

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

Volume #24

"JEFF'S HUMILIATION"



A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION
P.O. Box 2309
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309

TV FICTION CLASSICS

Volume 28

"MY SON, THE DEBUTANTE"

Julien is invited to a fancy party where all the boys dress like girls... and the girls like boys!



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Volume 21

"MY SON, THE BRIDE"

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GENE FINDS OUT WHAT BEING A HOUSEWIFE IS ALL ABOUT!



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"SOMETHING HAD TO CHANGE—EMILE WAS IT!"



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"THE GIRL'S PART"

From a part in a play to a new role in life, Andy's feminization.



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"SKIRT FOR A FLIRT"

"Brian didn't realize what a harmless day of flirting at the mall would cost."



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CONTEMPORARY
TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

VOLUME 24

"JEFF'S HUMILIATION"

IN FRILLY PETTICOATS

by Bill



SANDY THOMAS ADV.

P.O. Box 2309

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QUOTE BOARD

After 40 years of marriage, Frank blew his top when he find out his wife was a sex change. "All these years," he yelled, "You've been playing golf with me from the ladies' tee!"

JEFF'S HUMILIATION

(In frilly petticoats)

Assembled By Bill

It was Spring and the annual town Carnival was here again. Jeff was thoroughly fed up with all the talk and fuss. Every year was the same, everything else took a back seat to arrangements for the various floats, the Carnival games and the shows. His mother spent weeks making costumes for her nieces and for Karen, his sister, now sixteen, just a year younger than himself. At seventeen, Jeff should have been maturing into a sensible young man, but unfortunately he wasn't. As his father had left home years before for another woman, Jeff had lacked a firm hand to control him. He was lazy at home, insolent and disobedient, and at school he was often in trouble and had failed to achieve any academic success.

Today was just another boring day at home for Jeff. He sprawled in the armchair watching television as his mother and sister worked and chatted behind him.

"Can't you find something else to discuss," he grumbled as the subject once again was the impending Carnival.

"If you don't want to join in, you can just keep out of it," Karen snapped.

"Now, stop it you two," said their mother. "You are like two little kids at times."

"It's him," said Karen, "always criticizing. He ought to be participating in the Carnival, not just complaining about it." She fluffed out the silky party dress she was ironing and said, "You're such a spoilsport. Why don't you ride a float as I am doing."

"No costume, that's why not," replied Jeff sullenly, looking for any excuse.

"You could wear one of these for the Carnival," grinned Karen holding up the short juvenile dress that she would be wearing.

"NO WAY! YOU'D NEVER GET ME TO WEAR A DRESS!" he shouted, and stormed out of the room.

There was silence for a few moments, then Karen said. "Mom, did you see Jeff's face when I suggested he wear a dress? He acted tough; but he was scared, really scared! I'd love to make him eat his words and get him into a dress! Imagine him dolled up in an outfit like this," she giggled. "Can't you just imagine Jeff's reaction! I can see him now, mincing down the road to the Carnival in a pretty frilly dress, ribbons and things! Wouldn't the other kids love to tease him."



"You could wear one of these for the carnival," grinned Jeff's sister.

"NO WAY!" he shouted.

"It might do him good," replied her mother. "He needs to be taught a lesson, that's for certain. His attitude is just terrible. His grades are so bad he will never get into college and he is always getting into trouble. I am afraid that he may do something really foolish and wind up in jail. I am almost at my wits end. Do you know, I have heard of disobedient boys getting punished by being forced into girl's clothes. It's known as 'petticoat punishment', and the resulting humiliation can be very effective in changing their behavior permanently."

"Oh, Mom, you're not serious!" cried Karen incredulously. "You wouldn't really make Jeff wear girl's clothes, would you?"

"We'll see."

As Jeff's mother thought about it, she found the idea of petticoating her son more and more appealing. It might bring about a change in Jeff's behavior and certainly nothing else had worked. She spent some time mulling the idea over in her mind and decided if she were to go ahead to punish Jeff in such a way, she'd need help. Jeff was a strong and tough young man and she was sure that he would resist her to the best of his ability. Her sister Linda would help for sure. Linda had three girls herself and had always let it be known that she disliked boys in general and given a choice, would have a world of all little girls with no boys.

Linda was amazed, however, when the

suggestion was put to her that Jeff be transformed, and she couldn't stop laughing for several seconds, then she became serious and with a glint of steel in her eyes said, "Yes, I will enjoy helping you turn that nasty boy into a sweet feminine girl! I think that he has it coming for all of his rudeness."

Jeff didn't know why there was so much giggling and laughing at his home during the next few days, nor did he know why his aunt Linda was there so much. He supposed that it was all Carnival preparations, and he was heartily sick of the whole thing. He couldn't wait for it to be over and for things to get back to normal. All of this bustling around was disturbing his television watching.

On the morning of the Carnival he awoke and noticed the sun streaming in through the window. "Pity it's not raining," he thought. "It would be great if everybody got soaking wet in all their finery." He got up and moved over to the chair where he had draped his clothes the previous night. They weren't there. In annoyance he went out of his room and shouted, "**MOTHER, WHERE DID YOU PUT MY CLOTHES?**"

His mother called back, "I'll bring them right up, dear."

He returned to bed still in his pajamas and waited. The door opened. He was too impolite to even look up. He said, "Just, leave my clothes on the floor. I'll get dressed soon."

"You'll get dressed now," said his mother. "From now on you will do as you are told. There are changes coming for you my boy!"

"What changes?" asked Jeff moodily and for the first time looked up. Karen and his aunt Linda were standing by his mother. They were carrying a bunch of girl's clothes. His eyes opened wide as she said, "Well for a start, you are going to be dressed as a girl."

Jeff couldn't believe it — him, dressed as a sissy girl! Never! They were crazy! They'd never be able to do that to him! But they were carrying girl's clothes, and there were three of them. Suddenly he felt a cold shiver of alarm go through him.

"Dress up as a girl? You must be nuts. Who do you think I am?" Boys just did not get dressed up in skirts!

"Susan, you better start doing as you are told, girl!" said his mother sternly. "Take off your pajamas. We've not much time before the procession begins."

"Procession! What procession?" cried Jeff, confused and alarmed. These women certainly did seem serious about dressing him as a girl. He looked at Karen for support, then wished he hadn't, for she began to giggle, then said amidst her titters, "You really are going to be a girl, Susan, and you will be in today's procession with me. Everyone will see you in your new girl's clothes!" She was obviously enjoying this.



*"There are changes
coming for you my boy."*

"Leave me alone, I tell you," said Jeff now really afraid. "I'm not going wear stupid girl's clothes. There is no way that I will ever put those things on so get that into your thick heads!" Suddenly a sharp crack landed on his thigh and he shrank back with pain. His aunt Linda had struck him with a whippy cane. Oh no, they meant business. They couldn't, wouldn't make him dress like a girl - would they?

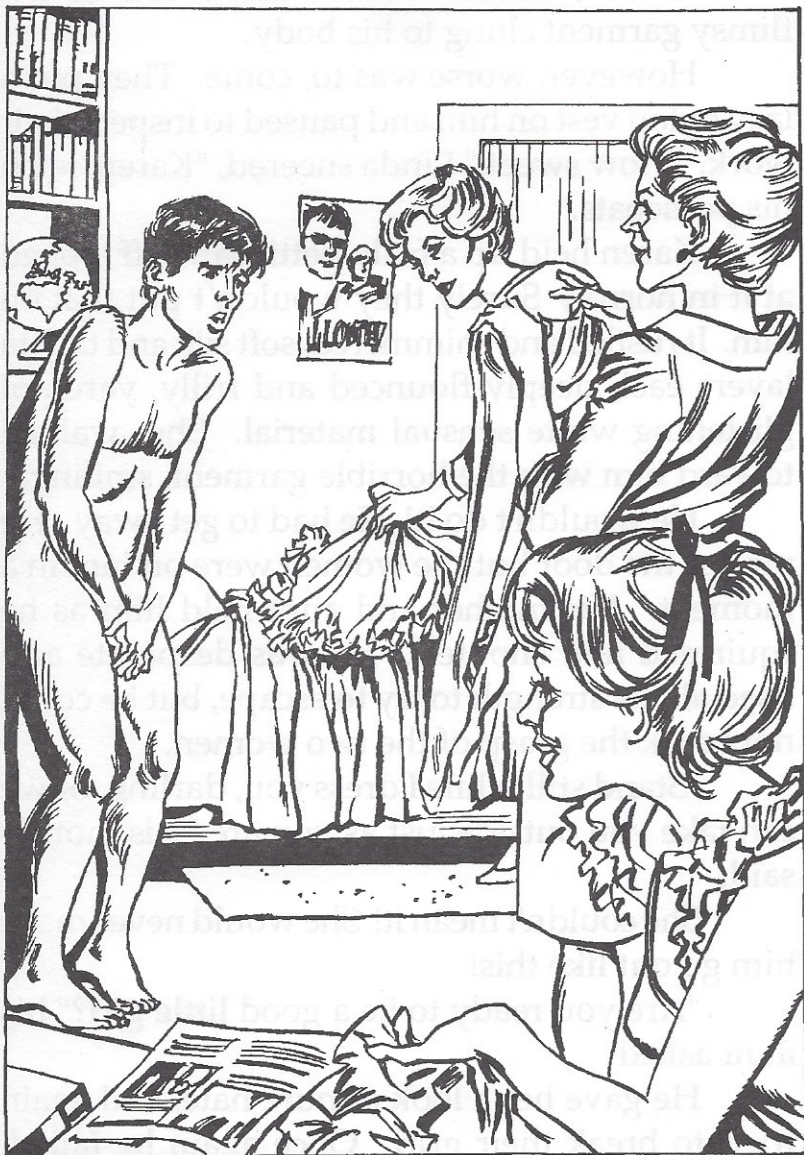
"Obey your Mother! Undress at once or I'll cane you harder next time!"

"No! Please! Don't! He cried as he pulled off his pajamas, standing there naked before his sister and the two women. He covered himself modestly with his hands. He was desperate now, pleading, "No! Please don't do this to me. I'll be different, I'll behave from now on, but please, Mom, Aunt Linda, don't do this to me. I don't want to wear girl's clothes!"

"It'll do you good to dress as a girl for a while," said his mother. "Come on, or you'll be caned again. This isn't a game, you know!"

"I know it isn't," Jeff answered miserably. "Oh, please, I don't want to wear those .. those.. **things!** I don't, I don't!"

His aunt handed him a pair of frilly girl's panties. "Step into these," she told him. Nearly crying now, Jeff stepped into the panties as ordered, and his aunt pulled them slowly up his legs, past his knees, up his thighs, and over the symbol of his masculinity. He'd felt embarrassed



*"No! Please don't do this to me.
I don't want to wear girl's clothes!"*

when naked, but he flushed more now as the flimsy garment clung to his body.

However, worse was to come. They put a lacy nylon vest on him and paused to inspect their work. "How sweet," Linda sneered, "Karen, fetch his petticoats."

Karen held up a frilly petticoat. Jeff looked at it in horror! Surely they wouldn't put that on him. It rustled and shimmered, soft silk and taffeta layers each deeply flounced and frilly, yards of glistening white sensual material. She walked toward him with the horrible garment, smiling.

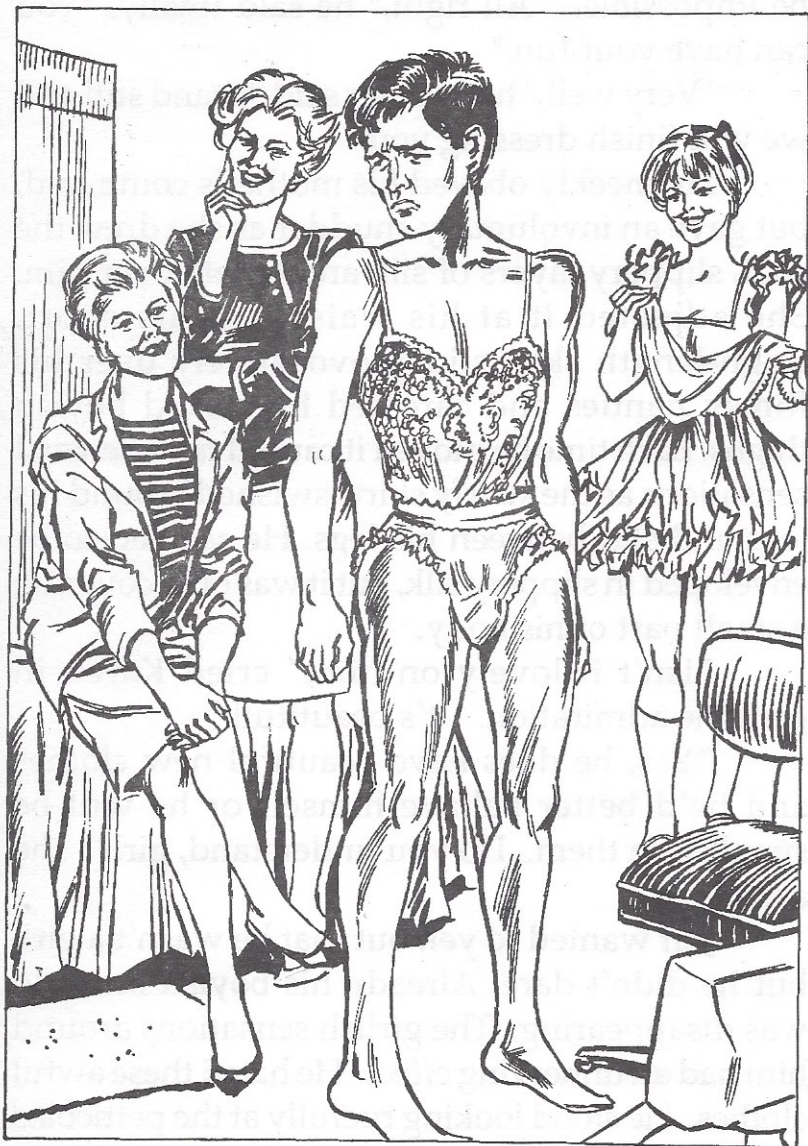
He wouldn't do it! He had to get away. He ran for the door but the women were on him in a moment. His mother and aunt held him as he squirmed and shouted. He was desperate and used all his strength to try to escape, but he could not break the grasp of the two women.

"Stand still while I dress you, darling, or we can take you outside just as you are," his mother said.

She couldn't mean it! She would never make him go out like this!

"Are you ready to be a good little girl?" his aunt asked.

He gave her a look of pure hate, and again tried to break their grip. Once again he failed. These two grown women together were just too strong for a seventeen year old boy. He realized that they could drag him out of the house dressed just as he was in lacy vest and panties. That would



*"How sweet," Linda sneered,
"Karen, fetch his petticoats."*

be impossible! "All right," he said finally, "You can have your fun."

"Very well," his mother said, "Stand still and we will finish dressing you."

He meekly obeyed his mother's command, but gave an involuntary shudder as she drew the cool, slippery layers of silk and taffeta over him. She adjusted it at his waist, and its short, thigh-length skirt slid provocatively over his flimsy panties and caressed his naked boyish thighs. Each time he moved it caused new, sensual sensations as the swirly skirts swished around his legs and slid between his legs. He seemed to be enveloped in slippery silk, but it was only covering a small part of his body.

"Isn't it lovely on him," cried Karen in genuine admiration. "It's beautiful!"

"Yes, he does have beautiful new clothes and he'd better behave himself or he will be spanked in them. Do you understand, girl?" she asked Jeff.

Jeff wanted to yell out that he wasn't a girl, but he didn't dare. Already his boyish bravado was disappearing. The girlish sensations around him had an unnerving effect. He hated these awful clothes. He stood looking ruefully at the petticoats as his aunt brought him a dress. It was a childish, old - fashioned party dress with puff sleeves, a round neck, tight bodice, and a short full skirt, just like the one his mother had made for his sister. He shivered as she drew it over his head and down



He stood looking ruefully at the petticoats as his aunt brought him a dress

his body. It was so short! It was pink soft chiffon, three layers that floated around his thighs so light and flimsy were they. His sister tied a light pink satin sash around his waist and made a huge bow behind him. Knee length white socks and girl's sandals completed his outfit.

Jeff stood there stunned. He couldn't believe this was really happening. He had on a costume like his sister's. They were both dressed as little girls! He had a girl's name, and was about to appear as a girl in public! He felt tears in his eyes. He didn't want to cry in front of his sister, but he was very frightened and embarrassed.

"Well, Susan, you are certainly a pretty little girl?" teased aunt Linda.

"I hate it! Please, don't go through with this. I'll do anything for you, but don't make me keep these clothes on. I want to be a boy again!" His voice was nearly choked. "Why have you dressed me like a child? Why like this?"

"To really make you feel girlish. The clothes are new to you. The materials you will find strange because of their softness. It's a new life for you, as a girl! You can't be a teenage girl until you have proved you can first be a good little girl. Understand? Only by being obedient, acting in a girlish, simpering way, can you hope to be treated in an older, more mature manner."

"Look at me! I look ridiculous!"

"Oh yes, your hair. We've got your wig here," said his mother. She put a wig of blonde



Jeff stood there stunned. He couldn't believe this was really happening.

hair on his head. The long hair fell softly either side of his face, onto his shoulders. His sister tied a pink satin ribbon in it, and Jeff was now a little girl of six!

"You look like a big doll," teased Karen.

"**You shut up,**" retorted Jeff.

"Don't you dare speak to your sister like that," his mother intervened. "Apologize at once, or I'll spank you here and now."

Jeff had never apologized to his sister before! Here he was, in a frilly dress and rustling petticoats, long blonde hair tied in satin ribbon, having to apologize to his little sister. He hated to do it, but he didn't want to give her the pleasure of seeing him spanked! He knew she'd just love to see that. He muttered "I'm sorry, Karen," as she smirked at him.

"You big soft girl," laughed aunt Linda. "Soon you will be on a float with other girls where everyone can see you."

"**No! No! Don't make me go out,**" cried Jeff in terror. "**Not like this: not as a girl.**" He gave an anguished cry, and suddenly the tears and sobs flowed. "Oh, no, have mercy on me — sob! Sob! — please. Mother, Aunt Linda, Karen, I'm a boy — sob — not a girl — sob sob. Don't let anybody else see me. I'd die of shame."

"Oh no, you won't die at all. You'll just wish you could!" laughed aunt Linda, "You'll be there in all your pretties, Susan, and all around you, people will be jeering and mocking you." This



*His mother put a wig
of blonde hair on his head.*

had the desired effect, for Jeff sobbed wildly, "I'll do anything for you, but please — sob — please don't take me out as..as..a g..girl."

"You baby. You are going out. You're so pretty. I think everybody should see you."

They dragged him down the stairs crying and pleading piteously. His terror was understandable, a boy of seventeen, dressed in a frilly dress and frothy petticoats like a little girl, being put on display for the amusement of all. He'd be a laughing stock, not just for that day, but for a long long time. What worse punishment was there, than to be deprived of his male clothing and forced, against his will, to dress and act like a little girl in view of all his friends and enemies. It was a humiliation to break any boys rebellious spirit! It was petticoat punishment torture!

The front door was shut. Beyond it lay Jeff's torment! He tried to grip the carpet with his shoes, but his mother and aunt, each holding an arm firmly, pulled him, struggling furiously, towards the door. Karen rushed to open it.

"Get him outside and shut the door quickly," said his mother. Jeff's breath came in stifled sobs, "No! No!" he moaned in anguish, but to no avail. His female tormentors were eager to expose him to even greater ridicule and shame.

"**BANG!**" The door closed behind and Jeff began to struggle less as he realized that to do so would only attract even more attention. Down the path, through the gate, onto the pavement



Jeff's mother and aunt pulled him, struggling furiously, towards the door.

outside they walked.

"That's a good little girl," teased aunt Linda. "Struggling will do you no good at all."

"Why don't you pretend it's all for fun as it's Carnival Day," suggested Karen mockingly.

However, Jeff could see some sense in the suggestion and feeling utterly silly, began to mince girlishly along. His heart quickened as he saw two girls, his own age. He recognized them as being from his school and prayed they wouldn't recognize him. They looked in amusement as the four approached and especially at Jeff, looking like an overgrown little doll.

"Oh, God! It's a boy!" one cried out in disbelief.

"Oh! It is! You're right, Sharon," said the other. Then she yelled, "I know him! He's in our school! It's Jeff Kane. Oh what a sight!" She called out loudly to the boy as he passed, head hung in embarrassment, "HI, JEFF, I LOVE YOUR DRESS. IT WOULD LOOK REALLY CUTE ON MY BABY SISTER."

The boy hurried on to the shrieks of laughter from the two girls. Each step was a nightmare! His silk petticoats rustled loudly as the cool breeze blew his soft dress and frilly underwear around him. It created frightening girlish sensations and unnerved Jeff even more. If he'd worn a cotton shirt or jumper, it wouldn't have been as bad, but the silk and flimsy, frilly clothes he'd been dressed in, were so light, soft and filmy, it was nearly



*"I know him. It's Jeff Kane.
HI JEFF, I LOVE YOUR DRESS."*

unbearable; and Karen, his sister, was reveling in his predicament.

"Be careful your dress doesn't blow up, Susan," she teased. "What if everyone could see your pretty panties?"

This thought hadn't occurred to Jeff. However, now it seemed that the most important thing he could do was to keep his panties from being seen. Every time the wind lifted his skirts, he grabbed them just like any girl. His nervous and feminine reaction caused Karen to burst out laughing. Jeff was near to tears, so humiliated did he feel. Then a sudden gust blew the rear of his dress high in the air. He grabbed for it - too late! His dress blew high above his waist displaying his panties. He pulled down the dress but not before several people had seen and enjoyed the show. His sister laughed at his embarrassment and said, "I warned you Susan."

Jeff held tightly to his dress as they walked on.

Soon they arrived where the parade was forming. The area was crowded with teams of girls in costumes, bands, and men, women and children on floats prepared for the start. Jeff looked around terrified that someone else would recognize him, but the women just pulled him on. They past a 'gypsy' float and then came to one titled 'Party-time.' He looked up to see about half a dozen girls dressed in pretty dresses like his own, surrounding a large celebration cake



*A sudden gust of wind blew
the rear of his dress high in the air.*

adorned with candles.

"Here we are, Susan. This is our float. Come on now, climb up." He stepped up onto the float. He felt so alone, yet only feet away were others in their pretty dresses. The difference was that he was a boy and they were real girls! Then one blonde girl noticed his arrival and shouted, "**HEY, HE'S HERE! OH LOOK AT HIM! JUST LOOK!**" The girls needed no more invitation. They rushed over to him, laughing and giggling.

"Oh, God, look at the pansy!"

"Look, he is dressed just like us, how lovely!"

"He's really wearing some outfit, isn't he?"

"It suits him! Hey, girlie, what's your name? Come on sweetie?" Jeff shuddered with frustration and embarrassment as his sister's young friends crowded around him.

"Go on, tell them your new name, or I'll tell Mom you refused," Karen said.

"No! Please don't make me," Jeff pleaded with her as the girls stared in disbelief at his frothy attire.

"Tell them," said his sister menacingly.

"It's . . . it's . . .," the girls waited impatiently, "it's . . . S-Susan," he blurted out. There were shrieks of laughter, then chants of "Susan! Susan! Susan!" all around him. Suddenly he felt a girl pull up his dress.

"**NO! DON'T!**" he cried in alarm pushing it down.

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"Here we are, Susan. This is our float. Come on now, climb up." He stepped up onto the float. He felt so alone, yet only feet away were others in their pretty dresses. The difference was that he was a boy and they were real girls! Then one blonde girl noticed his arrival and shouted, "**HEY, HE'S HERE! OH LOOK AT HIM! JUST LOOK!**" The girls needed no more invitation. They rushed over to him, laughing and giggling.

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Jeff felt so alone, yet only feet away were others in their pretty dresses.

"Get his arms, Diane," shouted one girl. "Betty, hold him still." Girls were all over him. Jeff struggled, but he knew he couldn't keep a dozen determined teenage girls from lifting his dress. They would soon see everything. He felt close to tears. No, he couldn't cry, not here, not in front of everyone.

"Oooh, you're hurting me," he yelped as Diane pulled his arm painfully behind him. She grinned in glee, "Diddums, the other little girls pick on you? Go on, little girl. Tell your Mummy then. Have a little cry." There were giggles around him as the others listened to the teasing.

"Get his dress up," cried one, and suddenly Jeff's silky, shiny, petticoats were in view, rustling in their hands as he squirmed in shame.

"Very pretty," said one girl sarcastically. "You are a real dolly, aren't you?"

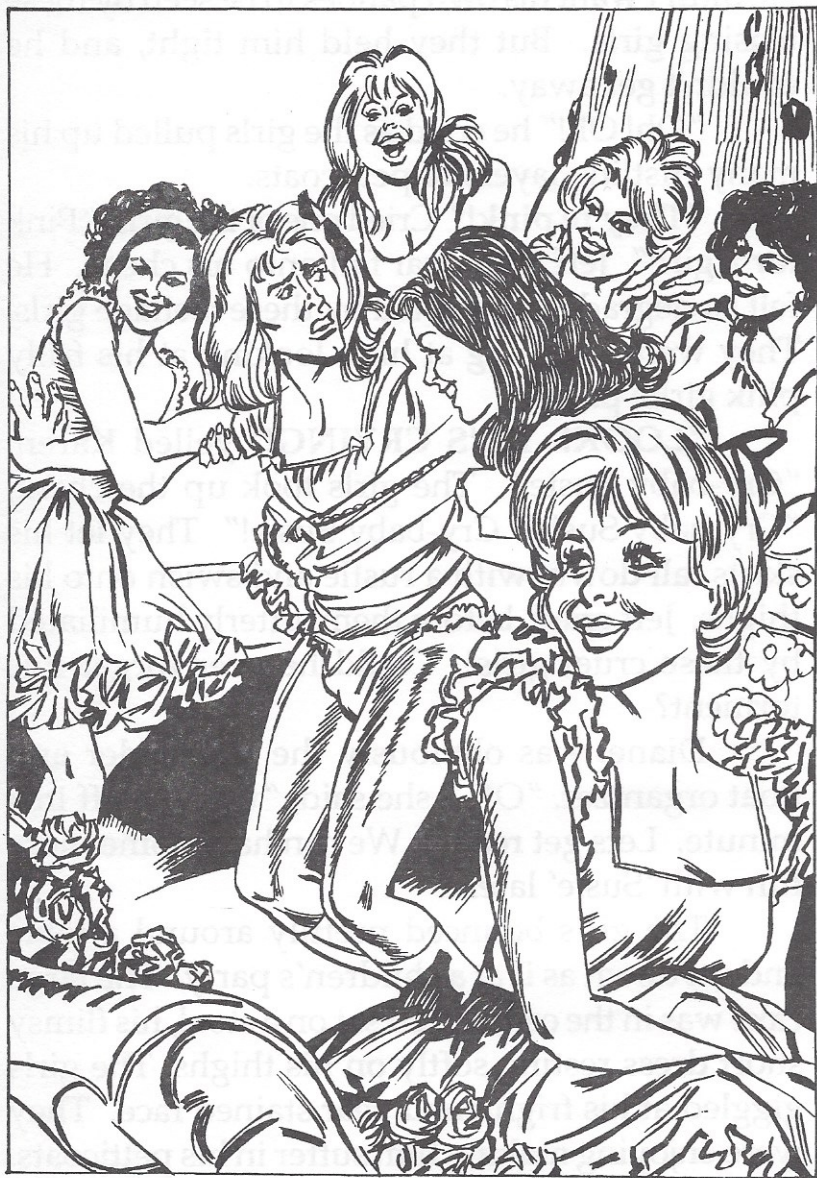
"Answer her!" ordered Karen, "Or it'll be worse for you. Tell her you are a doll!"

Jeff, now very near to tears stammered, "I am a doll." He felt faint with embarrassment.

"You're our doll now. We'll dress you up and take you out in a stroller!" laughed one girl.

Diane said, "Now let's see Susan's panties!"

Many times Jeff had enjoyed seeing a girl's dress blow up and watch her shyly holding down her skirt. He remembered too how he'd once chased a girl around the playground, trying to pull up her dress. Now he was the 'girl', and it wasn't fun anymore! He was frightened and ashamed.



*Diane said, "Now
let's see Susan's panties."*

He didn't want his own panties to be seen by these teasing girls. But they held him tight, and he couldn't get away.

"Oh! Oh!" he cried as the girls pulled up his many rustling layers of petticoats.

"They're pink!" Cried one of the girls, "Pink for a girl!" Jeff felt a tear fall onto his cheek. He felt so degraded, ridiculed by these teenage girls. They were laughing at him, looking at his frilly pink girlie panties.

"LOOK! HE'S CRYING!" yelled Karen. "Cry-baby Susie." The girls took up the chant, "Cry-baby Susie! Cry-baby Susie!" They let his skirts fall down, with a rustle and swish onto his thighs. Jeff cried, before them, utterly humiliated by these cruel girls! Could he ever forget this torment?

Diane, was obviously the ringleader and float organizer. "OK," she said, "we'll be off in a minute. Lets get ready! We can have some more fun with 'Susie' later."

The girls bounced prettily around a table and sat down as if at a children's party. The large cake was in the center. Jeff sat on a stool, his flimsy short dress resting softly on his thighs. The girls giggled at his frightened, tear stained face. They were enjoying making him suffer in his petticoats. The procession began. At first it wasn't so bad, as the girls all sat prettily by the table, then a record was switched on. It was 'Ashes, Ashes, We All Fall Down'. The girls took each of his hands and



"Look! He's crying!" yelled Karen, "Cry-baby Susie."

they forced him to skip like a little girl on the back of the float. His frilly short skirts bobbed up and down, his petticoats rustling, sliding sensually over his panties and bare legs, his flimsy dress blowing up and down in the breeze. Watching below were crowds of people. Many seemed to know of his masquerade. All of Karen's friends on the route jeered and whistled in derision. Jeff also saw many of his own friends laughing and heard them yelling at him.

"Fairy! Fairy!" one cried, "Nice dress, girlie!" said another, "Let's see your panties!" cried out someone. Children began to run alongside, looking up his dress at all opportunities, laughing hysterically at the sight of his girlish panties under his mass of frilly petticoats. At the proper point in 'We All Fall Down', he had to fall with the other girls in a mass of silk and flounces, skirts in disarray, while everyone stared in glee at his pretty attire and horrified face. The nightmare of the procession seemed to last forever. Practically everyone he knew was out on the parade route and saw him. Jeff endured a horribly embarrassing ordeal he would remember always. It was a girlish living hell, an ordeal by intense humiliation for the young teenage boy, ridiculed in petticoats and frilly dresses by hordes of screaming, giggling girls and boys. Children with an eager and keen mind for reducing their helpless victim to a state of abject shame.



*"Ashes, Ashes - we all fall down."
Everyone stared in glee at Jeff's
pretty attire and horrified face.*

Off the float, the Carnival began on the field. Aunt Linda now joined the party of girls escorting Jeff around. Everyone stared and laughed. Nobody felt sorry for him. In fact, everyone seemed to think it great fun to parade a teenage boy around in public dressed in little girl's dainty attire.

The girls took him to the fair and forced him to ride the Roundabout, the Whip and the Wheel. He felt his soft skirts blow up again. He tried desperately to hold them down, pressing the chiffon and silk against himself. The Wheel ride operator made him hold on with both hands. As his dress and petticoats blew up to his waist, he was helpless to conceal his panties. He heard a cacophony of derision from the watching girls and boys as the cool air rushing up his skirts, exposing his silky panties to the rapt, laughing, audience. He was in a pitiful state, sobbing out loud. Every ounce of boyish rebellion was gone.

"Please, please take me home. I'll do anything, but please, Mother, Aunt Linda, Karen, anyone, please let me be a boy again. I don't like being a girl!"

He got no sympathy. His mother said, "We like you this way. We're keeping you as a girl!"

"No! No! Mercy please! Mother, please don't do this to me. You can't keep me as a girl. You wouldn't!"

"Oh yes, Susan, I most certainly would! You will be wearing pretty dresses from now on. No



Jeff was made to hold on with both hands. As his dress blew up he was helpless to conceal his panties.

more pants for you, not even girl's pants. You will have years of petticoat punishment for causing so much trouble for so long. You can learn to act like a girl now, a little girl!"

"I'm not a little girl! I feel ridiculous like this," Jeff wailed.

"Good! I love hearing you say how much you hate your petticoats and panties. You deserve everything that we are doing to you," said his aunt. "Come on, we've a lovely surprise for you now!"

She dragged the protesting youth along. He'd had enough surprises and didn't think this would be any better than the others he'd hated.

"Want a new subject?" Aunt Linda cried to a group of girls near a wooden contraption. "I've one here for you," and pointed to Jeff who stood there, absolutely appalled.

"NO! YOU WOULDN'T!" he shrieked as the girls rushed over, and dragged him crying in alarm to the contraption, a pillory!

Numb with terror, Jeff was secured, his head and arms in the holes. He was helpless, a pretty punished thing of ribbons and silky skirts, petticoats and flounces, ruffles and bows. His skirts blew gently around his thighs, then a gust blew them up high, displaying his panties. Jeff was horrified. Not thinking, he tried to reach down to cover himself, however he could not move his hands. He twisted his legs in an obvious and futile attempt to hide his underwear.



*Numb with terror, Jeff
was secured, his head and
arms in the holes.*

Laughter was all around him. "Look at his panties," someone said.

"They aren't his panties," Karen corrected them. "I am his sister and he has on my panties."

Jeff stood in the pillory in frustrated rage as his little sister explained that she had dressed him as a girl. He was in no position to retaliate now, but he vowed that he would get even later.

A tall girl yelled out, "Twenty five cents a throw," and, for the first time, Jeff realized what was in store! Being locked in the pillory was only the beginning of his torment. To one side were water filled balloons — they'd be thrown at him — as a girl! He wriggled and squirmed.

"Can't you get free, Susan?" laughed Diane, still around and enjoying every minute of this. She paid her quarter and picked up a balloon, "You great big sissy. I hope they keep you as a girl forever!" She flung the balloon at the writhing boy. Jeff felt it strike his chest and burst. Oh, it was cold! He looked down at his chest. There was a large wet patch on his dress. The wet dress stuck to his skin and his lacy underwear showed through! Everyone would be able to see his girlish undergarments! This was just awful!

A boy stepped forward and paid his money. Jeff recognized him. He was from his school! The boy sneered at Jeff and said, "Look at you. What a fairy! Wait until I tell the guys about this. I am sure they all will want to see you in a dress. Will you be wearing one to school? If you don't, we

can have one there for you there to change into, Susan!"

Jeff was horrified. His reputation was ruined! Could the guys really force him into a dress at school? Sometimes he and the other guys had ganged up on some boy and removed his pants, but no one had ever been put into a dress! He couldn't let it happen to him, but how could he fight them all off. He was deep in thought when the balloon landed hard on his head and the cold water shocked him back to the present.

Another person came forward to throw, then another. Many of the boys and girls were people who Jeff knew. They all teased him. Everyone seemed to love seeing him in these sissy clothes. Each time a balloon landed there was a cheer. And soon the slap! slap! slap! of the water-filled balloons had a cumulative effect. The water cascaded over him sending rivers of cold water pouring down his skirts, falling dripping down his legs. His bodice clung wetly to him, his pretty puff sleeved dress shining with the water. He was a sopping wet mass of chiffon. His lacy silk and taffeta undergarments were clearly visible through the soaking dress. His panties felt sappy and cold, his slippery petticoats slithering over them as he wriggled and writhed in shame and humiliation.

Jeff was sobbing! Girls and boys were laughing! Every slap of water resulted in cries for mercy and girlish writhing, to no avail, as

torrents of cold water poured through Jeff's flimsy clothes.

"OK. He's had enough," said his mother. There were cries of "No! Leave him there to drip dry." "Let's fling him in the pool." To Jeff's relief, he was unshackled.

"Oooh, you are soaked, aren't you?" laughed Karen.

Jeff was led away, crying pitifully. He had completely forgotten his tough boyish image. "You are a real sissy girl, aren't you?" teased a girl, giggling behind him. "Just wait until we get him back at school," one of the boys said. Jeff let the waves of derision and contempt overcome him. Crying, he pleaded, "Please let me be a boy again. I've been punished enough now, haven't I?"

"Shut up, Susan, you stupid girl, unless you want a spanking," his aunt said with obvious delight.

"Spanking, did you say? Would you spank him? Oh, please, spank him? Can I do it too?" asked Karen.

"We'll see," said his aunt.

At this Jeff shrieked, **"NO! YOU CAN'T LET HER SPANK ME! I COULDN'T STAND THAT! I JUST COULDN'T!"**

"Susan! How dare you speak in that tone!" his mother said sharply. "Come, you are going home to be punished right now!"

Jeff dripped a trail of water as they walked



*Torrents of cold water
poured through Jeff's flimsy clothes.*

through the Carnival crowds. It wasn't a long walk home in terms of time and distance, but it was forever in terms of the humiliating jibes Jeff had to bear from everyone who saw him.

Finally they arrived home. Jeff was extremely relieved to finally be out of public view. "Your clothes are a mess, dear," his mother said. "Karen, take him to the bathroom and get him out of those wet things. He went with Karen to the bathroom where she removed his sodden dress and dripping, wet petticoats. He stood there, mortified, as he's little sister undressed him like a baby.

"You are going to be a girl, you know. We don't like boys here anymore. You're going to wear girl's clothes every single day!" Jeff could take it no more! He clenched his fist and swung at her. She tried to move out of the way of his blow, but it caught her on the arm.

"Susie!" Karen stormed, "you're in trouble now. I'm telling Mother," and she ran out of the room. Within seconds she was back with aunt Linda and her mother.

"Susan hit me! She hit me!" Karen cried. The look on Jeff's face told of his guilt.

"Come with me, Susan," said his mother. "You have earned yourself a through spanking. First, however, we'll put some new clothes on you." She dragged him to Karen's room. He stood there in alarm. "I'm sorry. I am so sorry. Please forgive me Karen," he pleaded

"OK, Susan, we'll leave it to your sister. Karen, do you want Susan to be let off, or do you want her to be given a good spanking?"

Jeff never thought it would come to this, but fell to his knees before his little sister. "Please, please don't punish me. I am sorry." Karen looked down at him stared at him coolly, and said, "I want him to be spanked, spanked as a girl!"

"Very good, Karen," said aunt Linda, "you are learning fast. I think we may be able to let you have him as your dolly to do with as you wish one day soon." Karen smiled.

Jeff shivered. He could imagine what it would be like to be his sister's 'dolly'. She would dress him in her clothes and show him off to her friends. She would love it, but he would be totally humiliated!

His mother then said, "Karen, please chose some of your clothes for Susan to wear. No pants please, only dresses."

Karen went about her task with enthusiasm selecting clothes from her hangers and drawers as Jeff stood shivering in fear. She brought a silk lace trimmed vest and long-legged white satin panties with lacy pink frills. Jeff shuddered as he put them on under his tormentor's stern view. Next she brought one of her petticoats. It had a flounced under layer of silky taffeta and then six diaphanous floaty, flimsy layers of white soft chiffon. It was very full, the soft layers floated around his thighs, caressing them gently, the effect

was of being in a gossamer cloud of the filmy material. The dress she selected was also white, but smooth white satin with a short full skirt, puffed sleeves edged in lace and round neck decorated with bows. The nipped in waist was encircled with a broad band of lilac satin which Karen tied behind him in a huge girlish bow. Then she put the wig on his head and tied a matching lilac satin ribbon in the long hair. White socks and black high-heeled shoes with bows completed the childish outfit.

Jeff was positively afraid! What were these women trying to do to him. Yesterday he had been a teenage boy, proud of his developing manhood, now he was a little 'girl', clad in silks and satins belonging to his little sister. In fact she seldom dressed as childishly as this herself.

Karen said, "I will join you in the playroom soon. I want to change out of this costume. In a trance Jeff allowed his mother and aunt to lead him. Upon entering the playroom, he saw what was waiting for him and he let out a cry of horror.

"YOU ARE ALL CRAZY," he cried. "What are you going to do to me?" He struggled as they dragged him to the center of the room. A ring of steel was in the floor, with chains attached, a similar one above him. His mother held him as his aunt chained his feet together and to the flooring. Then she secured his wrists and fastened them above his head to the ring in the ceiling. His aunt brought a full length mirror in front of him.

He could see himself. A bizarre sight! A teenage boy, but in a white swirly full satin dress filled out with masses of filmy petticoats, girl's wig and ribbons. He was shackled and chained, about to be punished.

Karen arrived. It made him sick to see that she had changed into pants. How he wished that he could do the same.

"Please, mercy," he whimpered in terror. "Please don't spank me. Please. I'll be a girl even, but don't spank me like this!"

"Too late for that now, Susie. Your sister has decided that you are to be spanked. However, we aren't going to spank you yet. We will wait for our guests to arrive!"

"**GUESTS!**" cried Jeff, "**what guests?**" **You can't let anyone see me like this! You can't!**" He started to struggle but the restraints held him in place.

"Shut up," his aunt said, "or I'll tie you up in the front garden with your skirts raised!"

Jeff was shocked. Would she really humiliate him so horribly? He looked at her and he knew. She would love to do it. He couldn't give her a reason. He shivered in silent terror as the minutes past. At last, there was a knock at the door.

"**I'll let them in,**" cried Karen and rushed out. Soon Jeff heard footsteps and three people entered the room, a young woman in a black satin miniskirt and fishnet tights, and two girls, about

eighteen, in short frilly dresses. He'd never seen such costumes before. Their presence filled him with dread. He was frightened of them, yet didn't even know them.

"So this is Susan!" The young woman in black was smiling, but there was no compassion. "Very nice! I like what you've done so far." She came up to him and raised his dress! "Mm, pretty petticoats." Jeff averted his eyes in shame as the women giggled. She then held the petticoats up as well and laughed, "and frilly girlie panties! Very good ... Yes, he'll do nicely! I haven't missed the punishment have I?"

She was assured that she had not, and she and the two girls sat down grinning at Jeff in delight. They seemed to know what was about to happen. Everybody seemed excited to witness his spanking. Jeff began to moan as he saw aunt Linda take a flexible cane from the corner.

"Please pl....please don't cane me aunt Linda. Please don't hurt me. Not like this, not here!"

His aunt stood before him, cane in her hand, "You will tell Ms. Bonds and the girls how much you love being a little girl, how you adore your dresses and petticoats! Understand! Tell them, plead with them to turn you into a girl!"

Jeff's lips were quivering. He just couldn't say that! In the mirror he saw her raise his skirts and petticoats and tuck them into his dress's neckline. His long frilly panties were displayed



"Very good ... Yes. He'll do nicely!"

to the appreciative females.

"Here Karen. Whip your brother hard!"

His sister took the cane and moved behind him. Jeff flinched in anticipation. Karen giggled, then commanded fiercely, "Say you want to be a girl. Go on, say it!"

"I WON'T!"

SWISH, CRACK!

Jeff jumped as the cane struck. The pain was intense.

SWISH, CRACK!

He gave a cry as the cane struck his girlish panties a second time.

"Go on, say it."

He gulped, then, "I . . . I . . . I want to be . . . a . . g . . ."

SWISH, CRACK!

It descended again. "I WANT TO BE A GIRL," he yelled, "just stop whipping me."

How the girls laughed! Yes, they were laughing at him in his girlish misery and pain. The cane didn't cut, but it left weals of red every stroke. He'd be bruised beneath those silky panties. His chiffon petticoats and satin dress swayed and flounced, a mass of girlish frills, tied at his neck, as he plunged and squirmed in a vain attempt to avoid his sisters cruel lashes.

SWISH, CRACK!

She shrieked, "YOU'RE A LITTLE GIRL! SAY IT! SHOUT IT!"

If only the cane would stop, stop hitting his



Karen giggled, then commanded fiercely, "Say you want to be a girl. Go on, say it!"

bottom. "I'M A LITTLE GIRL!" he shrieked as ordered. "I adore being a girl. Please keep me as a girl."

SWISH, CRACK!

"Oh! Oh! Eowwww!! I am a frilly, sissy little girlie. Make me stay a girl. Force girl's clothes on me. I want to be a girl. Please keep me girlie. I'm a soft, pathetic girl. I AM SUSAN!" He shouted. He sobbed. He squirmed and writhed as the ladies clapped and applauded!

His bottom was on fire. His aunt let down his petticoats and dress and they fell around his thighs. He was disgusted at his appearance, yet the cool satin, silk and chiffon felt so comforting, so soft and silky as he sobbed before them. Girlish sensations, humiliation and torment enveloped him as the lady in the black satin skirt came to his side.

"Susan, did that hurt, darling?" Jeff was disgusted with himself for his weakness but nodded through the tears.

"There, there," she said patting him gently on his rear, "I know it must have been terrible, but the cane is not the only thing that can hurt. Words can be even more painful. Listen to me Susan. Listen carefully, sweetie! I am Ms. Bonds. I am Headmistress of a special school. It is 'special' for we run it on different lines from most schools. We feel that there is entirely too much 'Women's Lib', and my students, when they graduate, are absolutely girlish. They cry at the slightest thing,

adore pretty silky clothes, never wear pants, spend hours every day fussing with their hair and makeup. In short, they are always divinely feminine. Susan, girlie, here is why I am telling you all this. My theories and methods have proven themselves with young ladies, however, I am getting bored. I want a new challenge. I have decided to accept my first male student. It will be you, darling. You will be coming to my school! You will be trained as a totally feminine little girl. The only boy among a hundred real little girls!"

Jeff broke down and began to weep uncontrollably, "No! No! You can't do that. I'm a boy! You can't turn me into a sissy girl. I don't want to be a girl. Mother, aunt Linda, save me! Don't send me away to be a girl! I'll hate it! I'll hate it!"

"Jeff, I have thought about this carefully," his mother said, "your behavior has left you with no future as a man except low paying jobs and trouble with the law. My mind is made up. You will be moving to live at Ms. Bonds school immediately. You will stay there and you will not be returning home for at least five years. However, don't worry, dear, your sister and I will visit you often to check on your progress."

Jeff was wild with fear. He shouted, "IT'S CRAZY TO TRY TO TURN ME INTO A GIRL! I WON'T LET YOU DO IT! I WON'T!"

"I will definitely be transforming you into a girl, Susan," said Ms. Bonds sternly. "Any

rebelliousness on your part will result in severe punishment! This current outburst has earned you another caning."

"NO! YOU CAN'T! I AM SO SORE ALREADY!"

"Don't worry, Susan. I won't cane you now. There is too much for us to do. We must take you shopping for the proper clothes. These two students will be helping you chose your new dresses and lingerie. You will be trying your new pretties on in the shop. Then we must set you up in your new room at school and give you your rule book. You have a large number of very important things to learn about your new life with us. First thing tomorrow morning, you will dress in your new finery and I will take you to the auditorium where I will raise your dress and petticoats and cane you in front of all of the other students!"

"NO! FOR GOD'S SAKE NO!" Jeff shrieked.

Ms. Bonds smiled, somehow when she smiled it didn't soften her face one bit, "Yes, absolutely yes, Susan. It will give you something to think about tonight as you try to go to sleep in your new room wearing your pretty new nightgown."

"A NIGHTGOWN! I won't wear a nightgown!"

"Oh yes, Susan, every night you will wear a lacy feminine nightgown. Every day you will

wear pretty dresses, lots of swishing petticoats, ribbons, bows and frilly panties. My staff will be instructed to ridicule and humiliate you to a state of utter submissive girlishness. I am also sure that the other students will love having a sissy boy to tease, won't you girls?"

The two girls had been sitting silently up until then. However, at Ms. Bonds question, they both jumped to their feet. They grasped their short dresses and curtsied smartly. Jeff had never seen such well trained young women. They turned to look at him and smiled. "Oh yes, Ms. Bonds," one of them said, "I will love seeing a boy go through the training I have received." They both giggled and the other girl said, "It will seem strange having a boy at school, but if we get to treat him like the sissy he appears to be, it could be fun. We could teach him to help us with our makeup and to wash our frillies."

"Why yes," the other girl chortled in joy, "he could be our maid, and we could dress him appropriately."

Jeff couldn't suppress a shudder at the thought of being a maid to these girlishly dressed young women.

Ms. Bonds said, "Yes, a French maid's uniform will certainly be one of the special outfits we will use to train you, Susan. There will be many others. We will also be taking you out in public often to show you off as a petticoated boy to humiliate you even further. Your former school

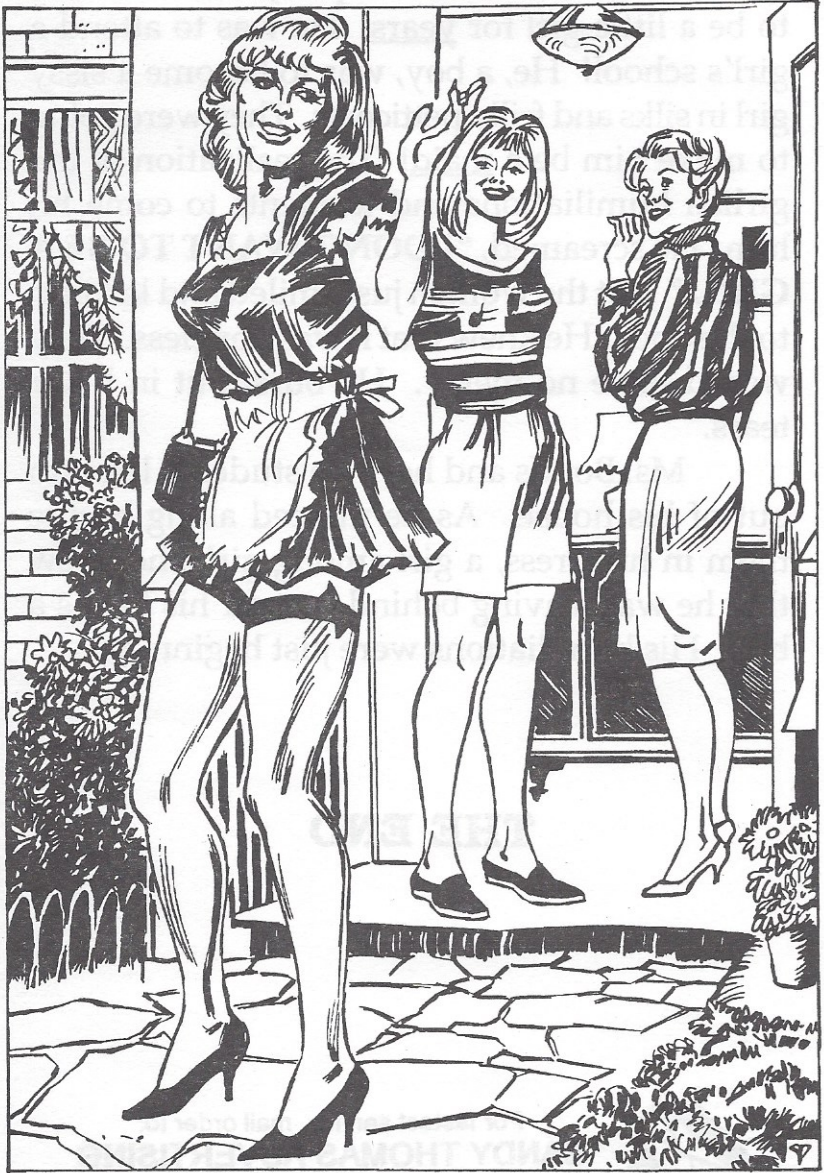
will be one of the first places we take you. You will learn, as my other students do, how to be totally feminine. Upon your graduation in five years, you will return home to live as a feminine sissy girl or to work for your mother and sister as their maid!"

"That sounds wonderful," Jeff's mother said. Turning to Jeff she continued, "Susan, I can hardly wait to send you off to my friends to work as their maid. You will be so cute wearing black nylons, suspenders and black satin maid's dresses over your darling girlie petticoats and panties! Won't you love for all your friends to see you dressed like that?" she laughed.

All of these women obviously relished the thought of forcing silk petticoats and panties onto a rebellious youth. The ladies got up and began to release Jeff from his bondage in preparation to taking him to Ms. Bonds' school. He felt it was his last chance for a reprieve. "Help me, some one! Don't dress me up as a girl! I'll do anything. Mercy! Help! Help!"

Karen smiled sweetly and giggled, "Oh, you poor thing. You really are going to be made into a little girl now, aren't you? 'Petticoat Punishment Susan', for years. I hope you hate every minute of being a girl!"

Jeff stared at himself in the mirror. He saw himself dressed as a girl, in his sister's petticoats, panties and satin party dress. He was to be a little girl for years. He was to attend a girl's school!



"Susan, I can hardly wait to send you off to my friends to work as their maid. You will be so cute."

petticoats, panties and satin party dress. He was to be a little girl for years. He was to attend a girl's school! He, a boy, was to become a sissy girl in silks and frilly petticoats. They were going to make him be a maid! The realization of the girlish humiliations and torments to come hit him. He screamed, "I DON'T WANT TO BE A GIRL!" But the women just smiled and led him to the door. He knew that it was hopeless. They would have no mercy. He burst out in bitter tears.

Ms. Bonds and her two students led him out of his house. As he minced along beside them in his dress, a girl among girls, he knew that he was leaving behind forever his life as a boy. His humiliations were just beginning.

THE END



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A note from the author:

I hope you enjoyed this story and art. I have two other works in progress currently. 'Henry's Vacation' should be finished in the first quarter of 1996. It will be at least a five book series with over 100 pages of new original art. 'Bill's Humiliation' will probably be finished in early 1997. It will be over 100,000 words and have over 200 pages of original art. As a teaser, I have a few pages of the art shown below. Let me know your opinion about these



'Bill's Humiliation' illustration 45

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THE FIRST GLIMPSE

By Sandy Thomas

I was shocked! I stared at him. I saw a man like I'd never seen before. He was dressed up completely as a woman in a short, black mini-skirt like you'd see a fashionable young lady wear. . .but this was a man. I just knew it!

What surprised me the most was how comfortable he looked. He was pleasing to look at, not at all what I had imagined.

I searched for some clue that this really was a man but I found none. His make-up was not overdone, his outfit appropriate and I was electrified by his comportment.

He sat like a modest but desirable woman. His smooth, nylon clad legs crossed way above the knee. His short skirt was positioned properly but hiked up a bit further than it could've been. The long smooth legs flowed into a fitting pair of black high heeled pumps with a virtuous 3 inch heel.

The sight of such feminine skin and allure was unsettling. My mind raced as I wondered what life offered for such a creature. His attitude said it all. . ."I'm feminine and I'm not afraid to show it."

I stared at the details. I was mesmerized. There was just the slighted cleavage showing. Could the bosom be real? I knew about hormones. My mind perplexed at the sacrifice that it would have taken for this man to grow and maintain a womanly bosom.

I gawked as he unexcitingly glared at me.

Staring was rude but this man was better looking than any woman I'd ever dated. I wanted to move closer to him but I was afraid, besides I got no visual sign of acceptance.

I just stared and wondered what someone like this would want. Had he accepted his soft, ladylike beauty. . . knowing that men would react.

Had he ever allowed one to touch him. I wanted to slide my hand along this feminine looking leg, up under the skirt to be sure. . . only then would I be sure of what I was seeing.

I tried understand what being male and being so thoroughly feminine would do to this man. He had to know what his feminine image did to men, didn't he?

I studied his made up face. Could I know him? He looked familiar but no man I knew would ever be caught dead dressed up like this.

I still wanted slide my hand up under his skirt. I just knew he had on the most girlish

of dainty lingerie. . .the sexy kind my wife refused to wear since she found cotton.

I suddenly had the urge to move over closer and yell, "What if your father could see you now. . .all sissified up with your hair curled, fingers painted pink and wearing things meant for girls!"

But I didn't yell. . .I still just stared.

He delicately arranged a soft curl that was hanging around his neck and looked up to see if I was watching. Embarrassed, I quickly looked away. . .for a second.

I realized that he knew what I was thinking. He knew, that I knew, that he was not really a glamorous woman but a feminized male.

Instead of apprehension, his shoulders went back, accenting his feminine charms and his dainty, pink-tipped fingers adjusted the hem of his skirt downward prissily. His eyes showed that he was very pleased with himself.

That was enough for me. . .I turned away from the mirror.



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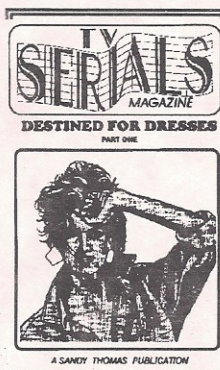
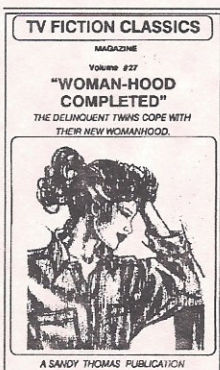
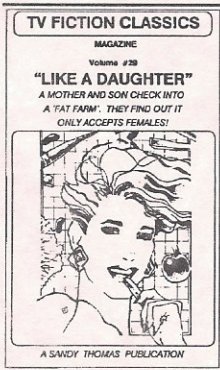
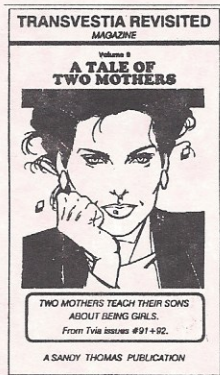
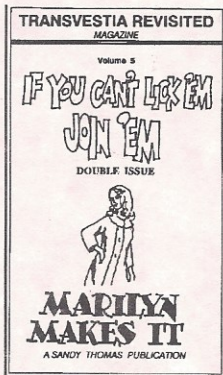
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