

The Panty Raiders V1
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THE PANTY RAIDERS

V1

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Kindle Edition

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Chapter 1

My pal Pete and I were talking about what we could do for excitement one evening, when Jim popped into the room. "Hey fellows;" he exploded, "I've got a great idea." We waited patiently for him to explain. He continued, "Let's raid the Alpha Beta Gamma house! All the gals will be at the game, so . . . o . . . o!" he gestured with his arms. Now here was a thought that offered just the right amount of stimulation. "O.K? Then what are we waiting for?" We were on our way without further urging.

We snuck around to the back of the house, where we were fortunate in finding an unlocked window, and letting ourselves in, found we were in the kitchen. "This way," Jim whispered, pointing to a flight of stairs. "They lead up to the bedrooms," he added, giving us a sly wink. We followed after him, the thought of what would happen if we were caught never entering our heads. Boy what would those gals say when they found that they had been robbed of their dainty, intimate garments. Jim hesitated for a moment, poking his head thru the door at the head of the stairs, listening. Not a sound. We entered a long corridor with doors leading from it. "Pete, you take this one," Jim instructed, "And you Bob this one!" It appeared that we were going to work our way down the hall searching each room for loot.

I crept into the room assigned to me. Fortunately its occupant had left a bed lamp burning. It gave just enough light for me to see my way around. It was a single room, bed, chairs, dressing table and bureau. I hurried over to the latter full of expectancy and

pulled out the top drawer. The fragrant scent of sachet floated up to my nostrils, as I bent over to peek inside. Before me in neat array was a galaxy of dainty handkerchiefs, bras and sheer nylons. Not what I was searching for, I told myself, pushing the drawer back into place. The next one, AH! This was more like it. There they were, dainty, lace trimmed silken panties, slips and even petticoats. They seemed to be pleading to be picked up and fondled. I heard a noise behind me, and whirling about in alarm. It was only Jim. Whew! What a scare! What if it had been one of the gals?

"Find any?" he asked, holding up a pair of sheer panties for me to see.

"Yeah! I'll say I did!" I whispered back, and he slid quietly out of the room.



CHAPTER 2

My fingers trembled with ecstasy as I ran them gently over those dainty little bits of femininity. One pair, black chiffon deeply edged with lace appealed to me, and lifting it from its resting place, I quickly stuffed it into a pocket of my jacket and closed the drawer. From what I had already seen, this gal must be very fastidious. I wondered what her closet would reveal. No harm in looking. I tiptoed over to it, opened the door and peeked inside. Arranged on hangers was a rather breathtaking array of frocks and gowns- for street, tea or formal wear. I just couldn't resist the temptation to run my fingers over the lovely garments - shimmering satins, crisp, whispering taffetas, and wispy chiffons. I experienced an exotic thought. Of course it was absurd; but still, it could be rather intriguing to wear such lovely garments.

My reverie was brought to an abrupt conclusion by Jim's voice in a state of agitation. "Bob! Pete claims he saw some of the gals coming up the front walk! Let's get out of here!" I dashed out into the corridor to join them, and together we hurried to the stairway. A chill ran up and down my spine as the shrill chatter of girl's voices floated up to us.

We had hardly started down the stairs, when a light went on in the kitchen, and a girl's voice exclaimed, "I'm going to have a snack, Dorothy. I'll use the back stairs and be with you in a minute or two!" Now for certain, we were in for it with our avenue of escape completely blocked off.

There was alarm in Pete's voice as he whispered, "What'll we do now?" I too shared his consternation, little cold waves running up and down my spine.

"Have to take a chance and drop from a bedroom window," Jim whispered over his shoulder as he retreated up the stairs.

We sped into the nearest bedroom, where Pate threw up the window and peered out. There was a blank expression on his face as he drew back. "'We could break a leg.' Look, it must be twenty feet to the ground with a cement sidewalk running along the house" We exchanged glances, neither of us wishing to chance it.

Our indecision was our undoing. A scream rent the air behind us, and we whirled about to see a girl framed in the doorway, her eyes wide with terror. Hurrying feet sounded in the hallway outside.



Chapter 3

Two other frightened females joined her. "Wh-a-t . . . a-r-e you doing here?" one managed to stammer.

"What's the matter girls?" a more mature voice asked, as an older woman joined the little group. She must be the housemother, I thought. Quickly sizing up the situation, she strode into the room, followed by the trembling gals. "Well, what does this meant" she demanded. "What are you doing in this room? Answer me this minute! Do you understand?" The firmness of her tone, the grimness of her expression, quelled us into silence. Not one of us could offer any reason for our intrusion into the girl's quarters.

One of the girls apparently suspected the real purpose of our nocturnal adventure, for she hurried over to the bureau and quickly opened a drawer. "My panties!" she screamed. "Oh those horrid boys! Look! They've been rummaging thru my drawer." She burst into a flood of angry tears.

The housemother cast a shriveling glance in our direction, exclaiming, "So that's it! A panty raid!" One of the girls started to giggle, only to be crushed into silence by a glance from the housemother. "Come here!" she demanded, and together we sheepishly shuffled over to where she was standing. "I'll take them if you please." Her meaning was obvious, for she held out her hand. We reached into our pockets and drew out the purloined panties. Our faces went crimson with embarrassment, as we handed over our loot. The girls met up a noisy clamor, as they retrieved their intimate garments from her outstretched hand.

Three new arrivals joined the group, one of whom I recognized as a member of the varsity basketball team. "What's the commotion?" they asked, then spying us, one exclaimed, "Oh! A panty raid!" The girls all started chattering at once and the housemother raised her hands, asking them to hush.

When the clamor had died down a little, she asked, "Well girls, what should we do with them? Report them to the Dean . . . or . . ." a suggestive tone entered her voice, "Perhaps we could handle the matter ourselves."

"Let's do as Mrs. Jones suggest," one of the new arrivals exclaimed. The others quickly fell in with her idea.

"Of course it's a bit risky," Mrs. Jones cautioned, "But I feel certain they would rather submit themselves to us for punishment than be reported to the Dean and face dismissal." The trio leaned over to whisper to her, their eyes casting glances in our direction.



Chapter 4

As she listened a knowing smile played about her lips. What dire humiliations were these girls suggesting? Then she spoke, "Yes girls, I am in complete agreement. I feel we should first render these 'panty fanciers' incapable of escaping; then all of us go down to the living room and discuss the matter." This brought a burst of laughter from the girls. She glanced around the room; and they all nodded in agreement. "June, you and Martha bring some clothes line from the basement, will you?" The two girls hurried off on their mission. While waiting for them to return, Mrs. Jones explained to us that undoubtedly the girls would think up some suitable punishment for us. From their expressions, I knew that it would be most humiliating, to say the least.

Minutes later the girls returned, carrying lengths of rope. "Oh Mrs. Jones, may we tie them up?" June asked. "I know several good knots. I learned them last summer sailing." Mrs. Jones agreed, suggesting that the third member of the trio, Mary, and the other two, each take one of us. They immediately set about their task, drawing our arms behind our backs, and fastening our wrists securely according to June's directions. Our ankles followed; and we were rudely dumped on the floor, much to the delight of the group.

"They should be hog-tied!" someone suggested; and to add to our discomfort, our wrists and ankles were drawn up together. We were completely helpless. Pete started to protest that his bonds were too tight. If only he hadn't, for his complaint brought forth the suggestion that we should be gagged as well.

Handkerchiefs were stuffed into our mouths; then bound in place with lengths of ribbon. It was humiliation enough to be rendered completely helpless before these giggling females; now we were even speechless.

"Come girls, "Mrs. Jones ordered, "We'll go down and decide on what to do with them. I am certain they will be right here when we return." She uttered a gay laugh as she said this, then turned and left the room the girls trooping along behind her. I started to struggle to free myself. It was useless; those girls certainly knew how to tie the knots, for the cords only bit deeper into my flesh. Soon I gave up, and glancing at Jim and Pete, found that they too had ceased struggling. I tried fruitlessly to work my gag in my mouth with my tongue, for I was afraid it would choke me. I even gave this up. As I lay there, I thought of what else they might do to us for revenge.



Chapter 5

Downstairs the girls were tossing suggestions about. "How about giving them a good paddling?" one suggested.

"Yea, but couldn't we use their belts instead of paddles?" another offered, while a third commenced to titter as she suggested that our trousers should be lowered first.

Mrs. Jones raised her hand for quiet, and when their chatter had stilled, she turned to the trio, Martha, June and Mary, asking, "What do you think would be appropriate, girls?"

They became the focus of attention, as Martha answered for them, "We agree that they should receive a good spanking, which would be beneficial to them; but not severe enough to teach them a lesson such me they deserve. We feel that their punishment should be extended until the end of the semester." She hesitated momentarily, glancing around the group to see if they approved. They all nodded.

"Then perhaps you have a suggestion?" Mrs. Jones inquired. A smile played about Martha's pretty lips, as she replied, "Oh yes, Mrs. Jones, we feel that, as they seem so interested in our panties, we should make them wear them." The group burst into peals of gay laughter, exclaiming, "What a cute idea!" Mrs. Jones added, "And let their panties be their only protective covering when they are being spanked!" More laughter.

Many ideas were bandied back end forth; until June offered one that met with instant approval. "I think it would be a cute idea to have them act as our maids,

afternoons following classes." Martha added, "And dress them appropriately too!" This brought on a new burst of gaiety, and the idea unfolded.

A doubtful expression crossed Mrs. Jones' features, as she asked, "But dear, where could we find suitable clothes for them?" Martha had a reply ready, explaining that in one of the scenes of a musical comedy produced a while back, the chorus had been costumed as French Maids in knee-length, flaring skirts and high-heeled slippers. Mrs. Jones again dampened their enthusiasm by asking, "But dear, would they fit?"

A wave of disappointment passed over the group; but June brought sunlight by saying, "Oh I know! There are several pairs of funny old-fashioned stays in the wardrobe, you know the ones that lace up the back. We could use those." Once again there was a burst of gay laughter.

"Why I never thought of that," Mrs. Jones admitted, "Of course: They would be ideal, and I for one would enjoy lacing them." A knowing smile crossed her face.



Chapter 6

Obviously Mrs. Jones relished the thought of lacing the three culprits into stays similar to those that she had worn as a girl.

"Wouldn't they look cute as maids!" someone tittered.

"But what if they refuse?" another inquired.

"Never fear my dears; they have already proven that they believe anything would be better than being reported to the Dean. No, I don't believe, they will offer any resistance." A murmur of delighted expectancy pervaded the room, as plans were laid to borrow the necessary garments from the wardrobe.

"Then we are all agreed that our 'captives' will perform maid service for the remainder of the semester?" Mrs. Jones asked, glancing from one to another of the group, and meeting approving nods from all.

One of the girls asked, "Mrs. Jones, when will their punishment commence?"

She turned to Martha, saying, "Martha perhaps you can answer that question."

Martha thought she could arrange to borrow the garments from the theatre wardrobe that evening, "But of course you girls will have to furnish the other pretties. You know, stockings, undies and even shoes, if we can find sizes to fit their feet." The girls vied with each other in offering their intimate garments, giggling and tittering over the thought of their 'captives' parading about in them. "And when we have them properly trained, couldn't we have a tea for some

of our friends. It would be so definitely amusing to see their faces, when our darlings came mincing into the room."

Mrs. Jones looked thoughtful for a moment, then replied, "Of course Martha; but first we will have to reduce their waists and teach them to balance themselves on high heels."

One girl jumped to her feet, exclaiming, "Oh I can just see them now," she minced about the room in an exaggerated fashion, swaying her hips. The others simply quivered with laughter.

Finally they quieted down a little, and Martha asked, "Shouldn't we give them feminine names to go with their uniforms?" Her idea was greeted with more laughter. It was finally decided that Jim should be named 'Marie'; Pete, 'Gisele'; and myself, 'Robette'.

"Girls, I think its time we informed our 'maids' of their sentence, and too, there's the matter of a good spanking, which we promised them."

Mrs. Jones rose gracefully to her feet and started out of the room with the girls trooping after her.



Chapter 7

The click click of high heels accompanying shrill chatter, announced to us that they were returning. Soon we would learn our fate. Minutes later they stood about our limp figures, smiling down at us.

"Aren't they cute, all trussed up so helplessly?" someone giggled. "It serves them right," Martha retorted.

With that, Mrs. Jones took command of the situation, ordering our captors to remove the bonds from our wrists and ankles. "But is it safe? Won't they try to escape?" someone asked nervously. Mrs. Jones assured them they had no cause to worry. How right she was, for our muscles were almost useless after being restrained in that awkward position for so long. What a relief to be able to stretch our limbs. Now, if only they would remove those gags. Alas, they had no intention of doing this; they only tied the ribbons on more securely.

"Now girls if you will get three chairs and place them in a row here!" Mrs. Jones motioned with her hand to the center of the room, "We can proceed." The chairs in place, we were unceremoniously picked up and dropped onto them. Our wrists and ankles were tied to the legs and backs. "And now, 'panty lovers'," the girls shrieked with delight at this expression, "You will hear what we have in store for you." A hush fell over the group, except for a giggle here and a snicker there.

Mrs. Jones continued, "We have decided that a suitable punishment for your behavior will be for you to report here every afternoon after you have finished your classes. Martha, June and Mary will then take

you in hand. From then until 8 o'clock, you will be required to be our 'maids'," she hesitated a moment to allow the full purport of what she had said to filter thru our minds. "Furthermore you will be severely spanked for any impertinence or failure to promptly carry out orders given you by any of the girls. Do you understand?" We slumped down on our chairs, crushed by the severity of what they had in store for us. We were to become mere playthings for the amusement of these females. "And furthermore, as you seem to find panties rather thrilling, you will wear them at all times." There was deep humiliation at every turn. "And in addition, you will be referred to as Robette, Marie and Gisele, and always address the girls as 'Miss', when you wish to speak to them. The girls were smiling broadly.

Only our gags prevented us from protesting.



Chapter 8

"Now girls it's time our pretty 'maids' received their first lesson in obedience; but of course they must be properly attired." Laughter flowed over the group. What could she mean, 'properly attired'?

"We'll need panty girdles and silk panties," she continued, glancing around the group. There was a rush to procure these garments, and in no time, they were handed to Mrs. Jones. She presented them to us, saying, "Now 'girls' follow me and I'll show you where you may change." We meekly trailed after her with faltering steps. She hesitated a moment at the doorway to remark, "Girls it must be understood that at no time are you to be present while our 'maids' are changing into their panties. I can't afford to jeopardize my reputation, nor have your morals impaired. Is that clearly understood?" The tittering girls nodded and there was a trace of disappointment in the expressions of our Mistresses. We were left in an adjoining room with instructions to don those dainty feminine garments. "And don't forget your belts when you return," we were warned as Mrs. Jones glided out of the room.

We avoided meeting each other's glances, as we removed our trousers and stepped into the panty girdles. I pulled, jerked and struggled to fit mine over my hips. Finally I had to call on Jim and Pate to help me. They too had their troubles. It was sheer misery to slip on the lace panties; but we dared not refuse. We returned to the group, shamefaced and with our spirits crushed. They shrieked with delight as we entered, making cutting remarks about our dainty

lingerie. It was deeply humiliating. "Pants to panties!" someone cried out, and they simply shook with laughter. We were ordered to our knees before our Mistresses to present them with our belts and beg them to spank us.

Eager hands grabbed us and pushed us down across the seats of the chairs, securing our wrists to the chair legs and tying our ankles together. Our positions exposed our silk covered buttocks to their gleaming eyes. I caught a glimpse of Martha flailing the air experimentally with my belt. I could almost feel it slithering across my buttocks, the mere thought making me squirm. A swishing sound and down it came - SMACK. It was like a hot iron. Again and again it rose and fell tenderizing my poor buttocks with each blow, until I felt I was on fire. I could have kissed Mrs. Jones when I heard her tell Martha, it was enough for this time.



Chapter 9

We were not released from our humiliating position for some time, subjecting us to the indignity of remaining in our uncomfortably restrained position for their amusement. Eventually our bonds were removed, and we were helped to our feet. "Aren't our pantied panty raiders cute!" someone tittered, as we were ordered to parade up and down before them. We just couldn't resist rubbing our flaming buttocks, which added to their delight. I crimsoned with shame as waves of laughter swept the room.

To add to the ignominy of our situation, Mrs. Jones announced, "'Girls' you are to wear your pretty panties and girdles every afternoon when you report for your duties. Is that clear?" We had no choice but to nod sheepish agreement. Finally tiring of teasing us, we were returned to the next room and allowed to don our trousers, still wearing the hateful lingerie. We hurriedly departed from the house their gay laughter following us until we were out of earshot.

"No more panty raids for me!" Pete declared in a tone of finality. We all agreed with him.

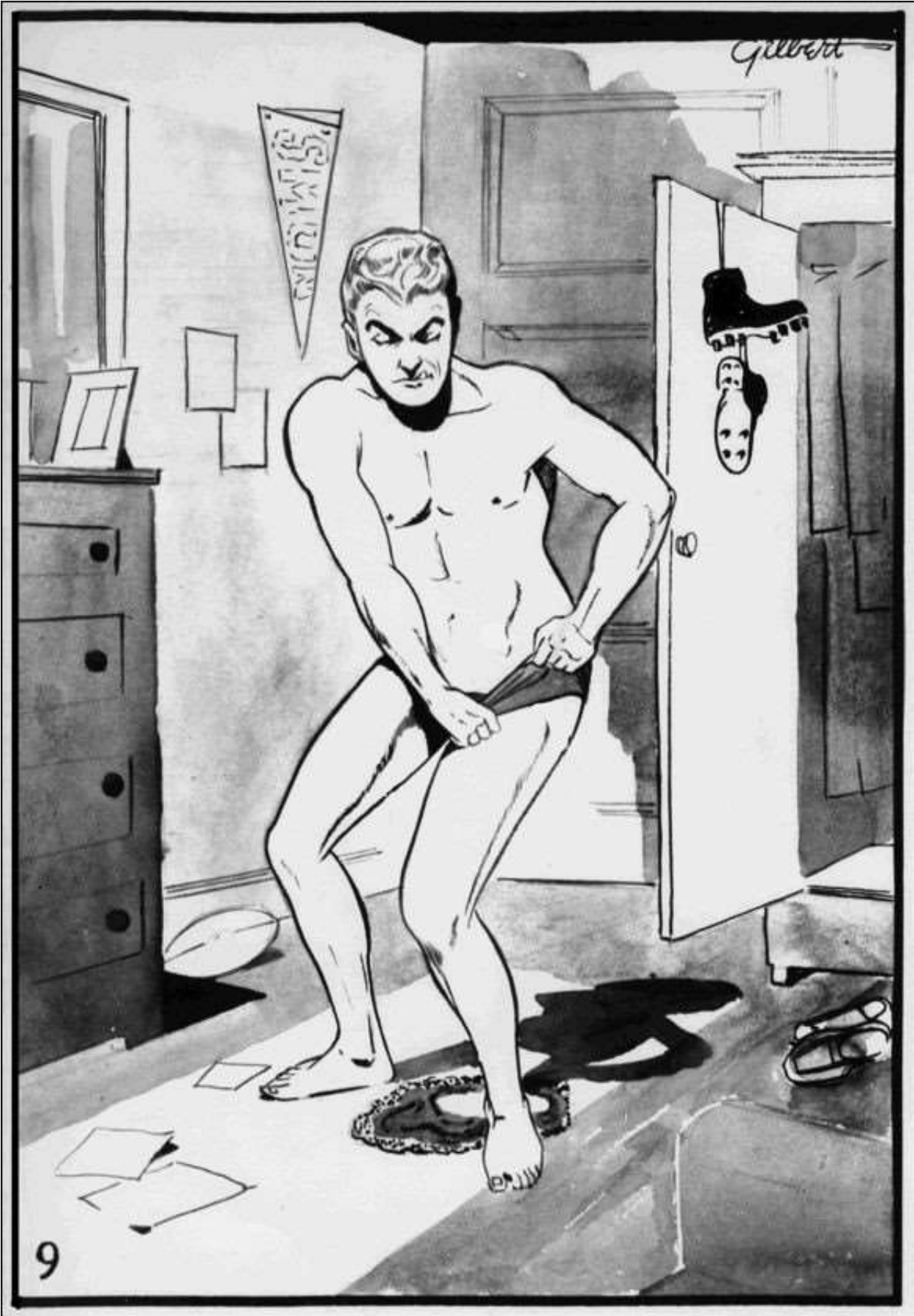
"Suppose we weren't to show up tomorrow afternoon? Jim suggested.

"I don't know for certain," I replied; "But I think that Jones woman would do just what she threatened, report us to the Dean. Personally I don't know which is worse, being expelled or submitting myself to the whims or those girls."

Pete spoke up, "As for me, I'd rather take a chance with the girls. It would probably be better than what my Dad would do to me if I was expelled!" Before we

parted for our rooms, we agreed on a place to meet the following afternoon, all deciding we had better not ignore their commends.

On reaching my room, the first thing I did, and I imagined Jim and Pete were doing the same, was to slip off my pants and rid myself of those humiliating garments. I felt like tearing the panties to shreds. Only the Jones woman's warning to wear them when I reported the next afternoon acted to deter me and save them from destruction. I slipped them down to my ankles and stepped out of them. Now for the girdle, that was a different matter. I tugged, shoved, pulled and pushed until I was nearly frantic with irritation, before I finally managed to rid myself of it.



Chapter 10

As I hid the garments in my bureau, I wondered how I would ever be able to get into them by myself. Oh well, I'd worry about that later. I peered over my shoulder at the mirror to examine my buttocks. They were streaked with crimson welts. I had learned at first hand how efficiently Martha could apply a strap. I found some burn ointment and gently rubbed it on. It gave me some relief. I determined that moment that I would not give Martha any excuse for another application. A wave of dejection passed over me, imagine it, a mere girl giving me a sound thrashing. It was so utterly disconcerting.

The following afternoon, we met at the prearranged spot, and reluctantly set out for the Alpha Beta Game house. The subject of our lingerie was carefully avoided in our conversation. Jim told of an unpleasant experience he had had that morning. "Any of you fellows have Alpha Beta Gamma members in your classes?" We shook our heads. "Well I do, and did she give me a bad time this morning. She stopped me in the hall after class and whispered, "Wearing your cute little panties this morning?" I swear it scared me out of a year's growth.

"Did someone hear her?" Pete asked.

"No! I was just lucky they didn't," Jim retorted. We both thanked our lucky stars that we had been spared his experience. Apparently the girls planned to keep our situation a secret; but what if one did say something to a friend? We could only hope for the best.

Pete brought up the touchy subject, "You fellows have any trouble getting on your . . . your . . ." He glanced about to see that no one was near . . . "girdle?" His cheeks flamed crimson at the mention of the garment. We all agreed we had and promptly dropped the subject. It was bad enough to even have to think about it.

We presented ourselves at the Alpha Beta Gamma house, and were admitted by our Mistresses. "Hi! Robette! Hi! Gisele! Hi Marie!" they greeted us, bursting into laughter. I cast a quick glance about. What if someone had heard them? "Come 'girls' they ordered, leading the way to the second floor. As we passed the living room, we heard subdued titters and giggling. There was deep humiliation at every turn. Mrs. Jones swished out into the hall to join us. "Well girls, I see that our pretty 'maids' decided to be sensible and do as they were ordered," she exclaimed. "You will be glad to learn that we have your uniforms ready for you."



Chapter 11

Martha and the girls halted us at the top of the stairs. "Of course you are wearing your girdles and panties?" she asked.

We sheepishly admitted this to be the case, only to have Mary exclaim, "Girls, they already have forgotten how to properly address us! Well they were warned of the consequences if they became impudent." The threat in her tone was obvious. We realized that we had neglected to prefix our answer with 'Miss'.

"Oh Miss Mary, please forgive us this time," Pete pleaded, his hands reaching around back to caress his buttocks.

June called the others aside and whispered to them. Their faces lit up with smiles. "Perhaps you could make amends at that," Mary exclaimed, instructing us to get down on our knees before them and beg their forgiveness. Humiliating, as it would be, we had no choice and dropped to our knees.

"Please forgive us for being disrespectful," Pete pleaded meekly. We were kept in that position for several minutes. During the time of our submission, a couple of girls passed by, burst into laughter and pointed at us. Mary explained we were being punished.

Finally June said, "Come 'girls', you may rise now. We will excuse you this time, but . . ." The threat was obvious. I squirmed at again being referred to in the feminine gender. We continued down the corridor. June turned her head slightly and chirped, "Just wait until you see the smart uniforms we have for you to wear. You'll be simply thrilled with them!" They burst

into peals of laughter as our expressions fell. I cast a glance at Pete and Jim; their faces were as red as mine. The word 'uniform' could mean but one thing, not only were we to be subjected to the indignity of having to take the part of maids to these girls; worse they had concocted some sort of uniform to make us look ridiculous, without doubt.

Mrs. Jones joined us. "Well 'girls' have your Mistresses explained that you are to wear 'pretties' while attending to your duties about the house?"

Martha spoke up, before we had an opportunity to reply. "Oh no Mrs. Jones, we thought that you should be the one to tell them about their pretties!" They burst into laughter, at the mention of 'pretties'. That could mean but one thing, more feminine garments to crush our spirits.

"How very thoughtful of you, Martha dear!" She turned to us; "You will be simply thrilled when you see them. Won't they girls?" Our crestfallen expressions brought on a new burst of laughter.



Chapter 12

"You will find your uniforms laid out for you 'girls!'" Mrs. Jones tossed after us. With faltering steps we approached the chairs for even when some distance from them, we could see an array of frilly feminine garments. In the ensemble were long, sheer, black nylons; boned, black satin stays with pink laces; lacy, beribboned white muslin drawers, such as one saw in pictures of Can-Can dancers; layers of stiffly starched white petticoats, the hems deeply frilled with lace ruffles, and with little pink bows sewn on for additional adornment; crisp, black taffeta maid's uniforms, these edged in white lace; dainty lace cap and apron sets, and on the floor, three pairs of high-heeled black patent shoes, everything to transform us into pert French Maids. We stood there cringing, speechless with consternation.

Jim recovered sufficiently to blurt out, "You . . . you . . . mean, you expect us to wear those things!" He pointed a trembling finger at the array.

"Of course Gisele!" Mrs. Jones retorted, using his feminine alias, "You would hardly expect to see a smart maid mincing about in trousers, would you?" The girls shrieked with laughter, as Jim stood there, crestfallen and crushed, his head bowed. "I presume you are wearing your girdles and panties, 'girls'." She emphasized the word. We nodded. Then to add to our misery, she asked, "And did you have trouble in getting them on?" There was more laughter. "We girls always find this a problem, don't we?" she teased. "Very well then, you may disrobe and change into your petticoats and dresses!" The intonation of her voice,

and the manner in which she mentioned those hateful garments, made me realize there was no turning back now. They were determined to shame us. We started to remove our jackets, only to have Mrs. Jones halt us. She said, "On second thought, perhaps it would be more amusing to your mistresses to escort you to separate rooms and assist you with your pretties." The girls clapped their hands in delight, obviously relishing the thought of 'petticoating' us separately. There was a ray of consolation in this, as we would not have to watch each other being put into these humiliating garments.



Chapter 13

Martha started over to the chairs to select an ensemble for me, only to have Mrs. Jones remark, "Martha, don't you think it would be better to have one of our little darlings carry his own pretties?" The girls agreed, and instructed us to hold out our arms. They draped the garments over them making cutting remarks all the while.

"Oh Gisele, you'll look sweet in these pretty drawers," June teased, holding them up for all to see, then laying them across Pete's arms.

"And Robette, how prettily your petticoats will sway as you mince about on your high heels," Martha teased. They took every opportunity to remind us of our subjection, yes feminine slavery. Yet we dared not rebel lest we receive a sound thrashing on our tenderized buttocks, or worse be expelled.

"And I wish to lace them myself," Mrs. Jones exclaimed. "It will be amusing to see how many inches I can remove." There was more gay laughter. Jim and Pete were led from the room, carrying their ensembles. Mrs. Jones too, departed reminding Martha to call her when I was ready to be laced.

"You may undress now," Martha instructed, turning away. I endured exquisite shame as I slowly lowered my trousers, to reveal those hateful panties. It left me crushed in spirit. "Tell me as soon as you get into your drawers," Martha instructed. My fingers trembled as I lifted the dainty bit of lingerie from the chair, then held it out and slipped into it. The lace frills tickled my legs as I drew it up about my waist.

"I'm ready Miss Martha!" She turned and smiled. "How sweet!" she exclaimed. She took up the stays and made them ready to clasp about my waist.

"Oh Miss Martha, must I wear those?" I pleaded. The thought of being encompassed in that utterly feminine garment was dealing my waning spirits a crushing blow.

"Of course, Robette," she exclaimed brightly, "However do you expect me to fasten the bodice of your uniform. Mrs. Jones will simply have to take off inches." She fitted the hateful garment about my waist and hooked it together. I chanced a glance at the cheval mirror on the wall. To see myself standing there in frilly drawers and black stays was almost unbearable. Oh why had I ever agreed to a panty raid? Martha ran her fingers over the sides of the stays. "You'll have a really cute figure when Mrs. Jones finishes with you. Aren't you thrilled at the thought?" she teased. "Oh Mrs. Jones!" Martha called, "Robette is ready for you now." She arrived with a threatening cane in hand.



Chapter 14

The sound of a commotion emanated from the adjoining room, then Jim's loudly protesting voice, "I won't wear that! I Won't! I Won't! I don't care what you do; you'll never make me submit to it! I won't be laced into a corset!" Mrs. Jones rushed out of the room. There was a moment of silence, then the resounding smack of a cane against flesh, followed by a cry of pain.

Martha smiled as she said, "You see what disobedience will get you!" The smacks and cries continued. I shuddered at the thought of poor Jim's bottom, for mine still smarted from the night before. "Too bad you choose to be so submissive," Martha exclaimed, and there was a trace of regret in her voice. I knew she would like nothing better than for me to give her the slightest excuse to apply a belt to my bottom.

Moments later Mrs. Jones whisked back into the room. "June was having a little difficulty with Marie; but with just a little help from my cane she is handling the situation." Both women started to laugh. She turned her attention to me. She took up a position directly behind me and gathered the laces in her hands. A moment later I was jerked back on my heels, almost losing my balance. "Oh dear, this will never do," Mrs. Jones exclaimed, "We must think of some way to hold 'her' steady during 'her' lacing." A moment of silence, then she declared, "Of course! We can suspend 'her' from the door, couldn't we?" Martha waited for her to continue. Mrs. Jones went on, "We'll need a length of clothes line. Get it for me,

will you dear!" Martha found one, and Mrs. Jones instructed her to tie my wrists together in front of me. I wondered what new form of indignity they were to make me suffer. "Now take Robette over to the door and have him stand facing it." When I was in position, she said, "Now throw the line over the top of the door and pull him up as far as possible. Here let me help you." Between them they drew me up until only my toes touched the floor. The end of the rope was secured to the doorknob and Mrs. Jones resumed my lacing.

The constriction on my waist increased as she tugged on the laces, placing her foot in the small of my back for leverage. Slowly and inexorably the pressure increased, becoming more unbearable as each moment passed. My stomach felt as though it was encased in an iron hand, and breathing became more difficult.

Finally, I could endure it no longer, and gasped out, "Please, please, no more please. I can scarcely breathe now." Her response was a smart slap on my silky bottom.



Chapter 15

"I think that will do for today," Mrs. Jones panted, "But of course tomorrow we will take off another inch or two." I knew it just wasn't possible; but that was tomorrow. Mrs. Jones knotted the laces, and I was lowered to my feet. As my weight came down, I experienced the sensation of being cut in two, and started to squirm and wriggle to find some relief from the terrible pressure. They looked on, obviously amused and delighted. "Robette will soon become used to being tightly laced," Mrs. Jones observed. I knew that I never would. She glided out of the room, her taffeta petticoat swishing excitingly, to lace Jim and Pete.

Martha freed my wrists and ordered me to sit on the edge of the sofa, so she could put on my stockings. She laughed gaily as I rubbed my hands over my aching sides. At least it would bring some relief from the pressure, I thought as I lowered myself onto the sofa. Alas, I found to my dismay that it only increased, instead of diminishing and my breath was almost completely cut off. As she drew on the stockings, she tensed, "Why Robette, I declare, you have the prettiest legs." I stifled the retort that rose to my lips. Yet she was right, encased in sheer nylons, my legs did take on a definitely feminine appearance. It was so very disconcerting. Fitting the high-heels to my feet, gave her quite a job; but somehow she managed to force them on, and helped me to rise. If she had not held tightly to my arm, I would have fallen in a heap. As it was, I rocked back and forth on the stilt heels, trying to maintain my balance, with my poor crushed toes screaming protests over the narrow confinement in

the pointed ends. Yet, despite this, I found that it somewhat relieved the pressure on my sides, at least that one something to be thankful for. "You'll soon learn to manage your heels," she told me, bending down to fasten the ribbon covered elastic garters dangling from the stays. They held my stockings up creaselessly. Her fingers ran down the back of my legs to make certain that the seams were straight. I knew what she was up to, for I had often seen girls doing the same thing. "There!" she exclaimed, rising to her feet, "Now Robette, We must pretty your face." I allowed myself to be propelled over to the dressing table, where I sank down with a sigh of relief on the satin cushioned stool placed before it.

Chapter 16

Her soft, capable little fingers want to work, deftly applying a scented cream over my entire face and part of my neck. She rubbed it in thoroughly, and then wiped off the residue with a tissue. Powder was applied with a large puff, and a rose tint appeared on each cheek with a little touch of rouge. Other applications followed, lipstick, eyebrow pencil, even a pair of false lashes, until I no longer recognized the pretty face which stared back at me, wide-eyed, from the depths of the mirror. "You really make a cute girl!" she declared, giving me a little pat on the cheek. She stepped to one side to view her handiwork. My cheeks reddened under the rouge at the thought of being described as 'cute'. It was positively unnerving. She assisted me to my feet, and helped me back to the sofa. There, gathering up one of the ridiculously short petticoats, she waved it before me, teasing, "Doesn't it have a pretty rustle though?" I winced in shame at the thought of wearing the garment. My head was enveloped in its folds, and she pulled it down into place. A glance at the mirror revealed that it ended several inches above my knees, like a little girl's petticoat. Two more were added, each flaring out a little more than the other. "Now walk across the room Robette, I must be certain your petticoats have the proper away." My efforts to do her bidding afforded her no end of amusement. To me, it was sheer misery to feel the lace frills caressing my thighs. She gathered up the uniform, ordering me to bend over. Under her directions, I slipped my arms into the short sleeves and the garment was pulled down into place and zipped up the back. The bodice fit like a glove.

"I told you we would need to reduce your waist," she teased, giving the flaring skirt a little flip. It whispered excitingly. The wispy little apron was arranged about my waist and the lace cap tied in place on my head. I had been transformed into Robette, a pert French Maid.

I heard the sibilant rustle of silk behind me, and glanced over my shoulder to glimpse Pete and Jim mincing into the room on the arms of their Mistresses. They too were dressed as French Maids, their brief little, flaring skirts swaying prettily with each dainty step. Except for their haircuts, I would have taken them for pretty girls with their made up faces, dainty waspish waists, and shapely legs encased in sheer silk.



Chapter 17

Their eyes were glued to the floor before them and their cheeks were flaming under the rouge tint. We three did look like pert French Maids, except perhaps for bulges missing in the proper places. The girls marched them over to stand beside me, and then stood off to survey us from head to foot.

"They really look cute, don't they?" June piped up, and all three burst into gay laughter. Again the thought passed thru my mind, if only I had said 'no' when Jim had suggested the panty raid. It sounded so much like fun at the time, but now . . . We were ordered to parade up and down the room before them while they made cutting remarks about our appearance.

"Gisele! Swing your hips more!"

"Marie! Straighten up!"

"Robette! Make pretty frou-frou for us!"

The crowning indignity came when they ordered us to tell them that we much preferred wearing panties rather than pants. As we stammered out this sentence, they simply shrieked with laughter. As a final humiliation, we were ordered to lift our skirts to display our drawers. To what depths would they go?

"Isn't it about time to take our 'maids' to the kitchen to prepare tea?" June exclaimed.

"Goodness yes," Martha replied, after glancing at her wristwatch. They assisted us down the back stair to the kitchen. Without their support we probably would have taken a headlong flight in our unfamiliar high-heels. There we were given instructions in

preparing the tea trays under their watchful supervision. Everything we did seemed to be incorrect.

“Gisele, don't you dare spill tea on your uniform!” and so on. It was decided that I should be the one to carry the cups and saucers, Jim the teapot and Pete the plates of sandwiches.

When the members of the Sorority had gathered in the living room, we were presented to them by June. “Girls,” she announced, “We have three pretty French Maids to wait on our bidding. This is Robette, this Gisele and this Marie!” Shrieks of laughter greeted her remarks; but more crushing to our spirits was when Martha ordered us to curtsy to them.

Both Pete and I somehow managed it; but poor Jim tripped over his heels and down he went in a fluttering mass of petticoats. June and Martha went to his rescue, dragging him to his feet, then pushing up his skirts in back, they gave him several resounding slaps, as a remind to be more careful in the future.

We were marched back to the kitchen and ordered to bring out our trays.



Chapter 18

I somehow managed to place my tray before Mrs. Jones without mishap, although I was trembling in fear that I would make a false step and drop the cups and saucers. Poor Pete was not so fortunate, as he tripped and spilled the sandwiches onto the rug. Mary leaped to her feet, upbraiding him for his clumsiness, and ordering him to pick up the mess he had made. He bent over to do her bidding. It delighted the girls no end when he presented a full view of his lace-frilled lingerie. When he had picked up the sandwiches and placed them before Mrs. Jones, June ordered him to her. "You need a lesson in deportment," she declared, grabbing him by the arm and giving it a quick twist, she pulled him down across her lap. The girls went into hysterics, as he lay there wriggling and squirming, begging to be released. Instead she pushed his skirts up over his waist and pulled down his drawers. Her hand rose and fell with resounding slaps. The fact that she was spanking him as one would a child was all the more humiliating. "There!" she cried, with a final smack, "Let this be a lesson to you to be more careful in the future. Next time I'll use a strap." Poor Pete struggled to his feet and retrieved his drawers from about his ankle. Even Jim and I found it amusing to watch him trying to pull on the frilled garment.

Those determined girls kept us mincing back and forth before them until dinnertime, each vying with the other to degrade us. "Gisele! Come here this minute. Your petticoats need arranging!" Poor Pete would hobble over to her and stand there shamefaced as she would pretend to adjust them.

"Robette! Your apron strings are coming loose. Come here this minute!" They would fashion the ends into a new bow. Some demanded we stand with our backs to them, while they lifted our skirts and teased us about our cute lingerie. Finally they left for dinner, leaving us in the charge of our Mistresses. We were ordered to take the tea things back to the kitchen.

It was Jim who asked the question which was on all our minds - "When are you going to let us eat?"

For an answer, June ran her fingers over his stays, tittering, "Your figure dear." Remember your figure." They finally gave us a glass of milk and a few crackers



Chapter 19

We had barely finished washing the dishes, when the girls came trooping back, to keep us mincing up and down before them. By this time my feet felt as though they were on fire, and my sides ached from the pressing stays. There was no respite until 8 o'clock, when Mrs. Jones announced that it was time for us to be relieved of our duties. "Oh Mrs. Jones shouldn't they wear their stays and heels on the street?" Martha suggested. Mrs. Jones disagreed, although her expression was a contradiction. The jeers of the girls followed us all the way upstairs. There we were helped out of our uniforms and handed our lace panties with instructions to dress. What a relief to be rid of those stays and heels. "Remember 'girls', be back tomorrow afternoon," Mrs. Jones called after us as we fled to the front door.

The same pattern followed afternoon after afternoon. Laced down to the lest breathless inch by Mrs. Jones, petticoated and uniformed by our Mistresses, forced to wait hand and foot on the amused and delighted girls. An addition had been made to our ensembles; we occasionally wore wigs, which completely erased the last trace of masculinity. Yet, despite all this, there were moments of compensation, such as the afternoon when Martha announced that I was to assist in dressing her for a tea. "I'll call you when I need you," she told me, ordering me to wait outside her door. At least this would be a diversion from the usual routine, and perhaps . . . I waited patiently for her summons, an object of derision to the girls who came and went to their rooms. Finally I was summoned. She was seated at her

dressing table putting the finishing touches to her makeup. She was in her bra and panties; she certainly had a cute little figure and under different circumstances . . . "Robette, you'll find my dress on the chair," she called over her shoulder, adding a dab of powder to her nose. "You know, I have been watching you of late Robette," she turned to face me. "I think you have come to find your petticoats and lingerie rather fascinating." "Fess up now, isn't it true?" There was a teasing note in her voice. For a moment I was unnerved. Could she be reading my thoughts? Of course not. Still she had put into words something that had been troubling me of late, something that I pushed from my mind. How could she have guessed? "Well Robette," she asked, "Isn't it true?"



Chapter 20

For a moment I was panic stricken. Yet it was true, the tightly laced stays, the stilt-heeled slippers, the petticoat frills caressing my silk covered thighs, the sibilant swish of my uniform all had come to hold a strange fascination for me. The thought that I found delight in arranging their pretty intimate garments in their bureau drawers, or running my fingers caressingly over their pretty frocks and gowns, as I hung them in their closets and sometimes, if no one were looking, take them down from their hangers and mince happily before a cheval mirror to press them against myself to picture me in them. It was so very unnerving.

But how could Martha have guessed my secret? I recovered sufficient composure to protest, "Of course not! Miss Martha. What a silly idea!" I desperately hoped that my voice sounded convincing, as I turned away to hide my flaming cheeks.

She regarded me silently for a moment or two. "Perhaps not," she said thoughtfully, turning back to complete her makeup. Thank goodness she was not certain, that was some relief. Even so, I must be very careful not to give her the least reason to arouse her suspicions. I minced over to the bed to gather up the frock she had selected for the party. It was a smartly styled pale blue taffeta, tight bodiced and with a flaring skirt. It whispered excitingly as I lifted it with my tingling fingers, the touch of the stiff silk making me wish, I dispelled the thought, to crush it against my person. Goodness, what was happening to me! It was rather frightening. I held out the frock for her to

slip into, then arranged it about her slim little figure and zipped it at the back.

"It's really a very pretty frock, isn't it Robette?" she asked, giving me a coy look. She gathered the skirt in her fingers and made frou-frou with it. I must have crimsoned, for she gave a gay little laugh and patted me gently on the cheek "You needn't worry Robette, I'll keep your secret."

I lowered my eyes demurely and whispered, "Oh Miss Martha, then you know?"

She studied me a moment before she replied, "Yes Robette, I have suspected for some time now. Perhaps it's the way you look when I'm dressing you, or just my intuition." She swished out of the room, leaving me to ponder her statement. Somehow I felt that my secret was safe with her; but suppose she even dropped a hint to a friend. I would simply die of shame.



Chapter 21

I tidied up the room and started to leave, when I spied a scene that revealed that I was not alone in being affected by our enforced servitude to the petticoat. Pete was standing before the cheval mirror in the hall. As I watched, he ran his fingers over his waspish waist, an ecstatic expression lighting up his features. I ducked back into the room as he turned his head to glance up and down the hallway. I peeked out of the door and saw him, feeling himself unobserved, raise his skirts to view his elaborately frilled drawers. He hurriedly lowered them as the click-click of high heels sounded on the staircase, and minced daintily down the corridor. No, I was not alone in the change that had come over me.

The fact that she shared my secret did not deter Miss Martha from exacting prompt and painful punishment for any failure to comply with our sentences. The very next afternoon, I thoughtlessly neglected to address her properly. "So!" she stormed, "Perhaps you think that because of our conversation yesterday, you may take liberties with me. Very well, you will soon learn how mistaken you are." She slipped the belt from my trousers and stood there flailing the air with it.

"Oh Miss Martha, please. It won't happen again!" My plea fell on deaf ears and I was ordered to stand with my face to the well.

She tied my wrists with a length of silk ribbon. "Indeed Robette, I am going to teach you a lesson in politeness." She obviously relished the opportunity. Another length of ribbon was brought out, and

gathering my skirt and petticoats up about my waist, she fastened them there.

"Please! Please! Miss Martha," I begged as I heard the belt swish thru the air, then SMACK! It cut across my buttocks. Down came the whistling belt, again and again until my poor buttocks felt as though they were on fire, and surely my pretty drawers must be badly ripped. I squirmed and writhed in agony. I had a momentary respite, when Mary came into the room.

"Robette was insolent," Martha explained.

"Oh do let me have a turn at him, won't you?" It was indignity enough to be thrashed by Martha, and now Mary wished a turn. She was far crueler in her application, not only using my buttocks as a target; but my thighs as well, these protected only by my silk stockings. I screamed each time the belt slashed against them. Finally Martha decided I had had enough and stopped her. How poor Pete must suffer at her hands, if this was an example.



Chapter 22

Martha untied my skirts and smoothed them down into place, then unfastened my wrists. The two girls found it very amusing to watch me caressing my flaming buttocks. "You know Martha, Robette looks cute with his skirts tied up the way you had them. Why not parade him before the other girls?" Martha agreed that this additional humiliation should teach me a lesson, and between them my skirts were again tied up. I must have looked silly with my arms over them. I was marched down to the living room and paraded about before the amused and delighted members. Further, I was informed that I would wear my skirts that way the remainder of the day.

A few days later, our Mistresses summoned us to a conference with Mrs. Jones. What new humiliations were they scheming up for us? Mrs. Jones asked, "Girls wouldn't it be an amusing idea to invite the members of another Sorority in for tea some afternoon, so we could show off our three pert 'maids'?" Our Mistresses clapped their hands in delight. As for us, we were crushed at the thought of being publicly shamed.

"And we'll have them looking their prettiest." June exclaimed, glancing at Jim's drawn expression.

Practical Martha remarked, "Their uniforms will need to be taken in, they have become rather loose in the bodice since we trimmed down their waists. The women burst into laughter.

"I'll attend to that myself," Mrs. Jones told them, "And you may be certain of their lacing that day." We

were obliged to remain while they planned all the details.

The afternoon set for the party found us proceeding slowly down the street to the Alpha Beta Gamma house. Jim was speaking, "Aw fellows let's not do it. Let's stay away today. I'd rather face my Dad's wrath than to have it spread around the campus, what they have in store for us." It took no end of persuasion on our part to finally get him to agree to go along with us. In the end we reported to our Mistresses as usual.

"You are late!" Martha scolded, consulting her wristwatch. June and Mary started on Jim and Pete. They were forever looking for some excuse to lash us.

"I'm sorry, Miss Martha," I dropped to my knees as I said it and Jim and Pete followed suit.



Chapter 23

Several of the members passed by as we knelt there in supplication. This always amused them no end, and they would stop to tease us about our servitude.

We were presented with new drawers, these patterned along little girl fashion, with rows of lace ruffles and cute little pink satin bows on each leg. When we were ready, Mrs. Jones attended to our lacing, as she had promised, at least an inch tighter than usual. "The guests will be jealous of your pretty waists," she told us.

Our petticoats had been starched to stand up by themselves, and an additional one was added, this of rustling taffeta. This was to create the proper swish, for swish was so definitely feminine, Martha explained. She took considerably more pains with my makeup than usual, this time seating me with my back to the mirror, insisting I must not so much as take a peek, until she had finished her ministrations. She went to work with a will and after she had fitted my wig to my head, ordered me to turn around and view myself. Peering at me from the depths of the mirror I saw - an ivory complexion, delicately tinted cheeks, lips carmined into a Cupid's bow, pencil thin eyebrows and long silky lashes lidding the eyes, the face of a pretty girl. I was stunned at the completeness of my transformation. Not a trace of masculinity was visible. Worse, I found myself rather pleased with the picture.

"Oh Miss Martha," I exclaimed, "Why I . . . I . . . actually look like a girl!" She placed her hands on my shoulders and bent down to whisper, "Yes Robette, you have the face of a pretty girl." Her hands crept

down to my waist, "And even a girl's figure," she teased. This last remark broke the spell, and my shoulders slumped. The truth dawned on me. I was nothing more than a petticoated slave. The realization left me completely unnerved.

When she had fitted the uniform to me, I was ordered before the mirror to view myself. Could this dainty creature be me, the pretty face, the waspish waist, the smart uniform flaring out from the waist, the wispy cap and apron set, the shapely legs and trim ankles and the stilt-heeled, gleaming patent pumps?



Chapter 24

As I stood there asking myself why . . . why had I ever listened to Jim and gone on that 'panty raid', June entered the room, explaining that Mrs. Jones wished the three of us brought to her rooms for inspection, before we were sent about our duties. "Aren't they cute?" she giggled, leaving the room.

"Turn around!" Martha ordered, standing a little to one aide and running her eyes over my person. "I simply must be certain that you will be the prettiest," she teased. Then, moving about behind me, she fussed with the bow she had fashioned with the ends of the apron strings. "Yes, I think you are ready now," she declared with a satisfied intonation of her voice. She instructed me to parade up and down before her. "We must be certain that your skirts have the proper swing and swishiness, Robette." She found my expression very amusing and added to my discomfiture, by saying, "'Swish' is so definitely feminine, Robette." Why did she have to continually remind me of my slavish position? With that, she led me to Mrs. Jones' rooms.

Pete and Jim were already there, both looking every bit like pretty French Maids. Their expressions reflected their dejection. I minced over to their aide and we awaited Mrs. Jones' inspection. It was very thorough, her eyes taking in every item of our clothing, patting an apron bow here, giving a little tug on a petticoat there, the frilly hems must be exposed, she pointed out, and even pushing up our skirts to examine our drawers. This always brought a crimson flush to our cheeks. Seemingly satisfied, she

exclaimed, "They really are cute, aren't they?" The four of them laughed derisively. "Girls, which one would you say was the prettiest?" she asked. Of course our three Mistresses chose their favorite, and it became Mrs. Jones' pleasure to make the final decision. Once again we were submitted to a searching inspection. She finally admitted that she was unable to pick the 'prettiest'. Turning her attention to us, she cautioned us to remember to be on our very best feminine behavior.

It was Jim who expressed our mutual thought, "But Mrs. Jones, won't the Delta Delta girls spread the word around the campus about our being your . . . your . . . maids?"

Mrs. Jones and the girls burst into laughter. "It is no more than you deserve you know! As long as you are so interested in girl's panties, you should be privileged to wear them."



THE END

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