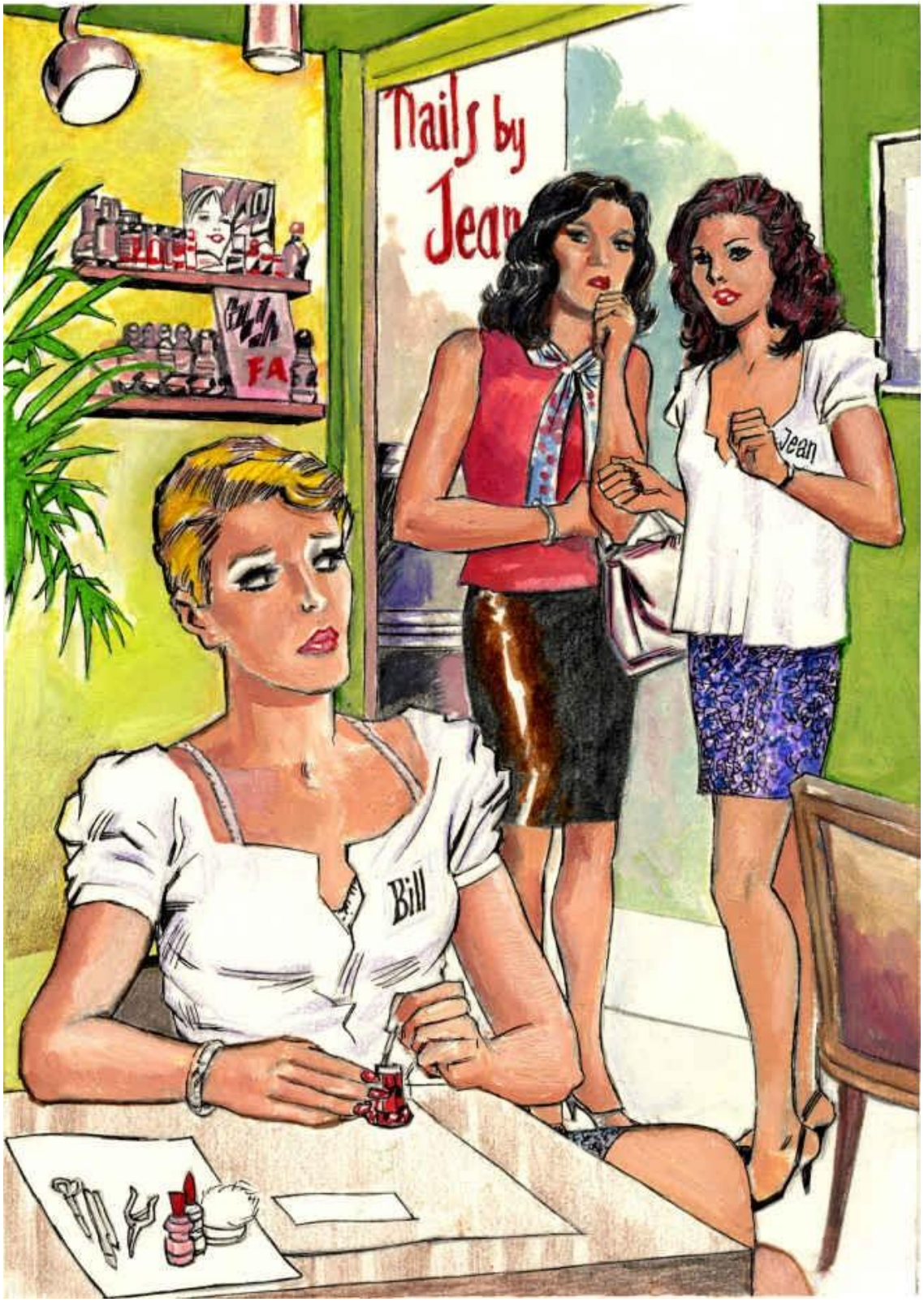
BILL'S HUMILIATIONS IN PANTIES Volume 1

By Carole Jean



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VOLUME ONE

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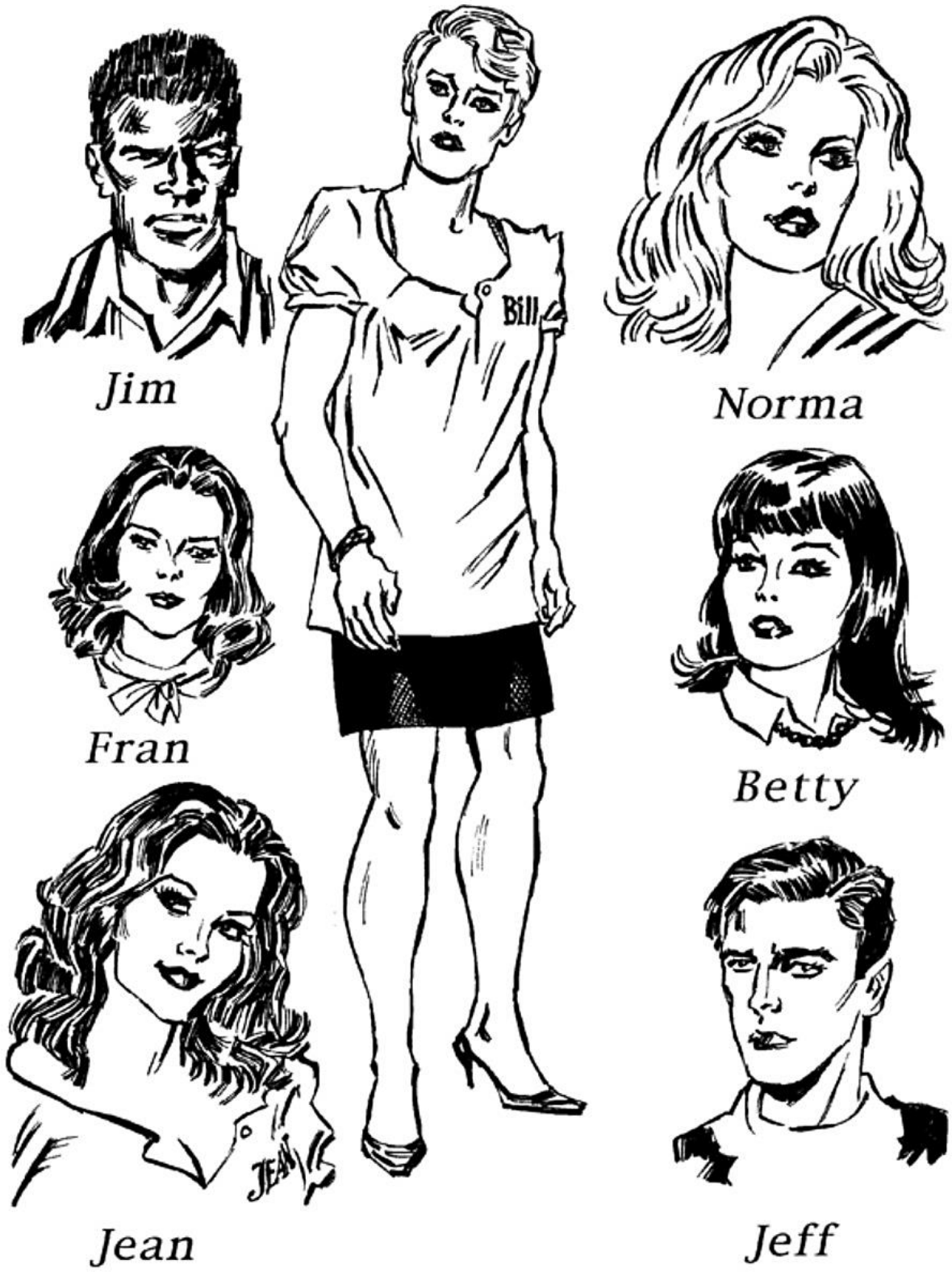
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Kindle Edition

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Jim
Bill
Norma
Fran
Betty
JEAN
Jean
Jeff

There is no satisfaction in hanging a man who does not object to it
(George Bernard Shaw)

CHAPTER ONE

They smile when they call me Bill. Their condescending smiles are even worse than their teasing.

A new customer came in and was talking with Jean. She looked at me and I could tell she was wondering why I had such a masculine haircut. They usually notice that first. She was trying to be discrete, but I had seen this behavior so many times before. She was inspecting me carefully, observing my short dress, shaved legs and makeup. Her gaze rested on my chest with its lack of the normal feminine mounds and my name embroidered on the white smock.

"Is Bill a man?" she asked.

"What do you think?"

She stared at me in open astonishment, "He is!"

Jean smiled, and I blushed and turned away.

"Why does he do it?"

"Ask him, he has time to do your nails."

"Why not."

I sighed softly as they headed my way.

"Fran, meet Bill."


Nails by
Jean
Bill
JEAN

She sat at my table and I began to remove her old polish. She stared, and then asked, "I'm curious, why don't you wear a wig and falsies."

"What color polish would you like?"

"Oh," she said looking around somewhat nervously, "I like the red you're wearing."

I picked through the polish and found mine.

"Do you mind my asking why you are wearing women's things?" she asked.

"No, everyone asks. It began two years ago . . ."



Early Saturday morning, the telephone rang.

"Hello, who is it?" I asked.

"It's Jean."

"Who?"

"We met a week ago at Harry's Bar."

Oh yea, it was the broad I'd picked up and taken to the Mayflower Hotel. "How did you get my number?"

"Remember I told you I did your sister's nails," she said. "I just dialed the number she gave me. You told me you'd call."

"You bimbos are all alike. That's just what you wanted me to say. It didn't mean anything."

"I'm no bimbo."

"You looked like one."

"How can you say that? Don't you know I have feelings?"

"Feelings, ha!"

"After what we did . . . The things you said . . . I thought you loved me."

"Don't call again," I said and hung up. I jumped out of bed and grabbed my robe. Norma was downstairs in the kitchen. "Some girl I picked up last week called. Why did you give her our unlisted number?"

"Who was she?"

"She said she does your nails."

"Oh no, you didn't, not Jean."

"That broad shouldn't have been able to call me."

"Don't call her a 'broad'.



"She was asking for it — painted, perfumed and hanging around in a bar wearing a dress that barely covered her butt."

"It's embarrassing when you're so mean, especially to someone I know."

"People with petty little jobs like your manicurist are lucky to be able to share good times with me."

"I never should have invited Betty to stay here."

"That stuck up bitch is coming here?"

"She was laid off. Please treat her nicely."

"I'll treat her the way she deserves. My friend Jeff is our chauffeur.

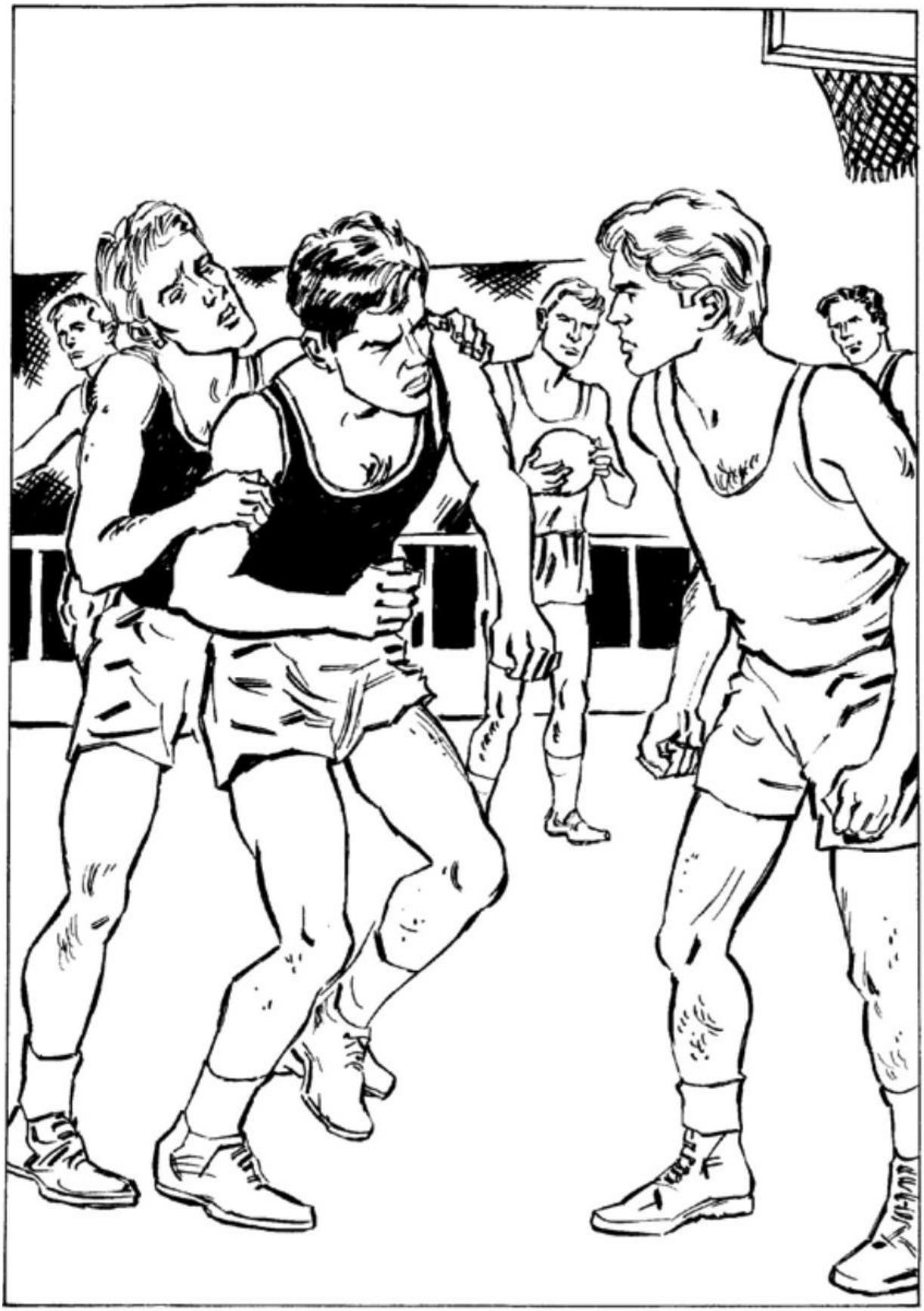
Your friend Betty can be our maid."

"Jeff's no chauffeur? He just drives with you to bars."

I laughed and returned to my room to dress. I decided to go to the gym early. Brad was already there. We had competed ever since high school. I was the captain of my high school team and Brad the captain of our rival's. We shot hoops and joked around until a few more of the guys showed up and we split into teams. We won the first game and Brad's team the second. The third game was close all the way, but I had the ball and one more basket would win it for us. I faked left and Brad bought it. As I drove to the basket he was out of position and off balance. I had a clear path, but I veered and put my shoulder into him. He was lying on the floor when I sank the winning shot.

"You didn't have to run into me," Brad said.

"What's the matter, little girl, did you get hurt playing with the boys?" I asked.



"You son of a bitch!"

He looked as if he was about to swing at me but Chuck held him.

"That bastard's just trying to get to you, Brad."

"Wait until next week, you shit," he said.

"Don't cry," I said.

He struggled to get at me. Exhilarated, I grabbed my stuff and drove home. I was hot, sweaty and ready to shower. Betty had arrived.

"Hi Betty, good to see you. Did Norma tell you about your job?"

"She said you wanted me to be your maid."

"Yeah, just a little laundry, dusting and straightening up. We have a cleaning service for the heavy work. You'll have plenty of time to look for a job and your evenings will be free. In fact, why don't you get dolled up tonight, and I'll take you out."

"No thanks, I'm not interested in being your next one night stand."

"I didn't say anything about sex."

"I know what you said."

"I can show you a good time, and, if we're dating, you won't have to work for me."

"Thanks, but I'd rather be your maid."

"Suit yourself. Let me know when you change your mind."

Three days later, Jeff and I were sitting in the living room having a beer.

"I can't believe it," I said, "I can't get Betty to go out with me."

"She's a real bitch," he said.

"Yea, but what a body she's got. I need to make her hate working as my maid so much that she'll rather date me. I've thought about it, and I have an idea. I'll get her a uniform, one of those short French things. A few days of working in that and she'll beg me to date her."

"I can't wait to see her."

"We'll get it tomorrow."

Betty came into the room doing the dusting. I imagined her in a low cut, short-skirted uniform. What a delightful sight she'd be.

The next day, Norma told me she was taking Betty to her aerobics class for a workout.

"Aerobics isn't a workout," I said. "It's just a bunch of women swaying to the music."

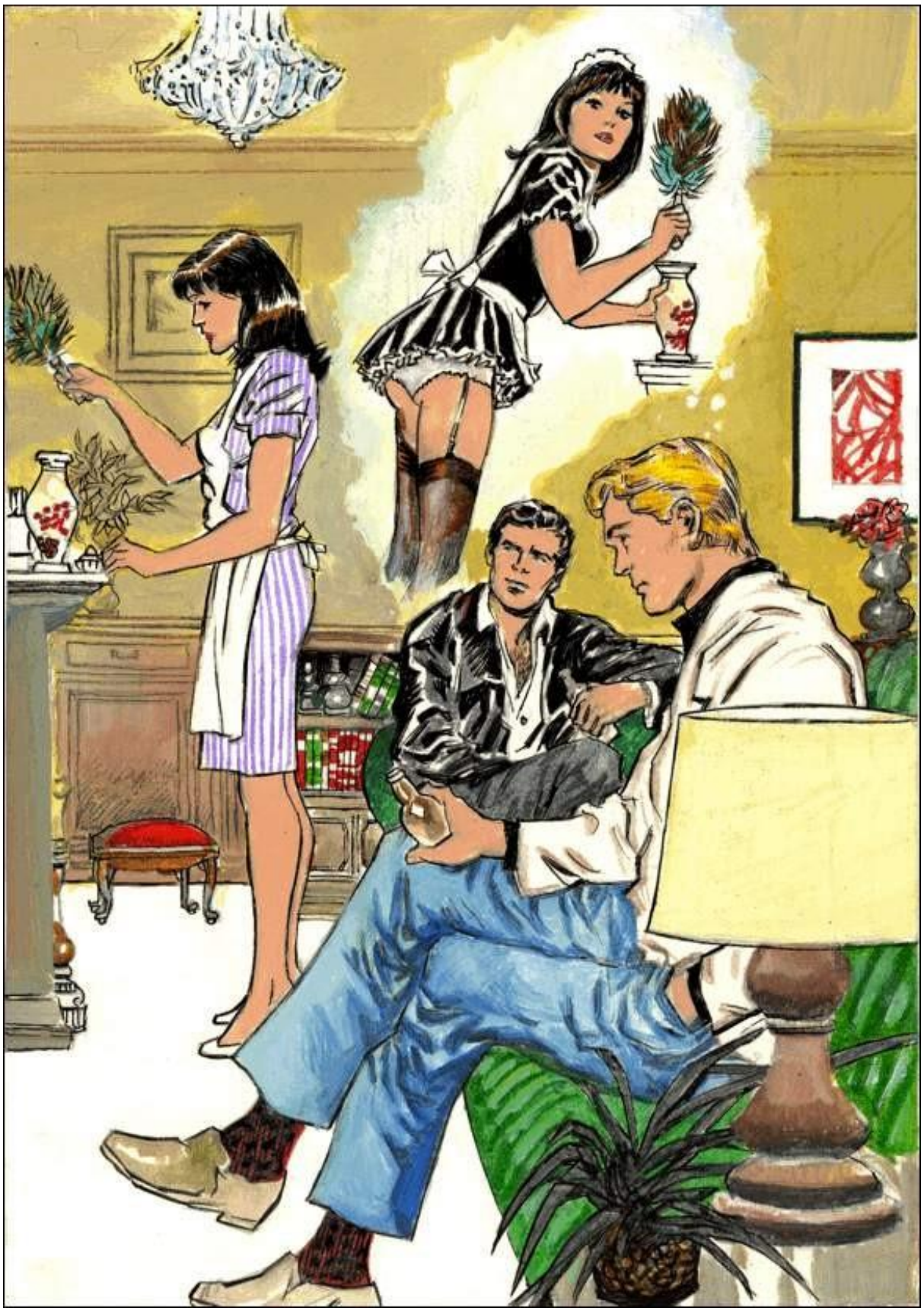
"It's strenuous exercise, and my class includes men."

"No real man would do aerobics. They must be pansies."

"You don't know anything about it. We'll be back in a few hours."

After they left, Jeff and I drove downtown to an exotic boutique and found a clerk. "We want a French Maid's outfit," I said. "We need all the trimmings and we want it to be sexy."

She showed us a short black outfit and frilly white petticoats. They looked perfect.



"What do you think, Jeff?"

"Great."

"I'll take it," I said to the clerk.

"What size?" she asked.

"I'm not sure," I said. "She's a little taller than you with a bigger butt and larger tits."

"Probably a ten," The girl said.

We bought the dress, an apron, pantyhose, petticoats, lacy white panties and a matching bra. We got everything we'd need to turn Betty into a sexy French maid. We took the packages home. "Let's spread Betty's uniform out on my bed. I want her to see it all at once," I said. We put the clothes on the bed and stood back to admire the effect. "Looks good," I said. "What do you think?"

"That will fix her. No way she could act stuck up in that stuff."

"Yeah, but what if she won't put it on?"

"Don't worry," Jeff said

"I hear them coming," I said. "I'll get her, you stay here." Norma and Betty walked into the house chatting together gaily. "Betty, I have something for you," I said.

"What?"

"It's in my room."

"All right," she said. "I'll be back in a minute, Norma." Once she was inside my bedroom, I closed the door behind us. She saw Jeff standing there and the outfit on the bed and asked, "What's this?"

"I've decided I want a more decorative maid. This is your new uniform. You'll wear this outfit while you do

your chores. Unless of course you'd rather start dating me."

"I'll never go out with you."

"Then undress and put this stuff on."

"You're nuts! I'm leaving."

I blocked her way and said, "Jeff, give me a hand."

"You heard him, bitch, strip!"

Betty tried to get around me to the door but Jeff grabbed her by the hair.

"Let go of me!" she screamed.

"What makes you so God damned special? Let's see how stuck up you act after you've sucked me off." He took his knife from his pocket. Betty screamed as he unzipped his pants and pushed her head downward.

"Jeff, stop!" I said.

"This damn whore's been asking for it. Start sucking bitch!"

"Help!" she yelled.

As he forced her head closer to himself, the door burst open. Norma had my shotgun.

"Let her go!" she yelled.

"For God's sake, be careful!" I said.

"She won't shoot," Jeff said.

Norma pointed the gun upward and fired into the ceiling.



The next one goes into you, Jeff," she said. "Drop that knife."

"Sure," he said. "Here, I'm putting the knife down."

"Betty, call 911," Norma said. "We need the police."

Sick with fear, I waited as Betty called. Damn Jeff! I wanted to teach Betty a lesson, not rape her. In a few minutes, two policemen arrived.

After Betty and Norma told them what had happened, they took Jeff and me into custody.

"Don't say anything," I told Jeff. "I'll get a lawyer." They separated us at the station, and the police questioned me. However, I refused to answer. Finally they let me call my attorney, Scott Lawson. He said he'd be right there. They put in a cell with Jeff and some drunks. I'd never been in jail before. This place scared me.

"Did you say anything to the police?" I asked Jeff.

"Yea, I told them to kiss my ass," he said.

A jailer came for me after a few hours and took me to a room where Scott was waiting.

"What happened?" he asked.

"Nothing, Jeff just got a little crazy."

"Betty told the police you tried to rape her."

"It was Jeff."

"She said you told her to come into your bedroom and had Jeff attack her."

"This is a joke. I only wanted her to put on a maid's uniform."

"It's no joke now. You could be facing as much as ten years in jail."

"Ten years! For what? I didn't do anything!"

"I believe you. However, if this gets to trial, anything could happen. The prosecution will check on your relationships with other women. Are you okay there?"

"If the jury listens to those broads, they'll send me away for life.

You've got to get me out of this."

"The District Attorney may accept a plea to a lesser charge."

"Please help me."

"I'll try."

I returned to the cell and told Jeff what Scott had said. "What does he mean ten years for rape?" Jeff asked. "That bitch had it coming. Hell, she probably liked it."

I spent an anxious night.

The next morning Scott returned, "Good news," he said, "the DA's willing to settle for simple assault with ninety days in jail and two years probation."

"Why should I go to jail?"

"You'll be home in time for Christmas. The alternative is to risk a long prison term and a sex offender's conviction. I recommend you take the deal."

"Does Jeff get the same deal? He's more to blame."

"If you don't like the offer, we can go to trial. However, I don't recommend it."

"Okay, I'll take it."

"Tell Jeff to decide soon. If there's any publicity, The DA may cancel his offer."

I was furious at Jeff for putting us in this predicament, but this did look like the safest way out. He didn't like it but he agreed after I told him that if he didn't I was finished with him and his sweet deal as my driver was over no matter what.

That afternoon in court, the Judge ratified our plea bargain. Norma and Betty were there and they look shocked.

"I can do ninety days standing on my head," I told Norma. I was actually afraid of going to jail for even so short a time. However, I'd never show weakness to a broad.

"You were upset that your girlfriend saw my cock in your mouth,"

Jeff said to Betty. "I know you wanted it. I'll be back to give it to you soon."

The girls looked really angry as we strutted out of the courtroom, following the bailiff.

Later that day Betty had a conversation about Jeff and me that changed our lives. It turned out that she knew the Warden of the state penitentiary – he was an old family friend. After she got off the phone with him, Norma noticed that, for the first time since Jeff attacked her, Betty was all smiles. When she asked why, Betty replied, "Can you imagine what Bill would look like wearing your clothes?"



CHAPTER TWO

The next day was Thursday, September third. The guards handcuffed Jeff and me and put us in a bus with steel mesh over the windows. It took us to the entrance of the state prison. I couldn't understand this. Steve told me we would be doing our time in county jail.

The prison used to be out in the country, but the city had grown up around it. It was as if a medieval castle had been set down on a city street.

It had a tall wall with watchtowers at each corner. Heavy steel gates opened and shut behind us, and the bus parked.

"Why are we here?" I asked the guard who opened the door of the bus.

"Get out and stand on the line."

"I don't belong here."

"Get out and stand on the line, now!"

"Don't worry," Jeff said, "no one will mess with a Road Devil. I'll take care of you too."

We got out and followed the guards into the prison. They photographed and fingerprinted us. We striped for the prison doctor who shined a light in our mouths and had us bend and spread. After this demeaning exam, the guards gave us clothing and bedding. We put on our prison uniform. One guard took Jeff and another took me into the cellblock. The guards took us in different directions. How could Jeff protect me if we're in different parts of the prison? I looked into the cells we passed. These guys were big and tough looking.

"Hey fish, how much time you got?" one asked.

"Baby, you're gonna be mine," another said.

I ignored them, but the sizing up made me uncomfortable.

"Here's your cell," the guard said.

Inside was one of the biggest and strongest looking men I'd ever seen. He was well over six feet tall and looked as if he weighed two hundred and fifty pounds all of it solid muscle. He glanced at me with disinterest.

"Jim, the warden asked if you'd look out for this new con," the guard said.

"What's in it for me?"

"The warden says he'll owe you."

"Okay, I'll babysit the punk for him," Jim said.

I was overwhelmed with gratitude to whoever fixed me up with this protector. Without Jim I'd be defenseless in this place.

"My name's Bill."

"Just shut up and stay close."

I set my bedding on the upper bunk and looked around the cell. It contained just the bunk bed, lockers, and a toilet. I put my extra clothes in the empty locker and made my bed. There was nothing to do, so I climbed up on to my bunk and lay down. Dinnertime arrived, and we all went to a large cafeteria. A heavily tattooed con said, "Don't make any plans for tonight punk, some of my buddies and I want to get to know you better."

"He's with me," Jim said.

"Sorry Jim," the con said, "I didn't know."

"Thanks," I said.

"I'm not doing this for you," Jim said.

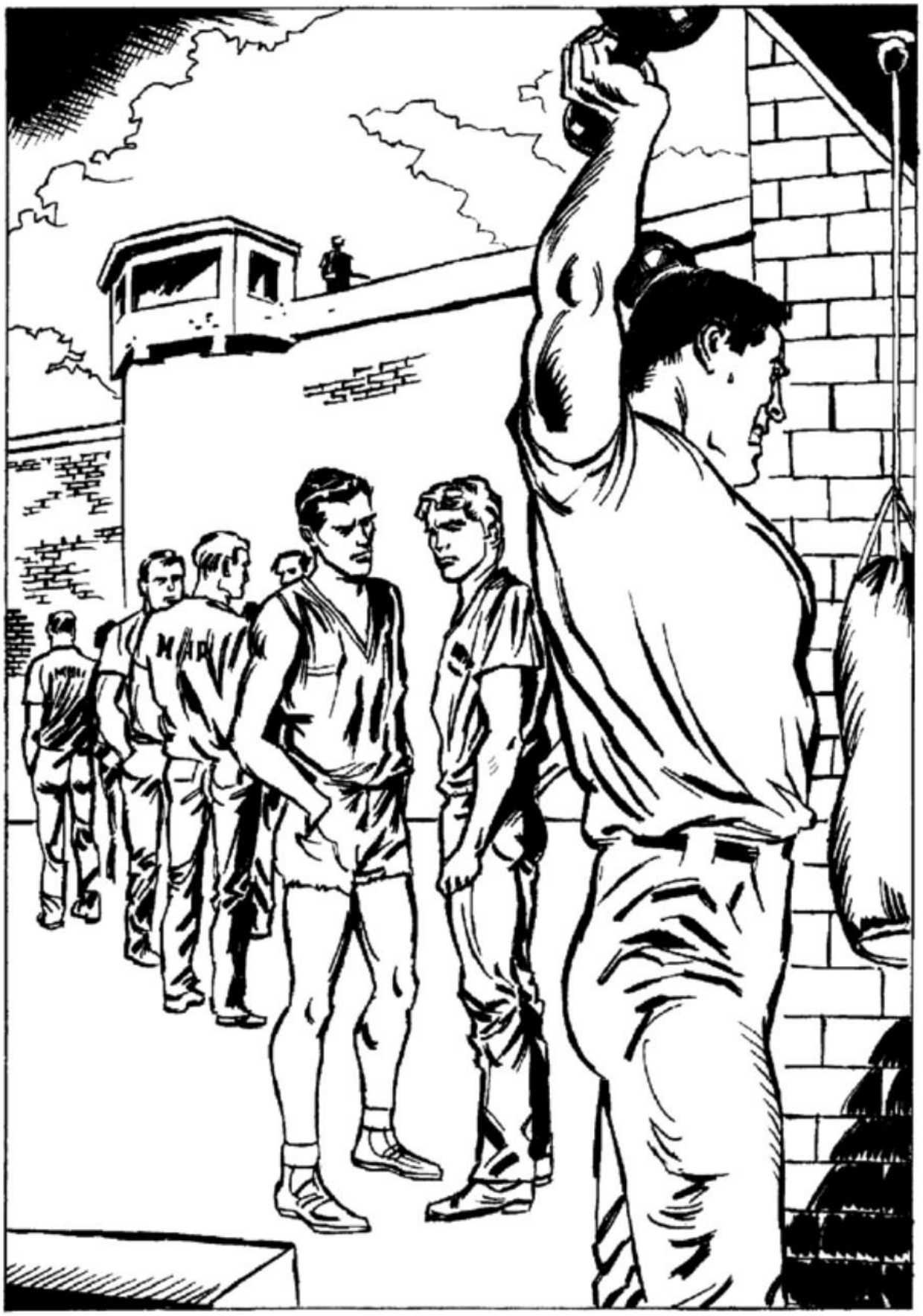
The next day, after breakfast, we went to the prison yard. The place was full of tough looking guys, but there was no one who looked tougher than Jim. I stayed close to him while he lifted weights and punched a bag. Jeff came into the yard. His pant legs were cut short, and the sleeves were gone from his shirt. His legs, chest and arms were shaved.

"What in the world happened to you?" I asked.

"It's not my fault," he said. "Yesterday, the guard took me to some old man's cell . . ."



"He said, 'Mr. Biondi, since Frank's being released, the warden sent you a new old lady'. Biondi looked me over and said, 'She'll do, have Frank set her straight.' The guard put me in the adjoining cell where there was a con in cutoffs and said, 'Frank, this fish is Biondi's new old lady. Teach her the ropes', and he left us there together. I asked Frank what did that crazy old bastard mean calling me 'she' and what's with this 'old lady' crap?"



"He told me that Biondi ran the mob's prostitution business and that now I was his old lady. I told him no fucking way. I was a Road Devil not anyone's lady. If Biondi called me that again, I'd tear off his head and shit down his neck."

"Frank just shrugged and said, 'when Biondi told me I was his old lady, I felt the same way, I told him to go fuck himself. The next morning, his boys came with pliers and pulled out one of my fingernails. It was the worst pain I'd ever felt. The next day, I cursed him again and they took another nail. The third day I decided that anything was better than having all my nails pulled'."

"I asked why the guards didn't do anything? Why me? I was no queer. He said that Biondi kept the peace in the prison so the guards left him alone. He was terrified of AIDS and won't let a queer touch him."

"I said that if Biondi got his dick near my mouth, I'd bite it off and Frank told me that his men pulled all the teeth of the last con who threatened to bite him."

"Four guys came to the cell. One said, 'Come on with us'. Get the fuck away! I told him, I'm a Road Devil."

"He just said that I was just another punk to him. I struggled, but they dragged me to the showers and stripped me, then they shaved off my hair. They shaved everything except my head and crotch."

"One of them said, 'Keep shaved. Mr. Biondi likes his ladies clean. Do whatever Mr. Biondi wants. If you hurt him, we'll kill you slow'. They cut my pant legs short, cut the sleeves off my shirt and threw them to me. Then they took me back to Biondi's cell. He asked, 'What will it be, Miss, a blow job or a nail'?"

"You didn't blow him did you?" I asked.

"They'd have mutilated me."

"You did it! Some Road Devil you are. Get away from me, cock sucker."

Dropping his head, he walked away.

Saturday, a guard came to my cell. "You have visitors," he said.

Norma and Betty were waiting for me in the visitors' center. I was surprised to see Betty. I guess she'd forgiven me. After all, it was Jeff who'd attacked her. I noticed that Norma was wearing a man's shirt and pants.

"You need me at home to dress for, Norma," I said. "That outfit makes you look more like a boy than a girl."

"It's designed to look like men's wear," she said. "It has some subtle differences - the way the shirt buttons, the shoulders are dropped and the yoke is gathered."

"Sure," I said disinterestedly. "Thanks for hiring Jim to be my bodyguard. This place is dangerous."

"No problem," Betty said, "The warden's a friend of my father's."

"So that's how I got here."

"We hoped he could take care of you better than the sheriff could in city jail," Betty said.

We talked a short time, but had nothing much to say.

Sunday, a guard brought Jim a package. I was amazed to see that it contained clothes like the ones Norma had worn the day before. It also contained a carton of cigarettes.

"If Bill wears these clothes all week, you'll get another carton," the guard said.

"This must be a joke," I said.

"These smokes look real to me."

"I'll double the price if you don't make me wear that stuff."

"Okay, give me two cartons."

"I can't get them now. I'll give them to you when I'm released."

"Bullshit! Get into these clothes."

I glared at him, but I desperately needed his protection. I reluctantly began to remove my prison issue pants and shirt. Once I was down to my underwear, the guard handed me the box. In addition to the shirt, pants and shoes there was a pair of white cotton underwear. The underwear said Jockey around its waistband, but it didn't look like any Jockey shorts I'd ever worn. I inspected it and saw a tag that said 'Jockies For Her'.

"I can't wear these," I said.

"Put them on," Jim said.

I was furious, but I saw what had happened to Jeff and I remembered how the cons had looked at me. I took off my underwear and put on the Jockies and the rest. Norma said these clothes were made for a woman, but they looked like what men wear. Perhaps no one would notice.

Later, in the yard, I bragged that the warden let me wear my own clothes.

Jeff arrived wearing a diamond engagement ring and a gold wedding band.

"What you doing wearing those rings?" I asked.

"The bitches sent them. They came with a note saying that a married lady should wear a wedding band and engagement ring. That bastard Biondi thought it was funny and made me wear them. What do you have on?"

"My own clothes."

"I don't remember them," Jeff said.

"Don't worry about me, you should see the way you look."

"I can't help it."

Saturday morning, it was almost eleven, the time of the girl's last visit, and I was really getting anxious. I had made it so far with no one knowing that I was wearing girl's clothes, but would I have to wear these damn things for another week?

The guard arrived to get me. The girls had returned.

"Why'd you send this outfit?" I asked.

"Don't you like it?"

"You can't be serious. If these guys knew I was wearing girl's clothes . . ."



"Your prison outfit was so boring. You should thank me for giving you the clothes off my back."

"I'm wearing your clothes?"

"All except for the shoes. How do you like wearing my 'Jockies'?"

"Quiet," I said, "someone might hear."

"Sorry, dear, since you're so self conscious about your panties I won't talk about them," Norma said. "See you Saturday."

Sunday the guard brought a new box. It contained the outfit Norma had been wearing yesterday and another carton of cigarettes. The pants could pass for men's, but they had a wide belt with a feminine buckle. The blouse was a bright print with a V neckline. The cotton panties had little pink flowers all over them. The shoes were alligator moccasins with gold buckles.

I'd look like a fool in this stuff. I sure didn't want to put it on, but Jim and the guard were waiting.

"Why don't I put these on tomorrow," I said.

"My orders are to leave with the clothes you're wearing," the guard said. "Take them off, and put them in the box."

My damn sister arranged things so that I won't even be able to put her clothes on in private. I removed the Keds and shirt. During the past week I'd learned a trick. I pulled the pants and the 'Jockies For Her' off together keeping the panties hidden. I took the new panties from the box, held them in the new pants and pulled them both on. I couldn't stand for the other guys to see me in girls' underwear. I finished getting dressed in the blouse and shoes, packed

the prior week's clothes in the box and gave it to the guard who took it with him.

I was terrified that Jeff would find out about the panties. He'd never let me live it down. I tried to dress and undress only when the lights were out. Mondays and Thursdays I had a big problem. Our cellblock showered those mornings. Going to the shower was no problem. However, when I returned to my cell, I had to dress with the lights on. I went to the rear of the cell and dressed quickly and nervously, keeping the panties hidden. I spent the week explaining that this outfit was the latest masculine style. I wasn't sure that all the cons believed me, but at least they didn't know about the underwear.

CHAPTER THREE

Saturday the girls returned. Norma was wearing a pair of gold stretch pants, a tight gold sweater, and gold high heels.

"Why are you doing this to me?" I asked. "If these cons figure out I'm wearing girl's clothes, they'd make my life unbearable."



"I think you look darling," Norma said. "Don't worry about what these criminals think, just enjoy wearing your little sister's clothes."

Sunday, the guard arrived with a carton of cigarettes for Jim and a new outfit for me. The gold pants and sweater were in the box along with gold high-heeled shoes, nylon panties and - a bra.

"I'm not wearing a damn bra!" I said.

"If you don't, I won't get my smokes."

"I told you, I'll give you all the cigarettes you want when I get out of here.

"If I don't get my smokes now, I won't protect you."

"What the hell do you care," I said, "I've never seen you light up."

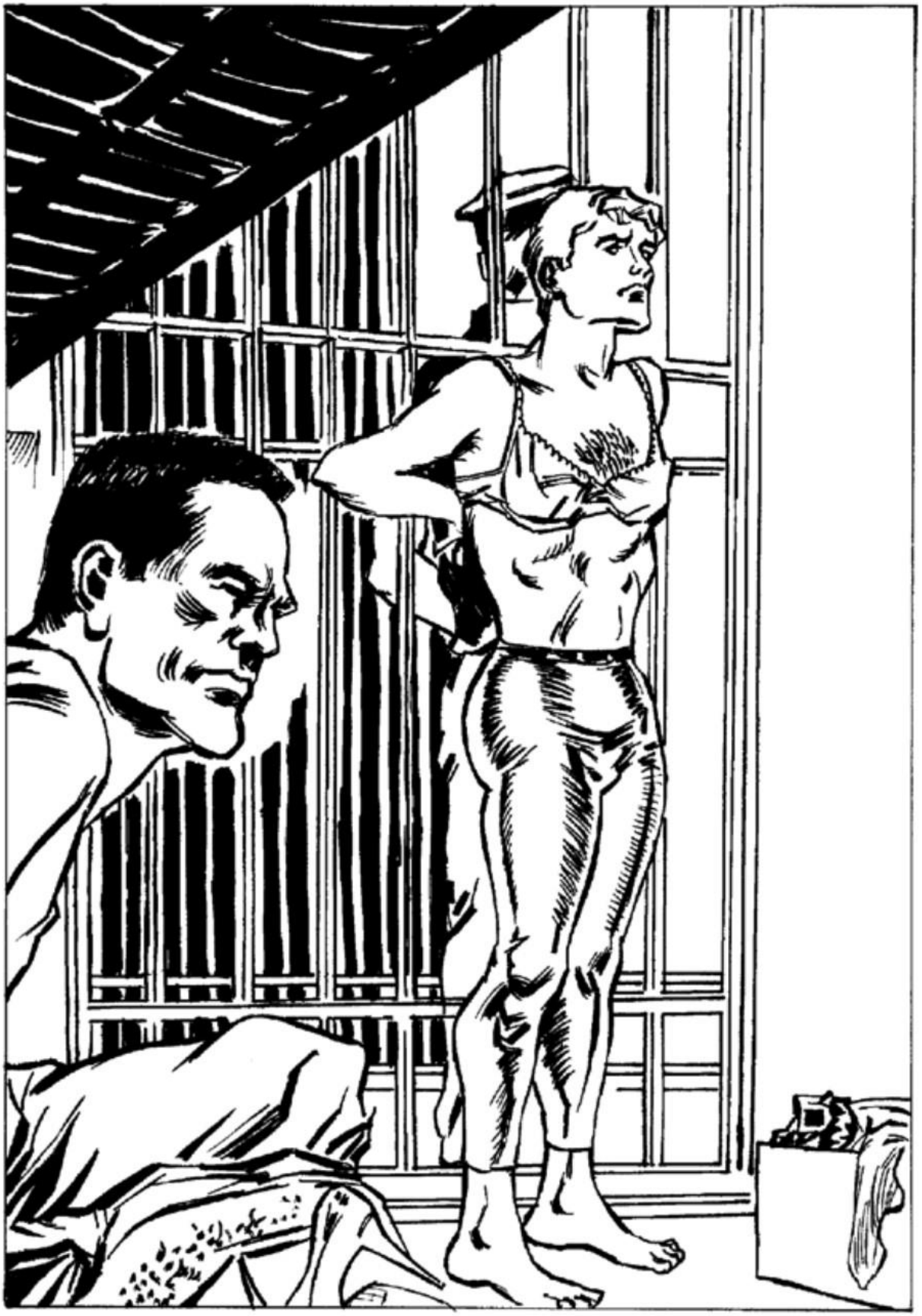
"They're better than money. I can trade them for steroids."

I was trapped. I moved so that the guard blocked the view of the cons across the cellblock, and I removed the blouse, pants and panties.

I'd hated putting them on a week ago. Now I wished I could keep them. I put the new panties into the stretch pants and pulled them on. I stared at the bra for a moment. I would have to put it on before the sweater.

"Hurry it up," the guard said.

I picked up the bra and awkwardly struggled into it. As I tried to connect the snaps behind my back, my heart raced in fear that someone would see.



Finally I got it attached. I hurried to cover it with the sweater. I stepped into the shoes, deposited last week's clothes in the box and handed it to the smirking guard.

"Let's stay in the cell today, Jim."

"I'm lifting weights."

It wasn't safe to stay without Jim. Sick with embarrassment, I followed him. It was obvious to everyone that I was wearing woman's clothes. They all laughed at me as I teetered unsteadily on the high heels. My arches ached and my toes felt as if they were in a vise. I blushed as the cons whistled and made sarcastic comments. I must have been pinched at least ten times. As bad as the teasing got, it was fortunate they couldn't see what I was wearing underneath.

Each night I washed the panties and hid the bra under the other clothes. I hid the drying panties by hanging them in my locker. Whenever we went out, the cons pointed at me and laughed. The days I showered, I got back into bed and covered myself while I put on the bra and sweater. I was sure I'd hidden the fact that I was wearing a bra. However, Saturday morning, it was gone.

"Jim, have you seen a bra anywhere?" I asked.

He just sneered. I had to go see the girls without it.

Norma was wearing a black cat suit. It displayed every sexy curve. I'd probably be wearing it tomorrow.

"You look good," Norma said. "Did you have any trouble putting on your bra? You can hook it in front and then twist it around. That makes it a lot easier."

I didn't want anyone to hear this conversation regarding the particulars of bra wearing. I was also afraid of Norma discovering that I wasn't wearing it.

"I didn't have any problems," I said.

"Let me see if it needs adjusting," she said.

"I told you I didn't have any problems."

"I'm only trying to help. Let me see."

"I don't have it on, okay? I've been wearing it all week, but somebody stole it from my cell last night."

"Who'd want to steal your bra?" Norma asked. "Don't lie to me."

Heads turned as my sister loudly berated me. I jumped up and rushed away.

"Look," Betty said, "I never thought I'd see the dreaded panty line on your brother Bill."

I covered my rear with my hands and ran to my cell.

The next morning a guard brought a new box and a note from Norma:

"Perhaps this will help you remember to wear your bra."

The box contained a cat suit like Norma wore yesterday. However, this one was white. There was also a black nylon and lace bra and panty set. After I dressed, I could see that the bra and panties showed right through. I begged Jim not to go out, but he refused to change his schedule. I tried to hide the bra by keeping my arms crossed over my chest, but the shoulder straps and the back still showed. I couldn't hide the panties at all. Finally I gave up. The cons had great fun at my expense, Jeff especially.



At the girls' next visit, I said, "What were you thinking? The cons gave me hell!"

"I'm so sorry that those mean boys are teasing you," Norma said.

"Don't make me wear your damn clothes!"

"You shouldn't wear black lingerie under white clothing," Norma said.

"Please stop making me wear these things," I said. "You don't know what it's like,"

"Of course I do. I wear bra's and panties all the time," she said.

"I'm a man! I can't wear them."

"You'll do it or Jim won't protect you."

"They'd kill me."

"I doubt it. However, if you can't learn to control your temper, we'll find out for sure."

I recovered enough to notice that Norma was wearing a very feminine pant and blouse outfit of a shiny material. The blouse had lace on it and I could see her bra straps.

"Please, Norma, no more bras."

"I've already chosen your outfit for next week."

"You look so very sweet in Norma's things," Betty said."

I returned to my cell shamed by Betty's teasing remark and spent a sleepless night worrying. Did Norma intend to keep me dressed in her clothes for my entire stay in prison? Perhaps I should ask her, but I didn't want to give her any new ideas. Maybe she'd get tired of humiliating me.

The next day, the guard brought another package. I was happy to remove the cat suit. At least this week the underwear would be covered.

The new outfit did include a bra. The material of both the blouse and pants was a silky smooth feminine fabric. The panties were pink nylon with wide lace legs. I put them into the pants and pulled them both on. I adjusted the panties into place around my waist and reached behind to zip the pants. It sickened me to have a rear zipper. The cons from across the cellblock had learned my weekly routine and were trying to watch. I hid behind the guard as usual. Next I put on the bra using the trick that Norma taught me of attaching the hooks in front and twisting them around to the back. It was pink nylon like the panties and it had little bows. As I picked up the blouse, the damn guard moved and gave the cons a good view.

They hooted and whistled at the sight of me in a bra. I quickly donned the blouse, tucked it into the pants and buttoned it closed while the cons applauded and shouted insults. Then I put on the calf length nylons and the open heeled shoes. I finished dressing just in time to go to lunch with Jim. The bra straps and just a bit of its cups was visible through the lace at the top of the blouse. At least the panties didn't show this week and I was getting more comfortable walking in high heels.

In the line at the cafeteria, I was shocked when some con said, "I hear you're wearing pink lace panties today." How could he know?

At Norma's next visit, she was wearing loose white shorts with little peek-a-boo holes and a white halter-top.

"No bra, Bill," she said. "Aren't you happy?"



"I can't wear that."

"I went to a lot of trouble finding an outfit that didn't require a bra,"

Norma said.

"That top looks like a bra. It'll look silly on me."

"I think I understand your concern," Norma said. "Betty and I will talk tonight. Perhaps we can come up with something"

The next day, the box contained the shorts and halter-top. It also contained a note:

"Betty and I agree with you the halter would look silly on your hairy chest, so we have included a razor. Shave your legs and underarms too."

On no! I thought I could persuade them to not make me wear the halter. All I did was cost myself my hair. Jim and the guard took me to the shower where they made me shave my legs, arms, chest and underarms. I never felt so naked. I handed the razor back to Jim. "You're not finished," the guard said. "Shave your abdomen and the top of your crotch hair." Under the watchful gaze of the guard, I groomed my pubic hair into a woman's triangular shape. "That's more like it," the guard said. "Rinse off and dry yourself." I toweled myself dry. The guard handed me the box of clothes and I hurriedly put them on to cover my shaved body.

It was no use. The shorts showed my shaved legs, the halter left much of my shaved chest and abdomen and all of my arms and underarms uncovered. I was used to wearing long pants and long sleeve shirts. These shorts and halter made me feel exposed and uncomfortable. No

man would wear as little as this except at the beach. The halter looked like a bra and I could see the pink color of the panties through the eyelets in the shorts.

Jim took me out to the yard. Jeff laughed at me and said, "So, only girls shave their bodies, what does that make you?" I was too ashamed to come up with a smart response.

Monday my hairless body was the talk of the showers. Even with Jim's protection, I received many unwanted caresses from the horny cons.

Thursday morning, as I prepared for another trip to the showers, Jim handed me the razor and said, "You better shave."

"I'll do it later?"

"This is our shower time."

Shaving my body with thirty men watching was an unforgettable experience.

"Nice snatch," one said.

"Yea, if she got rid of that tiny pink thing, she'd have one fine pussy," another said.

It was a terrible blow to my masculine self-image to hear these cons talk about me as if I were a sexy girl.

Two days passed and it was Saturday again. I went to the visitor's area determined to tell Norma off.

"This halter's silly," I said, "I don't need it. I don't have tits like a broad."

"I'm tired of you calling women broads," Norma said. "I'm going to teach you a lesson. Betty, get me a bunch of toilet paper."



Betty returned from the bathroom with a double handful and Norma stuffed it into the halter.

"Keep that in your top until you change into your new outfit tomorrow," Norma said.

"I won't!" I said, reaching in to remove the paper.

"If you it that out, I'll fire Jim and you can fend for yourself."

"No!"

"Then I guess you'll have breasts."

"I can't!"

"Half of the adults in the world have them. You shouldn't be ashamed of yours. Show them off proudly. Make sure they're the first part of you to enter every room."

I stood up, and the teasing started. One of the women visitors giggled and said, "Those are some fine tits, honeybunch." I blushed, hunched my shoulders forward and crossed my arms over my chest. A con grabbed my arm and pulled it away. I turned bright red, covered my chest and ran back to my cell.

When I woke Sunday morning, I considered not refilling the halter. But, somehow, Norma would know. I never thought that I'd be so looking forward to getting an outfit of my sister's clothes to wear. Finally the guard brought it and I was able to remove the stuffed halter. The box contained the baby doll top and leggings that Norma had worn yesterday. It also contained lacy pink nylon panties with matching pink bra. The lingerie seemed to get more feminine every week. The top looked like a short dress and the cons lifted it to see what I had on under - fortunately the tights covered the panties.



At least I didn't have to fill the bra.

The next week, Norma was wearing a short dress.

"Please, don't make me wear a dress."

"This isn't a dress. It's a one piece play-suit with wide shorts called culottes."

"These cons will think it's a dress."

"Every time we visit you have some new complaint. If you don't enjoy wearing my clothes, just stop."

"Don't do this to me. I'm your brother."

"Wait until you see what I'm wearing underneath. It's a lacy silk teddy."

"Won't he look sweet in it?" Betty said.

"Shut up!"

"What a horrible thing to say," Norma said. "You need a lesson in manners." She reached into her purse and pulled out an atomizer. Before I could move, she sprayed me liberally with perfume.

"At least now you smell sweet."

I was horrified. It was days until my next shower.

I returned to my cell and tried to wash off the smell. It was hopeless.

The perfume had impregnated my clothes. I turned a lot of heads that day, as mine was the only perfume in the prison.

Sunday's package contained both the teddy and the culottes. The guard stepped aside again so that the cons could watch me dressing. I turned my back and tried to

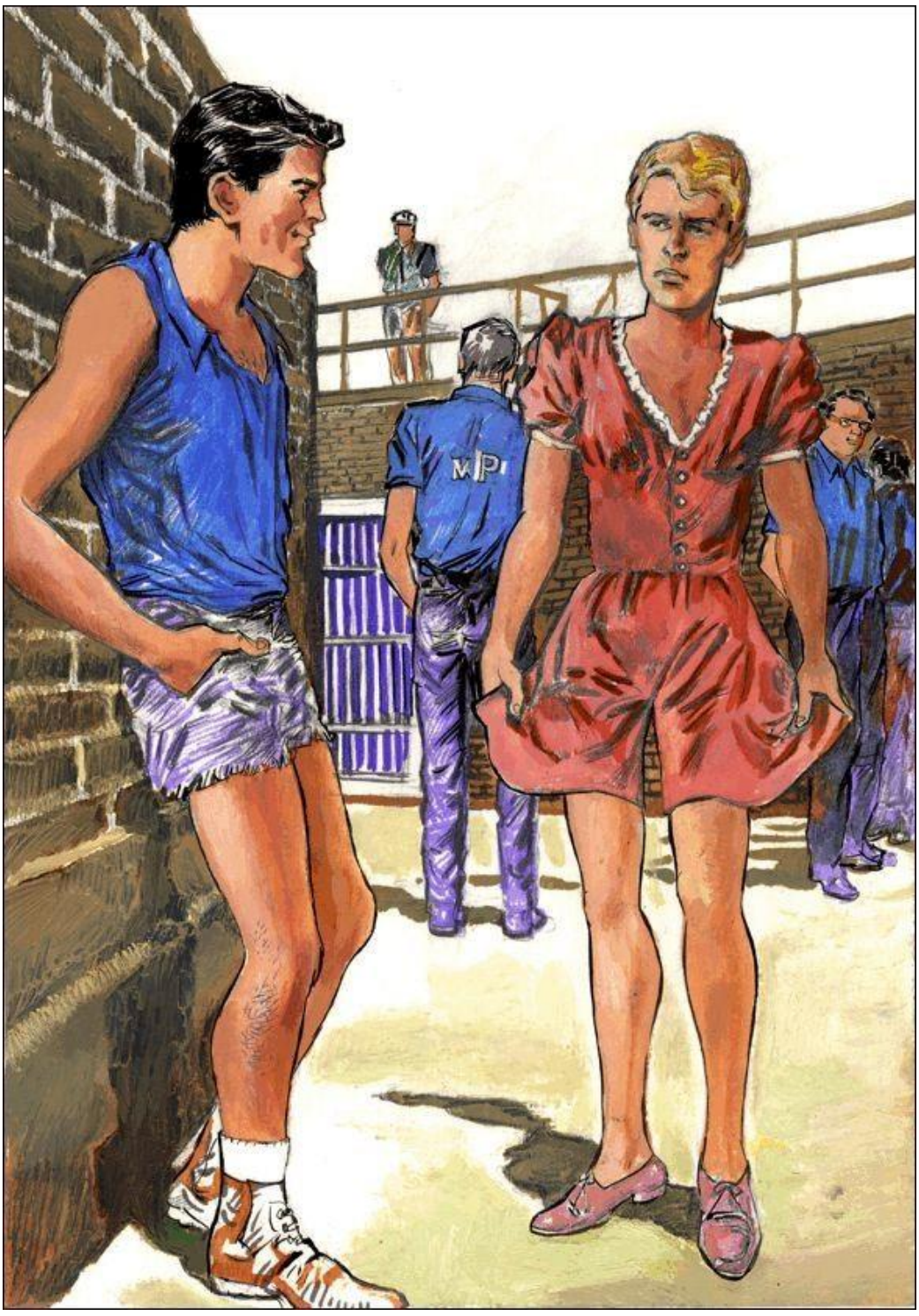
dress as quickly as possible. However, they got to see every damn thing. I dreaded the next trip out of my cell.

CHAPTER FOUR

Wearing the culottes was as bad as I'd imagined.

"Nice dress," Jeff said.

"This is no dress. It's just a pair of wide shorts. See, it has legs."



"So your dress has legs. What are you wearing under it, a bra and panties again?" he asked.

I was not. However, the teddy was no better. I dropped my head and walked away from him.

"I was right, wasn't I?"

The teddy created a whole new set of problems. I had learned to hide the panties in my lowered pants when I sat on the toilet in my cell.

Earlier, when I had a front zipper, I could even stand to pee by pulling the panties out of the way. The teddy had a crotch snap, but I had to take the culottes off to get to it. With them off I was covered in feminine lace from my butt to my shoulders. I couldn't use the toilet until lights out. Some days I had to really strain to make it.

The following week, Norma was definitely wearing a dress.

"No way, I can't wear a dress. I spent all last week explaining that these culottes were shorts."

"This isn't a dress dear," Norma said. "It's a skirt and top. The skirt has a wonderfully lively motion. I'm sure it will feel wonderful on you.

However, your outburst has earned you a surprise."

"Come on, Norma," I said.

I didn't like the way Betty was looking at me and giggling. What more could they do to me?

With the next box came the skirt and top and a purse. I hated the idea of carrying a purse. I knew Jeff would give me hell about it. I removed the culottes and teddy ignoring the comments of the cons.



I put the new lace panties in the skirt and pulled them on together. I hooked the bra, donned the top and picked up the purse. I felt something moving inside it. I opened it and saw a tube, a penny, a mirror and a piece of paper. I took out the paper. It was a note from Norma:

This purse is a present to go with your first skirt; the purse contains a penny for luck and, because of your tantrum, something special.

The tube was lipstick!

"Don't make me wear lipstick!" I cried in a panic.

"Do it," Jim said.

"I can't."

"Do it now!"

I sighed and open the lipstick. It was deep red. I looked to Jim for some sign that he might have pity, but all he showed was impatience. I picked up the mirror and brought the lipstick to my mouth. I felt a sickness growing in my gut as I applied the scarlet color. I knew that there was no way I could hide or explain my bright red lips. I also was worried that the cons would lift this skirt and see the panties.

Sure enough, when we went out, some con lifted the skirt shouting out, "whoops dearie!"

Everyone laughed at the sight of my underwear.

The cons started calling me 'Hot Lips', and made a regular game of flipping up my skirt. I had to be alert constantly.

The next morning I woke and saw lipstick on my pillow. I lay in my bunk sobbing. How could Norma be doing this to me?

Wearing lipstick on was bad enough. However, Jim insisted that I keep it fresh, and he chose the most embarrassing times to order me to fix my mouth. One morning he made me do it while I was half dressed. I swear he did that to help the cons get a good look.

I was a nervous wreck by Saturday.

Norma was definitely wearing a dress. It hung from her shoulders to a few inches above her knees. No!

"I can't wear that!" I exploded. "No man could."

"You have the loveliest red lips that I've ever seen on a man," Betty said.

"I'm all man, you bitch!"

"You don't look much like a man to me," she said. "Come let me look."

"Leave me alone."

"You heard her," Norma said. "Let her look."

I got up, walked over and stood by Betty who turned her chair to face me. I was terribly embarrassed to be wearing my sister's clothes, and I was particularly uncomfortable to be inspected by this cute girl. I should be dating and bedding her, not having her see me dressed like this.

"I see you're wearing girl's shoes," she said. "I could hear them clicking as you walked over."

"Betty."



"That looks like a girl's purse hanging from your shoulder."

"Please Betty."

She caressed my legs and said, "Your legs are smooth like a girl's."

People were stopping their conversations and listening to Betty.

"Please don't," I said.

She gently stroked my arm and said, "You also have smooth arms."

"Stop."

She looked me in the eye and said, "You have short hair like a man but those red lips look like they belong on a girl."

"Come on, Betty."

"You're wearing a girl's top but I can't see any sign of breasts.

However," she said stroking my chest, "I think I can feel a bra."

"Betty, don't!"

"Yes, you're definitely wearing a bra," she said. "Why would you wear a bra if you're not a girl?"

The cons and visitors were smiling and obviously talking about me now.

"Please don't," I said.

"You're also wearing a girl's skirt," she said. "I'm not sure. You could be a boy, a girl or some combination. What would that be, Bill, a boy/girl?"

I wanted to run from this horrible examination and her teasing comments, but I still needed Jim's protection. I stood there and suffered.

Betty fondled my thighs. She had a gentle touch. I began to relax and enjoy her caresses. I really could go for her. Perhaps when I get out of this prison . . .

Suddenly, she took the hem of the skirt and pulled it high above my waist.

"Eeek!" I screamed involuntarily, grabbing the skirt and pulling it down.

"Those sure aren't men's panties," she said, "but that mound under them doesn't belong on a girl."

"Betty!"

Everyone was laughing at me.

"You may go now, dear," she said. "I don't need to see any more."

I slunk back to my cell filled with shame. I still had more than four weeks left here.

The outfit this week was the dress and a full slip. I stayed close to Jim. The other cons feared him, but they still let me know what a sissy they thought I was and took every opportunity to pull up the dress or tug on the bra straps.

When I sat in the cafeteria for meals, they peeked at me under the table. I pressed my legs tightly together, embarrassed to have them trying to look up the dress.





I returned to the visiting room on Saturday resigned to yet another week in dresses.

Norma arrived wearing a mini skirt. She strutted across the room showing off her long stockinged legs. What a sexy doll she was. Then I realized that tomorrow the other inmates would see me dressed in that sexy outfit.

"You'll be wearing panty hose as well as panties this week," Norma said. "I think that will be fun, don't you?"

"Right, lots of damn fun."

"Why don't you wear your panties outside your hose dear, it will look sexier," she said.

My sarcasm succeeded in making my humiliation even worse. I gritted my teeth afraid to say anything more.

I dreaded the arrival of the next day's package. The cons watched as I rolled the pantyhose up over my shaved legs. It made them look entirely girlish.



I pulled on the panties and the mini skirt together. The skirt looked even shorter on me than it had on Norma. There'd be no way to hide the panties under this mini. The cons hooted and whistled as I donned the bra and sweater. Fortunately the sweater completely covered the lacy bra.

However, the place everyone will be looking is at my long nylon clad legs, the short mini skirt and the lace panties.

Shortly I was walking at Jim's side down the hall of the cellblock, high heels clicking out a notice of my coming. I was sickened by what Norma had done to me, and apprehensive about Jeff seeing me like this.

Sure enough, Jeff said, "You look like a whore."

"At least I'm not sucking some old guy's dick."

Jeff, enraged, took a swing at me. I jumped back and he missed, but I lost my balance on the high heels and fell. He leaped on top of me, and was about to start hitting me when Jim lifted him off.



"Don't ever do that again!" he said.

He dropped Jeff and told me, "Fix your clothes and lipstick. You're a mess."

The bra's lacy cups were exposed to the entire yard. I was shaking with fear and embarrassment. Everyone got a good look as I rearranged the sweater and skirt.

"I'll do the lipstick later."

"Fix it now."

I sighed, and the cons watched as I added a fresh layer of lipstick to my flaming red mouth.

"Hey, Hot Lips, I've got something for you here," one of the cons said grabbing his crotch.

CHAPTER FIVE

The next day, I pleaded with Jim to stay in our cell. I just couldn't face Jeff again. However, Jim did not intend to give up his exercise just to spare me embarrassment. Once again I walked to the yard wearing the awful mini skirt. Whistles and laughter greeted me. I didn't see Jeff.

"Miss," I heard someone say.

There were never any women on the yard. Someone must be giving me a hard time. I ignored them.

"Miss," he repeated. I glared in his direction. It was an older con.

"I heard my old lady attacked you yesterday," he said. "Today I got a package from your sister." He handed me a note that read:

Mr. Biondi, your old lady attacked my brother. The attack was unfair. Wearing my skirt and heels handicapped my brother. With the greatest respect, I ask you to have your old lady wear this outfit so my brother may fight her on equal terms.

"Jeff said you were bugging her about being my old lady so she took a swing at you," Biondi said. "I told her I don't care what a couple of broads say to each other, but I don't want her getting hurt. I decided that it would teach her a good lesson to wear a dress and have an old-fashioned catfight with you. She didn't want to wear it, so my boys had to persuade her."

Jeff arrived, dragged into the yard by two cons. I was amazed to see that he too was wearing a mini skirt. His outfit looked just like mine. I looked more closely and saw

that his left little finger was bloody. He must have required a lot of persuading.

"Girls," Biondi said, "this is a cat fight. I don't want either of you to get hurt so there will be no hitting, kicking or biting. The fight will be over when one of you is stripped to her underwear. Get started."

I was delighted that Biondi had put Jeff in a dress. However, I hated being called a girl and participating in a 'cat fight'. I didn't dare complain.

Even Jim couldn't protect me if I got Biondi angry. I must fight. I also must win. As bad as it was to have these cons see me like this, it would be a hundred times worse for them to see me stripped down to my sister's bra and panties.

Jeff looked miserably uncomfortable. I could take advantage of that.

"Nice legs, Jeff," I said.

The cons laughed.

Jeff blushed and said, "Shut up!"

"Come on honey," I said, "Lift your skirt and show these guys what you're made of."

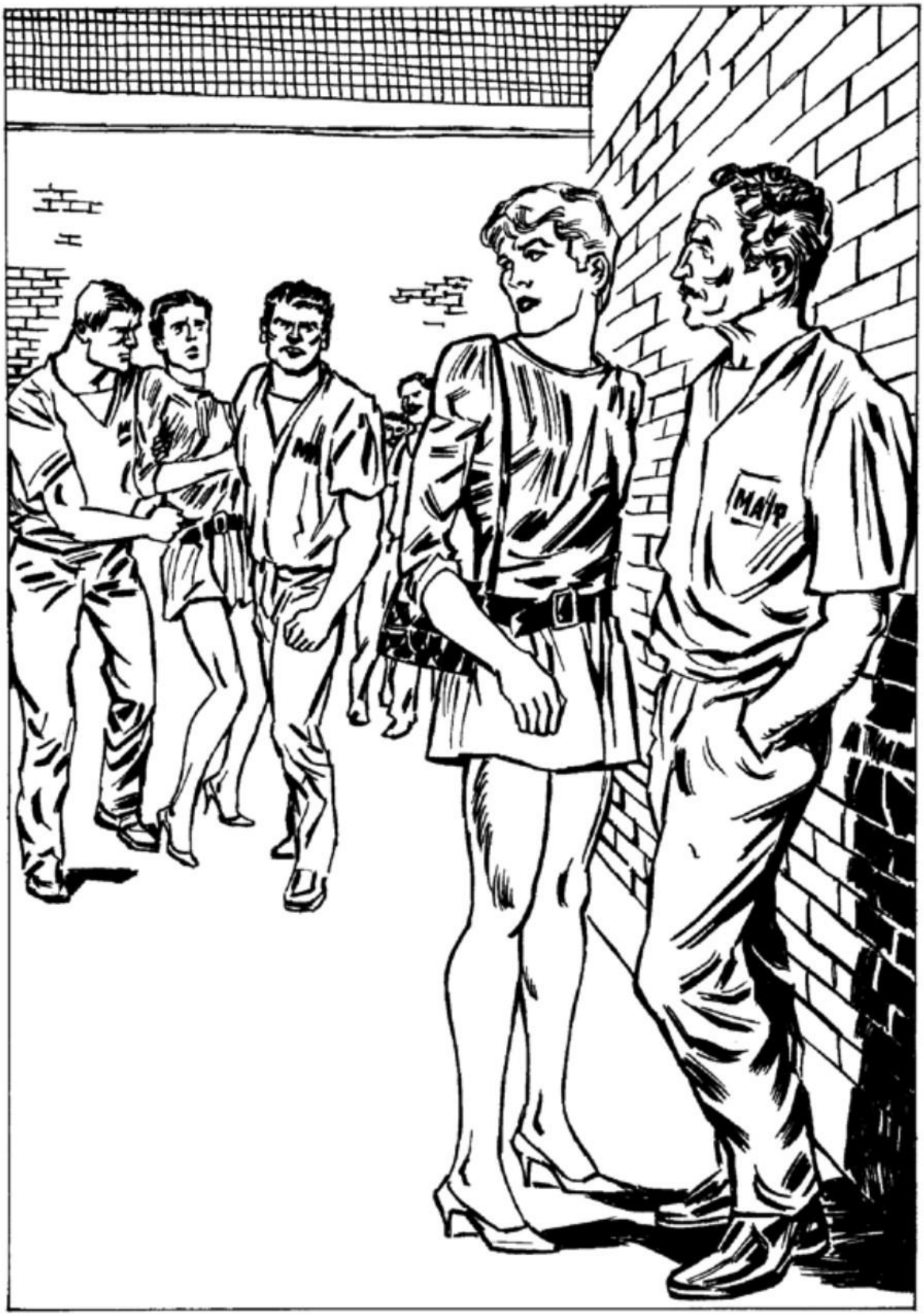
"You son of a bitch!"

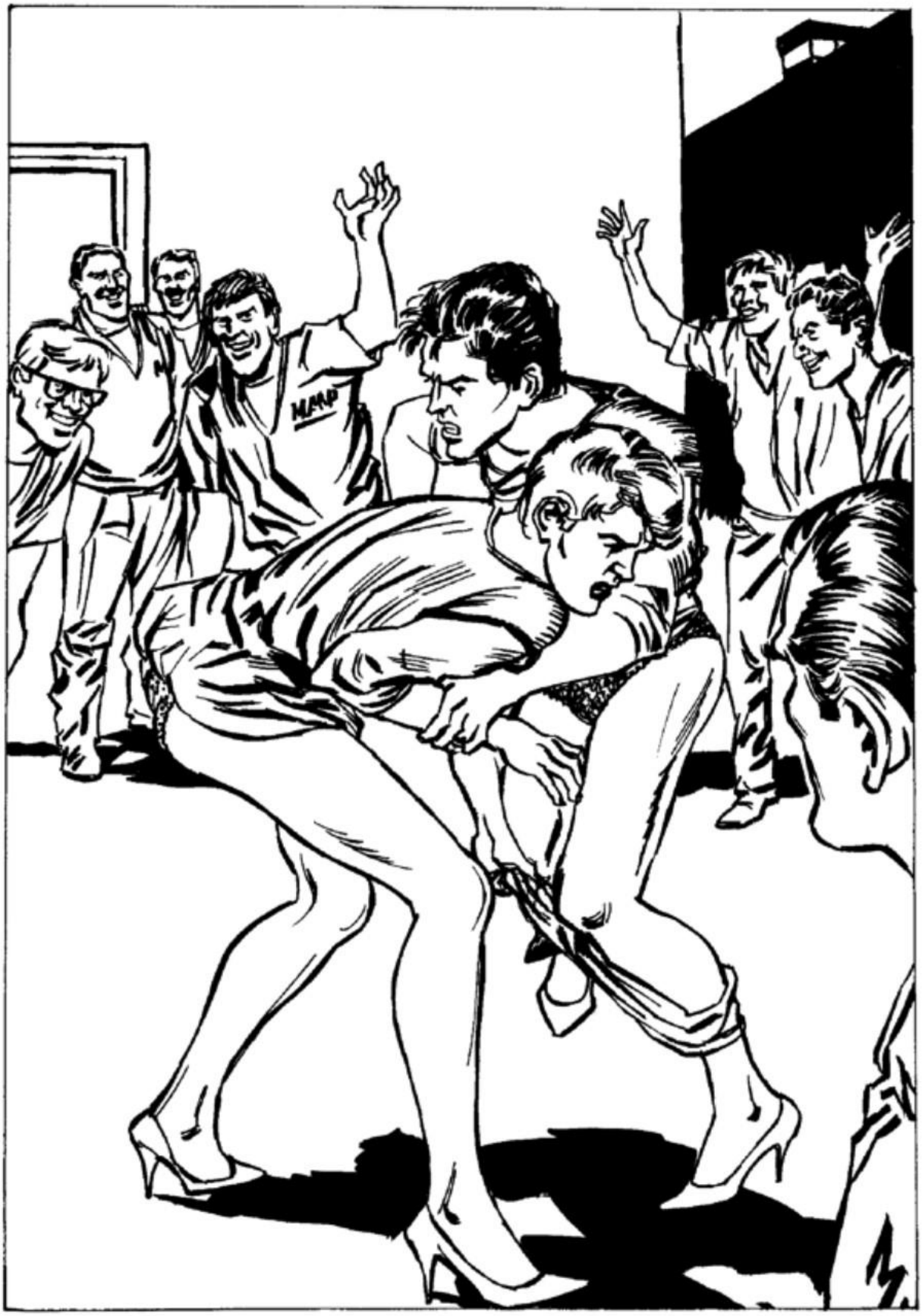
"Okay, so you're shy. I'll lift it for you."

"I'll kill you!"

He rushed towards me. If he grabbed me, his greater weight and strength would win the fight for him. However, my experience wearing high heels gave me a big advantage. I let him rush in and jumped aside at the last moment, grabbed his skirt and unzipped it. He looked

frightened and reached behind himself trying to close his skirt. I rushed up to him. He stopped trying to zip himself and grabbed my arm, but I got his mini and tugged it down.

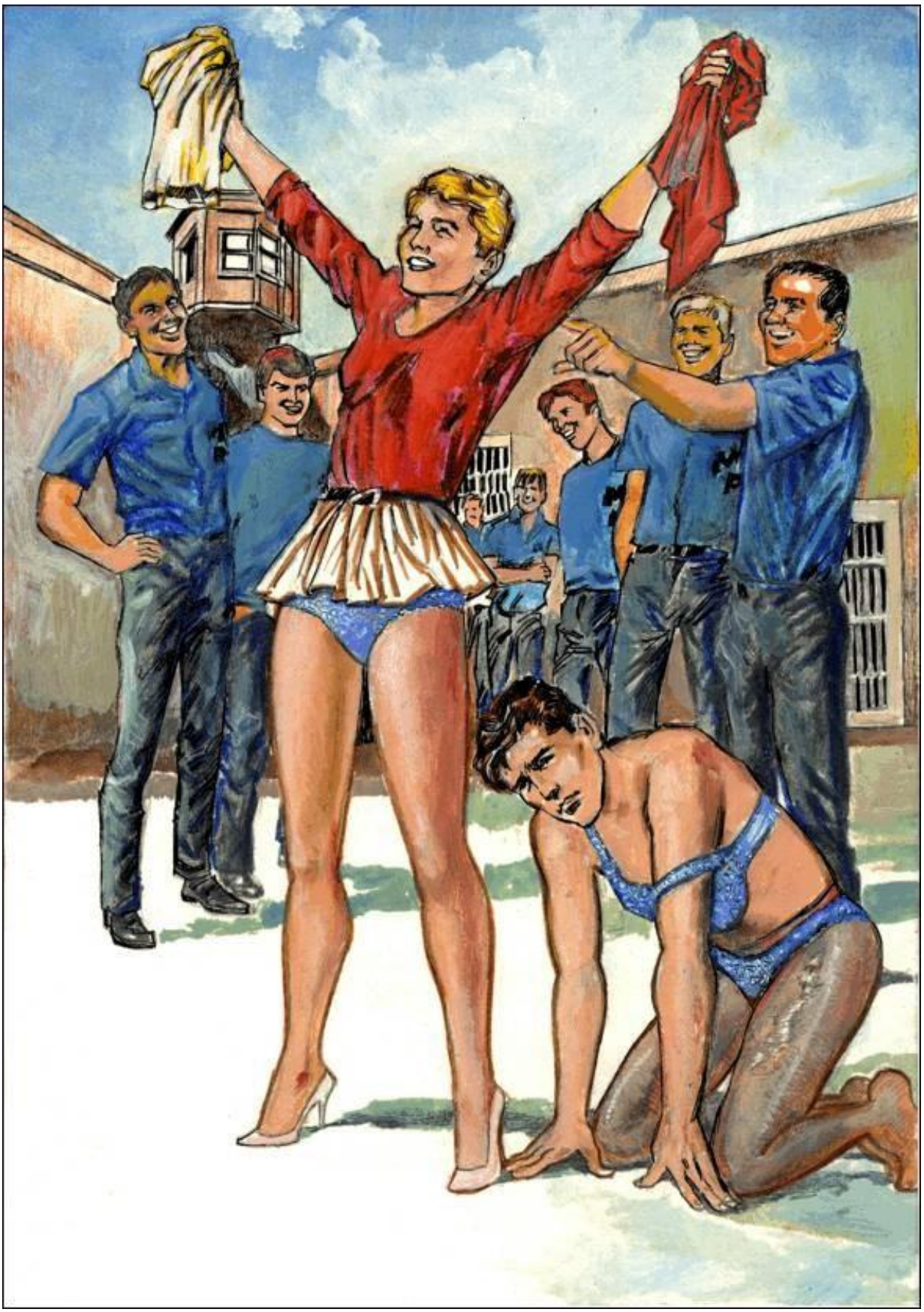




The crowd yelled its approval at the sight of Jeff's panties. He reached for the skirt with one hand and tried to hide his underwear with the other. His embarrassment at wearing girl's clothes for the first time was definitely working in my favor.

"Looking good, girl," I said.

He was in a panic, trying to pull his skirt back on and cover his panties. I moved in, grabbed his sweater and pulled it up. He lost his balance and threw his arms out in an attempt to stay upright. I spun him around by his sweater and his skirt fell to his ankles. With his legs tangled in the skirt and his arms caught in the sweater, Jeff fell to the ground. As he struggled both to get up and cover himself, I pulled the sweater off and took the mini from him. I stood triumphantly holding his clothes as Jeff knelt at my feet in lingerie.



"You have a run in your stockings, honey," I taunted him. The cons cheered my victory and jeered at Jeff.

Biondi came over and patted me on the butt. "Good show, Miss. You're a whole lot tougher than you look."

I was thoroughly deflated by his calling me 'Miss' and by the way the cons laughed when he called me tough. It was also humiliating for him to fondle my rear. Why oh why did Norma make me dress like this?

"Get up, Jeff," Biondi said. "Let's go back to my cell. All this girl fighting's given me a hard on."

Jeff stood and limped over to Biondi, one shoe on and one in his hand. His panty hose was run and his underwear was exposed to everyone.

"You sure look fine in your bra and panties, honey," I said. "I almost wish you were coming back to my cell to do me."

"Tomorrow, I'll be back in pants," he said, "and you'll still be in that dress."

I knew he was right, and it just wasn't fair. I'd won the fight. He should be the one in girl's clothes tomorrow, not me.

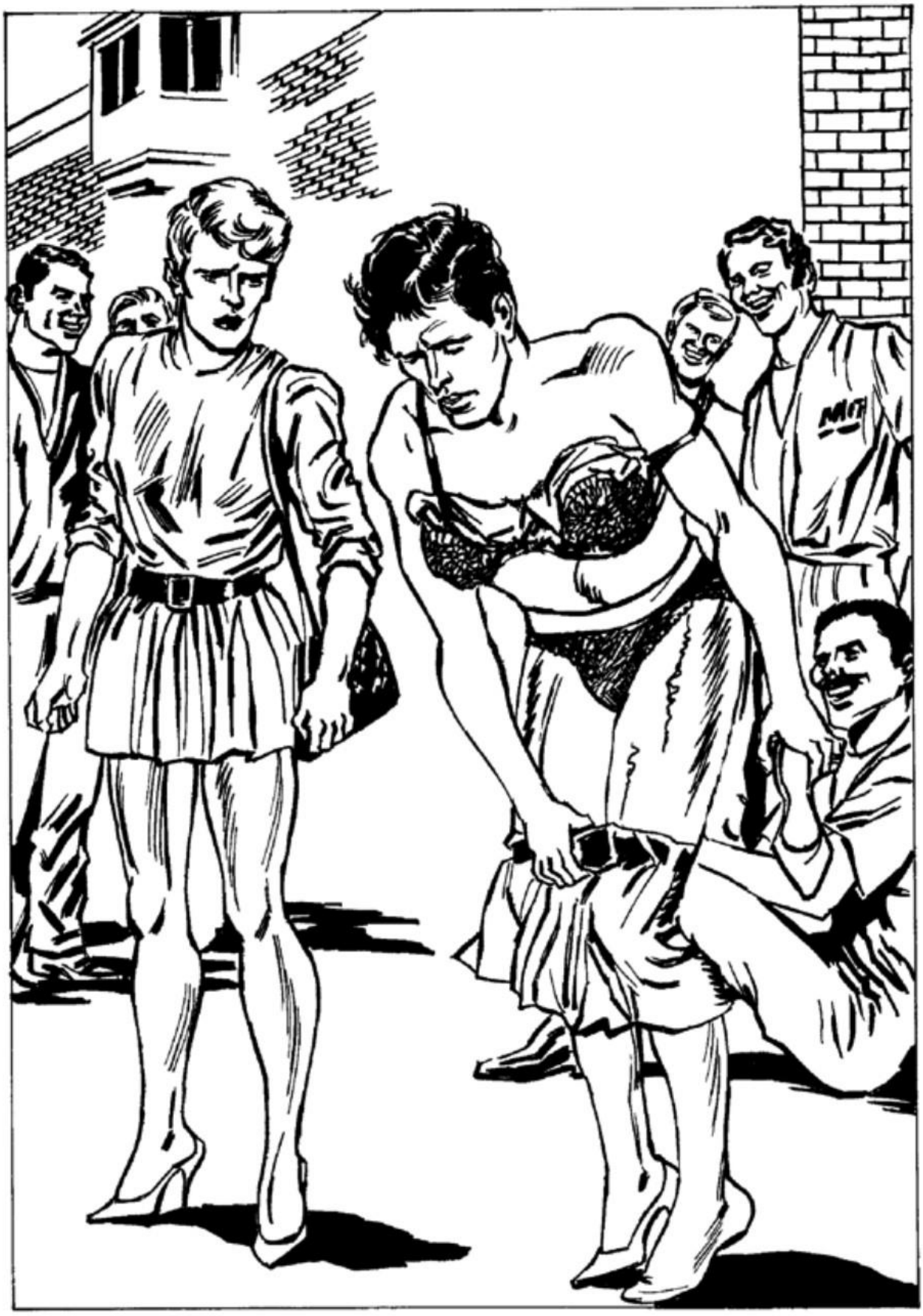
"May I give Jeff back his skirt and sweater, Mr. Biondi?" I asked.

"Do whatever you want, you won."

I reached for Jeff's bra. He backed away, and Biondi said, "Hold still."

I stuffed Jeff's sweater into his bra. The cons roared out their laughter. My own experience wearing a toilet paper stuffed halter taught me how embarrassed he must feel.

Then I took the mini and put it laughter. My own experience wearing a toilet paper stuffed halter taught me how embarrassed he must feel. Then I took the mini and put it around his ankles. "That should keep you from walking too fast," I said. "Hold it up just enough so it doesn't drag on the ground." He glared at me but held the skirt up with one hand. I loved the sight of him with his skirt around his knees and his lingerie exposed. I particularly cherished seeing him in the sweater filled bra.



He turned to follow Biondi back to his cell. I knew that he wanted to run and hide, however, because of the mini around his legs the longest step he could take was about a foot. I carefully watched every detail of him teetering along back to his date in bra and panties. I wanted to engrave this scene permanently on my memory, what a total triumph. Now Jeff wouldn't be able to give me hell any longer about the way Norma made me dress.

After he left the yard, things returned to normal, except that the cons teasing included an element of respect for my being the better 'girl'.

"That was something, the way you stripped Biondi's old lady," one con said.

"Thanks," I said.

"Yea, that was some move you put on her," another said. "Anytime you want to wrestle with me, Hot Lips, just let me know."

"I'll be sure to tell you," I said. I tried to act nonchalant, but I was terribly uncomfortable. All these guys would as soon seen me stripped as Jeff, and tomorrow I'd be the only one in a dress.

Before we left the yard, Jim made me 'fix' my lipstick again. I wasn't sure how much longer I could stand this.

The next day, I dressed in the mini skirt again and went to the yard with Jim. Jeff was there in his cutoffs. He started over towards me.

"Hi, sweetie," I said. "Did your hubby decide he liked you better in pants?"

"I told you I'd be back in pants today, Hot Lips," he said."

"Tell me, did Biondi think your tits were hot? I can imagine how it went."

"I'll get you for that," he said.

"I'm here now," I said, "take your best shot."

He looked as if he'd like to, but Jim was standing by my side and the last time Jeff attacked me, he ended up wearing a dress.

"Come on," I said. "What are you waiting for?"

"You won't have someone guarding you forever," He said, and walked away.

The girl's Saturday visit arrived and Norma was wearing a short ivory colored dress.

"This is a slip dress," she said.

Just one more Saturday, and all of this will be over.

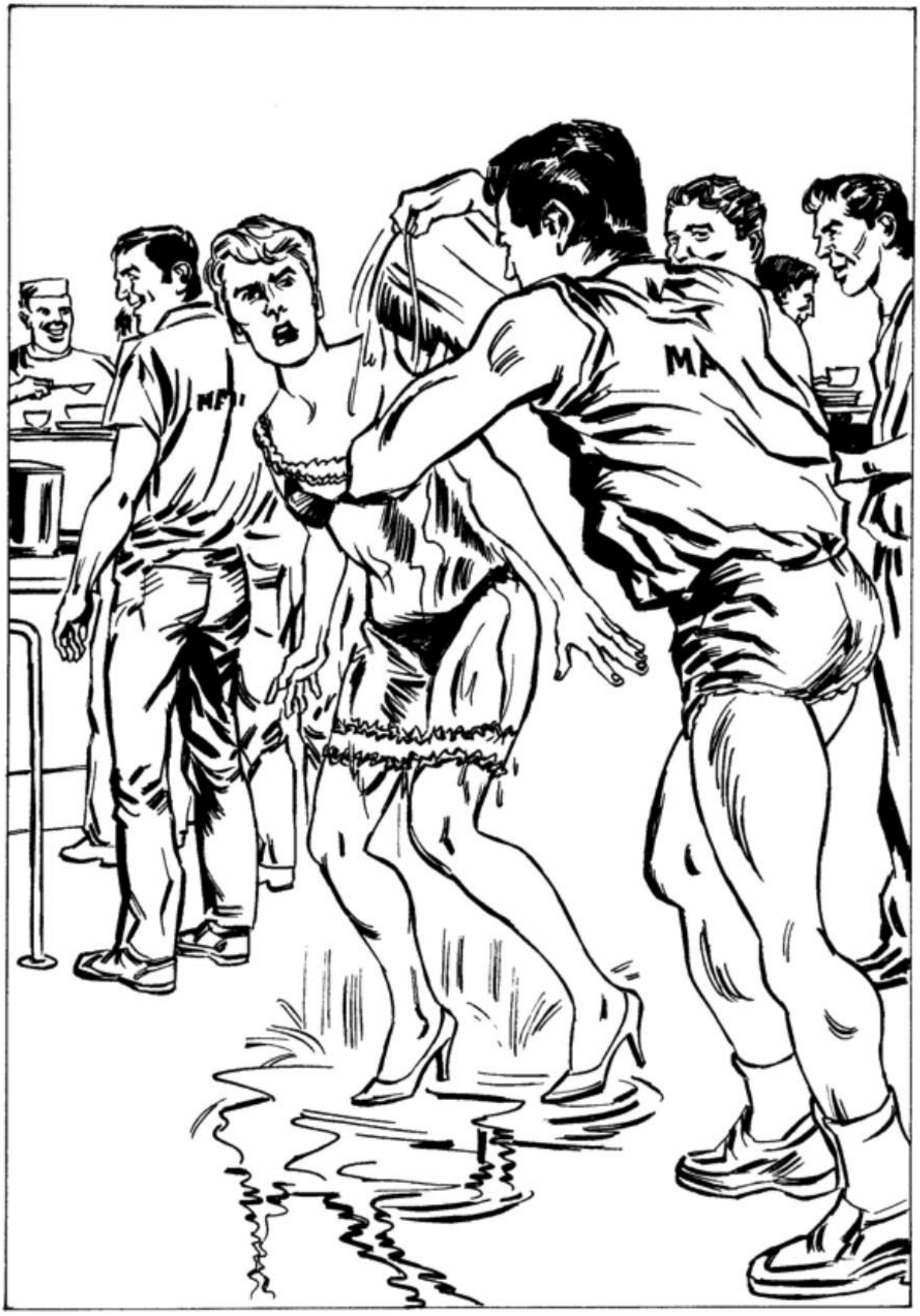
The outfit arrived the next day. The material of the dress was almost transparent. The lace covered nylon bra, slip and panties played peek-a-boo through it.

That night while I waited in line to get my dinner, Jeff said, "I don't have to take that dress off to see your underwear."

"I'm fully dressed, unlike you were when I finished with you the other day."

He walked away. I believed I had beaten him again until he returned with a pitcher of water and drenched me with it. I stood dripping water, lingerie showing through the now totally transparent dress.





"That's better," he said.

"You son of a bitch!" I said. I tried futilely to shake off the water.

Thank God there were only a few more days.

The last Saturday, Norma arrived wearing the sexiest dress I'd ever seen.

"How do you like my outfit?" she asked. "It's a halter dress like the one Marilyn Monroe wore in The Seven Year Itch but quite a bit shorter. You won't need a breeze to show off your legs."

"Norma . . ."

"You'll be happy to know I'm not wearing a bra."

"Damn it, Norma!"

"For your last few days, I wanted you to have something really special."

"This is almost over. I'll be out Wednesday. Then I'll be taking panties off girls, not wearing the damn things."

"That's right, you'll be getting out soon," Norma said. "When you were sentenced you said that you could do three months standing on your head. How do you feel about that now?"

"It would have been just fine if you hadn't interfered."

"After all I did to protect you, I would have thought you might be more grateful. Since you thought you could do the time standing on your head, I'd like to see you do just that. Stand on your head."

"I won't."

"All right, tomorrow the guard will collect my dress and you can spend the next three days in my bra, slip and

panties. I'm sure the boys spend the next three days in my bra, slip and panties. I'm sure the boys will enjoy seeing you prancing around in that cute lingerie of mine."

"You wouldn't."

"If you want this dress, stand on your head on this table," she said.

I climbed on the table, put my head down and lifted my legs. The dress and slip fell down around me. I couldn't see through them, but I sure could hear the laughter.



"When you said you could do three months standing on your head, I bet you didn't think that your dress would be in your face when you did it," Norma said.

I had to stay like that while people make rude comments until finally Norma let me get down.

I slunk back to my cell through the taunting crowd.

The next day, the halter dress arrived. It looked as if it was made for a Las Vegas showgirl. However, after all I'd been through, I could stand anything for these few days.

The outfit made a huge impact. As I walked past them, the cons grabbed the dress and pulled it up while I struggled to keep my sister's panties hidden.



Tuesday morning, after our shower, a guard came to our cell and said, "Come on, you're being released early."

"Great!" I exclaimed, "Jim, I've never been so glad to see the last of anyone. You're a stupid son of a bitch. I'd have paid you thousands of dollars today, but you preferred to take a few cigarettes and help my sister humiliate me. I'll do all I can to make sure you never get out of this jail." I turned to the guard with all the dignity I could muster in that damn dress, and said, "Let's go."

"Not you, Hot Lips. You're not going anywhere until tomorrow. The warden got Jim got an early release."

"Jim's leaving, and I'm staying?"

The guard nodded.

"Jim," I said, "you can't leave. What will I do without you to protect me?"

"How should I know? I'm a stupid son of a bitch."

"I didn't mean it. I'll pay you to stay another day."

"I'm going, you'll have to look out for yourself."

"Get me some clothes!" I said to the guard.

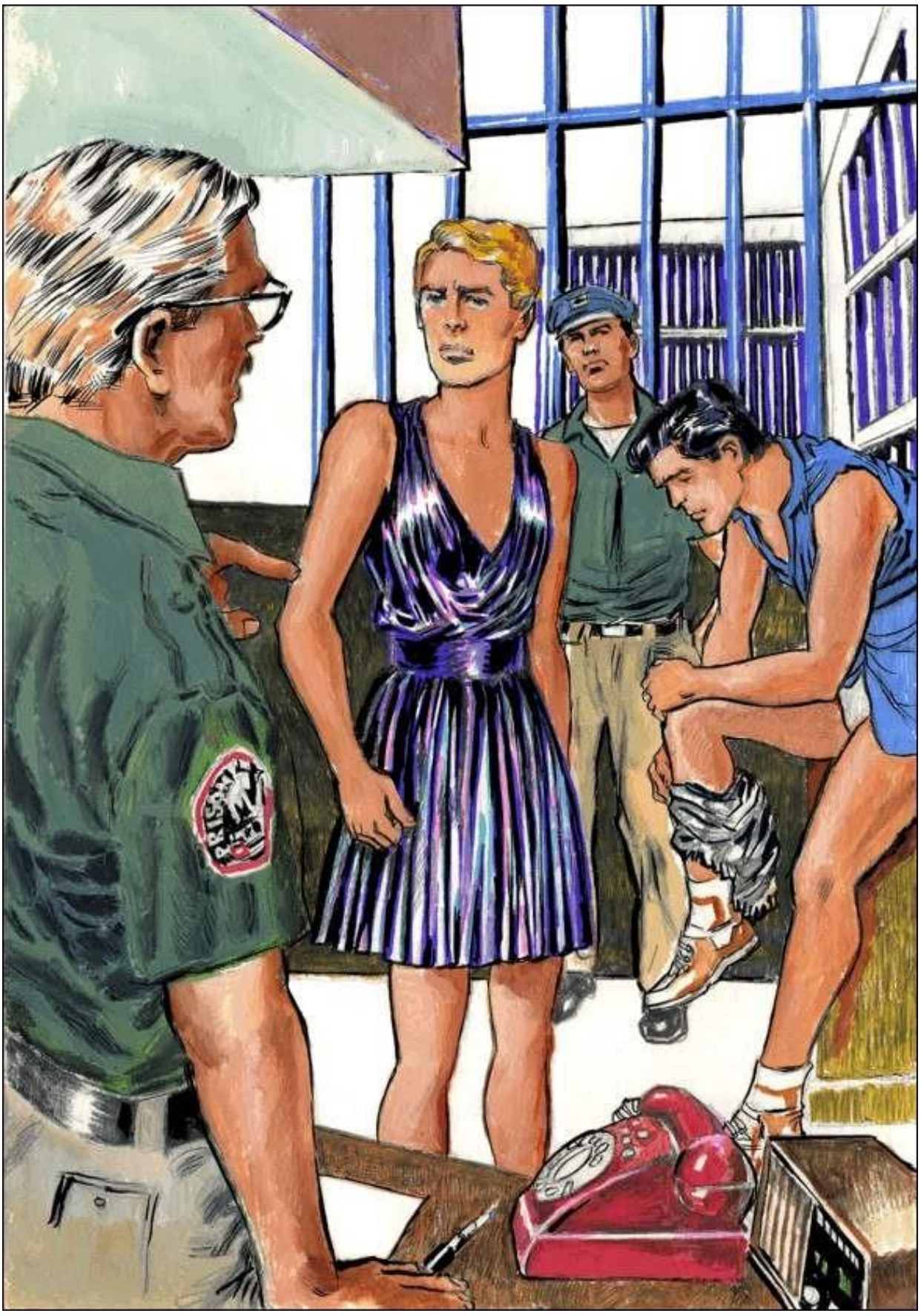
"You're dressed already, sweetie," he said.

"No, not this getup, I need men's clothes."

"What does it matter, Hot Lips, after the things you've been wearing the past three months? Now that Jim's leaving, a lot of guys will want to see you."

It was fortunate I only had a day left, since I spent the time cowering in my cell and skipped all my meals.

The next morning, the guard came for me. Catcalls and wolf whistles followed me through the cellblock to the



processing area. Jeff was already there.

"I need all your prison issue clothes," a guard said to Jeff. "Strip it off and I'll give you back what you came in."

"Hot Lips, that dress isn't prison issue. You can wear it out of here if you like."

"No way."

"Suit yourself, honey. Peal it off."

This one final humiliation seemed inevitable. I put down the purse, stepped out of the shoes and took off the dress.

"Don't you look sweet?" Jeff said.

"Shut up, cock sucker," I said.

"Where's your lipstick, Hot Lips?" a guard asked.

With Jim not there to force me, I hadn't put it on. I ignored him and pulled off the panties and pantyhose.

"Are you sure you want to take those off?" the guard asked.

"I never want to see this shit again. Give me back my clothes."

The guard handed them to me. It sure felt good to be back in pants.

"Your nails are done, Fran," I said.

"Why are you still wearing a dress?"

"Would you like an appointment the same time next week?"

"If you'll continue your story."

"Next week."

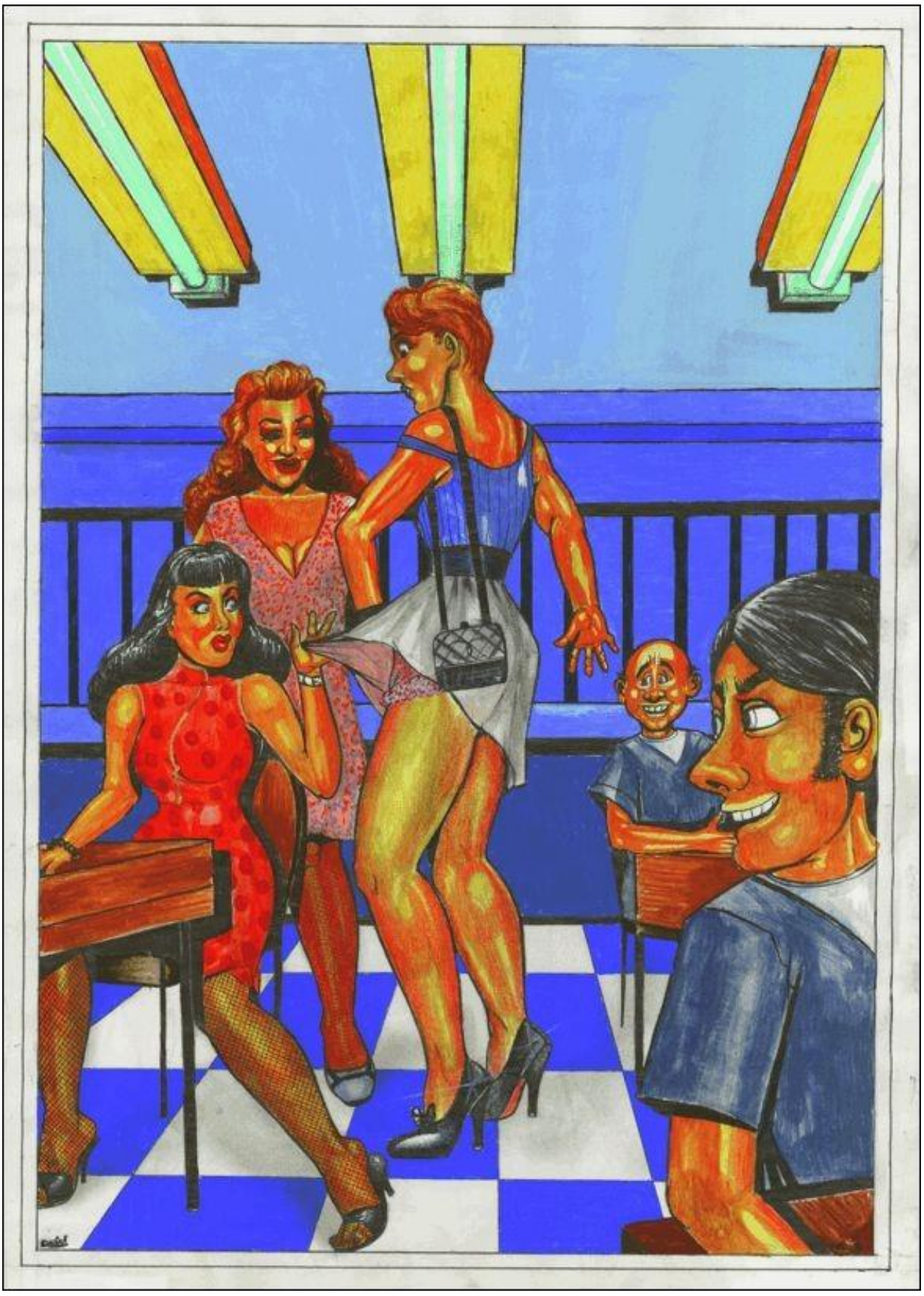
Jean and I closed the shop.

"See you tomorrow, honey," she said.



I walked to the bus stop. The regulars just smiled, but the newcomers gasped and stared at me. I hated riding the bus. It was so crowded that I rarely got a seat, and people were always snickering and grinning.

CONTINUED IN VOLUME TWO



Bill in prison by Chris of England