

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

"THE CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES"

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Volume 30

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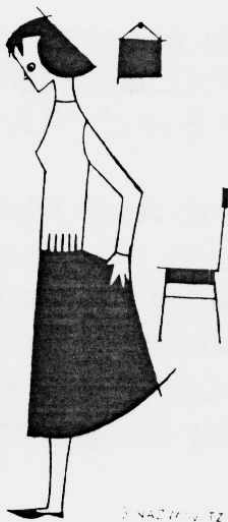
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The Case of the Missing Panties

by Erika Noir



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QUOTE BOARD

**“If it weren't for gender, men and women
wouldn't have anything to fight about.”**

THE CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES.

By Erika Noir

Chapter One

Bill Cates had not started out life with a passion for panties, bras, garter belts, stockings, dresses, make up and other girlish things. Rather, his eighteenth birthday in 1978 found him deeply involved with computers and computing at the dawn of the computer revolution.

Bill's father, an electrical engineer, had been one of the pioneers of integrated circuit chip technology in the early 1960's and had imparted to his son a remarkable knowledge of electronics. Indeed, Bill had been fascinated with electronics, especially computers, since a young age.

In 1976, while working for The Huge Aircraft Company in Los Angeles, Bill Cates Sr. had tragically disappeared with all hands on a guided missile destroyer in the Bermuda Triangle while testing the SPS-52A, a new phased array radar. The Navy was never able to find the ship or determine why it disappeared.

His father had left behind a generous trust for his son. In 1978 Bill began collecting \$100.00 per week from the fund. This was a great deal of money for a skinny boy who, at that time, was almost completely unsupervised: Bill's widowed mother spent most of her time playing bridge and hobnobbing with her high society friends.

Bill's first acquisition took six weeks allowance. It was a TRF-80 4K computer from Radio Hut. The TRF-80 allowed Bill to get in on the ground floor of the microcomputer era. He found he had a penchant for programming and was soon making \$25.00 per hour writing simple programs for local businesses.

Word of young Bill's talents soon reached the headquarters of the Lacy Lingerie Manufacturing Company (LLMC), long famous for making, "The prettiest, laciest panties in the world." Indeed, LLMC's exquisite delicacies were sought after by beautiful women from the four corners of the globe. Lacy Lingerie had been responsible for all of the major innovations in panty design during the last twenty years. Bikini panties, garter panties, petty panties, crotchless panties, and now, the latest rage in panties----string bikini

panties---had all been designed at Lacy Lingerie.

The Monday morning staff meeting in April, 1978, that was to forever change young Bill Cates' life had just started. "We're making 50,000 pairs of panties, 30,000 bras, 15,000 garter belts, and 10,000 baby doll nighties per week," began Lacy Unterware, the stunningly beautiful Scandinavian woman who had founded Lacy Lingerie when she was only eighteen, "yet we're not making as much money as I think we should. I'm sure the problem is our antiquated accounting and inventory control system. We simply must computerize our operation to maximize cash flow and inventory. But how? I don't know anyone who could help us. Do any of you have any ideas?"

"I heard of a young man," remarked Lillian Helderbrest, LLMC's bra designer and herself a Scandinavian beauty, "at the Women in Business luncheon I attended yesterday. He's supposed to be a computer genius who lives right here in Bel Air. And best of all, he works cheap."

Hildegarde Amplephat, LLMC's strict, German controller, immediately protested, "As the controller and the head of personnel, I ask you why I should hire a mere boy trying to help me with such a sophisticated business problem? I am working on the problem and am confident we will haf it solved shortly."

Hildegarde Amplephat, a squat, dour, sexless creature had been forced on Lacy Unterware. "If I'm going to loan an eighteen year old \$500,000 to start a business then I want to make sure you don't squander it," Lacy's mother had insisted. "I know Hildegarde isn't an especially nice person, but she is a CPA

and she'll make sure you don't run into any problems. Sometimes a new business needs a firm hand to help guide it."

Hildegarde Amplephat had been the bane of Lacy's existence as she always questioned every penny and challenged every new design. Hildegarde continued her protest, "Fraulein Unterware, you have such crackpotten ideas! You want to hire a boy to tell me, a CPA, how I should track money and inventory! Hah! Well, I'm not surprised considering your latest 'brainstorm!' String bikini panties! Aaach! Who will buy such little slingshots of nylon? Everyone knows that white cotton underpanties are really what women want!

"Why even the leading trade magazine, *Women's Underwear Weekly*, says that the three-pack of white cotton is still the best selling type of underpanties in the US. In fact,

Majorette Intimates just got a record order from Smears und Rowbuch for 5,000,000 pairs of white cotton underpants for their spring promotional! That's 100 weeks of panty business for us, Ms. Unterware! And Majorette got it in one fell swoop!"

Hildegarde continued her tirade, to the annoyance of all present. "But will you listen to the experts? No! I swear! You and all this nylon, lace, und sex business! Who are you trying to be? That disgusting Mr. Brederick? Why can't you just be satisfied with cotton? It's pure and natural. Everyone knows that nylon and rayon are made from petroleum! And what woman wants petroleum next to her sweet, little puff?"

Lacy Unterwear replied by saying, "Fraulein Amplephat, you have absolutely no sense of lingerie---you only know underwear. And there is a big difference between the two. Yes, housewives might like white cotton 'underpants' to wear around the house, but when they feel that tingling in their 'sweet, little puff,' as you call it, when they want to feel sexual, special, and excite the man in their life, then they want to wear beautiful nylon bikini panties, lacy bras, garter belts, stockings, and high heels. In short, they want to feel nasty! Yah?"

"Aaach, you are such the pervert!" Hildegarde hissed, "I've never felt that tingling in my puff for a horrible man! They are such hairy, disgusting brutes! No, I would never degrade myself by wearing these little slingshots of yours so I could be a sex slave for a man!" With this, Hildegarde turned and strode out of the staff meeting with her coffee, menthol cigarette, and third cream-filled donut of the morning in hand.

Everyone laughed the minute she disappeared. Indeed, the executive staff had long ridiculed Hildegarde behind her back, especially after she refused to disrobe last year at a company retreat in Japan for a group sauna. "What, she doesn't want us to see her white cotton underpants and little puff?" they all-woman staff of LLMC giggled while they sat nude in the sauna without Hildegarde, who sat alone in her hotel room smoking menthol cigarettes, eating powered donuts, and watching Japanese television.

"Well, if no one else objects to having a young computer genius help us, then let's make an appointment right away to see the young man," Lacy Unterware said. She then instructed Lillian Helderbrest to make the appointment.

A few calls were made and the next afternoon Bill Cates found himself seated upon the black leather sofa in Lacy Unterware's office while waiting for her to come from an-

other meeting. The door suddenly opened and in strode a striking, six foot Nordic vision of lust the likes of which the young man had never seen or even imagined could exist.

Lacy Unterware's thick, lustrous platinum blonde hair fell to the middle her back. Her face, framed by rich platinum tresses, could have well been sculpted by Eros, the god of passion. Her high, Nordic cheekbones, deep cobalt-blue eyes, rich, full, dark red lips, and ivory skin were hypnotic. Bill then noticed a beautiful pink lace bra underneath her white silk blouse. And the breasts that the D-cup bra were lovingly cradling were a spectacular and perfectly formed. Lacy's firm nipples poked out from beneath the silky blouse. Her little waist, made even smaller by a matching pink lace corset that Bill could see hiding under her tight, white silk mini skirt, flowed into a beautiful set of hips.

Her own best advertisement for the lingerie she made, Lacy's hips were straddled by a lovely pair of pink string bikini panties. Lacy always wore translucent garments that would allow her beautiful lingerie to be seen. The garters on her corset flowed down the white skin of Lacy's hips and fanny like fine wine being poured down porcelain. The garters bit into off white, lace top seamed stockings. Her three inch white heels completed her ensemble.

Bill was in awe, his mouth agape from the sight of this beautiful, sexual woman. Rather than set at her desk, Lacy sat down next to Bill on the black leather sofa. Placing her beautiful hand on his knee, she slowly raked her long, red lacquered, exquisitely shaped nails up his leg. Looking at him with her deep, blue eyes, she pouted, "I have a problem, and I need a smart man like you to help me."

No one had ever called Bill a man. He had always been called a boy, or at best, a teenager. And no adult had ever asked for his help. They had always given him orders and expected to him to shut up and do his work. But here was this astonishingly beautiful woman asking for his help. His sense of gallantry, not to mention his raging hormones, dictated that he do everything he could to help Lacy Unterware.

"What kind of problem is it, Miss Unterware?" Bill asked.

"Oh please call me Lacy," she insisted. "My problem is that we still use a pen and pencil to control our cash flow and inventory and I think something is wrong somewhere. We seem to always be short of money and inventory. Can you help us, Billy?"

How delightful it was, Bill thought, to have a beautiful

woman call him Billy. It was so friendly, so, dare he say, intimate? His face broke into a large grin. He knew he could definitely help as he had just written a remarkable spreadsheet program for Dr. Aames, a friend of his missing father's, who just happened to own the Lockheed Aerospace Company. In fact, the program was so good that Dr. Aames had decided to help young Bill get a start in life by copyrighting the program in Bill's name and selling it through Lockheed Software Systems, a new division of the company.

"You give Lockheed 50% for our efforts, and you'll be a millionaire in no time," Dr. Aames had assured Bill. It seemed like a great deal for an eighteen year old boy. Bill's mother and their family attorney, the executor of his father's estate, agreed. The papers were drawn up and marketing was now in process on a program Bill had simply called *Locus Spreadsheet*.

Bill new that his spreadsheet program could help LLMC and volunteered to begin work right away.

"There is only one thing stopping us, Billy." confided Lacy.

"What's that?" he queried.

"We have no computers!" she laughed.

The rest of the meeting was spent with Bill explaining the types of computers LLMC would need to purchase and the cost. Lacy agreed to give Billy a budget and let him implement the program. For some reason, she wasn't quite sure, Lacy had immediately taken a liking to Billy and trusted him completely. Unfortunately, as things were to turn out, Hildegard Amplephat hated Billy Cates from the minute she laid eyes on him.

Chapter Two

"Five thousand dollars, Master Cates? You want five thousand dollars for what!" Hildegard Amplephat shrieked at Bill Yates, now a formal consultant for the Lacy Lingerie Manufacturing Company of Bel Air, California. "I'm not giving you five thousand dollars for a glorified television set! Aaach! What can a computer tell me that I don't already know?"

"But Lacy, I mean, Ms. Unterware has already approved it," insisted Bill.

Ms. Amplephat growled. She knew that she had to write the check, but she also knew she would be watching Bill Cates like a hawk, just waiting for the second he screwed up. Then she would pounce like a ravening wolf upon his young carcass and tear the flesh from his bones. The check

in hand, Bill left Hildegarde's office and proceeding to put together the computers and printers he would need to put LLMC into the computer age.

It was an exciting time at LLMC as Lacy's line of string bikini panties, called Lacy Delights, were proving to be a big hit in the fashion world. Everything about Lacy Delight panties were different from the older style bikini panties. The nylon was more sheer, the way they arched upward and rode across a woman's hips was more erotic, and the sensual way they framed a woman's beautiful fanny was absolutely, well, delightful.

Lillian Helderbrest had been the model for the launch of the product at a now famous New York lingerie show earlier in the year. When Lillian strode out on the runway that night in New York every mouth in the room dropped. The 6' 2" Nordic beauty had walked out in front of the world wearing nothing but black spike heels and a fabulous pair of Lacy Delight black lace string bikini panties. Her stunning DD cup breasts and unspeakably voluptuous 38' 24' 38' body left the crowd dazed.

It was the original era of the skinny supermodel and the New York fashion crowd, unaccustomed to this bit of delicious burlesque, suddenly realized how hungry their eyes were for a full-figured beauty from the 1940's. As Lillian pirouetted on stage for the crowd to see her panties from every angle, the crowd stood to its feet and broke out in wild applause. Lillian and Lacy were on the covers of major magazines and on made the news worldwide. The demand for LLMC's Lacy Delight string bikini panties skyrocketed as women everywhere sought the sexual cachet they could offer.

Lusty young girls on high school campuses showed off their new panties in the gym locker rooms to their envious friends whose mothers wouldn't allow them to wear such naughty panties. Sexy coeds on college campuses showed off their pretty string bikini panties to their boyfriends and on the pages of men's magazines. Housewives sought out Lacy Delights by the score as a tonic for a stale love life---and their husbands responded wildly it seemed, judging by LLMC's record sales.

Pantyhose manufacturers, who had in 1974 begun promoting pantyhose as an alternative to having "visible panty lines" were flabbergasted. Panty lines---if they were string bikini panty lines---were suddenly very fashionable, as were wearing light colored skirts that would allow the panties to be seen. Lacy had especially promoted the trend of visible

panty lines and translucent clothing, much to the delight of voyeuristic men and befuddled pantyhose executive who had to stand on the sidelines and watch pantyhose sales plunge as deeply as the necklines on Lacy Unterware's blouses.

All of LLMC's competitors were now getting ready to launch their own line of string bikini panties, an important admission of Lacy Unterware's influence and success in the lingerie world.

And, inspired by the competition, the pantyhose manufacturers were even getting into the act by weaving in beautiful floral patterned panties into their products. This was a welcome relief from the so-called "pantyhose" whose panties were nothing more than a boxy, featureless, heavier nylon weave. Now at least, there were true pantyhose that incorporated panties and hose.

Yet another of Lacy's design, stockings with a garter belt woven right onto them, were also about to be released, much to the chagrin of the pantyhose people who thought they had scored a coup merely by weaving a panty into their hose.

String bikini panties, self-gartered hose, pantyhose with panties, and voluptuous lingerie models that foreshadowed those that would be seen in the mid 1990's: 1978 had turned into a pivotal year in the lingerie world, largely due to Lacy Unterware's efforts. And it was into this heady world of nylon, lace, eroticism, beauty, and money into which Bill Cates was being swept. But Bill would get much, much, more than he bargained for as he sat down to write the first programs for the Lacy Lingerie Manufacturing Company.

It was early May and the school year was still in session. Bill therefore had to after school at LLMC into the late evening hours and on weekends. He didn't mind as he had neither a social life nor a girlfriend. He also had his own car, a 1968 Oldsmobile Delta '88 that used to be his mother's, so transportation was no problem. Bill's mother didn't mind him working late as she was now President of the Bel Air Ladies Luncheon Society, an influential West Los Angeles charitable and political group. With Bill working, her evenings were now free to hobnob with the powerful people in the entertainment and political circles of West Los Angeles.

On his fourth evening at the plant, Bill found himself working alone in the building. Lacy had left him instructions to turn on the alarm system when he left. His office which was situated right off the warehouse section of the building. At about 7:30 Bill got up to get a candy bar from the vending machine outside of his office. It was then that

he saw a beautiful pile of ladies panties waiting to be boxed for shipment.

There must have been three or four thousand pairs stacked on staging tables. There were piles of lacy pink panties, blue panties, black panties, red panties, and floral print panties. Bill noticed the lustrous sheen of the nylon in the low lighting of the semi-darkened warehouse. He had never really been this close to even one pair of ladies panties before, let alone this tremendous collection of lace, nylon, and silk. He picked up a scrumptious pair of fire engine red panties; he couldn't believe how silky they felt in his hands. Bill stood transfixed by the feminine beauty of the slippery panties. It was only the noise of the printer engaging that snapped him out of his trance.

Bill went back in his office and sat down to read the printouts. He found himself unable to get the panties out of his mind. Hoping to clear his mind he decided to walk through the plant to stretch his legs and get some fresh air. This only made matters worse for, after passing the incredible pile of panties outside of his office, he next came upon a few thousand lacy bras waiting to be packaged.

He was enraptured at these mysterious garments. Bill had never understood bras until that day when Lacy interviewed him. It was only then that he understood what a magnificent role a bra had in a woman's life. And now, there were countless bras all waiting to embrace the breasts of beautiful women everywhere. It made him weak in the knees to think about all of the women who would wear and enjoy these beautiful lace bras that were piled before him.

As he left the bra area he was in a daze, his head swimming with thoughts of female beauty. As if he weren't in enough of a swoon, he next came upon the tables loaded with silky, lacy baby doll nighties. Now, baby dolls were definitely something he had never seen and didn't understand. He picked up a lavender baby doll nightie that had delicate black lace trim. Attached to the nightie by a golden safety pin were a pair of the lavender string bikini panties with the same delicate black lace trim. Bill turned the nightie around and inside out before he figured out how it was supposed to fit on a woman. When he realized that the plunging neckline would show a great deal of cleavage he blushed. He then looked at how short the nightie was; it wouldn't even quite cover a woman's fanny, he thought. When he imagined Lacy wearing this lavender baby doll nightie his eyes glazed over and his trousers grew snug.

He then remembered the picture of Lillian at the fashion

show he had seen earlier in the day in Lacy's office and wished he could also see her wearing the nightie and her high heels. Earlier in the day, Lacy had walked in a caught him staring at the photograph. Her only remark to Bill was that, "Lillian's beautiful, isn't she?" Bill nodded his head in agreement. He swallowed hard and tried not to appear embarrassed for having been caught blatantly staring at the picture of the beautiful topless woman.

It was all to much for Bill. he headed off to find a rest room. The problem was that only women worked in the plant and there were no men's rest rooms. Lacy had assumed he would figure out that he could use the ladies rest rooms after hours, but Bill was simply too embarrassed to go into a women's bathroom. Finding a janitorial closet he shut the door tightly and locked it from inside. There, amid the drying mops, the scent of lysol, the boxes of toilet tissue, light bulbs, and fuses, he grabbed a box of kleenex and found relief for his raging fantasies.

Buckling his belt, Bill headed out of his little den of iniquity and back to the computer screen. He thought his head was clear until he passed the table with the baby doll nighties again. The moment he laid eyes on the lavender beauty, well, it was back to the janitorial closet and the kleenex. It wasn't until after the third trip of the night to the closet that he was able to focus on his work. Unfortunately, he was also so spent that he had no energy to continue. Drained, literally, and exhausted he headed home at 11:00.

The next afternoon Lacy remarked that his initial reports were shocking. "According to these reports, we should have an additional 50,000 pairs of panties, 20,000 bras, and 10,000 baby doll nighties in our inventory----and that's just for the past month! Your data indicates that our total shortage is at least ten times this amount! That's over two million dollars in inventory. No wonder LLMC is losing money!"

Lacy had given Bill access to all of LLMC's records. In trying to reconcile the inventory manufactured with fabric purchased Bill had discovered the discrepancy. "Based upon the yardage consumed and the square inches per pattern cut, I would have to say that either your cutters are wasting 20% of the fabric or someone is taking finished goods," Bill asserted.

Lacy was dumbfounded. She thought Bill's thinking preposterous and demanded a further explanation from Bill. "I just don't understand your reasoning," she asserted.

Bill, a natural whiz with numbers, explained that while working at Lockheed Aircraft a senior auditor had taught him how to reconcile raw materials, pattern dimensions, and scrap figures with finished goods quantities. Using this methodology, Lockheed was able to determine when employees were stealing raw materials, scrap metal, or finished goods.

"Your finished goods just don't reconcile to your yardage purchased. Based upon the square yards cut and the dimensions of the patterns, you should easily have 20% more finished goods than are reported," Bill reiterated.

Lacy knew he was right. After all, efficiently laying out patterns to minimize scrap during cutting was crucial to profit margin in the apparel business. Some scrap was even large enough to allow for smaller pieces to be cut from it. For example, when Lacy was laying out the original patterns for string bikini panties, she found that two extra gussets could be cut from the scrap left over from inside radius of the leg hole cuts. She also knew that there was virtually no scrap in rolls of elastic or lace, yet Bill's numbers showed a 22% waste in both.

No, Lacy knew that her patterns were as economically designed as possible. She had to bring herself to the hard evidence that Bill's initial work had revealed: An employee was engaged in substantial theft from the Lacy Lingerie Manufacturing Company! It was in that moment that Bill's character was confirmed to her. Here was an honest young man who could help her with a serious problem.

Lacy kissed Bill on the cheek. He was pleased and surprised. "Please don't tell anyone else about this," Lacy instructed Bill, "I need you to remain completely loyal to me."

Bill promised that he would not utter a word. Lacy placed the printouts in her valise and said she had to immediately leave in order to take care of an urgent matter with a "Mr. Debonair".

Chapter Three

Hildegarde Amplephat was irritated. "That little rodent has been working for my boss now for four weeks and I haven't a clue of what he's doing," she complained to the strikingly voluptuous Veronica Velvet, her creepy North Hollywood fortune teller, hair stylist, and best friend. Ensconed in Veronica's cheap apartment on Sunland Avenue, smoking endless menthol cigarettes and drinking Ripple, Hildegarde felt somehow protected by Veronica.

As Veronica's old dilapidated black and white television struggled to bring an old rerun of *Highway Patrol* into focus, Veronica fiddled with the coat hanger antenna. "I'm sure the rodent boy is up to no good," Veronica agreed as she took a break from the television to light up a Camel non-filter and knock back a slug of Old Granddad, the only thing she was drinking lately because it was the easiest booze to shoplift at the Zody's department store in Burbank.

Twisting the coat hanger just slightly, Broderick Crawford came into sharp focus. His left hand was seen handcuffed to the windwing of his Highway Patrol pursuit cruiser while he drove with his right. Fortunately, his left hand was still serviceable as he was using it to pop off rounds from his .38 at the bad guys he was chasing. Quite a feat of marksmanship, thought Hildegarde as she entertained the notion of popping a few caps in Bill Cates' direction.

"There, the picture she is as perfect as the day I brought it home from the Blue Chip stamp store," Veronica said proudly. "Anyway, Hildy," for that was the name Veronica had always called Hildegarde, "I had a psychic dream last night in which I saw dark clouds surrounding you whenever this Bill Cates person was around you. I'm sure my dream meant that only trouble can come to you from this personage. He is a bad luck voodoo-boy and we must act to set up a hedge of psychic protection around you."

Hildegarde sat bolt upright. It all became crystal clear: It must in fact be some strange voodoo that Lacy Unterware and Bill Cates were trying to work on her. What else would explain why she now needed an entire bottle of cough syrup and a whole bag of barbecued potato chips to fall asleep these days? "What can you do to help me?" she pleaded.

"Aaah, we must use magic. You will have to steal something that the voodoo boy wears on his body. And then, we, we, we must *spy* on the little wolverine while he works. My third eye tells me he's up to no good," Veronica replied conspiratorially.

"Yah, yah, yah," replied Hildegarde, "If he is like all of the other boys we know, then he is bound to be playing panty games in the factory after hours!" The two women laughed knowingly at this remark of Hildy's.

Across town in Culver City several executives were negotiating over Lockheed Aircraft's new spreadsheet software. "I won't pay more than two million to license unproven

software," barked Cherri Bloome, President of ABM Computer Systems.

"Two million? You insult me! Why Lockheed has spent at least that much developing and perfecting this program," rejoined Dr. Aames, Lockheed's president. He was lying through his teeth of course; Bill Cates had developed the program in his bedroom between slices of pizza and reruns of Adam-12.

"Three million plus the royalty package we agreed on and not a penny more," countered Cherri Bloome.

"Done!" agreed Dr. Aames. With that, Bill Cates was now an eighteen year old millionaire. Until the paperwork was finalized however, Dr. Aames wouldn't tell him in case the deal fell through.

Following the meeting, Dr. Aames called Bill and told him that he wanted him to start working for Lockheed exclusively in his spare time. Bill refused. Dr. Aames couldn't understand this at all. "Look, young man, I'm offering you the chance to work at the cutting edge of electronics. Why, I'll have you know that Lockheed is developing the next generation of cruise missiles and over-the-horizon radar. You'll have a secret clearance, an ABM mainframe at your disposal, *and*, I'll even pay you \$50.00 an hour and give you a brand new BMW Bavaria!" Dr. Aames, recognizing genius when he saw it, wanted to lock up Bill's services as quickly and as concretely as possible.

Bill thanked Dr. Aames and offered to work part of the time for Lockheed and part of the time for LLMC. Bill offered the excuse that he was working on some software and needed a light manufacturing environment in which to experiment. Dr. Aames thought that it might be better to let Bill make his costly learning mistakes at someone else's expense and stopped pressing Bill to work only for Lockheed.

Little did Dr. Aames know, but he couldn't compete with money, for what was at stake was not Bill's bank account, but rather an emerging passion that Bill didn't quite realize was taking root deep inside of him---and that passion needed the secrecy of night at the Lacy Lingerie Manufacturing Company so that it could partake of forbidden fruit.

This issue having been settled, Dr. Aames, pleased at having picked up an easy \$1.5 million for Lockheed, proposed that a Lockheed ABM mainframe be installed at Bill's office at LLMC so that Bill would have the computing power to work on some very demanding, and potentially very profitable, software challenges when he wasn't, "number

crunching girdles," as Dr. Aames called Bill's work at LLMC.

"The mainframe is much too big to put at your house, and besides, I don't think that underwear company you're working at will mind if you recalculate their bra geometry on a state-of-the-art aerospace mainframe," Dr. Aames laughed. He was right; Lacy had no problem with her young consultant using a powerful mainframe---for which she didn't have to pay a nickel---to help solve her company's problems.

This matter having been settled, ABM technicians began setting up the mainframe in the LLMC building. Hildegard arrived late that morning with a terrific hangover. Her mouth felt like an ashtray from smoking four packs of menthol cigarettes and her shoes also were too tight as her feet had swollen due to all of the sodium in the bag of barbecued potato chips she had eaten at bedtime. To make matters worse, Hildegard was also extremely angry as she had arrived too late at the donut store and the bear claws---her surefire remedy for a hangover---were gone. In short, Hildegard felt like hell and was in one of her big, bad, paranoid moods.

Accordingly, when she saw the big computer being installed she hit the roof. She flung herself at the ABM technicians and chased the frightened men out of the building while shrieking, "I never authorized the money for this! Who dared spend a penny without checking first with me! This company is losing money! Why are we buying this big box full of wires!" She then slumped in a chair, heart pounding, sweat pouring from her, and gasped for breath.

The office staff was shocked at Ms. Amplephat's outburst. Lacy Unterware heard it all the way back in the bra fabrication department. Oh no, thought Lacy, Hildegard's gone crazy again; what is it this time? Walking quickly to the front office, she saw Hildegard bent over in the chair, head between her legs, breathing rapidly into a paper bag. "Has Fraulein Amplephat hyperventilated again?" she asked no one in particular.

Lillian Helderbrest nodded yes. Once again it was Lillian, the only person in the front office besides Lacy who wasn't afraid of Hildegard, who had gone to the controller's rescue with a paper bag when she had began hyperventilating---which, it seems, she had been doing about every two weeks for almost the past year. "She is just too, too, angry all of the time," Lillian whispered to Lacy, "you must do something to get rid of her or she'll have a heart attack and

die!"

How Lacy wished she could fire Hildegarte, but her late mother had made Lacy promise that she would keep Hildegarte on staff. "Hildy's hard worked helped keep your father's Volvo and boat dealership, Unterware Volvo and Marine, afloat during the 1960's. Our family owes her a favor, please keep her on your staff," pleaded Ms. Unterware with young Lacy.

It was true: Hildegarte had helped her father stay in business during a particularly trying time following his near ruinous investment in a greyhound racing club. "I told Herr Unterware not to invest in dogs, but did your father listen to me? Nein! Aaach, but at least we kept the Unterware Volvo und Marine dealership going." Hildegarte had often mentioned to Lacy. Hildegarte still drove the white Volvo Lacy's father had given her in 1969. She would report to Lacy at 10,000 mile intervals that the car, "Now has 150,000 miles on it and it continues to operate. It is built like a Panzer. I will be buried in that Volvo!"

Yet displays like this severely tested Lacy's loyalty her dead mother. "Fraulein Amplephat, please go home, please take the day off," Lacy entreated Hildegarte, who had now recovered.

"I can't leave, the company is going bankrupt and you're buying more computers!" Hildegarte replied.

"No, that computer is free to us. One of Bill Cates' clients is installing here for him to use," Lacy said.

"Yah, but we've not made any money for three quarters," Hildegarte countered, "und that is a problem a computer cannot solve!"

"Well, I think the computer is going to help us find out where we're losing money and fix the problem," Lacy concluded. She then walked away into her office, leaving Fraulein Amplephat to compose herself.

Hildegarte stared at the ABM mainframe and murmured, "Voodoo!" under her breath.

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Chapter Four

Lacy had asked Bill to determine whether the thefts had been of raw materials or finished goods. It was obvious, Bill had replied, that the thefts had to be of finished goods rather than raw materials, as the cutters were cutting the patterns per specification, and, the cutting reconciled with the amount of fabric purchased.

It was right after this meeting that Lacy received an urgent call from Lois Lee, the president of Lee Department stores. "Why are you charging me an arm and leg for your lingerie and then turning around and selling smaller quantities to Fabrizio Wholesale at prices far below mine?" Lois Lee demanded.

"But, but, we don't sell anything to Fabrizio Wholesale," Lacy stammered.

"Well, Fabrizio was in my purchasing offices this morning offering your stuff at 25% below what we pay!" charged Lois Lee.

"Lois, please, and this is confidential, but I think I have an internal theft problem. Could I please meet you for lunch? I need your help," Lacy pleaded.

Lois Lee, an old friend who had helped Lacy get started in business by carrying the Lacy Lingerie line when none of the other majors would, quickly agreed.

In their next meeting on Saturday afternoon at the factory, Bill's analysis revealed that the thefts had been going on four the last three quarters---the exact amount of time Hildegarde had said LLMC had been losing business. Lacy wondered why Fraulein Amplephat had not found the losses; after all, she was the bookkeeper. This made Lacy wonder if Hildegarde weren't somehow involved. But Hildegarde, and old family friend, steal? Still, it was bothersome that she had neither found nor reported the problem.

It was for this, and other reasons that Lacy had contracted the services of Mr. Debonair, private detective. To the best of anyone's knowledge, Mr. Debonair had been the best private dick in Los Angeles since 1955. Elegant and silver-haired, he was as quick with his gun, fists, and mind now as he had ever been. "Don't worry doll face, I'll find the creep who's behind this underwear caper," he had assured Lacy. Doll face? Underwear caper? Lacy had chuckled to herself. Although his talk was outdated, Mr. Debonair was still the best.

Finishing her meeting with Bill in the big LLMC plant,

Lacy left for another meeting in Beverly Hills. Finding himself alone in the plant once again, Bill's thoughts turned to the sumptuous array of lingerie surrounding him. He quickly tried to change his thoughts, for after the last episode in the janitors closet, he vowed that he would work today, that there would be no horseplay.

His immense powers of concentration kept him busy until early evening when he went out for a bite to eat. Coming back to the plant as night was falling, Bill headed to the design studio at LLMC to check the pattern files for more data. Walking into the studio he saw a stunningly beautiful matching bra and bikini panty set. The bra and panty were hot pink nylon with black lace trim. Bill picked up the panties in awe. Again he imagined Lacy in them and his head was soon swimming. He wanted to know what it must feel like to be a beautiful woman in lingerie.

Slowly undressing himself, he knew the moment had come. After he undressed, he stood nude for the longest time poised in the valley of indecision. He intuitively knew that if he put the panties and bra on there would be no turning back, that something in him would be changed forever. Lifting his foot, he first slid one leg into the panties and then the other. Pulling the panties slowly up his leg, he felt the elastic stretch. Trembling, he pulled the panties all the way up to his waist. He couldn't believe how tremendous, how silky, and how sexy they felt.

Walking in front of the big, fell length mirror in the studio, Bill turned this way and that as he looked at himself from every angle. He especially liked the way the panties made his smooth fanny look so girlish; he also loved the contrast of the hot pink nylon and the black lace against his pale skin.

He walked back to get the bra. He was fiddling with it when he suddenly felt the softest and silkiest feeling on his back. "Here, let me help you with that," a voice said.

It was Lacy. She had slipped quietly back into the building that evening to get some reports. Bill had been so enraptured that he hadn't heard her. Lacy had seen Billy in the panties and smiled. She could see he was having trouble with the bra and so she had walked up behind to help. Her breasts pressed into his back as she had reached around and help him with the bra. Bill was both in shock and elation as Lacy guided the bra onto Bill's slender body.

"There, now you look like a proper young lady," she laughed as she adjusted the bra straps. Lacy could see a world of passion, innocence, and fear in Bill's eyes as he

turned and stared into her eyes.

"Oh don't be so afraid, Billy," she reassured him, "I know that boys like to wear these nice silky, girly things. I know I love how they look and feel on me."

The bra felt so good, so sensuous, so snug, and so arousing. Bill smiled tentatively as he looked at Lacy. She was wearing a mint green silk blouse and matching skirt with white stockings and heels. Underneath her could see her beautiful white lace bra and panties.

"There's more to lingerie than just a bra and panties," Lacy said, "so let me teach you all about ladies and their underwear." Bill couldn't believe his incredible good fortune, for he knew that he was about to receive a world class lesson in ladies underwear from the expert.

With that Lacy unzipped her skirt and let it drop to the floor in a dainty heap. Steeping out of the skirt, she unbuttoned her blouse and removed it. Lacy stood before Bill, her magnificent body arrayed in the most beautiful, lacy lingerie imaginable.

If Bill had been intoxicated by putting on the panties and bra, he was now in awe at seeing Lacy in her panties, bra, garter belt, stockings, and heels. He wanted to drink in her beauty, to study her exquisite body, but he felt uncomfortable for he didn't want to stare---and it also felt awkward for him to be standing there wearing only a pair of hot pink panties and a bra.

Lacy sensed that she needed to put him at ease. "It's okay, Billy," she smiled, "you can look at my body all you want. You've probably never seen a woman like this. Just imagine that I'm your big sister and we're at home playing dress up with my clothes."

"Now first, we have to put you in a garter belt," she continued and walked over to a big chest of drawers in the design studio. "Let's see," Lacy said as she went through a drawer full of garter belts, "it looks like we don't have a hot pink garter belt to match your panties and bra so we'll just use a black one, is that alright, Billy?" she asked.

He nodded. Lacy then remembered she didn't know Billy's waist size so she picked up a measuring tape, and, walking up to him placed the tape around his waist. She was a few inches taller than Billy and her satiny, full breasts were right in his face. She stood so close to Billy that he could feel her body heat. Her lacy underwire bra pushed her breasts together forming a spectacularly deep cleavage. Billy noticed the way Lacy's breasts rose when she inhaled and fell when she exhaled. He smelled her delicate perfume.

He even felt her hair, breasts, garter tabs, and stockings brush against him as she measured his waist.

"My goodness, Fraulein she laughed, "a 26 inch waist! My, but aren't you the lucky girl!" Billy found himself suddenly flattered to be called Fraulein, for he knew that it was the German term for *young lady*. After Lacy found the correct size garter belt in the drawer, she returned and began fastening it on Bill. As her breasts once again brushed against him while she hooked the lacy black garter belt around him, it dawned on Bill that he was going to like this dressing-up-with-big-sister business very much---or at least he thought so now for he didn't yet realize all that Lacy had in mind when she said "dressing up."

"And now for your black, silk stockings. Come and set down in this chair," she commanded, "a young lady must be seated to put on her stockings." With that, Billy sat down on a desk chair. Lacy kneeled in front of him. Having such a beautiful woman actually kneel in front of him was an incredible feeling. "You put stockings on like this," she instructed as she expertly rolled the stocking up his leg. "Not too high," she teased as she stopped rolling the stocking a mere half inch from his panties and then quickly rolled it back down a few inches. "Now, you to fasten the stockings to the garter tabs like this," she demonstrated. Bill felt Lacy's long nails slightly pinch his smooth skin as she affixed the stockings to the garter.

"There," she said as she finished, "now you do the other five tabs."

The black garter belt with its six garters was an incredibly complex piece of lingerie for such a novice. After fiddling for a few minutes Billy had managed to fasten the front garter tabs. Lacy, still kneeling before him, watched his efforts.

"Okay, now you have to stand to do the back garters," she instructed. Billy stood up in front of her. "Oh, never mind, I'll just do them for you," she said impatiently as she reached around his pantied bottom.

As she quickly attached the stockings, she glanced at the telltale bulge in his panties. "My, my, my," she teased, "It looks like someone has happy panties! Well, I understand that. If I was a boy I'm sure I would feel the same way with all of this silky lingerie on me."

Billy couldn't help but notice that her moist, painted lips were only inches from his young manhood as she spoke. He imagined what it must be like. Lacy picked up on what he was thinking, and, standing to her feet wagged her finger

at him, "Unh, unh, unh," she chided playfully, "no dirty thoughts, Billy! Remember we're brother and sister playing dress up!" Billy blushed and smiled, glad that she had at least acknowledged the sexual tension in the air.

"Now we need high heels for... oh what shall we call you? How about Kirstin? Yes, we'll call you Kirstin, that's a sexy Scandinavian name," Lacy said. Lacy then led Kirstin over to a rack of high heels that LLMC kept on hand for models when they did photo shoots in the studio. "Oooh, Kirstin," Lacy cooed as if she were talking to her best girlfriend, "look at these hot pink spike heels, they match your panties and bra perfectly!"

Kirstin stepped into the pumps. They made her feel tall and delicious. "Now come with me over to the mirror," Lacy instructed as she marched Kirstin over to the mirror. "See? Now you have on the same underwear that I do: panties, garter belt, stockings, and a lacy bra. Now that's how a lady should dress when she puts on her lingerie."

As he admired both Lacy and himself in the big mirror, Billy was overwhelmed by the sensuous look and feel of his lingerie. He also felt a special connection with Lacy by wearing the same kind of sexy lingerie she wore.

"Now we must do your make up and hair and then get you into a nice dress" Lacy insisted as she led Kirstin to the make up table. Hair, make up, and dress? Billy suddenly felt a knot in his stomach. He realized that he was about to get much more than he had bargained for. He was sure that things had gotten out of hand and were going too far. After all, lingerie was one thing, but hair, make up, and a dress? It was just too much for his young mind to comprehend.

"I'm not sure I want to dress up all the way like a girl," he stammered.

Lacy laughed. "Oh come now my little Kirstin, you've gone this far, why don't we just finish the job? Are you afraid of being a girl?"

Billy swallowed hard and thought for a moment. Rather than letting him answer, Lacy took his hand and led him to the vanity on the other end of the studio. As he stumbled along in his hot pink spike heels, he mind was racing with apprehension. Part of him didn't want to be turned into a girl, yet there was another part of him that desperately wanted Lacy to turn him into a girl.

Seating him before the large, round mirror at the vanity, Lacy turned on the lights. The mirror was surrounded by twelve bright globes of lights. Lacy's perfectly applied make up made her look fabulous in front of the mirror, but Billy,

well, he needed work.

Chapter Five

As Lacy proceeded to apply Billy's make up, changing not only his appearance but his life as he had known it, a heavily tinted, highly polished, black-on-black Eldorado convertible sped southbound down the Hollywood freeway tailing a white Volvo. It was now about 8:30 on a dark, rainy Saturday night and Mr. Debonair, hidden from view behind the dark windows of his Eldorado, was intently shadowing his prime suspect, one Hildegarde Amplephat, controller of the Lacy Lingerie Manufacturing Company of Bel Air, California.

As the raindrops beaded up on the sleek, black hood of his Cadillac, Mr. Debonair whispered into his micro-cassette recorder, "The suspect is exiting at Vineland and turning left." Concluding his narrative, he spoke again into the recorder, "Heading north, the suspect's vehicle made another left onto Moorpark until it reached Lankersheim Boulevard, where the suspect parked in front of Ernie's Tacos."

Hildegarde Amplephat exited her Volvo. It was Saturday night and the well-lighted curbside signs clearly indicated that motorists weren't required to put money into the parking meters. Yet Mr. Debonair observed Hildegarde cramming quarter after quarter into the meter. A sure sign of a guilty person trying to play it safe, he noted. Hildegarde then walked into the restaurant. Mr. Debonair circled the block and then wheeled his Eldo into the parking lot of Ernie's Tacos.

Entering the restaurant with a copy of *Modern Detective* rolled in her hand, a rather, shall we say, *debonair* lady in her 50's slipped the maitre'd a fin and quietly asked to be seated at the booth behind the one in which Hildegarde and her two dining companions---both women---were seated. Mr. Debonair, it seems, liked to work undercover as Dolores Debonair, and, in fact, he even like to be Dolores when he wasn't working on a case.

Dolores Debonair and Lacy had first met when Lacy was doing a promotional appearance with Lillian Helderbrest at the exclusive *Robertson's* store in Glendale. He had struck up a conversation with Lacy by asking her about the correct bra size for a woman such as himself. One thing led to another and soon Mr. Debonair became invaluable to Lacy, and to the lingerie industry as a whole, by solving the case of the *Perverted Panty Fiend*. The case involved a trouble-

some young man who had been vexing lingerie retailers with his rather sticky behavior for some time---but that is a story for another time.

As Dolores took her seat, she ordered a highball and the number two combo plate. As she began browsing her copy of *Modern Detective*, the Amplephat party had no way of knowing that one of the earrings of the debonair woman seated behind them was a highly directional miniature microphone aimed right at them. Dolores switched on the micro-cassette recorder nestled in her red lace LLMC model 211 bra. Sing for me girls! she said to herself as she sat back and sipped her highball.

"Kirstin" couldn't believe how ravishing she looked when Lacy had finished with her. In front of the mirror sat a beautiful young woman rather than the dumb boy she had been her whole life. Fortunately for Kirstin, the LLMC design studio was a treasure trove of cosmetics, gorgeous lingerie and clothing, and wigs of all kinds.

"Our job is to make beautiful women look even more beautiful when we photograph them in our lingerie," Lacy said to Billy as she finished his transformation. "You are so pretty, my sweet Kristin, that I could use you to model my panties and bras! Would you like to wear Lacy's panties and bras in front of the camera?" she teased. Kirstin smiled as Lacy continued speaking, "Now aren't you glad you stopped fighting me and allowed me to turn you into a pretty girl?"

Kirstin blushed. It was true: she had fought being turned into a girl because she was afraid of what she might feel. But now, the feelings were wonderful. From the gentle way her lace bra cupped her tender breasts, the garters bit the stockings on her smooth legs, and her silky panties engulfed her soft fanny, she felt so girlish. The fabulous sky blue silk dress that Lacy had chosen for Kristin was a dream with its delicate black lace trim and black satin lining. And the big, blonde hair that fell midway to Kirstin's back afforded her a spectacular mane of tresses that would be the envy of any woman.

Kirstin's oval eyes were alluring, emphasized as they were by jet black eyeliner and iridescent lavender eyeshadow. Her full lips were framed with a subtle brown eyepencil and set off by a deep, rich rosy lipstick. The rosy blush contouring her cheeks complemented her lipstick and stylishly finished off a perfect make up job.

As Lacy and Kirstin sat talking on the divan in the design studio, Lacy got up and slipped into a white lace

dressing gown and poured herself a glass of wine. Kirstin found herself thinking of Lacy as her older sister. As Lacy sat back down on the small divan with Kirstin she suddenly gave the young girl a kiss on the forehead and pulled her to her bosom. "You are my sweet angel, Kirstin" she said tenderly, "I will always take care of you." Tears came to Kirstin's eyes.

After an hour spent in girl talk, Lacy said she had to get home as she had a meeting to attend the next morning. As she dressed in front of Kirstin, Kirstin felt the tingling in her panties that once again reminded her of her the exciting part of her boyishness.

Lacy showed Kirstin the private bathroom in her office and said that she could use it to clean up. "And by the way," Lacy added, pointing to a pile of nighties, bras, and panties in the corner of the design studio, "these are all the imperfect pieces of lingerie we can't sell. If you need to use any of them to take care of the boy part of yourself feel free!" With that she smiled and kissed Kirstin again on the forehead. As Lacy left she reminded Kirstin to turn on the alarm system when she went home.

Kirstin was left alone in the lingerie factory with a large pile of pretty lingerie to, "take care of the boy part" of herself. As she nestled in the pile of lingerie, she felt happier than she had ever felt. As the moonlight shone through the skylight and windows of the design studio, young Kirstin for the first time experienced the delicious rapture of being a sissy.

"Things are going very well," Hildegarde said to her dining companions, "there is only one more week until the quarter is over and then..." she paused dramatically, "and then the Lacy Lingerie Manufacturing Company will be mine! All mine!" she cackled.

Dolores Debonair's ears perked up upon hearing this bit of conspiracy.

"Did you manage to get something that the rodent boy wears on his body?" asked Veronica Velvet, fortune teller and amateur voodoo practitioner.

"I certainly did," boasted Hildegarde, "as a matter of fact, I was able to snatch his Spiro Agnew wrist watch!"

"He owns a Spiro Agnew watch?" asked the third woman laughingly.

"Oh he's quite proud of it," replied Hildegarde, "apparently his father gave it to him in 1971 as a gift. He's shown it to everyone at the office. I was able to steal the watch after

he left it on the bathroom sink. I guess he was washing his hands after touching his filthy little schnitzel in the toilet and he forgot to put it back on when he was done. I had to wash my hands with bleach after I was done, for the thought of touching an object that had touched a man's schnitzel made me ill."

Hildegarde's two companions caught each other's eye as she was talking, incredulous that she could so completely hate men.

"The watch will be perfect for countering the computer voodoo spell that Lacy and the rodent boy have placed on you," Veronica reassured Hildy.

"Yes, that damn boy and his computer are going to get me in big trouble if we don't stop them immediately!" agreed Hildegarde.

"What will you do with the watch?" asked the mysterious third woman, whom the other two addressed as "Ellie."

"I will brew it in a potion of tea leaves, chicken blood, and the powdered brain of a mouse. Then we will have a virgin say a hex over the watch that will remove the computer curse and cause it to boomerang back upon Lacy and the boy as soon as he puts it back on his wrist!" exclaimed the beautiful, yet arguably insane, Veronica.

"And you know he will put the watch back on right away when it suddenly 'turns up' back at the office!" intoned Hildegarde with a sinister look in her eye.

"But wherever will you get a virgin?" asked Ellie.

Well, Hildy's a virgin," replied Veronica, "she can perform the ritual."

"Hildy, I didn't know you were a ..." remarked the third woman only to be cut off in mid-sentence by Hildegarde.

"Hush your mouth!" Hildegarde sternly rebuked the woman, "no one must ever be allowed to know that I have kept myself pure, that I have never allowed a man to soil my puff with his polluted essence! My purity is the secret of my power!"

Taken aback the third woman apologized.

Placated by the apology, Hildegarde volunteered, surprisingly, that it was Lacy Unterware's father who had turned her against men. "He ruined my life and my happiness when he married Lacy's mother. I thought Sven Unterware and I had something until that horrible woman, Inga Van Fluers, came into his life. Oh, it was so easy for Inga to charm him with her whorish ways. I stayed working for my Sven even after the marriage in the hopes that he would see Inga for what she really was and leave her!"

"But then Inga seduced Sven to do nasty things to her one too many times and along came that awful child, Lacy. She had trapped my Sven with dirty sex und my hopes for marrying Sven were kaput! I found myself alone in America with no friends or family. All I had was my job working at Sven's Volvo und Marine dealership. Even after I helped my Sven save his dealership after he threw all of his money away on racing dogs, he still wouldn't leave Inga for my open arms. It was then I realized that he was just another horrible man who was only interested in his pleasure."

The waiter interrupted Hildegard's sad rehearsal of lost love when he brought dinner to the table. A singularly pungent aroma assailed Hildy's fellow diners as her dinner was served. It was a *Mucho Grande* platter of pureed mackerel and vaseline burritos. As Hildegard began to inhale large gulps of the sweating, odious delicacy, her companions had to suppress their mutual urge to gag---both from the horrid smell of Hildy's dinner and the sight of having to watch her eat, for she tore into her food with the gruesome enthusiasm of a velociraptor enjoying a freshly killed triceratops.

"The final insult came," Hildegard continued between gulps, "when Sven was lost during a kangaroo stampede in Australia.

He left me only a new white Volvo and some petty cash. The rest of his estate---the very estate I had worked so hard to save---was left to that sluttin Inga Van Fluers her selfish, horrible, bratty child, Lacy Unterware! Oh how I hate Lacy!" she cursed.

Hildegard paused to drain a bottle of Mexican beer in one swig and then launched back into her tirade. "Well, that estate is mine and I intend to take it! Worse yet, Lacy is trying to use me in the same way her father did. She has given me nothing but grief all these years while I have helped her to get rich by selling those damn frilly underpanties to sluttens! Aach! I am always asking her why she just can't sell the sensible white cotton underpanties like decent women wear. I'm sure you are both wearing the sanitary white cotton underpanties, yah?" she asked her dining partners.

The two women looked at each other, and, squelching the urge to erupt in laughter, assured Hildegard that they were indeed wearing white cotton panties. Hildegard had promised them both a sizable amount of money for their help in seizing LLMC, and neither lady was about to jeopardize the payday that lay a scant week away over a ques-

tion of panties.

In point of fact, Veronica Velvet was very superstitious about panties and would only wear leopardskin print panties as she believed that they gave her the power of the leopard. The other woman, though, largely through Hildy's influence, had grown to love white cotton underpanties and even wore them to bed.

As the waiter began clearing the plates from the table at which the three women sat, the third woman excused herself and headed towards the powder room. As she walked by Dolores Debonair, the private dick noticed that she was wearing an unusual pair men's cuff links on her blouse. They were diamond studded horseshoes, the kind one might see in Las Vegas or on a wealthy rancher in Texas. Dolores Debonair made a mental note of the jewelry.

At Lacy Unterware's home on Sunday morning Mr. Debonair played the tape he had recorded the night before at Ernie's Tacos. After the tape was finished, Mr. Debonair stressed that while Hildegarde was involved in a plot to take over LLMC, he still had no evidence that she was involved in the theft of the lingerie. After the detective left her home, Lacy sat in stunned silence. While she knew that Hildegarde hated her, she had never known that Hildegarde had loved her father and hated her mother. The realization that Fraulein Amplephat was out to steal LLMC from her was shocking; how could she do such a thing?

Lacy wondered what had Hildegarde meant when she said that in a week LLMC would be hers. And while Lacy had met Veronica Velvet the few times she had come into the office to meet Hildegarde for lunch, who was the mysterious third woman, Ellie, at the table and what was her role in the plot? And why the unusual horseshoe cufflinks?

The next morning, Lacy decided to visit her attorney, Ms. Darlene Panteeze, of the law firm Boosteea, Panteeze, and Blackstockings. Lacy related the story to Darlene. It made no sense to the attorney, for she had handled the estate of both Lacy's mother and father. Still, she decided to check her files related to the estate. There, she was surprised to find a strange green accordion file which contained a codicil to Ms. Unterware's will. "I don't recall ever seeing this," she remarked to Lacy, "and furthermore I've never used green folders in my practice. This looks like someone smuggled this document into my files!"

The codicil simply read:

In the event that LLMC loses money for four consecutive

quarters, control of the company shall revert to the controller until such a time as the company is profitable for two consecutive quarters.

Lacy suddenly recalled that Hildegarde had talked her mother into making this provision ten years ago, "only to make sure that we can protect Lacy from bankruptcy if she gets into trouble during her first five years in business." Lacy asked Darlene if the amendment revoking the codicil after five years was in the file. It was not! It quickly became apparent to Lacy and Darlene that Hildegarde had managed to conceal the codicil all these years and had undoubtedly destroyed the amendment revoking it.

"Unless you can turn the quarter around in a week or I can find the amendment," Darlene soberly warned Lacy, "Hildegarde will be in a position to challenge you in court for control of LLMC----and if she wins I'm sure she can keep the company from showing a profit for a very long time!"

"Can't I just fire her and get the whole thing over with?" Lacy asked.

"No, because then she could sue you and charge that you fired her to prevent her from legally taking over the company," Darlene replied.

"But what about the thefts? The thefts are the reason we're losing money. Can't we annul the takeover based on the thefts?" queried Lacy.

"Possibly," responded Darlene, "but its also likely that Hildegarde could allege that the thefts went undetected for so long because of your poor management. It seems that she has you painted into a corner. We'd better hope that Mr. Debonair makes a break in the case quickly!"

Depressed, Lacy left Darlene Panteeze's office and dropped by to see if Mr. Debonair had made further progress on the case.

He reassured her that he was closing in on Hildegarde and then cleverly suggested a bluff that might force the treacherous Hildegarde into tipping her hand.

Chapter Six

Back at the office lacy found Hildegarde pouring over LLMC's finances. "Oh it's very bad, Fraulein Unterware,"

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she began, "unless we bring in \$800,000 in the next six weeks we will have lost money for a fourth consecutive quarter."

So this is the day she starts positioning herself to take over the company, Lacy thought. Without letting on that she knew about her plot, Lacy dropped a bombshell on Hildegarde. "We have no need to worry about finances, Fraulein Amplephat," she said, "you see, this weekend I accepted an offer from an investor group to sell LLMC for cash. I have just this morning signed the papers and the sale should be finished in fifteen days." Hildegarde sat in disbelief, shocked at the thought that her plot was about to fail just a few weeks short of success.

"But Fraulein Unterware, how could you possibly sell LLMC, the investors haven't even examined the books!" Hildegarde protested.

"On the contrary, they have examined the books in detail. What do you think I've had young Bill Cates doing all this time? He prepared a complete computer financial and inventory accounting package under my supervision. I didn't want to burden you with the task as it may have depressed you. It seemed to me that you've been so tense lately," Lacy replied.

"But, but, but," Hildegarde sputtered.

"No but's, Fraulein Amplephat," Lacy insisted, "It is a done deal. And don't worry: I demanded that they give you a generous severance package."

"Aaach! A severance package!" Hildegarde fumed, "But why?"

"Because they will be bringing on their own management team. when they take over in two weeks. You and I will both be going, and everyone else will be staying," Lacy explained.

Hildegarde accused Lacy of betraying her. "I've worked for both your father and you for so long and now---now you stab me in the back! Why, you didn't even tell me that you were thinking of selling! You have betrayed my trust! I am going home now to weep." With that bit of drama, Hildegarde left the building and drove away from LLMC in her Volvo. Following a short distance behind in a black Eldorado was Dolores Debonair.

Down at the Wilshire precinct, LAPD Detective Raquel "Stretch" Braugh, so nicknamed because of the former Olympic fencer's imposing 6' 1" height, began questioning Don Carlo Fabrizio, owner of Fabrizio Wholesale, about his

attempts to sell stolen merchandise, namely \$150,000 worth of LLMC lingerie.

As she began her interview, Detective Braugh couldn't help but notice how attractive, no pretty, Don Carlo was. Olive skinned with a slight build and delicate features, she knew that he was exactly the kind of pretty boy she liked to pamper. Too bad he was a suspect she thought.

"So where did you buy all of the LLMC lingerie that we confiscated from your warehouse this morning, Don Carlo?" she queried.

"A lady came into my office last month and said that she had purchased the lot at an unclaimed freight auction. I paid her \$5,000 in cash for it and she left," Don Carlo Fabrizio replied in a not too convincing manner.

"Did the lady have a name?" Stretch Braugh asked.

"I guess I forgot to ask. All I remember is that I paid her in cash and she left."

"Well let's see what we have here, Mr. Fabrizio. First, we have \$150,000 worth of LLMC's lingerie that you claim to have paid \$5,000 for. Second, this lingerie is the best selling brand in the country; why I'm wearing some of it right now. So you tell me, Don Carlo, how could a retailer or LLMC lose track of \$150,000 worth of popular merchandise and have it wind up at a freight auction? It just doesn't make sense."

Don Carlo looked at the shapely detective. Her no-nonsense white silk business blouse could scarcely conceal the fact that she was packing a knockout set of 38's, impressively holstered in a black lace LLMC model 212. "I have answered your question," he huffed impudently.

"Oh come now, Don Carlo," she reasoned as she shook a pair of confiscated red satin bikini panties in face, "you know lingerie well enough to know that no one is going to sell you \$150,000 worth of Lacy's panties for \$5,000."

While she was speaking, she noticed that Don Carlo was furtively staring at her breasts.

"You *like* these, do you?" she said as she tauntingly arched her back and cupped her magnificent breasts so that they strained against her blouse and emphasized her fabulous nipples in even greater detail. "Well I bet you probably *love* the beautiful lace bra that's holding them even more, don't you?" she teased.

Don Carlo remained silent. He wanted to look away as if he were insulted by the accusation that he loved her bra, but her breasts, he thought, deserved his complete attention. He thus remained focused on the lovely Stretch

Braugh's bosom.

Seeing that her bit of exhibitionism only satisfied his lust, she quickly withdrew her hands from her breasts and pulled the lapels of her blazer tightly together so that Don Carlo could no longer enjoy her delightful mammaries.

"All of this just proves my point," she continued in an authoritative, slightly bemused tone, "that everyone wants to get into Lacy's panties and bras. Why I bet you're even wearing a pair of Lacy Lingerie bikini panties right now, am I right?" she demanded.

Don Carlo turned beet red. "I would never wear ladies panties!" he protested in a most masculine manner.

She loved to see men squirm and zeroed in on him. "Well then why did I notice your panty lines when you walked into the interview room?" she chided.

"I am wearing men's low cut briefs," he weakly insisted.

"You are? Then why don't I have you stripped searched downstairs in the jail just to make sure you're not wearing Lacy Lingerie panties? I have probable cause to have you stripped searched because I need to see if the lot number on your panties matches any of those from the stolen lingerie," the detective gleefully informed the now perspiring Don Carlo.

She then stood in front of Don Carlo, and bending from the waist, placed her hands on her thighs. Her arms forced her breasts together into a splendid valley of white flesh. She put her face right in front of his, and spoke in little girl talk. "I'm sure that my strong, manly Don Carlo won't mind if all the big, bad policemen and prisoners down in the jail see his pretty little pink panties. Am I right?"

Don Carlo knew he had been caught by the observant detective. It was true: for the thrill of having panty lines like a real girl, the lusty Italian had worn lightweight slacks that day so that the telltale lines of his white LLMC string bikini panties would peek through. Now he wished that he would have listened to the little voice that had warned him to change into men's underwear, "just in case there was trouble at the police station." But no, Don Carlo had been overconfident. He had been so sure that there would be no problems, and now he had been busted by the beautiful detective.

"I want to see my lawyer," Don Carlo feebly requested.

Stretch Braugh sensed that Don Carlo hadn't stolen the lingerie but that he knew who had and was protecting that person for some reason. She could also sense that he was about to fold so she moved in for the kill.

"Come, my little panty boy," she whispered to him, "make it easy on yourself and tell me who boosted the dainties you were trying to sell, because if you don't then you'll go to jail. And let me tell you, my friend, there are plenty of guys in the joint who would love to have a sweet panty boy like you for a bunky---especially on cold nights when they're really missing their girlfriend!"

Don Carlo turned as white as the bikini panties he was wearing. While he had entertained fantasies of his other self, *Carlotta*, being with men, it was never under penal circumstances.

He has always envisioned Carlotta in a low cut evening gown dancing with a handsome man under a crystal chandelier while the smell of the ocean wafted in through tall french doors of a Mediterranean villa. But the Detective's harsh vision of a pantied Don Carlo at the mercy of felons proved too much for his highly strung and passionate mind to endure. He snapped.

"I, I, I was forced into this crime by a beautiful woman whom I used to love madly, but then she, she... threatened to tell the world about my love of panties, bras, and all things womanly if I didn't help her perform this demented deed!" confessed Don Carlo.

Stretch Braugh suddenly found herself angry that a woman could do such a thing to a sensitive, pretty man like Don Carlo.

"What's her name?" she asked.

"Her name, her name is Veronica. Veronica Velvet. She is the woman I used to love and now she has turned me into a criminal, a mafioso of lingerie!" he sobbed.

Chapter Seven

His head still swimming with thoughts of panties and dress up games with Lacy, young Bill Cates was oblivious to the drama unfolding around him. Working late that evening, he waited until everyone, including Lacy, had gone home. He then rushed into the design studio for an enjoyable evening of girlish pursuits.

Stripping down to the buff, he rubbed rose-scented lotion all over his lithe body. The silky lotion glistened on his skin in the soft light of the design studio. When he was smooth from head to toe he began to dress as a young lady would beginning with her finest lingerie.

Tonight Kirstin started with a particularly naughty pair of sheer black nylon bikini panties that had delicate red roses embroidered across the front panel. As she stepped

into them and pulled them up her long legs, she thought that having the scent of her lotion match the embroidery on her panties was pure luxury. Kirstin next selected the laciest black underwire bra she could find. The bra was snug and gave her the slightest cleavage. She completed her lingerie ensemble with an elegant black garter belt that was trimmed with a delicate black lace that had a hint of dark pink in it.

Kirstin then sat down to put a pair of sheer nylon stockings on her legs. She took her time and luxuriated in the feel of the stockings gliding up her smooth, silky legs. When she had finished fastening the stockings to her garters, she sat down at the make up table and began putting on her face just as Lacy had taught her. First the foundation, then the pressed powder, followed by the eyelashes, mascara, eyeshadow, lip liner, lipstick, and blush. Her blonde wig was next and then a fun pair of silver hoop earrings that were on clips.

As Kirstin stepped into her black stiletto heels and beheld herself in the big mirror she was overcome with the beauty of her budding femininity. Being a girl was so much better than being a boy she thought---and she had plenty of people who agreed with her, for at that moment she heard someone say, "My, my, my, isn't our little Fraulein pretty?"

Another voice spoke out, "Why yes, she is the prettiest young girl I've ever seen."

Kirstin looked into the shadows and could see no one. She called out tentatively, "Who's there?"

There was silence, and then Hildegard Amplephat and Veronica Velvet stepped from the shadows. "Oooh look at the newest panty model at Lacy Lingerie, Hildy," Veronica said to Hildegard, "I think we should ask for her autograph." Both women laughed and then ominously approached Billy.

Billy knew that they had probably been watching him during the entire time he was getting dressed. He was defenseless. He couldn't run in his spike heels, and even if he could where would he go? He couldn't run outside clad as he was in panties, bra, garter belt, stockings, heels, make up, and wig.

Hildegard suddenly grabbed him by the arm and shoved him rudely down into a chair. "Set down, my little Fraulein," she hissed, "you and I have some talking to do. Now I want you to tell Auntie Hildegard everything that you've done for Fraulein Unterware on that computer of yours---especially the part about how you've helped her get

the company ready to sell!"

"Sell the company? I didn't know Lacy was selling the company," Billy replied.

"It looks like our panty princess is playing dumb, Hildy," Veronica interjected, "what should we do with her?"

"Maybe she needs to have her slutten black underpanties pulled all the way down to her ankles so that Aunt Veronica can give her a good, hard spanking with a hairbrush!" responded Hildegarde.

"You mean like I did to my sissy Carlotta?" replied Veronica.

"Exactly," intoned Hildegarde as she lit up a menthol cigarette, "I think our little fraulein should have her fanny spanked until it glows red with pain. Perhaps that will help her memory!"

Billy eyes grew wide as saucers at the thought of getting a bare bottom spanking with a hairbrush.

As Veronica walked over to the make up table, Billy noticed her large breasts, small waist, shapely bottom, and long legs. She was wearing a black leather mini skirt, a very low cut fuschia silk blouse, black hose, and black high heels. Her jet black hair shone in the light.

Billy's admiration suddenly turned to horror as Veronica picked up a hairbrush from the table. It was a gold brush with a silver floral inset on the back. As Veronica walked back towards Billy she wielded the hairbrush like a professional.

"I know just how to spank girly-boys until they obey my every command. Now we can do this the easy way and you can tell Aunt Hildy and me everything you know about Lacy selling LLMC or we can do this the hard way." she informed Billy.

"But, but, but, I really don't know anything about Lacy selling the business," Billy protested, completely unaware of Lacy's bluff.

"Okay, have it your way, panty-boy!" With that, Veronica sat down on the chair next to Billy's. As she sat, her black leather mini skirt rode up her slippery pantyhose until the slightest bit of her leopard skin panties peeked through the sheer hose. "Lay across my lap now, bad girl! she commanded.

Billy hesitantly obeyed.

Veronica immediately pulled his sheer, sexy panties all the way down to his ankles. He instinctively raised his high heeled feet in the air and kicked them back and forth in an attempt to wiggle free. Billy's wiggling caused Veronica's

mini skirt to ride almost all the way up to her waist, and this, in turn, allowed Billy's boy parts to drop into the silky triangle at the center of her lap. He could feel the dewy warmth coming from the secret place beneath her pantyhose and panties.

Veronica then leaned slightly forward so that her blouse "accidentally" fell open and her large, bare breasts rested on his back. As Billy felt her breasts pillow into his back, he was shocked to realize that a woman's naked breasts were touching his bare skin!

When she raised the hairbrush high in the air, Billy pressed his pelvis further down into her silky lap, partly to brace himself against the spanking, and partly out of his own modesty that his back was touching her naked breasts. Yet in baring down, he only pressed his boy parts further into her secret place.

His modesty forced him to decide that it was better to feel her breasts on his back rather than the secret place between her legs. As he pulled away from her lap, his round, girlish fanny rose.

My "pantyhose and breast" trick always does this to panty boys, Veronica giggled to herself as she watched Billy's bare bottom rise. Timing his movements perfectly, Veronica brought the hairbrush down just as Billy's fanny came up off her lap. A resounding whack reverberated through the design studio.

His bottom stinging from the spanking, Billy instinctively bore down again into Veronica's lovely triangle, and, again, he rose up out of modesty only to feel the sting of the paddle. Veronica smiled, knowing that she was playing him like a fiddle.

After the fourth spanking, Veronica could see that Billy's bottom was getting red. She paused from the paddling and slipped one of her long, red fingernails under one of Billy's garter straps so she could see the white skin underneath. This enabled her to see just how red Billy's bottom had become.

"Oh your bottom is so red," she said to Billy and began to rub it lightly with her long, slender hands, "why don't you just tell us what we want to know so that Auntie Veronica doesn't have to paddle your fanny again?"

"But I really, really don't know anything about Lacy selling the company," he pleaded.

She then leaned into his back with her bare breasts and began to whisper into his ear. "Oh Billy, please tell me what I want to know, I don't want to paddle you again."

Billy once again bore down into her lap in anticipation of a spanking. As he did so, she began to move her legs back and forth across his boy parts, thinking that she could, like Mata Hari, pleasure the young man into telling all that he knew.

Her slippery, nyloned legs moving back and forth across his naked manhood excited him; her gentle rubbing of his bottom soothed him; her large, soft, bare breasts on his young flesh titillated him. It was inevitable: Mr. Woodrow quickly made an appearance.

This was what Veronica had been waiting for. As soon as she felt young Billy stiffen, she spread her legs slightly so that Billy's private parts dropped further down between her luscious legs. Then she squeezed her legs together tightly, trapping him. Billy found that he could not extricate himself from the damp, warm, silky grip of Veronica's lap. Of course, this made it all the more easier for her to spank him, which she proceeded to do when it became apparent that he was not going to volunteer any information.

"You bad, bad, bad, naughty, wicked, perverse girl!" she screamed as she administered a few more spankings. Billy found that he was, to his surprise, excited by the spankings and by all the rubbing on Veronica's pantyhose, panties, and breasts. Then the one thing that Veronica had not counted on suddenly happened: Billy soiled Veronica's puff!

"Aaaahhh! You horrible boy!" She shrieked as she felt Billy's hot geyser saturate her pantyhose and panties.

Leaping to her feet, she shoved Billy off her lap and onto the floor. He knew that he needed to seize the moment to escape his tormentors. He leapt to his feet, pulled his panties up, kicked his heels off, and fled the room for the darkness of the factory where he would be able to hide.

"What happened!" Hildegard boomed.

But Veronica didn't need to answer, for Hildegard saw the glistening, viscous evidence of Billy's boyish lust as Veronica quickly peeled off her soiled panties and pantyhose.

"I can't believe he did that to me," Veronica whined, embarrassed that her spanking mistress act had backfired.

Hildegard then noticed that Veronica was not wearing white cotton underpanties as she had claimed in the restaurant. "What is this with the slutten underpanties?" Hildy asked, pointing to Veronica's leopardskin panties that were coiled in the black pantyhose.

"Uh, I wore these only as part of my costume tonight because I thought it might make Billy talk," she replied

sheepishly.

"Men, they are such swine!" Hildegard proclaimed. "You should never lower yourself to wearing sexy underpanties for them! You did, and now look: that terrible boy has polluted you!"

It was then that both women realized that Billy had fled the scene of the spanking.

"We must find him immediately," Hildegard said, and then added darkly, "and this time it will not be fun and games for our little Miss Black Underpanties!"

Out in the dark factory, Billy made his way to the sewing area and hid under an enormous pile of panties on an inspection table. He soon heard Veronica and Hildegard walking around the factory looking for him.

"Come out, little Missy," Hildy said, "we just want to talk with you more, we promise we won't spank you again."

Yeah, right, thought Billy as he lay silently in the pile of panties. The cool nylon of the panties felt especially soothing on his burning bottom.

"Billy, please come out," Veronica said in a singsong voice, "I need you to help me pick out a bra and a new pair of panties. I'll even let you put them on me! Oh please, Billy, I need you to hold my breasts while I am putting on my lacy bra."

Putting a pair of panties and a bra on Veronica? Now that was tempting, but Billy was no fool. He knew that if he fell for her silky enticements he would only wind up being paddled more severely.

Hildegard realized that Veronica's lingerie lures would not flush their pantied prey from his hiding place. Grabbing flashlights from the maintenance room, the two women began searching the plant. After about ten minutes they walked towards the pile of panties.

Billy held his breath. He could smell Veronica's perfume and the odor of sausage on Hildegard. Thinking the pile to be much larger than normal, Hildegard stuck the end of her flashlight into it. Her aim was uncanny, for like a torpedo finding its target, Billy suddenly felt Hildy's five cell flashlight invade his pantied bottom.

"Ow!" he yelped.

The two partners-in-crime smiled at one another, and, clearing the panties away, seized Billy.

"You are serious trouble, my little Miss Black Underpanties," Hildegard began, "enough of this playing, we will now get down to business. Now, please, you will undress completely."

Billy was aghast. Veronica grabbed him forcefully and began undoing his garters and bra. She then slid the stockings from his legs and pulled his panties off. In a moment he was standing naked before the women. His hands were covering his boy parts and he was shivering slightly in the cold factory air.

Leaving Veronica to guard Billy, Hildegarde momentarily left and went out the back door of the factory to where her white Volvo was hidden behind a utility shed. She spoke to a man whom she had brought to the factory with her that night. He had been waiting outside since the two women had snuck into the factory.

He nodded as she instructed him to come in the back door in five minutes. She then grabbed a bag from the trunk and re-entered the factory.

Once inside, Hildegarde announced that it was now time to get serious with Billy. Throwing a pair of red lace bikini panties and a matching bra to the floor, she ordered Billy to put them on. After he had donned the panties and bra, she produced a red lace garter belt, red lace fishnet stockings, and red patent leather spike heels. As he put on the risqué garments he felt utterly confused, for these garments were as sexy as the nylon and lace things to which he had grown accustomed, and which he knew Hildegarde hated.

After he was dressed, Hildegarde and Veronica took Billy back into the design studio. There they bent him over the back of a chair and, using stockings, tied his ankles and wrists to the legs of the chair. Shoving a pair of panties in his mouth, Hildegarde said, "I caught you hiding in the design studio playing with all the slutten panties and bras. And since you want to dress like a slutten, now is the time that you learn what being a slutten is really about, my little Fraulein!"

With those words the man who had been waiting outside walked into the room. "Zis is my cousin, Helmut," Hildy announced, "und he is here to make you a woman, yah?"

Helmut, a strapping German man in his forties, smiled and leered at the bound Kirstin. He was 6' 4", 275 pounds of muscle, and had a full head of thick, blonde hair. Helmut walked over to Kirstin and stood before Kirstin's small, delicate face. She looked up; his waist was at eye level. She could see his powerful hands resting on his large belt buckle.

Helmut reached over and removed the panties from Kirstin's mouth, "She von't be needing zeese," he said in a deep voice.

"I can see these two have some getting acquainted to do,"

Veronica said, "So I guess we should leave them alone."

"Yah," und besides, zis will not be pretty to watch!" Hildy said, and then added, "Helmut, enjoy your little fraulein; Veronica and I haf some important work to do. We will be back in three hours to pick you up."

The two women laughed and as they headed out the back door, leaving Kirstin with only a few wispy ounces of sheer red lingerie between her and Helmut. It looked like she was in a for three very long hours.

Chapter Eight

At that moment, a deputy district attorney was handing Detective Stretch Braugh an arrest warrant charging Veronica Velvet with commercial burglary and grand theft. Don Carlo, in exchange for immunity, had agreed to testify against Veronica. He had also informed the authorities that Veronica had transported some of the stolen lingerie across state lines. Accordingly, the Federal Magistrate had handed up a warrant for Veronica and turned it over to the FBI.

As a courtesy, Detective Braugh called Mr. Debonair to advise him of the warrant for Veronica's arrest. She remarked that it was unfortunate, however, that neither she, Don Carlo, nor Mr. Debonair was able to tie Hildegarde Amplephat to the crime---at least not for now. She also asked if Mr. Debonair had turned up anything on the mysterious third woman at the table.

"Don't worry about Hildegarde," said Mr. Debonair, "we'll get her, I just know she's the mastermind behind the caper. But the third woman, I just can't get a make on her."

Detective Braugh promised to help Mr. Debonair in any way she could, and with that, concluded the call and left the D.A.'s office with her partner, Lieutenant Darlene Diamond, to serve the warrant.

Seven women were gathered amid three dozen blazing candles in Veronica's apartment on Sunland that night. Missing from the coven were two women who were out of town at an occultic appliances convention in Witchita.

"Tonight is the night!" the high priestess Velvet exclaimed, "that we break the voodoo spell on our sister Hildy!"

"Yes, yes, yes," the others chanted in unison.

Excusing herself to the kitchen for a moment, the others went back to the dip and chips while they waited. "Oh isn't this precious?" said one of the women as she picked up a cow skull whose top had been severed so that it could serve as a dip bowl. Filled to the eye sockets with a tasty guacamole

dip, the bovine skull was certainly an icebreaker.

"My sister," another woman began, "well, she's in a coven in Paicoima, and she has a bowl just like this one only it's made from a cat skull. But you know, a cat skull is just too small for a big party. Still, I guess it's better than. . . Tupperware!" she howled. The other women burst into laughter.

In the kitchen, Veronica was using a pair of tongs to fish out Bill's watch from a rancid, gloppy potion of tea leaves, chicken blood, and the powdered brain of a mouse. To this she had added some corn starch to thicken the brew, but she had added too much and the concoction was now more like cream of wheat than a proper voodoo soup.

Locating the watch, she removed it and placed it in a blue bowl that was lined with hair from her shower drain. Walking back into the living room, she immediately scowled at the gaiety. The signal was noted by the devotees and they immediately assumed a pious, coven-like attitude.

Placing the bowl atop a ouija board, she began her voodoo.

"Oh great goddess of teflon and perfume," she began, "we call on you tonight to break the voodoo hex placed on our sister Hildegarde by that terrible slut Lacy Unterware and her horrible, cross-dressing boy-toy Bill Cates, whom, I hope," she remarked, editorializing to the divine, "is at this moment receiving painful carnal knowledge from Herr Helmut." The coven chanted their general agreement with Veronica's supplication.

Suddenly there was a knock at the door!

"Police! Open up!" commanded Detective Stretch Braugh.

Veronica and Hildegarde looked at each other and grimaced.

Boom! Boom! Boom! The knocking at the door intensified.

"Open up now or we'll kick the door down!" shouted Stretch Braugh.

Frightened, one of the coven members backed into a corner. In doing so, she knocked a small table of candles over onto the drapes. The cheap, dusty, thirty year old North Hollywood apartment drapes burst into flames. All of the women began screaming and stampeded the door, all that is except for Veronica and Hildegarde who ran to the back bedroom. Locking the door behind them, they exited the apartment through the sliding glass door that opened onto a small patio.

They hopped the short patio wall onto the sidewalk. As Hildegarde made her way clumsily over the patio wall she fell and cut her knee open on the awful, razor-like apartment shrubbery that the kids in the complex were always getting scraped up on. The two women made it down the sidewalk past the laundry room and jumped into Hildy's white Volvo. They took the back way out of the complex so that they wouldn't have to drive by Veronica's apartment and the police.

The apartment door burst open onto Stretch Braugh and Darlene Diamond and the five stampeding women knocked them over. Moments later, a great woosh of flame shot out of the door. "That way," Detective Braugh ordered as she pointed to the street. Her partner went back to the car to call for the fire department while Stretch ran door-to-door and evacuated the other tenants. The flames quickly spread, and, by the time the fire engines arrived a scant four minutes later, building 12C of the Sunland Hawaiian Grotto Apartments was fully engulfed in flames.

The women in the coven were in a panic, for they believed that Veronica and Hildegarde were still in the apartment. By the time that Stretch Braugh had sorted things out, it was clear that the suspect and the suspect's best friend may not have made it out of the fire.

The flames were rapidly doused. The fire captain made an inspection of the smoldering ruins and reported back that he had found no bodies, but he did see blood on the sidewalk leading out to the parking lot. After knocking on doors, an eyewitness reported that he had seen two women, one of whom was limping and holding her knee, hurry to a white volvo just before he had heard the fire engines arrive. He further reported that they drove away out the back of the apartments.

As she sifted through the charred ruins of the building for evidence, she came across a fascinating object buried in the rubble. It was a little black from smoke, but it was in otherwise perfect condition. It was a vintage Spiro Agnew watch that had the inscription "To my son Billy, Love, Dad" engraved on the back. The Detective remembered that Mr. Debonair had told her that he had overheard Hildegarde boasting of the theft. She placed the watch in an evidence envelope and labeled it.

With that, Detective Braugh put out an all points bulletin for Veronica and Hildy's white Volvo.

"Don't worry mein little vixen, Herr Helmut knows how

to treat special 'girls' like you," the German man said to Kirstin as he stood behind her and stroked her tender bottom.

"My vat pretty panties you are wearing," he said as he gently tugged on the sides of her red lace bikini panties, sliding them down to mid-thigh so that Billy's smooth, white fanny was fully exposed, save for the red lace straps of her garter belt.

"And you have a beautiful fanny, yust like a girl's," Helmut said as he patted Billy's bare bottom. Darn, but if Billy's girlish behind hadn't got him trouble time and time again with boys. It seemed like they all wanted to force themselves on him, and now it looked like Helmut was going to have his way with Billy.

Helmut then noticed Billy's high heels. "Oooh, dose heels are so, so, fabulous!" he exclaimed as kneeled and began stroking and kissing Billy's red patent leather high heels in a rather fascinated manner. Realizing that Helmut's true love was high heels, Billy pointed out the rack of high heels in the design studio.

The moment he laid his eyes upon the dozens of high heels, Helmut's interest in Billy ceased. He immediately disrobed, grabbed a dozen or so pairs, and disappeared into the warehouse.

After about an hour, the naked Helmut came back into the design studio. "I must haf more of those lovely shoes," he said in daze.

At that moment a set of headlights played across the windows of the design studio. The car from which they were coming stopped in front of the factory. Helmut saw the headlights turn off, heard the engine stop, the door open, and footsteps proceed to the front of the factory.

When he heard keys in the lock of the front door he decided it was time to flee. Helmut did not want to hang around to answer any questions---especially since he was already on probation for shoplifting bras at the local *Robertson's* department store.

As the front door of the factory was opening, Helmut threw on a black silk robe that had been laying on a chair and fled out the back door into the night.

It was Lacy who had entered the factory. She had been driving home from dinner with Lillian Helderbrest and had seen Billy's Delta 88 parked out in front and decided to check up on him. Not finding him at his desk, she figured that he was playing panty games in the design studio and

decided to go tease him.

Calling out for him and not hearing him, Lacy became worried and rushed towards the design studio.

She was shocked when she found him and quickly untied him. Billy explained everything that had happened. Lacy was stunned at what Hildegarde, Veronica, and Helmut---whom the police had caught trying to break into LLMC several years ago---had tried to do to Billy. She was afraid to call the police as that would involve exposing the fact that Billy liked to dress as a girl.

Thus, she called Mr. Debonair.

"Cross-dressing is not a crime," he assured her, "the police are interested in catching criminals rather than worrying about what honest people do in their spare time. And besides, the detective handling this case, Stretch Braugh, knows all about Dolores Debonair, so let me take care of this with the police on an unofficial basis and don't worry about a thing."

With that, Mr. Debonair phoned Detective Braugh and filled her in on the details of what had happened in the LLMC design studio. The detective agreed that in order to spare Billy from exposure she would not pursue charges on what had happened in the design studio unless Billy requested she do so. But, she added, the events at LLMC that night gave her further evidence that might allow her to implicate Hildegarde Amplephat as the mastermind behind the thefts. She advised Mr. Debonair to have Lacy and Billy sit tight while the police pressed on in the search for the fugitives.

Chapter Nine

It was not shaping up to be a good night for Helmut. A police cruiser on routine patrol responded to a citizen complaint of a semi-nude man running through backyards in the vicinity of the LLMC factory. Spotting a fleeing figure running southbound on Glencrest Avenue, the police cruiser called for additional units to help set up a perimeter. Within minutes the police had cordoned off a ten block area and

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brought in the helicopter.

While the perimeter was being set, Helmut vaulted a fence into a backyard where a pit bull made its home. Not liking strangers, the half-dozing animal lurched at Helmut and snagged his robe. Helmut, preferring nudity to involuntary canine castration, shed the robe and jumped into the next yard, narrowly averting eunuchdom. The next yard proved to be an unfortunate choice as newly painted white patio furniture sat drying in the moonlight. Helmut tripped on a chair and landed on the patio table.

As he rolled across the table and stood to his feet, he found himself striped from nose to toes. The pit bull in the previous yard was barking like a maniac as Helmut realized that he was lost, naked, and now striped like a surreal zebra.

He jumped a final fence and made his way down onto the railroad tracks. Running along the tracks, Helmut was able to reach a line of slow moving freight cars. Just as the police helicopter was shining its light on the railbed, he jumped into a vacant car and avoided detection.

Naked, cold, bruised, battered, and striped---but free--- Helmut was on a train bound for Fort Worth and, to his dismay, a new way of experiencing the world. For in the very freight car into which he had leapt sat six very friendly, and very lonely, fellow escapees who had just that evening completed six months of tunneling their way to freedom from inside the walls of the Sexual Offender Detention Organization at Mount Young.

"I've never done a picket fence," one of the men said as he smiled at Helmut.

"Neither have I," added another, "but it looks like fun!"

As Hildegarde sat in her Volvo and watched the tail-lights of the Phoenix bound bus disappear into the night with Veronica Velvet aboard, she wondered what had happened back at LLMC with Billy. As she drove away from the Westwood bus depot, she noted that she needed to pick up Helmut in thirty minutes.

Her plan for that evening had been to lie in wait for Billy, whom she had suspected of playing panty games---as she knew all boys would if given the chance---leave Billy with Helmut, perform the voodoo ritual, and then pick up Helmut. She was certain that Billy, after three hours with her lecherous cousin Helmut, would be ready to tell her anything she wanted to know about Lacy's plans. The voodoo ritual hadn't gone well, but at least, she thought,

Billy would be ready to confess.

As she wheeled the Volvo into the lot behind LLMC, she turned off the lights, parked the car, and waited for Helmut to emerge. Her knee was throbbing from the deep abrasion she had received when she scraped it on the shrubbery. Fishing around in her purse for aspirin, she grabbed a small tin, opened it, and downed two pills.

Unfortunately, she had forgotten that she had used an old aspirin tin for prescription sleeping pills during her last overnight trip to Las Vegas. She could never fall asleep in hotels---even with extra Doritos and NyQuil---and so needed the sleeping pills. She had used the aspirin tin as she hadn't wanted to take the entire bottle of sleeping pills with her. Hildegard soon became drowsy and rolled down the window to get some fresh, cool air while waiting for Helmut. Within minutes she was snoring peacefully in the moonlight.

The next morning found the police searching for Hildegard, Veronica Velvet, and Helmut.

The first to be apprehended was Helmut.

Tiring of him after the two hour ride from Los Angeles, the escapees threw him from their freight car right into the middle of the big freight yard in San Bernardino. The painful, sore, and utterly humiliated Helmut limped to another empty car, covered himself with the newspapers littering its floor, and fell asleep.

He awoke early the next morning when two railroad detectives shook him. "Lookit here," one bull said to another, "another naked drunk passed out in a car. Only this one's painted like an eight lane highway! Let's hose him off and turn him over to the Sheriff!" With that, they hauled Helmut off and literally hosed him down at the engine wash area. This didn't remove Helmut's stripes, so the bulls got some turpentine and rags from the paint shop and let Helmut clean himself up.

After throwing a blanket on him and giving him a cup of coffee, they called the Sheriff's Department who came and arrested the turpentine-soaked Helmut for trespassing and vagrancy. A check of his identity showed him to be wanted by the LAPD for questioning. The Sheriff's Department called the LAPD. The central desk alerted Stretch Braugh---who had issued the alert for Helmut---and she arranged for Helmut to be transported back to L.A. for questioning.

Veronica Velvet was arrested for shoplifting at a Sav-Mor convenience store in Needles, a desert town in Califor-

nia that sits on the Arizona border. The bus had stopped in the wee hours of the morning to allow the passengers to use the facilities and purchase snacks. Veronica had been caught walking out of the store with a tube of mascara and a fifth of Ole' Fog bourbon stashed in her coat. As there was an outstanding warrant for Veronica, the LAPD was alerted and Detective Braugh arranged for Ms. Velvet to be brought back to L.A. Two down and one to go Stretch Braugh thought to herself.

Hildegarde was awakened by a neighborhood cat licking her face with his sandpaper tongue as the blinding L.A. sun poked up over the Santa Monica mountains. The cat, along with a half dozen others, had jumped into the Volvo through the open window during the night. As Hildegarde struggled to come to her senses, she batted at the cat, only to have it hiss and rake her face with its claws. The cat then leaped through the open window to the ground and ran away, leaving Hildy's face stinging and bloodied.

Reeling from being clawed and trying to make sense of what had happened to her, Hildy was suddenly overcome by the pungent scent of cat urine in the car. She then noticed six other cats lounging in her car. "Aaach!" she yelled and stumbled out of the vehicle.

Her knee highs had bagged around her ankles and dried blood flaked off the throbbing abrasion on her knee. The left side of her face was now beginning to swell and bleed where the cat had scratched her. Her hair was horribly matted and her breath was noxious. Worse, she reeked of cat urine as one or more of the animals had seen fit to pee on her warm, dozing personage sometime in the night.

It being a work day, and afraid of chasing the other cats from her car lest she be utterly shredded, Hildegarde decided to go into the LLMC plant, clean up in the restroom, and then go to work as if nothing had happened.

Walking in the back door, every head in the production area turned. She proceeded to the bathroom only to find it in use. It was then that she, out of habit no doubt---for had she thought about it she would never have done it, walked into the front office to get a cup of coffee and a donut.

The office staff first noticed the strong scent of cat urine. Heads turned and mouths began to drop. No one dared say a word, for all feared Hildy's wrath.

By this time, the blood had congealed along the prominent, crimson claw marks on her face. However, she had experienced an allergic reaction to the scratches and her face had swollen so badly that her left eye was practically

shut. She sat down at her desk and absentmindedly lit a cigarette, although this was a no smoking office.

The office staff was soon gagging from the cigarette smoke and cat urine. One by one, they streamed out into the factory to escape the stench. Lacy noticed the parade and asked Lillian Helderbrest what the problem was. When Lillian told her about Hildegarde, Lacy promptly called Detective Stretch Braugh.

The Detective drove over to the LLMC plant. Once there, Lacy asked Hildegarde to please come into her office. Still groggy from the sleeping pills, the foul smelling, wounded Hildegarde dragged into Lacy's office and slumped down in a chair.

After introducing herself, Detective Braugh asked Hildegarde why she and Veronica had fled the scene of the fire. "We were scared and didn't know what to do," Hildy replied.

Not letting on that she was in custody, Stretch Braugh asked if Hildegarde knew of Veronica's whereabouts. "I dropped her off at the Motel Seven on Brea at around midnight," was the reply.

Deciding to gamble, the Detective said, "We arrested your cousin Helmut and he has confessed to everything."

Although she hadn't a clue as to what happened last night, Hildegarde was too smart for this ploy. She had surmised correctly that, even if Helmut were caught, Billy would never press charges.

This was because Hildy would threaten to go to the newspapers with the story of the sissy son of a high society woman being caught with his "German boyfriend" while dressed as a girl in the LLMC factory. She was sure that his mother would have the matter hushed up and force Billy to drop the charges. She was also certain that Billy would never want to hurt Lacy and would want the matter dropped as well. Accordingly, Hildegarde said that she knew nothing about Helmut doing anything that could possibly involve her.

Hildy smiled smugly, confident that Veronica was in safe hiding in Phoenix and that the police had no evidence linking her, Hildegarde Amplephat, to any crime. "If you have nothing else, I must go back to my duties," she said officiously as she stood up and began walking for the door.

"Hold on a minute, sister," Stretch Braugh said as she grabbed Hildy's arm and forced her back in the seat. "Do you recognize this?" she asked as she produced Billy's Spiro Agnew watch from an envelope.

"I've never seen it in my life," Hildy insisted.

"I found it in Veronica's burned out apartment and I have a witness who overheard you at Ernie's Tacos saying that you stole it!"

Hildy huffed. "I borrowed it to use in a religious ritual. I intended to return it."

"Borrowing something without the owner's permission is theft," the policewoman curtly replied.

"So you have me for petty theft. Go ahead and arrest me. I'll make bail in ten minutes on my own recognizance!" Hildy asserted.

"So you admit to stealing the watch?" Detective Braugh queried.

"Yah, yah, yah," Hildegarde flippantly responded, reasoning to herself that if a petty theft charge was all she had to worry about in her takeover of LLMC, then it was a small headache.

"Then I'm placing you under arrest for grand theft!" Stretch announced.

"Grand theft?" asked Hildy incredulously, "For zis tiny, cheap watch?"

"Cheap?" Stretch Braugh replied, "I hate to be the one to tell you, but this watch is one of the original 100 Spiro Agnew watches made by the Dirty Time Company. It's worth \$1,500 and thus your stealing it constitutes grand theft. I'm taking you downtown and booking you!"

Hildegarde, fuming, was beet red as she was led away in handcuffs.

After booking Hildy, Detective Stretch Braugh went and interviewed Veronica Velvet in the jail. She began the interview by informing Veronica that Don Carlo had confessed that she was behind the thefts of LLMC inventory.

"After all I did for that little pantywaist," Veronica fumed, "I can't believe he would do this!" She was shocked, but steadfastly refused to link Hildegarde to the crimes. Hildegarde, who had indeed orchestrated the thefts in order to take over LLMC, had made a plan whereby if Veronica were caught, Hildy would get her out on bail, give her \$100,000 in cash, and arrange for her to stay in hiding in South America with some of Hildy's relatives.

Veronica wasn't about to walk away from a big payday, for even if she fingered Hildy, she was still going to jail for two years. It seems that she was already on a probation for her third shoplifting offense. The terms of probation dictated that if she were arrested for shoplifting again, as had

just happened in Needles, she would have to serve the two year suspended sentence. So, she figured, all she had to do now was to make bail and escape to South America. After a few months she would sneak back into the States, hook back up with Hildy---and then get even with Don Carlo!

But there was one problem.

"By the way, Veronica," Stretch Braugh announced as she concluded the interview, "the D.A.'s office has decided you're a flight risk since you tried to escape to Phoenix. They've asked the court to deny bail until the conclusion of your trial." The always rosy Veronica turned ghostly pale.

Helmut proved to be extremely shrewd and stubborn. He claimed that he knew nothing about anything, and, in the absence of Billy pressing charges, the police had no choice but to let him go; the vagrancy and trespassing charges were even dropped. Without even calling Hildegarde, Helmut quickly boarded a plane to South America before the police discovered his real crime: He had outstanding warrants out of South Dakota charging him with ten counts of obscenity. It seems that Herr Helmut had starred in a series of educational adult videos produced in that state whose themes dealt with men who enjoy women's shoes---a topic still not widely understood in that state.

Chapter Ten

The morning after Eliot Gartier, the frail man whom she had hired a year ago to be in charge shipping at LLMC, bailed out Hildegarde on grand theft charges, Hildegarde appeared with her attorney at the LLMC plant. In a meeting with Lacy she laid her cards on the table. "You have less than a week before the quarter is over. It appears that your story about selling the company, Frau Unterware, was a big, fat, lie! So unless you can bring in \$800,000, I have a document here zat gives me control of the company. My attorney has even taken the additional step of getting a court order turning the company over to me in case you refuse to cooperate. I would appreciate it if you would clean out your office by the time I take over!"

Lacy was stunned. She had been working that morning to arrange new business or investments that would bring in the needed \$800,000, but Hildy had been working putting rumors out throughout the lingerie industry that LLMC was one the verge of bankruptcy and a court-ordered takeover. No one would give her any new business or invest any capital---and her home, though it was a mansion, was worth only a paltry \$400,000, and it would take at least eight

weeks to sell it or mortgage it.

The police and Mr. Debonair had been completely unable to tie Hildegard to thefts. Veronica, denied bail, sat in jail but refused to implicate Hildegard. The key seemed to be finding the mysterious third woman who had dined with Hildy and Veronica at Ernie's Tacos. But her trail had gone cold since the dinner.

With only a few days left to go before the takeover, Lacy was depressed. Billy had offered to press charges against Hildegard, even if it meant a great deal of embarrassment to he and his mother, but Lacy wouldn't have it. "I would rather lose my company than to see you and your mother hurt. No, this is my problem and not yours."

Hildegard had also been causing problems for the last several weeks. She had let it be known that the company would no longer be making "slutten underpants" and that it would accordingly change its name. *Amplephat White Cotton Basics* was the name Hildy had chosen. "The name is as pure as the undergarments we will be making for nice, decent girls."

She had also told the purchasing department to cancel all textile orders for nylon, silk, and lace and instead concentrate on getting bids for white cotton, white thread, and white elastic. "We will inventory only these three basic items along with sewing needles and packaging. It will simplify everything."

Hildy had planned a luncheon on Friday to announce her new management team, and it was rumored, lay off the design team and demote Lacy to receptionist. "Zat is the only job I haf for her!" she was reputed to have said. Of course, she would also fire Billy, sell the computers and printers LLMC purchased, and have the Lockheed mainframe removed from the plant.

Lacy was now in a desperate cash crunch and owed Billy \$2,000 in consulting fees. It was Wednesday and she had only until Friday to save her company. She saw no way out. After work that evening she told Billy that she couldn't pay him in cash and asked if he would take payment in lingerie. Lacy added that the \$2,000 would include the 15% employee discount and that Billy could even keep his new things at Lacy's house!

Billy felt that hypnotic, sensual glow he had begun to feel anytime he was around panties. He readily agreed. Most boys Billy's age are lucky if they can sneak their sister's panties and bra for a couple of hours; Billy was now

about to get \$2,600 worth of the finest lingerie available!

After work that day Lacy took Billy into the design studio and got him all dolled up as Kirstin, because, as she said, "It's so much more fun to shop with another girl for lingerie!" Lacy had even decided that Kirstin needed to be bustier, so she put him in a darling pink D cup bra, and, as she filled the bra cups to overflowing with at least two dozen pairs of panties, she laughed, "whatever is in your bra is free, so let's see if we can get a few more panties in there!" Billy was soon as deliciously busty as Lacy.

After giving Kirstin a large bin on wheels used to carry inventory, the two spent the next three hours touching and pouring over bikini panties, bras, garter belts, stockings, baby doll nighties, corsets, negligees, bustiers, and teddies. Lacy, caught up in the excitement of lingerie, soon forgot her troubles and was holding things up to Kirstin and helping her coordinate her panties and bras with garter belts and baby dolls.

After they finished shopping, Lacy and Kirstin wheeled the bin into an small LLMC delivery van and the two drove over to her gated estate. As Kirstin wheeled the bin into the mansion, she was overwhelmed by the art, the sumptuous marble work, rich woods, and the smell of fresh cut flowers.

"Let me help the young lady with her things," said Lillian Helderbrest as she greeted Lacy and Kirstin at the door. Dressed as a french maid, she surprised Kirstin by her presence---and appearance---at Lacy's estate. Lillian was poured into a skin tight, low cut, black satin minidress which pushed together her velvety soft, spectacular breasts into a luscious cleavage that begged to be kissed and adored. She wore a full, ruffled, lacy white slip whose edges were trimmed in red and when she turned Billy caught the smallest peek of her sheer black panties that were also edged with red lace. Her black garters and black seamed stockings framed her beautiful, tender white fanny. Her patent leather spike heels and black pearl choker collar were the prefect accessories to complete her ensemble.

"Shall we put Ms. Kirstin in the pink bedroom, madam?" Lillian asked Lacy.

"That will be very good, Lillian," Lacy said as she gave her french maid a kiss on the cheek and patted her on the bottom. Seeing that Kirstin didn't quite understand the arrangement, Lacy simply said, "Sometimes Lillian likes to come over to my house and be my maid. Why don't you follow her up to your room while I go freshen up?"

Kirstin followed Lillian into a lovely pink bedroom that

had been done in the style of Louis XVI. Lillian began folding Kirstin's panties, bras, nighties, and other lingerie and putting them into a chest of drawers.

After she put Kirstin's things away, Lillian asked, "Will madam be needing anything else?"

"I don't think so," Kirstin answered.

"Very well," she replied, "Then allow me to help you into your evening gown as dinner will be served shortly."

With that Lillian helped Kirstin out of her pale violet nylon miniskirt and matching blouse. "My what beautiful lingerie Lacy dressed you in," Lillian cooed as she admired Kirstin's coordinated black lace panties, bra, garter belt, and stockings. She then ran her hands along Kirstin's body and lingerie, "You're so slender, so smooth, and so pretty, that I could just kiss you all over," she said in a husky, whispered voice.

She then unexpectedly pulled Billy tightly to her satiny breasts and began kissing him tenderly on the lips while squeezing his pantied fanny. Billy reveled in the feeling of his head sinking into her pillowy breasts and the sensation of lipstick upon lipstick as she kissed him. Lillian yanked Billy's white lace panties up between his cheeks which caused him to begin squirming in delight. With all of the movement, one of her luscious breasts suddenly popped out of her dress and Billy found himself facing a beautiful, large, pink nipple.

"Go ahead, my sweet Kirstin" Lillian invitingly whispered to him as she cupped her breast and offered him the

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nipple, "I need my breasts suckled as much as you need to suckle them." With that Billy opened his mouth and sampled his first taste of heaven on earth. Soon the two had retreated to the bed where Lillian removed her black satin minidress. As Billy lay suckling on her breasts, she wrapped her long, stockinged legs around his and held him close to her bosom as she moaned softly in contentment and lovingly stroked his head.

After about ten minutes of this bliss, Lacy opened the door into the pink room. "I see my Kirstin is acting just like a wealthy, young lady and enjoying her maid," she giggled as she laid on the bed so that Billy was sandwiched between the two women. Lacy cupped one of Lillian's breasts and looked at Billy's lipstick on her nipples. "Oh my, Lillian," she remarked, "I can see my Kirstin has *really* been enjoying her maid." Lacy then kissed Lillian's breasts gently, adding a touch of her own lipstick to the maid's nipples.

Perhaps a little jealous that her maid had been getting all of Billy's special attention, Lacy teasingly unbuttoned her pale peach blouse and undid her front-snap bra, allowing her model-quality Scandinavian breasts to spring into full view. She then asked Billy, "Who's breasts do you think are more beautiful?" Lacy could see Billy's eyes open wide.

"Maybe the better question would be," Lacy continued, "who's breasts do you think taste better?" So saying, she pulled Billy close to her right breast so he could suckle her. As he did so, Lacy remarked to Lillian that they probably wouldn't be getting to dinner for awhile and that the proper attire for three girls in a bed was baby doll nighties. While Billy continued to bask in the warm glow of Lacy's embrace, Lillian got up and returned with three baby doll nighties.

Lacy interrupted Kirstin, "We have to put on our naughty nighties," she said. Lillian and Lacy quickly disrobed. In a rarest of moments, Billy found himself between two gorgeous, beautiful, naked women whose clothing and lingerie was strewn all over the bed. He wished that time could stand still forever.

Lillian slipped into a delicate fingernail-pink baby doll nightie with matching lace trimmed string bikini panties. Lacy donned a beautiful, silky midnight-blue baby doll with a lovely pair of matching bikini panties. Lillian had selected a wedding-night white baby doll for Kirstin that belonged to Lacy. The two women quickly saw that he was somewhat shy about undressing to put on his baby doll nightie.

"Let's help Billy put on my baby doll!" Lacy wickedly said to Lillian, "because once I put my nightie and panties on

him, he'll be a girl just like us!"

Lillian quickly sat on top of Billy and pinned his shoulders with her hands while her breasts hung in his face. She then reached behind him and undid his bra. Her hand slid down his back she expertly unfastened his garter belt as Lacy pulled on his stockings and slid the garters and stockings down his legs. He could feel Lillian's warmth dampness against his panties as she sat atop him.

"I'll hold him while you get his panties off," Lillian laughed as she leaned forward and smothered his face even more with her big, velvety breasts.

Lacy grabbed Billy's violet lace bikini panties. He could feel Lacy's long fingernails dig slightly into his bare, smooth skin as she slowly slid his panties quickly down his legs. Billy slid his private parts in between his legs as he was much too shy to have Lacy and Lillian see them. Not that they could have with Lillian setting on him, but he was very modest. Lacy then took her white lace panties and began to slowly slide them up his legs.

As the elastic of the leg holes grabbed hold of his smooth flesh, Billy became quite aware that the two women were using their breasts and their panties to turn him into a girl! He squeezed his legs together to keep Lacy from sliding her panties further up his legs. He wasn't sure why, but he had a notion that every time Lacy succeeded in pantying him, he was becoming less and less of a boy and more of a girl.

Lacy could feel Billy tensing and rubbed his smooth inner thigh with her strong hand. "Don't fight becoming a girl again Billy," she purred, "you know you want me to panty you, you know that you want to wear my soft, silky white panties and baby doll nighties and be a girl."

Billy knew it was true. He relaxed and spread his legs apart so that Lacy could panty him. As the panties enveloped him his manhood, as they bathed him with their silky, reassuring bliss, he knew he had made the right decision in choosing to become more like a girl than a boy.

"There, don't Lacy's panties feel wonderful on you?" Lacy asked. Billy smiled. "Don't worry, Billy," she continued, "just because you wear panties doesn't mean you're completely a girl." As she said this, she rubbed his young manhood through his panties.

Lacy then uttered some very unexpected words, "Lillian, I think it's time that you and I taught Billy the things that only girls can teach boys." Lillian nodded in agreement and turned off the table lamp as she rolled off of Billy. Except for the soft moonlight pouring into the room through the

large window, the room was pitch black. As Lacy and Lillian enfolded Billy in their arms and began to kiss him, he surrendered into the dark night of white-hot, intense, silky pleasure that lay ahead for him.

Chapter Eleven

Despite the gloomy turn of events during Lacy's last week as President of LLMC, things were looking up for Dr. Aames and the Lockheed Aerospace Company. The day after Billy's initiation into the delights of femininity, Lockheed was awarded the contract for the *Phased Array, Nanometer-Timed, Integrator / Emitter System*.

That same day, the deal for Billy's *Locus Spreadsheet* program was also finalized and Dr. Aames was given a check for \$3,000,000.

Elated that the sale had gone through, Dr. Aames decided to drive over to see Billy at the "underwear company" and give him his promised 50%. When he walked in, Dr. Aames immediately noticed that Billy seemed extremely happy, even slightly dazed. "Well you look like a cat who ate just ate the canary," he said, and added, "here you go, Billy boy, this oughta make you even happier!" With that he sailed an envelope across a Billy's desk.

Billy was astonished. Inside was a check made out to him for 1.5 million dollars for his half of the Locus Spreadsheet program. "You need to save about \$700,000 for taxes," Dr. Aames cautioned him, "but other than that, you're a rich young man!"

Billy shook Dr. Aames' hand vigorously. Dr. Aames told Billy and told him that there was a software lab waiting for him at Lockheed Aerospace whenever he was ready to make some real money. The Doctor then apologized, but insisted that he needed to leave to meet with the Air Force.

Billy ran into Lacy's office as she was packing her things. "Lacy, I want to invest \$800,000 in LLMC so you can keep the company!" he said.

"You're such a sweet boy," she smiled, "I wish it were true."

"But it is! It is! Look at this check!"

Lacy looked at the check and her mouth dropped.

After some discussion with his mother and her attorney, it was agreed to let Billy invest the money as he wished. Of course, at Lacy's urging, Billy also decided to invest a few thousand dollars in a wardrobe for Kirstin.

"You can keep your things at my house," she said, "and I'll even take you shopping! And the best part is that you

already have all the panties and bras you need” The rest of the afternoon was spent with Lacy and Billy shopping for Kirstin. Afterwards, they went over to Lacy’s where Lillian served them steak and champagne. After dinner, the three retreated to Lacy’s bedroom to continue his adult education. He was first put in panties of course, as Lacy and Lillian both preferred him that way.

That Friday morning the monies cleared the Lockheed account and were deposited in the LLMC account. LLMC was now, officially, in the black. Lacy had a quick financial statement drawn up by an independent CPA, and headed to the luncheon meeting with Billy, Mr. Debonair, Lillian Helderbrest, and her attorney Helga Panteeze.

The luncheon was shaping up as a showdown, a “gun-fight at the Double D corral” as Mr. Debonair jokingly called it. On one side of the table were Hildegarde with her attorney, Lyle Grofton, and her newly appointed management staff. The strangest of Hildy’s new management team was Eliot Gartier LLMC’s shipping manager, whom she had appointed to be the new executive vice president.

Eliot Gartier was a frail, delicate, unassuming fellow who had run LLMC’s shipping department for only a year. He showed up to the meeting dressed in a “cowboy tuxedo” complete with a sequined rodeo jacket, a bolo tie with a five carat sapphire in the middle, and white Stetson, and a pair of hand-made rib-hide boots.

When it was announced earlier in the week that Eliot had made the jump to executive vice president eyebrows were raised all over the company. Were Hildegarde and Eliot secret lovers? After all, they were on the same bowling team and they had spent a lot of time together during the past year. Several times they were seen whispering to each other during lunch. There was even a rumor that they had been seen together shopping for white cotton underpanties in downtown Los Angeles. Were they a pair?

Lyle Grofton opened the luncheon by stating, pompously, “The purpose of this meeting is to turn over control of the Lacy Lingerie Manufacturing Company to Hildegarde Louella Amplephat, per the codicil appended to the estate of the late Inga Unterware.”

Lacy involuntarily snickered, never realizing that Hildy’s middle name was Louella.

Mr. Grofton glared at Lacy for a moment then continued, “in that LLMC has been in the red for four consecutive quarters. . .”

"Excuse me," interrupted Helga Panteeze, "but the quarter isn't over until midnight."

Hildegarde's attorney ignored the remark and reiterated, "in that LLMC has been in the red for four consecutive quarters ..."

"Pardon me?" interjected Lacy, "but we just yesterday brought in a new investor. Our newest financial statement indicates that LLMC is in the black, look for yourself, Hildegarde," she said as she handed Hildy the financial statement.

Hildy and Lyle Grofton huddled over the document and spoke in whispers. Mr. Grofton handed Lacy back the document and tersely replied, "It's a fake. You lied to us about LLMC having been purchased and now you're lying to us about having deposited \$800,000 in the LLMC account yesterday. I am going to see to it that you are arrested for presenting falsified financial documents."

Lacy then produced a notarized deposit slip and challenged Mr. Grofton attorney to call the bank. He accepted her challenge and dialed the bank from the phone on the conference table. "I know the president of the bank personally," he bragged, "and I'll get right to the bottom of this hoax!"

As Lyle spoke on the phone to the bank's president, A. Bartlett Chubb, Mr. Debonair suddenly noticed that Eliot Gartier was wearing a set of horseshoe cufflinks on the french cuffs of his ruffled tuxedo shirt!

Mr. Debonair excused himself from the room. As he left, Hildegarde and her attorney looked at each other knowingly. The two felt that their mutual suspicion was about to be confirmed: that Lacy's bluff was about to be called and Mr. Debonair was sneaking out to avoid being involved in presenting falsified financial documents. What they didn't know was that he was actually going into the next room to call Detective Stretch Braugh.

Upon hearing the news, Stretch Braugh quickly ran a check on Eliot Gartier through Records & Identification. To her great pleasure, R & I turned up two arrests for grand theft while Eliot was employed last year as the traffic manager with Wharton White Practicals, a now defunct lingerie firm that had specialized in, of all things, *women's white cotton underwear!*

It seems he had been charged with diverting \$5,000,000 in shipments of in-process white cotton underwear. The losses had drove the company into bankruptcy. In both cases, however, the charges had been dropped as the evi-

dence had disappeared---and to compound matters, the underwear had been stolen before the labels had been sewn on, thus making it virtually impossible to identify even if it had been found. Further checking also revealed that the slick attorney of record who had gotten Eliot off was none other than Lyle Grofton, Esquire.

Still, thought Detective Braugh, the horseshoe cufflinks could be a coincidence, a piece of circumstantial evidence that the D.A. might not issue an arrest warrant against. As she was calling the D.A.'s office for an opinion, an R & I clerk brought her an additional piece of information: Eliot Gartier had also been arrested in Las Vegas last year for shoplifting rhinestone jewelry---while dressed as a woman!

He had tried to pull off the masquerade using a forged drivers license bearing the name of *Ellie Garter*. Because the amount shoplifted was small---only \$27.00---he had almost gotten away with the ruse, especially as a female police officer was not on duty at the time and the male officers couldn't perform a strip search. Fortunately, a female officer had come in while off duty to pick up her paycheck. She performed a strip search and Eliot was, well, quickly uncovered.

Hildegarde had been able to hide Eliot's criminal past from Lacy as did the hiring at LLMC. But now Detective Braugh had enough evidence to obtain a warrant for Eliot's arrest and possibly even implicate Hildegarde. The arrest report further indicated that Eliot had made a collect call to a *Miss Hildegarde Amplephat* of Los Angeles to help him make bail. Hildy had indeed bailed him out while in Las Vegas, and, as it would turn out, both times he was arrested for the Wharton thefts. Moreover, a further check revealed that it was Eliot who had bailed Hildy out after her arrest for stealing Billy's watch!

Lyle Grofton refused to believe that Lacy Unterware had the required \$800,000 in the bank needed to escape Hildegarde's clutches unless all of the parties in the meeting went down to the bank in person. A. Bartlett Chubb had been unable to convince Lyle over the phone, "It could be a Chubb-personator" he alleged.

Everyone agreed and headed over to the bank.

Mr. Debonair stayed behind momentarily to call Stretch Braugh and inform her that everyone would be at the bank.

He then hopped in his Eldorado and began tailing Eliot's red Volkswagen Beetle. After about three blocks Eliot turned right and left the main group of cars headed for the

bank. Mr. Debonair stayed with him for the next fifteen minutes until he reached an old warehouse by the train tracks.

Eliot unlocked the door and went into the warehouse. Mr. Debonair drove to the back of the warehouse and clambered up a fire ladder to the roof of the warehouse. There, he peered down through a skylight and saw Eliot making a call amid piles of boxes. Pulling out his small binoculars, Mr. Debonair couldn't believe what he saw in an open box: White cotton underwear! He realized this was where the white-cotton-panty bandits kept their *Wharton White Practicals* haul!

He quickly went back down the ladder and called Detective Braugh from the radiotelephone in his car. She decided to stake the warehouse out and sent out a team of undercover agents dressed as electrical workers. When they arrived in a panel van they opened a manhole outside the warehouse that led to an electrical vault. They next set up orange safety curtains and cones around the manhole. Confident that the trap was set, Mr. Debonair headed back to the bank.

At the bank, Mr. Chubb took everyone into a private conference room and verified that Lacy had deposited \$800,000 in legal monies in the LLMC account. Hildegarde and Lyle Grofton demanded to know where the money had come from, to which Mr. Chubb replied, "I cannot, and will not, disclose such private information. All I will say is that the money is legal, and it is in the bank. Other than that, I want no part of this business squabble. If you wish, you may stay here and discuss matters in the conference room, but I must get back to work."

As Mr. Chubb was leaving the conference room, Mr. Debonair entered and shut the door behind him. Lacy spoke first, "Hildegarde Amplephat, I can't believe how cruel and greedy you've been. You're fired! Never come back to LLMC again or I'll have you arrested for trespassing!"

"I suppose you don't want me in LLMC so I can't see your little Billy playing panty games in the design studio, yah?" Hildy hissed back. Billy turned red as Hildy continued her assault, "Vell, it is not dat easy to get rid of me, and if you try I vill go to the newspapers about Billy und his panty games!"

Lacy did not want to see Billy hurt and was about to relent when Mr. Debonair stepped in. Reaching into his briefcase he threw some photographs to the table and

barked, "Just a minute Hildegarde! I'm sure that the newspapers will also be very interested in these compromising pictures of you and Eliot with a bologna!"

Hildegarde raised an eyebrow as she looked at the rather inelegant photos of herself and Eliot with a bratwurst. It had been taken while the couple were lying nude on a bed that was awash in white cotton underpants.

"It is not a bologna," she corrected him, "it is a bratwurst! Apparently you do not know your sausages, Herr Debonair!"

"Apparently not as well as you, Fraulein Amplephat," he agreed.

"It would appear, Fraulein Amplephat," observed Lacy, "that your interest in white cotton underpants goes beyond hygiene. It looks like you and Eliot also enjoy panty games---not to mention playing 'hide the bratwurst' with one another! Poor Eliot, it's a wonder the poor man could even walk after such treatment!"

They were at a stand off. Hildegarde knew that Mr. Debonair had been spying on her while she was at her home, and everyone knew that Hildegarde and Veronica had been spying on Billy.

"So ve leave und say nozing funder. I do not go back to LLMC, yah?" Hildegarde offered as she began to slip into a heavy teuton accent. They all agreed.

Thanks to Billy, Lacy had been able to keep her beloved Lacy Lingerie Manufacturing Company. Lacy and Lillian hugged Billy and promised to take him back to her mansion for a celebration that they promised he would never forget! Mr. Debonair was a tad bit envious as he wondered what their celebration would be like. Lacy and Lillian left with Billy in tow.

As Hildegarde and Lyle Grofton headed towards the warehouse in Hildy's Volvo, they were ware that their plot had unraveled. What they didn't know, however, was that the police were closing in!

Hildegarde had needed LLMC to launder the stolen underwear. It had seemed so simple, all she had to do was to take over LLMC, sew her labels in the stolen white underwear, and resell them. She would become a millionaire *and* have her revenge on all of them: Sven Unterware, Inga---the horrid woman who stole Sven from her, and their terrible daughter, Lacy. But now she would have to find another way to move the pilfered undies.

Back at the warehouse, an undercover policewoman watched from the skylight as Eliot Gartier, unable to resist

temptation and unaware that he would soon be arrested, disrobed and slipped into a pair of white cotton underpants. He soon slipped on another pair, then another, then another. Eliot was soon waddling about the room wearing fifty-two pairs of white cotton underpants. Chuckling to herself, the policewoman whispered into her radio that the suspect was, "all dressed up with no place to go!"

Hildy and Lyle pulled up to the warehouse. All the police needed her to do was enter the building to prove that she had knowledge of the thefts. Her and Lyle entered the warehouse, not paying attention to the utility crew that was working in front of the building. As soon as Eliot heard the two, he tried to strip off his underwear en masse, but several pairs caught on his ankle. As he began hopping about on one foot trying to catch his balance, he slipped and banged his head on a desk. Hildy and Lyle found him dazed with multiple pairs of panties around his ankles and waist.

"Aaach," he has soiled my dainties once again!" she screamed, "I haf always told Eliot to leave the underpants alone, but he cannot. Like every other man, he cannot keep his hands off of the ladies underpants!"

"But you like underpants as well," Lyle commented in reference to the photographs.

"But I am a lady," Hildy rejoined, "und ladies are allowed to like the underpants."

"It just doesn't seem fair," Lyle said as he picked up a pair of white cotton panties and admired them.

The door suddenly burst open to the shout of "Police, You're All Under Arrest!" Within moments Stretch Braugh and her fellow officers had the trio in custody.

As the three sat handcuffed in the rear of police cars, the underpantied Eliot with a blanket around him, Stretch Braugh came out and told Mr. Debonair that they had found all of the stolen LLMC merchandise in the back of the warehouse. With what they had recovered from Don Carlo, they would be able to return all of the lingerie that Hildegard had stolen from Lacy.

Mr. Debonair was gratified that he had been able to help crack the case of the missing panties. As he was about to leave, Hildegard called him over to the car in which she was being held. "I'll get even with you!" she warned him.

Mr. Debonair stared blankly at Hildy, lit up a Lucky with his 18 karat gold Zippo, took a long drag, and slowly exhaled. "We'll see about that, sister," he replied, "but in the meantime I'm sure you'll be a happy fraulein where you're headed."

"What do you mean by zat, Herr Debonair?" she queried.

"What I mean is that they only let you wear white cotton underpants in prison! And I'm sure that will make you happy because you're going to be in the big house for a long time!"

With that, Mr. Debonair turned and walked to his Eldorado. As he got in, there was a box on the back seat with a card. He hadn't noticed it when he had left LLMC. The card was from Lacy thanking him for all his help. Inside the box was a drop-dead floral bra, panty, and garter belt set.

He smiled. As he headed home he decided that he'd get all dolled up in his new lingerie and go find Dolores some amorous company. It was shaping up to be a beautiful evening as he wheeled his jet black and chrome Caddy onto the Santa Monica Freeway!

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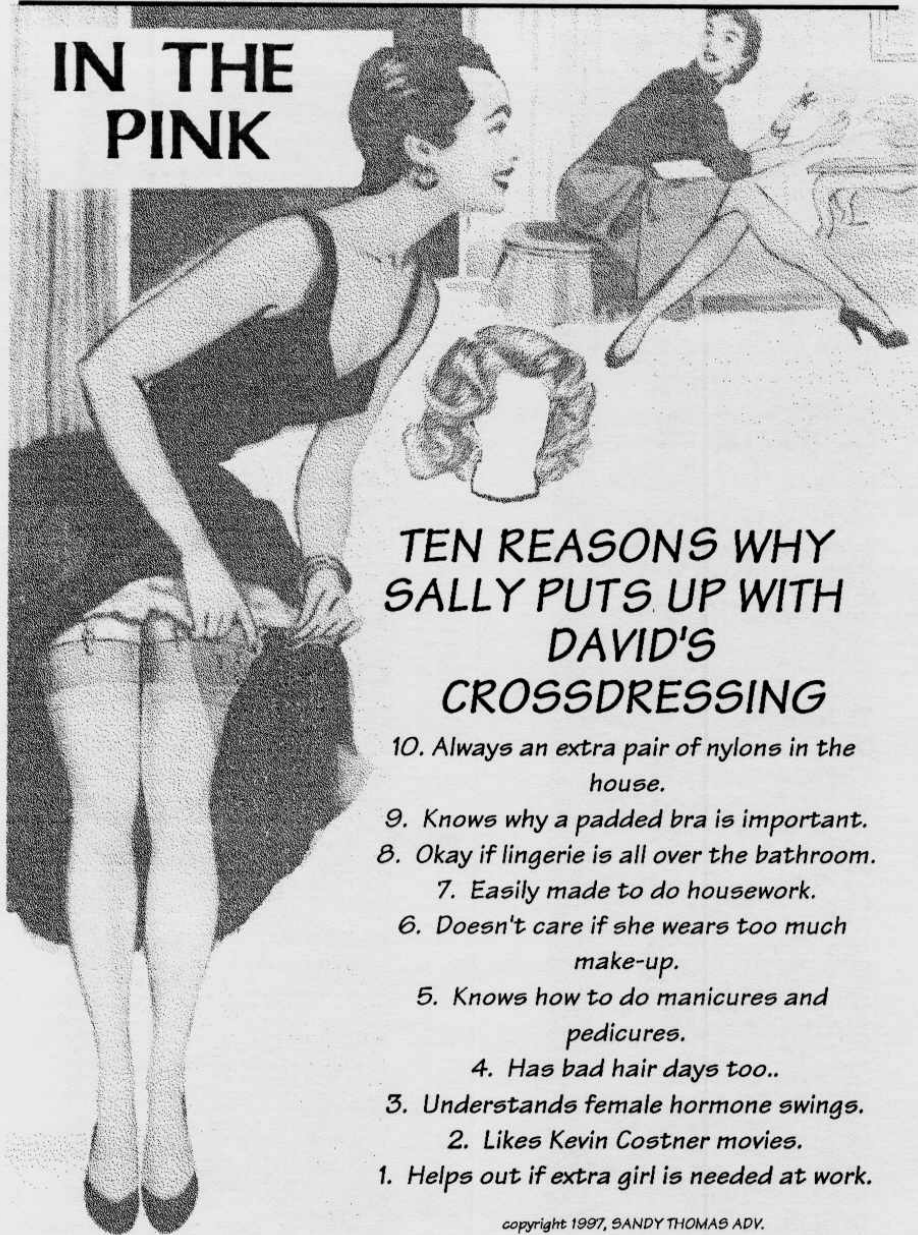
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