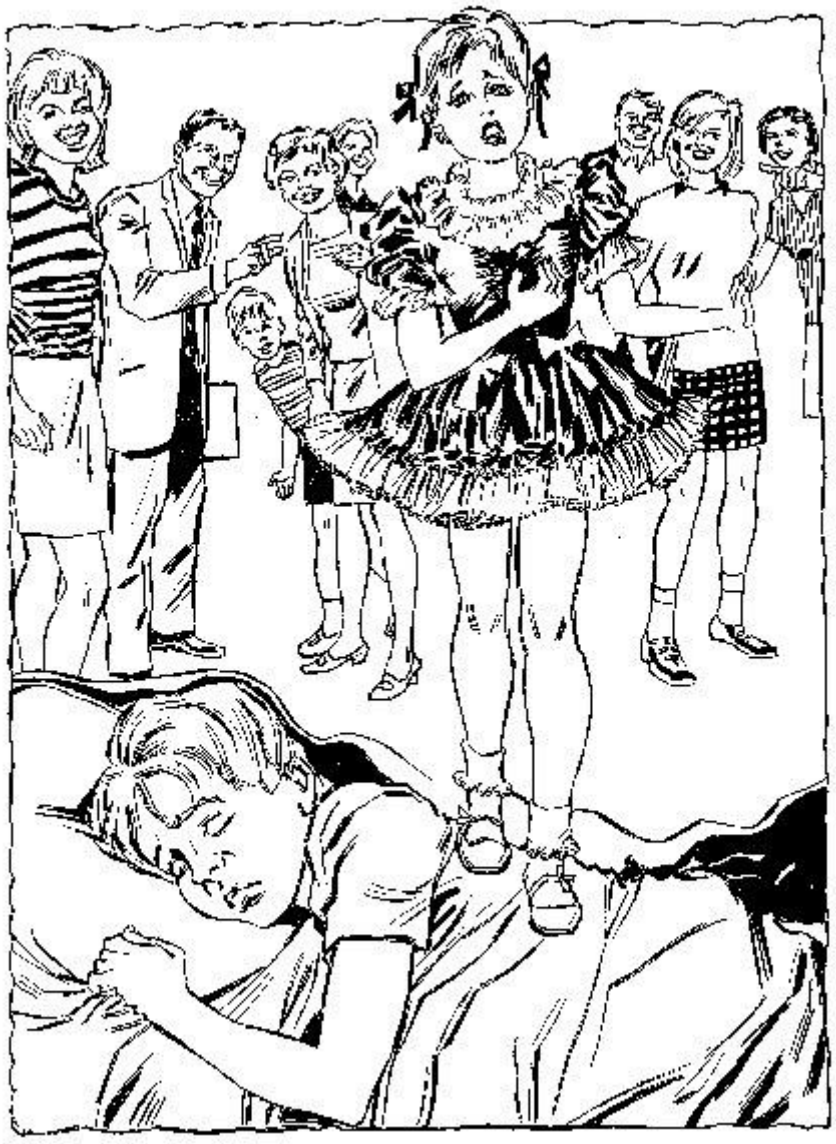
“I don’t want to look like a girl!”

“You’ll do it for the family,” father said. “Do you want us to be clowns forever?”

“I’d rather be a clown than a damn girl.”

“It’s just for a while,” mother said. “And you won’t really be a girl. Anyway, you’re a performer. It’ll be fun for you to fool people.”

That night, Van dreamed he was dressed as a girl. He wore a very short red dress held far out from his legs by masses of white petticoats. The dress had short puffed sleeves and ribbon bows. He was in Mary Jane shoes and lacy turn down socks. There were ribbons in his hair, which was still short in a boy’s style, and he was wearing lipstick. He was walking down the street and people were pointing at him and laughing. He began to run from them, but no matter how fast he ran the people were still all around him, pointing and laughing.



He woke in a panic. He couldn't let them turn him into a girl. But once his father made up his mind there was no changing it. He could run right now but he had no plans and no money. He'd pretend to go along and wait for the right opportunity to escape from the school.

The Sylvan School was many hours by car from the circus. He and his father scarcely spoke during the drive. They stopped at a gate in a high metal fence surrounding large grounds and a large building, something like a mansion. A speaker asked who they were and father said, "I've brought Vandlo Hearn, your new student. The gate opened and they drove up to the building. Father made no move to get out of the car. He just said, "Go on in."

"Take me home, dad. You don't want them to make a girl of me."

"We've no choice, Van. Go on in."

He got out of the car walked up to the door. Father didn't wait. He drove out the gate that closed behind him. Van entered the building and went to a room marked 'office'.

"I'm Van Hearn," he said to the woman at the desk.

“Just a moment and Muffie will show you where to go.”

Muffie was a very large, powerful looking woman. “Follow me, Iris,” she said. Van glared at the man in a dress, for he now knew that was what he was, but didn’t protest about being called by a girl’s name. He just followed him down the hall.

Two students helped Van change into his school uniform. Soon he was dressed in an outfit similar to the one of his nightmare. It was just as short and the petticoats were just as full. It was pink instead of red and his breasts were fuller than he had dreamed, but otherwise it was almost identical.



Two months later, his father returned. Van was embarrassed to be seen wearing his sissy uniform, but he was also very excited and hopeful. “Father, you’ve changed you mind. You’re taking me home.”

“The circus is in town. I asked if you could perform with me so your mother could visit Alexia this weekend. The principal said you weren’t ready. But I persuaded her that it was

important for you to see what we've been reduced to and why we need you to work on becoming 'The Lovely Alexia'."

Father led him out of the school grounds and to the car. Van looked around nervously. The town boys often hung around the school to catch a glimpse of the Sylvan students in their dresses. They had teased him several times. It was horrible and humiliating to be called a sissy.



"There's a bag of your clothes on the seat, get in and change."

For the first time in months, Van took off all of his girl's clothes, even his bra. It felt strange to be without the weight of the falsies on his chest. He happily put on his jockey shorts and pants.

"I need nail polish remover and cold cream," he said.

"There are rags and water in the back. Your nails can wait until we get to the trailer."

Van wet the rags and rubbed his face hard. He looked into the car mirror and smiled. Almost all traces of his makeup were gone. Perhaps now he would have a chance to escape from the school's relentless regimen of feminization and humiliation.



Their performance as clowns went well. Van followed his father's lead and any mistakes he made were likely thought of as part of the act.



Afterwards, Van removed his paint, false nose and gloves and went looking for Cynthia.

"I've missed you," Van said.

"I've missed you too. I love your hair long," Cynthia said.

"Let's get an ice cream and go for a walk."

The pair walked together hand in hand as they renewed their close friendship.

"How's school?" Cynthia asked.

"I hate it. The courses are stupid and the rules are strict. We don't even have a soccer team."

"I thought all boys' schools had a soccer team."

"What are you doing?" Van changed the subject.

"I'm selling tickets and learning a tumbling act."

“With Fred Harris?”

“He’s just my teacher. You’re my boyfriend.”



They spent as much time alone as possible that weekend. Sunday afternoon they parted with promises to write. Van was afraid he couldn’t. Sending his girlfriend letters signed ‘Iris’ on perfumed pink stationary would do his love life no good at all.



Father stopped the car near school and allowed Van privacy to change back into his uniform. Two days out of girls' clothes made it all the more difficult for Van to put them on again. He had almost forgotten how much he hated them.



The weekend in pants and with Cynthia filled his thoughts during Monday's class with Miss Florence. Many of the boys were still working on their dresses for the fashion show. He had finished his and sat with his legs neatly crossed and did his needlework while Rose and Heather knitted.



He wondered if Cynthia did needlework or if she spent as much time with her makeup as he was required to.

He noticed that his skirt had ridden up on his thigh and he paused in his work to shift his position and pull it down. The net lace of his petticoat rubbed against him and he could feel the silky compression of his panties as he shifted on the chair.

When Miss Florence went to help another boy with the embellishments he was putting his dress, Van turned to Rose, “Is there any way to make a phone call from here?”

“The only phone I’ve seen is in the office. I suppose you could sneak in there, but the risk –”

“I’ll worry about the risk. Don’t tell anyone I asked you.”



During dinner that night, Van pretended to need to go to the bathroom. Instead he removed his shoes. Otherwise the infernal klank-klanking made by their heels would give him away, and ran to the office. It was difficult to run. He felt so foolish with his breasts and petticoats bouncing and flouncing with his every step. Maybe he wouldn't be like this much longer. The office was dark but not locked. He went to the phone and called Cynthia.

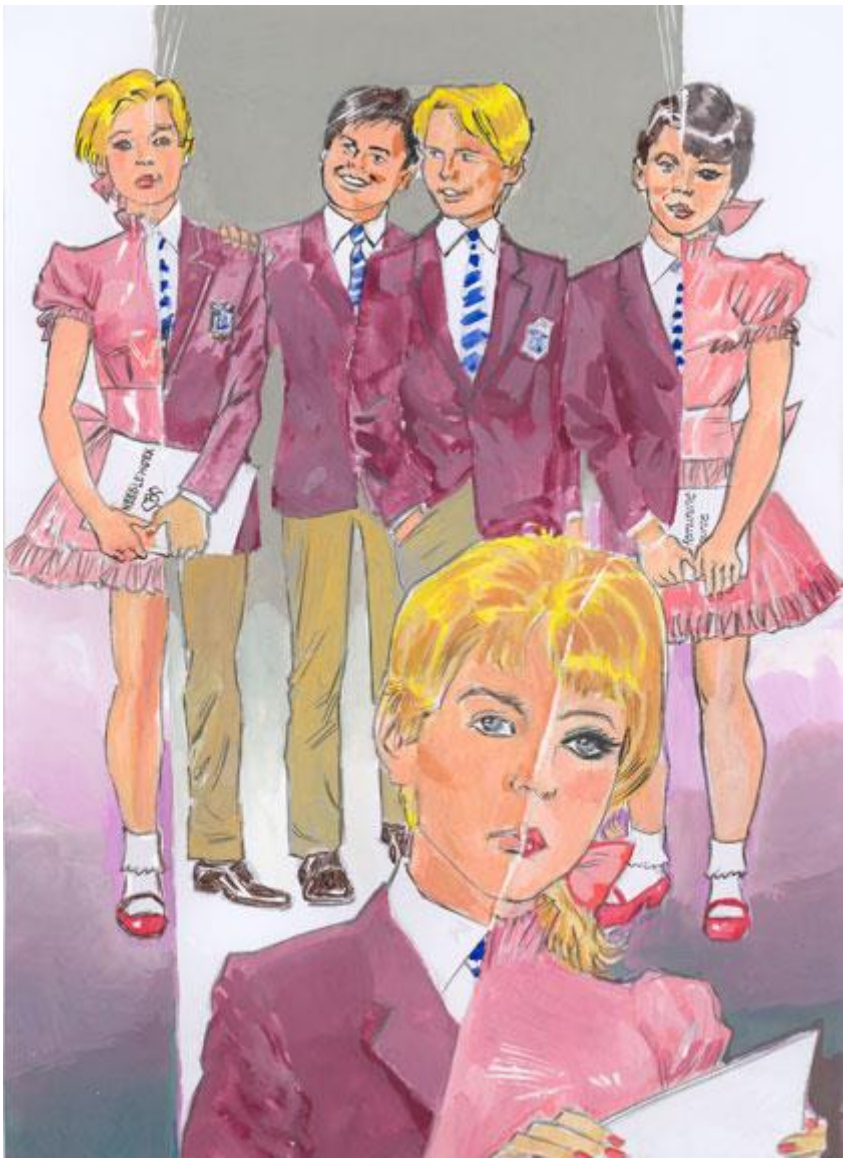
"Hello," it was her!

"Hello," he whispered. "I'm not supposed to use this phone. I miss you so much, I want to leave this damn place and be with you."

"I want that too, I can meet you wherever you want."



"They watch me too carefully and we have to wear these stupid uniforms all the time. Anyone would know I was a student if I tried to run away wearing it," Van told her the truth but not all of the humiliating details.



“Can you come to the gate at midnight and bring me some clothes?”

“Where will we go?”

“Anywhere with you will be perfect. If you have any money bring that too.”

“All right, I’ll be there.”

Just before midnight, Van went to the bathroom and removed his nightgown, bra and falsies. He wrapped a town around himself. It was pink but there was nothing he could do about that. At the vanity he carefully removed all traces of his makeup and nail polish. He still smelled a bit of perfume, but couldn’t risk taking a bath. Hugging the walls and listening with his entire body, he tiptoed through the halls to the back door and into the garden. The full moon lit the yard.



Slowly and carefully he crept to the front gate.

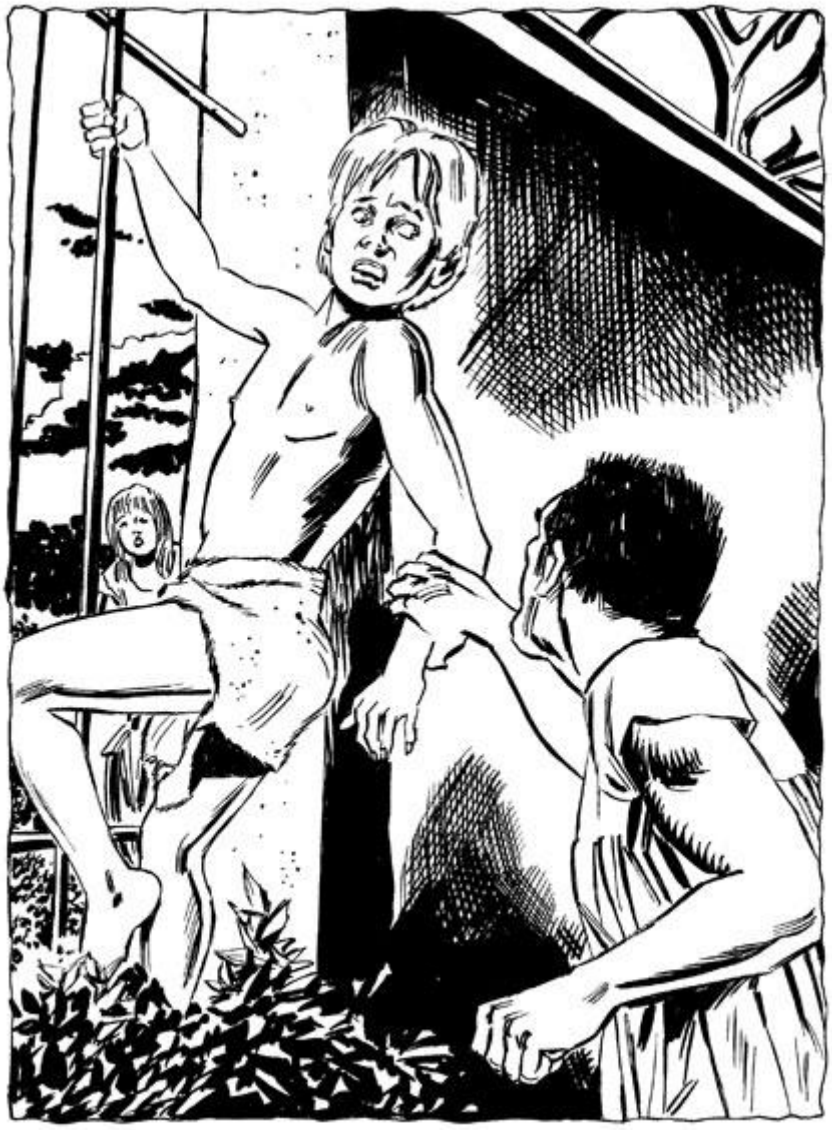


“Van, here I am,” she said. She was there!



He waved still too afraid to make a sound. The gate was locked at night so he had to climb the wall. He would have to watch the spikes at the top. He was so close now he didn't want to slip and end up in the hospital. He hoped that Cynthia had found enough money for train tickets. He began to climb –

Someone grabbed his arm – Muffie!



“Where are you going, Iris?”

No! Oh No! Muffie pulled him back to the ground.

“What’s happening?” Cynthia said.

“Why are you here at this hour, Miss?”

“I’m here to see Van.”

Muffie worked the combination and opened the door. “Come in and see him then.”

Van began to yell, “Get awa-” But Muffie clamped his hand firmly over his mouth cutting him off.

“What are you doing to him?” Cynthia asked.

“He’s fine. Come in and see for yourself.”

Van struggled in Muffie's firm grasp. If Cynthia came into the school she would surly discover his horrible secret. She'd tell everyone at the circus.

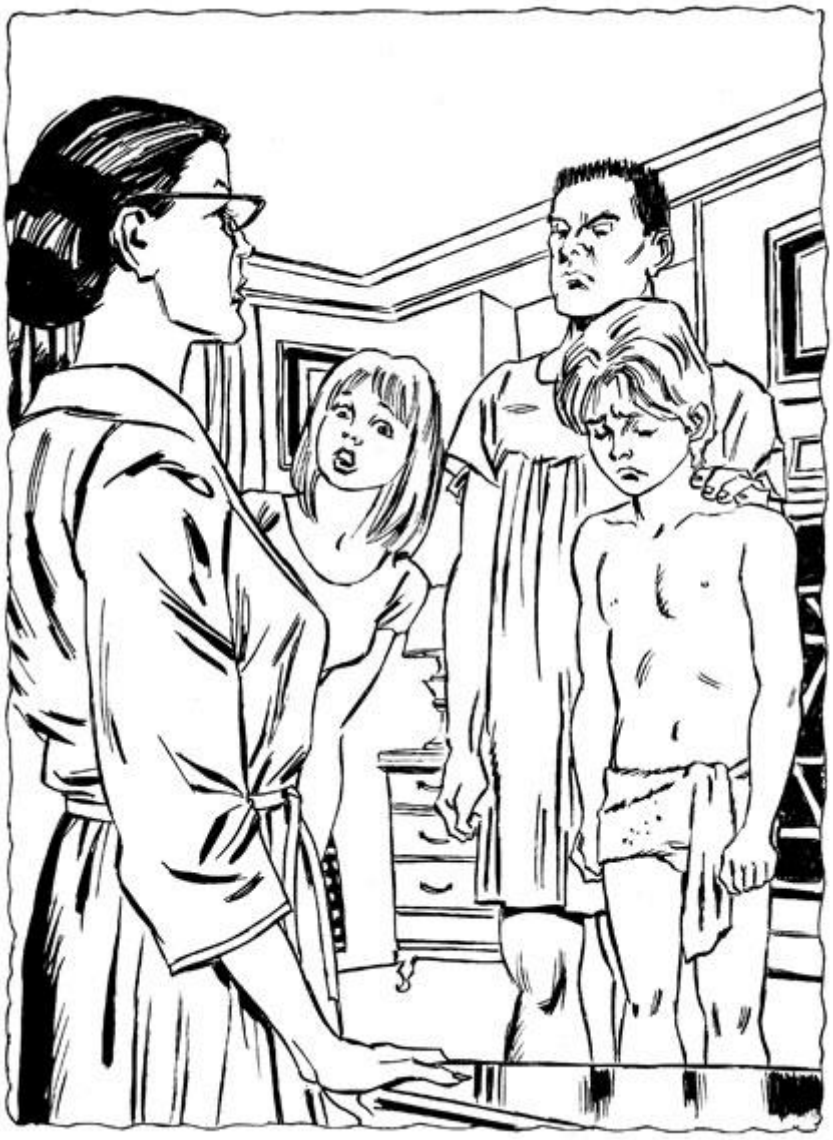
He struggled but Muffie was too strong. Cynthia wheeled her bike into the yard and Muffie closed the door behind her. It was done.

"Ms Gilbert will want to see you both."

Muffie led them to the office where Ms Gilbert was waiting in her robe.

"Do you think we are stupid?" she asked Van who stood hanging his head. Muffie's strong hand rested on his shoulder. He knew that he was in for a painful and humiliation punishment. If only Cynthia would leave before she discovered anything about this place. "You're not the first to try to run away. We've taken precautions. Return to bed, tomorrow we will see about your punishment."

"Don't punish him," Cynthia said. "We just wanted to be together."



“You may stay the night dear. It’s too late for you to return home safely.”

“She’ll be okay going home,” Van said.

“No, she’s worried about your punishment. Miss, if you stay, you may observe and tell us to stop if we are going too far.”

“I can take anything. Let her go.”

“I can’t let them hurt you because of me.”

His protests were interrupted by Muffie taking him out of the room and up the stairs.

“Please send Cynthia home.”

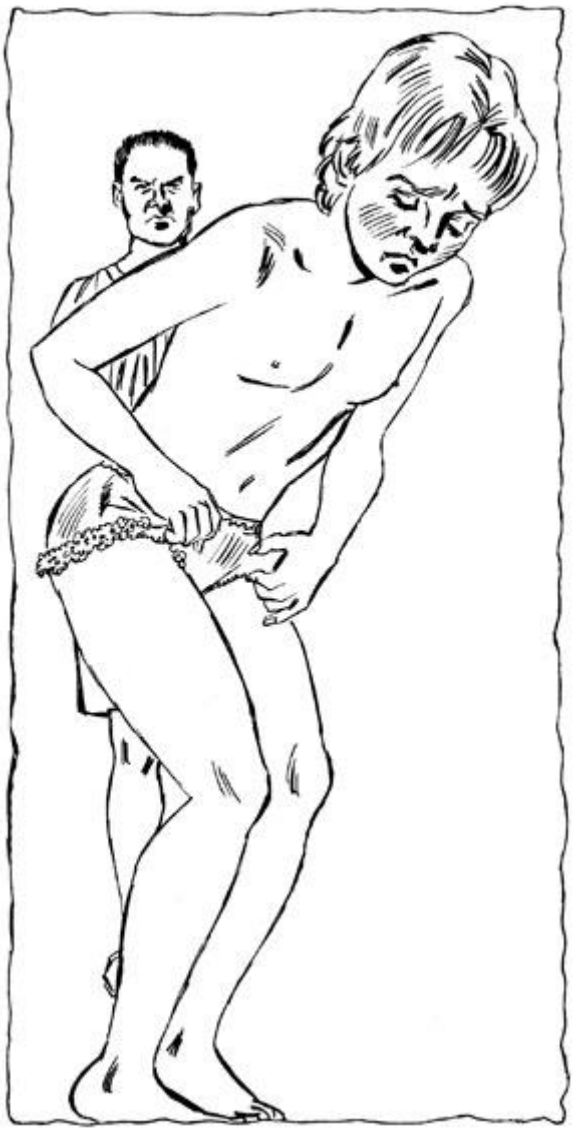
“Where did you leave your nightclothes?”

“It’s not far to the circus. She could make it fine.”

“They’re not in the hall. Perhaps the bathroom? Yes, here they are.” Muffie took his towel. “Put on your panties, Iris.”

Van pulled up the garment.

“She’s my girlfriend,” he said as he pulled on his hated panties.



“Now your bra.”

Van just glared at the garment. “I couldn’t stand for her to see me dressed as a girl.”

Muffie took Van’s arms and put the bra straps around them then stood behind him and hooked it.



Van had thought that by now he and Cynthia would be miles from this horrible place and that he would never have to wear girls' clothes again.

“Here’s your gown.”

Van was happy to cover his lingerie.



“We love each other.”

Muffie took him by the arm and led him back to his bed.

“Sweet dreams, Iris.”

Van could not sleep at all. What would Cynthia see in the morning? Even if she just saw the other students in their school dresses, she would know!

Ms Gilbert said Cynthia would be there to observe his punishment. That surely meant that she would see him in some girlish costume. How could he explain it to her?

Van imagined himself mincing into the auditorium with the other boys all in the dresses they had made in Miss Florence’s class. He could see his ruby red lips and painted nails. Perhaps he would be on the arm of some boy borrowed from the public school, one of Norm’s friends. They might make a real show of his punishment and invite people in to see. His pillow soaked with his tears as he imagined worse and worse humiliations. Whatever they did, the morning was certain to be awful.



Exhausted and terrified, he got up with the other boys in the morning.

After his bath, Van donned his panties, bra and falsies. Slipping on his peignoir and mules he went to the vanity and did his makeup. First he applied the finger and toenail polish that he had removed in the night. Then came a careful application of powder and paint to his face. A final spray of perfume and he returned to his bedroom. Off came the peignoir and mules and on went his petticoats. He sat with their lacy frills all about his thighs and put on his turndown pink socks and black cross strap shoes. He rose and walked to the closet to fetch his uniform dress. He and Violet helped each other tie their bows in the back. The teachers were quite particular about that bow, it had to be tied tight to minimize the waist and it had to be full and fluffy, not flat and droopy. Many of the boys had suffered punishments because their bows were not right. He returned to the vanity. First year students like Van usually had hair that was still too short for the feminine styles worn by the second and third year students, so they were required to fix a pink bow to the back of their heads. Van thought that this was another way in which the teachers tried to humble them. It did have the effect that most of his classmates yearned for their hair to grow so they could style it and get rid of the juvenile bow.

Van went through these morning routines of cleansing, makeup and dressing by learned habit. But when he finished and looked himself over in the mirror, his eyes filled with tears.

Whatever would Cynthia think of him? He hadn't really lied to her about having to wear a uniform, but he never hinted that the uniform was a dress. Just seeing him like this would be the end of them. This was indeed the last morning of his life. His mascara ran down his cheeks in tear trails. He got control of himself and reapplied his makeup. It would not do for him to report for punishment with his makeup in a mess.

Dolly arrived for their morning inspection and was very particular, finding fault and giving demerits to almost everyone. "We all must look our best as we have a guest today."

Van felt his eyes filling and again his mascara ran. Dolly sent him back to the vanity with several of the other boys who needed touchups. They assembled again for a careful final inspection after which several boys had final corrections and more demerits. Dolly then had Van stand still and put a short pink pinafore on over his dress. It was embroidered with the phrase, 'I Miss Behaved'.

"You have been a very naughty girl, Iris. You will wear the pinafore of Miss Behavior during your punishment," Dolly said.

Van had been so concerned about being seen by Cynthia that he had put the punishment out of his mind. Now his embarrassment was tinged with fear. What was the punishment for trying to escape? Demerits earned extra work in the kitchen or laundry. Lack of attention to lessons led to a ruler across the knuckles. Overt boyish behavior was rewarded with a spanking, which was uncommon because after experiencing a painful and humiliating session with skirt raised and panties down over Muffie's lap, most boys did anything to avoid another. Solitary was reserved for new boys who would not wear the uniform. The few boys who experienced that punishment never rebelled against the clothing again.

Would he be spanked? If so, would they let Cynthia watch his shame?

"Line up girls. Iris, you and Violet take the lead. We're going to the theater," Dolly said.

Van felt a hand in his. They went downstairs. As they passed the principal's office, Van heard a gasp and saw Cynthia at the door. He lowered his head blushing furiously not daring to look up. Perhaps she had not recognized him, but she had seen the uniform. Even if she thought this was a parade of real, if shorthaired, girls. She must still wonder what they were doing at a boy's school.



The boys took seats in the theater all carefully smoothing their skirts and petticoats under them as they sat. Ms Gilbert, Muffie and a puzzled looking Cynthia entered last and sat in the front.

Ms Gilbert took the stage; “We are here this morning because a very serious breach of discipline occurred last night. One of your fellow students attempted to run away from our beloved school. This futile and foolish attempt alone is grounds for the most severe punishment. However, this student also deceived an innocent young woman. Therefore, this student will receive a severe public spanking.”

“Oh no!” Van thought.

“Iris, come forward.”

Van rose unsteadily and walked to the front of the hall. Cynthia was studding him intently. What would she think of him? He felt the elastic of his short puffed sleeves on his biceps. The smell of his perfume was overwhelming. He felt the frills of his petticoats rubbing against his thighs, as they bounced and swayed. Unbidden he felt his penis swell against the smooth

nylon of his panties. He willed it to shrink but it continued to rise. He bit his lip to try to distract his thoughts, but the smooth feel and the taste of his lipstick were another reminder of his humiliation.

As he passed by the front row, he heard Cynthia say, “Van?”

He looked down and away from her and stepped up on the stage. He would be brave.

“Muffie, twenty strokes please.”

Van cringed. No boy had ever received so many. Most were crying out of control after five or six.

“Please no,” Van whispered, mostly to himself.

Muffie pulled him down across his lap, pulled up his skirt and petticoats and pulled down his panties. Van’s exposure and humiliation were total. He tightened his rear, anticipating the first stroke.

Swat!

Stinging, burning pain encompassed Van’s bottom.

Swat!

He squirmed, trying to move the target from the path of the rod.

Swat, Swat, Swat!

He lost all control and began to cry and flail his arms about. “I was wrong,” he cried. “I’ll never do it again. Please stop. I’ll be a good girl, I PROMISE!!!”



The rod relentlessly descended on his tormented bottom for the full twenty. Muffie then released him.

He stood up, sobbing and shaking with pain and shame.

“Compose yourself and retrieve your panties,” Ms Gilbert said.

Controlling his sobs, red faced and red bottomed, Van reached down for the dainty feminine garment. Ashamed of his partial nudity, he bent forward to get them so his dress would provide him with a measure of modesty.



He pulled up his panties, carefully drawing them over his stinging bottom and rearranged his petticoats and skirts. He could not look in Cynthia's direction. The tales she would take back to the circus would ruin his reputation forever.

"Iris, your spanking was for your escape attempt. Now, for your girlfriend's entertainment, you will hold up your skirts and petticoats and sing the school song. Lilly, please play the piano."

Van looked at Ms Gilbert in shock. How could she make him do this in front of Cynthia? He stood immobile as Lilly walked to the piano and played the first few notes.

"Muffie can give you another ten if you are not ready to perform yet," Ms Gilbert said.

Van began to sing, "When I look all –"

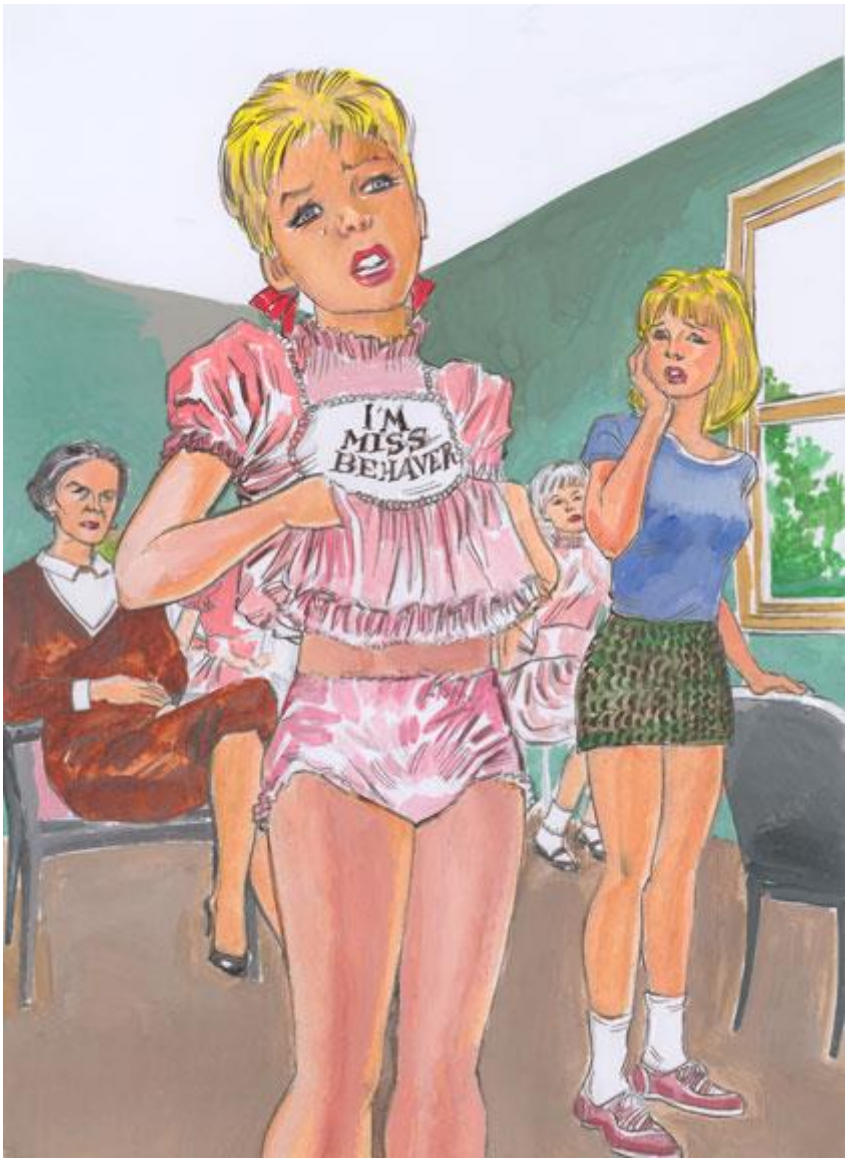
"Louder, Iris," Ms Gilbert said, "We all want to hear you, and lift your skirts please."

Van glared at her, but took the hems of his skirt and petticoats and lifted then slightly.

“To your waist, or would you prefer that Muffie help you?”

Van pulled them higher. Fortunately his member was behaving and there was only a small swelling in his panties.

“That’s better. Keep them like that until I say you may lower them. Lilly, Play our song from the beginning,” Ms Gilbert said.



Lilly played two lead in chords and Van, tears in his eyes, began to sing out strongly.

When I look all cute and prissy
And my dress has a certain swirl
I feel like a darling sissy
I enjoy being a girl

I love my Sylvan teachers
My classmates are all so sweet
I pity all macho creatures

Being girlie is such a treat

When I grow a real girl's hairdo
And my long locks are all in curls
I'll float as the clouds on air do
I enjoy being a girl



I'm strictly a sissy she-male
And my future I hope will be
In the home of a strong willed female
Who'll enjoy having a boy who's a sissy like me.

His singing done, Van stood with skirt up as ordered, all four of his cheeks aflame and his head bowed.



“Very good, Iris,” Ms Gilbert said. “Cynthia, don’t you think Iris did an excellent job?”

“I’d like to go home,” Cynthia said.

“Don’t you want to stay and see my darlings put on a fashion show? They will be wearing the dresses they sewed and embellished with lace and ribbons themselves.”

“I’ve seen enough.”

“I have decided that Iris will be our featured model, wouldn’t you like to see that?”

“No thank you. I need to get home and practice my tumbling.”

“I’m sorry. I’m sure Iris would like for you to see him honored as ‘Miss Panties’ in the show this afternoon.”

Cynthia walked out.

That was almost three years ago. Three long years for Van. Now little remained of the boy who had planned to run away with his girlfriend. The Sylvan School had almost totally eliminated him. This was the third mock-wedding/graduation he had participated in, first as a flower girl, then as a bridesmaid and now, finally, as a bride. He would be returning to the circus tomorrow to perform and live as 'The Lovely Iris'.

What would it be like after he returned to the circus? He was certain he would be accepted by audiences, but what about Cynthia and the other performers? Would they tease him or would they accept him as a girl, and would that be even worse?

"That must be Van."

Startled, he looked toward the familiar voice. Cynthia was there. She was holding hands with Fred Harris and both of them were smiling.

Van shifted his body to hide his breasts from them. As he turned, he felt his long hair caress his neck and the nylon net of his petticoats rubbing against his hairless nylon covered legs. He smelled his own delicate scent and tasted his lip gloss.

A tear slowly drifted down his right cheek. If only he had been able to climb the fence.



The End



Cynthia left before the fashion show. But there is no reason you have to miss it.

First the boys prepared to meet their public. Their make-up had to be perfect or Miss Stanley would give them demerits – or worse!



Friends, family and neighbors are treated to quite a show. The boys anxiously survey the crowd hoping they will not recognize anyone and that no one will recognize them.



Some of the boys were dressed as little girls, some as fine ladies.



Whatever they wore was eventually removed to display their delicate lingerie.



Carole Jean, the wardrobe mistress, thought that ‘Miss Panties’ was the highlight of the show.


Miss
Panties
Miss
Pam


Miss
Panties