PETTICOAT PUNISHMENT ILLUSTRATED

ADULTS ONLY

SCHOOLED TO BE GIRLS!

"BOB, PANTY THIEF"



BOB STEALS PANTIES AND IS SENT TO THE SYLVAN SCHOOL TO BE TRAINED AS A GIRL!

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BOB, THE PANTY THIEF

Chapter One

"Hey, Lisa, what's with you and Chuck? Everybody's telling me he's been hanging around you a lot lately."

"You jealous?"

"Ah, no, NO! Of course not, it's just that . . ."

"You are jealous!" she laughed.

Bob flushed; she was right.

"Chuck's kind of shy," Lisa explained. "He's been watching me a long time. My girlfriends told me he'd been trying to get up the nerve to talk with me. Finally, I just asked him if he had something he wanted to say, and he asked me to the prom."

"Why did he do that? He knows you're my girl."

"I accepted."

"What? I thought you were going with me."

"The prom is next month, and you haven't asked me."

"It was understood!"

"You've got a lot to learn about girls. All you do is boss me around and take me for granted."

"You can't do this to me! What will I do? Everybody will think we broke up."

"I really don't care. I'm tired of you grabbing me while your friends are around. If you don't have a date for the prom, it's your problem."



“Call that jerk and tell him you’re going with me!”

“I will not!” she said and walked into her house.

“I’ll make her pay for this!” Bob thought as, stormed home and slammed the door.

He paced, seething with anger. “She’s not going to make a fool out of me. We’ll see who has the last laugh,” he thought. Then he grinned as he got an idea and started to work out a plan.

Chapter Two

The next day after school, Bob hurried over to Lisa’s house. She was at cheerleading practice, and he knew neither her mother nor father were ever home in the afternoon.

He climbed the elm tree by Lisa's bedroom. He used the deep ridges in its mottled grey bark to get up to the branches where the going was easier.



Her window was unlocked. He climbed in and quickly went to her dresser. The top drawer was full of Lisa's panties. He searched thru them until he found a pink, lacy pair that would be perfect for his little 'show and tell'. By this time tomorrow, half the boys in school would have seen Lisa's panties, and heard Bob's story of sexual conquest.



The guys often bragged about such things, and ordinarily he wouldn't be believed if Lisa denied it, but her panties would be the convincer. No way would Chuck take her to the prom once her reputation was ruined, and she'd come crawling back to him. Bob grinned, grabbed the panties, put them in his back pocket and retreated down the tree.

Unfortunately, a neighbor had observed him climbing and then descending the tree. She even saw something pink sticking out of his back pocket. She went to her phone.

Chapter Three

When Lisa's arrived home, the answering machine was blinking. She listened to the message and ran to her room. Everything seemed in order until she opened her dresser. Her panties

had been moved around. She put them back in their proper places and found that a pair was missing! “That bastard took them,” she said out loud.



She called her mother, interrupting her bridge game and told her everything. She was so angry she was almost in tears.

“I’ll talk to Sally,” her mother told her.

Bob’s mother, Sally, was in the yard pruning her rose bushes as Lisa’s mother, Mary, approached and said, “We have a problem. It’s about Bob.”

Sally was horrified as Mary told her that their neighbor reported seeing Bob coming out of her house and that Lisa had discovered a pair of her panties was missing.



“It couldn’t have been Bob,” Sally said, but she was thinking, “Not another problem!”

Ever since her husband had left them, Bob had repeatedly gotten into trouble. First it was fighting at school. The principal had threatened him with a suspension if it happened one more time. Then there was the money; Bob always seemed to have some. He claimed he did odd jobs but was evasive when she asked him what kind of jobs he was doing. Finally, there was the shoplifting. Mall security police caught him stealing computer games. They filed a police report and threatened to arrest him if he ever entered that store again.

Sally went back home and found Bob in the den playing one of his computer games. She went to his room, hoping Mary was mistaken. After all, why would Bob take a pair of panties? Nonetheless, it wasn’t long before she found them. They were just as Mary had described them.



Sally slumped with disappointment at her discovery. With a sigh, she called Mary and told

her she had found the panties. Mary said she had talked to her husband, who was enraged and wanted something done about it.

Chapter Four

Bob was thoroughly into his computer game and unaware he had been caught until his mother, Lisa and her mother came into the room. “W-what’s going on?” he asked.

“I think you’d better answer that question, young man,” Lisa’s mother responded.

“I found these in your room,” his mother said, handing him Lisa’s panties. His heart sank as he took them from her.

“You rotten thief!” Lisa said.

“I-I don’t know what you’re talking about,” Bob said, trying to sound convincing. His face, however, burned with embarrassment at having been caught. “I don’t know how they got into my room. This is all Lisa’s fault! She’s just mad because I didn’t ask her to the prom, so she’s setting me up.”

“Why you little liar!” Lisa said.

“Bob! You just stop right there. One of our neighbors saw you climb into Lisa’s room. You’re only making it worse by lying.”

“Oh, all right. I took them.”

“Duh,” Lisa taunted.

“What on earth were you doing?” his mother asked. “It’s bad enough you broke into our neighbor’s house. But, why did you take Lisa’s panties, and what were you going to do with them?” His mother’s hands were on her hips, and a worried look was on her face.

Bob hesitated, knowing that explaining the true reason would make a bad situation even worse.

“I’ll bet you wanted to wear them,” Lisa said.

“That’s not true! You take that back or else!”

“You better watch what you say to my daughter!”

Bob glanced at his mother who had a horrified look on her face.

“No-o. You’ve got it all wrong. I’m a regular guy! Honest! Tell her, Lisa!”

“You’re a regular guy, all right. That’s why you took my favorite pair of panties. Thank

goodness my new boyfriend, Chuck, is all man. He'll be totally grossed out when I tell him about you wearing my panties, and so will all the kids at school."

Bob was overcome with panic at the thought of his schoolmates thinking he wore panties. This was turning out to be a disaster. "Here, take them back," he said and held them out to her.



She reached for them and then hesitated. "I can't wear those now after you've handled them."

"That's Greg's car now," Lisa's mother said. "He's really upset about all this."

Bob stood totally humiliated with the panties hanging from his hand as the stone-faced man walked in the door.

Sally filled him in on Bob's confession.

"Apparently our neighbor is a real sissy boy," he said.

“I am not!”

“Let’s see what the police have to say.”

“Is that really necessary?” Bob’s mother asked.

“Your panty loving son broke into our house and stole my daughter’s clothes. Damn right it’s necessary!”



Chapter Five

Two days later, Bob appeared before a juvenile court judge for a hearing. Everyone seemed to be against him. His principal testified about his troublemaking at school, the police reported the complaint against him for shoplifting, and even some of the freshman boys

whom he had been terrorizing found the nerve to come forward – he swore to himself he'd make those puny little bastards sorry. What upset him the most was Lisa's claim that he stole the panties so he could wear them himself.

He listened in disgust as Lisa tearfully testified about how he had deceived her into thinking he was a normal guy, how perverted it was for a boy to steal his girlfriend's panties and then wear them, and how these were her favorite pair of panties and she could never wear them again.

"What do you have to say for yourself, young man?" The judge asked.

Finally, Bob had a chance to speak in his own defense. "She dumped me and I wanted to get even. I'd never wear her stinking panties! I wanted to use them to embarrass her, that's all."

"You entered this girl's house illegally and stole a pair of her panties so you could embarrass her with them. That is your statement?"



“Yes sir.”

“I have seldom heard of such despicable behavior. You have severely hurt this innocent girl. Combined with your history of other theft, fighting and bullying of smaller children, this incident causes me grave concern about your future. I could send you to a juvenile correction facility until your eighteenth birthday, but the environment there would only reinforce your aggressiveness. I prefer you be reformed. Therefore, it is the decision of this court that you are to enroll in the Sylvan School. This is not a reform school, but it is a place where you are guaranteed to be truly reformed.” With a blow of his gavel, he declared, “Court is adjourned.”

Bob had never heard of the Sylvan School but he was upset at the Judge’s harsh words and about having to leave his friends.

After a tearful goodbye from his mother, Bob followed the bailiff from the courtroom. In the hallway, Lisa and her parents waited. Lisa waved a limp wrist at him as he passed. “Ta-ta, panty lover, sorry you’re going to miss the Prom.”

Chapter Six

The Bailiff took him to a car and put him into the back seat. There were no handles on the rear seat doors and a clear shield separated him from the driver. “What is this place you’re taking me?” Bob asked.

“You’ll see soon enough,” was the Bailiff’s curt response. During the several hour drive they didn’t talk again and the next words he heard were when the Bailiff stopped at a large metal gate and spoke into a call box. “Judge Harris sent me. I’m here with your new student.”

“Drive up to the main door and I’ll collect him,” a voice said over the call box and the gates swung open.

At the end of the drive a women met the car. “Welcome to the Sylvan School.” She had a deep almost husky voice. “Do you have her file?”

Bob chaffed at what he saw as the continuing teasing. “I told the judge I was a regular boy. I took those panties to get even.”

The woman took his arm in a firm grip and said, “Come with me, Eve.”

“My name’s Bob,” he protested glancing at the Bailiff who was openly grinning, but allowed her to lead him into the school.

She took him to an office, sat down and picked up a telephone. “Dove, please come to the office,” the words seemed to echo in the halls behind him and soon a girl who appeared to be about his age knocked at the door and was asked to enter.

“Dove, please take Eve to get her uniform.”



Bob set his jaw. He didn’t know what the hell was going on in this strange place but he was not going to put up with any more teasing! “Stop calling me Eve, damn it! I am no girl! I told you I was just trying to get even with my girlfriend.”

The women picked up the phone again and said, “Muffie to the office, please.”

It took only a few minutes and ten painful swats of a paddle wielded by the school’s disciplinarian for ‘Eve’ to respond to his new name. Several more minutes and many more swats were required to get him properly dressed in his new school uniform.

Chapter Seven

One morning, after Bob had been in the school for nearly three months, he and the other first year students were learning about makeup when the principal, Ms Gilbert, entered the classroom. Painful and embarrassing experience had taught him that nothing good ever came from visits by the principal, so he was understandably intimidated by her presence. Nervously, he checked to make certain he was sitting correctly with his knees together and his awful skirt properly adjusted across his thighs. With fear knotting his stomach, he concentrated on the hated task of applying liquid makeup, blush, mascara, eye shadow, and lipstick. Silently, he prayed he wasn't the subject of her wrath.

But when she called out, "Eve, come here," he wondered, "What have I done now?" Despite his fear, he had learned his lessons well and had the good sense to glance in the mirror to make sure he was presentable before rising to his feet. Anticipating a painful or embarrassing punishment for some unknown offense, Bob made every effort not to make it worse.

Nervously, he brushed out his skirt and checked to see if the lacy edges of his petticoats were showing. In a final gesture of submission, he kept his wrists limp and girlishly swayed his hips as he minced to the front of the room. As always, he cringed inwardly to be acting in such an effeminate manner. Grasping the hem of his pink uniform skirt, he lowered his gaze, dipped a respectful curtsy, and sighed, "I'm truly sorry if I've done something to displease you, Ms Gilbert."

"Judge Harris has ordered you to appear at an informal hearing."

"But why?"

"The girl whose panties you stole received your letter of apology and the photo we took of you in your uniform, and expressed her concern to the judge about your treatment here. She asked the court to reconsider your sentence. The judge wants to meet with you today at the girl's home with her parents and your mother."

He was overjoyed with the news that he was about to leave this awful place. He wanted to yell, WOW! GREAT! But he remembered where he was and what he had been taught. He lowered his gaze and bowed his head and asked in a genteel manner, "Oh, Ms Gilbert, thank you for the news. When I'm living at home again I promise to be a credit to you and Sylvan."

"Just because the judge has agreed to see you doesn't mean he has changed his mind about your sentence. He may only want to observe our progress in correcting your aggressive behavior. It is also highly irregular for a first year student to take a trip home."

"Oh please, Ms Gilbert. Let me go home. I promise to be good! I'll apologize to Lisa, and I'll never cause trouble again!"

Bob felt certain he could convince the judge. He just had to get away from this insane place before they really did turn him into a sissy.

"Miss Stanley says you have made satisfactory progress in your posture and makeup lessons. You seem to be well on your way to becoming a demure sissy. You still have much to learn from us, but it will be up to the judge whether you remain here or return home."

"Oh, thank you Ms Gilbert!"

Chapter Eight

Bob's classmates were understandably consumed with jealousy over his good fortune, but Bob himself became concerned as a bone chilling thought occurred to him. Holding his skirts out for emphasis, he stammered, "W-will I have to wear a dress?"

"Of course, you foolish child."



"Oh please, Ms Gilbert, don't make me go to Lisa's house in a dress! I would be totally humiliated if she and her parents saw me like this!"

While Bob waited for her response, the other boys looked on with mixed emotions. They were envious because he was going home, but cringed at the thought of going to their homes

in a dress. They looked forlornly at their own pink uniform dresses, and were troubled thinking about their silky lingerie, feminine makeup, satin hair ribbons, and most of all, their falsie-stuffed bras. They were terrorized just by the thought of wearing such sissy clothes in the presence of their family and former friends, who had always known them as being rough and tough and not the least bit girlish.

“The Sylvan School charter requires our students to wear dresses at all times,” Ms Gilbert said. “Thus clad, they are to comport themselves in a feminine manner, both on and off campus. Beyond that, past experience has taught me boys like you quickly return to their aggressive ways if they are allowed to return to pants even for a short period of time. If that happened, your training to date would be wasted. You, Miss Eve, will wear a pretty dress for this visit, and that’s final!”

Chapter Nine

Over the past few weeks, Bob had reconciled himself to wearing girls’ clothes since the other boys had to wear them too. The occasional field trips into town with the other students and the boys who watched them each day thru the fence and yelled ‘Sissy’ or worse, had been horribly embarrassing but at least no one here knew him. The thought of Lisa and her parents seeing him in a dress was unbelievably horrible! He knew he couldn’t avoid wearing whatever Ms Gilbert directed, but he tried again. “Oh please, Ms Gilbert! Don’t make me go back in a dress! I couldn’t stand the embarrassment! Really, I couldn’t!”

“Enough!” she said in a tone that ended conversation on the subject. “I’m sure you will want to look your best for this special occasion.”

He turned bright red at the mere thought of visiting Lisa and her family in a dress, but he also knew he was trapped. As if in a trance, he grasped the hem of his skirt in his fingertips, dipped a polite curtsey and said, “Yes, Ms Gilbert.”

“Miss Stanley, help Eve with her hair and be certain she takes special care with her makeup,” Ms Gilbert said. “I’ll select a dress for her outing.”

“Yes, Ms Gilbert,” the instructor said. “Come along, Eve. We have to a lot to do to get you ready.”

When he was hesitant to follow, Miss Stanley took him by the arm and roughly pulled him along. When they reached the vanity, she spread a pink makeup cape over his shoulders, and began brushing out his hair. When he fidgeted nervously about, she said, “Be still, Eve, or I’ll cut your hair even shorter than it is and everyone who sees you will know you’re a sissy boy.”

He sat quietly while she took a comb and can of hairspray and began teasing his hair into somewhat feminine hairstyle. When she was done, to Bob’s great chagrin, she topped his hair off with a pink satin bow.



“That’s the best I can do. How pretty you will be one day when you have long, feminine hair.”

Chapter Ten

“I’ll watch you apply a fresh layer of makeup. Here, begin with your lipstick.”

Bob glared at the tube she was offering him and couldn’t stand it any longer, “I don’t want to wear lipstick. Lisa will think I’m a sissy!”

“If you don’t want me to call Muffie, get to work!” She pressed the tube into his hands. “You are a sissy, and what you want doesn’t matter? Now, first make a neat outline with this lip pencil and then fill in with a heavy coat of this dark red color as I showed you in class. Be careful not to get outside your lip line, or I’ll make you wipe everything off and start over.”

He was frightened and furious at the thought of Lisa and her family seeing him in a dress and makeup, but there was a chance the judge would let him stay home and out of dresses. He sighed and went to work on his mouth.

“That’s good for a start,” Miss Stanley smiled after he had applied three coats of the creamy color to his lips and blotted them on a tissue. “Now fix your eyes.”

As he put on his mascara and shadow, he stared at his horrible, feminine reflection. “I’d rather die than let Lisa see me like this!” he screamed inwardly.

“I’ll help you with your eye liner,” his instructor said as she traced the dark color carefully under his eyes. “That’s good. Let’s go see your pretty new dress.”

Chapter Eleven

Full of fear and shame, he followed Miss Stanley out of the room. He hoped the dress would not be as sissy as the school uniform he was wearing.

“Good morning ladies,” Carole Jean, the wardrobe mistress, greeted them. “Eve, just wait until you see the delightful dress Ms Gilbert selected for you to wear to visit your girlfriend. You’ll love it, dear, and she’ll be so jealous. Take off your uniform.”

Bob scowled and thought, “I’m not a sissy no matter what you make me wear!” As he began removing his pink uniform dress he decided, “When Lisa sees me all dolled up like this, she’ll agree I’ve been punished enough and have the judge release me. I’ll be back in pants by tomorrow.”

As he angrily pulled his dress over his head, Miss Stanley said, “Be careful! If you muss your hair or smear your makeup I’ll send you to Muffie for a session across his lap before we go.”

In a sincere effort to avoid being sent to the gruff and rugged school disciplinarian, Bob stammered, “N . . . no, please! Don’t send me to Muffie! I’ll be careful not to ruin my hair and makeup. I promise!” As quickly as the words were out of his mouth, he felt great shame for saying 'my' makeup and 'my' dress! Upset with himself for his choice of words, he wondered, “What’s happening to me? I’m glad I’m getting out of this place. If I stay her much longer, next I’ll be saying junk like, ‘my bra and my panties’.

“Actions will convince me of your sincerity, not words!” Miss Stanley said. “If you behave as a contrite and obedient sissy while, I’ll not send you to Muffie. Remember, that is only if you are meek, demure, and submissive.”

“Oh yes Miss, thank you.” To show his sincerity, he pushed his satin slip straps over his shoulders with a feminine flourish and slid the silky garment down to his feet. As he stepped out of his frothy slip, he pleaded, “I’ll do as you say, but please don’t make me wear my bra and falsies to Lisa’s.”

“Don’t be silly!” Miss Stanley said. “You know full well our sissies always wear their bra with full padding. Otherwise your darling dresses would never fit you properly. Or are you

objecting to the falsies you have on? If you like, I can give you larger ones. How would you like that, my dear?"

Bob lowered his head and said no more.



"Hurry over here, sweetie," Carole Jean said, "and I'll help you into your special little dress."

Bob was devastated when he saw the frilly green dress she was holding. It had a fitted bodice with two circles of white lace to accentuate his false breasts and a multi-layered skirt puffed out like a big petticoat. "I . . . I can't wear that! It's the most swishy, girlish thing I've ever seen! If Lisa sees me in that awful dress, she'll think I'm the biggest sissy in the world!"

"This is the dress Ms Gilbert selected for you, and if you refuse to wear it, I'm sure you will be punished and your little trip will be cancelled."

With great trepidation, Bob reluctantly allowed the wardrobe mistress to clothe him in the sissy dress. She adjusted the frilly skirt about his thighs as he pouted and blushed. Miss

Stanley freshened his makeup and added another coat of bright red lipstick to his trembling lips. After spraying him with a flowery perfume, she took him by the arm and escorted him to Ms Gilbert's office.

Chapter Twelve

Ms Gilbert smiled as Bob entered her office in his hated new dress. "My, don't you look precious!" she said. "Thank Miss Stanley for helping you be so pretty."

Bob wanted to tell Ms. Stanley where to go. Instead, he muttered a weak, "thank you."

"Your outfit needs a little something," Ms Gilbert said. "I know just the thing." She reached into her drawer and pulled out a pair of large hoop earrings. "I know you're dying to show off your pierced ears."



Moments later, she was helping him into her car. Had it not been for his ridiculous appearance, he'd have been thrilled. Even so, he was relieved to be on his way to what he knew would be an end to his humiliation. He had plenty of time to think of what he was going to say to win them over during the long drive. “That damn Lisa,” he thought fiddling with his dress. “She’s the one responsible for this.” He wanted to tell her off, but he knew she was the key to his freedom. He would convince her he was sorry and now had been reformed, and then, when things were back to normal, he’d make her pay for these three months of hell.

When Ms Gilbert pulled up outside Lisa’s house, Bob trembled. It was one thing to wear a dress and lingerie around boys similarly outfitted, but this was different. Now he was about to appear in front of his old girlfriend and her parents. He shuddered and felt his stomach churning. He had been the toughest kid in his class. How could he have ended up in this condition? How could he have a face covered with makeup? How could he be bathed in a sweet smelling scent? How could he be wearing a dress? And finally how could he be in the horrible girl’s undies he had on under this silly dress? He hated the thought of getting out of the car and facing people who knew him, but he was going to do what he had to do to get out of this mess then get revenge.

His heart was pounding as he entered Lisa’s living room. Under his makeup, he was blushing furiously and his hands were trembling with embarrassment. His worst fears were confirmed when Lisa started laughing hysterically. Then her parents began laughing too. It was a few seconds before he noticed his mother and the judge were also present. They weren’t laughing, but studying him intently.



Chapter Thirteen

“Mom, Dad, look! Doesn’t Bob look darling?” Lisa said.

“He certainly does,” her mother said. “That precious party dress is just perfect for a panty lover like Bob. And doesn’t he look pretty in his makeup? It seems your old boy friend makes a fine girl. Sally, I have to say your boy looks just like you?”

“Aren’t you forgetting something, Eve,” Ms Gilbert said.

Bob lifted his skirt slightly and dipped a perfunctory curtsy.



“How sweet,” Mary said and Bob blushed all the redder. He glanced towards his mother but she was staring at the floor in embarrassment.

Bob cringed as Lisa came and looked him up and down. “Eve, darling, you look so chic. I love what you’ve done with your hair. And your makeup is simply divine. Let me look at your dress! I just love the bow in the back. And what’s this?” she asked laughingly, pointing at Bob’s obvious bust line. “It looks like my girlfriend is becoming a woman.”

“Judge,” Lisa’s father said, “You were right about this panty thief. I’ve never seen a bigger sissy in my entire life. He’s wearing lipstick for God’s sake.”

Bob winced as the laughter started anew.

Lisa leered at him, as she asked, “I’m at dying to know if you’re wearing the fancy panties we all know you love so much! Lift up your pretty dress so I can see.”

“No! No way!”

“Since you humiliated Lisa by stealing her panties,” Ms Gilbert said, “Her request to see yours is perfectly reasonable. “Raise your skirt at once, and model your adorable panties for her.”

With tears in his eyes and a bright blush on his face, Bob obediently lifted the hem of his skirt to show off the full crinoline petticoat under his dress. He stalled, hoping Ms Gilbert would not insist he show any more, but a sudden, “Do it, Eve!” from her made him hoist his skirt to his waist.

“Look at that,” Lisa said, “She has a tiny package in her sweet panties.” She shrieked with laughter, and he quickly dropped his skirt and petticoats and fluffed them back into place as he had been taught.

Chapter Fourteen

“Come over here, Eve sweetie, and tell me all about your new school,” Lisa said.

Bob’s face was still burning with embarrassment and he was anxious to end his humiliating ordeal in feminine clothes. “Oh Lisa, dressing like a girl is awful. Please tell the Judge I’ve been punished enough, and you want him to release me.”

“Don’t be in a hurry. Before I’d do anything like that, I want to know what you’re learning at Sylvan.”

“But, I thought . . . Ms Gilbert said you would . . .” he stammered as he realized she wanted to tease and humiliate him before absolving him. “Oh, all right!” he said. “What’d you want to know?”

“Everything, Eve, do you wear pretty dresses like this all the time?”

He lowered his eyes and sighed, “All the guys do. They make us.”

“What kind of dresses? Describe them.”

Gathering his courage, he said, “The school uniform is a pink dress with puffed sleeves and a short full skirt.”

“You wear your silky panties all the time now, do you?”

“Please Lisa. Don’t humiliate me like this.”

“Look, you’re wearing an extremely frilly dress, and you just raised your skirt to show off your girlish panties. Since you stole mine, I just wondered if you get to wear them all the time. We all know you secretly love panties, so what’s the big deal?”

Bob hesitated.

“Eve, you must tell your friend what you wear under your pretty school dresses,” Ms Gilbert said, “Unless she knows the extent of your education, she won’t be able to decide if you have been sufficiently punished.”

He was being forced to swallow his pride and endure Lisa’s humiliating questions. Looking down, he adjusted his skirt over his hairless thighs, and in a soft voice admitted, “Yes, I wear panties all the time at school. They make me.”

“Do you have lots of panties all your very own?” Lisa asked.

“Will this humiliation never end?” he wondered as he blushed anew. Seeing no escape from this embarrassing ordeal, he said, “Yes. I have a drawer full of them.”

“And other things?” Lisa asked while pointedly gazing at the swelling mounds on his chest. “You must have a lot of bras too?”

“Yes, yes I do. I have panties, bras, slips and nighties and I wear them all the time. Now, are you satisfied? Are you through making fun of me? Haven’t I been punished enough?”

“Whatever made you think I was making fun of you,” Lisa said with a grin. “I’m simply trying to see whether you have enough panties of your own. I wouldn’t want to worry about you stealing mine again if you returned home, would I?”

“You know I didn’t steal your panties to wear them! Anyway, I won’t wear panties ever again after I come home. Oh, come on, Lisa, please tell them I’ve been punished enough.”

“Come over here and stand side-by-side,” Lisa’s father said to them. “I want some picture of you with Lisa. This is a ‘Kodak Moment’ if I’ve ever seen one!”



Lisa hopped up and excitedly ran over to Bob’s side. “What a great idea,” she said. “All the kids in school will want to see this.”

Lisa wore a huge grin as her father snapped a picture. Bob’s shock wore off and he moved his hand in front of his face.

Lisa’s mother intervened. “Now, Eve, darling, you simply must put on a pretty smile for the camera. Let’s see if you can pose more femininely. After all, you wouldn’t want us to think

you haven’t learned your lessons, would you?”

Reluctantly, Bob dropped his hands and posed with Lisa for more photos.



Chapter Fifteen

Lisa’s father smiled at the young man posing in his party dress. After snapping pictures of the two of them, he said, “Now, Eve, I want a few of just you. Curtsy for me again?”

Knowing it was wise not to resist, Bob curtsied and posed for more photos.

“That’s fine. Now, I’ll make multiple prints. Lisa can take them to school, and I can show them to our neighbors, and the guys at work.

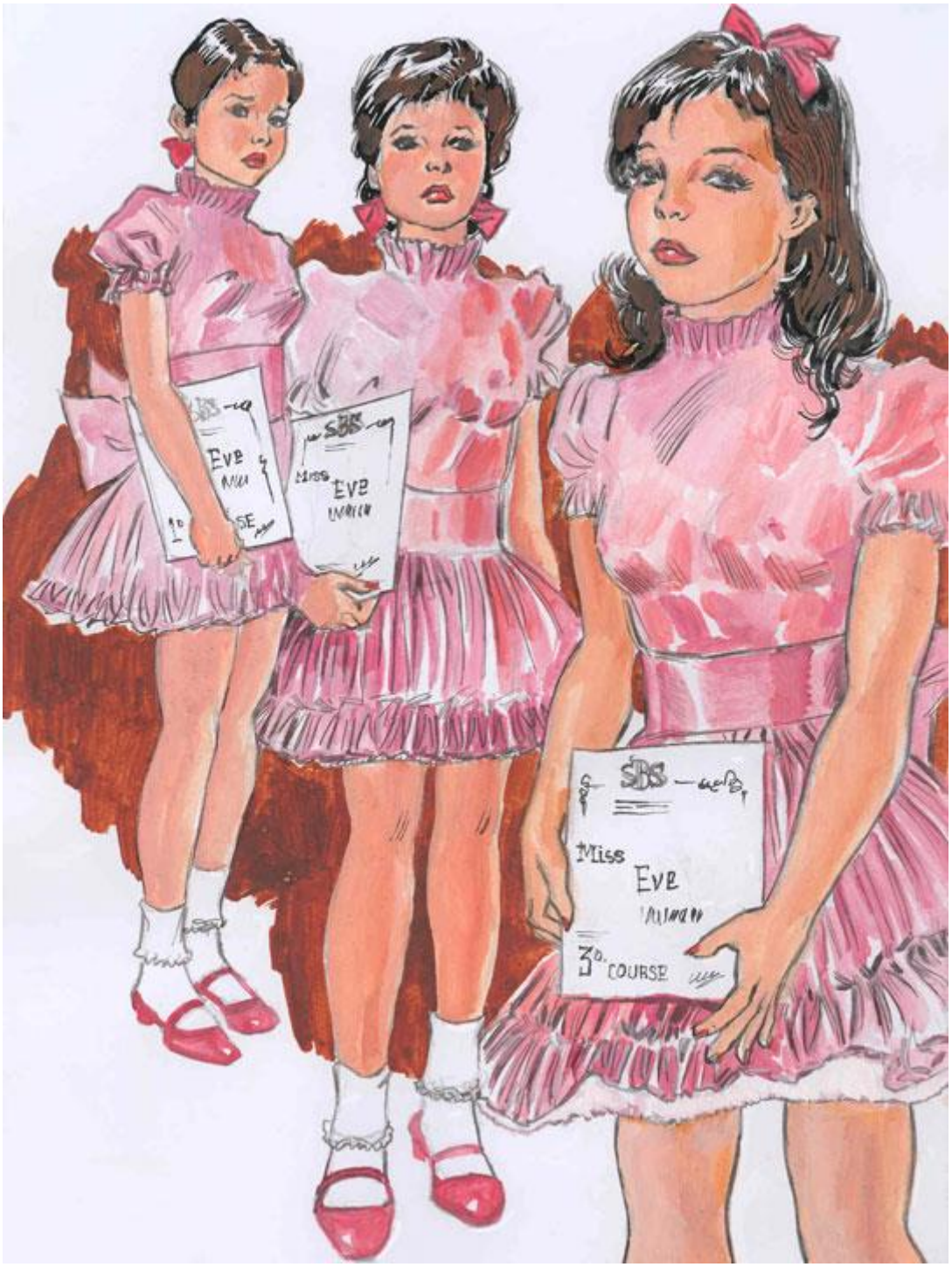


Bob slumped in despair.

As her father put away the camera, Lisa turned it to Ms Gilbert. “If Eve continues at Sylvan, what would he have to look forward to?”

“Well, as you can see, our first year students like Eve make important strides in their feminine appearance and deportment. But he is nowhere near his best yet. Over the full three-year program, our sissies become ever more feminine. We give them in-depth training in makeup, clothing, and movement. By the second year, their hair is long enough to style, so they are fully trained in hair care. During their third year, they are taught the subtleties of being feminine in every way from the finer arts of speaking as a girl and discreetly teasing men thru their posture and poses to the proper ways to kiss real boys and other sissies. By the time they graduate, they have long, pretty hair they spend countless hours styling. They are as expert at makeup as an experienced beautician. Plus, they can sew, dance, cook, and clean and look more graceful and feminine than almost any real girl while doing those things.”


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“But what about their voices and their body hair?” Mary asked. “Don’t they still look and sound like boys in dresses?”

“Their body hair is permanently removed by laser or electrolysis. We train them to speak in a feminine manner paying attention to tone and pace. I’ve been told their lower-pitched voices are quite sexy. And while there is little we can about the size of their hands and feet, we do train them to always hold them in a feminine manner.”

“You mean they have been reduced to complete limp-wristed panty waist sissies?” Lisa

asked.

“That’s accurate but an oversimplification,” Ms Gilbert said. “After graduation, our sissies return home to their families. Almost all of them remain in their dresses. After our training, they find it impossible to look or act like a boy again. Of course, all of their friends and neighbors know they’re still boys, sissy boys, and most of those people find it amusing to see a boy dress and behave so girlishly.”



Chapter Sixteen

As Bob listened to Ms Gilbert describe what would happen to him if he remained at Sylvan, his head began swimming.

He rushed over to Lisa and fell on his knees. “Lisa, please! Don’t let them do that to me. I’ll do whatever you say. Honest! Just don’t make me go back.”

Lisa reached out and straightened Bob's hair bow. "Oh, darling! After seeing you in your girlish things and knowing what a dream come true this is for you, it would be heartless of me not to let you go back. After all, look what they have done for you in just three months. Imagine what a sweet little Miss you'll be at the end of three years. I can't wait until you graduate. We'll be best girlfriends. You can do my hair for me and give me makeup tips. We can even borrow each other's clothes. We'll find you a boyfriend so we can double date. You'll love it. Won't that just be perfect?"

Bob went to Judge Harris and pleaded, "Do you see? Do you see the horrible things she wants them to do to me? Please, let me come home now, before it's too late."

"I've seen nothing to change my decision."

"Damn, you! Damn, you all!" he cried, realizing he had no hope of escaping his punishment.

Ms Gilbert grabbed him by the arm and commanded, "Stop that, Eve!"

He struggled and pulled away from her as he screamed, "I won't go back! I won't!"

"Your behavior is unacceptable. When we return, Muffie will give you a thorough spanking."

"You're going to spank him?" Lisa asked. "I'd love to see that!"

"You will if he doesn't calm down and immediately apologize."

Bob was outraged at the thought of being spanked in front of them. He wouldn't allow it! But what could he do? Ms Gilbert, Lisa's father and the judge could certainly overpower him. Tears of abject humiliation trickled down his bright red cheeks despite his best efforts to hold onto his masculine pride. He apologized and, at Ms Gilbert's insistence, dropped another curtsy.

After farewells all round, he and Ms Gilbert left to go back to Sylvan.

Chapter Seventeen

Sitting in the car, Bob was more aware of his horrible state than ever. The smell of his perfume, the taste of his lipstick, the feel of his panties on the car seat, the compression of his bra and the rubbing of his petticoats on his bare thighs – were going to be his future, forever! He was in misery.

Partway back, Ms Gilbert stopped for gas and got out of the car to use the restroom.



Bob decided it was now or never. If he was going to be a boy and not a girl for the rest of his life, he had to run. Even though he knew no one in that town and had no money, he opened the door and started running without any thought of where to go. All he knew is he had to go somewhere, anywhere.

With his skirts flying and his little heels clanking, he ran in fear for his life. He knew he could never escape if he returned to that abominable school.



Chapter Eighteen

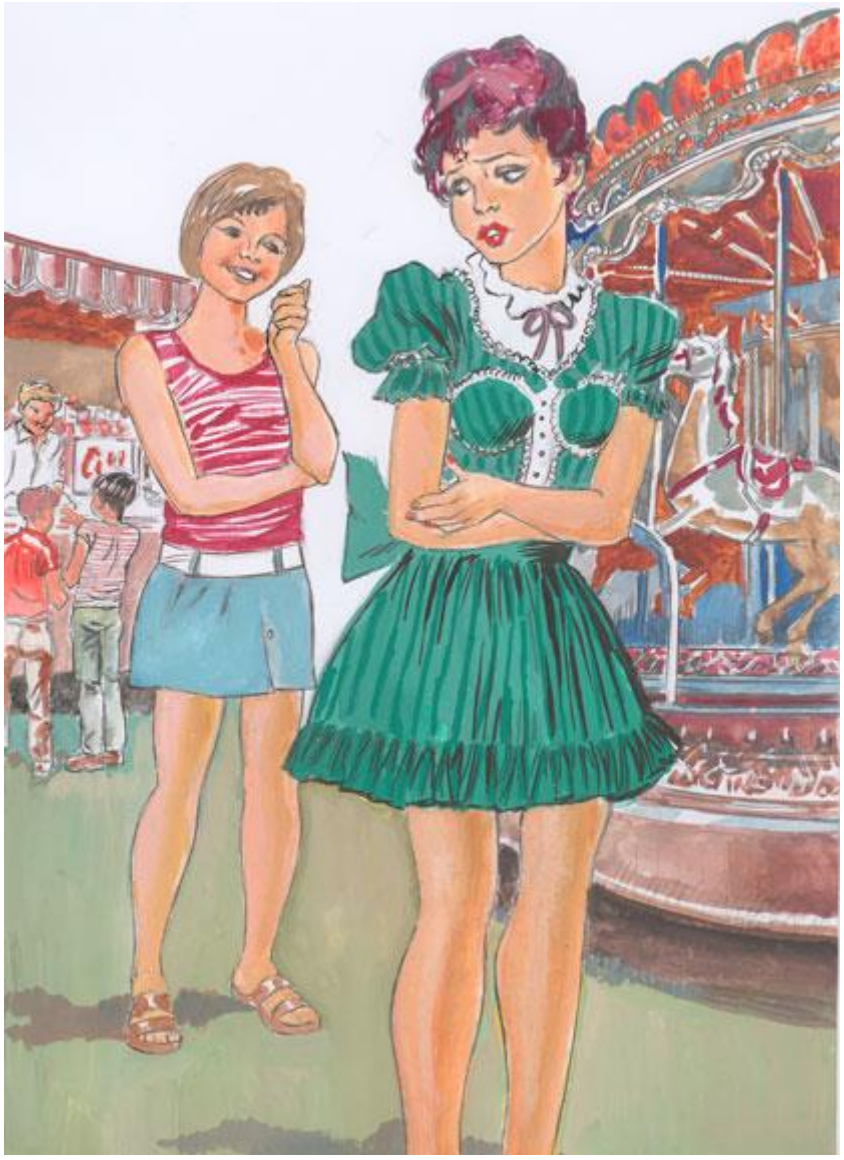
He ran down the street and turned into an alley. He ran and ran, constantly looking behind him. Whenever he heard a car, he ducked behind a fence, a bush, a trashcan or anywhere he

could hide and wait until the car passed. Finally, exhausted he saw a carnival and decided it would be a good place to hide in a crowd. Seeing a food wagon, his stomach churned because he was famished; he hadn't eaten for hours.



A pretty teenage girl saw him staring at the food cart. "Hungry honey?" she said smiling at him.

He turned away, afraid she would tease him as Lisa had.



“Wait; don’t you want something to eat?”

He was hungry and perhaps this girl would take him for the girl he appeared to be.

“Yes I am, but how did you know?”



“It wasn’t too hard. I saw you eyeing the food, and I see you don’t have a purse. I’m Jan. I’ll help you. What’s your name?”

“Eve,” he said trying to keep up the deception. “You don’t have to give me money.”

“Who said anything about money? Watch this.”

She walked up to a boy who was leaving the food cart with a boxful of doughnuts. She leaned against him, smiled and said, “Hi, honey, is one of those for me?” The boy smiled back, and without waiting for his response, she took one of the doughnuts from his box.



She smiled again at the boy and said, “Thanks, you’re a dear.”

She returned to where Bob was standing. “See, how it’s done? Why don’t you give a try?”



Bob walked up to the boy and swinging his hips and smiling, trying to appear as feminine as possible. He pointed to the doughnuts and said, “May I have one of those too?”



Chapter Ninteen

The boy nodded and handed the box to him. As Bob started stuffing his mouth with doughnuts, the boy moved up against him and put his hand on Bob’s leg. Bob was uncomfortable, but he was extremely hungry.



Suddenly the boy became bolder. Bob tried to twist away, but the boy's hand rose up Bob's leg to the front of his panties.

"Hey!" the boy exclaimed, "You're a guy!"



Bob pulled away from the surprised boy and began running.

“You friggin’ sissy! If I ever see you around here again I’ll kill you!”



The boy was big and strong looking. Bob was sure he would be dead meat if the boy caught him, so he just kept running until he reached a crowded street. He thought there would be safety among other people, even though that meant more people would see him. He realized his appearance fooled people, at least as long as they didn’t get too close.

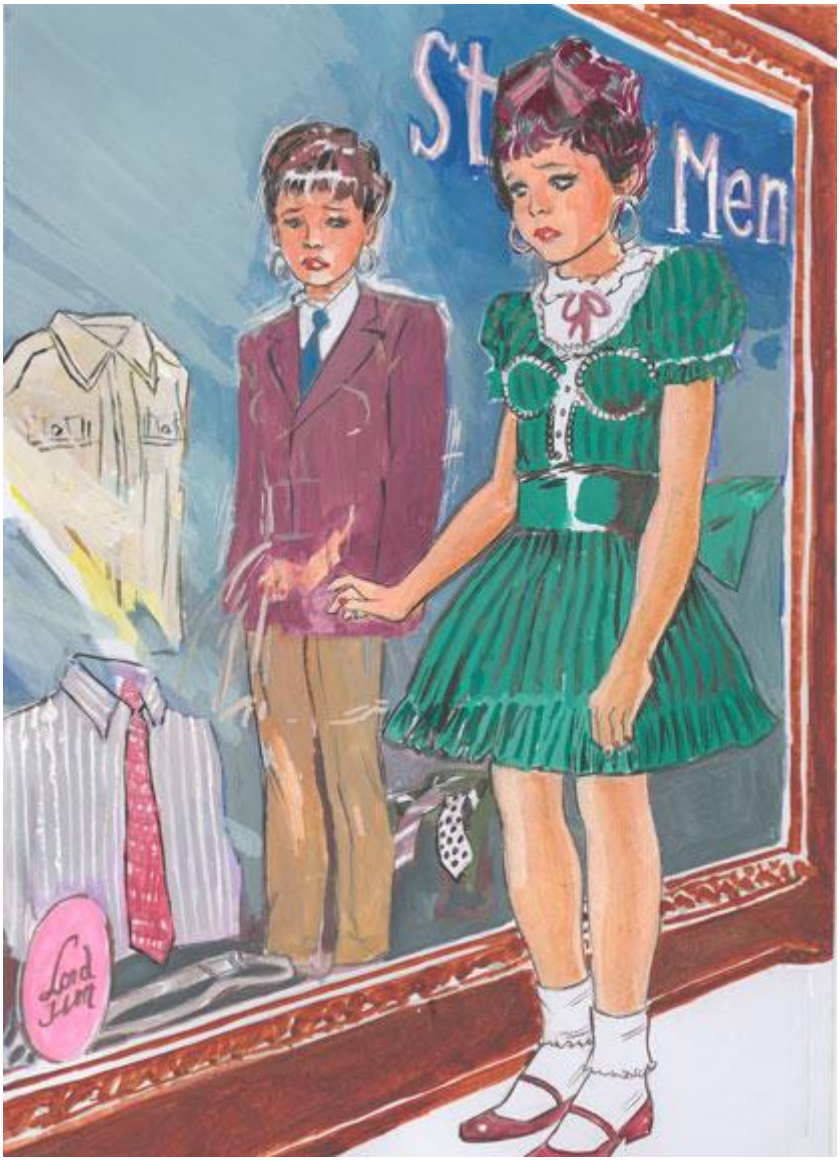
The sun was setting, and it was getting colder. He needed a change of clothes and needed them soon. It was hard to hide in this sissy outfit, even girls his age wore pants most of the time, and this dress was awfully frilly and full, unlike anything most girls wore.

Chapter Twenty

Bob walked down the street looking in store windows. As he passed a window displaying men's clothes, he looked and paused.



He could see his reflection in the window superimposed on the dummy in its shirt, tie and jacket. The contrast between the male clothing and the reflection of himself in his makeup brought tears to his eyes.



He turned away from the image and continued walking. However, another sidewise glance in a furniture store, gave Bob an unwanted look at his girlish figure.



How could this be happening to him? He was all boy but they had made him look like a girl. He blamed Lisa for all of this. He didn't even consider it was his fault for taking her panties; in his mind, it was all her fault. He would get even with her somehow. Even if it took forever, he would make Lisa pay for this.

The stores were closing, and he needed to quickly find a place to sleep where he wouldn't be caught. He also had to get away from this town as soon as possible. He was sure Ms Gilbert was looking for him. Getting caught meant a terrible spanking for sure and probably a lifetime in dresses. Bob headed towards the train station.

Chapter Twenty One

It was dark by the time he arrived. He avoided the terminal. It was too bright. His makeup needed a touchup, and he didn't have any cosmetics with him. He began looking around the train yard, hoping to find some discarded clothing. He searched between the cars but found nothing but a few greasy old rags.



He heard voices in the distance. Warily he rounding a car and saw a group of people at a fire, cooking and singing. He was nervous about approaching them, but he was so hungry and he needed help finding clothes. Cautiously, he went closer.



“Eve,” he heard, and then he saw Jan running up towards him. “I’m so glad to see you again. I tried to follow you when you ran away from that guy at the carnival, but I couldn’t keep up with you. I’m glad to see you’re okay. Boy, you can really run fast. Come meet the guys.”

“Did you tell them about me?”

“That you’re a boy? No that’s our secret. I want to see if they can figure it out.”

“You won’t say anything.”

“Don’t worry. Come have some food with us. You must be really hungry by now. Hey, everyone, meet my friend, Eve.”



Bob joined the boys and girls at the fire. “Have a hotdog, Eve,” another girl said. “I’m Jade, where in the world did you get that dress?”

“They made me dress like this,” Bob said. “That’s why I ran away.”

“Your parents must be crazy. No one dresses like that.”

Bob didn’t correct her from thinking he was a runaway girl. He just smoothed his skirts under himself and sat next to her, taking care to keep his legs together to preserve his modesty. “I need to find some other clothes, and I don’t have any money.”

“That’s all right. Goodwill leaves out clothes they can’t sell. We can go in the morning and get you a skirt and a T-shirt. Who knows, they might even have some decent shoes to fit you.”

Bob sat and ate with them continuing the deception. Jan, true to her word, did not tell them his secret. Now that he was full, he realized how exhausted he was. He had to fight to keep

himself awake.

“We better find you a place to sleep,” Jan said. “You’re about to drop.”

Chapter Twenty Two

Jan led him to a boxcar partially loaded with sacks. “We’ve looked and all that’s in the sacks are more sacks,” she said. “They do make a comfortable bed and we’ve spread them out among a few cars. Lie down here, sweetie, and I’ll join you in a while.”

“Please don’t tease me. I hate wearing girls’ clothes. How would you like it if you had to dress like this? It’s horrible, absolutely horrible the way boys look at me in these clothes. I’m so miserable! Please, help me be a boy again.”

“We’ll work on that in the morning. Now lie down.”

The sacks were not as comfortable as his bed at home, but Bob was exhausted and fell asleep in minutes.



Not long after, Jan returned to the car. She kneeled down next to Bob and removed her top. Her perky young breasts were unencumbered by any restraint like the bra Bob was wearing.



Next she slipped off her skirt and panties. “Eve, wake up.”

“What do you want?” he moaned, still half asleep.

“It’s time for us to have some fun.”

He opened his eyes and saw she was undressed. All at once he was fully awake. Jan was gorgeous, and he had never been with a naked girl before.

“Honey, you’re wearing way too many clothes,” she said as she pushed up his dress and petticoats.

Bob’s penis was bursting in his panties as she squeezed it and then tugged down on the elastic waistband. “Your panties seem to be caught on something,” she said with a laugh.

“Are you girls naked, yet?” a voice called out.

“Who’s that?” Bob said, startled.



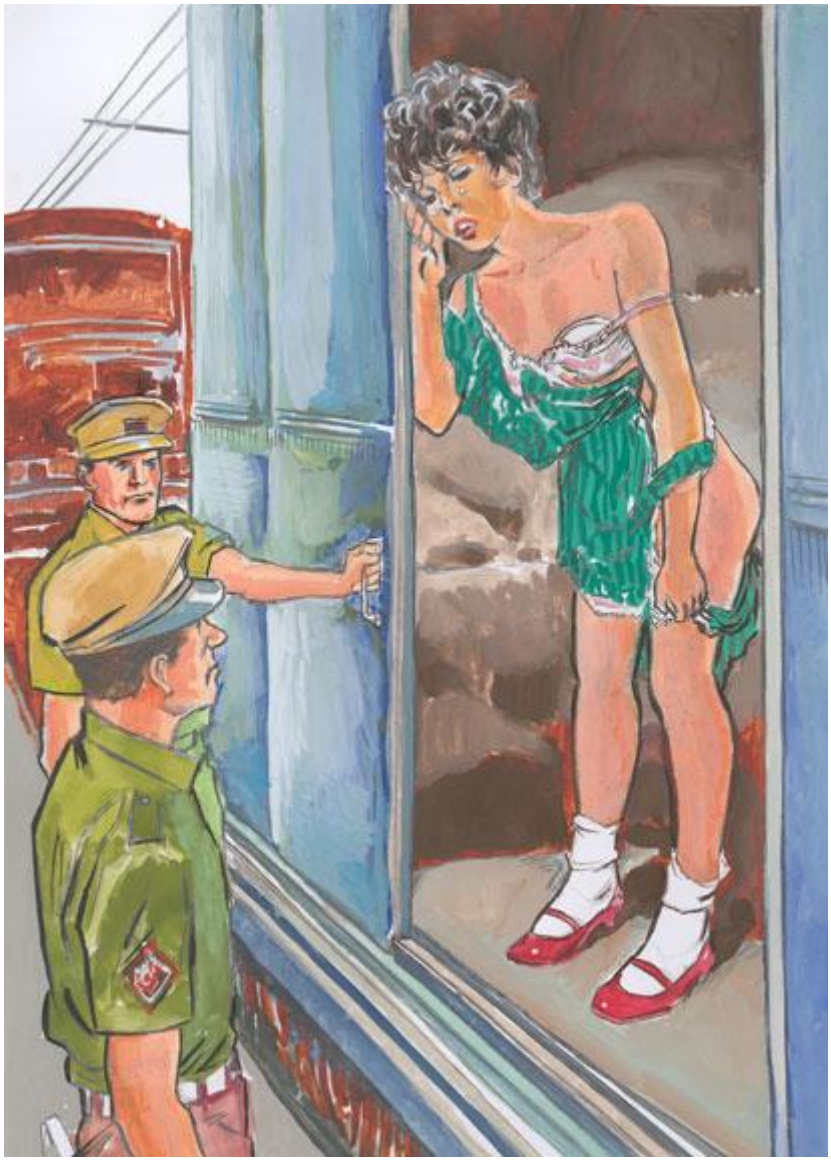
“Just one of the boys,” Jan said, “They’ll be joining us as soon as we’re ready.”

“No! Oh, NO!”



Epilog

The police found Bob in the morning and chased off the boys who were molesting him. They had been looking for this runaway boy who liked dressing in girl’s clothes.



They treated his complaints as the ramblings of a pervert and made certain he was returned to Sylvan School just as they found him, in his torn dress and smudged makeup.



Mr. Gilbert looked grim and Bob knew he was in for a severe punishment and he would never again have any opportunity to escape from his full three year program in the Sylvan School.

Lisa had won.

The End

