

The Panty Raiders V2
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THE PANTY RAIDERS

V2

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Kindle Edition

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Chapter 25

Mrs. Jones turned her attention to our Mistresses. "Now let me see," she mused, "We'll need one at the door to greet our guests as they arrive, another in the bedroom to take their wraps, and the other can prepare the tea tray."

"Of course they will all help serve tea?" Martha asked.

"Yes dear, of course," Mrs. Jones replied, "We must afford our guests the opportunity to see how perfect our 'maids' have been trained." There was more laughter. She made her assignments. Jim was to be stationed at the door; I was to take care of their wraps and Pete to start the tea trays. "Very well 'girls' you know your places, now hurry along, the guests will be arriving quite soon now."

Martha escorted me to my station, a bedroom at the head of the stairs, and left me with a caution to conduct myself in a ladylike manner or . . . She had no need to remind me of what she would do, if I faltered. Shortly after she left, I heard gay laughter in the hallway downstairs, and the chatter of girl's voices floated up to me. "How, cute! Is she an initiate? You lucky people you." Perhaps . . . Perhaps after all the Delta Delta girls were not to be told of our identity. Moments later I was receiving their wraps and placing them on the bed. Some stopped to powder their noses, others left directly. They were all chattering about the maid service at the house.

One asked me directly, "Are you being initiated?" I placed my finger on my lips as though I were not allowed to speak. She seemed satisfied and did not

press me. I had only to say one word and they would know from the timbre of my voice that something was wrong. There were embarrassing moments, as when they would pull up their skirts to adjust their garters, exposing graceful silk covered legs and trim ankles. Of course they had no idea that the pretty maid in attendance was a petticoated male.

One girl remained after the others had all departed, and I noticed that she was eyeing me in a peculiarly odd sort of manner. She cast her eyes about to make certain we were alone, then came over and slipped her arms about my waist, whispering, "You're cute!" I didn't know what I was expected to do under the circumstances, draw away from her or allow myself to be petted. I choose the later and her lips closed over mine in an exquisite caress. Apparently thinking I was submitting to her, she held me close for several minutes, kissing me fondly.



Chapter 26

Her hands started to rove over me and I released myself from her embrace, shaking my head. "Why don't you come and visit me some afternoon," she suggested, giving me a gentle pat on the cheek. She left with a gay little laugh. As soon as she had departed, I hurried down to the kitchen to help Jim and Pete.

"You look like the cat that just swallowed the canary," Jim whispered as I swished into the kitchen, "What's up?" I told them about my peculiar experience and he remarked, "Going to keep the date?" They both began to laugh at my flushed face.

"Say, you know I don't think they know we're males at all!" Pete whispered.

"Just as well for us," Jim retorted, "Boy how humiliating it would be if anyone found out about our being dressed like this." He glanced down to the skirts that flared out from his slimmed waist. Somehow, Jim's disgusted expression struck me as funny, and I burst out laughing. A moment later our Mistresses came striding into the kitchen, demanding to know why we were so noisy. We quickly lapsed into silence, assuming our usual menial expressions.

"What they need is a good spanking," Martha declared. "Bend over!" she ordered, and when we had assumed that humiliating position, they pushed our skirts up over our backs and administered a few hard slaps with their hands.

"If only I had his belt handy," June remarked with a trace of regret in her tone. They left us with instructions to bring in the tea things.



As we minced into the room, we were greeted with 'Oh's' and 'Ah's' of delight from the Delta Delta girls, while our tormentors smiled knowingly. The same question was on every tongue, "Were we being initiated?" "Wasn't it a cute idea!" and so on. Apparently not a single one of them had any idea of our real sex. Now if the girls did not reveal our secret. If only they wouldn't. There were no mishaps while we were serving the tea, and it was not until we had taken our places near the door to the kitchen that Mrs. Jones raised her hand for attention.

When the chattering had subsided a little, so that she could make herself heard, she asked, "Girls have there been any panty raids at your Sorority?" They replied that they had not been molested. She continued, "Well if there was a panty raid, what would you do with any you caught in the act?" Obviously she was leading up to something.

Chapter 27

The three of us exchanged glances. They all asked the same thing, "Was she going to reveal our identities?" Some of the Delta Delta girls thought it should be reported to the Dean and the offenders expelled, while others were of the opinion that they should be properly chastised. Not one offered the suggestion that they should be forced to serve as maids. What a pity we had not selected the Delta Delta house.

Mrs. Jones waited patiently as ideas were bantered about, then remarked, "Well girls, you know we had just such an experience, and you know what we decided to do!" She hesitated long enough for the excited murmur her statement had created, to die down. "Well not only did we give them a sound thrashing, and with their own belts; but we decided that as they were so interested in our panties, that it was only right that they should wear them for awhile." Giggles and titters swept the room.

"But how would you know they were doing it?" someone questioned.

"Oh that was very simple, we ordered them to report to us every afternoon, and of course we made certain that they were wearing cute little lace panties. They had a choice, either submit, or be reported to the Dean and be expelled." By then, questioning glances were being cast in our direction. We kept our eyes on the floor before us to evade them.

Suddenly one of the Delta Delta girls exclaimed, "Oh No! It couldn't be! It simply couldn't!" Everyone looked in her direction clamoring for an answer.

Mrs. Jones supplied it by ordering us before the group, using our feminine names. Never will I forget the shrieks of laughter that rose from their throats as we minced with faltering steps to the position Mrs. Jones had designated.

"They're not really boys are they? Oh they couldn't be! Look at their waists! And their faces are so definitely feminine!" Round the room, questions and exclamations flew, as we stood cringing before them, our cheeks flaming crimson under the rouge.

"Oh this is simply priceless!" someone cried out.

Mrs. Jones motioned for quiet, and the clamor slowly died down. She addressed herself to us, saying, "'Girls', show our guests how prettily you can curtsy!" More shrieks of laughter as we took our skirts daintily in our fingers and curtsied to them.

"But who are they?" someone inquired.

"That must remain our little secret," Mrs. Jones replied. I could have rushed over and kissed her for saying that, if I had dared for at least we were safe for the moment.



27-RR.

Chapter 28

For the moment, yes, but when I saw June go over and whisper something to Mrs. Jones, who smiled knowingly and nodded her head in approval, I knew that we were to be subjected to some new humiliation before the Delta Delta girls. As June finished, Mrs. Jones motioned for the group to give her their attention, and when a semblance of order had been restored, she asked, "Girls, June has suggested that perhaps you would find it amusing to have our 'maids' model their petticoats for you." Excited exclamations of delight greeted her remark, leaving no doubt in our minds as to their desire to submit us to this abject humiliation.

Mrs. Jones motioned June to her side and suggested that she should explain to us, the proper method of having us carry out her idea. Of course June selected Pete as her subject, instructing us to follow her movements. She stepped behind him and placed her hands against the back of his skirts, then pushed them forward until they were bunched at the front. It created a pretty display of their frilled hems. Jim and I followed suit, and we were ordered to go over and stand before the Delta Delta girls. They simply shrieked with delight at this infamous display of our lingerie, and made cutting remarks about how cute we looked in petticoats.

Suddenly, one of the group jumped to her feet crying, "Let's grab the panty raiders' panties!" This was a signal for a concentrated rush towards us, and in moments we found ourselves in the midst of the screaming females, who grabbed at our skirts trying to

push them up to grab our drawers, while we frantically tried to stop them. With our stilt heels and confining stays, we could offer only token resistance.

Then one of the group surrounding Jim cried out exuberantly, "I've got a pair!" She waved them over her head excitedly. This acted as an added incentive for them and they renewed their efforts with vigor. My arms were pulled behind my back while eager hands quickly pushed up my petticoats and inquisitive fingers sought to rip off my drawers. Sharp fingernails bit into my flesh as the garment was torn from me.

"Girls: Girls! Stop it! Stop this minute!" Mrs. Jones cried frantically waving her arms our Mistresses and the Alpha Beta Gamma girls come to our rescue and a small riot took place, with the girls screaming and clawing at each other.



Chapter 29

Our Mistresses hurried us out to the kitchen, leaving the screaming girls behind. "Just look at their Uniforms!" Martha cried. We did indeed present a disheveled appearance. Our uniforms were torn and ripped, our wigs askew, our petticoats sagging down below our knees, our stockings full of runs, yes we were quite a mess.

We were taken up to the bedrooms to be divested of our clothing. "You were fortunate that we were prepared for something like this to happen," Martha remarked, as she helped me out of my torn uniform. It was indeed, for who knows to what depths of indignity those hysterical females might have subjected us. I shuddered to even think of what could have happened. There was a ray of hope for us. Now that our uniforms and lingerie were past repair, perhaps they could not replace them and we would be relieved of our humiliating feminine finery. Alas, my happiness was momentary, for Martha remarked, "Fortunately we can replace your pretty clothes." From her expression, I guessed that she had gathered what was passing thru my mind. She started to lower my petticoats. "Did you find serving in the powder room interesting, Robette?" There was a questioning lilt in her voice. I admitted it had been rather embarrassing at times, especially as the girls had no idea of my sex. Martha found this amusing and burst into laughter as my cheeks crimsoned at the recollection of watching those girls adjusting their garters, or holding up their skirts to arrange their panties. "Quite an education in powder room etiquette wasn't it?" she teased. As the

last of the petticoats slipped down about my ankles, Martha gave a little cry of distress.

"Robette, you poor darling!" there was genuine sincerity in her voice, "Just look what those horrid girls did to you!" I lowered my eyes to find the upper portion of my stockings full of runs and under them, long red scratches where the fingernails of inquisitive, eager hands had scrapped the flesh. Could this obviously perturbed young lady be Martha, the domineering Martha who had thrashed me so thoroughly, and found both delight and amusement in arraying me in humiliating petticoats and drawers? This very disturbed young lady, moaning over the fact that another had inflicted pain on my person. It was food for thought.



Chapter 30

As I told Martha about the girl who had embraced me and kissed me so tenderly, she smiled; but when I added that she had invited me to spend an afternoon with her, Martha's expression underwent a complete change. It became the one to which I had become accustomed, domineering and heartless. "Robette, you will do nothing of the kind. Do you understand?" I quelled before her anger. It was almost as if she were jealous, again, something to remember in the future. The subject was dropped there.

"There!" Martha exclaimed, gathering up the remnants of my uniform and petticoats. "As soon as you have changed to your lace panties, you may dress. For a moment I was nonplussed, had she forgotten that I was still laced into: stays?"

"But Martha, my stays!" She whirled about. I gulped when I realized I had forgotten to say 'Miss'. I quickly corrected myself. She glared at me without a word, and took up my belt. "Oh No! Please!" I pleaded, falling to my knees before her. I simply couldn't endure being punished after that unnerving experience at the hands of the Delta Delta girls. She stood there, an expression of anticipation hardening her features. There was no mercy to be found.

"Get up!" she ordered, bringing the belt down sharply across my shoulders with a resounding crack.

"Please Miss Martha, please!" I begged as I rose to my feet. She only glared at me.

"You seem to have the impression that, because I was sorry for what the Delta girls did to you, that I would forget to punish you for any impertinence, no



my pretty Robette." She flailed the air to emphasize her point. I was ordered to lay face down over the edge of the sofa, where she applied the belt. Smack! Smack! SMACK! It burned itself into my flesh. I was reduced to a state of trembling servitude before she tired, and how my poor inflamed buttocks burned. "Now get on your feet!" she ordered. "You mentioned your stays. We have decided to have the three of you wear them all the time, as well as your panties and girdles, to be a constant reminder of what happens to 'panty raiders'." Oh no, now I would be forced to endure the exquisite compression of those hateful stays all the time. Was there no end to the humiliations they heaped on us?

Chapter 31

As Martha had stated, the tearing of our uniforms by the Delta Delta girls has been no obstacle in continuing us in maid's uniforms. In fact our new ones were identical to the previous ones, and except for the fact that our lingerie was even frillier than before, it might never have happened. There was to be no end to our subservience to their commands. They kept us busy tidying up their rooms, cleaning and polishing furniture or serving tea. This was the established routine, day after day. Yet there was some consolation, Jim and Pete noticed it too, for on our way home one evening, it was the topic of conversation.

"Have you noticed that they don't tease us as much as they used to," Pete exclaimed cheerily, "Maybe they won't make us come there for the entire semester?" His voice sounded hopeful.

"Naw, don't worry, they'll keep us all right, saves them doing the work," Jim declared. It put us back in our gloomy frame of mind.

"I wish I dared to take off my . . . my . . . stays!" I whispered the shameful word; "But I certainly couldn't ask anyone to lace it for me, and I'd hate to think of the beating I'd got from Martha. Boy can she wield a belt!" My hand unconsciously rubbed my bottom. The hint went unobserved; they made no offer. With that we parted.

The following afternoon, as Martha was dressing me, she asked, "How do you like wearing your stays all the time?" I sheepishly admitted that if I were also wearing my high heels, it would not be too uncomfortable. She laughingly suggested that I reme-

dy the situation, as they would have no objections to my wearing my heels on the street. I should have known better than to admit anything. Something I had noticed of late did worry me no end, the flesh on my chest was taking on embarrassing shapes. Oh well, the semester would soon be over and they would disappear.

"We have a surprise for you 'girls' today," She exclaimed brightly. I waited nervously for her to continue, for obviously they had thought up some new scheme to shame us. "I want you to look your prettiest this afternoon," she chattered on, arranging a petticoat about my waist. "You see Robette, we have accepted an invitation from the Phi House to have our 'maids' come over and serve tea for them." The episode of the Delta girls passed thru my mind, so vividly that I almost relived those awful moments.



Chapter 32

"Oh Miss Martha, you couldn't do that to us!" I cried out in dismay, almost feeling the touch of those inquisitive fingers, as they grabbed at my drawers.

My expression must have revealed my thoughts, for with a gay laugh, she said, "Oh I see what you mean. No, this time you need have no worry. That is . . ." a stern look came to her face . . . "If you behave yourselves in a ladylike fashion." I promised myself that I would offer them no cause for correction; but even so, the idea of being paraded about before a group of strange girls, rankled me no end. When Martha had completed my makeup and arrayed me in my uniform and lace cap and apron set, I was ordered before the mirror to view myself. It unnerved me to find myself peering at a pretty, smartly uniformed maid. Moments later Martha ordered me to follow her to Mrs. Jones' rooms, where we were to be inspected before leaving for the Phi House.

Mrs. Jones was even more careful then on the previous occasion, for not a single detail of our costumes or makeup escaped her searching glance. She stopped before Jim, and raised his skirts. "You knew girls, it might be a novel idea to have them wear long drawers, you know, to reach to below their knees and of course be very frilly. Pants to pants you know!" The women burst into peals of gay laughter, as our faces went crimson.

Jim spoke up, "Mrs. Jones?"

She turned her attention to him, "Yes Marie, what is it you wish to say?"

He stammered out, "But Mrs. Jones, suppose . . . they . . . they . . ."

She interrupted him. "I know what you are trying to say, what if you are manhandled again, isn't that it?" Jim nodded his head. "I though the girls had explained to you that if you conduct yourself properly, as meek, well-trained 'maids', you will have no trouble." I distinctly heard Jim's suppressed sigh of relief. The women found it quite amusing, and burst into laughter anew.

With that, we were marched, downstairs to be fitted out with coats which covered our humiliating attire, white glace gloves, and, after they had removed our lace caps, pert bonnets. I dreaded the thought of our being paraded down the street to be ogled at by everyone. What if they pierced our makeup and discovered our sex? How they would jeer at us. My fears were unfounded, for we passed our first test shortly after leaving the Alpha Beta Gamma house.



Chapter 33

We had barely reached the sidewalk in front of the Alpha Beta Gamma house, when to my consternation; I spied a couple of my classmates coming down the street. "Oh Miss Martha, what if they recognize us. We never could live it down!"

"Don't worry Robette, they won't. Not in your pretty clothes," she teased. I heard whispering behind me; obviously Jim and Pete shared my fears. "Robette's afraid they will recognize him," Martha tossed over to June who was following along behind us. "I told him not to worry," she added, and the girls began to laugh.

As they came up to us, the fellows greeted, "Hi! Girls!" And one stared at me for a moment, and then gave me a wolf whistle. I hastily lidded my eyes to hide my confusion, and after they had passed by, breathed a sigh of relief.

A few steps later, June suggested that we should open our coats to show off our uniforms. We pleaded with our Mistresses not to subject us to this; but they turned deaf ears, and we were ordered to walk along with our coats opened in front. All the way to the Phi house, we were objects of attention, the fellows whistling at us, the girls snickering and asking our Mistresses where they found the cute maids. It seemed As if we would never get to our destination.

As we walked up the path to the Phi house, I expressed our common thought. "Oh Miss Martha, you don't think they will be like the Delta girls, do you?"

She gave me a smile and said, "That all depends on how you conduct yourselves." There was little satisfaction in that remark.

Three Phi girls met us at the door and guided us to the powder room to leave our wraps. As we removed our coats and bonnets, the girls looked us over approvingly. "What a perfectly cute idea for an initiation," they exclaimed.

"It reminds them of their lowly position as candidates," Martha replied. So this was the story that had been given to the Phi girls. Our gloves were removed, although June thought we should keep them on. Our Mistresses fussed with our apron string bows and our lace caps were tied on. They even dabbed powder on our noses. We were being treated as though we were children being readied for a party; Jim and Pete's faces were as crimson as my own flaming cheeks.

"Remember to be on your best behavior 'girls'," Martha warned. "There's always the be . . . she caught herself in time . . . paddle you know.



Chapter 34

"Shall we go into the living room, the girls are all there, and they're simply dying to see them!" She motioned in our direction. Our Mistresses led off and we meekly minced along after them. On entering, we were brought face to face with a group of giggling, chattering girls, who found our appearance very amusing. Martha presented us to the members of the Phi house, "Girls this is Robette!" She motioned me forward, and then instructed me to curtsy. Jim and Pete followed. The girls shrieked with delight watching us curtsy like little girls. As the laughter diminished a little, the housemother announced that everything was in readiness for us to serve tea. One of the Phi girls escorted us to the kitchen.

"It's all your fault Jim that we're like this!" I grumbled glancing down at my prettily flared skirts.

"Aw shut up!" Jim retorted, "Do you think I like it any better than you, being dolled up like this. You were perfectly willing to join me for the raid, so you've got nothing to gripe about." The two of us argued back and forth, while Pete hurried over to the door to warn us if anyone should come our way.

"Psst! Cut it. Martha's coming," Pete whispered a warning, and hurried to start arranging cups and saucers on a tray.

She burst into the room to find us meekly preparing the tea things. She looked from one to the other of us, then remarked, "I thought I heard arguing out here. Remember, we warned you, "You will be publicly spanked for any nonsense."

"Yes, Miss Martha," I replied in my most servile tone. She left the room after giving us another searching look. "Whew! That was close," I whispered.

One of the Phi girls stuck her head thru the door and asked, "Ready girls?" We nodded and she instructed us to bring on the tea things. With the threat of a spanking over our heads, we vied with each other to act the part of the perfectly trained maid despite the aggravation of cutting remarks and teasing from the girls as we bent over to hand them their teacups of course revealing our pretty lingerie.

"What adorable little drawers."

"They must be wearing layers of petticoats!"

"Oh I do wish we could see them spanked." And so it went, with our Mistresses ever on the lookout for a slip on our part.



Chapter 35

"Let's have a fashion show!" someone suggested brightly, "Then they could model their cute undies for us." The idea spread like wildfire.

"Oh may we?" they asked our Mistresses, hopeful expressions on their faces. If only they refused. They whispered together a moment, then announced they thought it would be in keeping with our initiation, and ordered us back into the kitchen. The girls went into ecstasies of delight over the prospect of seeing us parading in undies.

Our Mistresses joined us, remarking, "You 'girls' should be thrilled to model your pretty undies." They burst into laughter at our crestfallen expressions, and started to untie our apron strings. What lay in store for us?

June started to unzip Jim's uniform, and he gave a startled cry, clutching at it, as she went to remove it. "Oh Miss June, please, what are you going to do?" Martha and Mary gave us the same treatment. "Giselle! Take your hands away this minute, or would you rather be spanked?" June threatened.

It was useless to protest, and soon our uniforms had been removed and our petticoats lay in a little heap of frills at our ankles. "Come Robette, step out of your petticoats!" Martha instructed, taking my arm to assist me. They found our hurt expressions over being reduced to our stays and frilly drawers, most amusing. "Now mince out there and parade up and down until I give you other instructions," Martha ordered, pointing to the door.

"Oh Miss Martha, Please don't make us go out there like this!" "Not another word, Mince!"

Our entrance was greeted with shrieks of delight, and I would have given anything to have the courage to flee back into the kitchen, rather than be publicly humiliated in this shameful fashion. "Why they're even wearing stays!" an excited voice declared. Later we were returned to the kitchen and arrayed in our petticoats, which we had to model for the amusement and delight of the girls.

"Come here Gisele!" one girl ordered, and I watched as Jim minced meekly over to her. Her fingers toyed with one of the little bows on the hem of his petticoat, as she exclaimed, "Darling, do look at these sweet little bows! Aren't they cute?" Poor Jim crimsoned under his rouge. They finally tired of teasing us and our uniforms, caps and aprons were replaced.

"You may remove the tea things!" June announced.



Chapter 36

As I passed into the kitchen, I heard one girl ask Martha, "Oh Martha, aren't we going to see them spanked? You promised you know." The door swung shut behind me, so I did not overhear her reply. I whispered to Jim and Pete what I had overheard, and we all knew what we could expect. Was there to be no end to our humiliations? Hadn't we already suffered enough at their hands? How much more did they think we could endure? These were the questions whispered back and forth between us. June came into the kitchen and summoned Jim to follow her. So he was to be the victim, my expression told Pete as our eyes met. We hurried over to the door, pushing it open a crack to see what was happening to Jim.

He was standing beside June, who was waving her finger in his face and scolding, "Gisele, you should have known better." A blank expression crossed his face, as if to say, "What did I do wrong?"

"Very well," she continued, "you were warned what would happen." She seated herself and motioned for him to arrange himself across her knees. Stiffness came over him and his hands clenched. For a moment, I considered the thought that he might rebel. It was frightening, as it would mean exposure for all of us. Then his shoulders slumped and I sighed with relief. At least we would be spared this time. He meekly lay down across her lap and she quickly flipped up his petticoats. Her hand rose, she hesitated momentarily, and a playful smile appeared on her lips, "Girls, how would you like to apply a hairbrush to my naughty Gisele?" From the clamor, there was little doubt as to

their desire, and one girl left hurriedly to fetch the item.

"Me first!" she cried, waving the hairbrush over her head.

"One spank for each of you," June declared. Down came the hairbrush, SMACK! My buttocks started to smart, as though I were on the receiving end, instead of poor Jim. SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! One after the other, the girls applied the hairbrush with a will.

When it was over, Jim was marched back to the kitchen with tears in his eyes. "They're monsters!" he declared, massaging his flaming buttocks. We tried our best to console him, each thankful that we had not been on the receiving end.

Finally our Mistresses declared it was time for us to return to the Alpha Beta Gamma house; but before they helped us on with our coats and bonnets, they reached under our petticoats adjusting our drawers



Chapter 37

We were helped into our coat, our bonnets tied on and our kid gloves kneaded over our hands. As it had already turned dark, the walk back to the sorority offered no embarrassment. We were mincing along properly, when suddenly Jim cried out in distress I turned around just in time to see his frilled drawers slipping down about his ankles. He clutched at them and missed, catching hold of his coat instead. Two girls coming down the street witnessed the accident, and hurried over to stand there shrieking with laughter.

A moment later, I grabbed at my own drawers, and was no luckier than Jim in halting their downward course. Pete, too, found himself in the same predicament. To add to our shame, our Mistresses started to scold us for the immodest display of our lingerie, this much to the delight of the little group that crowded about us. Jim was ordered to retrieve his drawers, and how they howled as he rearranged them, exposing a wealth of petticoat hems. Pete and I also suffered the same indignity. Jeers and gay laughter followed us down the street, and of course our Mistress had to tell the girls about our immodest behavior. Never had I been so utterly mortified.

On our way home, Jim told us of a discovery he had made, which to me explained Mrs. Jones' obvious pleasure in tight lacing us, and why her eyes would light up with a peculiar gleam any time she chanced to witness us being disciplined with the strap. "I was cleaning Mrs. Jones' rooms this afternoon, and when I finished, decided to take a look around." We listened

attentively. "You know that closet with the Yale lock on it?" We agreed we did. "I found it unlocked, so I opened the door and peeked inside."

"What did you find?" Pete exclaimed.

Jim continued ignoring the interruption, "There were no clothes in it, but hanging on hooks in the well were all sorts of thick straps, cane switches, birch rods, riding crops, and bull whips. What an assortment!" Jim hesitated a moment to let the import of his meaning to sink in. "And on the floor a row of high patent leather boots, the lacing kind, with heels," he held up his fingers to show us, "And toes, mere pinpoints." Again he hesitated a moment. "Black leather stays and long black leather kid gloves. One was funny, extra-long and large enough to accommodate both arms and hands, and with white lacings. Boy did I get out of there in a hurry."



Chapter 38

"Say, did any of you fellows ever hear any funny noises coming out of her rooms?" We denied we had. "Well I did, one afternoon last week; but I didn't have time to listen long as some of the girls were coming up the stairs."

"What did you hear?" Pete asked.

"I think I heard someone sobbing."

I broke in, "Was that last Friday?" Jim agreed that it was, asking why I wanted to know. "Well, I saw Martha coming out that afternoon, and she had been weeping. You both know she isn't one to cry. You don't suppose she was on the receiving end of what you found, do you?"

Jim had thought that his trespass had gone undetected; but he learned to his regret that it had not. He told us about it. "Mrs. Jones summoned me to her room, and when I entered, you could have knocked me down with a feather. She was dressed in the garments I had seen in the closet; boots, black leather panties, stays, gloves to her shoulders, and a heavy strap in her hand. 'Shut the door!' she ordered. I was too scared to disobey. If only I had fled then and there." He massaged his buttocks as he said this.

"Now, Gisele, I'm going to teach you a lesson not to pry into other people's closets.' She flailed the air with the strap. Then she ordered me to undress, unzipping my uniform for me. I had to remove everything down to my drawers. She brought out that glove thing and fitted it over my hands, drawing it up to my shoulders and then lacing it. If you think you've been wearing tight stays, you should have seen the way that thing

pulled my arms together. I couldn't move a muscle. My pleading for her to release me only made her laugh.”

”And now, my pretty maid, you are going to dance for me’. She went to the closet and brought out a willow switch. ‘Dance!’ she ordered, laying it across my legs. Boy, how it stung, and I jumped around as I never had before. All the while she kept it snapping against my legs. Then she pushed me down over a bench and laid onto my buttocks with the strap. ‘Scream all you like, my pretty one!’ Down came the strap - swish! - SMACK! Swish! - SMACK! Then the switch followed, up and down the backs of my smarting legs, ripping my stockings to shreds, until I was screaming for mercy. When she finally gave it up, she had to dress me. I was too weak to do it myself. ‘And remember,’ she cautioned, ‘you are to tell no one about this.’ “



Chapter 39

Martha and Mrs. Jones were seated in the latter's rooms, discussing plans for a dance the Sorority was giving that month. Martha was saying, "And Mrs. Jones, wouldn't it be a cute idea to have our 'maids' come in formals, rather than uniforms?"

Mrs. Jones asked, "Have you discussed it with the other girls?" Martha admitted that she hadn't, as she wanted Mrs. Jones' opinion first. The latter looked thoughtful for a moment, then said, "Well, I can't see any harm in it, and perhaps as you say, it would prove to be amusing to watch them gliding about in the arms of their partners. Why not tell the other girls and get their opinion!"

Martha rose quickly to her feet and summoned me, "Robette, ask Miss June and Miss Mary to come up here!" Were they cooking up some new indignity? I asked myself as I minced off on the errand. Perhaps I could listen at the door and find out, so as to warn Jim and Pete. The two girls were in the living room and I gave them my message. They tripped off with me following their clicking heels. As soon as they were safely inside Mrs. Jones' room, I crept over to the door and listened. Darn it! I only caught the muttering of their voices, nothing distinct.

"Girls, we are discussing your coming dance and Martha has a suggestion for you," Mrs. Jones explained, nodding to Martha to begin.

She briefly outlined her idea of having their 'maids' appear at the dance in formals. "And we could make them look so cute!" she concluded.

June and Mary started to titter, and June exclaimed, "Oh Mrs. Jones can't you just picture their excitement over dancing with the guests?" They all laughed gaily over this.

"But how will we introduce them?" Mary asked.

"They could be your 'cousins' on a visit, Mrs. Jones replied. It would be much safer that way, for if someone did discover their identities, they still would be unaware that they have been serving as our 'maids' for these past few weeks."

"What about having them wear falsies that evening!" June exclaimed gleefully. "And order them to purchase them themselves," Martha suggested. "Oh Mrs. Jones can't you just imagine them at the lingerie counter, asking for falsies?" The women burst into peals of laughter, over June's suggestion.



Chapter 40

"As for their formals girls, I think I can be of assistance there. I have a fund for 'special occasions' and I think this is one. Suppose you let me take them to a Modiste, who is a friend of mine, to be fitted out?"

Martha interjected a somber note, asking, "But suppose the clerks discovered they were really boys?"

Mrs. Jones bestowed a knowing smile on them as she replied, "you need have no worries on that score; you see Madame fits many young persons out with petticoats."

The girls' eyes lit up with excitement. "Really Mrs. Jones?"

She went on to explain that on her last visit to Madame's Shoppe, the letter had invited her to peek into one of the fitting rooms, where two clerks were arranging a pretty frock to a blushing young man. Madame explained that his mother found it both amusing and delightful to her guests to parade him about before them in petticoats. The girls tittered at her revelation. "And," Mrs. Jones continued, "As I was leaving, the cutest little girl came in with her mother. She was perfectly sweet in a beribboned bonnet, blond curls and a baby-blue taffeta party frock, the pink sash about her waist, revealing her to be obviously tightly laced. Madame whispered that this was really a boy, whose adoring mother was rearing as a girl. "Shall we summon our 'maids' and explain about the falsies?"

It was after eight and we were changing into our own clothes. But when we were summoned the girls told us to just come as we were. We stood before Mrs. Jones who addressed us. "'Girls' we think your figures

can be improved. You see, as far as your waists are concerned, they are properly feminine; but you need a little more fullness in the proper places," she motioned with her hands. Her meaning was quite clear, crimsoning our faces. "Yes, 'girls' we have decided that it is quite in keeping with your punishment to have you purchase a set of falsies." The girls shrieked with glee at our horrified expressions. "You see 'girls' you are to attend the dance this month, not as smart little maids; but as charming young ladies, cousins of your Mistresses.

"You . . . you . . . mean?" I protested, "That we'll have to dance with . . . with . . . anyone who asks us?"

Mrs. Jones nodded, "And further 'girls' you are to accompany me as young ladies, to a Modiste I know, where you will be properly fitted."

"But I can't take a girl's part in dancing!" Jim protested.

"You will soon learn Gisele, June will give you instruction every afternoon.

"I'll adore teaching you Robette," Martha teased.



Chapter 41

Preparations for our visit to the Modiste included the severest lacing, our frilliest little drawers, flaring silk petticoats and of course very careful makeup. "If only you had your falsies," Martha teased, then added, "I am going to let you wear my pretty blue taffeta frock," with a teasing lilt in her voice. She remembered the afternoon I had helped her dress. It made my cheeks turn crimson. Once she had zipped it on me, she placed a smart little hat on my wig, remarking that as it was quite warm, I would have no need for a coat. Spotless white glace gloves were kneaded over my hands. With that I was taken before Mrs. Jones for an inspection. Jim and Pete were already there, looking charmingly feminine in their finery. Mrs. Jones declared herself satisfied with our appearance and we set out for the Modiste's Shoppe. Goodness how our skirts swished as we minced along beside Mrs. Jones.

As we entered the Shoppe, a rather stately woman of uncertain age glided forward to meet us. She was rather severely gowned in black taffeta with a touch of white lace at the neck and cuffs. "My dear Mrs. Jones! How delightful to have you visit me again!" She turned to survey us, a smile on her lips. "Are these the young 'ladies' we were discussing?" she inquired. Mrs. Jones nodded. "It will be a pleasure to select gowns for such charming persons," Madame stated, leading us to the center of her Salon where we seated ourselves on a satin cushioned divan. Mrs. Jones reminded us to smooth our skirts under us to avoid wrinkles. Our starched petticoats made a little heap of frills about our knees and Madame observed that our petticoats were quite pretty. Titters from the clerks followed her statement. Did they know our secret? Madame instructed the clerks to model her creations for us, and I had to admit to myself that they were exquisite. There were stiff silk taffetas, shimmering satins and wispy chiffons; any one of which would have made a feminine heart flutter.



Chapter 42

"Madame has made a selection?" the Modiste inquired. Mrs. Jones nodded. "Now 'girls' if you will step this way, we can make certain that your gowns are properly fitted." We followed her swishing skirts to the rear of the Shop, and were assigned to different rooms. I entered to find two pretty clerks waiting my appearance. They smiled prettily and their practiced hands started to remove my frock.

As they slipped off my petticoats, one remarked, "You have a very pretty figure." They commenced to titter. Did they really know my secret? I wasn't certain.

The other caused me deep humiliation as she pointed to my padded bra and asked, "True or false!" That amused them no end, especially as I went crimson.

Madame chose that moment to enter. "What is the meaning of this gaiety?" she demanded as the blushing girls quickly lowered their eyes to avoid her angry glance. "So," she announced grimly, "You have disobeyed my instructions: Very well, bend over!" Tears came to the girl's eyes as they assumed this position, and without as much as a glance at me, she flipped up their petticoats and gave them each a resounding SMACK on their lace panties.

As soon as Madame left, I started to giggle. "Oh you're mean and horrid," they told me. At least I had had the satisfaction of seeing a girl humiliated before me.

Mrs. Jones came in, followed by two clerks. One held an exquisite blue taffeta gown, with a revealingly low cut, strapless bodice and a floor length sweeping

skirt. The other carried an array of evening length petticoats. The gown and petticoats were placed on chairs and the clerks made their exit. The girls started to array me in the petticoats, the under one of crisp rustlely taffeta, followed by another of stiff organdy, and a third, also of organdy and very flared. The hem was daintily edged with lace and cute pink ribbon bows. They lowered the gown into place, and hooked it up. The bodice needed alteration, it was quite loose, and so Madame was summoned. She brought a seamstress with her, who made the necessary adjustments. The fitting completed, we minced out into the Salon and paraded up and down before Madame and Mrs. Jones. "Now 'girls' when we have found pretty heels to match your gowns, you will be ready for the party." She exchanged smiles with Madame. We minced back to the dressing rooms to be arrayed in our street clothes.



Chapter 43

We were preparing to leave, when a smartly gowned and quite pretty young woman entered, propelling a very distressed youth before her. Tears were flowing down his cheeks, as he cried, "I don't want to go in here! It's a girl's store! Please mama, please!" Madame nodded to two of the clerks who quickly stepped forward and took the struggling lad by the arms. "Let me go! Let me go!" he screamed at them, kicking and fighting to free himself. They only took a firmer grip on him, and started dragging him toward the rear, with his companion following close after. They disappeared into one of the dressing rooms.

"Perhaps these young 'ladies'," Madame nodded towards us, "Would care to remain?" Mrs. Jones declared that she knew we would like nothing better, and once again we found ourselves seated on the satin cushions of the divan. I noticed that Pete's eyes were lit up with a strange gleam.

Shrill protests rent the air, "I won't wear girl's clothes. I won't! I-won't! I won't!" the lad was screaming at the top of his voice. The cries grew fainter, until they were reduced to heart-rending sobs. Another member of our sex was being subjected to the discipline of the petticoat.

A clerk disappeared into the fitting room, carrying an armful of dainty girl's attire. A short time later the lad was marched into the Salon, a pitiful figure, shoulders shaking with his sobs, his face crimson, his eyes fastened to the floor before him. He had been daintily attired in a pretty pink taffeta party frock with a wide baby blue sash ribbon arranged about the waist.

Our final stop was a fashionable shoe store, where we were fitted out with dainty, high-heeled shoes that matched the color of our gowns. I felt very embarrassed with my petticoats bunched up at my knees, and I caught the clerk casting quick glances at them. A frown wrinkled his forehead as he tried pair after pair to find one that fit. No doubt he wondered why these three pretty girls had such unusually large feet.

On our return to the Alpha Beta Gamma house, we were taken in hand by our Mistresses who changed us into our usual attire, and insisting in our telling them all about our visit to the Modiste, the color of our gowns, everything interesting to a feminine mind.



Chapter 44

We departed that evening with the admonition ringing in our ears, "Bring those falsies with you tomorrow, or else!"

It was a frightening experience to march over to the lingerie counter of the store, with all the dainty feminine garments on display and ask the pretty clerk who waited on me for a pair of falsies. Her expression remained the same; but her eyes said, "What would you want with a pair of falsies? You must be a sissy and like to dress up." Her voice said, "Do you know the size she wants?"

I crimsoned to the roots of my hair when I told her the large size. She smiled knowingly as she handed me the package, and I could hear the other clerks tittering as I rushed out of the store.

Martha met me at the door of the Alpha Beta Gamma house, asking, "Did you bring your falsies, Robette?" I lowered my eyes to hide my confusion and told her I had, showing her the package. Inside she announced to all the girls that Robette would have a pretty feminine figure, now he could wear falsies." The girls shrieked with laughter, and I simply ran up the stairs to Martha's room. There, after I had donned my hateful frilled drawers, Martha came in and petticoated me and hooked up my uniform.

"Now Robette, we will have a dancing lesson," she declared, placing a record on her portable phonograph. As the music swelled, she put her arm about me and started propelling me across the room. I had a terrible time, as my feet seemed bound to

become tangled one with the other. This delighted Martha no end.

Afternoon, afternoon, afternoon, I was obliged to practice, and in the end I could manage myself quite well, proper posture and such. By the evening the party was to be held, I was even graceful, so Martha told me.

The night of the party the entire membership was aflutter with excitement, girls dashing here and there from room to room. That afternoon of course we had been required to serve as 'maids' helping with the decoration, making sandwiches, all the little things necessary for a formal Sorority Dance. When it came time for us to get dressed, Martha summoned me to her room and, unzipping my uniform, left me to undress by myself. Before she left, she handed me a pair of ankle-length, blue taffeta pantelettes, the legs deeply frilled with lace ruffles and pink ribbon insertions at the ankles.



Chapter 45

"Pants to pantelettes!" She teased, handing them to me. Her gay laughter echoed back from the hallway. I unfastened my petticoats and allowed them to slip to the floor, then lowered my drawers. I even somehow managed to untie the laces of my stays and with considerable effort managed to rid myself of them. After I had changed to gossamer thin stockings, Martha had laid out for me, I donned a narrow pink satin garter belt and fastened up my stockings, taking care to make certain that the seams were straight, to avoid a scolding from Martha. Goodness how those pantelettes swished as I draw them up about my waist. Now the lace tickled my calves instead of my knees. I almost giggled at the thought.

Martha came in carrying my corset, well-boned, pink satin with cups to hold my falsies. She fitted it to me and laughed gaily at my expression when I placed the falsies into the cups. She spent a considerable time with my makeup, than ordered me to sit on a chair while she fitted my feet with the heels.

"Oh Miss Martha, I simply never can dance in those!" I cried, only to have her start teasing me about wanting to dance. "Miss Martha, please," I protested flushing crimson. I was marched into Mrs. Jones' room to be laced, and she did a very efficient, job of it. I could scarcely breathe when she finally tied the laces. They were so much tighter than usual that the thought flashed thru my mind that perhaps the bodice of my gown would be loose. I went crimson to find myself thinking in this fashion. Back to Martha's room I minced, to be enveloped in those pretty petticoats

that almost touched the floor about me, and then be gowned in that exquisite taffeta creation. Even my wig had been redressed for the occasion, and I experienced feminine delight as Martha fitted it to my head. She even pinned a corsage on my bodice.

“Oh I can never get into those!” I cried, as she brought out a pair of shoulder length, glistening white glace gloves, yet somehow she managed to knead my hands and arms into them I dared not bend a finger for fear of ripping them, yet they made my hands and arms appear very small and feminine.

“I declare Robette, you look adorable!” Martha cried, throwing her arms about me and kissing me on the mouth. I found it delightful. “So my little Robette likes to be kissed as a girl!” she teased, patting my cheek.

“Miss Martha, please!” I protested reddening under my rouge.



Chapter 46

"Now run along to Mrs. Jones," Martha ordered, giving my skirts a pat. She closed the door behind me, and I minced swishingly down the corridor. Two prettily gowned members passed, giving me a second glance before they exclaimed excitedly, "Why if it isn't Robette! Darling how adorable you look!" Strangely, it tickled me to have them make this remark. They hurried off whispering and giggling.

I found Pete and Jim already undergoing an inspection by Mrs. Jones. She was saying, "Gisele, don't you adore your pantelettes?" Jim flushed crimson under his rouge. She seemed to be satisfied with our appearance, for she said, "Now run along my darlings and have fun!" As we were leaving she cautioned, "Watch your petticoats on the stairs, 'girls'!" Her laughter followed us into the hall.

As we minced swishingly down the hallway, Jim said, "As long as we're supposed to be girls," he made a wry face, "And be dolled up like this," he ran his fingers over his skirts, "Let's have some fun!" We asked him what he had in mind. "Well like I said, we're supposed to be girls, then let's mimic them. Try to steal their fellows, you get the idea."

Pete declared sheepishly, "I . . . I . . . think its fun to wear pretty clothes like these." We stared at him in amazement, had petticoat discipline made him effeminate. "Well I don't care what you think," he said with a toss of his head, mincing off, leaving us staring after him.

We managed our unaccustomed long skirts quite well on the stairs, only the tightness of my gloves

giving me any trouble in gathering them up. "Made it!" Jim whispered as our slippers touched the floor.

"Watch your voice Jim," I cautioned, "It could give you away."

One of the members came forward and placing herself between us, exclaimed, "Come 'girls', you must meet our guests." She propelled us toward the living room. It was filled with a gay crowd, the girls in pretty formals, the boys in faultless white ties and tails. A buzz of animated conversation swept the entire room.

Two chaps, whom we recognized as classmates, started towards us to be introduced. We were presented as Robette and Gisele, cousins of Martha and June. With a gay little laugh, she minced off to join another group. We were on our own.



Chapter 47

The music started and I found myself gliding about the dance floor in the arms of a handsome partner. "Wished you went to school here," he whispered, tightening his arms about my waist.

I gently freed myself and replied in a modulated falsetto, "Oh, you say that to all the girls!" He gave me an odd look, and a chill ran up and down my spine. Had my voice given me away? Apparently not, for he continued along the line he had started. A moment later I was in another pair of arms. I thanked my lucky stars that Martha had been so particular in teaching me to dance. It would have been terrible to falter at this time. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Pete swirling about, an ecstatic expression on his face, and giggling like a schoolgirl. I couldn't locate Jim. The dance ended, and my partner escorted me to a seat. I lowered myself onto it, making as much frou-frou as I could.

"That's a very pretty gown you're wearing," he declared. I smiled up at him and was about to reply, when Martha joined us.

"Jerry, you will have to excuse Robette for a moment, I have something important to tell her", Martha remarked. I rose to my feet and minced after her, tossing a smile at my partner. "Now listen Robette" she began, "You can be as feminine as you like? But don't overdo it!"

"Why Miss Martha, whatever do you mean?" I uttered, enjoying her discomfiture no end.

"I saw you flirting with that boy you were just dancing with." I told her I was doing nothing of the

kind. "He happens to be the boy friend of our Chapter president; so leave him alone, do you understand?"

"Yes, Miss Martha" I replied trying to act like my usual meek self; but saying to myself, "So what."

Martha left me and I thought it might be fun to go to the powder room. Perhaps I could learn a bit of choice gossip. As I entered, I heard one of the girls saying, "I tell you they're trying to steal our . . ." She spied me and a hush fell over the group.

"Hello," I exclaimed brightly. They only stared glaringly at me. I didn't care. If they thought we were stealing their boyfriends, then they wouldn't dare to continue to humiliate us. If we only had the courage!

Suddenly, Jim came in. "And darling, I simply must dance with him," I declared, winking at Jim. He caught on immediately and together we had the girls simply furious. Outside I said to Jim, "Oh Jim, I thought I'd burst my stays when I saw their faces. Were they mad!"



Chapter 48

As the evening wore on the same girls who had so shortly before found it amusing to petticoat us, now were in a furious mood. We three were actually getting more attention from their boyfriends than they were themselves. We never took more than a few steps with the same partner, always someone cutting in. Strangely though, Pete avoided us the entire evening, yet I knew he was enjoying himself immensely. Every time Jim and I passed we would exchange winks, as much as to say, "The plan is working."

Once Martha cornered me and whispered, "Robette, I want to see you in the Powder Room!"

I laughed in her face saying, "No darling, you won't have the opportunity tonight to spank me." She went off in a state of blind anger, her Robette talking to her like this. Moments later, I saw Mary earnestly talking to Pete, and slowly urging him towards the Powder Room. If only I could have warned him. Too late, she pushed him inside.

I hurried over to the door to listen. There was an angry buzz of voices; then Pete's plaintive tone, "But girls I was only doing what you told me to do." Then the sibilant rustle of taffeta, and Pete's protesting voice, "Oh no! Please! You'll ruin my pretty gown!" I could hear the sound of hands slapping taffeta covered buttocks. When he emerged, his eyes were wet with tears, and he went off into a corner by himself.

Later I saw our three Mistresses whispering together, nodding their heads and casting glaring looks at Jim and me. They were up to no good, of that

I was certain. Then Martha came towards me. There was determination in her movements, and I spied June advancing on Jim. Then it happened, they reached up and pulled off our wigs. The girls shrieked with delight, while the fellows flushed crimson realizing that all the pretty things they had said to the three 'cousins' were actually said to boys.

One girl came over to Martha and whispered in her ear. Martha's face lit up as the girl finished what she was saying. Now what was coming? Moments later, I was struggling in the hands of jeering females, bent on pushing my skirts over my head. In the end they succeeded and a ribbon was tied about them. Eager hands seized my imprisoned arms and I felt myself being paraded about the room with the girls swatting my taffeta covered buttocks with paddles. No more panty raids for me!

THE END

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