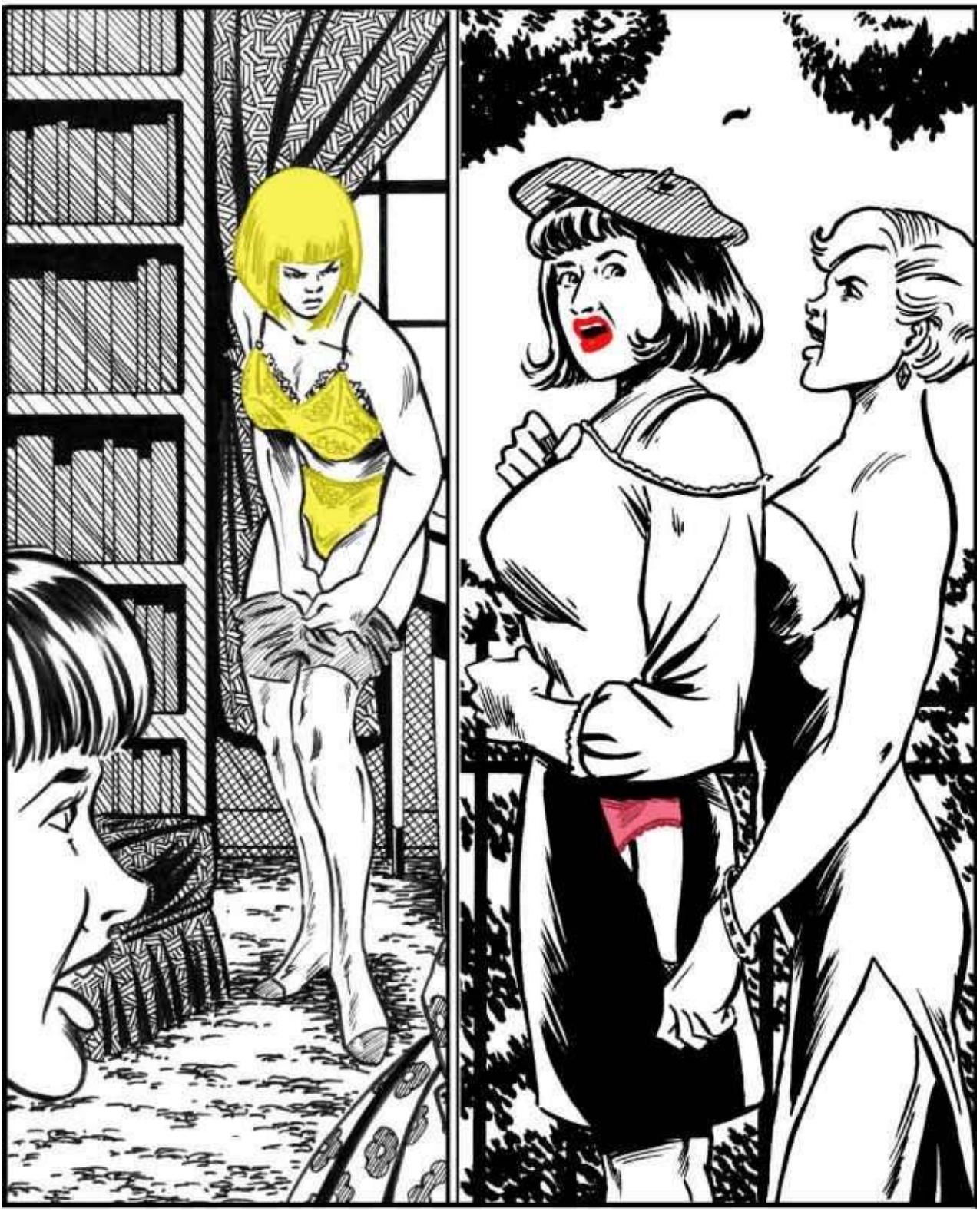
NOW HE'S LOUISE & THE BERIBBONED GANG

By Carole Jean AND Anon



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&
THE BERIBBONED GANG

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NOW HE'S LOUISE

"Where is he?" Doreen asked the detective. "What's she like?"

"He's on the third floor of a hotel near Union Square. She's a blond like you but taller and not nearly so pretty."

"What size are you? Will this coat fit you?"

The puzzled detective tried on one of Lew's expensive coats and felt the cashmere, "Beautifully" he said.

"Do you have a gun?" Silently he produced it

"Is it loaded?"

He nodded.

"Give it to me. Take these clothes, and don't bill me for your services."

"How economical. This way when you'll kill him his clothes won't go to waste."

"Just drive me to where he's shacked up."

The detective took her to the tenderloin and pointed out the hotel. "He's in room 318. I'm going to have to leave. I can't be seen here if you plan to shoot him. That gun isn't registered, so it can't be connected to me. I recommend that you get rid of it as soon as possible after you use it."

She waved the gun at him and said, "Drive away and forget you ever worked for me."



There were a few old men sitting in threadbare chairs watching television in the hotel lobby. They didn't look away from whatever show they were watching when Doreen crossed to the reception desk. It only took a couple of hundred and the clerk gave her both the key and his promise to ignore any odd noises. The elevator had a musty smell of old cigarette smoke and the rug on the third floor hall badly needed cleaning. Outside of 318, Doreen took the gun from her purse and checked the safety.

She put the key in the lock and opened the door. The room had a tawdry smell of cheap perfume, alcohol and sex. Doreen pointed the gun in the direction of the startled couple. She didn't recognize the woman in bed with her husband.

"So this is how you get ready for a night out with your wife," Doreen said.

Calm down," Lew said.

"You bastard!"

The blond was a tough one. After her initial shock she seemed to be quite calm. "Is this going to take long, honey?" she asked. "I have to get back to work."

Doreen pointed the gun in her direction. "Where did you meet my husband?"

"I met him in this hotel room. My service sent me. I need to get going, I have another client in half an hour."

"Get out of that bed, bitch!" Doreen ordered.



The girl threw back the covers and brazenly stepped out of bed revealing that she was not a natural blond. She was several inches taller than Doreen and probably twenty pounds heavier. She kneeled down and picked up her panties.

"Drop those."

The prostitute hesitated and looked from Doreen to the gun.

"Put on his clothes."

"I need my outfit."

"Put on his Jockeys, bitch."

The whore started to rise, perhaps to attack. But a bullet fired into the floor inches from her feet caused her to begin dressing in Lew's clothes.

"That's better."

She glared at Doreen as she finished dressing. The pants were tight on her hips and the jacket and shirt



were not made to accommodate her large breasts.

"Empty his pockets," Doreen told her. She removed keys, a wallet and an address book. "Get out of here."

"My purse," the girl nodded towards the bedside table.

"Take it and go."

Doreen carefully watched the girl as she retrieved her purse from the nightstand.

"I really need my clothes," the hooker said. "I have another date."

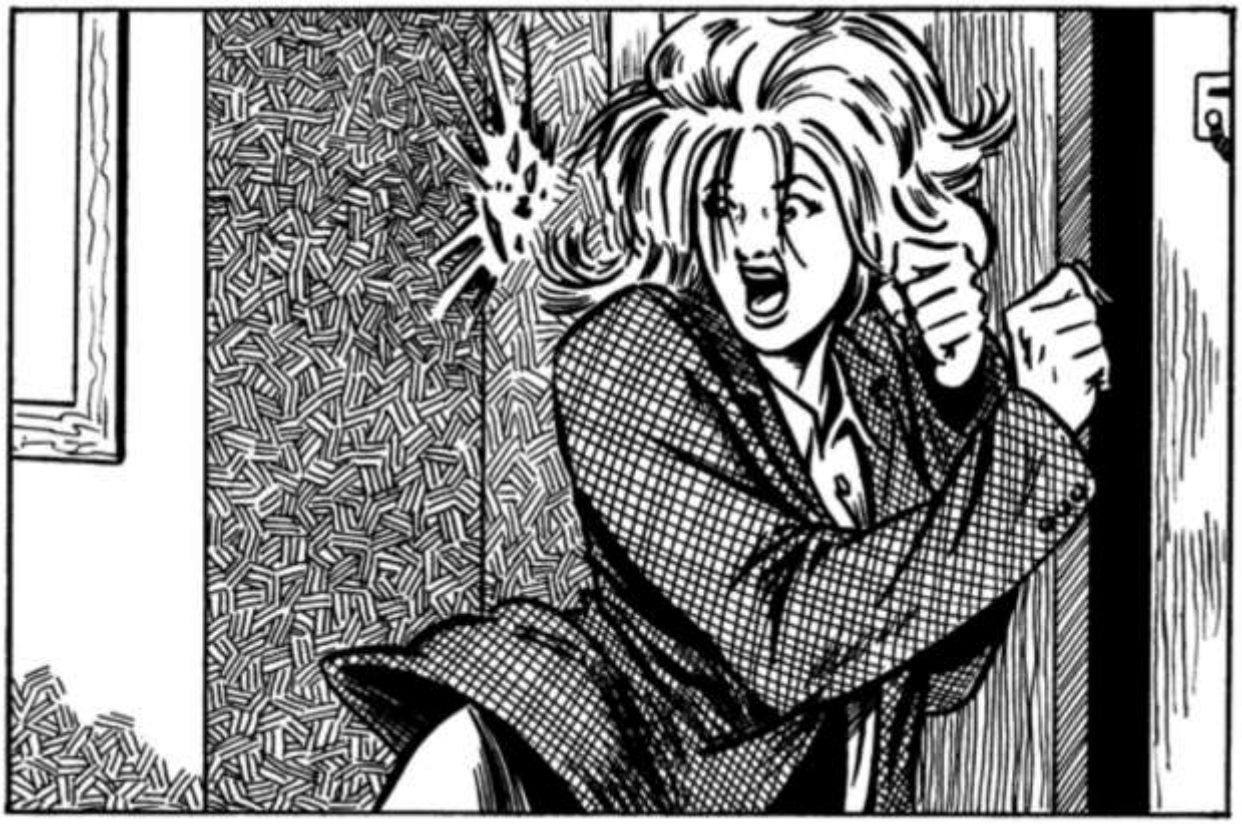
"You have ten seconds to get out of here."

"How can -"

Another bullet in the wall near her head was enough to stop her complaints and speed her departure, and Doreen was alone with her frightened husband.

"Don't you want me to explain?" he asked.

"Shut up!"



"You can't get away with killing me."

"Lew - or rather Louise. Put on that whore's clothing."

"Aw, Doreen, have a heart," Lew pleaded. "It's one thing to kill me for playing around, but it's another to louse up my memory by making it look as if I'm one of those sissies who dress up in women's clothes."

A bullet in the wall, inches from his head, silenced Lew and sent him scurrying for the prostitute's bright red panties and black garter belt.

He stepped into her panties and pulled them up to his waist. "Doreen, this is silly," he said as he adjusted himself into the scanty undies. "Why are making me put this stuff on?" Doreen just smiled and pointed to the garter belt and nylons with her gun. There were actual tears of humiliation and frustration in Lew's eyes as put on the garter belt, fished the garters under his panties and rolled and tugged the woman's nylons up his legs, fastening them tautly in place.

Next she had him put on the girl's brassiere and made him stuff two of the hotel's towels into the cups as he did so she laughed out loud. He scowled at her but she was still the one holding the gun.

Then he put on the girl's tight fitting black satin skirt, her off the shoulder white, ruffled blouse and she made him stuff his feet into her high heeled shoes. They were a tight and painful fit. She marched him over to the mirror, wobbling on the heels, and handed him mascara, eye shadow, eyebrow pencil and lipstick. "These you use later, first comes your foundation." Red faced from embarrassment and anger, he applied the make-up to his face.









"Look at you, Louise. You'll make a fairly pretty woman. After you shave your legs, get a wig and learn to walk and speak, you are going to be very convincing. Louise is your new name and female is your new sex.

You've cheated on me for the last time. You're going to keep on wearing women's clothing, no matter how much you hate it. You'll never know at what moment I'll whip of your wig or scream that there's a man in the women's restroom or invite my friends and a bunch of your ex-girl friends over to see you dressed as my maid. You'll never know when you're going to be exposed. No, Louise, I'm not going to kill you. I'm going to let you spend the balance of your life degraded, humiliated and embarrassed in women's clothing. This address book of yours will constitute the first group we'll have over to see you, Louise."

Lew lunged for the gun, but he was unsteady on his high heels. She hit him with it hard across the shoulder, "I could have hurt you badly, Louise, and if I had, you'd have recovered in the public hospital wearing silk nighties and a woman's wig in curlers! I'd invite the tabloid press in to take your picture. They'd love to run a story and photos of the girlie man. Don't ever try that again.

"I'm your only protection against exposure and your principal threat of it. Now put on that woman's beret and let's get out of here. We're going to take a nice, long walk."





"Please, Doreen, don't do this to me."

"You first, Louise," she gestured towards the door with her gun.

Hobbled by the unfamiliar high heels, he limped to the elevator. When the door opened on the first floor, Lew looked around nervously. The old men were glued to their television screen and the desk clerk was looking the other way.

"Check out, Louise."

Lew cringed as they walked into the lobby and over to the desk. "Checking out," Lew said in a whisper.

The clerk casually glanced up at Lew. His nonchalant manner changed to surprise at the odd looking man-woman standing in front of him. Then he saw Doreen and smiled. "Certainly Mam," he said. Lew dropped his head in shame.

The late afternoon street was crowded with people getting off work and Louise faced a series of embarrassing encounters and comments as they walked to a nearby drug store. There Doreen bought a razor, shaving cream and nail polish. She made Lew pay for them with his credit card so he had to show his male identification to the amused clerk.

A department store provided wigs. Doreen whipped off the heartsick Louise's beret to try a few of them on him. Right in front of the salesgirl and the gathering crowd of curious shoppers, she placed one on his head, fluffed it out and put the beret back on him. Some of the shoppers applauded the transformation.



"Where did you get that outfit?" a shopper asked. "He looks like a hooker, no offense."

"None taken," Doreen said. "It belonged to the hooker I found him with."

Laughter filled the store and Lew stared at the people defiantly.

"You need to do something about those hairy legs," another shopper said.

"Have you a ladies' lounge?" Doreen asked the clerk.

"Yes, but perhaps you should take 'her' to the employees, lounge. You may use my key."

"Thank you, but my Louise will need to become accustomed to using public ladies' rooms. After all, we won't always find someone as accommodating as you."

The sales girl giggled and asked, "He'll be in dresses for some time?"

"She will be in them for as long as I want her to be, won't you, Louise?"

Lew silently stared at the floor.

"Come along, Louise, you need to shave off all of that ugly hair." Doreen marched Lew to the ladies' room. "Take off your skirt, blouse and nylons, Louise. It's time for you to shave."

"I can't. Someone could come in here at any time."

"Do it or I'll bring in some spectators myself? Start with your arms and underarms." Nervously Lew stripped to his panties and stuffed bra. He spread the shaving cream on and under his arms. He nicked

himself a few times in his haste, but he succeeded in removing all of the hair.

"Rinse off your arms and do your legs, Louise." He washed his arms in the sink, sat down and covered both legs with shaving cream. He looked up at Doreen plaintively but saw no hint of mercy so he reluctantly began removing all of the hair from his legs.

"Next your chest," Doreen said and loosened his bra so he could shave under it.

With his masculine hair all gone, he washed the extra soap off in the sink and dried himself with paper towels all of the time glancing toward the door. If anyone came in and saw him in bra and panties he would die of embarrassment.

"Don't your legs look pretty? Here apply this red polish to your toenails. She watched him lift each foot to the sink and awkwardly paint his nails. "Next time I'll take you a salon and you can have a pedicure. I'll put you in a really short skirt so that the manicurist and the other customers can see your darling little panties. Won't that be fun, Louise?"

Finished with his toes, Lew began on his fingernails.

"I wish I had a camera, but there will be plenty of time for photographs later." Doreen waited until he was done with both hands. "Be careful not to smudge them. They'll dry faster if you blow on them. When they are fully dry you can put your nylons. I'm going out to check on some other things you need." She started out the door still holding his clothes in her hand.





Lew glanced down at himself and then towards the door and "You can't leave me here like this."

"Don't worry, after I leave you can go hide in a stall until I get back."

"Doreen --"

"Blow on that polish, Louise. I'll take your skirt and blouse with me to insure that you stay put."

While she shopped, she smiled thinking of how terribly ashamed and afraid he must be feeling. He was in a ladies' bathroom wearing a bra and panties. Was he worrying who she might bring to see him? Was he afraid she would tell the police there was a man in here? He must be praying for her to return soon. She took her time.

"God, Doreen," he said when she finally returned, "Where were you. I was terrified."

He now had the nylons on his freshly shaved legs. Doreen smiled at the sight. "Put on your skirt and blouse, Louise."

He complied quickly, grateful to be dressed again.

She led him out onto the street. Despite his dress and makeup, many people recognized him as a man and smiled at him or made rude comments.

"Where the hell are you taking me," he asked.

"I found a shop where they carry dresses in your size, Louise. We'll get you a complete wardrobe of all sorts of luscious women's things."

"Come on, Doreen," Lew said, "enough is enough. I hate these damned female clothes. You've dragged me out in public and embarrassed me in front of

dozens of people. Doesn't that satisfy your need for revenge?"

She stood behind him and unzipped his skirt. "Shall I let your skirt drop and snatch off your wig then and scream that there's a pervert exposing himself, Louise, or will you do exactly as I say no matter how much you hate it without one more word of protest?"

"For heaven's sake, Doreen," the terrified man gasped, "zip that up. I'll go with you. I'll do anything, but not that!"

Their shopping trip continued. She held garments up to him in front of the salespeople, went into the dressing rooms with him as he tried on lingerie and nightgowns of sleek satin, evening gowns and brightly printed silk dresses. She had him try on a variety of wigs. It was all the more fun for her because he was so upset.

She took him to a corset shop where she had him take off his dress and blouse while a pretty little sales girl laced him into a foundation garment that feminized his figure perfectly, giving his a much smaller waist and a flat front.

After she had tightened it as far as possible, Doreen tied several knots in the corset's cords behind his back where he couldn't reach them. He wasn't going to take it off without her help. The shop also sold realistic breast prosthesis. She had the girl fit him with his own bra and then made him place the falsies in it himself. She selected several other bras and had him charge the purchase on his credit card.

Loaded with bundles they went home.



Their neighbor saw them walking in and asked, "Hi, how's Lew?"





Doreen whipped the wig off her prettily dressed companion and said, "Now he's Louise!"



The End

THE BERIBBONED GANG

"Congratulations, Sergeant," the Captain said.

I knew he resented the fact that I'd been promoted over several men with more seniority. He didn't like women in the department at all. But I'd studied hard and got the highest score on the Sergeant's exam. Legally he had no choice but to promote me.

"Thank you sir," I said. "Have you decided on my assignment yet?"

"You'll be on day shift for the first few months so I can keep an eye on your progress."

I knew what that meant. He'd be looking for any excuse to bust me and promote one of his friends.

"I'd like you see what you can do about those kids at Eighth and Oak," he said. "They've gotten out of hand. We've arrested them dozens of times for minor offenses, but we can't hold them because so far they haven't done anything major, but the way they talk to people, block the sidewalk and make nuisances of themselves has unnerved a lot of people.

Sooner or they are going to do something that'd make the public feel we've failed to do the deterring we should."


OAK ST.
8th AVE

"If they aren't actually breaking the law, what can I do about it?"

"That's up to you, Sergeant. That will be all."

I left his office and went to talk with Jane. She was one of the few friends I had in the department.

"He's out to get you, Ella," she said.

"I know that. He just gave me an impossible assignment."

"Yea, Terry's gang, I overheard him laughing about it with my sergeant. He really thinks he's got you. I have an idea. When my brother got out of control my mother calmed him down by sewing lace on his shirttails. Terry and his gang are well beyond that stage, but there will be no hope for women in this department if you fail. I know a dozen young women in my karate class who'd help. How many does Terry have in his gang?"

"Maybe eight to twelve," I said.

When Ella Franklin asked her troops to get ready for battle, they didn't don armor, they donned war paint. With makeup perfect, nails polished, short skirts, high heels, and perfume, the lady commandos approached the corner confident that they were well armed.

Only four boys were there, but one of them was their leader, Terry. Immediately the eight of us approached the boys, two went to each boy and embraced him. Before they knew what was happening, they were bound with ribbons. Jane and I approached Terry, but he shook us off. He was much stronger than he looked.



The other girls quickly came to help us. They held him tight while we secured him with two-inch wide ribbons. He too was soon helpless, but he continued to struggle ineffectively against his bonds. He yelled obscenities and threats at us.

We wrapped ribbon over his mouth as a gag to quiet him. With our captives in hand, we went to my house. We took their identification.

Besides Terry we had Nat, Eric and Ralph.

"What do you bitches think you're doing?" Terry asked when we removed his gag.

"We want you to do something for us," I said. "Screw you!"

"They need some discipline," Jane said.

Tied as they were, they could only offer token resistance. How they cursed as I spanked them, but I continued until they were crying in pain.

Once they all were subdued and teary faced, I issued my ultimatum. "We are going to dress you boys in girl's clothes."

"What! Never!" Terry said.

"You have your choice of being badly hurt or of letting us do exactly what we want with you."

Nate sneered at me as I took off his shirt and another girl untied his ribbon restraints. As soon as he was free, he made a dash for the door. Several girls grabbed him. His wildly flailing arms and legs managed to blacken one girl's eye, make another's mouth bleed and kick one in the stomach.


EAT





I didn't mind fighting as dirty as the occasion called for. While he was fighting off the other girls, I caught him with a right cross to the chin and followed with a solid knee to the groin that took all of the fight out of him.

I wrapped his shirt around his neck and pulled it tight. "I can tighten this until you pass out," I said, "or are you willing to surrender utterly and completely?

He was coughing and choking, but he said that he was.



"Strip off his pants and shorts, his socks and shoes," I ordered, "and a bunch of you begin removing the hair from his legs with these Epaladies." They fell to with a will, especially the three girls he'd injured before I'd subdued him And when his legs were completely stripped of all hair, I had the girls put some strong, burning liniment in a particularly heavy small rubber girdle one of them had brought to help with the transformations, and forced the garment on him.

When he felt the liniment, I heard his howls of anguish. "Now let's turn this punk into a sissy girl," I said. Gleefully the girls all joined in on Nat's further feminization. How so many were able to work on one man at once, I'll never know. One put panties on him over his girdle while another got a beautiful brunette wig ready. Two were doing his nails.

Evelyn took over on the makeup, using a dark foundation and the bright red lipstick that we had agreed would be the boys' trademark. How she over got his eyes to look that pretty, I'll never know. She can put my makeup on me any time after that masterpiece.

But what amazed me most was the job one girl did in giving Nat not just a brassiere but also a very convincing impression or having breasts.

She pulled his chest flesh forward and gathered the two sides together with her hands, then ran a strong strip of adhesive tape between the two artificially raised ridges to hold them in that position, keeping the tape at a level where it would be concealed by his brassiere.

Isn't that strange sounding? "His brassiere." But that wasn't the strangest thing we soon became accustomed to. When she put a moderately padded bra on him you'd have sworn he was a woman.

We marched him in front of a mirror and made Nat look at himself in bra, girdle and makeup. His whole body seemed to begin physically trembling and his shoulders sagged. He got weak and looked so ashamed that I actually felt sorry for him. I let him go sit on the window seat to recover from the emotional disturbance. But not for too long.

"Tell me, Nat, are you ready for your dress?" I asked him as soon as he seemed to have himself back under control.

"Please don't," he said.

"Girls, suppose you just rustle up something for Nat and put it on him," I said.

Five minutes later, Nat was wearing not just a dress, but nylons and high heels. We made him stand there posing.

"Terry, you're next," I said.

I took no chances with him. I put handcuffs on him before we stripped him. The girls used the Epaladies to take all of the hair from his legs, arms and chest. It must have really hurt, based on his yells.

"Terry, that's a prelude to what we'll do to you when we get really rough - and I warn you, we've got chains, flares and knives or do you let us do anything – anything we want to you?"



"No more," he said, "please. Do whatever you want. I swear I'll let you."

Gleefully, right in front of all the others, we jammed the hurt and crying naked punk into the cutest yellow bra and panty set you've ever seen. The girls stuffed his bra full of paper and pinned on a matching yellow wig. Then they gave him panty hose to put on. The image of this tough punk drawing his pantyhose up over his lacy panties was one of the funniest sights I had ever seen.

I said. "I'd like to see this brand new sissy fully dressed." Next we squeezed him into an extremely short skirt over his nylon clad shaved legs. He was scarlet-faced and miserable as he went through this in the presence of his gang, surrounded by all of us girls. We forced a pair of to tight high-heeled shoes onto his feet, screwed huge hoop earrings into his earlobes so tightly tears rose, and then they put makeup on him and did his nails. The result was astonishing.

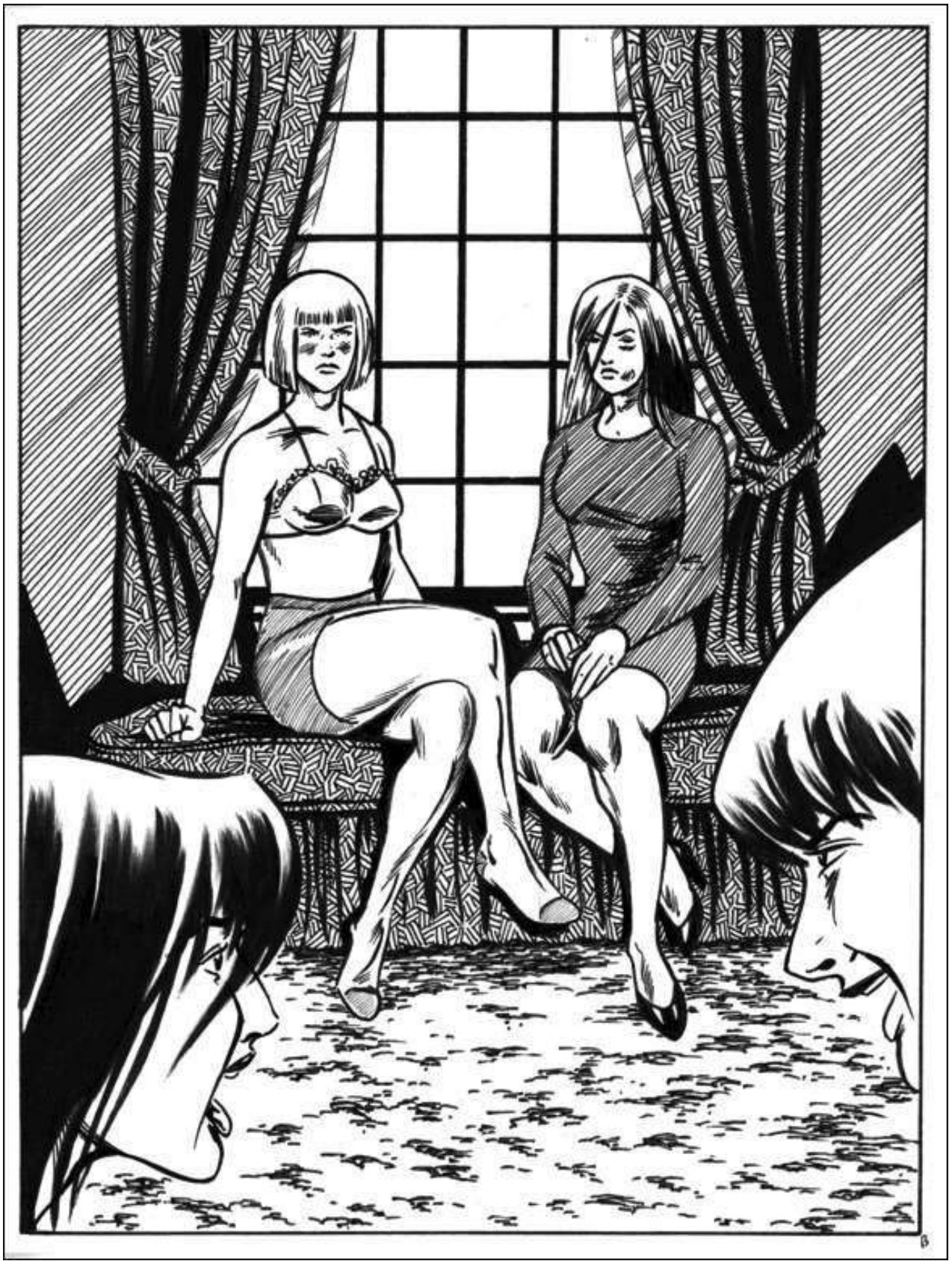
Terry looked miserable in his skirt. The girls added a silky satin blouse and he was fully dressed as a girl. Then we made the beautiful blond creature we had created from the tough gang boss sit on a window bench holding his artificial breasts cupped in his hands. He had to sit with his mouth sexily opened while we took his picture.





How Terry hated what I was doing to him - and how I loved making him hate it. To make matters worse, I teased him mercilessly. "Tough gang boss, huh?" I said. "Now you're an feminized non-man. You're nothing, certainly nothing a woman would want as a mate nor a man could admire as a fellow man. You're just a phony girl, a degraded, helpless subject of women who hate you and take pleasure in making you more and more the sissified, sexless enormity that you are. What man could respect you now? Look at yourself, you woman-thing, helpless in your bra and panties. See how beautiful you are in the mirror, that was once a man and I don't think you'll ever again be allowed to be one again. I hope you hate being made to wear these women's clothes, Terry, because if I have my way they are the only kind of clothes you'll ever wear from now on.

I saw tears coming down his cheeks and I knew that I was getting to him. I made him take off the satin blouse so that once again he could feel its smooth, slippery sleekness, and I promised him that he'd have many of them to wear in the future. Then I unzipped the back of his skirt and let it drop to the floor. "Step out of your heels, Terry, mince over to that bench, and sit alongside of Nate.



"I'm cold," Nate complained, no doubt hoping we'd give him back his pants.

"How thoughtless of me", I said. "Here." I handed him a pink taffeta stole. "Put this on it will make all the difference in the world.

How it amused me to see him shrink from the touch of the taffeta.

"Let's make them dance for us," Evelyn said. "We're in no hurry. I'd as just as soon keep them in panties and dresses for a year or so.

How evident their non-womanliness was as they teetered about precariously on those high-heels. They had to hold on to each other to keep from falling, but goaded by the bunch of us they managed to walk around. In time we were even able to get them dancing together to the music from the radio.

It was fun watching them having to hold each other, recoiling from each other, reacting to the touch of their hands on the other's silken garments and the feel of their partner's hands on the silks they were wearing. I even made them kiss each other on their lipsticked mouths. I don't ever recall being so amused in all my life.

"Let's tie them up," I said. "Set up that pair of full length mirrors in front of the mirrored door girls," I said to my team.

They did as I asked, then backed the two converted men up against each other, put their arms behind themselves and around the man-girl behind them, and tied their wrists together with a pair of big, feminine looking ribbons.

I did the same with their ankles, tying Terry's right to Nate's left immediately behind it and the same with Nate's right and Terry's left. I tied a huge sash around their waists and another around their necks, making sure that all the bows were fluffed out, feminine and full. I sprayed them both with a strong, cheap, sexy perfume, doing a thorough job of it, and then I stationed one of the girls with a riding crop to watch them both very closely.

"They are both to keep smiling like they love what is happening to them," I told her. "If for even an instant the smile leaves the face of either of our pretty little pansies here, that's your signal to hit the non-smiler as hard as you can on his sleek silken legs."

Hardly had I handed her the crop before both of them broke into the happiest grins you over saw in your life. To make sure the grins were forced, I assigned another girl to stroke them with smooth, soft silken clothes to remind them of their state.

I noticed Terry whispering something to Nate and, for the first time since his capture, there was a smile on Nate's face.

Evelyn caught his action too. "Think they have some escape planned?" she asked me. "I don't like the looks of that."

"Obviously he thinks he has some sort of ace in the hole," I said. "But I'll bet one thing, he's going to wait for Eric and Ralph to be in the same sort of get-up he and Nate are in before he tries anything. How else could he hope to save his reputation otherwise?"

We'd set out to humiliate the four, not to humor them. Nate and Terry were still bound together in

their big, pretty silken bows, still smiling bravely while their persecutors stood beside them, one tantalizing them by stroking them with one of the girls' silk dresses, the other ready with a cruel riding crop the instant a smile faded on either of them.

We turned to our third victim.

We didn't even give Eric the excuse of our beating him. I ordered him into the bathroom, made him shave all the hair off his face, arms, armpits, chest and legs. I gave him a worn black girdle that I'd bought for the occasion at a thrift shop and a pair of shiny black nylon panties. How he recoiled from the touch of these female things. How he hated having to put them on.

I got him into a padded black bra and long earrings, a blonde wig, long white gloves and bracelets. He was the most feminine-looking tough guy in the world by this time. What a sense of artistic accomplishment it gave me to make this gorgeous creature out of the unpleasant young man.

Then came my masterpiece. With the aid of false lashes and mascara, a great foundation, eye shadow, eyebrow pencil and lipstick, I did a job on Eric that would easily have made him the prettiest girl in the place - that is if he had been a girl.

How sexy he looked in high-heeled shoes and nylons. The picture we took of him fastening his hose to the girdle garters is one I'll always treasure. We made him parade around in front of a mirror and even have tea with us as one of the girls. I dressed him in a lacy full slip, a satin blouse and a dress that dramatized his gorgeous girdled figure. He actually trembled when we put it on him.

To make matters worse, I made him sit on pillows in the corner, one hand behind his head, and I stroked his breasts through the dress I had made him don. Talk about hell. If I'd been touching him with hot coals, I don't think I could have done anything to make him more aware of his state, especially since I took the gloves off of him and left his bare arms to feel the smooth satin around them. The fact that he was in a full-skirted, silk dress and I was in a leather mini and boots didn't hurt his sense of total degradation one bit either.

No sooner did Evelyn free him of his gag than Ralph blurted out, "Look, girls, I'm real cooperative. I'll go along with you anyway. I'll switch over to your side. You don't need to do those things to me. I surrender without it. See, I'm saying 'Uncle.' Give me a white flag and I'll wave it."

I nodded my head in his direction and the girls were soon swarming over him He didn't put up any kind of battle at all. They had his clothes off and a savage little girdle on him in a trice. He shaved his own legs and even pulled the nylons on over his muscular legs to show how cooperative he was. He collapsed into the window seat in a blubbering, protesting heap, all bewigged and made up, wearing a red bra and panties.

"Smile," the girl who put the bra on him ordered. "Keep smiling, Ralph, He managed to force a half-smile onto his face "No. Ralph," the girl said, "I like to share my nice things with friends. If you model it in a very pretty and truly feminine way, I'm going to let you wear a favorite black fox fur of mine."

You never saw a man work harder at looking feminine. He threw the fur over his shoulder, stroked

his face with it, struck his impression of high fashion poses and, generally behaved himself just the way we wanted him to. I found a pair of black panty hose and made Ralph put them on and stand there with the fur draped around him.

"Beg us to put a dress on you, Ralph, a plump little blonde in a pale blue silk organza dress teased him. "Tell me how much you'd like to wear my dress."

He looked pleadingly at the rest of us for relief from this embarrassing order but all of us managed to look at him very severely. His voice seemed choked with embarrassment as he stood there, posing just as we'd positioned him, with the black fur around his shoulder, and said, "I'd just think it was great if you'd decide to take that dress you're wearing off and put it on me."

His face turned bright red as he talked, even though his make-up. The plump little blonde fluffed the full-skirted gown she was wearing out around her, spun gracefully so that the skirt swirled out, caught up a double armload of the full skirt and petticoat and tossed the garments from side to side in a distracting frou-frou movement, and said, "Yea, Ralph. Go on."

He started to stammer and his voice rose. "It would be real great if I could have all those frills around me sticking out every which way. I'll bet it must feel good to walk in a skirt like that and have the ruffles stroking and tickling your nylons. If I got to do any thing like that, it'd probably feel real great He stopped, confused, "Is that okay? Did I say enough? Can I put my men's clothes back on again now, huh?"

"Why Ralph" the little blonde said, "I do wish you hadn't said that. You were so convincing in your little

speech that you talked me into it. I've decided that I'd like to see you in this dress and let you feel for yourself now nice it is to have a full, silk skirt stroking your legs in nylons while you walk." She started to unzip her dress and take it off.

The flustered and embarrassed Ralph said, "Hey, don't do that" I was just kidding. I only said those things because you told me I had to." By this time the girl was in her bra and panties and she was holding her dress up in front of Ralph, who was shrinking away from it. Ralph was in tears as he reluctantly let us put him in petticoats and the dress he had pretended to want to wear. As one of us zipped him up another was changing his wig.

Just then Nat made a serious mistake. He laughed at Ralph's predicament. As though this were a pre-set cue, a red-headed member of our group around Nat's size came and stood where he'd been sitting in the pink taffeta stole over his bra and panties.

She was wearing a tight-fitting leather skirt that was slit deeply up the side in the style of the Parisian apache dancers. It showed a tempting expanse of lovely white thigh above where her hosiery stopped.

"It's your turn now, Nat," she said. "Tell me about why you'd love to wear this skirt of mine."

"I'd not like to wear it!" Nat said.

The crop caught him sharply across his thighs. "Stop that, damn it," he cried.



Twice more the crop struck him as he tried to avoid it.

"Start talking, Nat," she said. He told her how good that leather must smell and how nice it must feel to have its texture against your skin and to be able to feel yourself in a leather skirt and how daring a girl must feel to know that her skirt was so slit that her sexy-looking leg stuck out like that.

"You won it," she told him. "You get to wear this skirt." The two 'girls' were soon forced into the costumes they'd described so vividly and were made to stand there and describe the sensation of having them on in elaborate detail.

When they'd finished, Evelyn said,

"Now let's get our four victims all ready for a group shot. I'd like to get a pretty picture of them all feminized and done up in silken, glamour clothes."

First we touched up their makeup. Ralph and Eric were still trying to cooperate, but I enjoyed seeing them cringe as the girls applied another coat of lipstick and mascara.

I untied the big bows that held Terry.

"Oh no you don't," he said as soon as he was free. "You girls have gone far enough and it's time that I put the whole damned bunch of you in your place."

We stood there waiting, wondering what he had up his sleeve.



"You've brought us here against our will and have assaulted us. If you let us go right now, we'll forget about all this. If not, I'll report you to the chief of police. This can't be legal. "

"Well, I suppose we'll eventually go to jail for being kidnappers," I said. "In the meanwhile, you can go with us and help collect the rest of your gang."

"Give me back my pants," Terry said with his hands on his hips. No doubt this was a pose that would have looked masculine and tough were it not for the fact that he was wearing panties and a stuffed bra.

"Hear that, girls," I said, "Our cute sissy want's pants. What do you think?"

"Let him have them," Jane said.

How Terry protested as we forced him into an out-thrust black bra, a white satin blouse, tight fitting gold stretch pants and high-heeled pumps.

"You'll never get away with this shit," he said.

At this point I threw open the door and said, "Terry, let's go see the rest of your gang - with you as you are.

"You're bluffing."

Even with four of us surrounding him we would have had a hard time dragging him out into the street if he hadn't been stiff from his recent bondage experience.

He continued to struggle as we walked to the car, "If you keep that up, you'll just draw attention to yourself," I said. He quieted down and got into the car with us. We parked downtown, near his hangout. He became almost uncontrollable as we pulled him out onto the sidewalk.


RANK'S

"I won't do it," he said. "You can't make me go to my gang like this."

A young woman was walking towards us.

"I know that girl," Terry said, "God, what will I do if she recognizes me?" Just then I whipped off his wig.

"Don't!" Terry wailed, "For God's sake, put it back."

"Will you promise to be good?" I asked.

"Yes! Just give me back that wig."

I mercifully replaced the wig before the girl reached us. She ignored us and Terry sighed in relief.

We walked down the street towards his hangout with our victim shrinking and cringing, no doubt hoping the earth would open up and swallow him.

Seven of the gang members were at the corner. We formed a circle around them.

"What is this," one of them said.

"Stand still," I said. "If you follow our instructions, you won't be hurt."

"Hey," one said, "that broad looks like Terry."

"It is," I said. "Come with us and we'll tell you all about it."

In a few minutes, the group of cowed, captive boys was in my house looking at their buddies in dresses.

"Well, fellows," I said, "you see what we've done to your leader and these three other new 'girls'. You can rescue them and yourselves only by exceptional behavior by every member of your gang."



"For a month, you'll wear ribbon chokers around your necks and ribbon bands around your foreheads as a symbol of your gang membership.

"With the first bad behavior by one of your members, we put you through the next step, lipstick. The second means pierced ears. The third calls for your wearing panty hose and panties. Fourth is a brassiere and falsies you'll find impossible to hide. Finally comes complete feminine attire, but without wigs. Do we understand each other? A solid month of perfect behavior and we'll hold your four buddies as hostages like this, for that entire time."

"What if we don't agree," one of them said.

"That would be very bad behavior," I said. "You would all have to leave here wearing lipstick as well as your ribbons. If you don't think we can do it, just look at your buddies."

Then we applied the ribbons to the gang and took their addresses from their driver's licenses.

"We'll meet you every day at five at your corner," I said. "If you've been good, nothing will happen to you. If any one of you has not, you'll all receive your punishment right there. You boys can go now." They walked out, leaving their feminized buddies and leader with us.

"I couldn't go back to my gang after a month in dresses," Terry said. "The teasing would be unbearable."



"Don't worry your sweet little head, honey," I told the sissified gang boss. "I know we'll find at least five violations by one or another of your gang during the next few weeks. Don't worry, they'll all be in dresses soon."

We kept our four victims constantly in feminine garments. Dresses in the daytime and nightgowns at night. Not once did they know a moment outside their silken prisons save when they bathed, and even then it was always in perfumed waters. We taught them how to apply their own makeup and nail polish and they were expected to always look and act like sweet feminine girls.

They dreaded going out in public the most, so we saw that they did it every day. They were watched constantly and were often restrained in ribbon bonds or handcuffs.

It was only a few days before one of the gang got into a fight. We had them all in lipstick that very afternoon. That made them docile, but soon one of the boys didn't show up for our daily meeting. We tracked him down where he was hiding. We pierced his ears right there and inserted large gold hoop earrings in both ears.

The next day, when Jane and I met the gang, the boys were quite upset. The earringed boy was there and the others knew what was coming. They all had their own gold hoops soon.

We had to wait almost a week after that before one of the gang gave us an excuse to move them to the next level.

During our daily inspection, I criticized one of them for having lipstick on his teeth. He blew up.

"You bitches!" he said. "I should wipe this stuff off and never put it on again."

"That does it," I said. "Boys, follow us into the alley."

We had a bag of panties and panty hose with us and, right there in plain view of the people on the street; we took the boys pants and underwear and made them don their new feminine garments. Their pants concealed most of these new undies, but we refused to give them socks and their nylons showed between their pants and shoes.

The next step, to bras and falsies, followed in a few days. After that they seldom went outside of their homes. Only our requirement that they meet us at their normal hangout got them out each day. People soon figured out their schedule and were waiting for them to arrive at their corner. They laughed at the gang and their androgynous appearance. I knew that these tough boys wouldn't be able to take the teasing.

"That sissy, Jeff, called me a bitch," a young woman told me at our meeting one afternoon.

"I didn't," he said.

"Don't make it worse, Jeff," I said. "Why would this woman lie?"

"Everyone knows about your rules. She wants to see me in a dress."

"Why would she want that?"

"She used to be my girlfriend before I dumped her." "How rude," I said.


QUEEN

"It wasn't my fault," he said obviously fearing the consequences of another breach in our rules. "She wouldn't put out."

"Be very careful," I said.

The girl was smiling now, obviously enjoying seeing her swollen chested and lipsticked former boyfriend being further embarrassed by a couple of women cops.

"You will be polite to this lady or else," I told him.

The next day she was back. "Jeff pushed me," she said.

"This is totally unacceptable behavior," I said. "Pushing a defenseless girl."

"She's making it up," Jeff said. "I didn't do anything to her."

"Are you calling her a liar?" I asked.

"Yes!"

"That's unacceptable," I told him. "I warned you yesterday that you had to be careful not to be rude or you would suffer the consequences. Jane, get the garment bags from our squad car."

"It's not fair! I didn't do anything!"

"You'll look sooo sweet in a dress," his former girlfriend taunted.

I was sure that she had made it up, but it was time for the gang to move to the next step and I didn't have any other excuse.

"Please, don't do it," another one of the gang members said.

"I've made up my mind, I said. "You boys are too argumentative. Wearing dresses for the rest of


HOTEL

the month will be a good lesson for you."

Two of us had to hold the protesting Jeff as two others stripped him of his male clothing. Once we had him reduced to his feminine underwear he was much easier to handle. He just sobbed as his former girlfriend gloated.

"I told you I'd get even. Now look at you, some tough guy. Do you want to borrow some of my dresses? How about a halter-top for those fine tits of yours? "

She kept up the taunts while we put her former boyfriend into a full dress and several petticoats. The rest of the gang looked on in horror as they knew that they would be next.

How the spectators howled and the gang cringed as we changed them into their gowns. The other boys couldn't avoid showing off their lingerie any more than Jeff had. You should have heard the comments.

The rest of the month we had nothing more to threaten them with except additional exposure as the sissified she males we had made of them. We promised them if they behaved perfectly for a week, we would allow them wigs. Aside from a few minor derelictions they managed to earn the hairpieces. They took them and wore them with some relief as they helped them to pass as real girls with some people who didn't know them.

The punishment of the gang had some unexpected consequences. I hadn't realized before how completely being feminine and wearing women's clothing can become a habit, even for a man, providing he has been properly conditioned to it.



When the month was over and we released our four captives, the entire gang stayed in dresses.

I thought I had done my job well, but within a few weeks the complaints began again. They were back, hanging out on their old corner, tormenting the passers by as before. Now instead of whistling at the girls and pinching them, they were criticizing their makeup and outfits. Instead of shoplifting candy and cigarettes, they were stealing lipstick. They were still snatching purses, but now they were keeping them.

All I had managed to do was create a new girl gang. If the captain hadn't been so amused by Terry's humiliation, I think he would have demoted me. Or perhaps he was afraid of what my girlfriends would do to him if he crossed me. For whatever reason, I finally felt secure as the first female Sergeant on the force.



THE END