

# 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

## 2 Shannon Q Shannon

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

#### 4 Shannon Q Shannon

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."

## 6 Shannon Q Shannon

"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.

## 10 Shannon Q Shannon

"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."

## 12 Shannon Q Shannon

"I don't care what you say, I'm looking forward to shopping for my new slips 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!"

## 14 Shannon Q Shannon

“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.