

School Skirts for Boys





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SCHOOL SKIRTS FOR BOYS

By Shannon Q. Shannon

What a scene! The citizens of Hamil lined the streets on the first day of the fall term of school to watch 15 red-faced boys timidly make their way to the St. Cece School for Girls where they had been forcibly enrolled as students. The crowd was curious to see the blushing boys in their mid-thigh length skirts with tiny pleats, long-sleeved nylon blouses, and feminine pumps with stylishly tapered two-inch heels, a variation of the traditional St. Cece girl's uniform.

To the boys' great shame, the watchers included their friends and former classmates at Lincoln High School, who could see their shaved legs and knew they

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were wearing training bras, nylon panties, pink nail polish, and light feminine makeup.

Anxious and uneasy about attending this formally all girl school in skirted uniforms and feminine underwear, the boys were strangely relieved when they entered the school and at last were shielded from the eyes of the curious onlookers. In registration, they saw other boys in skirts and blouses, and their embarrassment was slightly diminished. However, when the girl students began to *welcome* them to St. Cece School for *Girls* and made sarcastic comments about their girlish skirts and sissy blouses, their humiliation reached new heights. Because of circumstances beyond their control, they were being forced to attend St. Cece for a whole year. Would the shame and disgrace never end?

In their first class, an attractive woman in her mid-thirties wearing a white blouse, a straight above the knee length black skirt, and three-inch pumps greeted them. "I am Ms. Harvey, your instructor. This class is *Indoctrination to being a St. Cece student* and will include *Carriage, Comportment, Image*, and other subjects we deem necessary. Here, you will learn to respect your uniform and to comport yourselves as proper St. Cece students in actions, dress, demeanor, image, and vocabulary. For starters, you will learn to walk, stand, and sit modestly in your skirts, to properly fasten your bras behind your back, to tie the streamers on your blouse into a neat fussy symmetrical bow, and apply your makeup.

"I know most of you are self-conscious in your uniforms at present, but as all of you are all dressed the same, there's no reason to be uneasy in this class. As for your makeup, freshmen are allowed no more than concealer, foundation, blusher, eyeliner, and nail pol-

ish. You will learn the correct application techniques for these cosmetics in this class."

"We're boys, why do we have to wear makeup and nail polish?" rang out in the classroom. "Isn't having to wear skirts and silky blouses with a bra and panties enough?"

"Concealer will cover any blemishes that may exist, and foundation will give you a smooth attractive complexion," Ms. Harvey continued while ignoring the complaints coming from her class. "Eyeliner will bring out your eyes, mascara will enhance and lengthen your lashes, and blusher will give your face a bit of color. As freshmen, lipstick, and eye shadow are prohibited, but you may wear it when you are away from school. In addition to applying your makeup, you'll learn to properly care for delicate fabrics like your blouses, panties, slips, and any frilly nighties you choose to wear to bed. You will also be taught to wash and iron your clothes, and that includes your blouses, pleated skirts, and lingerie. I'll learn your names soon, but for now, walk around the room single file so I can see how well you walk in your heels and manage your unfamiliar skirts."

"I'm not a girl, and I won't wear this sissy uniform another minute!" one of the boys in the class loudly proclaimed as he grabbed the top of his blouse and ripped it from his body, causing loose buttons to fly wildly about. The boy, now topless except for his training bra, looked about the silent room and declared, "I hate having to wear panties and this damn training bra like I had something to train, and boys aren't supposed to wear skirts! I'm getting the hell out of here ... *now!*"

Before he could make his exit; however, two robust women in black exercise garb bound into the room in

response to the alarm Ms. Harvey sounded when the boy ripped his blouse away. When the mediators hastily forced the perturbed youth from the room in his bra and skirt, Ms. Harvey asked, "What is that boy's name?"

"Jerry Fletcher," came the response from several skirt clad students.

"Hearing that, this is the perfect time to inform you of the title of respect that will be used while you are St. Cece students," Ms. Harvey declared in a firm tone. "As you already know, the honorific Ms. is used when addressing or referring to married or unmarried females, adult or youth. You, being boys, presented a challenge for our politically correct Board of Directors to arrive at a proper title of respect. After much discussion, debate, and wrangling, the title *Miss* was adopted. Therefore, when you identified your fellow disruptive and disrespectful student just now, you should have said, 'His name is *Miss* Jerry Fletcher.'"

"Just because we have to wear skirts and these terrible nylon blouses to this awful school, you can't give us a girl's title!" several of the boys sounded in unison.

"Miss is not a girl's title here at St. Cece," Ms. Harvey insisted as she calmed the rabble. "Instead, it's a title of respect for male students. Here, you will use this title with the appropriate family name when referring to yourself or addressing your fellow students. When you write your name on all school projects, homework, or tests you will use the title *Miss* and your name. Thus, the boy who just left will identify himself, verbally and in writing, as *Miss* Jerry Fletcher."

"It's not right to make us wear skirts and go to this awful girl's school where we are called Miss!" a boy blurted out.

"Your name?" Ms. Harvey asked.

"Larry Jones."

"As I just explained, you should have said, 'My name is *Miss* Larry Jones.' Now, let's try it again."

Turning red at the thought of making such a humiliating admission, Larry hesitated as long as he thought possible before stammering, "My name is ... is Miss Larry Jones."

"Much better. Also, *Miss* Jones, now is a good time to inform the class that students are not to speak without first raising your hand and receiving permission. To demonstrate what happens when you violate this etiquette, come to the front of the class." When Larry stood tentatively beside Ms. Harvey, she ordered, "Turn your back to the class, raise the back of your skirt to your waist, and bend forward as far as possible." No sooner had Larry obeyed when he felt the sting of a thick ruler descending on his panties three times in quick succession. "If that doesn't get your attention, Miss Jones, I can continue."

"Oh no, no Ms. Harvey!" Larry exclaimed in pain. "I understand! I'll raise my hand before I speak in the future and identify myself as Miss Larry Jones! Really I will!" He had been known as a ruffian at Lincoln High and none of the others could believe how easily he had given in to this female tyrant as she applied the paddle to his sissy panties. No one knew of the discipline he had undergone at home to prepare him for such a punishment.

"Very well Miss Jones, take your seat." As Larry smoothed his skirt beneath him and sat at his desk with tear filled eyes, Ms. Harvey turned to the class and said, "Listen and listen well. There will be no use of given names among members of this class. You will address one another as *Miss* and that person's family name not only here at St. Cece, but everywhere else as

well. If you meet a classmate on the street and you are both dressed as boys, you will use the appropriate title of respect. Failure to do so is a violation of the St. Cece Honor Code and the appropriate punishment will be administered. Is everyone clear on that subject?"

After a chorus of 'Yes Ms. Harvey' rang throughout the room, she instructed the boys to converse among themselves and practice the term of respect by making observations like, "You look nice today, Miss Jones." and asking questions like, "Is that a new nail polish color, Miss Dixon?" As they milled about, the boys were embarrassed by having to refer to other boys as Miss, but even worse was being referred to Miss by their classmates. Even worse was the limited number of questions they could make. Red faces were common as comments like "Miss Greene, you look nice in that uniform skirt," "Isn't our makeup nice, Miss Watson?", and "That's a pretty shade of pink on your nails, Miss Jones."

When Matt asked Paul, "Don't you just *love* wearing pretty silky panties, Miss Greene?" things got out of hand.

"Hell no, I don't like to wear panties, and I hate Jenny for making me wear them!" Paul shouted as he hit Matt squarely in the mouth with his fist. At that point, frustration got the best of the other boys, and they began swinging at and hitting one another at random. Skirts flew about wildly as the boys scrambled to assault one another. In the melee, skirts flew wildly askew, and they brazenly exposed panties they were reluctant to reveal, or openly discuss only moments earlier.

As soon as hostilities began, Ms. Harvey pushed a button under her desk. In response, Lady Stanley and the three women in black who were there before

rushed into the room and began pulling boys out of the fight. When they were all finally separated and positioned in a circle around the classroom, Lady Stanley looked over the blushing boys and declared in a firm voice, "You look like a gaggle of ragamuffins, not prim and proper St. Cece students. Tuck your blouse into your skirt and straighten your appearance. What started this fracas anyway?" When no one answered, she pointed to a nearby lad and demanded, "Miss, what started this disgraceful exhibition?"

"I don't know exactly," the boy stated. "I heard somebody yell, 'I hate wearing panties,' and all hell broke loose."

"What is your name?"

"Paul Greene."

"Miss Paul Greene?"

"Yes, but don't call me Miss!" the boy nervously replied. "I'm not a girl, even if I am wearing this damn skirt and sissy blouse!"

"As a St. Cece student, you will refrain from using four letter swear words, Miss Greene. If you slip up and use a swear word or hear another member of this class use profanity, you will report yourself or the other student in your next class. Failure to do so is a violation of the St. Cece Honor Code and severe punishment will ensue. Now, to deal with the brawl we just witnessed, form a circle around me." When the apprehensive boys reluctantly complied, she said, "When I stand before you, you will turn about, bend from the waist, raise your skirt to your waist like Miss Jones did earlier, and wait until Ms. Harvey has delivered three of her best to your panties with her paddle. Then, you will stand, face her, adjust your skirt, and say, 'Thank you for teaching me to be a proper St. Cece student, Ms. Harvey.' Miss Greene, we will start with you be-

cause you will receive three additional swats for dishonoring your uniform and three more for using an inappropriate swear words.”

Paul was a blubbering hulk, and his makeup was a tear-streaked mess once his nine swats had been delivered. Between sobs he wasted no time thanking Ms. Harvey for helping him to become a proper St. Cece student. He then made a valiant effort to repair his ruined makeup while his fellow classmates received their punishment.

When all the boys had stinging buttocks and tear filled eyes, Lady Stanley nodded to Ms. Harvey and exited the room with her assistants. “Okay boys, will you please walk around the room so I can assess your progress in walking in your uniform skirt and heels that you learned at home prior to attending school,” Ms. Harvey instructed when Lady Stanley was gone.

Knowing he hadn’t had as much practice as Paul and Matt and with his buttocks stinging fiercely, Ken fell in behind them and tried to imitate their movements. Despite his sincere efforts, he failed miserably, and was pointed out as needing extra practice. Finally, his two friends and two others were allowed to sit while the remainder of the class continued to walk about the room under the watchful and instructive eye of Ms. Harvey.

Ken was perturbed that he had to refer to Paul as Miss Greene and Matt as Miss Dixon even when they were alone and dressed as boys. The directive that really had him upset was that he had to identify himself in the same manner no matter how he was dressed. Further, he had to sign every test, homework assignment, and document he submitted with the name *Miss Ken Watson*. At the end of class, the boys were assigned to walk at least two hours in their heels with

their forearms parallel to the floor and with limp wrists for homework. "My advice is that you walk an hour before dinner and an hour afterward to prevent fatigue. Never change out of your school uniform until you have completed your homework assignments. To assure that you practice, your progress will be evaluated during class tomorrow, and marked improvement is expected."

Before they left Ms. Harvey's class, she informed them, "As with Miss Fletcher, several of you boys are likely to rebel against your uniforms and curriculum. To quell the spirits of any and all insurgents, Lady Stanley will be staying on as the school disciplinarian. I will handle all minor clashes like just now with Miss Watson and Miss Greene. She will deal with all major difficulties like we had with Miss Fletcher and assist me as required."

Okay, here's the big question you have been asking, Dear Reader. Why are boys wearing skirts, nylon blouses, bras, panties, heels, and makeup to attend a school where they refer to one another as *Miss*? To bring you up to date, it started when the concept of Educational Petticoating, or EP, was developed in England several years ago. EP is the practice of boys attending schools where they are required to wear uniforms featuring skirts like the girls and was put into widespread practice in that country. In the beginning, the reasoning was that students in all girl's schools made significantly higher grades than students from traditional co-educational schools were more successful professionally after graduation. Thus, the plan quickly jumped the channel to mainland Europe where EP swept like wildfire through France, It-

aly, , Spain, Germany, Poland, Belgium, Sweden, Norway, and most other European countries.

The most conspicuous holdout was the USA where the model was routinely and summarily scoffed at and summarily rejected by every facet of the masculine led government. As time passed and the increasing success of EP graduates in business, the political arena, along with other progressive thinking women in America agreed to conduct a trial of the EP concept in the US. It was determined that the word *petticoat* was a major turn off to American males and would assure its defeat before it could start. Therefore, it was agreed to use the term Progressive Concept as a result, largely because the initials, PC, were the same as Politically Correct. It was further agreed that until PC education was firmly established in the US, no mention of boys being required to wear uniform skirts would be mentioned.

The site selected for the PC experiment was the town of Hamil where St. Cece, a century old girl's school, was near bankruptcy because of declining female enrollment. If St. Cece was allowed to go under, the current students would have to attend the local public high school, Lincoln. The influx of 800 girls would overwhelm the facilities at Lincoln and force the building of a new school costing at least twenty million dollars. After frank discussion with the PC minded group, the women on the Hamil school board proposed to transfer a few boys from Lincoln High to St. Cece with the city paying all expenses. The upside being, this would keep St. Cece open and save the cost of building a new school.

A referendum on this idea was held, and the low tax crowd won handily. Thus, 15 boys were slated to transfer from Lincoln High to St. Cece. Enrollment

forms were sent to the parents of all boys entering the ninth grade at Lincoln. Seven applications were received from parents, and eight boys were chosen by lottery. Most of the conscripted boys and their families objected to their transfer, but the list was final. A \$250 per day fine was to be imposed for non-attendance, which was more than any family could afford.

Now, you know the answer to the big question. Here's more.

In addition to wearing skirts, blouses, heels, and being referred to as Miss, the St. Cece boys had a course called *Herstory*. It was the study of great women and their accomplishments. Most of these women barely made a blip in the history they studied in other schools or they were completely unmentioned. In this course, they were heroines, while the names and achievements of most men were ignored!

Day after day, the lessons continued for the St. Cece boys, while Jerry Fletcher remained absent from class. Finally, after more than a week, he returned. The other boys were surprised to see him wearing a uniform skirt and blouse with the outline of his training bra clearly visible beneath as they were. His longish for a boy red hair was longer than before and tinted a brilliant auburn replete with curled highlights. Moreover, it was brushed into a neat teen girl's style, and his nails were shaped into ovals and polished a bright coral shade. Most amazing of all, he was no longer his old brash self and he cringed fearfully whenever Ms. Harvey drew near. More than that, he was the quietest, most respectful student in the room. The other boys were totally taken aback when he raised his hand.

"Yes, Miss Fletcher," Ms. Harvey recognized.

"May I address the class, Ms. Harvey?" he respectfully requested.

"Yes, you may, Miss Fletcher," she replied.

Upon receiving consent, Jerry stood, brushed his skirt into place, and walked to the front of the class. The other boys were quick to see that Jerry had made tremendous strides in the proper girlish walk in his heels. Turning to face the class, he stood properly in his skirt and said, "Ms. Harvey and my fellow St. Cece classmates, I wish to sincerely apologize for my rude outburst last week. Since then, I have been disciplined and shown that the Progressive Concept in education is far superior to the co-educational approach that is favored by most schools in this country. Having been shown the light, I will be happy to wear the St. Cece uniform in the future, and I pledge on my honor to give my full and undying support to our wonderful school. I hope you will forgive me and accept my apology." At that, he walked back to his desk, brushed his skirt beneath him, and sat with his knees properly together.

"Now that you've changed your mind about the wisdom of progressive concepts in education, Miss Fletcher, how do you feel about wearing nylon panties and training bras under your uniform skirt and blouse?" Ms. Harvey inquired.

Rising from his seat, he answered in a sincere tone "Panties and training bras are not only appropriate for boys undergoing a progressive educational concept, they are *essential*."

"I'm glad you feel that way, because today, we will be working on fastening our bras behind our backs as is proper and correct," Ms. Harvey informed the class. "Remove your blouses and then your bras." When several of the boys were hesitant to undress as in-

structed, she said, "Okay boys, I know you don't wish to be seen topless. No proper St. Cece boy does, however, since there is no one else here, there's no reason to be modest."

"She's right," Matt whispered to Paul. "I've only been wearing a bra for a few weeks, and I am a bit embarrassed to be seen without it covering my breasts ... uh ... ah ... *chest*."

"It doesn't bother me because I'm seen topless so often by Jenny," Paul replied.

"Three seconds should be sufficient to fasten the back clasp of your bra, but to be generous, I'm giving you five for training purposes," Ms. Harvey said. "When I press the button, the bell will start the time. When it chimes again, your five seconds will be up. Start with your arms in the straps so all you have to do is fasten the clasp. We will work on reducing that time to two seconds once you grasp the technique."

'Imagine me having to learn to fasten the back clasp of a bra in a group of boys doing the same thing while we're wearing a skirt and panties!' Ken seethed.

"Okay one, two, three," *ding!* When the bell rang five seconds later, only three boys had the back clasp of their bra fastened in the time allowed. They were Paul, Matt, and Jerry Fletcher. "Okay, let's do it again. I want to see you fasten your bra three times in succession in five seconds to assure me that you are proficient at the task. One, two, three," *ding!*

That's the way the class preceded. The boys practiced fastening the back clasp of their bras and received instruction, guidance, and tips that would speed up the process. Ten minutes before the end of the class, they were told to replace their blouses and practice tying their fussy bow ties. When the boys were properly dressed, Ms. Harvey instructed, "Your

homework for tonight is to rehearse fastening your bra for an hour and a half and your bow tie for thirty minutes. I have recorded your best times, so I want to see marked progress tomorrow on both scores. And boys, remember, don't change out of your school uniform until you finish your homework ... *all* of your homework."

As makeup per se was prohibited for freshmen, Ms. Harvey taught her boys to use concealer to hide blemishes, scars, zits, and other imperfections. Over that they learned to use foundation and seal it with powder to smooth out their *look*. For a hint of color, they learned to brush a very light coat of blusher high on their cheekbones. To bring out their eyes, they learned to produce a very fine line above and below their eyes. When they became proficient at applying their *makeup* from practice in class and at home, their homework was to go shopping for a supply of their own cosmetics and to never go without it, even when they dressed as boys. Talk about a group of blushing boys when they heard that!

Ken and Ben Watson were twins who, looked very much alike but were as different as night and day in personality and demeanor. While Ken was strait laced, respectful, and obedient, Ben was mischievous and always playing tricks and practical jokes on others, especially his brother. For example, he would exchange test papers with Ken to get better grades. Even worse, when he was about to be caught smoking dope, he hid his stash in Ken's room and got him busted by their parents instead. Once, when he was joy riding in a friend's car and had a fender bender. He gave the Officer Ken's license. These things led their parents, Stu and Janet, to think Ken was wild. With that in mind,

they enrolled Ken at St. Cece to get him away from the influences at Lincoln that led him astray. He desperately tried to convince them that Ben had set him up, but they didn't go for it, so Ben had zinged it to his naïve brother one more time!

"It's your fault that Mom and Dad enrolled me at St. Cece!" Ken castigated his grinning brother. "If you hadn't pulled all those switch pranks, this wouldn't be happening!"

"No need to thank me for arranging it so you can go to school with all those hot rich chicks, bro," Ben chuckled. "Just think how great being outnumbered ten to one by all those society babes will be."

"Rumor has it that boys will have to wear the same uniform as the girls at that awful school," Ken blushed. "Do you think it's true that I'll have to wear a *skirt* to attend that dumb school?"

"Dunno, but if you do, you'll look super cute in those sexy pleated miniskirts. Say, do you plan on wearing girl's panties and shaving your legs?"

"I'll get you for that!" Ken spat as he lunged for his laughing brother.

Ken's friend Paul Greene lived with his mother and sister, Jenny, who was two years his junior. His mother enrolled him at St. Cece to settle him down and to give him a superior education. When he protested, she merely stated that he would be attending with Ken. No amount of arguing could change her mind.

His other close friend Matt Dixon was an only child who lived with his father and mother. His mother had definite ideas about her son's education, especially after doing a computer research on Educational Petticoating and its success in Europe. The possibility that her son would have to wear a skirted uniform was

of no consequence to her. When her husband objected, she flatly informed him that their son would benefit educationally with a transfer. Being the dominant member of that marriage, her desire prevailed, and Matt was registered to attend St. Cece along with Ken and Paul.

When the rumors got really hot about boys being required to wear skirts at the girls' school, Ken pleaded with his father not to transfer him. "Please don't make me go to St. Cece, Dad. Everyone says the boys who go there will have to wear skirts like the girls. I'll be the laughing stock if I have to wear a skirt, and Ben will humiliate me to death!"

"Don't listen to those stories," Stu said in an attempt to calm his son. "They are just rumors. His father's words were of some comfort, but fear and uncertainty as to whether he would be required to wear a skirt to school persisted. The same anxiety plagued all the boys slated to transfer to St. Cece, especially when they were directed not to get their hair cut before the fall term began and to cut down on physical activities in favor of aerobatics and palates.

To clarify the situation, a letter from the board of directors of St. Cece was sent to the families of the boys who were being transferred. It read: *This memo is to clarify the rumors running rampant that boys who are slated to attend St. Cece in the fall will be required to wear uniforms like the girls. Please be advised that this gossip is not true unless a majority of you 15 boys wish it to be. To establish your preference of the style uniform you wish to wear, please indicate your choice in the allocated space below and return this communiqué.* The two choices were: *I would like to wear the girl's uniform, and I had rather wear a distinctive boy's uniform.*

Not surprisingly, the vote was unanimous in favor of a distinctive boy's uniform. When notified of the results of the survey, the future boy students were assured that they would be wearing a uniform completely different from those worn by the girls. Upon receiving this promise, the 15 boys emitted a sigh of relief.

One evening, Ken received a very excited call. "This is Paul. Don't get your uniform to that damn girl's school! They have this bitch from hell who says we have to...."

Just then Ken heard Paul's mother chastising, "Give me that phone! You know you don't have time to dawdle. Now get busy!" Then, she came on the phone saying, "Paul doesn't have time to talk now, Ken. He has to things to do to prepare for his new school agenda."

"What kind of things, Mrs. Greene?"

"If you ask that, you haven't acquired your school uniform yet, have you?"

"I'm getting it tomorrow."

"Call back after you are fitted with your new uniform. You and Paul will have more to talk about then. Good bye!"

With Paul's panicky call on his mind the next day, Ken accompanied his mother into Stella's Style Shop, the local franchise that provided St. Cece uniforms and accessories to the girl students ... now the boys as well. When Ken and his mother entered the boy's section, a newly designated area of the boutique, he was aghast at the scene before him. Boys were standing around naked above the waist and wearing skirts ... *skirts*! Others wore silky nylon blouses neatly tucked into the waistband of their skirts. Seeing this, he cried out,



"Why are those boys dressed like girls? After the vote, they said we would have a boy's uniform!"

"This *is* the boy's uniform," a rather attractive woman who appeared to be in her mid-thirties declared in a formidable voice filled with a thick English accent stated. "Look at the two uniforms hanging side by side. The girl's uniform you boys rejected features a blue cotton shirt with a button down collar, a man style necktie, and a skirt with wide pleats. The boy's uniform, that was designed by your request, features a long sleeved nylon blouse with an attached bow tie and a slightly shorter skirt with tiny pleats." His foe was wearing a form fitting black dress that fell to her knees. She grasped him firmly by the shoulder, propelled him forward by force and demanded, "What is your name?"

"Who are *you*?" Ken demanded.

"I am Lady Margaret Stanley and I have been engaged by the St. Cece Board of Directors to assure that future male students are fitted with the proper uniform. Once again, what is your name? I have to determine if it is on the list."

"Ken ... Ken Watson," he managed to stammer.

"Yesss, here it is. Step behind this curtain, disrobe, and we'll get you properly fitted with your uniform," she directed.

There were several curtains at the rear of the *boy's* section, but no dressing rooms. Not wanting to wear a skirt or the silky blouse, he made another attempt to escape this awful place, but the woman blocked his path. "Get behind the curtain and disrobe. Your mother and I will wait outside unless you dawdle or otherwise require assistance."

He dejectedly found that Lady Stanley's grip was more than sufficient to detain him. "Mom!" he

pleaded in a desperate voice. "Don't do this awful thing to me! I'm a boy, your *son*!"

"Your father and I discussed this with you, and you know your mischief brought this on," his mother scolded. "Get behind the curtain and undress like Lady Stanley instructed or we'll help you."

"I am more than capable to assure that this rebellious youngster is fitted with his proper uniform." Lady Stanley stated in a firm tone. With that, she put her hand on Ken's shoulder and easily forced him behind the curtain.

On the way, he saw a daunting sight, a boy wearing a skirt with nothing above his waist but a bra. A *bra*! "That boy is wearing a bra! He exclaimed. No way am I wearing a bra!"

"I see you haven't learned to obey instructions," Lady Stanley sneered as she flipped the curtain back. "You were told to undress, so get to it!"

Ken looked at her with a non-believing expression and sputtered, "That boy is wearing a bra!"

"A training bra, yes, and so will you," she responded.

"I'm a *boy*! I can't ... I *won't* wear a bra! I don't have anything to train!" he insisted with tears streaking his face.

"We'll see about whether you wear a bra!" Lady Stanley demanded in a harsh tone. "Off with those

clothes or I'll assist you, and you won't like what happens if I do!" Grudgingly, Ken removed his tee shirt and jeans down to his briefs. Seeing him hesitate to go farther, she ordered, "That disgusting cotton underwear too! Take it off, or I will!" Intimidated by this daunting woman, he stepped out of his briefs and stood completely naked before Lady Stanley and his mother. Adding to his trauma, she held up a silky white lace adorned item and said, "Put these on to cover your nudity."

"Those are girl's panties!" Ken exclaimed in complete disbelief and humiliation. "I...I won't wear girl's panties!"

"They aren't girls' panties," Lady Stanley corrected. "It says right here on the package, '*Boy's briefs to be worn with the St. Cece uniform*'. Put on your regulation briefs unless you want to stand there in the nude and argue."

Blushing bright red, Ken turned the *panties* this way and that before observing, "I don't know which side is the front. They don't have a fly."

"Neither does your skirt. You'll be sitting to relieve yourself, so you don't need a fly. Just remember that the cute bow goes in front." When he adjusted the elastic lace adorned band at his waist. "Insert your arms into the straps of your training bra."

When he hesitated, his mother said, "You'll be wearing a training bra with your uniform to school every day, so it must be fitted correctly."

"I don't need a bra! I don't want a bra!"

"In this instance, the purpose of a training bra is to accustom you to wearing one, not to support or train anything. Besides, all the boys and girls at St. Cece will be wearing one. You'll be surprised how quickly you get used to wearing it." Despite his aversion to the

idea of wearing a bra, his bra was soon properly in place. Lady Stanley then demanded in a firm no-nonsense tone, "Now, into your skirt."

Of all the things Ken had done in his short life, stepping into a skirt while wearing a training bra and nylon panties was by far the most humiliating. After fastening the dark grey pleated skirt at his left side as instructed, he noticed that the hem fell to mid-thigh. She then helped him into his school shirt which was, in fact, a nylon blouse that featured floppy streamers at the neck. "These buttons are on the wrong side," he complained while trying to fasten them."

"Wearing them five days a week to school, you'll grow accustomed to the buttons."

Following several frustrating minutes fretting with the bow at the neck of his blouse, he whined, "I give up! It's too slippery. I can't tie it."

"Just something else to practice, but don't worry," Lady Stanley advised. "You'll be tying a fussier bow than any girl in no time."

While he viewed his image in the full-length mirror after she tied his bow, Lady Stanley instructed, "Let's pop you into these regulation shoes for boys and we'll make sure everything fits properly."

"This damn bra shows through my silky blouse," Ken objected.

'Good, he's already thinking of it as *his* blouse,' Lady Stanley mused as she placed her hand on his back and guided him outside the curtain. "No profanity, and keep in mind that all your fellow boy students will be wearing the same blouse with their bra visible. You'll be no different." To Janet, she advised, "If you supervise his *homework* assignments as recommended in the manual, you'll be amazed by how rapidly he adjusts to his new uniform. However, I'm afraid learning

to comport himself properly while wearing a skirt will take considerably more time."

At first, Ken blushed at being seen in public in his feminine school uniform. However, with so many boys dressed in a similar manner in the boutique, he gradually noticed that no one was paying attention. "I can't walk in these heels," he grumbled as he stumbled about in unfamiliar stilt heels with the tiny pleats of his skirt swirling merrily about his bare thighs.

"Those heels are only two inches high, and with the taper, they are a full half inch square at the bottom to offer sufficient stability," Lady Stanley explained. "The European boys wear large clunky heels with their skirts, but these are much more dainty and stylish. The manual recommends that you wear your heels full time at home, no matter how you are dressed until the fall term of school begins in two weeks. Do that, and you will be walking as gracefully as any girl, or St. Cece boy in less time than you expect."

The next hour was spent selecting his uniforms and reviewing the manual that would prepare him for classes at St. Cece. To his chagrin, he received three skirts and blouses, one blazer, one pair of heels, and a pair of white sneakers with pink laces. Most embarrassing of all, he was given six pairs of nylon panties and six bras, all in white. As Lady Stanley put him through several drills designed to teach him how to manage skirts, he surmised, 'This must be the things Paul was practicing when his mother yelled at him.'

Just then, a ruckus broke out. "One of my assistants is having a problem with a boy's father," Lady Stanley informed them. "I'll be right back." That said, she approached a man, woman, and their son. Ken and his mother heard the father shout, "My son wasn't even supposed to be on the stupid transfer list to St. Cece!

When they removed the names of two football players, they drew Jerry's name to replace one of them. Now, you want him to wear a bra and panties? Well, I say, no way!"

With little effort, Lady Stanley reached out, grabbed the man's earlobe between her thumb and forefinger and calmly instructed, "Come with me sir, and let's discuss this in private." She led him into a back room, still holding onto his ear. Ten minutes later, she returned, followed by a now meek man. Approaching his wife, she said, "Bruce here will be wearing kilts in the future. Take him to Normal Markups and buy him half a dozen dress kilts, twice as many frilly blouses, and a few blazers in varying colors. He'll need the appropriate lingerie, so get him a supply of bras, panties, slips, garter belts, and nylon stockings. Lastly, have him purchase about six pairs of pumps in different colors with varying heel heights from three to five inches. If you have any more trouble with him, bring him back here or simply call me. My number is on this card."

"What happened there?" Janet asked when Lady Stanley returned.

"Macho Mr. Fletcher was trying to prevent his son Jerry from wearing the skirts, bras, and panties that comprise his school uniform," she calmly replied. "Things like that are to be expected in a long standing masculine dominated society like yours. I was sent to put down such silly rebellions in addition to dressing the boys. Yesterday, I had to take another father in hand like with him. Now in their own skirts, they'll support their sons in their new school and proper skirts instead of ridiculing them."

"I must say you handled what could have been a disruptive situation with a minimum of chaos," Janet complimented.

"Thank you, but now back to business. Upon returning home, your son should neatly hang his new uniform skirts, blouses, and blazer in his closet and store his bras and panties in his drawers," Lady Stanley advised. "If any of his former clothes gets in the way, simply remove it to make room. When he finishes that, he ought to shave his legs and use depilatory lotion on the rest of his body. Afterward, have him use the moisturizing lotion twice daily to keep his skin soft and smooth. He won't be allowed to wear makeup to school as a freshman, but he will wear concealer to obscure any facial blemishes, foundation for a smooth appearance, powder to seal his look, a hint of blusher for color, faint eyeliner, and pink nail polish. During his time of adjustment, a measure of corporal punishment is expected to be necessary to keep him focused and concentrating on his lessons. This will more likely be necessary until he grows accustomed to his new uniform and heels, especially in public. We advise the across the lap method that entails flipping up his skirt and delivering several severe swats to his panties with the sturdy paddle we provide when he rebels."

Before Ken and his mother left, Lady Stanley gave him a dark blue leather purse with a long strap that would enable him to carry it across his shoulder. She gave his mother a box that contained a paddle, lady's razors for his legs, barrettes for his hair, a bottle of depilatory lotion to rid his body of hair, wrist bangles, and a few samples of concealer, foundation, blusher, eyeliner, and nail polish. "Read and follow the manual. If you have any questions, or if your husband defies you, feel free to call me or bring him by the boutique for hands on assistance."

"Thank you, Lady Stanley," Janet offered in an appreciative tone. "I was unsure about Ken wearing the uniform skirt when we came here, but you have convinced me that this is best for him and the other St. Cece boys. I will be firm in enforcing his new dress code. If I have trouble convincing him to carry out your directives, you can be certain to hear from me."

Seeing Ken's distress, Lady Stanley advised Janet, "The paddle should be liberally used if he is troublesome. It's amazing how a few sound swats on a boy's panties will change his attitude about wearing his school uniform."

Before the St. Cece financial crisis, all seemed to be going well for Larry Jones. He had a beautiful sexy girlfriend, Jessica Brewer (Jess). As a result of his drubbing the larger Randy Allday behind the gym for coming on to her, he claimed the respect and admiration of his peers. However, all was not well at home. His mother had taken a live-in female lover, Irma McPike, who preferred to be called "Mac" to give her a more masculine sounding name. Their relationship didn't sit well with Larry, and he let his feelings on the subject be known with derisive comments about queers, lesbos, dykes, fags, and other demeaning innuendo.

Naturally, Larry's attitude was abhorrent to the two women, so they sought ways to get him to accept, or at least tolerate, their relationship. News of the St. Cece financial crisis and the proposed way out gave Mac an idea. After researching Educational Petticoating in the UK and Europe, she found that boys wearing skirts to school was not just a rumor, it was *fact*! Armed with that information, she surmised they had the solution to their dilemma. Larry would attend St. Cece in skirts and hear derisive comments about his sexual orienta-

tion even though they would be false. With that in mind, Larry was the first boy to be *volunteered* to transfer to St. Cece by a parent or guardian.

When his mother told him of his pending transfer, Larry was livid. "I won't go to St. Cece!" he shouted. "All my friends and my girlfriend are at Lincoln, and I'm not leaving to go to some girl's school!"

Sensing it was her time to step in; Mac stepped forward and took a firm stance. Looking him directly in the eye, she declared in a determined voice, "Listen, you twerp! You will attend the school your mother feels is best for you, or else."

"Who'll make me?" he demanded to know.

"I will!" she spat while grabbing his right hand in her left, pressed her thumb on the back of his hand, and easily twisted him across her lap. While she held him there, she removed her shoe and began assaulting his buttocks with the sole.

After more than a dozen extremely painful swats, he pleaded through his tears, "Okay! Okay! I'll go to the damn girl's school, but I won't like it!"

"You'll also start being nicer to your mother and me. In the future, you'll refer to me as Auntie or Auntie Mac, and no more derogatory name calling! Got it?" Mac was a black belt in several martial arts disciplines and could easily subdue Larry. "I can repeat this any time I want, and I won't hesitate to do so if you don't keep your promise and toe the line. Now, apologize to your mother and thank her for enrolling you at St. Cece."

Summoning all his courage, he forced himself to apologize to his mother and thank her for transferring him to St. Cece. "Thank you for transferring me to St. Cece, Mom. I promise to be nicer to you and Auntie Mac and stop calling you bad names."

"No more Mom, you will refer to her as *Mother* from now on because it sounds more polite and respectful. You'll also start being obedient to both of us. Got it?"

"Yes, Auntie Mac," Larry sighed in a defeated tone. "I...I'll do as you say, but why are you doing this to me ... sending me to a girl's school? I heard the boys who go there will have to wear skirts like the girls."

Choosing not to reveal the fact that he would definitely be wearing skirts to St. Cece, she said, "If you attend a girl's school, your sexual preferences are bound to come into question. After that, you will surely be taunted and demeaned with insulting names like you have been calling your mother and me. In other words, I want you to get some of your own back and learn how much those words hurt."

"I'm sorry, Auntie. I didn't know. I won't say them anymore, I promise. Please don't send me to St. Cece."

"It's a done deal, so your promises are of no consequence. You will attend St. Cece, and that's the end of this conversation!"

Larry pouted for a while, and after a while he said he was going to visit Jess. "I want to tell her we'll be going to different schools."

'Enjoy your freedom while you can,' Mac chuckled under her breath.

Jess had been in love with Larry since before he came to her rescue and put Randy in his place for hitting on her. Having a boy fight for her was just so exhilarating. When he told her his mother had transferred him to St. Cece, she was devastated beyond words. Beginning to cry, she sobbed, "I had so many plans for us, and we could spend so much time together, eating lunch, walking home after school, and maybe even have a few classes together."

"We can still see each other on weekends," he countered.

"I heard the boys at St. Cece will have to wear a uniform with skirts like the girls."

"No way am I wearing a skirt! Anyway, the boys rejected the girl's uniform, and we were assured that we would wear a uniform designed especially for boys."

Still, Jess wondered if the boys would have a choice in the matter. She had a sinister feeling and tried to picture her he-man in a skirt. 'No, that's ridiculous,' she pondered as she looked her he-man over with pride.

Much to his relief, Ken was allowed to wear his boy's clothes to leave Stella's, but sadly, his mother insisted on him wearing a training bra and silky nylon panties. He knew nobody could tell what he was wearing under his shirt and jeans, but he blushed fire engine red whenever anyone looked his way. When they arrived home, Janet instructed him to undress to his panties and bra so she could show him how to shave his legs.

Her order caused him to panic. "Mom, I don't want to shave my legs! Please don't make me!"

"You heard what Lady Stanley said about the paddle, didn't you?"

"Yes, but please don't make me shave my legs ... at least until I can show Dad my sissy uniform and talk all this over with him. When he sees what they want me to wear, I'm sure he'll change his mind about the transfer and let me stay at Lincoln."

Fascinated and excited to be dressing one of her sons as the daughter she never had, Janet was hesitant to give in to his pleas, but compassion led her to relent saying, "Okay, you can wait to shave your legs until you talk with your father. Meanwhile, pop into your

uniform to accustom yourself to wearing a skirt, practice walking in heels, and tying the bow at the neck of your blouse."

"Please Mom, let me wait until Dad gets home to put on my uniform," he pleaded. "If Ben sees me wearing that skirt and silky blouse, he'll never let me live it down!"

Her son's desperate pleas caused a thrill in Janet she didn't know was in her. She first felt it when she saw Lady Stanley dominate the boy's father at Stella's. Pretending to ponder his appeal, she mused, "No, Lady Stanley said you should practice walking in your heels, managing your skirt, tying your neck bow, and fastening your bra while at home. You're already wearing a bra and panties, so all you have to do is step into your skirt, and slip into your blouse and heels. Those are your choices. Shave your legs or put on your cute uniform and practice those things, or I call Lady Stanley."

Ken hesitated, but he reluctantly consented, "Okay, I'll put on my uniform and practice walking in those stupid heels until Dad says I have to shave my legs, but Ben will have a blast when he sees me."

With a slight smile of satisfaction resulting from her small victory, Janet looked over her son in his feminine uniform and said, "You look quite nice except that your neck bow is all awry."

"I can't tie the stupid thing right. It's too flimsy, and the ends won't come out even. You saw how messy it looked when I tried after Lady Stanley showed me."

Standing behind him and facing him toward a mirror, she said, "Watch me, and tie your bow as I show you. Watch closely because the bow on both sides should be exactly the same size and both streamers the same length."

Even though he blushed at his reflection in his silky blouse, his mother's method made sense, and he tied a neater bow on virtually every try. "I'll never get the hang of this," he sighed in defeat after another failed attempt."

"Oh yes you will! You just aren't trying hard enough. Keep practicing and you'll be tying a perfect bow in no time."

Ken's eyes filled with tears, and in his agitated mood, he tied a very messy bow. "It's not right to make us wear this girly uniform, Mom!" he wailed. "I'm not a sissy, and I didn't do anything wrong to deserve this awful punishment!" Ben set me ..."

"Stop right there!" his mother snapped. "Your father and I discussed the reasons you should attend St. Cece, and you agreed. You can't back out just because your uniform includes a skirt, and you can't go on blaming your brother for your misconduct. Anyway, we don't have time for this now."

"I didn't agree, and it's *not* fair!" Ken wailed. "Ben pulled those pranks and set me up! Why won't you believe me? I don't deserve to be sent to that girl's school in this sissy uniform! Anyway, they didn't say anything about us having to wear a bra and panties or a skirt!"

"They didn't say anything about the girls wearing them either," Janet countered. "Look here in the manual, it says, *"Students are directed to omit their blazers in warm weather and during class."*

"If I wear this uniform without my blazer, everyone will see my bra through this silky blouse!" Ken lamented near tears. "Why do they want to embarrass us so?"

Without commenting on the contrast in the boy's and girl's uniforms or the boy's bras discretely show-

ing through their silky blouses, Janet calmly stated. "Okay, take a break. Remove your blouse and practice fastening your bra behind your back."

"But Mom!"

"No buts! Learn to fasten your bra properly unless you have forgotten what Lady Stanley said about over the lap spankings on your panties. Your arguing with you at every turn has made me just about exasperated enough to do it!" The threat of a spanking with that sturdy paddle gained his attention and he began practicing to properly fasten his bra. "Better, but you still have a long way to go," Janet beamed after he had practiced for half an hour. "Take a break. Replace your blouse and practice walking in your heels. Hold your forearms parallel to the floor, relax your wrists, and take short steps placing one foot directly in front of the other."

Ken had more or less accepted that he had to wear the heels as part of his uniform but walking in them made his calf muscles hurt. He was walking a chalk line his mother drew on the hall floor and barely getting the hang of walking in them when Ben came in. "What do we have here?" he asked with a broad grin as he accessed his brother's skirt, blouse, and heels.

"Get out of here, Ben!" Ken shouted near panic. "Mom get him out of here! I don't want him seeing me in this sissy uniform!"

"A skirt and a silky blouse, I'll say it's a sissy uniform!" Ben chided. "Is that a bra? It is! You are wearing a *bra*! No wonder they call that place St. *Sissy*! Are you wearing panties too?"

"Get away from me, Ben!" Ken warned as he turned away while holding his skirt down instead of his fists up. Moving slower than usual because of his unaccus-

tomed heels, he tried to escape but Ben was too quick for him in his unaccustomed footwear. Before Ken could stop him, Ben reached behind him, pulled his skirt to his waist, and revealed what was underneath. "You *are* wearing girl's panties under your skirt. It *is* a sissy uniform ... a *very* sissy uniform ... more than I thought! Looks like I really fixed you this time. Panties and a bra under your skirt, sissy bro! How could things get better than this?"

"They're boy briefs, not panties!"

"Boy briefs, my ass! Those are girl's panties! They don't have a fly and they couldn't be any silkier! That means they are panties, and you'll have to pull your skirt up and sit like a girl to take a leak."

"You *have* to tell Dad you set me up so he can stop my transfer to St. Cece. Please Ben."

"Not on your life, bro. If I tell Dad, he might transfer me to St. Sissy instead of you, and that ain't happening! Good luck in your sissy uniform, bra and panties at your girl's school because you're on your own with this one, pal."

"Please Ben, you've played funny tricks on me before, but this is serious. I'll be the laughingstock of the town and never live down the shame if anybody sees me wearing a skirt and sissy blouse with a bra showing through it to attend St. Cece."

"No way will I get you off the hook brother of mine," Ben laughed as he walked away, leaving his brother to practice walking in his girlish skirt and unaccustomed heels.

"What the hell is this?" Stu Watson demanded when he got home and saw his son walking the chalk line in his sissy St. Cece school uniform.

"You told me to take him for his school uniform," his wife said. "This is *it*."

"That's not a school uniform!" Stu shouted. "It's a girl's skirt and blouse! Those bitches can't expect him to wear those sissy clothes to school for a whole year! I thought all that banter about the boys wearing skirts to St. Cece was just a *joke* to tease the boys scheduled to transfer. You mean it's for *real*?"

"Does *this* look like a joke?" Ken scoffed, holding out his short skirt for emphasis. "Dad, you've got to do something!"

"It's the St. Cece uniform for boys," Janet calmly replied.

"Are you wearing a bra under that silky blouse?" Stu asked while staring at his son's costume. "What else do you have hidden under there?"

"See for yourself!" Ken said while turning his back to his father and hoisting his pleated skirt to his waist to reveal his silky nylon panties.

"Damn!" Stu seethed. "Who came up with the idea of the St. Cece boys wearing such a girly uniform?"

"The Board of Directors of St. Cece had this uniform designed after the boys unanimously rejected the girl's uniform," his wife explained. "Lady Stanley, a stern no nonsense woman from England made sure the boy's uniforms fit properly and that they wore them."

"You should have called me at the office!" Stu boomed. "I would have put that bitch in her place, stopped that crap, and gotten Ken out of there pronto!"

"Good thing I didn't call you," Janet scoffed. "There was a father there, Harold Fletcher, who tried to prevent Lady Stanley from fitting the St. Cece uniform on his son. With very little fanfare, she led him into a back

room to discuss the situation. No more than ten minutes later, she brought him back wearing a Scottish kilt and ordered him to purchase several kilts and a supply of bras, panties, slips, and nylon stockings to wear under them. He wasn't a happy camper, but he left the boutique in his kilt without a peep of protest. As he was leaving, Lady Stanley told his wife that she was available if he or her son gave her any more trouble."

"If they want to play rough, we'll play it their way," he declared in anger. "I'll call Leon Noel, the mayor, and inform him of this lunacy. We'll work with the council and city attorneys to rescind the school ordinance, transfer the boys back to Lincoln, and build a new school like we should have in the first place! Saving money on taxes is not *this* important!"

Ken stood by in his feminine school uniform and smiled as his father ranted about the St. Cece policy that required boys to dress as girls. Being aware of his short pleated skirt swirling about his bare thighs, his smile rapidly diminished as he listened to his father's side of the phone conversation with the mayor. "Damn!" Stu swore as he slammed the phone down.

"What's wrong, dear?" Janet asked. "Why are you so upset?"

"Leon is well aware of the situation!" he avowed. "Every father in town has been raising hell on his phone. Even fathers who don't have a son scheduled to transfer are teed off. Thing is, the city attorneys say our hands are tied, and we can't do anything about this mess. Seems that before the transfer ordinance was voted on, the St. Cece attorneys insisted on an iron clad no rescind clause with an option for them to renew on a yearly basis be included in the decree. That stipulation was to prevent the city from reneging on the transfer policy as that would cost St. Cece the pre-

cious funds they spent getting the law passed in order to save the school. Their claim made sense at the time, but now, it has us by the balls! That means our sons are destined to attend St. Cece in skirts and panties for the coming year, and we can't do a damn thing to stop it!"

"Are you sure we can't do anything?" Janet asked while biting her tongue to conceal a broad smile.

"Dad!" Ken wailed near panic. "Does that mean I have to go to St. Cece in this sissy uniform for a whole year when I didn't do anything to deserve it?"

Without responding as to whether his son deserved his transfer to the girl's school, Stu growled, "According to the city's attorneys, St. Cece was being directed by the feminist alliance that establishes the Educational Petticoating program in the UK and Europe. Leon says quite a few communities over there have changed their mind about the new educational concept and gone to court to try to reverse the ordinance that instigated it. To date, not one has succeeded. Once those bitches set their hooks and establish their educational protocol, there's no way out until the mandate expires. We're stuck until next spring."

"Maybe they should change the name of the school to St. *Sissy* like some of the guys are saying," Ben laughed.

"This is serious, Ben," his father chastised.

'Yesssss!' Janet sighed inwardly while turning away so her husband and sons couldn't see the smile she couldn't suppress. Out loud, she said, "Ken, since you'll be wearing your uniform and things to your new school, you should store them away in your closet and drawers like Lady Stanley instructed. When that's done, you can shave your legs and use the depilatory cream on the rest of your body like you promised."

"Aw Mom, do I have to?"



"You do unless you want me to call Lady Stanley."

"N...no! I'll do it! Don't call her."

"That Lady Stanley must be some piece of work to get you to jump like that when she's not even here," Stu observed.

"She is Dad! You didn't see her with Mr. Fletcher and how fast she got him into a kilt and sent him off to buy panties. You don't want to cross her, believe me!"

To Ken's regret, his mother told him to move most of his jeans and briefs to Ben's room to make space for his uniform skirts, blouses, and blazer. "Please don't make me move *all* my jeans, tees, and briefs," he pleaded.

"According to the rules Lady Stanley gave me, you can keep two pairs of briefs and two pairs of jeans to wear after school and on weekends. Since your skirts don't have pockets, the pockets of your jeans must be sewn shut to accustom you to doing without them," she said. "Now, strip and get in the bathroom so I can show you how to shave your legs."

When his legs were shaved and his body free of hair, Ken said, "My body hair was just starting to grow. I didn't have much, but I sure feel naked without it."

"Don't worry," his mother soothed as she kissed him on the cheek. "You'll be keeping your body hair free for the next year while attending St. Cece, so get used to the feeling."

When the fateful day to be fitted with his school uniform arrived, Mac escorted Larry to Stella's. Seeing boys standing about the sales floor in skirts, silky blouses, bras, and panties brought back the bravado he felt when he attacked Randy. As anger rose within

him, he declared, "Oh no! I'm not wearing that girly stuff! That's not a boy's uniform!"

No sooner were the words out of his mouth when Lady Stanley stepped up beside him and announced, "You'll wear it if your name is on this list, young man. What is it?"

"His name is Larry Jones, and I'll make sure he doesn't cause any trouble," Mac informed her.

"Thank you, but I don't anticipate any difficulties that I can't handle. Step behind one of those curtains and disrobe ... *completely!*

To Larry's regret, Mac watched as Lady Stanley used her skills to force him to comply with the dress code and be fitted with his bra, panties, and skirted uniform. She intimidated him further insuring that Mac would use her ability to enforce the practice routine recommended by the manual. She insisted that he spend hours walking, standing, and sitting in his skirt and heels, dressing and undressing in his uniform, applying his makeup, polishing his nails, tying his neck bow, and fastening his training bra behind his back.

"Okay, all our boys have been fitted with their new uniforms and are practicing the exercises we outlined for them in the manual," Lady Stanley told the Board of Directors, administrators, and faculty of St. Cece, all female. "Are there any questions before our fall term begins?"

"Will our boy students really wear skirted uniforms to school?" a member of the faculty asked. "What if they refuse? What if parents refuse to allow their sons to wear skirts?"

"The darlings will definitely wear skirts, along with nylon blouses, bras, panties, and shoes with slight heels to attend our school," Lady Stanley assured the

group. "If parents become a problem, the new law just passes mandates a fine of \$250 per day on a family who try to prevent their son from complying with our dress code. That should very quickly bring the most adamant protester into line. Also, if the fathers cause too much furor, they can be forced to wear skirts and the appropriate underwear as well. Knowledge that this could happen to them will keep the others in line."

Jess was frantic to be near Larry, so she was heartbroken when he didn't come by to see her or even call for over a week after acquiring his new school uniform. From reports of other boys who had been transferred to St. Cece, she learned that they would indeed be wearing skirts to the girl's school. Ten days was enough! When she hadn't seen or heard from him in that time, she went by his house to check on him. Her knock was answered by Mac who invited her in.

When she asked about Larry and why she hadn't heard from him, Mac said, "He's been really been busy getting ready to enroll in his new school next week. At present, he's practicing his walk in the hallway."

"Practicing his *walk*?"

"Come, I'll show you."

Jess could not have been more stunned than when she saw Larry. To her total shock and amazement, her manly stud was wearing a short pleated skirt, a nylon blouse with a fussy bow, and high heeled pumps. Moreover, he was walking a chalk line with a heavy book on his head. "W...what are you *doing*? What are you *wearing*?" she managed to gasp.

Surmising that Larry was struck speechless, Mac explained, "He's practicing walking properly in his school skirt and heels, but since you are here, he can take a rest. Larry, sit at the kitchen table and visit with

your friend. You can apply two coats of polish to your nails while you chat."

Larry was blushing for all he was worth and Jess wanted to ask question after question. With great effort, she managed to hold her tongue until they were alone in the kitchen. Unable to remain quiet any longer, she whispered, "What's going on here Larry? Why are you dressed like that?"

"Sit here, I'll be right back," he replied while hurrying away with his heels clicking on the kitchen tiles. He returned shortly with a manicure kit. Taking a seat at the table, he brushed his skirt beneath him and sat with his knees together but was unable to make eye contact with her.

"Okay, Larry, what's going on?"

"Surely you know we have to wear skirts to St. Cece."

"I do, but this is a lot more than *skirts*! I can see a bra under that silky blouse. Not only that, you're wearing, makeup, and your brows have been plucked into a thin arch. Since you're wearing a bra, what else are you wearing ... *panties*?"

"Yes, but please don't tease me Jess," Larry sniffed near tears. "They make me wear all this girly stuff. Auntie is a martial arts black belt, and I can't defy her."

"Let me see your panties and maybe I won't tease you."

Larry hesitantly got up, turned away from her, and lifted the back of his skirt to reveal his white nylon panties that featured lace at the waist and leg openings. He stood there for a moment before lowering his skirt and taking his seat at the table.

Jess couldn't believe her hero, her *protector* had allowed himself to be dressed as a girl or that he was behaving in such a feminine manner and polishing his

nails like a girl. For a moment, she sat and watched Larry buff his nails, file the tips in a smooth rounded shape, and expertly apply pink polish. After a while, she got up and said, "This isn't going to work, Larry. I can't take it. I thought you were a macho man, but you have become nothing but a pantywaist *sissy!*" With that, she got up and walked out the door.

Larry wanted nothing more than to chase after her and convince her to come back, but two things stopped him. He was deathly afraid of Mac, and he couldn't bring himself to go outside in his sissy school uniform. All he could do was burst into tears, something he had never done before.

When Ken came down to breakfast in his usual jeans and a tee shirt over boy's cotton briefs the next morning, he reflected, 'I would have worn shorts in this hot weather, but I didn't want Ben teasing me about my shaved legs. These jeans sure feel strange without hair on my legs, and not being able to put my hands in my pockets is weird.'

Seeing his brother approach the table where he was sitting, Ben observed his pink nail polish and scoffed, "No skirt, blouse, and heels this morning, sissy bro?"

Turning bright red at his brother's remark, Ken spat, "You're the reason I have to wear that girly stuff, and you know I'm no sissy!"

"How about a bra and panties?" Ben pressed on while ignoring Ken's point of blame. "Are you wearing a girly bra and panties under your jeans and tee shirt like Mom told you?"

Turning red at the thought of wearing girl's nylon panties again, he tried to ignore his smiling twin.

"Are you going out, Ken?" Janet asked.

"Yes Mom, I'm going to visit Matt since we're in the same boat with our transfer to St. Cece and our sissy uniforms. Paul is too, but when I called, Jenny answered and said he was too busy with his lessons to talk on the phone."

"Okay," she replied in a somber tone. "If you were staying here, you would be in trouble for not wearing your heels. You know Lady Stanley said you are to wear them whenever you are home to get used to them." When he merely turned away while turning bright red, she said, "Make sure to change into them as soon as you return or I'll call Lady Stanley and you can deal with her on your own."

"Sure Mom," he blushed at the thought of being chastised by Lady Stanley. Neither did he relish the thought of wearing heels in Ben's presence and being teased by him.

"That's right, sissy boy!" Ben sneered. "Be sure to wear your girly high heels and learn to walk your chalk line with your ass swaying in that sexy skirt like a girl."

"Ben!" Janet scolded with a grin she couldn't disguise or conceal. "Watch your language young man. I *am* your mother, you know. Heels are just part of Ken's school uniform, and there's no call to tease him."

"And what a part!" Ben guffawed. "Sorry about the ass remark Mom. Son of a bitch if I'll say it again when you are around."

"See that you don't," Janet admonished while trying to appear to scold her smiling son.

Having no countering comment handy that would make him appear less like a sissy in the eyes of his mother and laughing brother, Ken meekly lowered his head and left to visit Matt. That was the only excuse he

could think of to avoid wearing his school uniform and heels.

Upon arriving at Matt's house, Ken was greeted by Matt's mother who smiled broadly and invited him in. To his surprise, Matt was wearing a casual skirt and crop top blouse different from his school uniform and was sitting at the kitchen table with a portable mirror applying makeup to his face. "Why are you dressed like that and putting on makeup?" he gasped.

Before Matt could recover from his embarrassment and reply, his mother said, "It says right here in the manual Lady Stanley gave us that St. Cece boys should wear their training bras and panties and become proficient at managing skirts while walking, sitting, and standing, and to practice polishing their nails and applying their school makeup. Didn't your mother read the manual, Ken?"

"I...I guess so, but she mainly has me practicing walking in heels, tying my neck bow, fastening my bra in back, and managing my school skirt.

"Well, Matt has his heels on to practice his walk here at home, and he wears a training bra and panties full time. In fact, I took him shopping for some training bras and panties of different styles and colors and some stylish skirts he can wear when not in uniform. We also bought some nylon camisoles and a baby doll nightie. When we got home, we removed all of his old cotton briefs and most of his tee shirts to make room for his pretty training bras, panties, camisoles, and nighties. Isn't that right, darling?"

"Yes mother," Matt replied with a blush as he noticed Ken looking to see if he could detect his training bra under his blouse. Then, in a move to save face, he asked, "Would you like me to show you how to apply

your makeup, Ken? Like wearing a skirt, it's kind of fun when you get into it."

"Wearing a skirt isn't what I call fun," Ken replied with a blush. "As you say though, I'll be wearing makeup sooner or later. I might as well learn with you."

"That's so sweet!" Ms. Dixon smiled. "You two boys can learn while performing your school projects together. Say Ken, are you wearing your training bra and panties like Matt?"

"N...no," he blushed again. "Mom says I only have to wear them with my school uniform."

"That's totally contrary to the recommendations in the manual, but it's her choice," Ms. Dixon scoffed. "Well anyway, I'll leave you boys to polish your nails after you do your makeup. Remember to be careful not to get the polish outside your nails on your skin. If you do, you'll have to start over."

"Mom's a real stickler for following the manual Lady Stanley gave her, but I really don't mind," Matt more or less whispered in a soft voice. "I hate to admit it, but I secretly enjoy wearing the St. Cece uniform, especially the silky blouses and panties. How about you?"

"No way!" Ken declared emphatically. "I'm totally embarrassed in that that miniskirt and blouse that is so thin my bra shows through. Besides, Ben gives me pure hell even though my being transferred is his fault."

"My Dad argued that Mom was going overboard with the lessons outlined in the manual, and boy, did she ever get pissed," Matt whispered. "She said if he couldn't support me in my new school uniform, he would have to wear panties under his clothes to empathize with my dilemma."

"Wow! She could make him do that?"

"With Lady Stanley's help, you bet. When mom sets her mind, nobody argues with her."

"Did she actually make him wear panties?"

"I don't think so, but she's holding it over him as a threat. If he gets out of line or resists her plan for me to attend St. Cece in skirts, my money says he'll be wearing panties just like me."

Three days before the fall term of school was to begin; the mayor and council of Hamil issued a proclamation that had been *suggested* by the feminist attorneys of St. Cece. It read:

PROCLAMATION

By order of the mayor and council of Hamil, any boy found guilty of harassing a boy slated to attend St. Cece, by word, gesture, or assault about his uniform or his sexual orientation will be immediately transferred to St. Cece for the remainder of his high school tenure where he will wear the same uniform as the boy or boys he hassled. There will be no appeal or reprieve.

Word of the proclamation spread like wildfire through Hamil and its desired effect was accomplished. No self respecting boy who had dodged a transfer to St. Cece was willing to chance being sent there now. They vowed not tease the St. Cece boys about their sissy uniform or what they might be wearing under their flirty skirts. Thus, the feminine clad boys were safe from ridicule and derision from the Lincoln High boys in jeans and tee shirts. The Lincoln girls, who mostly wore shorts or jeans, were generally indifferent toward the boys in their skirts and silky blouses.

St. Cece girls were different. Not only did they verbally harass the skirt wearing boys, they delighted in shaming them in their girlish uniforms and for what they wore under them. They flipped up the boy's skirts, teased them saying things like, "Hey look, his panties have lace on them," "How do you like wearing a bra?", "Are your panties as silky as that frilly blouse?" and on and on until many of the boys were in literal tears.

"Mom, why do I have to do as Jenny says?" Paul asked. "I'm two years older than her."

"We talked about this, Paulie," she responded. "I don't have time to supervise your training to attend St. Cece, so Lady Stanley suggested that I turn that chore over to Jenny. We talked about this, remember?"

"I know, but does she have to make me wear dresses all the time?"

"Wearing dresses at home will prepare you to wear your uniform skirts. Didn't Jenny explain that to you?"

"She did, but did you have to give her permission to spank me on my panties if I complain or argue with her? I'm older than her, you know!"

"I know, but, how else is she to get you to follow her instructions?"

"But she goes too far!" he complained as he became aware of his skirt moving about his smoothly shaved thighs. "She makes up reasons to spank me, even when I don't do anything to deserve to be."

"I'm afraid that's necessary to get you to obey her in all matters without argument or hesitation."

"She even makes me do all her chores wearing a housedress like this, and if I don't do everything perfectly, she punishes me with a spanking.

"That will give you incentive to do a thorough job with your housework. Now, get back to work, or I'll report you to Jenny. Do you want that?"

"N...no! No! Don't tell her we talked. She'll have me across her lap and standing in the corner. Do you know how humiliating it is to just stand there looking at the wall with nothing to do for an hour or more?"

"Then, I suggest you get busy and stop complaining."

"But Mom, it isn't fair! I have to wear a skirt to school, and dresses at home. My friends all get to wear pants and do boy things on Saturday, even if they have to wear a bra and panties underneath have school makeup and nail polish. I have to stay home in a dress and do housework, so I've lost all my friends. It just isn't fair. I should be allowed to dress as a boy and do boy things sometime, maybe Saturday mornings at least."

"That sounds reasonable. I'll have a talk with Jenny. I won't order her to allow you time off because I put her in charge. I will; however, council her and let her make the decision. Deal?"

"Deal."

When Ken arrived home, he didn't see his mother, so he went to his room to play video games. When he made his way downstairs for a snack a bit later, she greeted him warmly when he entered the kitchen. As he poured milk into a glass, she handed him the phone saying, "This is for you."

After he said, "Hello," he heard a gruff voice, "This is Lady Stanley! Are you wearing your heels in the house as you were instructed?"

"N...no, I forgot," he claimed in a voice quaking with fear and intimidation. "I just *forgot*."

"Very well, to teach you to follow instructions to the letter, go to your room and put on your uniform including your proper training bra, panties, and heels. When you are properly dressed, practice walking in your heels and managing your skirt for the remainder of the day. If your mother has any more trouble with you, I'll come over there and personally take charge of your training. Do you understand?"

Ken wanted to outright refuse but he was afraid to confront this intimidating woman. Instead, he softened his voice and said, "Yes, Lady Stanley."

Seeing her son walking in his heels with his pleated skirt swirling merrily about his smooth hairless thighs and his bra visible through his silky nylon blouse, Janet couldn't suppress a smile. "You applied your makeup and polished your nails at Matt's, didn't you?"

"His mom was making him do his school makeup and polish his nails, so I let him show me how to do it. I polished my toenails too."

Taking no pity on him, she criticized, "Shorter steps, place one foot directly in front of the other, limp wrists, forearms parallel to the floor, brush your skirt beneath you when you sit, and always sit with your knees together. I want to see you walk and sit that way from now on no matter how you are dressed. Now, practice tying the bow on your blouse. I want to see it perfect at all times."

"Aw Mom, you want me to walk and sit this way even when I wear jeans?"

"No aw mom! I'm just following the manual. If you think I'm strict, wait until you get in Lady Stanley's class when school starts."

"I hate walking in these heels. Please don't make me wear them."

"How can you get used to walking in heels if you don't wear them. Now get busy or I'll call Lady Stanley! What's it to be?"

Naturally, Ben had a jovial time when he saw his twin brother practicing girlish lessons in his skirted school uniform and heels with pink fingernails and lip gloss. He didn't give an inch when Ken said, "This is your fault ... me wearing these girly clothes and being transferred to St. Cece!"

After that day, Janet set up a schedule for Ken to practice the feminine manner of walking, sitting, and managing his uniform skirt. No matter where he was or what he was doing, he was to stop and return home by two o'clock. Once there, she made him put his St. Cece uniform on over his training bra and panties and practice his girly lessons until bedtime.

Ken continued to be concerned about Paul and the fact that he could never get him on the phone. One day, he decided to drop by Paul's house and see what was going on with him. His mother answered Ken's knock and invited him in. To his inquiry about Paul she replied, "Jenny is supervising him while he practices walking in his heels, managing his skirt, fastening his bra, tying the bow on his blouse, polishing his nails, and applying his makeup like the manual instructs. I'll get him for you and be right back."

A few minutes later, a red faced Paul expertly sauntered gracefully into the room in his uniform skirt, blouse with a neatly tied bow, and heels. "Judging by

the way you walk, you could use some practice Ken," Jenny proclaimed in a matter of fact tone.

"I practice walking in my heels in my uniform every day after two o'clock," he countered in his own defense.

"Paul practices all day every day in his skirt, heels, makeup application, and polishing his nails," she declared. "Here, let me show you how graceful he's becoming. Walk across the room and back and sit in your chair, Paulie."

Hearing his younger sister's order, Paul walked gracefully across the room and back. He then brushed his short pleated uniform skirt beneath him and took his seat with poise that would be the envy of any girl and sat with his knees primly together.

"Very nice, Paulie," Jenny complimented. "You'll be a natural in skirts when school begins in another week. Ken, are you wearing your training bra and panties under your clothes like the manual instructs?"

Perturbed by such an intimate question from this younger girl, Ken firmly stated, "No, I only wear them with my uniform."

Without another word, she took the phone out of its cradle on the wall and dialed a number. When her party answered, she said, "Ms. Watson, this Jenny Greene. I don't want to meddle in your family affairs, but I feel obligated to inform you that not only is Ken not wearing his training bra and panties, and he's walking with long lumbering steps like a farmer behind a plow. Okay, Mom is right here."

Ms. Greene took the phone from her daughter and said, "Janet, this is Sarah." *Pause.* "Yes, I started teaching him according to the manual, but I didn't have the time to give the project the attention it needed. In desperation, I called Lady Stanley for advice. She sug-

gested that I put Jenny in charge of his lessons and give her authority to discipline him." *Pause.* "Yes, it's working out nicely because Jenny has become quite the taskmistress. If you want Ken to be ready for school in a week, you should get strict like her. Yes, a few swats with the paddle on his panties will get his attention." *Pause.* "Okay, I'll send him home so you can get started."

Even though he was dressed from the skin out as a boy, Ken had a strong suspicion that this wouldn't be the case very long. With gloom covering his face and despair invading his very soul, he turned to leave even before being told to by Ms. Greene. "See you later, Paul," as he said made his exit.

'I can't believe Ben set me up to attend a girl's school in this sissy uniform blouse and skirt.' Ken thought as he went to his room and changed into his school uniform, starting with his training bra and panties. Making his way downstairs, he presented himself to his mother.

"Good," she said while looking him over. "I had a long chat with Jenny, and she laid out a challenging program for your training. You only have a week before school starts, so you will wear your uniform all day every day, and I will drill you from morning until night. Let's get started because I sure don't want Lady Stanley on my case."

'Jenny should mind her own business!' Ken silently seethed.

"Mom talked with me about you needing some time in pants with your friends, and I agree," Jenny told Paul.

"Boy, that's great," Paul declared with a happy smile. Looking down at his dress while wondering

when he could get out of it, he asked, "When do I get to go out with the guys?"

"You told mom you wanted a deal, right?"

"Right."

"In a deal, you get something, and you give up something, right?"

"I...I guess." Paul replied, his jovial mood darkening a bit because he didn't trust Jenny to make a straight deal or concession.

"Okay here it is. You will be allowed to dress *outwardly* as a boy on Saturday mornings like you requested." Just as a bright smile crossed Paul's lips, she continued, "As part of the deal, you'll wear a bra and panties under your jeans and tee shirt." Before he could gain his wits and complain, she continued, "You will also wear regulation school makeup, nail polish, and a pretty satin ribbon in your hair."

"But Jenny..."

"Do you want to go out with the boys?"

"Yes, but..."

"Then, that's it!" she asserted in an adamant tone. "You can go out with the boys on Saturday mornings wearing a bra and panties under your jeans and shirt. You will also wear school makeup, nail polish, and a pretty ribbon in your hair. If you are one minute late returning here at noon, I'll spank you so hard, you will have to stand in class for the next week. That's the deal, and there will be no concessions! Agreed?"

I...I guess if it's the only way I can get out with the guys and not be cooped up in here in a dress all the time," Paul stammered.

About two weeks into the boy's term at St. Cece in their uniform skirts, they entered Ms. Harvey's class-

room and found the room virtually full of ironing boards complete with steam irons and spray bottles. As they brushed their skirts beneath them and sat with their knees together as was becoming habit, she said, "You have received verbal and written instructions on the correct manner to iron your uniform skirts, but I have noticed many of you wearing wrinkled skirts. Since that isn't acceptable for a St. Cece student, you will learn to properly iron your skirts, blouses, and delicate lingerie under my supervision. As you already know, the item of clothing most difficult to iron is your skirt due to the tiny pleats, so we will start there. Remove your skirts, take them to one of the ironing boards, and pull your skirt over the end." Whenever a boy appeared hesitant, she prodded, "Go ahead, no reason to be embarrassed. All of you should be wearing panties."

Slowly, 15 red-faced boys hesitantly rose from their seats, slowly lowered their skirts, and stepped out of them. Clad in only panties and heels below the waist for the first time in public, they approached one of the ironing boards while stealing peeks about to confirm that the other boys' were wearing silky nylon panties.

"Closely examine your skirt and you'll probably see wrinkles, like as not, near the top of each pleat."

"It's impossible to get those wrinkles out," Ken objected. "I know, I've tried. If we have to wear skirts, why can't our skirts have large pleats like the girls'?"

"You want to wear girls' skirts instead of boys' skirts, Miss Watson?" Ms. Harvey inquired tongue in cheek. "Is that right?"

"Girls' skirts, boys' skirts, skirts are skirts," Ken countered. "I don't want to wear any kind of skirt! I'm a boy, and I want to wear jeans like a boy!"

"Is that why your skirt is always wrinkled, because you don't care enough about your appearance to properly iron your skirts? If that's the case, I'm sure I can give you some incentive to assure that you do care. I'll demonstrate, come here, bend over, and place your hands on your knees." When he was in position, she brought her sturdy ruler down severely on his nylon clad buttocks. "I believe I have made my point, Miss Watson," she declared with a tone of sincerity. "Return to your task, and let's see a sense of diligence."

Back at his ironing board, Ken resisted massaging his stinging buttocks through his panties and concentrated on trying to iron the wrinkles out of his skirt.

"If you can't iron out the wrinkles, wet the spot with your spray bottle," Ms. Harvey instructed. "Then, run the iron over the wrinkle and watch your skirt become neat and smooth as St. Cece clothing should be."

"Do we have to do that at every wrinkle all around our skirts?" Larry asked in an exasperated tone. "That will take forever."

"Yes Miss Jones, you must do that at every wrinkle in every pleat. Alright class, I see several of you half-heartedly going about your task, but hear this. You will not replace your skirt until I inspect it and certify it wrinkle free. That means you will enter the hallway for your next class in just panties below your waist unless I have approved your skirt." Hearing that, a bevy of formerly disinterested boys began to work diligently. Seeing this, Ms. Harvey smiled and added, "Your homework assignment is to wash two skirts, iron the one you plan to wear to school tomorrow when it comes out of the dryer. Hang the other one to air dry and bring it, untouched by an iron, to class for practice. Be sure to wear your current uniform until both skirts have been washed, the one you

are to wear tomorrow is ironed precisely, even better than you have done here today."

Finishing their skirts and securing their teacher's approval just before the bell sounded to end that class, never had a group of boys been so eager to step into a skirt and secure it at their waists. Leaving the classroom, they were relieved that at least their embarrassing panties were covered.

As soon as he returned home, Ken rushed to put two of his pleated school skirts in the washer because the sooner he finished, the sooner he could change into jeans. While his skirts were in the washer, he grabbed a snack and still had to wait for the washing cycle to finish.

Knowing her son only wore his school uniform while he was doing his homework, Janet asked why he still had it on and staring at the washer room door. "We have to wash two skirts, iron one, air dry the other and take it to school to iron in class," he replied, leaving out the part about having to stand about in his panties and iron his current skirt in class. "I have to wear my uniform until I complete this homework assignment."

"Sounds like your instructor doesn't want the clothes dryer to remove any wrinkles from your air-dried skirt. She wants you to do that in class."

"It isn't right that I have to attend St. Cece, wear this girlish uniform, and learn to care for skirts and delicate lingerie," Ken complained. "Especially when I didn't do anything wrong to deserve it."

"Yes, you did. Your father and I discussed them with you. We agreed..."

"I didn't agree!" he spat cutting her off. "Ben pulled those tricks and blamed them on me. I told you."

"I guess that's why the pranks, the harassing of boys, the dope smoking, and all the other things you blamed on Ben have stopped since you began attending St. Cece in skirts."

"Ben did that! He quit doing those things because he could no longer blame them on me while I'm wearing skirts to school."

"Okay, enough trying to blame everything on Ben. Go work on your other homework while your skirts wash. Then you can put one in the dryer and hang the other on the clothesline. When the first is dry, I want to see it perfectly ironed without a wrinkle. That will give you a head start tomorrow in class before you change out of your uniform."

Ken was dutifully ironing his skirt and trying to eliminate every wrinkle in the tiny pleats while wearing his school blouse and skirt when Ben came home. Since Ken was usually wearing jeans when he returned home from football practice, he looked at his femininely clad brother and queried, "What's *this*?"

"I...I have to wear my uniform while I iron my skirt for school tomorrow," Ken admitted with a blush. "You have no idea how hard it is to get the wrinkles out of all these tiny pleats."

"No and I don't want to know, sissy bro."

"I'm not a sissy, and you know it!"

"Maybe not, but you're the one wearing a skirt, a bra, and silky panties."

The next day, the St. Cece boys diligently ironed their air-dried skirts with only panties below their waist while Ms. Harvey inspected the skirts they wore to school. She then inspected the skirts they were so meticulously ironing. At the end of the class, she announced, "Only four of you ironed both skirts per-

fectly. They were Miss Greene, Miss Jones, Miss Fletcher, and Miss Dixon. That is a good start for them, but it doesn't make them experts. Only by completing this exercise flawlessly three times in succession will do that. Believe me, each of you will become experts or you'll be walking these halls in your panties by the end of next week. Therefore, the homework assignment for today is the same as yesterday and will remain so until you become experts at removing all of the wrinkles from your skirts."

That afternoon, Ken explained his assignment to his mother as he placed two skirts in the washer. After removing the skirt from the dryer, he understandably had added incentive to iron *all* the wrinkles from his skirt. In fact, he was so engrossed in his task that he paid little heed to Ben when he arrived.

When he was finished, his mother inspected his work and praised, "You have done a beautiful job on your skirt. If you do as well on the other one at school tomorrow, you'll be at the head of your class."

Because of the success the four boys had in class that day, Ken knew that wasn't true. Anyway, he didn't care a whit about being at the head of the class. All he wanted was to avoid having to walk the halls of St. Cece in his panties, a fact he purposely omitted telling his mother.

"Even though Ben knows it's his fault that I got transferred to St. Cece, he teases me without mercy whenever he sees me in this sissy uniform," Ken sadly informed Matt and Paul as the trio walked home from school with their pleated skirts swirling merrily about their smooth hairless thighs. "He even sneaks in my room to see me in just my bra and panties and to snap



photos and videos on his phone. You can't believe how humiliating that is."

"What about the proclamation?" Paul asked.

"The proclamation doesn't discourage Ben. He just waits until we're alone and no one will see or hear her. It's my word against his if I complain, and that only makes things worse for me. You should see him rolling on the floor laughing when he walks in and sees me practicing fastening my bra while I'm wearing a skirt or just panties."

"I don't have to worry about that," Paul sighed in a sad voice. "Jenny is on me from the minute I walk through the door. Like as not, she'll have me across her lap for a sound spanking on my panties just to demonstrate her authority over me."

"Mom and I are enjoying this a lot," Matt beamed. "I never thought I would like wearing girl's clothes, but I do. In fact, I like it so well, I asked mom to buy me a dress and a few skirts to wear after school and on weekends."

"Did she do it?"

"Oh yes, and she bought me some bras and panties in different styles and pretty colors so I don't get bored wearing white all the time."

"Jenny bought me some dresses and skirts to wear at home, but I sure don't like any of them," Paul admitted sadly.

At home, Ken sat at the kitchen table in his school uniform skirt and blouse doing his homework, but it seemed that he concentrated more on keeping his knees together than on his assignments. Still, sitting in this feminine manner was quickly becoming more natural. 'I will be so embarrassed if I unconsciously sit this way or prance along in the swishy way we have to

walk at school when I'm wearing jeans and someone notices,' he thought with a blush as he pressed his knees tighter together beneath his short pleated skirt.

Wanting to finish as soon as possible so he could change into jeans and a tee shirt, Ken noticed he had very little homework in Math or English. His Herstory homework entailed making an outline for an essay on the life and adventures of Amelia Earhart, ending with her disappearance. In Home Economics, he was to select three patterns as a draft from which he would select a final design for a dress he was to sew for himself. After wearing his skirted uniform to school for a few weeks, the idea didn't seem nearly as intimidating as when the project was first announced in class.

Finally finished with his book work, Ken went to his room and removed his blouse and training bra. Not having a stopwatch like Ms. Harvey, he used a clock with a sweeping second hand. By the end of an hour and a half, he was fastening the back clasp of his bra in three seconds most of the time. Due to practice sessions in class and with his mother, he had less trouble with his sissy bow, but it still gave him difficulty. His homework finally done, he eagerly unfastened the side clasp of his skirt, lowered the zipper and stepped out of it. After removing his silky panties, he quickly pulled on one of his two remaining pairs of cotton briefs. That done, he stepped into the shorty pajama bottoms he usually wore to bed during the hot months before attending St. Cece. For some reason, he felt self-conscious for Ben to see him bare above the waist, so he slipped into the previously seldom worn top and fastened the buttons.

In the days before he was forced to transfer to St. Cece, he would be ready for bed. Now, he had to hand wash the training bra and panties he had worn that

day and hang them in his room to air dry. His greatest hope being that Ben wouldn't come in unannounced, as was his habit, and see his humiliating feminine lingerie hanging on the makeshift line he installed for that purpose. He knew it wasn't *feminine* lingerie per se because the package they arrived in clearly stated on the label that they were boy's regulation underwear to be worn at St. Cece. That being of little comfort, he was still extremely embarrassed for everybody in town know he wore a bra and panties to school every day under his blouse and pleated skirt.

A month after the fall term of school began Lady Stanley was speaking to the St. Cece Board of Directors and faculty. "As you have probably observed, no matter how aggressive, belligerent, or obstinate our boys were in their resolve not to wear skirts when they enrolled in our school, every one of them is reluctantly accepting his school uniform. As an added bonus, they are beginning to adopt a slightly feminine demeanor, carriage, and with the absence of pockets, hand gestures." After listening to the whispers and giggles emanating about her audience, she continued, "Now, while we have them off balance we will gradually add to their feminine comportment and attire, starting with when they are away from school. Do you have any observations or suggestions to add to the ones we have planned?"

"I've noticed that wearing silky nylon panties and training bras to school and changing into cotton briefs at home is a definite point of confusion for our male students," Ms. Harvey offered. "A few of them are mandated to wear panties exclusively by their parents or guardians, but most change into coarse cotton briefs with a boyish fly when they take off their uniforms af-

ter school and on weekends. They sleep in briefs underneath cotton pajamas and only wear panties when they put on their uniforms for school. I think changing from panties to briefs and back again is causing stress and confusion for them. In their fragile minds, they appear to be unsure which undies they are wearing, or *should* be wearing, at any given time."

"Yes, I have seen that type anxiety in boys who are forced to undergo EP and wear certain articles of feminine clothing in the old country," Lady Stanley replied. "The solution might appear to be a bit eccentric or even bizarre, but believe me, it works. Here's what we'll do..."

The next day, Lady Stanley entered Ms. Harvey's class and said, "The faculty and administration of St. Cece have observed that most of you are stressed, and they want to help."

'What boy wouldn't be stressed if he had to wear a skirt to school, not to mention bras and panties?' was on the mind of every boy in the class but they remained silent because they were intimidated by the resolute Englishwoman.

Lady Stanley continued. "After much serious consideration, a research committee has determined that most of your stress is due to changing from your school panties to cotton briefs and back again. For example, most of you routinely remove your uniform after school, exchange your panties for briefs, remove your training bra for the evening or weekend, and wear boy's tee shirts and jeans. That not only confuses your minds, it hinders your progress in becoming proper St. Cece students. To help you overcome that confusion and lessen your stress, you will wear a training bra and panties in the future wherever you are and

however you are dressed. This includes evenings and weekends. To facilitate this directive, you may accompany your home monitor to purchase additional bras and panties in different styles and colors to wear when not in school. Failure to adhere to this decree is a violation of the Honor Code."

Although the skirted boys wanted to openly and loudly object to this declaration, they had learned from painful and embarrassing punishments not to interrupt Lady Stanley or speak without permission. Instead, several well manicured hands with pink polished nails were silently raised.

Taking her pick, Lady Stanley recognized one, "Yes, Miss Watson?"

Ken, still not comfortable being addressed as *Miss*, rose to his feet, nervously brushed his short pleated skirt into place as he had been taught, and stammered, "It...it's bad enough that we have to wear skirts, blouses, high heels, bras, and panties here at school, but it's not right for you to tell us what to wear when we're not here."

"Tell me this, Miss Watson. When you leave off your bra and panties and wear cotton briefs under your jeans, do you walk with short steps, placing one foot directly in front of the other and sit with your knees together? Do you keep your makeup fresh and your nails neatly polished as you have been instructed?"

"N...no, not usually" he hesitantly admitted with a bright blush.

"See, you're embarrassed about not paying attention to the demeanor and the *look* of a St. Cece student that you've learned to be in this class. How do you feel when you polish your nails at night while wearing cotton pajamas and briefs? Don't try to tell me that you

don't feel agitated and stressed when you change back into your bra, panties, and makeup the next morning."

"I... I guess I do, but that's all part of my school uniform, and I hate polishing my nails no matter what I'm wearing," he admitted with an even brighter blush while nervously toying with the pleats of his short skirt.

"Do any of you others feel differently when you polish your nails and change into your training bra and panties for school," When no one protested this time, Lady Stanley continued, "Alright, by proclamation of the board of directors, you are ordered to dispose of your cotton briefs and wear nylon panties, a training bra, nail polish, and your school makeup at all times no matter how you are outwardly dressed. That will quickly eliminate the mental chaos associated with changing back and forth from nylon to cotton and back to nylon, wearing makeup and going without. Keep in mind that this rule was passed with your mental well-being in mind. Are there any questions?"

'I don't care what those bitches say, I'm not giving up my briefs and wearing a damn bra and panties full time,' Ken silently vowed. 'Honor Code be damned!'

"Very well, "From conversations with your home monitors, another cause of your stress has been identified. That is the inconsistency of your sleeping attire, and we have learned that, among you as a group, that attire is varied. Some of you sleep in cotton pajama bottoms and a tee shirt, others in an old football jersey, and still some of you in just panties and a cotton shirt. Again, this inconsistency of changing from nylon to cotton and back again is causing untold anxiety on your subconscious mind without you being aware. Fortunately, I can help."

Larry raised his hand.

"Yes, Miss Jones.

Larry rose to his feet, adjusted his skirt, and asked, "Lady Stanley, are you going to tell us what to wear to bed?"

"Since part of my job is to help you modify your former ways and become well-adjusted St. Cece students, the answer is *yes*. With that in mind, your assignment for this weekend is to go to a boutique other than Stella's and purchase two nighties. One will be full length and with it purchase a translucent negligee and matching bedroom slippers with at least a three-inch heel. The other will be a baby doll nightie with matching panties and both will be made of silk, satin, or nylon. For shopping, you are to wear jeans and a tee shirt over your training bra and panties and don't forget your school makeup and nail polish. Also, I think it would be nice if you wear a satin or lace hair ribbon. Sleep in your baby doll over the weekend and bring your long gown, slippers, and negligee to class on Monday in the store bag where you bought your nighties."

Unhappy expressions covered all the boy's faces except for Matt and Jerry Fletcher who were smiling in anticipation. Not one of the other boys complained further because they had learned that protests only served to worsen their situation.

Ken was in a dark mood as he sat at the kitchen table after school. Janet knew something was wrong when she saw him sitting with his knees apart and his skirt riding high on his smooth hairless thighs. "What's wrong sweetheart," she asked.

"They keep making things worse at that school!" he declared while handing his mother a note. "Look what they want us to do now."

"Why not shop at Stella's?"

"They want us to get comfortable at other stores, but that's not the point. Can you imagine how embarrassed I'll be trying on nightgowns in the women's department of a boutique while wearing a bra, panties, and makeup I wore into the store while salespeople watch?"

"The salespeople in all the shops know about boys attending St. Cece and that they are buying certain items of feminine apparel. What's the big deal? You may even see some of your classmates looking over and trying on pretty nightgowns and negligees."

"Could we go now so we don't use up a whole Saturday shopping?"

"I suppose so. Go change out of your school uniform and into jeans and a tee shirt. Make sure to keep your bra and panties on and refresh your makeup. Since you sewed the pockets of your jeans closed, you'll have to carry your purse."

'My one pair of jeans!' Ken scowled inside as he removed his blouse and skirt. 'Mom made me give my others to Ben, and I had to sew the pockets closed on these!' He pulled on a loose fitting shirt that wouldn't reveal his bra, brushed his hair into a high ponytail, and secured it with a white nylon ribbon with streamers that shouted *sissy*. 'No way can I look like anything but a sissy going in a woman's boutique to look at nightgowns with a ribbon in my hair with makeup and nail polish!'

Ken wasn't aware of his *look* on the way to the car with his mother because the neighbors saw him in a skirt every day, and now, he was wearing jeans. No one could tell he was wearing a bra and panties, at least he hoped they couldn't. When he walked from

the parking lot to the door of the Queen for a Day Boutique; however, he was on pins and needles. Upon seeing all the dresses, skirts, blouses, and lingerie on display and sniffed the perfumed atmosphere, he couldn't help turning bright red.

Seeing his reaction, his mother tried to lighten the moment by chuckling, "You didn't need to wear blush. You supplied your own."

"I can't help it, Mom. This place gives me the *wil-lies!*"

Before she could respond, a clerk approached them. In a cheery voice, she asked, "How can I help you ladies," Then, recognizing Ken as a boy wearing makeup and a girl's hair style, she stammered, "I...I...uh,"

In an effort to relieve the tension, Janet said, "My son is a student at St. Cece, and he needs a few items of sleepwear for a homework assignment."

In an effort to regain her composure, the clerk, who had a name tag identifying her as Mary Pat, did her best to smile as she said, "Oh yes, I've seen you sissies ... uh ... *boys* flitting about in your attractive skirts and blouses, and I've been wondering if we would ever get any of your business away from Stella. Be assured that I will make every effort to fill your order to your complete satisfaction. In fact, since you are our first male St. Cece student, I'll give you a fifteen percent discount on your entire order if you'll promise to tell your sissy friends about our styles and service."

"Our boys aren't sissies," Janet declared in a firm tone. "Their uniform just happened to include pleated skirts and silky blouses."

"I...I'm sorry if I offended you. He's dressed as a boy and he's wearing makeup, nail polish, and his hair

is tied up in a high ponytail with a satin ribbon. I just assumed ..."

"He's wearing light makeup, blush, nail polish, and a hair ribbon because his school dress code stipulates that he wear them no matter how he is outwardly dressed, not because he is a sissy. As long as you promise to keep that in mind, your apology is accepted. Now, if your merchandise and service warrants, he will be pleased to tell his friends where he purchased his nice things in order to receive the discount."

"I will certainly keep that in mind. What can I help you with today?"

Anticipating a huge savings, Janet handed her the list and said, "We probably should look at the long nightgowns first."

Seeing a decent sale for her and sensing the possibility of a repeat customer but having difficulty envisioning a boy in a nightgown, Mary Pat said, "Right this way." When they reached the lingerie department, she indicated a manikin wearing a short nylon gown and said, "We have some very nice satin gowns with matching panties, but I'm afraid they're a bit more expensive than the ones in nylon."

"Let's have a look anyway," Janet suggested while reveling at the thought of her son sleeping in a long satin gown and matching panties. Immediately upon reaching the counter a gold gown struck her eye, and she knew Ken *had* to have it. "I like that one, but you'll have to measure him to determine the size and length" she said with a wink at Mary Pat.

Seeing Ken's blush Mary Pat understood the hint that Janet was a secret driving force behind her son's feminization and not totally the school dress code. Knowing he was not on board with the idea, she

smiled and said, "Okay young man, step into one of our dressing rooms and disrobe. I'll meet you there with my tape measure."

'At least they have dressing rooms instead of just a curtain to change behind like Stella's,' Ken thought as he entered a dressing room and pulled his tee shirt over his head. Kicking off his sneakers and removing his jeans, he was waiting in his bra and panties when his mother and Mary Pat joined him.

Looking the blushing boy over when she returned, Mary Pat saw his smooth hairless body and asked, "Will you be sleeping in your bra?" When he shook his head, she said, "Then, you'll have to remove it so I can measure you and to try on your gown."

"Since wearing his bra to school these past weeks, he's gotten shy about removing his top in public view," Janet explained while Ken blushed anew.

Seeing how expertly Ken unfastened the clasp of his bra behind him, Mary Pat smiled discretely. Not knowing it was unnecessary to remove his bra to be measured, he stood by as his chest, waist, hips, and the distance from his shoulder to his ankle were measured. After turning the waistband of his panties out to read the size, she said, "Okay, I'll be right back."

If possible, Ken was blushing more than before when Mary Pat handed him a pair of gold satin panties and said, "This gown comes with matching panties. I was sure you would want them."

"What a chic idea!" Janet exclaimed. "Of course we want the matching panties."

Looking at his mother Ken begged, "Please don't make me change in front of you and *her*. Isn't standing here in my school panties embarrassing enough?"

Glancing at Mary Pat with another designing wink, Janet said, "Let's give him some privacy while he

changes his panties." That said, the two women stepped outside the dressing cubicle. Once outside, Janet pulled Mary Pat out of earshot and whispered, "This is going perfectly. Thanks for your help. Keep it up, and you'll have a large order, and I'll have a subdued young man on my hands when I leave."

Back in the dressing room, Mary Pat held the gown out for Ken to insert his arms. He couldn't resist a shudder as the shimmering garment slithered over his smooth hairless body.

"It fits perfectly, and the length is just right so it won't drag on the floor even if he isn't wearing his slippers," Mary Pat declared in a matter of fact tone.

'I've never had a nightgown so sexy, not a full length one anyway,' Janet thought as she watched her blushing son try to find a place to hold his hands so they didn't caress the luxurious satin. "We'll take it!" she said excitedly.

In accordance with Janet's request that she make this experience as traumatic as possible for Ken, Mary Pat asked him, "Would you like to wear your gown out on the floor to select your negligee and slippers?"

The mere thought of venturing out on the sales floor of a crowded boutique in his ultra-feminine gown made Ken very apprehensive. "N...no," he managed to stammer. "You know what goes with this gown better than I do. You and Mom pick them."

"I would have thought a boy would put up more of a fight before wearing such a feminine gown and panties," Mary Pat whispered while she and Janet were looking at negligees.

"Oh, he did at first, but wearing skirts, bras, and panties to school for the last several weeks has mellowed him. That and him knowing that he has no

choice pretty much seals the deal, if you know what I mean."

"It doesn't cover anything!" Ken exclaimed after Mary Pat helped him into his negligee.

"It covers everything above your knees," she countered. "It just doesn't conceal anything. That's the beauty of a garment like this. Besides, you told us to choose it."

"This negligee is perfect with that gown," Janet declared. "Now that you have it, I don't want to see you lounging about in your room in your panties, nighties, or other undies without it on. Who knows when your father might see you? Now, try the slippers."

"The heels are higher than my school shoes," Ken complained. "I don't know if I can walk in them."

"Oh, you'll get used to them in no time like you did with your school shoes," Janet assured him.

"Let me help you out of your negligee and gown," Mary Pat offered. "You can change panties while your mother and I select your baby doll nightie."

Shortly thereafter, Ken left the boutique with his bra and panties replaced and carrying two pink bags. One held his new gold satin nightgown, matching panties, negligee, a pale lavender baby doll nightie and matching ruffled panties. The other contained the box with his bedroom slippers.

At home, things went about as Ken expected. Ben wanted to see him model his new nighties, but he flatly refused. Later when he was wearing his baby doll, the matching panties, and his translucent negligee and was massaging moisturizing cream into his freshly shaved legs, Ben sneaked into his room and snapped several photos on his phone. When Ken begged him not to show the photos to anyone, he was

blackmailed into modeling his gold satin nightie for a few cheesecake shots.

Monday morning Ms. Harvey had her boys change out of their school uniforms and into their long silky nightgowns and matching panties as most of them were a set. To preserve modesty, she told them to strip to their panties, pull on their gowns, then reach up under their long skirts to remove their school panties. Then they were to step into the panties that matched their nightgown, pull them up in a like manner, slip into their negligees, and step into their bedroom slippers. As the red-faced boys flitted about the room in their ultra-feminine bedroom ensembles, there was no need for blusher among any of these boys. Even the boys like Matt and Jerry, who were beginning to enjoy their skirts and soft lingerie, were red-faced.

Things got even worse for the femininely clad boys when they were instructed to stand before the class one by one and tell where they purchased their silky gowns, who accompanied them, and how they felt wearing them. Ken dreaded his turn in the spotlight but, like all the others, it came. He was always embarrassed to the core when he had to address the class while wearing his skirt and silky blouse, but now, he was mortified. "I bought my nightgowns at the Queen for a Day boutique and was assisted by a woman named Mary Pat who was very nice and helpful. My most humiliating time was when I had to strip to my panties before her and my mom. This gown is real satin. It is very silky, and I couldn't help shivering the first time it floated down over my body. At home, I took a bath, shaved my legs, and massaged lotion into them before putting on my new baby doll nightie and this negligee. I sat in it at my mirror and covered my

face with a cleansing masque before massaging moisturizing cream into my arms and body. Then, I went to bed."

Not surprisingly, most of the boys' nighties were pink, and all but Ken's were soft sensuous nylon. They were baby blue, yellow, mint green, or lavender, but Larry's was shimmering silver. With a bright blush, He said Auntie Mac selected it for him and made him wear it until bedtime before changing into his baby doll for the night.

Matt said, "I enjoyed shopping for my new sleepwear with my mother and father. Naturally Dad didn't want to go and watch me as I was fitted for my ultra-feminine nighties. Only after Mom threatened to call Lady Stanley did he agree to go shopping with us. As punishment for arguing with her, she made him select three pairs of elaborate nylon panties in different pastel colors of his own at the boutique. Now, he has to wear them, hand wash them, hang them to dry, and iron them before storing them in his drawer under threat of a severe spanking from Mom."

Finally, the class was over, and for once, most of the St. Cece boys were happy to change into their school uniforms.

Over the next several weeks, things calmed down in the city of Hamil as the *Proclamation* effectively put a stop to all teasing, taunting, and mockery from the Lincoln boys. The adults watched as the St. Cece boys become more feminine in both appearance and actions, most unaware of their part in the process. The girls even ceased teasing the boys, flipping up their skirts, and poking fun at them for wearing silky girl's panties. Since all the St. Cece boys were dressed the same, they more or less accepted their skirted uni-

forms, silky blouses, training bras, panties, heels, makeup, and nail polish as normal school attire.

The boys learned to properly comport themselves in their enforced manner of dress and to project the image the St. Cece hierarchy had in mind for them. In Ms. Harvey's *Carriage, Comportment, and Image* class, they learned. Boy, did they ever learn! With the unwitting help of the town folk, their training went far beyond walking in heels, standing and sitting in skirts with knees primly together, effortlessly fastening their training bras behind their backs, and tying the sissy bows on their blouses.

Ms. Harvey even introduced her boys to hair styling and sent them to a local hairdresser. Most of their hair wasn't long enough to style, so they had to sit while extensions were attached, a boring and exhaustive procedure to say the least. In the end, they all had hair extending well down on their necks in a chic feminine style. During the next several classes, she taught them to put their hair up for the night and required them to sleep in the uncomfortable curlers. The most disturbing part of this lesson was that they had to secure a net over their curler laden tresses and wear them to school the following day.

Dreading his trip to school in his short pleated skirt and silky blouse with his hair up in curlers, Ken was fuming as he sat before his vanity mirror in his long satin nightgown and negligee while trying to secure his hairnet with pins when Ben sneaked into his room. Seeing his grinning brother, Ken screeched, "Get out of here! You know you are supposed to knock and wait to be invited in before entering my room!"

Holding up his phone, Ben quickly snapped a photo and chuckled, "Don't sweat it. I just wanted to get a picture of my sissy bro in his satin nightgown

putting his hair up in curlers. With your arms up like that to fasten your hair lacy hair net, it's the first time I noticed that you shaved under your arms like a girl or a sissy."

"I'm not a sissy!" Ken wailed as tears of shame filled his eyes. "You know full well it's your fault that I have to curl my hair and dress this way! Now, get out of here!"

"Come on, everybody knows they picked the right one of us to be girly. Can you see me wearing a skirt and silky blouse to school, sleeping in a satin nightgown, and putting my hair up in curlers? Honestly, can you?" Seeing Ken trying to envision the scene he had just described, Ben raised his phone and snapped another photo of his irate brother. "You throw like a sissy girl too!" he taunted while dodging a jar of cold crème that was hurled his way as he ducked out the door.

Ken's first reaction was to run after Ben, grab his phone, and delete the photos of him in his feminine gown with his hair up in curlers. Past experience and knowledge that his mother would spank him on his panties like a little girl if she saw him outside his room in his feminine undies or bedroom ensemble. Realizing this was another instance of exploitation he would have to endure at the hands of his brother; he exhaled and continued his daunting feminine task.

'What could be more humiliating?' Ken wondered as he made his way to school in his St. Cece uniform. 'I'm out in public in a skirt and blouse over a bra and panties. On top of that, I'm wearing high heels, makeup, nail polish, and my hair is up in curlers with a net over it!'

Walking to school under the watchful eyes of the Lincoln High students and the adults of Hamil in their short pleated skirts with their hair up in curlers was extremely traumatic for the St. Cece boys. They thought nothing could be worse until they walked the halls of their school with the jeers and wolf whistles of the female students ringing in their ears.

In the classroom, Ms. Harvey taught her students the best way to remove the curlers and brush their hair into whatever feminine style they were to wear. She then assigned them to roll their hair every night before bedtime for a week and come to class with their hair in curlers. If they weren't proficient at creating neat styles by that time, they would be given extra homework until they became so. Very quickly, the boys sported neat feminine hairstyles.

When the expected complaints came from the boys about having neat feminine hairstyles at all times, Lady Stanley made a *concession*. When not in school, she said they could wear their hair in one of several casual styles, ponytails worn high on their heads, angel wings, pigtails, and French braids among them. This did little to diminish the distress of the boys, but no complaints were heard because they had learned to accept *victories* however small and wherever they could get them.

To get out of the house and avoid wearing heels, Ken went to visit Paul on Saturday. Before leaving he made sure his makeup and nails were immaculate and his hair was in a neat ponytail because Paul's sister Jenny would check and inform Lady Stanley if they weren't. Since entering St. Cece, Paul and Matt were among his dwindling number of friends, but at least Paul didn't enjoy dressing as a girl. When Jenny an-

swered his knock, he asked, "Is Miss Greene at home?"

"Yes, come right in, *Miss Watson*," she replied with a bright smile and an emphasis on the Miss.

Ken still hated being referred to as Miss, especially when he was dressed as a boy. He was wearing makeup and pink nail polish, and his hair was in a high ponytail, but he was otherwise dressed as a boy in jeans and a tee shirt. Most importantly to him were his cotton briefs with their masculine fly and the absence of a bra. He felt masculine because he could stand to relieve himself instead of raising his skirt, lowering his panties, and sitting like a girl like he had to do in his school uniform.

Ken was surprised to find Paul in the laundry room ironing clothes while the washer and dryer hummed away. Most surprising was that his friend was wearing a neat housedress and his hair was up in twin angel wings like a ten year old girl. Taken aback, he gasped, "Why are you dressed like that?"

"Jenny likes me to wear dresses to do my housework," he admitted with a bright blush. "This was her favorite hairstyle when she was ten, so she taught me to do mine this way. I hate it, but what choice do I have?"

Just then, Jenny joined them and told Paul he could take a break. Ken was surprised to see her wearing shorts while her brother wore a dress. Also, her hair was gathered on her neck much like what is considered a male ponytail. "You look surprised to see Paulie in his housedress. Don't you wear dresses to do your housework?"

"N...no."

"You do housework, don't you?"

"I have to. Mom makes me."

"You should also wear a skirt or a dress, seeing as how Paulie will be dressed."

"I don't have a dress or a skirt except for my school skirts."

"You can borrow one from Paulie. He has plenty. You *are* wearing your bra and panties, aren't you?"

"Yes," Ken lied as the thought of Paul wearing a dress to do household chores and having an ample supply of dresses and skirts was very upsetting. 'Jenny has truly become a witch with a capital B!' he snarled inwardly.

Although her boys still needed extensive practice to become the perfect image of an ideal St. Cece student the women had devised, Ms. Harvey assured that they became familiar with the basics. To help them learn to walk with grace, poise, and charm, a good portion of each period was devoted to a parade of skirted boys walking around the perimeter of the classroom with a heavy book atop their heads, their forearms parallel to the floor, and their wrists limp. Time was also devoted to developing skills in makeup application, hairstyling, and skirt management.

These boys were taught to properly fasten the back buttons of dresses and blouses. To accomplish this, they were required to bring a back buttoning dress or blouse from home to use for practice in class. They had to remove their blouses, and with nothing on above their waist except their bra, they learned to secure the blouse behind them several times each day until they learned. In the beginning, the St. Cece boys were taught to sit with their knees together. Now, in their advanced training, Ms. Harvey varied this custom. She taught them to cross their legs at the knee and to do so by *accidentally* allowing their skirt to ride a bit

higher to attract a *cute* boy who might be lurking nearby. Naturally, they blushed brightly at the mere thought of trying to entice a *real* boy in trousers to look at the frills under their skirts as though they were proud to be wearing them.

While they practiced this exclusively feminine tactic, rumbles of complaints like, "I'm sure not doing this around any boys even if they are cute!" "Boys aren't cute!" and "I'm a boy, and I don't care about attracting other boys!" could be heard from the femininely attired class members.

"You are scheduled to dance with boys like all St. Cece students when you take swing and ballroom dancing in your second semester. Imagine yourself in a full mid-thigh length skirt that swirls out to give the audience a peek at your pretty panties when your strong masculine partner leads you into a graceful spin. Give that some thought and you might change your attitude about attracting a strong muscular guy to protect you. You never know when a boy in a fancy dress, heels, and makeup might need a strong boy to defend him from some rowdy brute or jealous girlfriend."

Upon hearing that prediction from their teacher, every boy in the class sat up straight and adjusted his skirt across his smoothly shaved legs. Since entering St. Cece, they had done so many feminine things they swore they would never do. Would they really try to attract guys and become elegant dancers in the arms of some nice-looking young man as their skirts swirled out to reveal their panties? Would this year in skirts at St. Cece never end? Would any masculinity remain in them when it did?

All of that wore heavily on Ken's mind as he left the classroom and walked down the hallway. Seemingly

out of nowhere, a senior girl in her blazer and masculine style tie appeared in his face. "I hear you are learning to attract boys. You sissies come in here in your flirty little skirts and blouses and try to steal our boy-friends. If that's what you are up to, you had better think again! You won't try to attract my fiancé by flashing a little leg and a peek at your panties if you know what's good for you, sissy boy!" Needless to say, Ken was totally blown away by this girl's bold confrontation.

Ben was getting antsy because he hadn't played a prank on his brother since he started wearing skirts and attending St. Cece. Try as he might, he couldn't come up with a good practical joke. As he was thinking hard to come up with an idea for a good trick, he saw the St. Cece manual on the table beside where his mother usually sat. Thinking he might get an idea from the pamphlet, he thumbed through the pages and saw a section labeled:

Honor Code. 1) If a St. Cece student cheats or breaks a St. Cece rule, he/she is honor bound to report him/herself. 2) If a St. Cece student sees a fellow student cheat or break a St. Cece rule, he/she is honor bound to report them. 3) If you see another student cheat or break a St. Cece rule and it is found out that you failed to report him/her, you will receive twice the punishment the accused receives whether or not he/she is guilty.

'Too bad I can't make it appear that Ken broke a rule, or I could really nail him,' Ben pondered. 'Oh well....' Just then, he saw a directive that stated:

To relieve stress and confusion, all St. Cece boys are to dispose of their cotton briefs and boxers and replace them with nylon panties. Afterward, panties and training bras

are to be worn regardless of their outer clothing. Boys are on their honor to obey this directive.

'I know I saw that, but I had better make sure or it won't work,' Ben schemed. 'I'll wait until Miss Ken is helping Mom in the kitchen before I check.' Later, after sneaking into Ken's room, Ben was all smiles.

On his way to school the next day, Ben saw his target, Paul Greene. Gleefully, he approached this feminized boy who was his friend before he was transferred to St. Cece. To his surprise, Paul was sealing his facial foundation with a powder puff while looking in his compact mirror. Watching his *former* friend in his short pleated skirt, frilly blouse, and heels, he thought, 'Paul used to be a standup guy, but now, he looks and acts more like a girl than Ken. I wonder what they do to them at that sissy school. Oh well...' To Paul, he said, "Hi Paul, how's it hanging?"

"Um ... I ... o ... okay, I guess," Paul stammered while blushing bright red at being seen in his sissy school uniform by his former friend. He was also taken aback by Ben's reference to him as Paul instead of *Miss Greene*. Regaining his composure, he replied in a soft voice, "How are you, Ben?"

"I'm fine," Ben returned with a devious smile. "You're the first St. Cece boy I've been around except for Ken, and I must say, you look really good in your school uniform. In fact, you look a lot better than he does. How do you like the school and your uniform skirts?"

"The school is ok, but I hate the damn uniform," he declared while holding out his skirt for emphasis. "Oh no! I used a 4-letter word to swear. That's so unlike a St. Cece boy. I ... I'll have to report myself."

"That's bull!" Ben declared. "I've heard St. Cece girls cuss like drunk sailors."

"I know," Paul agreed. "St. Cece girls can smoke, drink, dip, chew, and curse, but not us boys. We are expected to be more sedate, genteel, well-mannered, and virtuous ... *ladylike* even!"

"What will they do to you if you rat yourself out for cussing?"

"Sp...spank me on my p...panties with a thick paddle while the class watches, most likely," he sputtered with tears forming in his eyes. "I...I don't know how many smacks, but I hope no more than three."

"If you don't want to get spanked, don't tell anyone," Ben offered in a manner he devised to test his friend and to set Ken up. "Nobody knows but you and me, and I sure as hell won't tell anybody. What do you say?"

"I...I couldn't keep it from Jenny," Paul demurred while nervously toying with his short pleated skirt. "She would know I was hiding something. I don't know how, but she always knows. No, I'll have to report myself. It was nice talking with you, Ben, but I have to go. I sure am dreading this."

"How do you like wearing silky panties?"

"I hate it, but Jenny threw out all of my briefs and boxers when I had to start wearing my school skirts. Panties are all I have to wear."

"Ken claims to hate wearing panties too, but I think he secretly loves them. Okay, see you Paul."

"Bye, bye Ben," Paul said with a little wave of his pink-tipped fingers he was taught in Ms. Harvey's class. Then, thinking how only a sissy would wave like that, he blushed anew.

'Super!' Ben thought as he watched Paul walk away in the sissy manner he had developed while practicing hour after agonizing hour with a book atop his head. He was especially intrigued by the way Paul's hips swayed as naturally and seductively as any girl and his short skirt moved merrily about his smooth hairless thighs. 'If that sissy turns himself in, he won't hesitate to report Ken after I lower the boom on him. I'll check with *Miss Paul* tomorrow and firm it up. Boy is this ever *great!*'

Paul was usually calm and sedate as he learned the lesson of the day in Ms. Harvey's class. Today; however, he was a nervous wreck, fidgeting and shifting in his seat. Finally, he could remain silent no longer. After raising his hand and being recognized, he stood, adjusted his skirt, and asked, "May I address the class, Ms. Harvey?"

"Of course you may, Miss Greene," she replied. "Proceed."

Standing before the class, Paul shuffled uneasily and toyed with his skirt before finally admitting, "I disrespected St. Cece and this class this morning by using a swear word. I have been sitting here resolving not to admit my error, but I have to come clean and confess my transgression. I couldn't keep it to myself, so my punishment is in your hands." Despite himself, tears of shame flowed down his face streaking his makeup as he stood contritely before the class.

"Alright class, Miss Greene has freely admitted his breach of the rules," Ms. Harvey announced. "The floor is open. Is there any discussion?"

Ken raised his hand and stood beside his desk when he was recognized. "Miss Greene was wrong to swear. That kind of talk is inappropriate for a St. Cece boy,



but since he admitted his error as stated in the Honor Code, I think his punishment should be minimal." That said, he smoothed his skirt beneath him and sat with his knees primly together as had become habit.

Several other boys stood and defended Paul on the same grounds, and in the end it was decided that Paul would receive three swats with the heavy ruler and stand facing the corner with his skirt at his waist for the remainder of the class. "Alright, Miss Greene, assume the position." Obediently, Paul turned his back to the class, raised the rear of his skirt, and bent forward. After delivering three exceedingly severe swats to his panties, Ms. Harvey said, "You will report your discretion to your sister this evening and accept any penalty she assesses. Now, assume your position in the corner. You may repair your makeup after the bell."

The boys in the class watched Paul standing still and silent in the corner of the room. Because every one of them had received several such punishments, they felt true compassion for him.

Even though he admitted his error to his classmates and received his punishment, Paul was on pins and needles as he approached Jenny to tell her as Ms. Harvey decreed. Imagine the torment a boy in a skirt would suffer while having to admit an indiscretion to his younger sister who was in charge of him. Finally gaining his nerve, he said, "I messed up and used a forbidden swear word today. I admitted my mistake to Ms. Harvey and the class and was punished."

"Okay, who were you with and what were you doing when you felt compelled to cuss?" Jenny pressed. "I want a full report."

"I was talking with Ben," Paul freely admitted. "He asked how I liked attending St Cece. I said the school

was okay, but I hated the ... uh ... *darn* uniform ... especially the bra and panties." Jenny smiled at his admission and his reluctance to repeat the word. "I immediately realized what I had done and reported myself in accordance with the Honor Code."

Swallowing her amusement at his shame and embarrassment at uttering a word he previously used fluently, Jenny assumed a serious expression. Putting her hand under his chin, she raised his head so that she looked directly into his tear filled eyes and said, "It's good that you are associating with a real boy, especially one who used to be a close friend. You just have to realize that you are a St. Cece student, and you can no longer use the coarse language of regular boys. To remind you of that, you know I will have to punish you, right?"

"Yes, I suppose so," he sighed in defeat as he cowered in fear before his younger sister.

"Okay, since you admitted your offence in accordance with the Honor Code and Ms. Harvey spanked you already, I won't spank you today." Just as Paul began to hope that she wouldn't punish him at all, she added, "Tomorrow, and the following two days you will receive three strokes of the paddle on your panties. To assure that I don't forget, remind me that it is time for your spanking after you finish your beauty ritual and before you go to bed. For now, change into a neat housedress and get busy with your chores."

'She has me now,' he thought. 'She knows I'll think about and dread my upcoming spanking all day and that having me wait until after my bath, shaving my legs, moisturizing my body, and slipping into my panties and long silky nightgown before my spanking just adds to my torture. Why does she have to be so cruel?'

The next morning, Ben approached Paul on his way to school and asked about his punishment for saying *damn* the day before. "I got three whacks on my panties with the discipline ruler and had to stand in the corner for a while," he admitted, purposely omitting the three spankings at home, waiting, and asking for them from his younger sister.

"Listen," Ben said as he put his hand on Paul's shoulder and felt his satin bra strap through his silky nylon blouse. As he leaned close, he whispered something in Paul's ear. Paul pulled away exclaiming anxiously, "No, don't tell me that! I don't want to know that! I don't *need* to know that! Tell me it isn't *true*!"

"I swear it's all true and you know now," Ben chuckled. "I saw him, and if you don't believe me, ask him! Now, your problem is what to do with the information.

"I can't!" Paul gasped as his eyes filled with tears. "Miss Watson stood up for me yesterday and got my punishment reduced by at least two strokes. I can't ... not to him ... why did you tell me that...?"

Ben walked away laughing heartily.

As he sat in Ms. Harvey's class, Paul was a bundle of nerves. Thinking about what Ben whispered had him in an awful dilemma. Seeing his quandary, Ms. Harvey inquired, "What's wrong Miss Greenlee? Have you been naughtily cursing your uniform again?"

"N...no, Ms. Harvey," he whined in a small voice. "I learned that someone else broke the rules, and I ... I ..."

"Don't want to inform on a friend, right? Well that is strictly your choice. However, you know what will happen if this misdeed is discovered by some other means and it is established that you knew of it before-

hand. My advice is to fess up. We're waiting, Miss Greene," Ms. Harvey prodded. "I wouldn't want to call your sister in here to get the information from you, but I will if necessary."

Hearing her threat to bring Jenny into this matter, Paul thought of how he had to ask for spankings the next three days, and he burst into a new torrent of tears. "No!" he cried as he nervously adjusted his skirt across his smooth hairless thighs. "Please don't bring Jenny here! She would ..."

"Then get to the head of the class and tell us what you know to be true about a certain party, or I will personally bring your sister here to extract the information we need from you!" his teacher stated emphatically.

In his frenzied state, Paul was very apprehensive as he walked to the head of the class and turned to face his fellow students. 'What have I allowed these people to do to me?' he commiserated inwardly. 'Not long ago, I had never thought of wearing anything feminine and wouldn't consider informing on my best friend. Now, I'm completely dressed as a girl, and they're telling me it is my duty to rat him out.' Sniffing through his tears, he grudgingly admitted. "It's ... ah ... Miss Watson. I have it on good authority that h...he held some of his cotton briefs back when we were directed to dispose of them and wear panties exclusively. In violation of the code, he omits his training bra and wears cotton briefs with a manly fly instead of silky nylon panties under his jeans when he dresses as a normal boy on weekends. He does wear his makeup and nail polish in case anybody gets curious. There, now you *know*!"

"This sounds like a significant infraction that could develop into a scandal," Ms. Harvey declared. "To be

on the safe side, I think I'll do what I've rarely done in this class and call Lady Stanley." As Lady Stanley entered the classroom, the femininely dressed boys, especially Ken, cringed in fear and trepidation.

When the tremors quieted, Ms. Harvey turned to the class and said, "Miss Watson, an accusation has been made that you purposely violated the St. Cece Dress Code and concealed your offence in violation of the Code of Conduct. "What do you have to say in your defense?"

Ken had been shocked speechless when he heard Paul inform on him. Gradually regaining his wits, he lashed out at his friend, "How did you know I've been wearing briefs? I never told you or anyone! Ben must have found out and told you. This sounds like that bastard! It had to be him! Tell me, it was Ben, wasn't it?"

"Please don't be angry with me, Miss Watson," Paul pleaded. "We've been friends for a long time. It ... it's just that Ben told me about you hiding briefs and wearing them instead of panties under your jeans evenings and weekends. I was conflicted about what to do. You know the Honor Code and Jenny insisting that I be completely truthful about the way we have to dress. I had no choice!"

"I don't care, it's not right!" Ken declared in his defense. "I'm a boy, and it shouldn't be a violation of any code or rules for me to wear boy's briefs with a fly so I can stand to piss ... uh ... urinate. Why is it not wrong that I have to lift my skirt, lower my panties, and sit like a girl to relieve myself? I want to stand before the toilet and drain my lizard with the seat raised and walk away with it still up!"

"Are you quite finished, Miss Watson?" Lady Stanley asked.

"That's another thing," Ken stormed. "I shouldn't be referred to as *Miss*! That's a term of respect for unmarried girls, not for boys forced to wear skirts and attend a girl's school!"

"I assume that you are finished now Miss Watson," Lady Stanley stated in a firm resolve. "At any rate, we will move on. Your defense sounded like an admission of guilt, but I do have a few questions. As I understand the situation, you only wore prohibited cotton briefs and omitted your bra when you wore boy's trousers and shirts nights and weekends. Is that correct?"

"I also wore them at night under my nighties," he blushed. "I didn't want to wear panties to bed."

"Very well, since you admit your guilt, we will proceed to the penalty phase of this hearing. You only wore your briefs with your pajamas, and when you wore masculine trousers, you omitted your bra. Is that correct, Miss Watson?"

"Yes."

"Then, it seems clear that the problem will be solved if you no longer wear trousers. Therefore, from this day forward, when you are not in your school uniform, you will wear a dress or a skirt over your training bra and panties, and you will wear panties under your silky nightgowns. I'll send a list of appropriate clothing, including the proper undies, to your mother. To keep your mind occupied, you will assume a large portion of the housework while wearing one of your new housedresses."

"I already do a lot of the housework, and I don't have to wear a dress to do it!" Ken protested, finally finding his voice. "I keep my room and the bathroom Ben and I share clean as a pin. I hand wash my t...training bras and panties and hang them to air dry. You don't know how embarrassing it is when Ben sees

my silky lingerie hanging in the bathroom and teases me!"

"Does Ben keep his room neat and clean?"

"No! His clothes and things are always scattered about on the furniture and the floor. The dust in there is an inch thick, and he never makes his bed. I don't think it has been changed in a month!"

"In the future, you will keep Ben's room as neat as your own. You will also wash, iron, and change his bedding weekly. I'm certain that he'll enjoy seeing you flitting about his room in one of your pretty housedresses. You'll also help your mother by washing and drying dishes, washing and ironing clothes, preparing meals, setting the table, dusting, vacuuming, and any other household chores she deems proper for you."

"That's too much!" Ken declared in an adamant tone. "I'm a boy, and you are punishing me for wearing boy's underwear! For that, you want me to wear dresses full time and be a maid in my own house ... to my brother? No way! It's not fair! I'm not doing it!"

Every boy in the class cringed at Ken's bravado. They secretly admired his stand against Lady Stanley and recoiled in fear of taking this bold stand themselves.

"Is that what you think?" Lady Stanley asked in a huff while observing the cowed boys. Turning her attention back to Ken, she affirmed, "Look, you hid underwear that had been deemed improper for a St. Cece student, you wore it in secret because you were ashamed to wear it openly, and you neglected to report your defiance of the Honor Code!"

"I wasn't ashamed to wear my cotton briefs!" Ken declared emphatically. "I hid them because I didn't want to be forced to wear panties."

"Look at your friend, Miss Greene! His makeup is all streaked from crying because you made him think he was being true to some obscure macho code by remaining silent. That's why you are being punished, not only because you wore prohibited cotton briefs! Do you understand now?"

Looking out over his intimidated classmates cowering in their short pleated skirts and silky blouses and thought, 'If those spineless bastards would stand up with me, we could defeat these feminist bitches, but all they do is sit there quivering in their panties.' Aloud, he said, "I understand that you have the upper hand."

"That will do for now," Lady Stanley affirmed. "Before you leave school, come by my office, and I will give you a letter for your mother. It will explain your transgressions, attitude, trial, admission of guilt, punishment, and new duties at home. It will also contain a list of the clothes she is to purchase for you and assure that you wear them. Don't think you can get by without delivering the letter because I expect you to bring a reply from her on Monday."

Realizing he couldn't defeat this intimidating woman without the help of his classmates that wasn't coming, he lowered his eyes in defeat and sighed, "Yes, Lady Stanley."

When Ken handed his mother the sealed envelope from Lady Stanley, she gave it a quick once over before asking, "What's this?"

"I...I...ah got into a little trouble, and this is Lady Stanley's version of what went down," he sheepishly replied.

"By the looks of this, it's more than a little trouble," she observed as she looked over the note. "What's this

about cotton briefs? I thought you moved all of those crude things to Ben's room weeks ago."

Standing before his mother in his pleated skirt and uniform blouse, Ken nervously shuffled his feet and looked down in shame while wondering, 'Why am I ashamed of my cotton briefs? I'm a boy, and I should wear them instead of silky nylon panties. But I am ... I *am* wearing girl's panties! I only wear my briefs at night and on weekends in secret. Now, these horrid women want to take them away even then.' Answering his mother, he said, "I held back two pairs and hid them in my room to wear under my nighties and jeans afternoons and weekends."

"Did you wear your training bra with your briefs on weekends like you were instructed?"

"No, and no one noticed."

"*You* noticed and look where it got you. Have you seen this list of things Lady Stanley wants you to buy and wear on a regular basis?"

"No, but she told me about some of it."

"Well no matter. Go change into your tee shirt and jeans with your bra and panties underneath. Be sure to move those improper briefs to Ben's room where they belong. When we return from shopping, you can take the scissors and cut away the threads that sewed the pockets shut on your jeans and store them in Ben's room as well. Since I don't want to get in trouble with Lady Stanley, I'll be checking more closely to see that you are properly dressed from now on."

Hurrying to his room, Ken slid out of his uniform skirt, peeled off his blouse, and hung them neatly in his closet, Cursing under his breath about still wearing his training bra and panties, he pulled on a tee shirt and stepped into his jeans. Again, he cursed about not being able to put his hands in his pockets as he slid his

feet into his pink sneakers and tied the white laces. After moving his cherished briefs, he returned to his mother.

"You know, I was beginning to have second thoughts about our decision to send you to St. Cece," Janet admitted when her son returned. "I thought you had settled down and your rebellious high jinks were a thing of the past. You even appeared to be happy in your St. Cece uniform at times. What caused you to backslide and instigate this fiasco, I can't imagine. Anyway, I spoke with your father on the phone while you were changing, and he agrees that you should be disciplined to prevent us from being fined for your defiance. Also, he thinks we should accept Lady Stanley's assessment of your misdeeds, agree to her verdict of your guilt, and endorse her determination of your punishment."

"But I didn't do anything wrong," Ken asserted. "Ben set me up. Why won't you believe me?"

"Ben set you up to omit your bra and wear inappropriate coarse cotton briefs instead of soft silky nylon panties like you were instructed, I know." Janet rebuked her son "You should have been ashamed to wear those prohibited things and go without a bra. Now look, we've been all through this so don't start again!" As she placed her hand on his shoulder, she felt the satin bra strap under his shirt and looked him over. Assuming he was wearing panties as directed, she said, "Fix your face and bring your purse."

"But mom!" he exclaimed. "It's not right to make me wear makeup. I'm wearing jeans like a normal boy even if I can't put my hands in my pockets!"

"Normal boy or not, you are a St. Cece student, and as such, you will present the proper St. Cece image Lady Stanley directed in the letter you brought home,

so do as I say. For arguing, wear some of that pretty pink lipstick from your makeup kit,”

“So, my punishment for not wearing a bra and panties when not in school is to wear a bra, panties, dresses, and skirts full time? That doesn’t make any sense, Mom! Now, I have to wear lipstick too?”

“Had you rather wear red lipstick and matching nail polish?” Janet threatened, getting into forcing her son to become more and more feminine.

His arguing just making things worse, Ken walked away to do his mother’s bidding. When he returned with his pink lipstick in place, she handed him a note and advised, “Grab your purse, put this on the kitchen table, and we can go.” Looking at the note, it read: *Stu, I will be shopping late with Ken. You guys will have to order out for dinner. Love, Mom.*

END OF BOOK ONE