

School Skirts for Boys

Book Two



Shannon Q. Shannon



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SCHOOL SKIRTS FOR BOYS 2

By Shannon Q. Shannon

No surprise, Ken's mother took him to Queen for a Day Boutique where she bought his nightgowns. When Mary Pat saw them, she smiled brightly and asked if she could help, Janet said, "Yes. Ken needs a couple of housedresses and a few casual tops and skirts. Of course, he'll need a supply of training bras, panties, and slips in various pastel colors as well. We'll start there."

"I suggest that you select his dresses, skirts, and blouses first," Mary Pat replied as if a boy wearing dresses, skirts, and lingerie was completely normal. "That way, you can be assured his new slips are the

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right length and that the color of his bras and panties match his outer clothes. I've had quite a few St. Cece boys come in here because of your recommendation so I'll give you the same discount as before."

"Do you have his measurements from his gown fitting?"

"Yes, I can determine his dress size. If you like, he could go behind the curtain and disrobe while you and I select a few housedresses for him to try on."

"Go ahead and strip to your bra and panties, sweetie," Janet told her hesitant son. "We'll be right in."

'Imagine a boy stripping to his bra and panties so he can try on dresses and skirts because he hid some briefs so he wouldn't have to wear panties!' Ken seethed inwardly as he obediently removed the jeans and shirt that identified him as a boy. He was understandably reluctant to be seen by the clerk again in his embarrassing feminine bra and panties while wearing lipstick, but he had no choice. Walking back toward the curtain, completely oblivious to his surroundings, he passed someone he ignored. When he heard the person say, "Hello Miss Watson," he jumped to alertness.

Looking up, he saw Larry Jones standing alone in a silky ankle length nylon slip with a lace embellished bodice and hem and four-inch stiletto heels. Quickly regaining his senses, he greeted, "O...oh hi, Miss Jones. Why are you wearing such a long slip and heels?"

"In compliance with Auntie Mac's orders, Mother is buying a formal gown for me to wear when she introduces me to her bridge club and identifies me as a St. Cece student. I'm so embarrassed waiting here in just

my slip and heels, but she's having trouble locating the *perfect* dress. I'm afraid we'll end up shopping at some other boutiques before she finds what she wants. Why are you here and wearing just your bra and panties?"

"Mother and I are shopping for a couple of housedresses and a few casual skirts and tops for me because I have to start wearing dresses and skirts full time."

"Is that because of your confrontation with Lady Stanley?"

"You got it! See you later Miss Jones. Here comes mom with an arm load of dresses for me to try on. Hope you find a gorgeous gown."

"I don't, but goodbye Miss Watson. Have fun selecting and wearing your new dresses and skirts."

"You know I will," Ken answered sarcastically while thinking, 'Imagine two boys wearing utterly feminine underwear, addressing one another as *Miss*, and wishing each other well as they choose ultra-feminine clothes to wear in the near future.'

Ken was *patiently* waiting in his white training bra and panties when his mother and the clerk arrived with three dresses each. Observing Ken in his bra and panties, Mary Pat cautioned, "This will never do. Wait here while I get you a slip to wear under these dresses."

"Mom, please don't make me wear a slip," Ken pleaded as tears filled his eyes. "They aren't on Lady Stanley's list, and they're just for girls."

"I know slips aren't on Lady Stanley's list and they are just for girls, but the store doesn't want their nice dresses to touch bare skin. I'm afraid you'll have to wear a slip for the fittings. Come to think of it, you'll

probably need a few slips to wear under your new dresses and skirts."

When Mary Pat returned, she held out a pale pink nylon slip for him to insert his arms. After she adjusted the straps, the hem fell to just above mid-thigh. She followed with one of the housedresses and said, "This dress does up in back. Can you fasten the buttons?"

"Yes, we learned in class, and I had to practice at home," Ken admitted with a bright blush.

'What can they be teaching these boys that they know so much about the ins and outs of girl's clothes?' Mary Pat wondered as she observed Ken secure himself in this neat housedress and expertly fasten the back buttons. "Note that the skirt falls to mid-thigh," she said. "According to the list, your new dresses and skirts should be a similar length so that slip should do for all of them. You can purchase additional slips, half-slips, panties, and camisoles in matching colors to wear with your new dresses and skirts."

Although Ken remained silent, he knew his new dresses would be longer than his uniform skirts as he adjusted a slim pencil skirt that restricted his stride more than he was accustomed. In the end, he was the owner of two housedresses, three casual miniskirts, six tops that could be mixed and matched, two full slips, two half-slips, three training bras, six pairs of nylon panties that matched his new lingerie in pale pastel colors plus a pair of wedge heels of regulation height. Just as Ken thought they were through buying girlish clothes for him, his mother said, "Since you wore those dreadful briefs under your nighties, we'll purchase some more panties so you won't be tempted to violate the St. Cece dress code in the future. We'll also buy you some bras to match."

"Please Mom, don't buy me all that girly stuff," Ken implored. "I won't wear briefs and violate the dress code anymore, I *promise*."

Despite her son's passionate plea, Janet bought the feminine lingerie. Then, at her insistence, he wore matching lavender training bra and panties with a lavender half-slip under his new purple skirt, lavender blouse, and new heels for the trip home. "Since you'll be wearing dresses and skirts full time, put the jeans and tee shirt you wore from home in a store bag to take home. You can wash, iron them, cut the stitches on the pockets, and store them in Ben's room. Be sure to change into one of your new housedresses and an apron before you start to clean that pig sty he calls his room."

Wearing a matching yellow bra, panties, and slip under his new yellow, green, and white print housedress, Ken was changing the sheets on Ben's bed when his brother sauntered in. Looking over his feminine clad brother and noticing the lacy hem of his slip that showed beneath his skirt as he bent over to adjust a sheet on his bed, Ben asked, "What are you doing in here and why are you wearing a dress?"

"Wearing dresses and skirts full time and cleaning your filthy room are part of the punishment you set me up for when you told Paul about me wearing my briefs in secret," Ken spat angrily. "Lady Stanly took quite an exception to that violation of the honor code,"

"Yeah, I really got you that time. Telling *Miss* Paulie about you hiding briefs so you wouldn't have to wear panties was a stroke of genius. After baiting him to let a *damn* slip out and then report himself, I knew he couldn't bring himself to violate the sacred honor code at St. Sissy and keep your secret."

"You did that too? How did you know I wore briefs and left off my bras?"

"I've been sneaking around to take photos and videos of you in your bra and panties. I accidentally shot a few of you in your briefs and noticed the way you were sneaking around and trying to hide them. Thing is, I didn't understand why you would be so ashamed for anyone to see you wearing boy's briefs. I did some checking and found out that you were mandated to wear panties full time."

"I wasn't ashamed. I was afraid of getting *caught* wearing them. The Board of Directors of St. Cece put out a directive that said the boy students were getting confused and frustrated from changing from panties to briefs, nylon to cotton, and back again. Their solution was for us to wear panties and bras full time like they were the only underwear that was appropriate for us. According to the Honor Code, we were supposed to report anyone who wore briefs, including ourselves."

"Yeah, I found that out too, and I tested it by tricking Paul into cussing a bit to see if he would rat himself out. When he did, I set you up by telling Paul about you wearing briefs. It's that simple, and it worked like a charm."

"How could you do this horrible thing to me? I was already wearing skirts and silky blouses to school because of your vicious pranks. Why did you have to take away my last symbol of masculinity? Now, I have to wear bras, panties, dresses, and skirts full time! I even have to keep your room neat and clean until school lets out for the summer next spring."

"It didn't start out that way bro," Ben admitted. "There was no way I could have known how things

would turn out when I set you up with those pranks. I just wanted to keep out of trouble but look how great things are. Nice dress, by the way. With that apron and your slip showing in back, you look like a proper housewife. Now, get busy cleaning my room like a good St. Sissy boy."

When the weather started turning cold in late October, a directive was issued by the St. Cece Board of Directors that read: *Beginning Monday, November 2, all St. Cece students will wear pantyhose and slips under their uniform skirts and blouses for warmth during the winter months. Slips should be lace embellished nylon and must be properly adjusted so as not to show beneath skirts under normal circumstances. School blazers will be worn whenever in uniform, including to, from, and during school.*

The boy students at St. Cece were aghast when they read the directive. None of them had ever worn pantyhose or a slip before being enrolled at St. Cece, and most had never worn them even then. As expected of boys forced into this situation, they complained fervently. Cries of, "We already have to wear bras, panties, skirts, blouses, high heels, girlish hairstyles, makeup, and nail polish. Don't we look and act enough like girls like this? Anyway, it isn't fair to make us wear pantyhose and slips!" rang out in the classrooms, halls, and homes.

"I hear a lot of complaints about the unfairness of you being required to wear slips and pantyhose with your school uniform," Ms. Harvey observed. "I know several of you already wear slips under your casual skirts and dresses after school and on weekends. Those include, but are not limited to, Miss Watson, Miss Greene, Miss Fletcher, Miss Jones, and Miss Dixon."

As the identified boys looked down into their skirted laps and blushed in humiliation, others turned red at the mere thought of having to wear slips and pantyhose. Even worse, everyone in town would know they were wearing the feminine items under their uniform skirts. Would the shame never end?

"Believe it or not, you'll soon embrace your slips and pantyhose as an essential part of your school uniform because of the warmth they provide," Ms. Harvey informed her class. "Remember how quickly you adapted to your bras, panties, skirts, blouses, and heels? Each morning, you dress in these items for school without a thought other than this is what you should wear as a St. Cece student. Now, no matter how much you protested in the beginning, you never consider going out unless your makeup is perfect, your nails are carefully manicured and polished, your hair neatly styled, and you have your purse in hand. Trust me; you'll feel the same way about your slips and pantyhose in short order, especially after you walk outside in the frigid winter wind."

Although her reasoning sounded logical, a rumble of bitterness and resentment filled the room, especially among the boys who had never worn a slip or pantyhose. One resentful lad, Larry Jones, raised his hand. When Ms. Harvey said, "Yes, Miss Jones." He stood and declared, "The boys around here all know we wear bras and panties under our skirts and blouses. If we wear slips and pantyhose, they'll think we're the biggest sissies who ever lived and tease us unmercifully."

"Do these boys tease you about your bras, panties, and skirts now?" Ms. Harvey inquired.

"They smile at us and make sly hand signals and kissy signs that indicate that they know," Larry re-

plied. "The Proclamation sees to it that they never say anything, at least not in public."

"Then the Proclamation will protect you from being teased about your slip and pantyhose, won't it?"

"For the most part, I guess so, but it's still not right to make us wear slips and pantyhose. Those things are too feminine, and we're boys," he declared as he brushed his skirt beneath him and resumed his seat.

Ms. Harvey continued, "Slips and pantyhose are no more feminine than bras, panties, skirts, heels, and makeup. Since I didn't hear a single vow not to wear regulation pantyhose and slips under your uniform skirts, I surmise that you've learned the futility of taking such a defiant stance where the particulars of your St. Cece uniform are concerned. Therefore, your weekend assignment is to purchase three white nylon slips slightly shorter than your uniform skirts and at least six pairs of pantyhose in at least three different brands so you can determine which you like best. Wear one of your slips to class on Monday along with pantyhose, and don't forget your blazer. In class, we will cover the proper way to adjust your slips to the proper length and practice how to manage them in the stiff winter winds."

"I suppose we should have seen it coming that we would have to wear slips and pantyhose to school," Paul said to Ken and Matt as they walked home from school with their short skirts blowing merrily about their smoothly shaved thighs in the mid-autumn breeze.

"Yeah, makes you wonder what girly things they'll come up with for us next," Ken agreed.

"What makes you think that they'll make us do other girlish things?" Matt inquired.

"They just seem to keep coming up with more and more girly stuff for us to wear, do, and say," Ken asserted.

"I sure hope Ms. Harvey is right about us getting used to wearing pantyhose and slips like we have with our bras, panties, skirts, blouses, and heels," Paul sighed. "Jenny will make me wear them whether I do or not."

"It's weird, but after all this time at St. Cece, I sort of feel like this is the way I should be dressed for school," Matt admitted.

"What's weird is that you like wearing all these girly clothes," Paul admonished. "I sure wouldn't be dressed this way if Jenny didn't make me."

"I don't care what you say, I enjoy wearing my uniform, making sure the bow on my blouse is tied in a precise fussy manner and assuring that my skirt is adjusted properly," Matt countered. "I even like signing my name as Miss Matt Dixon. Anyway, Mother bought me full and half-slips to wear under my dresses and skirts at home and they really feel yummy. I'm sure I'll feel that way about my school slips and pantyhose instead of being embarrassed by having to wear them. So there!"

"What's worse, the guys at Lincoln and the town folks must think this is the way we should be dressed too," Paul said with a blush. "Have you noticed that they no longer duck the Proclamation by giving us those sly kissy looks and limp wrist gestures that accuse us of being fags as if we dress this way by choice? I think I hate wearing this sissy uniform more when they take for granted how we dress and don't tease us."

"At first, I was embarrassed about wearing my uniform out in public, but now, I enjoy being seen as a proper St. Cece student," Matt admitted with a smile. "Unlike you two, I don't hate my uniform or the bra and panties I wear under them. I know you guys don't like wearing girl's clothes like I do, but don't try to tell me that you hate the silky feel of your school blouse, panties, a sexy nylon slip swirling about your smooth hairless thighs, or a silky nightie when you sleep."

"Those things feel nice, but I hate everybody thinking I'm a sissy because of the girl's clothes I wear to school," Ken replied. "Ben sneaks around and takes photos of me in my panties and bra on his phone all the time and shows them to the guys and girls at Lincoln. He tells them about the clothes I wear and makes up a lot of stuff that I can't deny because it would my word against his like when I was first sent to St. Cece. How would you like it if you had a brother making things worse than they already are?"

"Cry all you like!" Paul insisted. "Nothing could be worse for a boy than for his younger sister being in charge of making him as girly as possible. Jenny makes me tell her everything I do especially the embarrassing stuff. If I leave anything out, she makes me lie across her lap for a sound spanking on my panties. I don't know how, but she can tell if I lie or leave anything out. You know, like when I had to tell her about the punishment Ben set me up for before I betrayed you for not wearing your proper panties."

"Yeah, I guess. At least I don't have to obey Ben," Ken shivered at the thought. "I mean, he makes me do a lot of his work and stuff, but he doesn't spank me or anything. Not even Dad does that, and Mom hasn't since the first couple of weeks."

"I don't care what you say, I'm looking forward to shopping for my new slippers and pantyhose with Mom and wearing them to school," Matt bubbled happily.

"What does your Dad think about you being happy in your skirts, dresses, and silky panties?"

"He doesn't like me wearing them, but Mom has him so intimidated by threatening to send him to Lady Stanley that he doesn't say much," Matt admitted. "That keeps him quiet most of the time. Can't you just see him in a kilt, heels, makeup, and nail polish like Mr. Fletcher? That guy used to be a macho bully of the first order, but now he's as meek as a kitten, and he jumps to do whatever his wife tells him. He sits and stands carefully so nobody will see his slip peeking from under his kilt, and he blushes like fire when anybody looks at him."

"I know, but I understand it took quite a few sessions with Lady Stanley to accomplish that," Matt chuckled.

"To hell with him, look at *me*!" Ken spat with annoyance. "I was a tough boy who played football and baseball and rough housed with the best of them before Mom and Dad sent me to St. Cece. I don't know if the school did something to my mind or if it was the clothes, but I don't hate my uniform like I did." For emphasis, he held his short pleated skirt out and looked his friends directly in the eye.

"I...I don't know either, but I must report you for using that inappropriate four letter swear word like I did when Ben set me up to rat you out for wearing cotton briefs," Paul hesitantly admitted.

Realizing what he said and the trouble he was in, Ken quickly pleaded, "Oh please don't report me,

Miss Greene. It will go easier on me if I report myself. Please let me. I'll do it, I promise."

"Okay if you'll go shopping with me for our new school slips, you can report yourself. I'll keep quiet unless Ms. Harvey asks if anyone else heard you say the forbidden word for St. Cece boys."

"I'll go shopping with you for our new school slips and pantyhose if Mom agrees. Now will you keep quiet about my inappropriate word?"

"As long as you confess, I promise," Paul smiled.

'Damn!' Ken raged inwardly. 'A few months ago, I had never worn a skirt, and I could talk any way I wanted, especially with my friends. Now, I have to dress completely as a girl, and if I use a four letter word, I have to report myself and get punished with a spanking on my panties. What a revolting situation.'

Jenny was delighted when Paul told her of the winter dress code for St. Cece students. Although she already made him wear slips with his casual clothes after school and on weekends, this would give her more excuses to shame and humiliate him. As he would have to wear his school uniform for assuring the fit of his new slips, he came down to breakfast wearing it. After looking him over, she ordered him to go back to his room, stuff his bra fuller and add red lipstick and nail polish.

"But I've never gone out like that with lipstick!" he protested. "Everybody will know I'm a boy!"

"Everybody already knows you are a boy. They see you walking to school in your prissy little skirt and blouse that's so sheer it reveals your bra straps. Why shouldn't they see you wearing lipstick and matching nail polish?"

"Because it's embarrassing, that's why!"

"For arguing, use mascara, heavier eyeliner, and brush your hair into the special way I like, or bring me the paddle."

"I'll look like a little girl with my hair that way!"

"Not with your makeup! Will it take a spanking on your panties to get you dressed properly to shop for your new slips and pantyhose?"

Knowing things would only get worse for him if he argued further; he lowered his head and walked dejectedly away, his skirt swirling merrily about his smooth hairless thighs.

Ken's hair was in a high ponytail the way he often wore it when not in school since his extensions were attached. He was wearing his uniform skirt, blouse, and heels with his usual makeup and nail polish when he and his mother entered Stella's. Looking around, he was taken aback at the scene before him in the boy's department. Several boys were trying on silky nylon slips right on the sales floor, their training bras clearly visible underneath the silky fabric while their companion or a clerk helped them adjust the length under their skirts.

Paul's *look* also astounded Ken! Unlike at school, his friend was fully made up with eyeliner, eye shadow, mascara, bright red lipstick, and matching nail polish that made him look like an older teenage girl. Contrasting that, his hair was styled in twin angel wings of a ten year old girl.

"Please don't tease me Miss Watson," Paul pleaded with a bright blush as Ken looked him over in his pink nylon slip. "Jenny made me dress this way to embarrass me because I argued with her and now, I have to try on slips with my hair and makeup like this."

"I can tell by your blush that you're embarrassed," Ken smiled. "It's bad enough that I have to wear my school uniform here to buy slips and pantyhose."

Before Ken could respond farther, a clerk approached them and asked, "May I help you boys?" Looking at the clerk, both Ken and Paul were struck breathless as they recognized that the clerk wearing a straight black miniskirt and red nylon blouse, four-inch stiletto heels, dark makeup, red lipstick and nail polish was Jerry Fletcher!

"M...miss Fletcher!" Ken gasped. "Why are you dressed like that?"

"Mother makes me work here on Saturdays, and this is what I have to wear," Jerry admitted. "The skirt and blouse aren't too bad, but my feet are killing me in these heels. With the uniform updates, I have to work after school for a while, and that makes it worse." Changing the subject, he stated the obvious, "Miss Greene, I must say your *look* is most ... ah ... *interesting*."

"Jenny made me wear my hair this way as punishment, for arguing with her," Paul hesitantly admitted. "Every time I complained, she made my ensemble more embarrassing."

"Mother has become quite a force, and she does that to Daddy," Jerry informed them. "His kilts have become skirts that he buys in the lady's department, and I don't think he owns an item of men's clothes. If he did, she wouldn't allow him to wear it. He used to rule the roost, but Lady Stanley has changed all that. Enough about my family life, I assume you two are here to see our selection of slips and pantyhose, so right this way."

Both Ken and Paul were astonished as they followed their feminized classmate to the lingerie department. When they arrived, they were blown away by the sight of eight boy manikins wearing exquisite mid-thigh length lace adorned nylon slips in different styles, all in white. "Wow!" Ken gasped as a shiver ran up his back. "Is *that* what we'll be wearing to school?"

"We have others, but these are our most popular styles," Jerry advised. "Don't they look nice on the manikins, and can't you just imagine yourself wearing them? If you don't like what you see, I can show you some other styles in the girl's department that have been approved for boy students at St. Cece."

"These manikins are all *boys!*" Paul spat with disgust.

"Why not? Boys will be wearing the clothes, and with your demanding sister, don't try to tell me you haven't worn slips before. Come on, admit that you have."

Turning red once more, Paul admitted, "But I didn't want to. Jenny made me. She makes me do *everything!*"

"Real man, huh?" Jerry taunted. "Taking orders from your baby sister. Okay, let's get down to business." After that, Jerry instructed Ken and Paul to remove their blouses and skirts and try on slips. As they stood by in their bra and panties, they cringed at the thought that they were reluctant to wear such feminine garments only a few months ago. Soon, they had three slips each as required by the dress code and were selecting pantyhose. Being ignorant of this item of feminine attire, each of them purchased a dozen of the ones Jerry recommended.

The following Monday, 15 red-faced boys walked to school at St. Cece. They were used to being seen in



their skirts and silky blouses, but now, they wore pantyhose on their smooth hairless legs. Even worse, the lacy hem of their slips could be seen all too often in the mid-autumn breeze, but at least their blazers covered their sissy blouses and provided warmth. They were almost relieved when Ms. Harvey entered the classroom and said, "Okay boys, remove your blazers and blouses. You have to learn to adjust the length of your slips and discretely manage them under normal circumstances and in the stiff winter winds."

Every member of the class had been paraded before the others in nothing more than bra and panties so removing their blouse was no big deal. "Okay, the adjustment slides are on the satin straps of your slips. It will take some trial and error to adjust the length properly at one inch shorter than your skirt. If you need help, ask. Be very diligent of these lessons because after this week, it will be a Dress Code violation for your slip to be worn an improper length or to be accidentally seen in public."

As no one wanted to suffer the stiff penalties for Dress Code violations, a flurry of activity filled the classroom. Very quickly, boys clad only in silky nylon slips, became busy with their task. At first, they were embarrassed to be seen wearing their feminine slips in the presence of their classmates, but with everyone dressed more or less the same that feeling quickly passed. As they removed their blouses to adjust their slips, a very unusual scene was created. They stood before tri-fold mirrors raising the hem of their skirts to observe whether their slips were the correct length. When a boy thought his slip was the correct length, he had a classmate measure it with a ruler while he turned slowly. Upon receiving the okay from Ms.

Harvey, they replaced their blouses and helped others adjust the length of their slips.

When everyone was back in his skirt and blouse with his slip adjusted properly, the boys silently wondered how much more feminine they would be forced to become before this year ended. Bringing them out of their angst, Ms. Harvey said, "You should learn to manage your slips discretely or everyone you sees you will be curious about the silky undies you wear under your skirts. To help you in that regard, I have devised a curriculum that should help you. It is intense and will require a lot of effort on your part. However, your work will very quickly pay dividends."

Thus began a thorough course in slip and skirt management that included crossing their legs at the knee. She even had them walking before strong electric fans that blew their skirts and slips haphazardly array as would the brisk winter winds. To the surprise of no one, the boys' homework assignment was to properly adjust the length of another slip and wear it to school the next day. They knew this meant a lot of time in slips and changing in and out of skirts to assure the proper length.

To humiliate and intimidate his brother, Ben sneaked into Ken's room and took several photos of him in his slip before Ken knew she was there. He got one of Ken throwing a pillow at him with a scowl on his face. Ben laughed heartedly as he ran back to his room. A few minutes later, Ben snuck in again and shot another photo of Ken looking in a full-length mirror with his skirt raised to check the length of his slip.

"How are our boys taking to their slips and pantyhose?" Lady Stanley asked, Ms. Harvey at a Board of Directors, School Administrators, and Faculty meeting.

"About like I expected at first," Ms. Harvey replied. "After removing their blouses and seeing their classmates dressed in the same manner, they calmed down a bit. The clincher that got them focused and forgetting that as boys, they shouldn't be wearing a slip was when they started adjusting the length. By the end of class, they acted as though there was nothing out of the ordinary about them wearing slips. A few sessions with the strap since then for allowing the lacy hem of their slip to show beneath their skirt really has them concentrating on the proper management of their slips. I was truly amazed by the way our boys accepted their new feminine underpinnings.

"I don't like to say I told you so, but remember that I told you," Lady Stanley smirked. "I've seen it time and again in the UK, on the continent, and wherever else EP has been introduced. As our boys adapt to their uniforms, the parents, town adults, and their former classmates accept their skirts and the other feminine items we impose on them as normal."

"You told us, but I must admit to being skeptical," the chairwoman admitted with an amused smile.

"Will we be adding feminine items on our boys?" the president of the faculty inquired.

"Most definitely, but in our own good time," Lady Stanley confirmed.

When the Watson brothers left for school, they looked nothing like twin boys. Ben was wearing jeans, a flannel shirt, a windbreaker, and sneakers. In contrast, Ken wore a mid-thigh skirt with tiny pleats, a nylon blouse, and a blazer over his bra, panties, slip, and pantyhose and black pumps with two-inch heels. Unwilling to miss a chance to taunt his brother, Ben showed Ken his phone with the photo of him in his slip

throwing the pillow. He was standing with one leg far ahead of the other, his arm with the pillow far behind his head, a determined scowl on his face, and the lacy hem of his slip riding high on his thighs. Ken reached for the phone, but Ben pulled it quickly out of his reach and laughed teasingly. "Wait till the gang sees this," he taunted.

"Please don't show that to anyone," Ken pleaded. "The worst part about having to wear these clothes is you seeing me and snapping pictures!" Ben just walked away laughing.

Mostly, the St. Cece boys agreed that, since they couldn't wear jeans, their slips and pantyhose kept them warmer in the gusting winds and diminishing temperatures. As a result, they grudgingly embraced these new additions to their uniform.

Just over a week after the St. Cece boys began wearing slips and pantyhose, Ken, Paul, and Matt were walking home together from school. "Boy, I hate having to wear all these girly clothes, but Jenny sees that I don't have a choice," Paul moaned sadly. "Also, if I don't wear them properly and learn to keep my slip hidden, she will pull me across her lap, flip up my skirt, and spank me so hard I won't be able to sit for a week."

"Jenny is younger than you, isn't she?" Matt asked. "Why is she allowed to spank you?"

"Mother gave her authority over me when I started wearing skirts and had so much to learn," Paul admitted with a bright blush. "Now that I've learned, she won't relinquish her power, and I can't bring myself to resist her. Knowing that, she makes me do everything she wants, or she spanks me on my panties. For a little girl, she can really swing a paddle! When she finishes,

my panties are on fire, and I have to stand in the corner until I stop crying. Who makes you wear dresses and skirts and practice your girly lessons when you're not in your school uniform?"

"I wasn't too keen on the idea of wearing skirts to school when I first learned about our uniforms, but Mom insisted on me wearing them," Matt admitted. "Once I wore girls' clothes for a few days, they felt right for me, and I've enjoyed wearing them ever since. I guess the answer to your question is that nobody *makes* me wear dresses and skirts and practice walking, sitting, and managing my skirts when I'm not in school. I just love wearing them."

"How about pantyhose?"

"I don't mind wearing pantyhose. They help keep me warm, and they feel really nice on my shaved legs."

Turning red, Ken admitted, "When I'm sitting in class and my hand accidentally touches my thigh below my skirt and I feel my pantyhose, I really get a jolt of reality. I don't think I'll ever get used to that feeling."

"I know what you mean," Matt agreed. "I was the same when I touched the sleeve of my silky blouse in the beginning. Now, I don't give it a second thought. A lot like when I started wearing a bra and learning to fasten it behind my back. Now, it's just part of getting dressed. How about you, Miss Watson. Who makes you wear dresses and skirts when you're not in school?"

Turning red, Ken was more or less trapped into discussing a subject he had hoped to avoid. "Mom sees to it that I adhere to the St. Cece rules and the dress code Lady Stanley imposed on me after you ratted me out.

Other than that, my biggest problem is to hide from Ben and keep him from taking pictures of me in my silky undies.

"I can't hide from Jenny," Paul sighed. "She makes me pose for her."

Just then a sudden brisk wind blew the trio's skirts askew and exposed the lace and nylon of their slips. Matt fought with his skirt in a valiant effort to secure his silky feminine slip for modesty and to meet St. Cece regulations. When everything was properly adjusted and hidden away, he sighed, "Now I have to report that blunder to Ms. Harvey in class. I'll also have to inform on you two if you don't report yourselves."

"That's only one of the reasons I hate having to wear slips under my school skirts!" Ken scowled. "I have to report even accidental miscues and suffer the consequences ... a hard spanking on my panties."

Barely a month after the St. Cece boys started wearing slips and pantyhose under their uniforms, a new directive came down from the board of directors that upset the normal sedate atmosphere on campus. For the first time since the boys learned that they would have to wear the skirted uniform, they stormed the principal's office in protest. To quiet the rebellion, Lady Stanley faced the irate group and read them the riot act. "Fight fire with fire and the heat will be on the seat of their silky panties," she declared to the faculty as the livid crowd shouted angrily outside the meeting room.

That evening, Janet came home to find Ken sitting at the kitchen table crying his eyes out. He was sitting in a slovenly manner with his skirt all awry and a large expanse of nylon and lace was in plain view. "What's wrong sweetheart?" she asked in a concerned voice.

"Th...they've done it now!" he blurted through his tears. "They say we have to ... have to... and they spanked us when we complained. This is going too *far*!" That said, he buried his face in his arms and continued his sobs.

"There, there," she soothed while placing her hand on the back of his silky blouse where she could feel the straps of his bra and slip. "Calm down and tell me what's wrong. I can't help if I don't know."

After another failed attempt to tell her, he handed her a sheet of paper and continued his crying jag. Taking the paper, Janet read:

DIRECTIVE

Henceforth, it is hereby mandatory that all St. Cece students attend church services at the school chapel every Sunday. For these occasions, it will be necessary for certain students to purchase several appropriate dresses with skirts primly above the knee and the proper underwear that includes color coordinated bras that have been padded to at least a full A cup if necessary, panties, and slips. Nylon stockings will be worn instead of school pantyhose, so garter belts will be necessary. Shoes will be stylish and feature minimum three inch heels. Hair is to be worn in a neat trendy style that will require Saturday visits to a local salon. Makeup will be heavier and more elaborate than is worn to school and, for freshman students as it will include eyeliner, eyeshadow, mascara, lipstick, and matching nail polish.

Confessions will be heard after services every Sunday where violations of the Honor Code, Dress Code, and other transgressions committed by the student or a fellow classmate can be admitted. Acts of

contrition and punishments for the coming week will be allocated following confession.

Janet was secretly excited by this acceleration of her son's femininity but tried hard to disguise her enthusiasm. After reading the paper, she soothed, "Except for nylons and garter belts, you already wear these things. What's the big deal?"

"I've never worn a dress, lipstick or heels in public! I didn't do anything to deserve this, and it isn't right to make me dress like a girl!"

"You aren't dressing like a girl, you're dressing like a St. Cece student," his mother countered using the party line suggested by Lady Stanley. "Anyway, look at the bright side. This will give you and me a chance to go shopping together. Just think of the fun we'll have trying on dresses and silky undies, not to mention matching and coordinating your makeup, lipstick, eye shadow, and nail polish."

Putting his head down, he burst into another torrent of tears. Trying valiantly to regain his composure, he blubbered through his tears, "I already have confessions to declare! I was with almost the whole class when we stormed the principal's office and proclaimed that we would never abide by this new Proclamation. Lady Stanley came out and said our panties were about to be on fire and we would have trouble sitting for at least a week. She also said confessing that rebellion would be our first transgression. I swear I've never had such a hard spanking!"

Thinking, 'Girls always feel better after a good cry so I'll wait till later to discuss his new dresses and things,' Janet left her distraught son alone in his misery.

Stella had been alerted about the pending dress requirement, so the boutique was fully stocked with stylish dresses, matching, lingerie, and pumps with three and four inch stiletto heels in preparation for the new directive. Thus, she was ready for the onslaught of boys shopping for new church dresses, matching lingerie, and pumps. Not surprisingly, the boutique was a beehive of activity when Janet and Ken made their entrance. As he was now dressing as a girl 24/7, Ken was wearing a casual mid-thigh length skirt, matching lace decorated blouse over a bra, panties, slip, regulation makeup, nail polish, and his hair was in a high ponytail.

Ken was astounded by the number of boys from his class shopping for church dresses. Before he could react, Matt came running over wearing a yellow nylon mini-slip and gushed, "Oh, Miss Watson, aren't you simply thrilled to be shopping for nice dresses with your mother? I've already found two but I can't make up my mind about the third because I want them all. What style dresses are you looking for?"

"I really don't want to wear a dress so I haven't given it much thought."

"You'll change your mind after you've seen the chic styles they have. Come, I'll show you."

While Matt pulled one chic dress after another off the rack, Ken saw what appeared to be an Indian princess before realizing that it was Paul. His dark hair was parted in the middle and swept aside with the remainder woven into twin pigtails onto his shoulders. He was so shocked that he completely ignored the fact that his friend was wearing a pink mini-slip. "What's going on Paul ... ah ... Miss Greene?" he managed to stammer,

"You know I'll have to report that violation at confession unless you do," Matt declared with a devious smile while looking Ken directly in the eye.

"Go ahead, you tattletale rat! I have enough faults to answer for already. One more won't matter, so get away from me."

"As you probably guessed, wearing my hair in this style was Jenny's idea," Paul sighed as he stood by in his silky pink slip and held out a long braid. "She saw a documentary about Pocahontas, and she's wanted me to wear my hair Indian style ever since when not in school so I'm stuck. Oh well, good luck with your shopping."

Just then, Ken and Janet were joined by Jerry Fletcher who looked a bit bedraggled with a tendril of blonde hair dangling across his face. Not surprisingly, he was wearing a fire engine red nylon blouse tented out by a padded bra with at least B cups, a straight mid-thigh length black skirt, and four inch stilt heels. As would be expected of a clerk, his makeup, bright red lipstick, and nail polish were immaculate. "Hi, Miss Watson," he bubbled in a voice that clearly showed fatigue. "Our nice dresses are this way."

"I can't believe I'm shopping for dresses to wear to church!" Ken sighed as he followed his classmate to a rack of the latest styles.

Clearly enjoying her day of shopping with her feminized son, Janet pulled a chic dress off the rack and held it against him. "Here's a nice one, why don't you step into one of the dressing rooms and try it on?"

"I'm afraid that isn't possible, Ms. Watson," Jerry advised. "As you can see, we are quite busy because of the new directive, so to accommodate as many customers as possible, the dressing rooms are reserved for

those changing their bras and panties." Pointing a well manicured finger at the busy sales floor, he added, "That's why so many boys are milling about the showroom floor in their slips."

"Sounds reasonable," Janet agreed. "Okay Ken, you can join them in your slip. Remove your skirt and blouse and try on this dress."

"But Mom, I don't want to take off my skirt and blouse. Those girls over there are hiding behind the clothes racks and taking videos. I'll be too embarrassed to undress with them there."

When Janet looked at Jerry for a solution, he merely shrugged and replied, "There's no partition between the girl's and boy's department, so there's nothing I can do. Unless you want to come back later, you'll have to try and ignore them."

"Everything will be picked over later, and Ken needs a dress for church tomorrow," Janet reasoned. "No, we're here so we might as well stay. Off with your skirt and blouse unless you want me to summon Lady Stanley from over there. Anyway, don't worry. You won't be the only boy in a slip trying on dresses."

As red-faced Ken began unbuttoning his blouse, Jerry advised, "You should be wearing an A-Cup bra and the realistic inserts that are designed to give young girls and sissy boys a more mature look before you try on dresses. Otherwise, they won't fit right in the bust."

"A very good idea, Miss ... ah ... *Fletcher*," Janet stammered as she located his name tag. Not being comfortable using the required honorarium, she blushed at the thought of referring to a boy as *Miss*. "Wearing a proper bra with the cups filled is a good

idea." Turning to Ken, she said, "Lower your slip to your waist and remove your training bra."

"Uh... Mom, shouldn't I step into the dressing room to remove my... my bra?" Ken stammered.

"Wearing a bra has made you bashful about removing your top in public, huh? Okay, I understand. Let's go behind one of the curtains."

Ken pushed the satin straps of his slip off his shoulders, lowered it to his waist, and removed his bra. Looking up, Jerry was holding an A-Cup bra for him to insert his arms into. To his surprise, his classmate even hooked the back clasp for him. Jerry then handed them a jelled prosthesis and advised, "Notice that these babies have the weight, feel, and jiggle of the real thing. They are highly recommended for young girls wanting to project a more mature image and for boys who dress as girls. Insert them into the cups of your bra, replace your slip, and we can go back out on the floor and try on some dresses."

"Are you a sissy, Miss Fletcher?" Janet asked the feminized clerk.

"I wasn't before they drafted me to go to St. Cece, but I guess I am now," he replied. "Due to the strict dress code, supervision, and punishments we receive to make us sedate and genteel, I don't think I could be any other way. I wear padded bras, panties, slips, skirts, dresses, high heels, makeup, lipstick, and nail polish, I style my hair like a girl without giving it a second thought most of the time, and I sleep with the curlers in. What boy other than a sissy would do all that and identify himself as *Miss*? I'll sure be glad when this year is over."

"Okay, let's get started," Janet declared while pulling a stylish black dress with a straight mid thigh

length skirt from the rack. "This is a nice one. Try it on, and let's have a look. Every girl needs at least one LBD."

"I'm not a girl, and what is a LBD?"

"You may not be a girl, but you dress like one, and LBD is a little black dress. Since all girls know darker colors in heavier fabric and long sleeves are worn in cooler winter weather, this wool dress is exactly what you need."

"What about my legs in that short skirt?"

"Okay, I admit the skirt is a bit shorter than your school skirts, but it's straight and won't blow askew in the stiff wind. Anyway, you will be wearing nylons to keep your legs warm. Go ahead and try it on."

When the dress was in place and the back zipper raised, Ken gasped, "It's too tight! I need a larger one."

"Don't worry about that Miss Watson," Jerry advised. "A waist cinch garter belt should pull you in just about right to fit into that chic dress."

Ken didn't know what a waist cinch garter belt was, but he didn't like the sound of it. He liked it even less after removing his dress and slip and having the inflexible garment fastened securely about his waist. "This thing is too tight!" he complained. "It's cutting me in half! Take it off!"

"Sometimes girls and sissy boys have to suffer a bit of discomfort to look good in a stylish dress," Janet shrugged, dismissing his claim while holding out his slip for him to insert his arms. "Stop complaining and replace your slip so we can see how this nice dress looks on you."

"I can't wear this thing!" Ken declared gasping for breath as the waist cinch garter belt was fastened about him. "It's way too tight! Get a larger one!"

Trying to take Ken's mind off his discomfort, Jerry said, "Everything you have on is white except for your waist cinch. If you buy the dress, you'll need a black bra, panties, and slip. Trust me; nothing is sexier or more luxurious than the thought of wearing black lingerie."

"I don't care about sexy! I just want to breathe! How long do I have to wear this awful thing?"

"We'll discuss how long you have to wear a waist cinch after we see how this dress and a few others fit," his mother insisted. "If you prefer to stand around here in your slip all day, I suppose we could fit you into a smaller one."

"No ...no," he gasped. "Not a smaller one! I couldn't stand it! I'm sure this one will work with the dress! I'm ready to try on the dress!"

'I never thought Ken would insist that he was ready to try on a dress,' Janet mused. 'Maybe waist cinch garter belts are the secret to getting him to embrace his nice dresses.'

When the dress was in place, Jerry bubbled, "Oh Miss Watson! You look yummy in that dress. Cut back on the calories, and your waist cinch will be comfortable in no time."

"Now I have to starve to fit into these damn girl's clothes?"

"I heard that!" Ken heard from behind him.

Looking around, he saw Matt with a happy smile on his bright red lips and seethed, "Get away from me, you snitch! You used to be a stand up guy until those

bitches from hell got you into dresses and turned you into a pantywaist sissy spy. What happened to you?"

"That's two more," Matt calmly replied with a smug expression.

"I don't care," Ken exhaled in an exasperated sigh. "I don't want to wear slips to school, church, or *anywhere*. I just want to forget these girls' clothes and go back to dressing as a boy like I did before Mom and Dad transferred me to this awful school where they make me wear dresses and encourage friends to rat out friends."

"I'm afraid that ship has sailed, but since you can't decide, I'll do it for you," Janet replied as she turned to Jerry and said, "We'll take this dress, so we'll keep the waist cinch and we'll need a black bra, panties, and slip before we look at other dresses. When we get them, we'll need bras, panties, slips and waist cinch garter belts to match them."

Jerry brushed a tendril of blonde hair out of his face flashing his bright red nails and pointed at two of the manikins. "Either of these slips would work divinely with this dress. Actually, the final decision should rest with Miss Watson. Whichever he favors will work quite well. We have bras and panties to match both."

'What could be more embarrassing than trying on dresses in public wearing a padded bra and slip?' Ken wondered sadly. With that in mind, he couldn't care less which feminine slip he *wanted* to wear under the new dress. In exasperation, he pointed at the closest one and replied with a blush, "That one I guess ... if I have to wear a slip." The selected, slip along with a matching A-cup bra and panties were quickly added to the stack to be purchased despite Ken's objections.



After a fretful time trying on many dresses, a red dress and one in navy blue, along with the appropriate undies and tortuous waist cinch garter belts were selected while Ken winced inside. When these things were purchased, Jerry recommended that he buy at least three pairs of nylon stockings for each dress or just opt for an even dozen.

Janet agreed and insisted on her son wearing a pair of the selected nylons before trying on shoes. Since he couldn't use a dressing room, he had to sit and try to pull the silky nylons over his polished toenails. When he couldn't reach his toes because of his tight waist cinch, Jerry said, "I'll help you this time, but in the future, put on your nylons before fastening your waist cinch." Ken never felt more embarrassed than when Jerry kneaded the nylons over his smooth hairless thighs and fastened them to his garter straps.

In the shoe department, he tried on and soon was soon the owner of stylish black pumps with four inch stiletto heels along with red and navy pumps with three inch heels.

Back in the skirt, blouse, and shoes he wore on the shopping excursion, Ken thought he would be going home. However, his bubble burst when he heard his mother ask about the makeup he would wear to church. Ken didn't want to wear more makeup than he had to wear to school, but he knew he had no choice. A beauty consultant was available to experiment with colors to match each boy's complexion and features. Ken, like most of the boys, was reluctant to wear eye makeup and lipstick in public, but he wore it home just the same.

I'll have to help you with your makeup tomorrow, but I'm sure you'll be getting instructions on how to properly apply it in class, and you'll get lots of practice

in homework assignments," Janet assured her distraught son.

Ken was a bundle of nerves as he got ready for church the following morning. Sitting on his bed in his padded bra, panties, slip, garter belt, and nylons, he couldn't ignore the way his new *boobs* got in his way. 'I suppose I'll get used to them the way I've gotten used to all this other girly stuff I have to wear,' he silently commiserated while noticing how his short slip had ridden up to reveal the lacy tops of his nylons. He only thought he was agitated about the way he was dressed until Ben crept into his room and snapped several photos of him in his state of feminine undress.

The words, "Get the hell out of here and stay out," still reverberating on his red lips, Ken approached the chapel in his new black dress, and enhanced makeup, he was still a bit wobbly on his stilt heels.

After his confrontation with Matt at Stella's, Ken was surprised to see his *former* friend approach him in a pink, lace adorned dress with a straight mid-thigh length skirt. "Go away!" he snapped. "I'm not a sissy like you who likes to wear dresses, and I don't want you around reporting me for everything I say and do!"

"Then I'll report you for being rude to a fellow St. Cece classmate, Miss Watson!" Matt huffed as he turned on his heel and walked away abruptly with his *naturally* swaying hips quite evident in his form fitting dress.

'Miss Watson, my ass!' Ken thought morosely as he entered the chapel for the first time in a dress. 'With that snitch reporting me at every turn, my punishments will never end, and I'll never get out of these ridiculous girls' clothes. Damn Ben and his tricks that caused me to be sent to this girly school!' With these

and other things on his mind, it's no wonder that he paid little heed as the pastor imparted her words of wisdom.

As if in a trance, Ken soon found himself in a line of boys in chic dresses, heels, and makeup awaiting their turn in the confessional room. Most were very sad, morose, and wore gloomy expressions, but a few, who were known as sissies to their classmates, were happy and jovial, like Matt and Jerry Fletcher.

When it was finally Ken's turn to enter the confessional, he hesitantly smoothed his skirt and sat in the chair opposite Lady Stanley. Looking him over, she said, "That's a very nice dress, Miss Watson. Do you have any violations of the Honor Code to confess?"

Ken wasn't sure how many violations Paul had reported him for, so he decided to admit all he could remember to avoid as many punishments as possible. Lowering his gaze like a condemned man facing the gallows, he blushed and stammered, "I...I used inappropriate language a couple of times, I cursed having to diet to present a graceful image in my new dresses, and I failed to use the proper honorarium to a fellow St. Cece student."

"That's quite a list, but I'm afraid there is more that your classmates have observed and reported, Miss Watson," Lady Stanley surmised. "What do you have to say for yourself?"

"I'm a boy, and it's not right to make me wear girls' clothes," he admitted.

"Still, you have adapted to your school blouses and skirts, haven't you?"

"I...I kind of got used to wearing most of it, but when it came to dresses, silky lingerie, high heels,

makeup, and this awful waist cinch I had to wear to fit into this dress, that was the last straw."

"So you felt you should violate the Honor Code in protest?"

"Some...something like that, I guess..."

"No matter, other violations your fellow students reported include at least five occurrences of using language deemed improper for a St. Cece student, cursing the waist cinch required to give you a neat appearance in your dresses, and publicly making derisive complaints when a diet was suggested to make wearing one unnecessary."

"Waist cinches are the most uncomfortable things in the world and the one I'm wearing now is cutting me in half."

"And it's unthinkable to cut back on your food intake and eat lower calorie meals to make your cinch more comfortable so you felt it necessary to use profanity in protest?"

"It's not right that I have to wear dresses and starve too."

"I understand your feelings, but that aside, your penalty for the coming week is as follows. When you return home today and from school each day, you will practice applying your new makeup for an hour. Then, you will change into one of your new dresses, complete with the proper undies, and walk a chalk line in your highest heels for an hour with a book on your head. After dinner, you can practice your makeup application for another hour and walk for another hour in your heels. As to the diet you so vehemently oppose, you *will* lose the belly bulge that makes your waist cinch necessary. Step on the scale and let's record your weight."

Severely shaken by the severity of his penance, Ken was unsteady as he stepped on the scale in his heels and had to put his hand on the wall for balance. Recording his weight, Lady Stanley said, "I expect to see dramatic improvement in your ability to walk in your heels and apply your makeup by next Sunday. You should also show significant weight loss and a hefty reduction of your tummy bulge or we'll fit you with a smaller waist cinch. Also, to help you develop humility, discretion, and prudence every St. Cece student should possess, you should do a favor for your sister each day."

"A favor for Ben? Why should I do him a favor?"

"Doing favors for brothers in trousers or shorts helps develop the genteel qualities we desire in St. Cece students. If you do these favors for him while wearing a dress or skirt and blouse with the proper undies, neat hair, and makeup, you will naturally develop the refined characteristics we require."

"What kind of favors?"

"Oh, preparing snacks or running errands for him are usually appreciated. You could also volunteer to iron his favorite blouse before he goes out on a special date. Those things are always appreciated by siblings like your brother, and I feel certain that you'll come up with others in time. Next Sunday, you can list the ones you performed for him during the week."

Hearing the penalty he was being assigned, Ken nervously adjusted his skirt over his nylon clad thighs and protested, "I'm not a sissy, and it's not right that I have to wear girls' clothes! Ben played pranks on everybody and convinced Mom and Dad that I was the perpetrator. That's why they sent me to St. Cece! If it

weren't for Ben, I wouldn't be wearing dresses, and you want me to serve him?

"Most definitely, and you should be smiling happily, wearing your pretty housedresses or skirts when you do those favors for your brother. I'll check your weight loss next Sunday and confer with your mother to assure that you adhere to your penalty regimen at home. Now, off with you. I have other confessions to hear."

Ken's head was spinning in anger and resentment and he wanted to lash out at somebody in retaliation as he walked away from the chapel in his new dress and heels. 'Favors for Ben, my ass!' he seethed inwardly as he balled his hands into fists. Feeling his long nails digging into his palms, he formed his hands into claws and wished Ben was there for him to attack. 'Catering to Ben and being his *servant* is what that bitch Lady Stanley ordered.' Feeling alone and used, tears of misery and despair filled his eyes.

After returning home, Ken changed into his red bra, panties, garter belt, and slip in preparation to wear his red dress. To prevent a struggle to fasten his nylons to his garter straps, he attached them before securing his waist cinch. Feeling satisfied for his ingenuity, he pulled the dress over his head and slipped his feet into his red three inch pumps. Quickly refreshing his makeup, he hesitantly balanced a book on his head and began walking the chalk line his mother had drawn earlier.

"Hey Mom, I've been swimming, and I'm starving!" Ben called out after Ken had been walking the line for about half an hour.

Seeing this as an opportunity to fulfill part of his penance, Ken said, "I'll make us a snack, Ben. I'm

starving too." That said, he walked toward the kitchen while trying to mimic the maneuvers he had been using to walk the line.

"Good!" Ben declared. "I don't care who makes it as long as it gets made!"

Having heard their exchange, Janet entered the kitchen and found Ken making two ham and cheese sandwiches. He had added lettuce and was slicing a tomato when she entered. Being aware of Ken's imposed diet, she poured a glass of beer and said, "Add a slice of onion, and I'll serve this one to your father. Pour a glass of soda over some ice and serve the other to Ben."

"But Mom...!"

"Don't but Mom me! You know full well about the diet Lady Stanley imposed to trim your waist, give you a more pleasing shape in your nice dresses, and ease the pressure of your waist cinches. Oh, something Lady Stanley didn't tell you. To give you a proper shape more quickly, you'll be wearing one of your waist cinches 24/7 except when you are in the bath."

"I can't sleep in a waist cinch and wear one under my school uniform," Ken reasoned. "The garters would hang down below my skirt." No sooner had he spoken when he realized he had said *my* skirt.

"The garters are detachable. All you have to do is remove them. I'm afraid a tad of hunger will be your constant companion until your shape improves, so serve Ben and get back on your line. You still have half an hour to go before changing dresses and practicing your makeup techniques."

Walking the line in his heels and applying makeup for hours on end gave Ken considerable time to consider his bizarre situation. 'The reason I get punished

for cursing is because I think in four letter words and when I speak, coarse words just pop out. If I remove these words from my thoughts, I'll eliminate them from my speech. That way, I'll get fewer punishments.'

In confession the following Sunday, the success of Ken's efforts paid dividends. As he began to think and speak without using the forbidden words, he was unconsciously being molded into the genteel person desired by the St. Cece hierarchy. All he knew was that his punishments for these violations came to a halt. "Your mother reports that you have been diligent about performing your penalty sessions in your heels, makeup application, wearing your waist cinches, and adhering to your diet without too many complaints."

'Boy, that's great!' he thought with happy anticipation. 'Maybe I'll get off without a penalty this week.'

Then he heard Lady Stanley say, "However, she had to almost threaten you to get you to do your daily favors for your manly brother who wears denim jeans and coarse cotton underwear. Even when you grudgingly do these favors, you do them half-heartedly and you never smile like you were instructed."

"But Lady Stanley, it's not right that I have to serve Ben. He's the reason I was sent to St. Cece where I have to wear dresses. I'm not a sissy, and I never wore any girly stuff before that!"

"Were you or were you not instructed to happily do favors for your macho brother as penance for your violations of the St. Cece Honor Code?"

"Yes, but he sneaks up on me and takes pictures of me in my silky undies and shows them to his friends! I'm so embarrassed when that happens and it's hard to be nice to him after that."

"You are obviously having difficulty accepting your role as a sedate St. Cece student. Do you think you are the only boy in this town and in our exclusive school wearing dresses, skirts, and soft silky lingerie?"

"No, but I'm not a sissy, and none of this is my fault. I didn't want to attend St. Cece or wear these girls' clothes!"

"What you need is a series of lessons in humility, and I will see that you get them. As penance for your stubborn hesitance to become refined, gracious, and congenial as a St. Cece student should be, you will do two favors for your brother each day with a sincere smile. Also, you will invite him into your room to take photographs of you in bras, panties, slips, garter belts, nylons, and your highest heels. Then, wearing your shortest skirt, you will strike sexy poses for her, all with bright happy smiles on your pretty red lips."

"You want me to put on a fashion show for Ben?"

"More or less, and you have to ask him to take the photographs. Afterward, have him send the images to your phone so you can show them to me next Sunday. Also, practice walking in your heels with a book on your head and makeup application for an hour each day."

"That's too embarrassing. I can't..." Ken blubbered.

"Repair your makeup, and don't forget your purse when you leave," she instructed while ignoring his objection.

When Ken returned home from church, Ben was attentively watching a football game on television. He was still wearing his red dress, heels, and makeup, while his brother was wearing cut-off jeans and a football jersey. Knowing he had no choice but to comply

with his penance, he forced a smile onto his red lips and asked, "Would you like a snack, Ben?"

"Yeah, I'm starving," Ben replied as though he expected to be served by his feminine brother. "Make me a couple of sandwiches, bring me one of Dad's beers, and get one for yourself."

"St. Cece students aren't allowed to drink alcoholic beverages, and neither should you."

"Don't sweat the small stuff. Just bring me a beer or I'll report you for disrespecting me."

'If it wouldn't get Lady Stanley on my buns, I'd tell that arrogant so and so a thing or two!' Ken seethed inwardly as he opened a bottle of beer. 'So and so? Boy, I'm really forgetting my coarse language!'

As Ben was munching down on his food, he inquired, "I know you can't watch football because St. Cece students don't fritter their time away watching violent sports, but why aren't you eating?"

"My diet. I now do exercises instead of lunch and snacks are completely out." Then, summoning all his courage he nervously adjusted his short skirt over his nylon clad thighs and hesitantly stammered, "I...I need a favor."

"Sure, I guess I owe you one."

"I...I need you to take some photos of me in my dresses and underwear for a school project."

"You always hide when I try to take a few pictures, and now, you want me to take them? What's going on here?"

"It's a punishment for not becoming a genteel St. Cece student with the proper attitude. I'll wear whatever you like and you can dictate my poses. Will you do it?"

"You'll wear the silky girls' clothes you've been trying to hide from me and pose however I say with no argument? I can't believe this!"

"I'll pose however you like. Can we go to my room and start?"

In Ken's room, Ben looked over his brother, took a few photos of him in his red dress, and said, "Okay, slowly take off the dress, and be sure to keep smiling." Ken reluctantly peeled off his dress with a forced smile, a fete he had been reluctant to perform in the past. Now, he had to pose for his brother in bras, panties, slips, garter belts, nylons, and high heels, clothes so boy should have to wear. Ben even insisted on him posing in one of his frilly nighties for a few cheesecake shots. Ken had to refresh his makeup and add bright red lipstick several times and found it terribly embarrassing to do in his brother's presence. Another humiliating occurrence was inserting his breast prosthesis into the cups of his bra while the camera snapped away. Never had he been more humiliated than when he had to change into different dresses, skirts, and blouses in Ben's presence and pose for photograph after photograph. After almost two hours, Ben grew bored with the project and said, "Let's get back to the game. I'll e-mail you the photos like you asked."

"Please don't show those photos to anyone else, Ben," Ken begged. "I would be terribly embarrassed."

"Keep smiling and we'll see, sissy brother. We'll see."

With all that in mind, Ken did favors for Ben with a happy smile. All that and he managed to find time for his walking and makeup practice as well as his normal school homework.

The following Sunday, Lady Stanley reviewed the photos Ben had taken and approved them with a happy smile. She also gave Ken a good assessment on his walking and makeup sessions. To his distress, she criticized him saying, "In spite of your progress in those areas, you aren't fully committed to becoming a model St. Cece student."

"What else do I have to do?" he gasped while looking down at his feminine dress and bright red fingernails in awe. "I have no boys' clothes, and I dress as a girl full time even when I'm not in school which is where all this started. What else do you want from me?"

"Your obstinate headstrong manner, Miss Watson. I want you to discard your callous attitude and embrace your refined, more genteel self."

"How do I do that?"

"How many of your fellow students have you reported for violations of the dress code, Honor Code, or other breaches of school policy?"

"N...none, I guess."

"Have you noticed any that you didn't report?"

"No."

"That's because you haven't been vigilant in scrutinizing your fellow students. If you observed them more closely, you would learn from them, see their mistakes, and some outright flaunting of our rules. Therefore, to help you in that endeavor, you will watch your fellow students and report three of their infractions or violations of school policy or Honor Code next Sunday."

"You want me to rat the guys out like Pa...uh... Miss Greene did to me?"

"No. I want you to learn both positives and negatives in becoming a refined and distinguished St. Cece student from observing their demeanor and conversations. You are sure to become aware of faux pas like you just made and many other things as well."

Ken was a nervous wreck as he replenished his lipstick prior to making his exit. As he left the Confessional in his dress and heels, his eyes were filled with tears, and he silently wondered, 'How much worse can this get?'

'How much better can things get?' Ben reveled gleefully when his smiling brother served a snack and happily agreed to iron a pair of shorts for his date that evening. "Ken is wearing dresses and waiting on me like a maid. Not only that, I get to photograph him in sexy poses in his silky girls' underwear, and he can't hide or do anything to stop me.'

Ken was smiling on the surface as required, but he was seething on the inside. 'Darn Lady Stanley for making me pretend to enjoy serving Ben!' he growled inwardly. I even have to iron clothes for his dates. That might not be as bad if I had a date too, not that I want one. No girl will ask a boy wearing a dress for a date, and thank Gawd no boy has asked me. Sam Horton asked Miss Greene for a date. He said he didn't want to go out with another boy, but Jenny insisted. His mother even took him to her salon and got him a chic feminine hairstyle, makeover, and mani/pedi. She also bought him a new dress with matching lingerie. He wouldn't talk about his *date*, but he blushed brightly whenever I asked. I'm sure glad no boy has asked me! I guess ironing Ben's shorts for his dates isn't so bad as long as I don't have to date other boys wearing dresses like Lady Stanley keeps hinting!'

Ken, and the other boys quickly learned that eating less was the most effective way to reduce the discomfort from wearing their waist cinches, so, diet or no diet, they ate less. Despite their objections to wearing the hellish device around the clock, they lost weight and inches from their midsection. To give them incentive to develop trim figures, they were promised a reward when their cinches became comfortable. To their regret, however, they were greatly disappointed to learn that their reward was a trip to Stella's where they were provided with a new waist cinch two inches smaller. Little wonder that the St. Cece boys rapidly developed neat trim waists and svelte feminine appearing figures in their skirts, dresses, and school uniforms.

Ms. Harvey and Lady Stanley were pleased with the boys' progress even though some of them were very apprehensive about the changes being wrought on their bodies. They noticed that as they became smaller, softer, and more delicate in their dresses, skirts, and silky blouses, panties, and slips, their former classmates at Lincoln High were growing larger, stronger, and burly in their denim jeans, tee shirts, and coarse cotton briefs and boxers. "I'll be glad when this year in skirts and dresses at St. Cece is over, and I can be a *man*!" became the rallying cry.

The first time that Ken noticed that Ken was that much larger than him was when he was ironing a pair of his cotton briefs. Thinking, 'These briefs look bigger than my panties,' he spread a pair of Ben's cotton briefs on the ironing board and a pair of his nylon panties over them for comparison. Seeing that Ben's briefs extended about an inch on each side of his panties, he kicked off his shoes while gasping, 'This can't be right!' To confirm his disbelief, he stepped into the

cotton briefs, pulled them to his waist under his skirt, and to his astonishment, he found them so loose that they almost fell to his knees. 'I can't believe my diet and waist chinch have reduced my waist that much,' he sighed as tears filled his eyes. 'How can that be?'

One morning while walking to school, Ken noticed a stiff gust of wind blow up Matt's skirt and reveal an expanse of his slip. As Matt hurried to brush his skirt back into place, he looked about to see if anyone was watching. As had been his habit in the past, Ken pretended not to notice, but he filed the incident away in his mind. Another time, Ken was walking over to have lunch with Paul and saw Paul sitting with his knees apart. "Is that a ladylike way to sit, Miss Greene?" he asked.

"I...I was thinking of crossing my legs like we practiced in class, but I guess I got carried away," Paul stammered.

That Sunday in confession, Ken stepped off the scale with a smile as Lady Stanley said, "Very good, Miss Watson, you have lost two pounds this week."

"I'm trying to lose weight to make this smaller waist cinch more comfortable," he admitted.

"A very commendable goal, Miss Watson. Now, do you have any violations of the honor code to confess?"

"Once, I didn't smile when I served Ben a snack, and when he asked me to iron a shirt, I snapped at him to iron it himself. I did apologize and said I would be happy to iron his shirt."

"You are making progress with your weight, but you still have a way to go," she praised his efforts. "Do you have any violations of your fellow students to report?" When he told about Miss Dixon and Miss Greene's inadvertent lapses, she added that both had

reported themselves and that he was to be commended for his diligence in observing and reporting them. As an assignment for the following week, he was to continue his diet and perform at least favors for Ben with a bright smile.

Despite the wishes of most of the St. Cece boys, they were rapidly, yet unknowingly, growing accustomed to their winter uniform with additions of pantyhose, slips, and blazers with the Christmas season nearing. Eagerly anticipating the holiday, a jovial atmosphere filled the halls and classrooms. For the last day before the break, they were advised to omit their uniforms and wear something with Christmas flair. For the occasion, Ken wore his red church dress, heels, red lipstick, and matching nail polish that weren't allowed for normal school wear.

As the boys arrived at Ms. Harvey's class in their festive holiday dresses, she had them sashay around the room one at a time, model their nice dresses, and describe the best features of their ensemble to their fellow students. Matt stunned the class of boys when he admitted, "I love the way my slip shows in the back walking slit of my skirt. I have a green one that matches my skirt, but it isn't very obvious, so I wore a white one that shows a flash of nylon and lace with every step. I think it's very sexy."

The boys exchanged small gifts with close friends like costume jewelry, silk scarves, and the like at school. From St. Cece, they received a waist cinch two inches smaller than the ones they currently wore. In the box was a note that said they should purchase a supply of cinches in this size because they would be wearing them 24/7 until further notice. A roar of protest arose from the class when the impact of this *gift*

was realized, but in the end, their complaint was to no avail.

At home, Ken received a three-tiered necklace of faux pearls and matching clip-on earrings from Ben that his mother had purchased. Hoping his gifts from his parents wouldn't be too girly, his breath was taken away when he saw a lavish set of lingerie in pink nylon that included a bra, matching panties, full slip, half-slip, camisole, an ankle length nightgown, a waist cinch garter belt the same size as the one he received from St. Cece, a transparent knee length negligee, and fluffy bedroom slippers with three inch heels.

Ken wanted to complain that the transparent negligee wouldn't hide anything, but the threat of being reported to Lady Stanley took the argument out of him. Instead, he concentrated on what he saw as the most *pressing* issue. With tears streaking his makeup, he pleaded, "Please don't make me wear that damn waist cinch ... not 24/7. Lady Stanley would never know unless you told her."

"You will wear your new cinches full time like you did with your old ones or I'll make sure Lady Stanley knows," Janet assured her pleading son. "We can purchase the others you'll need when they go on sale after Christmas. Before I get angry and call Lady Stanley, go change into your new lingerie and model it for us. Ben can take a few photos for our family album with his new camera."

"Don't forget to confess using that unladylike language," Ben taunted with a teasing smile as his blushing brother walked away. "I just know *Miss Dixon* who loves being girly or *Miss Greene* who can't keep a secret from his little sister for fear of a spanking and other punishments would love to rat you out if you don't report yourself."

"They wouldn't know about my slip of the tongue if you didn't tell them!" Ken admonished his smiling brother.

"Can't keep quiet, sissy bro," Ben quipped with a malicious grin. "Have to make you sure you respect your honor code."

Stu had watched the drastic effect the St. Cece program and his wife's insistence that Ken strictly adhere to the dress code and curriculum were having on his son. He wanted nothing more than to intercede on Ken's behalf, but fear of being sent to Lady Stanley and being forced to wear skirts like several other men kept him quiet. His wife had already insisted on him wearing panties with that threat, and that was more than enough incentive to keep him silent.

Seeing that no help was coming from his father, Ken dejectedly gathered his presents and as he was making his way toward his room, Ben urged, "Be wearing the necklace and earrings I gave you when you come back." Ken was too distressed over the thought of wearing the smaller waist cinch to respond.

Through the winter months, school blazers, overcoats, and other bulky clothing disguised the fact that the St. Cece boys were wearing extremely restrictive waist cinches, so no one in Hamil was aware of their slimming bodies. With the arrival of Easter, warmer weather, Spring fashions featuring new form fitting dresses in silk, polyester, and other light fabrics had to be purchased by the St. Cece boys for church and other festive events.

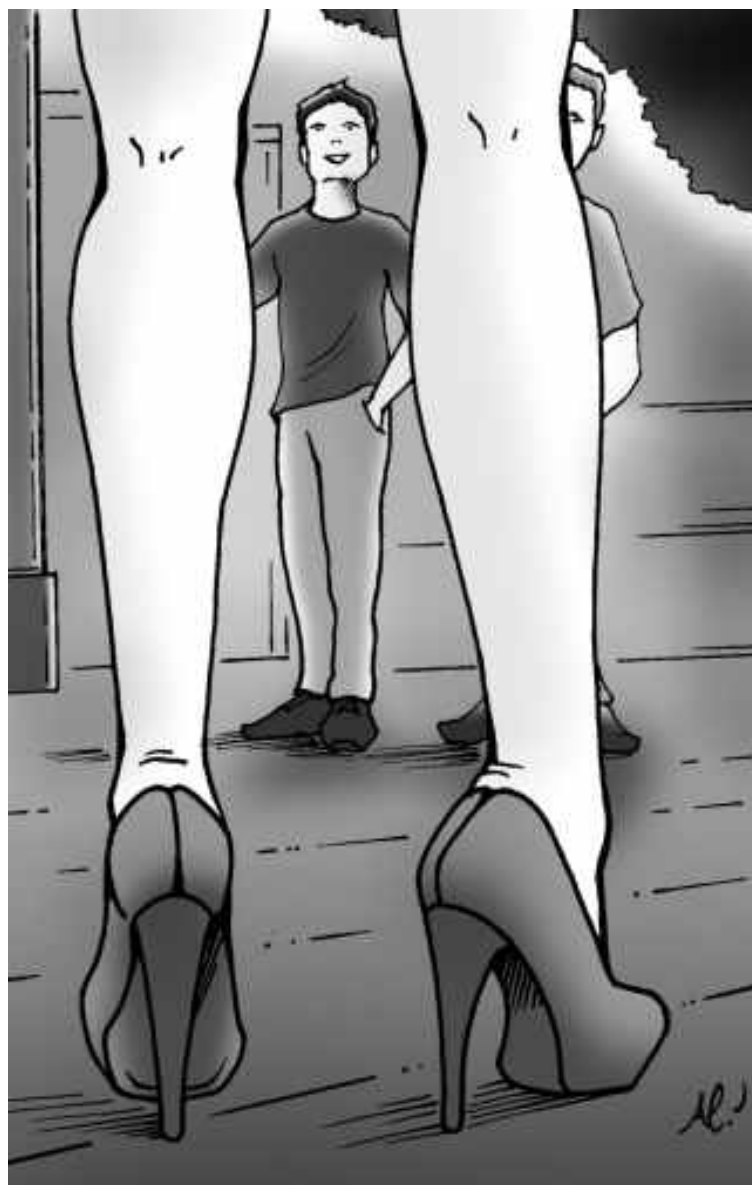
On previous shopping excursions for feminine attire, most of the boys had to be forced to even *look* at dresses, skirts, blouses, and silky lingerie, not to mention try them on in the boutique. This time, however,

most of them eagerly sought fashions they *wanted* to wear. They even held up bras with enhanced padding, exquisite nylon panties, and even waist cinch garter belts for inspection and appraisal with no shame or embarrassment. Like as not, they excitedly wore one of their new ensembles from the boutique instead of being forced to do so as in the past. A majority of them also opted for shoes with at least four-inch heels.

Only when the boys began appearing in public in these form fitting fashions that displayed their hard earned figures in bright spring colors with stilt heels and enhanced makeup that included lipstick that matched their nail polish did the people of Hamil appreciate their trim shape. Even then, they didn't realize the discomfort and hunger they had endured to achieve their *pleasing to the eye* figures.

Spring also meant the end of winter uniforms meaning slips, pantyhose, and school blazers were eliminated except for church and other festive events. The exception being if a particular dress or skirt was deemed too sheer to be modest, a slip or half-slip would be worn for the occasion. Whether in their pleated uniform skirts and silky blouses or one of their new spring dresses, the St. Cece boys now moved with a definite feminine swagger. Most were totally unaware of the changes their feminine training had wrought upon them as they took short steps placing one foot directly in front of the other causing their hips to sway delightfully.

As boys are apt to do, the locals didn't miss the changes in their former classmates as they moved about in their spring finery. "Wow!" one of two boys praised when a St. Cece boy walked by in an eye-catching form fitting mid-thigh length silk dress and stilt heels. "Larry was a standup guy before his



mother and her lesbian lover sent him to St. Sissy and made him wear dresses."

"Yeah and look at him now. He moves around in that form fitting dress and those killer heels looking sexier than most real girls."

"Who knew he had such killer legs? Look how the back seams of those dark nylons give them a sexy look as he struts along in that flowing white minidress like a runway model."

"*I am* looking! *I am* looking! I just have to keep reminding myself that he's a guy."

"Larry used to have balls, but I don't know what's nestled in his silky panties now. Remember when he walloped Randy Allday behind the gym for just *looking* at Betty Jean Brewer and Randy is a lot bigger than him?"

"That was awesome, but since he started wearing dresses, I wonder if he still has a thing for B. J.,"

"Question is does Jess still have a thing for him knowing his panties are silkier and lacier than hers and his skirts are shorter if she still wears them."

"With Larry out of the way, Randy should have a clear field where Jess is concerned, but I don't think they've been out together."

"Didn't you hear? Randy isn't interested in Jess. He's hot for *Larry*."

"No way!"

"Way! Didn't you hear? Randy asked Larry out to a movie months ago."

"I don't believe this! Did Larry go with him?"

"He didn't have a choice. His mother's dyke lover made him go. She decked him out in a tight white micro-miniskirt and an off the shoulder pink blouse that

bared his navel and spike heels that must have been five inches high. He was wearing full makeup with pink lipstick, nail polish, and eye shadow and his hair was styled in a high ponytail that was tied off with a pink ribbon like the girl next door going on a hot date. I know because I saw his photo and him and Randy on Facebook."

"How did they look together?"

"Like a normal hot couple. Even with Larry in his sexy heels, Randy was still a few inches taller than him."

"None of the Lincoln girls ever look that sexy. That's why some of the guys are asking the sissies out, and I hear they come away with smiles on their faces most of the time."

"Look around and you'll see more Lincoln girls wearing shorter skirts and more makeup because they got jealous seeing us looking at the sissies."

"Yeah, and I hear the girls are giving more blow jobs because the word is... Say, I wonder if Larry went down on Randy after he beat the hell out of him when he was a boy?"

"Good question. Can't you just picture those red lips wrapped around the shlong of the boy he walloped when he was allowed to wear pants? I wonder how he must feel going out with him in a miniskirt."

"Yeah and think of Randy's revenge."

"Out there man! I mean, totally *out* there!"

This type conversation was occurring all over town.

The boys of Lincoln High and the men and women of Hamil weren't the only ones observing the rapid feminization of the St. Cece boys. As she and Ms. Harvey sat sipping a glass of wine and watching a

group of their boy students gathered on the campus lawn, Lady Stanley observed, "Look at those precious darlings giggling like the girls they appear to be. They have no idea how much like girls they've become in the past school term."

"Is that normal? I mean do all boys who attend girl's schools adapt to dresses, skirts, and soft silky lingerie like our boys?"

"Oh yes. I've seen it time and again in the UK and other PE countries. Boys enter a girl's school fighting and swearing they will never wear the proper uniform with a skirt. After a term of intense girl training, they move, gesture, and even *look* like girls at a cursory glance."

"What do you think they're chatting about that is so amusing?"

"Boys and skirt lengths for all I know."

"You're probably right. The other day, I heard one of the boys in my class tell another that he found some foam covered hair rollers. He said the foam wasn't as prickly as his old brush rollers, and they were more comfortable to sleep in. He also recommended a satin pillow case."

"They may as well discuss girlish topics because the only thing that identifies them as boys these days is the pathetic thing dangling between their legs and resting sedately in their panties. Look at them. The only time they look at girls these days is to wonder how they would look in whatever outfit she's wearing or imagine how they would wear it differently."

"That's because of the sense of pride and habitual feminine tendencies we've drilled into them day after day. Have you noticed that even the most reluctant of our boys to accept our curriculum in the beginning

now take pride in their feminine image and demeanor? Not one of them will leave a room without his purse or go out in public without checking his hair and makeup. I don't know how long it's been since I had to issue a reprimand for someone sitting with his knees apart or for carelessly allowing his lace embellished slip to show."

"That all came about because of our unrelenting vigilance in teaching the lessons that bring those habits about," Lady Stanley injected. "Not giving any quarter when they violated the Honor Code and not sparing the paddle for even minor offences has kept them focused on the role we require. Believe me, our methods are time tested and extremely effective."

Jess Brewer was beside herself as she watched Larry evolve from a he man to a boy in a skirt to a virtual butterfly of feminine fashion, demeanor, and decorum. Despite her aversion to the way he looked and comported himself in dresses, skirts, heels, and makeup, she was still in love with him. Her problem was what to do about it.

Deciding to take the bull by the horns, she stepped from behind a tree to block Larry's way as he walked home from church one bright spring day. No surprise, he was wearing a royal blue dress with a satin sheen. His straight skirt fell to mid-thigh to emphasize his trim hairless nylon clad thighs, and he wore four-inch stiletto heels. His hair had grown down onto his shoulders and was permed into a neat feminine style, and his makeup included foundation, blusher, eyeliner, eyeshadow, mascara, and fire engine red lipstick that exactly matched his long oval flawlessly applied manicure. Summoning all her courage, she said, "Nice dress."

"Thank you," he managed to stammer with a bright blush that was partially concealed by his feminine makeup. Looking over her denim jeans, cotton shirt, heavy riding boots with barely raised heels, slicked back hair, and the absence of makeup, he felt like an absolute sissy. In a supreme effort to hide his shame, he tried to conceal his blush as he added, "You look nice too."

"Before you transferred to St. Cece, you were a rough and tumble guy. How does that boy feel about wearing dresses?"

"I don't like to wear dresses and skirts and all the things that go with it, but I don't have a choice. Mom tries to stand up for me sometimes, but Auntie Mac spansks her and makes her stand in the corner while she makes me..."

Changing the subject to avoid an uncomfortable subject, Jess suggested, "Let's sit over here. We need to talk."

Larry didn't know how to react. He hadn't seen Jess except from a distance since he was practicing in his uniform and heels prior to the start of school some six months earlier. So much had happened since then. To his consternation, Auntie Mac took over their household and set about to squash his masculinity, bravado, and confidence. She used punishment spankings to intimidate him, eliminate any remaining valor, and mold him into a pantywaist wimp. 'What can a boy in a dress like me say to this beautiful sexy girl who used to be my fiancée?' he wondered as he walked on his toes to prevent his narrow heels from sinking in the soft earth as he made his way over to the park bench she indicated.

As they sat, Larry crossed his legs at the knee and tried not to show anything beneath his skirt as he learned to do in Ms. Harvey's class. Jess admired his nylon clad thighs and said, "Never knew you had such nice legs. I just wanted to tell you that I've missed you."

"I've missed you too. You just don't know how much. You stormed out when you saw the panties I had to wear last fall. I was heartbroken not knowing if you would ever speak me again, much less love me. I still am."

"You were right. I was totally bummed out, but I've had a change of heart. I know they make you wear dresses and skirts at that sissy school and it's not your choice. I was thinking maybe we ought to go out again. You know, give it another try."

"I can't," Larry admitted with a tear laden voice. "Girl clothes are all I have to wear, all Auntie Mac will *let* me wear. She ordered mother to take me shopping and buy me a complete set of dresses, skirts, blouses, and lingerie. All my school bras and panties were white, so I had to select a supply of pastel colored panties, bras, slips, and garter belts. I don't think you would want to go out with me wearing a miniskirt, spectator heels, makeup, and that other girly stuff."

"I could wear slacks, a flannel shirt, sneakers, and slick my hair down so we would look like a boy and a girl ... just in reverse."

Hearing her solution, Larry buried his face in his hands and burst into tears. "I can't, I *can't*!" he wailed as mascara laden tears streaked his makeup. "I didn't want you to know the real reason. Auntie Mac has forbidden me to date girls."

"Who do you date, *boys*?"

"One boy, Randy Allday."

"Randy Allday? You beat him up for harassing me and now you're dating *him*?"

"Everybody was wrong about Randy," Larry admitted with another bright blush as he once again adjusted his short skirt over his nylon clad thighs. "He wasn't trying to steal you away from me. It was just the opposite. He was trying to take me from you. He even let me beat him up to make me look like a macho stud to all the guys."

"He wasn't hitting on me?"

"No, he wanted me. He considered beating me up and making me look like a wimp, but he didn't want anyone to know he was gay. Then, the St. Cece financial crisis and me being transferred there gave him his chance. After the first time he saw me in a skirt, he went to Auntie Mac, came out to her, and asked if he could take me out on a date. She thought that was a great idea, and we've been a couple ever since. I can't tell you how humiliated I am to be seen out with him in a dress or skirt, heels, and makeup."

"Do you kiss him?"

"Auntie made me kiss him from the very start and now I have to greet him at the door with a kiss when he comes to pick me up for our dates. She watches to make sure I do. He holds me tight and caresses my buttocks and I have to ... to fondle him in his pants."

"What else do you do for him?"

"Randy makes me and Auntie backs him up!" Larry exclaimed without admitting exactly what Randy made him do. "I hate it, but I can't help it! He's so strong! He's on the Lincoln wrestling team, and he's been eating protein and carbs and lifting weights while I've been dieting and doing palates to eliminate

my muscles. If I refuse, he turns me across his lap, flips up my skirt, and spanks me on my panties until I give in. Can you imagine how humiliating it is to be spanked by a boy I used to beat up ... even if he let me? I hate doing that for him! I always hate it, but he's too strong! What choice do I have?"

"The thought of Larry kissing and going down on Randy really turned Jess off even more than seeing his silky panties months ago. Her first reaction was to storm away like she did last fall, but she remembered how awful she felt without him. Swallowing her disgust, she said, "I think I'll have a talk with your aunt. Come on, let's go."

Hearing her determined words, Larry burst into tears and blubbered, "Y...you don't understand! Auntie Mac knows all kinds of martial arts. I can't stand up to her."

"Don't cry. I'll stand up to her and protect you, so come on!"

"Just a minute," Larry said as he removed a lace hanky from his purse and dabbed at his tears. He then took out his compact and refreshed his makeup before leaving the bench. Taking her hand, he said, "Are you sure about this?"

Upon entering the house with Jess, Larry hesitantly called Mac and said, "You met Jess last fall when she came by and decided to end us. Now, she wants to get together again."

"Why should let you do that? You taunted your mother and me when you learned of our relationship. Now that you've been going out with Randy, you know how much that kind of talk can hurt."

"But I'm not gay! I hate wearing dresses and going out with Randy!"

"Still you know firsthand how much it hurts when you are called names like queer, fag, swish, sissy, fairy, and the like. Anyway, what will you tell Randy if you break up with him?"

"He won't have to tell Randy *anything!*" Jess declared with emphasis. "I'll tell him. If he wants to get rough about it, I'll kick his ass."

Mac was taken by the resolute Jess, and she hit on an idea. "Okay look," she said. "Before you confront Randy, I need to give you some pointers on how to use his bulk and strength against him. Also, if I agree to let you two date, you will have to dress in a similar manner to the way you are dressed now. Larry will have to continue to wear dresses and skirts because of school, and I want you to look like a normal boy-girl couple."

"Sounds like a plan," Jess agreed. "I hate wearing skirts and sexy underwear. When do we start?"

A week later, Jess was waiting at Larry's home when Randy arrived. When he entered without knocking, she blocked his way and declared, "Hold on Big Boy. Larry is my fiancée now."

"Who says?"

"I do!" Jess declared while holding her ground. When he reached out to push her away, she grabbed his wrist like Mac showed her, twisted his arm behind him, and slammed his head into the wall. Dizzy and stunned, he tried to maintain his balance, but he sank to his knees. "Now, get out of here, and don't come back." She scowled, gaining confidence by the minute.

"I... I can't," he stammered. "Who'll take care of me? I have needs, y'know."

"Your needs can go to hell, or you can find another St. Cece boy to take care of them for you," Mac insisted

in a firm tone. "Now, get out of here and don't come back!"

The month of May was in full bloom, and most of the St. Cece boys were happy as they anxiously anticipated the end of the school year in early June and their return to boys' clothes. Happy smiles covered their faces whenever they thought of putting away their girlish uniform skirts, silky blouses, dresses, skirts, bras, panties, slips, nylons, high heels, makeup, lipstick, nail polish, and perfume in favor of denim jeans, cotton tee shirts, cotton briefs and boxers with a manly fly, and stylish tennis shoes. Torturous waist cinches would happily be put away forever and starvation diets forgotten, and never again would they have to shave their legs, ply their bodies with creams and lotions, apply beauty masks to their faces, or put their hair up in curlers for the night and sleep in the prickly pins and rollers. Oh, how they looked forward to the renewal of a carefree boy's life.

For the St. Cece graduation ceremony, the underclass students, including the boys, were advised to wear a nice dress, heels, makeup, lipstick, and nail polish. They weren't happy with the dress code for the festive event, but a happy aura filled the air, "Why not, for just one more day? We'll be returning to pants tomorrow and all these girlish clothes and things will be behind us!"

With the boys in their feminine finery, the St. Cece graduation went off like clockwork. The speeches were made, the diplomas handed out, and the president gave her address. Lastly, Lady Stanley was introduced to make closing comments. "Greetings ladies, gentlemen, honored guests, graduates and St. Cece students. You all know of the effort to save our school from financial failure this past year. To accomplish

that goal, 15 boys were transferred from Lincoln High to fill out our enrollment quota. I am happy to report that, with everyone's cooperation, our Progressive Concept approach has been a resounding success."

After several minutes of thundering applause from the townspeople for the end of the PC experiment, she continued. "Because of our triumph, the St. Cece Board of Directors has decided to exercise its option under the law passed last summer and extend the PC policy for as long as necessary to keep the school financially sound." She paused a moment to allow this idea to sink in to the silent audience. "To accomplish this goal, 23 boys will be transferred from Lincoln High School to St. Cece to enroll as freshmen for the upcoming school year. Also, the current class of boys will advance to sophomore status and will continue to comport themselves in the traditional manner of dress and decorum that has been established for St. Cece students over the years."

This time there was no applause. Instead, the auditorium was filled with negative response, rebuttal, descent, grumbling, and anger. The current St. Cece students vowed that they wouldn't ... *couldn't* wear skirts another year ... another *three* years.

Ignoring the furor and insults, Lady Stanley seized the moment, quieting the crowd that was nearing mob mentality. "The law creating the PC educational curriculum is clear and is absolute in giving the St. Cece Board of Directors authority to extend the policy as they deem necessary for the continuation of our school. Therefore, they have exercised this option and decided that PC is now law in the city of Hamil. A sufficient number of boys will be transferred from Lincoln to raise the number of incoming freshmen to 200 this and future years. Thus, parents of rising freshmen

boys have until the end of June to voluntarily register their sons at St. Cece. If the quota of 23 is not filled in that manner, the remainder will be chosen by lottery as was the case last year. Transferring boys are advised to refrain from cutting their hair and to avoid strenuous sports and other vigorous activities."

Upon hearing Lady Stanley's declaration, the current St. Cece boys were *devastated*. After wearing uniform skirts and sissy blouses along with girlish bras and panties for a year, they thought this would be their last day in girlish attire. At first, they were speechless, but as the gravity of their new status dawned on them, they began to protest saying they couldn't go through another year ... another *three* years in skirts, dresses, and silky lingerie. "No, please, *no!*"

Seeing their distress, Lady Stanley further shocked them by saying, "I see you boy students of St. Cece in your chic dresses, heels, and makeup swearing that you won't return to our school as sophomores. Remember, you said the same thing a year ago, and look at you now. You didn't circumvent the requirement that you wear the proper uniform a year ago, and as the law is iron clad, you won't evade it in the future. My advice is that you prepare for another three years at St. Cece when you will receive your diplomas like today's graduates. A list of dress and comportment regulations that specify your required activities and manner of dress for the summer will be given you after the ceremony. Violations are subject to the Code of Honor and, as when you were in school, will be met with proper discipline."

Disbelief covered the faces of most of the male St. Cece students when the ceremony ended. "I thought all this was over, and now we have to dress like girls

for three more years!" Holding his skirt out for emphasis, Ken gasped, "I'm not sure I can do it!"

"I'm glad they extended the PC policy," Matt bubbled happily as he twirled quickly, swirling his skirt out to reveal glimpses of his lace edged slip and smooth nylon clad thighs. "I dreaded the thought of having to give up my soft frillies. Now, I won't have to."

"The way you've been acting in dresses and skirts, we never expected that you would ever give them up," Ken admitted. "As for me, I was totally looking forward to wearing pants, but after what Lady Stanley said, that won't happen now."

When Ken's brother and parents joined him in the car, they found him lying in the back seat crying. Seeing them, he adjusted his wayward skirt to cover as much nylon clad thighs and lace edged slip as possible. When they asked what was wrong, he blubbered, "Have you seen this list of things I have to wear and how I'm expected to continue comporting myself as a St. Cece student this summer?"

"No, but let's see what it says," Ben said with a bright smile as he took the list from his feminized brother's manicured hand. Looking it over, he suppressed a hearty laugh as he read aloud:

*REGULATIONS AND DRESS CODE FOR
RETURNING ST. CECE BOYS*

Boys returning to St. Cece as sophomores will wear dresses and skirts exclusively during the summer months. No shorts, slacks, or any type of trousers other than nylon panties or bikini bottoms will be allowed.

All boys will advance to fully padded B cup bras filled with the proper prosthesis. They will have their

ears double pierced and purchase a collection of studs, hoops, and pendants they will enjoy wearing on a daily basis.

St. Cece boys must never appear in public topless. Bikinis are encouraged, but one piece swimwear is permitted. Both styles require regulation B cup padding.

All boy students will sit properly with their knees modestly together or their legs neatly crossed and their skirt discreetly adjusted across their thighs as they have been taught and is proper. That discreet manner can be altered if a debonair young man or attractive young lady they wish to attract is present.

Legs must be kept smooth and hairless. Nylons and at least 4 inch heels are to be worn to church and all festive, formal, or gala events.

Appropriate makeup, including foundation, concealer, blush, eyeliner, eye shadow, mascara, lipstick, matching nail polish, and fragrant perfume is to be worn at all times.

Hair is to be kept in a chic style, so rolling one's hair for the night is highly encouraged. Ponytails are permissible for casual events, but they must be arranged high on the head.

All strenuous exercises and sports are to be avoided. The exception is perhaps a weekly swim in an appropriate suit or bikini or a set of tennis while wearing a stylish dress or skirt and top for the occasion. Aerobics and palates are encouraged to smooth, tone, and shape bodies to an attractive contour.

Dating is encouraged. If a St. Cece boy is invited out by a handsome young man or striking girl, they should feel free to accept. Light petting is permissible,

but students should comport themselves as proper St. Cece students at all times.

Follow the rules, have an enjoyable summer. The Honor Code is in effect at all times, and confessions of indiscretions or the transgressions of others that are observed will be made in the chapel after church services.

‘This couldn’t have turned out better,’ Ben silently smiled as he watched his feminine clad brother burst into a new torrent of tears, ‘I know he has never been a sissy, but since he got sent to that girl’s school, everybody believes he is because of the way he looks in his dresses and school uniforms. It sure is sexy the way his skirt is riding high on his thighs with his silky slip showing. Those aerobics and his strict diet really shaped and rounded him out like a girl. Hell, his legs even look better than most girls in those nylon stockings and stilt heels.’

Seeing her distraught son, Janet told Ben to sit in front with his father while she slid in the back with Ken. Taking her distraught son in her arms, she pulled his head onto her shoulder and said, “You know there’s nothing your father or I can do to change your situation, so go ahead and cry. Girls always feel better after a good cry.”

“I told you and told you that Ben did all that stuff and set me up to go to St. Cece, but you won’t believe me,” he insisted through his sobs. “You never believe me, and now I have to ... have to... you heard all that stuff Ben read! They want me to pierce my ears, wear lipstick full time, and date *boys!*”

“There, there,” his mother soothed. “The rules said you could date girls or boys so put a smile on that pretty face. When we get home, you’ll feel better after

you get out that fancy dress and heels, wash your face, change into something more comfortable, remove your tear streaked makeup, apply more subdued makeup, and your new Rosy Red lipstick."

"I can't wear anything comfortable, Mom! Dresses and skirts are all I'm allowed to wear. I can't even wear *shorts!*"

"Don't worry. miniskirts are comfortable and they aren't all that different from shorts. You just have to be a bit more careful to sit and bend modestly to avoid showing off your pretty panties. Anyway, you know how to manage short skirts properly after a year in your uniform at school."

"But Mom, they want me to date *boys!*"

"They only said it was permissible for you to date boys, not that it was mandatory. Anyway, look at the positive side and don't worry until it happens."

"What positive side?"

"For one thing, you already wear dresses, and for another, you and I will have fun shopping for your new clothes, makeup, and new B cup bras. Think of the pampering you'll get at the salon when you get a perm, makeover, and mani/pedi. Also, for the summer described in that memo, you'll need two or three nice summer dresses for church along with some new heels and nylons. Just think of the fun you'll have trying on bikinis and tennis dresses."

"Didn't you hear what Ben read? They want me to date *boys!*"

"That simply means you'll be going to parties and dances with boys or girls, so you'll need a few stylish dresses and cute miniskirts. Might as well buy some matching bras, panties, garter belts, stylish heels, and of course, nylons. I hear seamed nylons are coming

back in style and that some of the St. Cece boys are already wearing them. If you like, we could get a few pairs for your parties, dances, and dates. They are really sexy, but you have to keep the seams straight to maintain the sensuous *look* and that takes a bit of practice. Oh well, we have lots of time. Also, when your ears are double pierced, you can adopt a chic look with decorative studs, stylish hoops, and elaborate pendants."

"But Mom, I'm a boy! I can't wear dresses and date other boys! Miss Dixon likes to wear girl's clothes and he won't even talk about what happens on his dates with Woody Hardway."

In the front seat, Stu grimaced at the thought of his sobbing son having to wear all those feminine clothes and possibly date boys. 'Pranks or no pranks, he didn't deserve *this*, especially not for three more years! If I hadn't agreed to send him to that sissy school, he wouldn't be wearing dresses and I wouldn't be wearing panties full time and lace embellished aprons to do my housework at Janet's insistence. Hell, I wouldn't even be doing housework! I thought those rumors about the boys having to wear skirts were just that ... *rumors*! Now, those crazy bitches have him all decked out as a girl, and they want him to date other boys. What'll they want him to do next, give blow jobs? Hey, is that why Matt won't talk about his dates? Does he have to go down on Woody? I'd try to help if it didn't mean I would find myself across Janet's lap with my panties on fire when we get home. She can really swing that paddle Lady Stanley gave her to use on Ken when this crazy mess started!"

'How great can this get?' Ben reveled gleefully. 'Ken is stuck in dresses at St. Sissy for the next three

years and will be dating boys! I can just picture those red lips wrapped around ...'

'I always wanted a daughter, but I guess I'll just have to make do with my son,' Janet mused happily. 'I know he isn't a sissy who likes chic dresses, silky undies, and manly boys, but I can make do. I'll have tons of fun helping him get ready for dates with hunky boys in his leg baring miniskirts, stilt heels, and makeup. He won't be sweet sixteen and an oral virgin for long if I have my way!'

A few days after the graduation ceremony, Randy approached Ben and said, "I hear the St. Cece boys have been ordered to date boys. Does your brother have a fiancée yet?"

"No," Ben replied as a thoughtful smile crossed his lips. "He keeps talking about dating boys, but he hasn't been out with one yet. Why don't you ask him out to a movie or something and see if you two hit it off?" Ben was almost giddy over the thought that Ken dating another boy was this close to happening. He was totally excited and was having great difficulty maintaining his composure as he encouraged Randy to ask his brother out on a date, but he had to ask, "I thought you and Larry Jones were a hot item. What's going on there?"

"He broke it off. Said he wanted to patch things up with Jess Brewer. They dated before he transferred to St. Cece if you remember. Larry was such a great lover, I want to try another of those boys in skirts, and Ken looks really hot in those sexy Spring dresses. Do you think he would go out with me?"

"Wouldn't hurt to ask," Ben reveled, trying to keep his composure and a straight face while thinking excitedly, 'What could be greater than this, Ken wearing a

sexy minidress and going out with another boy, even if he is queer as a three dollar bill.' Then aloud, "Why not give it a try?"

"I think I will," Randy said with a bright smile. "I think I will."

'I should have seen it coming,' Paul surmised while getting ready for his date with Rod Steele. 'Jenny asked him to take me out. I don't know what she had to promise to get him to agree. Whatever it was, it couldn't be good for me.'

"You'll show Rod a good time if you know what's good for you," Jenny told Paul as he checked his hair and makeup in the mirror. "He is trying to make Susan Hayes jealous, so you need to show him lots of affection when others around. That means lots of kissing and allowing him unlimited caresses in public, understand?"

"Please don't make me do that, Jenny. I'm not into boys, and I don't want to kiss or be felt up by Rod."

"Your act needs to make Susan believe that you are going down on Rod, so she'll do it for him to get him back. Clever huh?"

"How do I make everybody that I'm going down on Rod?"

"If you can't fake it, you'll just have to go down on him for real."

"Please Jenny, no!"

"Do it or fake it!" Jenny demanded just as the doorbell sounded announcing Rod's arrival.

"Wow, you look hot!" Rod exclaimed as he perused Paul in his tight fitting top and mid thigh length skirt. "Susan is sure to be jealous after she sees a few texts



with you rubbing it all over me. Let's go, and thanks for coming up with this scheme, Jenny."

Because of his extended practice walking in tight skirts and stilt heels, Paul walked easily and naturally to Rod's car.

From experience with Larry, Randy knew the best time to approach St. Cece boys when not in uniform and wearing a nice dress was when they were on the way home from church. With that in mind, he was waiting beside his car a block away from the chapel to intercept Ken on his way home. Seeing the object of his admiration and desire approaching, his heart flipped, and he experienced a strong surge in his briefs. To his utter delight, Ken was wearing a floral silk dress with a fitted bodice and mid-thigh length skirt. His four-inch pumps and sheer nylons gave his legs a sexy look that nearly flipped Randy out with lust.

Ken was concentrating on his punishment assignment for the coming week and didn't notice his admirer. Inwardly, he was cursing Lady Stanley for tightening his waist cinch to the limit and ordering him to wear it that way until further notice. Needless to say, he was startled when Randy stepped out and said, "Hi Ken, you're looking especially nice in that stylish dress this morning. Do you mind if I walk along with you?"

Caught totally off guard, Ken could only stammer, "I... I guess it would be alright, but I have to go straight home. St. Cece boys ... ah ... and ...and *girls* are scrutinized very closely, you know."

"I understand. I'll give you a ride home, and no hanky panky, I promise."

"What about, Miss Jones? I hear you two are a couple."

"We were, but we broke up. That is, Larry broke up with me and went back to Jess.

"I wish I had a girl who would date me despite all *this*," Ken said while making a hand motion that indicated his dress, heels, hair, and makeup. "I would like to ask one, but that is considered too forward for a St. Cece boy."

"How about going with a boy who asked you? I would like to take you to a movie or some other place if you like. I have this car, so our parents wouldn't have to drive us."

"I don't think so," Ken replied in a hesitant voice. "I'm not into boys."

"Boy or girl, what's the big deal? You'll be wearing a dress, and I'll be wearing pants. I've been going out with Larry dressed that way for the last six months."

Even though Randy kept asking, Ken steadfastly refused. When the couple reached Ken's home, Randy remained on the porch and blocked Ken's entrance while still trying to convince him to go on a date with him.

After a few minutes, Janet looked out to see why her son didn't come in. Seeing Ken's guest, she stepped outside to greet him.

"Hello Ms. Watson, I'm Randy Allday. Ken and I used to go to Lincoln High together. I've been trying to talk him into going to a movie with me, but he keeps refusing."

Janet had been anxiously awaiting a similar scene, a boy wanting to date her son, and she wasn't about to let it pass. "So nice to meet you, Randy," she bubbled. "Come in and have some milk and cookies. Ken just made them last night. Be sure to put on your apron, so you won't soil your nice church dress."

"Yes, Mom, I'll wear my apron. Yes, Mom, I'll be careful. Yes, Mom, I won't soil my new church dress," Ken answered in a sarcastic tone.

"I don't understand you, Ken!" Janet scolded. "A handsome young man has come to call and has asked politely to escort you to a movie, so what's the problem?" Turning to Randy, she said, "Of course, he'll accompany you to the movie. How about Friday night? That'll give him time to get a new dress and make himself beautiful for you. Seven o'clock, okay?"

Smiling at his success at getting a date with another boy, Randy said, "Seven will be perfect." Turning to Ken, he said, "The cookies were great, and I'll see you Friday night." That said, he leaned over, kissed Ken on the cheek, and made his exit.

"You shouldn't have done that, Mom!" Ken scowled when Randy was gone.

"Shouldn't have done what, Dear?" Janey asked. "Help you break the ice with your young man?"

"He's not my young man, and I didn't want to go out with him!" Ken seethed in anger. "Haven't you heard what I've been saying about not wanting to date boys?"

"If you don't want to date boys, why haven't you asked a nice girl for a date? Goodness knows, there are plenty of them around."

"Mom, you know it's not proper for a St. Cece boy to ask a girl out. I have to wait until a girl asks me, and none of them have asked."

"No more than I had to experience as a girl, but there are ways around that policy," Janet reasoned. "If I liked a certain boy, I would get a girlfriend to tell him and encourage him to ask me out. Simple huh? You could give that ploy a whirl by getting Matt or Paul to

let some girl know you're interested. It's too late now because you accepted that date with Randy."

"I didn't accept that date with Randy," Ken insisted. "You did!"

"I had to do something. You were just standing there like a tree not saying anything."

"What should I have done? I don't want to go out with him."

"You could have taken your apron off after you served his snack and let him get a good look at you in that pretty dress for one thing."

"I told you at the boutique," Ken moaned near tears. "This dress is too sheer. You can see the lace and decorations on my slip right through it. Besides, I don't want Randy to see me in a dress because that's what he's into. Seeing me in a stylish dress just turns him on."

"In that case you had best start thinking about what you plan to wear on your date."

"All I can think about is how I can't use Miss Dixon or Miss Greene to help me get a date with a girl."

"They are both dating boys. Why should they help you get a date with a girl? Anyway, what's done is done. Go to your room and find something cute to wear that will wow Randy Friday night. If you don't find anything, we'll visit the boutique tomorrow and see what Mary Pat has to offer. Go on, or I'll bring out the paddle and warm your panties! Apparently, I haven't done that often enough lately!"

"Now that you two have had a couple of dates, do you plan on having a serious relationship with Larry even though he has to wear dresses and skirts for the

next three years?" Mac asked Jess as they sat by the pool enjoying a cool drink.

"Oh yes!" Jess replied. "I realize how much I missed him while I stayed away, and I really do love him even if he looks and acts like a girl."

"Then, you are willing to assume the responsibility that goes with a loving relationship with a St. Cece boy?"

"What responsibility?" Jess inquired.

"For starters, you have to accept that I am head of this household. Then, you must assure that Larry always dresses in accordance with, and that he obeys all my rules all the time. Here's a list."

After looking over the list of regulations the boys were issued at the recent graduation and Mac's household rules, Jess said, "They are a bit strict, but I can assure that Larry stays in compliance with the list if that is necessary to have a relationship with him."

"There's more," Mac continued. "You need to familiarize yourself with the St. Cece Code of Conduct, Honor Code, and Dress Code to assure that he is constantly in compliance with them. When you notice even the slightest violation of any of these decrees, you are to scold him in a harsh tone, explain what he has done wrong, and punish him."

"Punish him? How?"

"There is a wooden hairbrush in his room for that purpose, if you get my drift. Send him to fetch his punishment brush. When he returns with it, have him 'assume the position'. After he gives you the brush, he will lie across your lap without hesitation. You then hoist his skirt across his back and deliver at least six hard swats to his panties. When he regains his feet, send him to stand in the corner for half an hour. More,

if you deem it necessary. Upon receiving your permission to leave the corner he is to thank you for pointing out his misstep, promise not to make the same mistake again, and then hurry away to correct his behavior, dress, or makeup."

"What kind of conduct warrants such a harsh punishment?"

"There are dozens, if not hundreds, of them. They range from chipped nail polish, to sitting improperly with his knees apart, to allowing his slip to show, to using four letter profanity, to having smeared lipstick, to not making his bed properly, to leaving a dirty dish in the kitchen, to having a soiled apron. I think you get the drift."

"I do, but I still think it's a harsh punishment."

"Look, most of these are school policies, not mine. I don't want to get fined because Miss Larry doesn't obey the rules. Anyway, if you are to have a serious relationship with him, you must do everything possible to see that he becomes a proper St. Cece student. If you can't, or won't, do it, I'll have to call off your little affair and give Randy a call. He enjoyed spanking Larry."

"Oh no! I can do it! I can do it! I will do it!"

Ken was agitated at the boutique when his mother told Mary Pat that he wanted a sexy dress to wear on a date with a handsome boy. With that information, the clerk wanted to know more. She asked, "Does your boyfriend play football, lift weights, is he a runner?" When his mother started insisting that he try on light form-fitting minidresses, his nerves were on edge ... especially since he didn't want to date Randy or any other boy.

In the dressing cubicle Ken had removed his dress and was wearing only his B cup padded bra, panties,

and waist cinch garter belt when his mother joined him. Seeing the item in her hands, he protested, "Please Mom, not a smaller waist cinch! I couldn't stand it!"

"Don't get your dander up," she chastised. "You don't wear support garments on a hot date. This is a regular garter belt not a waist cinch. It's only purpose is to support your nylons, not squeeze in your waist. You can wear it to hold up your nylons while you try on dresses. Pay more attention to your clothes instead of constantly complaining." Ken could only look down and blush.

"Finally, after trying on many dresses, Ken was more or less forced to purchase a pale pink form-fitting dress that featured pale red, green, and white flowers. When he headed for the dressing room after the dress was chosen, Janet said, "Keep your dress on while we select your bra, panties, and heels. When he thought his shopping ordeal was over, he had to go to makeup to select makeup for his date. When his mother said he could go to the salon Friday morning for a style, set, mani \ pedi, and make over, he thought, 'Girls sure have a lot to do to get ready for a date.'

"I don't want to go out with Woody anymore," Matt told his mother as he sat before his vanity in his bra, panties, and translucent negligee doing his hair, nails, and makeup.

"You love wearing your pretty dresses and skirts, and you were thrilled when Woody first asked you out. I can't believe you want to break up with him." she said feigning disbelief.

"I wasn't thrilled when Woody first asked me for a date, Mom. You were. I didn't want to go out with him, and I still don't."

"What's wrong, sweetheart? Do you have your eye on another boy?"

"No, nothing like that. I hear all boys want the same thing, and I don't like doing the things he wants me to do for him."

"What's that, sweetheart."

"He wants me to ... he makes me go ... go down on him, and I don't like that. He says I owe him at least that much for taking me out, paying for the movie and the burgers afterward. Is it true that all boys like that? They all want the same thing?"

"Don't worry sweetheart. Girls have always had to do that to keep their boyfriends happy without the threat of getting pregnant. It's just part of life, so get used to it."

"But Mom, I can't get pregnant, and the dresses I wear just eggs him on. This short skirt, tight fit, and plunging neckline will get him all excited again even if I don't have anything to put in my bra."

"You're lucky, you know, and so was I. My mother used to tell me that all the time. Girls wore skirts below the knee when she was your age. If she wanted to show a little leg or flash of lacy underthings, she had to cross her legs a certain way to make her skirt ride up *accidentally*. Imagine having to practice doing that like your grandmother did. Your legs are on constant display to your boyfriend and everybody else who happens to see you. Your hair, makeup, and nail polish is always perfectly applied to give you a sexy image. Can you blame him if he gets excited, even if you aren't really a girl?"

"But I don't want to go. I don't want to do that again! Just because I like to wear dresses doesn't mean I'm into boys that way!"

"Don't start crying or you'll ruin your makeup. Look, you can't just lead him on. You accepted this date, so let's hear no more about it. You're going, and that's that."

"I've been out with Rod three times! Why do I have to go out with him again now that he and Susan are back together?" Paul moaned near tears.

"He called and asked me, that's why," Jenny explained.

"Since he has Susan back, why does he want to go out with me again?"

"If you must know, he says you give better blow jobs than Susan. So there, you know."

"I hate doing that. The only reason I ever did it is because you and Rod made me."

"You do it so well that Rod is planning on telling his friends about your oral talents. I expect lots of boys to be calling for dates before long."

"Please Jenny, no!" Paul burst into torrents of tears. "You know I hate doing that! It's disgusting!"

"You'll probably be the most popular boy at St. Cece by the end of summer," Jenny smiled brightly. "Enjoy it."

When Ken was getting ready for his date with Randy, he was extremely agitated. 'At least, I don't have to wear that awful waist cinch,' he thought as he fastened a garter belt about his waist and threaded the garters beneath his panties. 'My dress is fully lined, so I don't have to wear a slip in this heat. That would be torture.' That done, he sat on his bed and began kneading his nylons over his smoothly shaved legs and fastened them to his garter straps.

Ken was sitting at his lighted vanity in his bra, panties, garter belt, nylons, translucent negligee, and fluffy bedroom slippers with three-inch heels applying his makeup when his mother walked into his room without knocking. "Be sure to do a good job on your hair and makeup and apply heavier than usual lipstick sweetheart," she directed as she watched him smooth rose red lipstick onto his lips. "You want your lips to be inviting and kissable on your first date with Randy."

"No, I don't!" Ken insisted as he timidly followed his mother's instructions. "I don't want him kissing me!"

"Kissing on a first date is almost an obligation," she almost insisted. "He will be spending money on you for theater tickets, popcorn, and drinks during the movie. Afterward, he'll buy burgers, pizza, tacos, or whatever. Don't you think he deserves more for all that than a good look at your legs? A kiss and a feel or two shouldn't be too much to ask. Just don't get carried away and go too far. Think about it, and you'll see that I'm right. Now, let's get you into your dress so we can put the finishing touches on your hair."

"Please Mom, I don't want to be kissed and be felt up by a boy."

"If you didn't want to be kissed and felt up, why did you accept a date with a handsome boy like Randy? You knew that's the least he had on his mind."

"I didn't accept the date with him, Mom. *You* did!"

"Well, somebody had to do something. You were just standing there like some kind of Prima Donna. At any rate, you have a date, and you are going. Now, get your arms up so I can help you with this dress."

Ken was perusing his look in the full-length mirror while waiting for Randy's arrival when his mother said, "You look very nice for a St. Cece boy. Just remember to freshen your makeup when you go to the powder room and repair your lipstick after eating, drinking, or kissing."

Ben was thrilled that his plan for Ken to be going on a date with Randy, who he knew to be gay, was about to happen. With that knowledge, he made sure to be home when Randy was to arrive to pick Ken up. Seeing his brother in his new dress heels, and pristine makeup, he couldn't help praising, "Damn bro, you look hot tonight. Randy will sure be thrilled to have you on his arm."

"It's all your fault that I have to wear dresses and date boys!" Ken spat at his grinning brother.

"That's no way to respond to a praise!" Janet scolded Ken. "Thank your brother for his compliment and give him a polite curtsy. Do it, or I'll call Lady Stanley!"

Feeling that he had no options, Ken grasped the sides of his short skirt, dipped slightly and said, "Thank you, Ben. I tried real hard to look good for Randy, and I'm glad you noticed."

"Remember, stand by the car and wait until Randy opens the door for you," Janet instructed. "When you seat yourself, adjust your skirt over your thighs and wait until he closes the door. He will probably wait a bit so he can get a good look at your legs so don't act impatient. Always say something nice after he slides behind the steering wheel."

"Something nice, like what?"

"Oh, tell him he has I cool car, that he looks very nice in his jacket, or something else you notice about

him. After he parks, wait until he opens your door before making your exit, so he gets another good look at your legs. Don't forget to thank him after you get out of the car."

"Wow!" Randy enthused when he saw Ken. "You look totally hot. All the guys will be so envious of me when they see me escorting a hot St. Cece boy like you."

Having learned his lesson about responding to compliments, Ken blushed, performed a polite curtsy and said, "Thank you kind sir."

When Randy saw that Ken couldn't keep up in his tight skirt and stilt heels, he slowed his pace. Upon reaching the car, Ken waited for Randy to open the door like his mother instructed. After seating himself and adjusting his skirt over his thighs as he had been instructed by Ms. Harvey, Randy said, "You have really sexy legs. Larry has nice legs too, but yours are pure *sex*!"

"Th...thank you," was all Ken could say even though he didn't want his legs on display in nylon stockings beneath the hem of his short skirt.

Randy was beaming with pride as he watched the envious boys while he walked to the ticket booth at the movies with Ken, in his form fitting minidress beside him. Those boys knew Ken was a St. Cece boy, but they were jealous because the girls of Lincoln High never dressed so nicely, used nearly as much makeup, or wore such high heels.

Upon entering the theater, Randy bought a drink and a box of popcorn for them to share. After Ken seated himself and adjusted his skirt, Randy handed him their snacks. When Randy took his seat, he didn't take the snacks like Ken expected. Instead, he reached

over and began massaging his date's nylon clad thighs. With both of his hands occupied with the snacks, Ken felt helpless to defend his honor. Finally, Randy stopped, took the drink and said, "Sorry, I just couldn't keep my hands off those gorgeous thighs. They feel nice too." Then, he leaned over, kissed Ken on the cheek, and whispered, "Nice perfume."

Ken hid a blush in the dark and whispered back, "Thanks."

When the movie started, Randy put his arm around Ken, pulled him close, and returned stroking his thighs with his other hand.

Please don't," Ken said while trying to remove Randy's hand. Quickly, he discovered that his date was much stronger than him, and he couldn't budge his hand. While Ken continued to try, Randy pulled his head close with the arm that was around his shoulder and planted a kiss on his red lips. When Ken was finally allowed to come up for air, he gasped, "You shouldn't do that. This is our first date."

"Does that mean we'll have other dates?" Randy asked as he removed his hand from Ken's thigh, grasped his wrist, and forcefully moved Ken's hand over to his crotch. Forcing Ken's hand to massage his stiff member, he asked again, "Does it mean we'll have other dates?"

Struggling to escape, Ken was wondering what to say while worrying about his smeared lipstick. Finally, he gasped, "I guess so if you don't rape me here in the theater."

"Okay, keep massaging The Duke, return my kisses, and I won't go any farther. After all, this is our first date."

That's the way it was. Ken kept massaging Randy's stiff member and made an effort to return Randy's kisses for the remainder of the movie. 'Why am I doing this?' Ken asked himself in revulsion. 'I've never kissed a girl, and here I am kissing another boy. I'm getting the hang of it, but not because I have a choice. I've sure never done anything so disgusting as playing with another boy's penis!' Ken felt trapped. He was playing with The Duke and kissing Randy while Randy massaged his nylon clad thighs. Things got more dramatic for Ken when Randy slid his hand under his skirt and began caressing his penis through his silky nylon panties. 'Oh, why did Mom insist on buying this dress with such a short skirt?' he commiserated as he shook in ecstasy while exploding in his panties.

"I...I have to go to the ... uh ... powder room," Ken stammered.

"Okay, but hurry back," Randy said as he got up and helped Ken to his feet.

Dressed as he was, Ken couldn't bring himself to go in the men's room, so with a red face, he entered the ladies. Thankfully, it was empty. He entered a stall, removed his panties, wrapped them in some tissues, and put them in his purse. He cleaned himself up with a damp towel and smoothed out his skirt as best he could. Before making his exit, he repaired his makeup and added a fresh coat of lipstick.

Returning to his seat, Randy stood and let him enter. As he took his seat, he felt totally vulnerable in his short skirt without panties. Without being told or forced by Randy, he reached over and began massaging The Duke. When Randy attempted to kiss him, he whispered, "Not now, you'll smear my lipstick. I just repaired it."

"Remember that I made sure you had a nice time," Randy whispered. "Most guys just think of themselves,"

Thankfully, for Ken, Randy was satisfied to hold him close while he massaged The Duke for the remainder of the movie.

Afterward, Randy drove to a burger joint where he ordered two double cheeseburgers, large fries, and a large Coke. When he asked Ken what he wanted, he said, "I'm not hungry. Just a small diet soda, I guess." Truthfully, he was ravenous, and the smell of food made him very hungry. Questioning his refusal of food, he commiserated, 'If I eat one bite of that fattening fried food, my waist cinch will cut me in half tomorrow.' Just before Randy finished wolfing down his food, Ken excused himself to go to the powder room. Since he had a drink, he checked his makeup and refreshed his lipstick.

Upon arriving home, Randy helped Ken out of the car and escorted him to the door. Following a deep kiss while Randy caressed his buttocks through his skirt, Ken went inside.

"Hello sweetheart," Janet said when Ken stepped into the room. "How did you enjoy your date?"

"It...it was okay, I guess," he stumbled.

"Okay, let's see. Your skirt is wrinkled, and your lipstick is smeared. I'd say you had more than a good time. Did you make another date with him?"

"Tomorrow night. He wants to take me to Lover's Point."

"I thought you weren't into boys. I guess you changed your mind while your skirt was getting wrinkled and while your lipstick was being smeared, and how did you get that huge run in your stocking?"

"His rough hands, did it while he was playing with my legs, I guess."

"Sounds about right. Maybe that'll teach you to carry a spare pair of nylons in your purse when you go on a date."

'A spare pair of panties too,' Ken consoled himself.

"Anyway, don't try to blame me for your second date with Randy like you did for tonight's date. You made this one on your own."

"He made me! He's so strong! He said if I would go out with him again, he wouldn't..."

"If he made you do something you didn't want, why did you accept another date with him?"

"I didn't want to... He was... Oh, I cant..."

"You don't have to explain how you got so turned on by him that you couldn't refuse another date. I understand. Go get ready for bed. I'll be in to kiss you goodnight."

When Janet came into Ken's room, he had removed his smeared makeup, creamed his face, and was holding his long gold satin nightgown at his waist while he massaged lotion into his smoothly shaved legs. "Your legs got scraped up a bit by Randy's rough hands, so you had to sooth them with moisturizing cream, huh?" she said with a smile. "That's okay, it happens all the time. You had a hectic day. Lift your gown so I can replace your waist chinch, and I'll tuck you in for the night. We can select your dress for your date tomorrow morning and do something with your hair."

Considering everything that had happened to him, Ken cried himself to sleep, something he never did when he was allowed to dress as a boy.

Larry was standing in the corner and Jess was watching a ballgame on television when Mac entered the den. "What's with our Larry?" she asked. "Has he been naughty?"

"While he was making my bed, his slip showed when he leaned over to smooth the covers. Here is the photo of proof that I showed him before I turned him across my lap," Jess replied with a sly grin.

"You are making good progress toward becoming a dominant," Mac praised. "Watch how I deal with his mother, learn your martial arts as I teach you, and you'll have no trouble with Miss Larry as he becomes the perfect housewife. Don't forget, you can use him for other things too."

The morning before his second date with Randy, Ken was sitting at his vanity in his long gold nightgown and negligee putting hot rollers in his hair when his mother entered his room. "Have you had your bath?" she asked.

"Not yet," he replied. "I wanted to put my hair up first."

"Good idea. Make sure your legs don't need shaving. I know you shaved them yesterday. Just be sure you are totally smooth because you know Randy can't keep his hands off them."

When Ken went downstairs an hour later, He found his father in the laundry room wearing a lace embellished apron ironing delicate feminine undies. Seeing Stu had three stacks of panties in varying sizes, styles, and colors, he asked, "Why so many stacks?"

Turning bright red, Stu nervously toyed with the hem of his apron and hesitantly admitted, "One pile is yours, one is your mother's, and the other is mine."

"I didn't know you wore panties," Ken observed.

Continuing to blush, Stu admitted, "I...I've worn them since Christmas. Your mother gave me a supply of panties and threw out all my briefs and boxers. You and Ben saw me unwrap this apron and heard her demand that I start doing housework and wear it to protect my clothes."

"I knew you wore your apron when you did housework, but I didn't know you wore panties like ... like me. Why do you wear them?"

"I'm afraid your mother insists on me wearing them. If I give her any grief about it, she says she'll call Lady Stanley and get her to make me wear dresses, not just panties and aprons, to do my housework. I can't risk that."

"Females are taking over, aren't they?"

"More than you know. "Martha Noel has been making her husband, Leon, wear kilts and lingerie, and now, she has forbidden him to run for reelection as mayor. She will be running in his stead. Talk about women taking over!"

"Wow! Was all Ken could say.

"So far, so good," Lady Stanley announced to a gathering of the St. Cece Board of Directors, school administrators, faculty, and leading women from the city of Hamil. "With your help, the next step in our revolutionary and innovative goal to establish an EP school here in the colonies is now history or *herstory* if you will. The PC education, as you call it, is finally underway and our rivals can't stop it. The latest report from the recruitment committee states that three additional schools will adopt the PC concept for the coming year. Two of these schools are failing because of dwindling female enrollment like St. Cece was a year ago. The third is being initiated by a group of futuristic thinking

progressive women who are trying the concept as a social experiment with ten male students. As you might imagine, that is the kind of ingenuity and cunning we need for our proposal to catch fire and spread more quickly."

"How is the directive that our boys wear dresses or skirts full time for the summer working out?"

"Couldn't be better, and some of them are already dating boys like we planned. Most of our upcoming sophomores are not on board with this idea of dating boys, but those who aren't will make excellent wives for strong women. Can't you just picture them flitting about the kitchen in pristine housedresses, heels, pristine makeup, and lace adorned aprons keeping house and seeing to the needs and wants of the woman of the house in the years to come?"

"How many voluntary transfers for next year have we had to date?"

"Only four, I'm afraid. One was enrolled by his sister who is his guardian until he reaches 21 years of age and inherits the family fortune. Another is being sent to us to keep him away from gangs and drugs. A third was enrolled by his aunt who wants to punish him because he was driving when her daughter was killed. The fourth has a girl twin who is an upcoming St. Cece student, and their mother wants them to attend the same school. To her, if they have to dress more or less alike, that's just the breaks. As you might imagine, these boys are adamantly opposed to attending St. Cece because of our program of requiring them to wear skirts for the next four years is no longer secret."

"Other than the foreseeable problems, have there been any difficulties with these four boys to date?" asked one of the women in attendance.

"A few. The future heir tried to run away, but our security force, who had him and the other *volunteers* under close surveillance, prevented his escape. To quell further escapes on his part, his sister insisted that he wear skirts and blouses over training bras and silky nylon panties 24/7 until the beginning of school when he will be in uniform. Additionally, I have it on good authority that he was seen in a local salon having a complete makeover, mani\pedi, and his hair dyed California blonde with pink highlights."

"Four is not many," the Chairwoman stated with concern in her voice. "Can we force 19 other boys from Lincoln High to transfer to St. Cece?"

"It's clearly stated in the law passed last year that sufficient boys will be transferred to complete our roster. Therefore, not only can we transfer sufficient boys this year, I expect the number to increase with each succeeding year. We can expect a lot of pushback from these boys and their families, but we can gain their cooperation by levying the necessary fines and securing a few fathers in *kilts* like we did last year."

"That sounds promising, but what future do you predict for St. Cece? As Chairwoman, that has to be my primary concern."

"As most of you know, recent advancements by females in workplace and society have combined to create a drastic reduction of female students in traditional girl's schools like St. Cece. However, the new law here in Hamil makes our financial future solid because it gives us authority to draft as many boys as necessary to fill our enrollment and our coffers! We expect this trend, a reduction in the number of girls and an increase in the number of boys we will have to conscript to continue at an accelerated pace. Therefore, our school will continue, and it is conceivable that our en-

rollment could be majority male in ten or twelve years. Can you imagine a girls' school where boys in short pleated skirts, silky blouses, high heels, nail polish, makeup, and girls' hairstyles outnumber the girls? As incredible as it sounds, that is exactly what we envision and expect."

"How have our current boys adapted to their school uniforms and the manner of dress we require of them when not in school?"

"Extremely well. As you know, they are taught to walk with swaying hips, sit with their knees together, apply makeup, create feminine hairstyles, and perform many duties that have been traditionally feminine. When they are away from school, we made it compulsory for them to attend church in stylish dresses, makeup, nylons, and heels. At all other times, we have encouraged them to dress completely as girls, and as a result, they have become comfortable wearing dresses and skirts in public. You saw how they behaved like prim, proper, and demure young ladies and how femininely attractive they were at our recent graduation ceremony."

"Do you see any enduring changes for the future of society in general as a result of Progressive Concept education?"

"Definitely yes! As a matter of fact, top designers in Paris, New York, Los Angeles, and other fashion centers are gearing up to promote a line of kilts for men as we speak. For promotion, they have contracts with movie stars, sports heroes, and even a few politicians to wear and promote the new styles. Seeing their idols wearing kilts, we expect men and boys from all walks of life to adapt to the style rather quickly. Once men in kilts become routine, shaved legs and nylon stockings will be introduced. Next, silky underwear such as

panties, slips, and camisoles will become popular due to a similar media blitz. After that, dresses and skirts for men should quickly become stylish, and men in casual dresses, housedresses, business dresses, after five dresses, and evening dresses will be as common for men as they are now for women."

"I can't see men and boys wearing slips that would obviously show from time to time," a woman stated.

"At the start, the slips would be plain nylon without lace decorations and would be advertised as kilt liners, not slips," Lady Stanley explained.

"How about panties, camisoles, and nylon stockings? How do we get them to wear those things?"

"Similar marketing ploys to entice the darlings to wear those items as with the kilt liners. When they see their sports idols and favorite movie star heroes dressed that way in movies and real life, we expect the our men to flock to the stores."

"It could happen," buzzed about the room. "It really could!"

"As the drastic change in men's fashion is undergoing at breakneck speed, female led companies and majority owned public corporations should soon be introducing dress codes that require men to wear dresses or skirt suits, heels, and makeup to work. That will happen in conjunction with females being promoted to positions of authority leaving newly hired men to fill the role of secretaries, file clerks, receptionists, and the like."

"With our Progressive Concept accelerating at breakneck speed, we expect more and more males to wear skirts as a matter of routine," Lady Stanley asserted. "When that happens, fashion should evolve to the point where men and boys wear dresses, skirts,

heels, and makeup as easily and naturally as females now wear trousers. While this is happening, we females can cut our hair short and stop wearing dresses, skirts, heels, makeup, nail polish, and shaving our legs altogether. Perhaps, in another century, we can even deny males the right to own property or vote. Ladies, we are the future!"

"Just think, all this is being initiated by the Progressive Concept we introduced here in little old Hamil from nowhere USA," an elderly woman mused aloud. That quip quickly became the buzz around the room filled with smiling women.

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