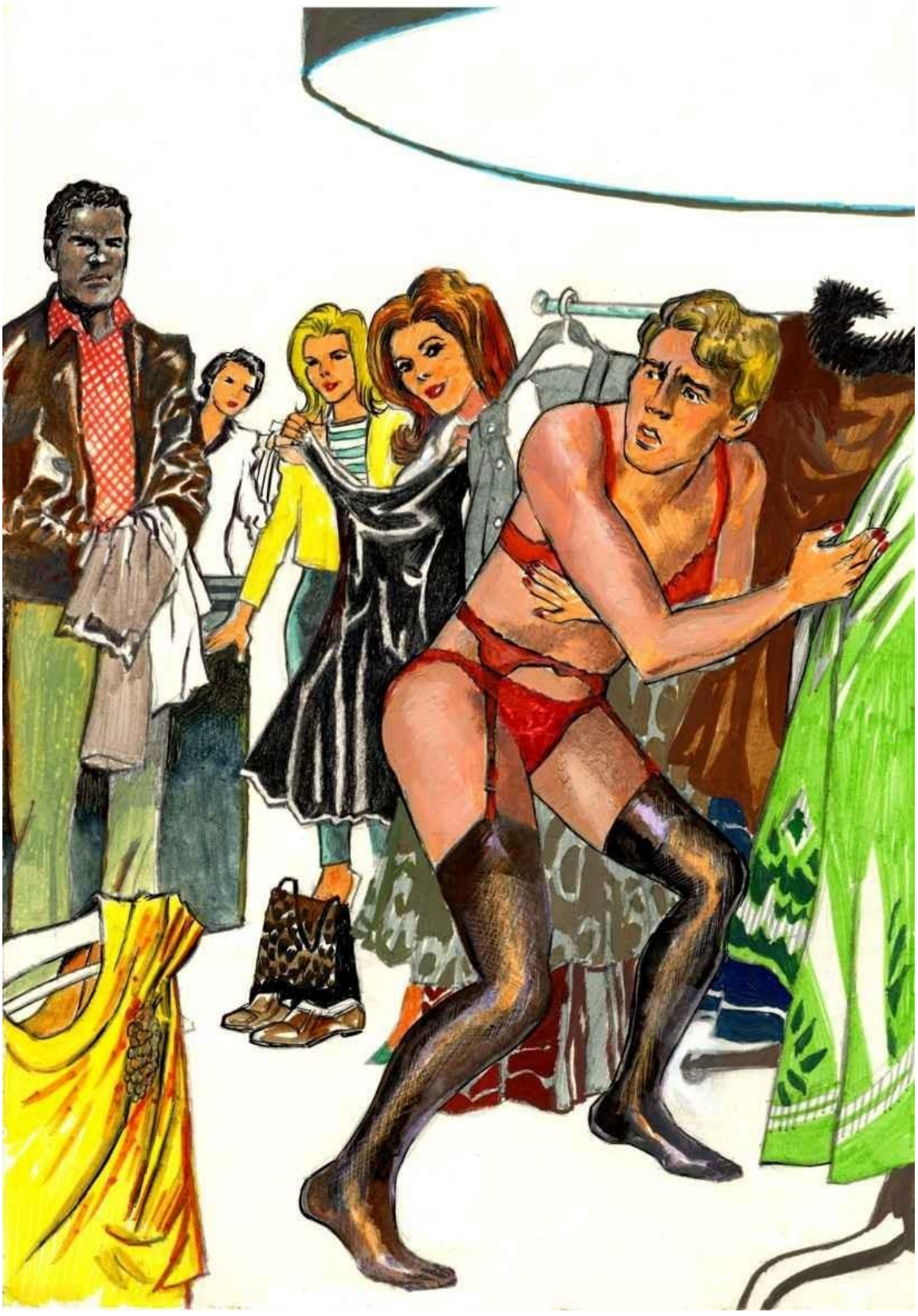
BILL'S HUMILIATIONS IN PANTIES Volume 2

By Carole Jean



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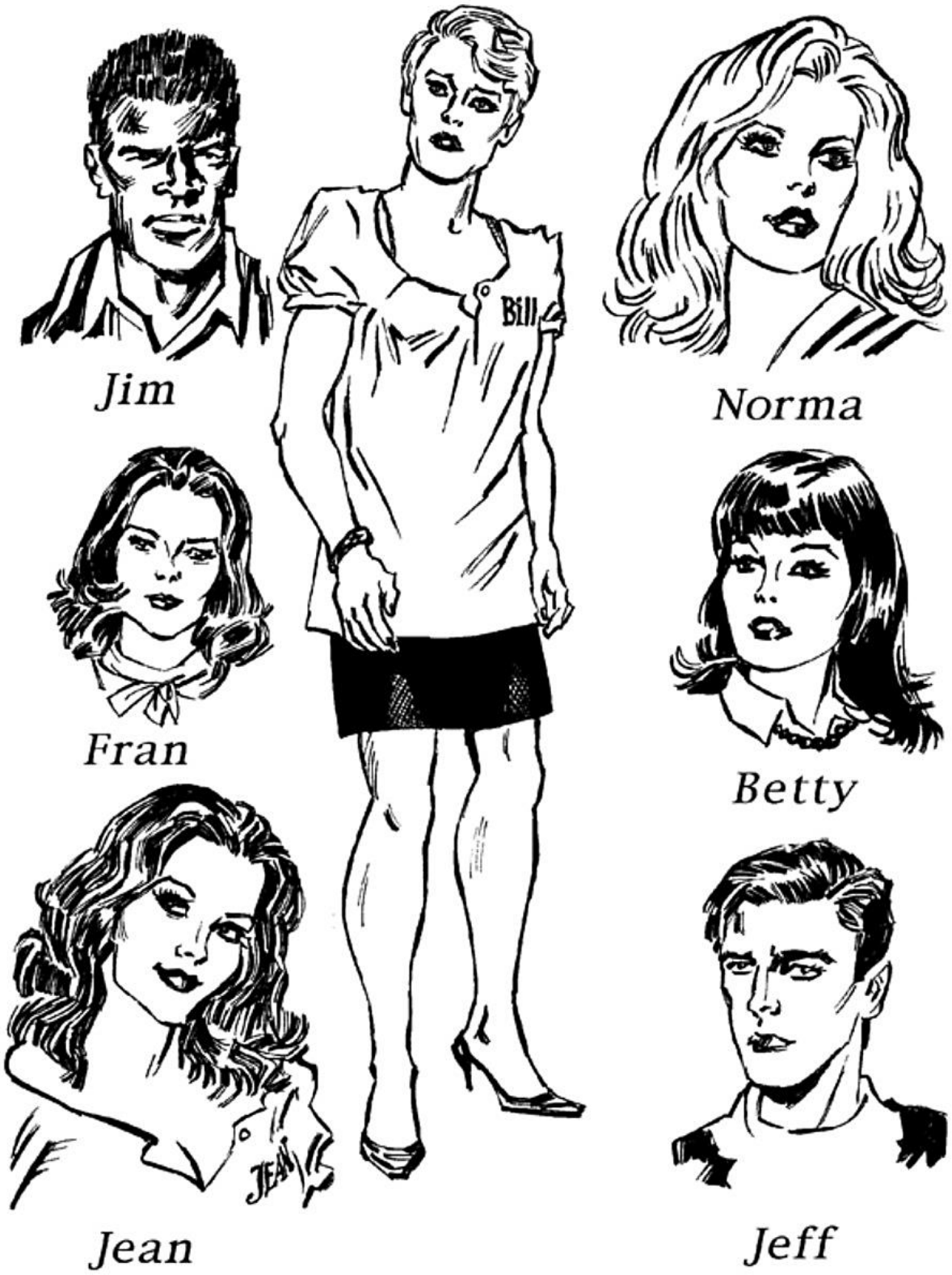
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Kindle Edition

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Jim
Bill
Norma
Fran
Betty
Jean
Jeff

Hope in reality is the worst of all evils, because it prolongs the torments of man.

(Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche)

The basis of optimism is sheer terror.

(Oscar Wilde)

CHAPTER SIX

Next week, Fran was right on time for her appointment. "What happened when you got out of prison?" she asked.

"People were waiting for us . . ."



Norma and Betty were waiting for me and Biondi's men were there for Jeff.

"Mr. Biondi says you owe him for the protection he gave you in the joint," one of them said to Jeff.

"Bullshit!" he exclaimed.

"Greg's your pimp."

"No way!"



We watched them drag him to their car. I shuddered to think what they'd make him do.

"Where are your purse and my clothes, Bill?" Norma asked.

"I left them."

"Well go back and get them."

"I told the guards I didn't need them."

"We'll wait for you," she said sharply.

I didn't like it, but they were her things. I probably shouldn't have left them, and I was scared by what had just happened to Jeff. I reluctantly returned to the jail. "I need the stuff back," I told the guard.

"You want to wear it again?" he asked.

"No! My sister wants it back, it's hers."

"You were wearing your sister's clothes?"

"May I have them?"

"Okay, stud," he said with a sneer, "I'll give you back your girl's clothes after you put on your lipstick."

"I won't!"

"Then tell your sister you couldn't get her stuff."

"Come on, give it to me."

"First your lipstick."

I had to get the clothes. I took the tube, and, while the smiling guard watched, I painted my lips bright red.

"That's better, Hot Lips. Here's your purse. Do you want to put on your panties?"

"Just give them to me."



He made a big show of handing me each of the feminine garments. I folded them together with the lingerie on the inside and once again left the prison. I checked the street to the right and left. When there was no one near, I ran for the car, opened the door and jumped into the back seat.

"I see you put your lipstick back on," Betty said. "You must have felt naked without it."

"Give me something to wipe it off."

"I don't have anything in the car. You'll have to wait 'til we get home."

I sat in sullen silence during the drive. All I could think about was getting the damn lipstick off my mouth.

When we arrived home, I went directly to the bathroom and winced at the image of my red lips in the mirror. I wiped the lipstick off with a towel. I used soap and rubbed hard to remove the last traces. Finally I was ready to go out and face the girls.

Soon the doorbell rang. It was Jeff and his pimp, Greg. Jeff looked miserably uncomfortable in a tank top and short-shorts. His wedding band and sparkling engagement ring were on his finger again.

"You told me you wanted to hire my boy," Greg said.

"I might hire him if he wants to work for me," Betty said.

"Thank you, Betty," Jeff said. "I promise I'll be the best chauffeur you ever had."

"I don't want a chauffeur," Betty said, "but I do have another job available. Norma, would you please get the uniform."

Norma left the room and returned with a French maid's outfit that looked like the one I had bought for Betty. Could they plan to make him wear that? I certainly hoped so.

Betty took the dress and held it up to Jeff. "Looks like it'll fit," She said.

"Y-you can't mean you expect me to wear that d-dress," Jeff said. "You'd hardly expect to see a stylish maidservant mincing around in pants would you?" Betty asked. She, Norma and I shook with laughter.

"I can't," Jeff said. "Please Betty, I'll clean the house for you but I can't dress as a maid."

"I don't just want a clean house," Betty said. "I want the house cleaned by a prettily dressed maid. Let me make this perfectly clear. I want you to wear this uniform, panties, a petticoat and high heels. I want you to wear them every day so I can enjoy seeing you all dressed up and sissified. Is that clear?"

"You bitch! I'd rather die!"

"That's fine with me. Take him away, Greg."

"Okay, there are hundreds of men who'll hire him," Greg said.

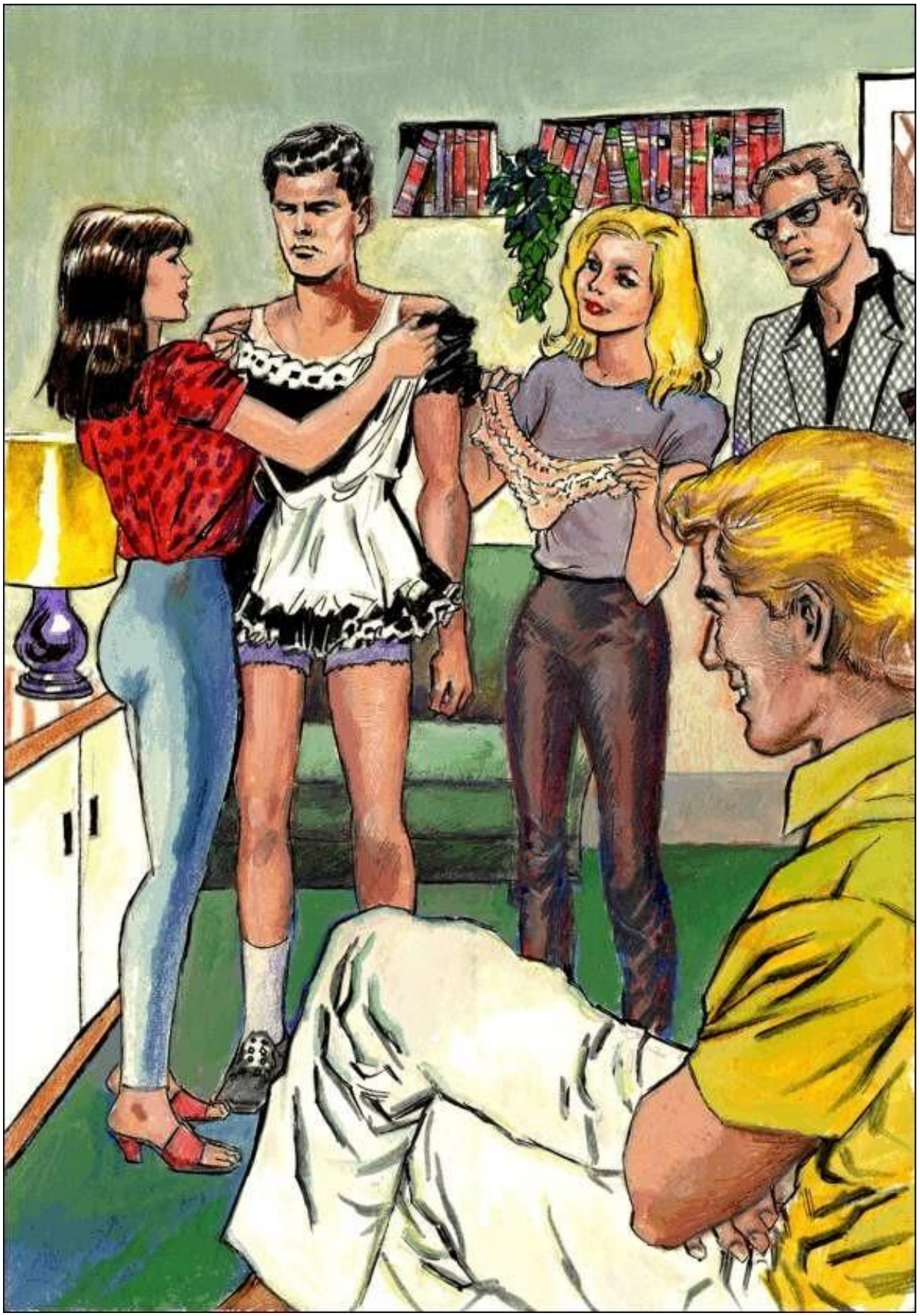
"Please Betty!" Jeff cried.

"Please what?" Betty asked. "Do you want to be my maid?" "Damn it. Damn it!" he said.

"I'm not sure either. Take off your clothes and put on the uniform so I can see how you look in it."

"I can't," Jeff said.

"You'll do it or you'll leave now with your pimp.



Jeff took off his shoes, shorts and tank top. He stood covering his crotch with his hands. His body was totally shaved except for a triangle of pubic hair. "I don't want Bill to see me in those clothes," he said.

"If I hire you," Betty said. "Bill will have lots of chances to see you in your uniform."

"Yea, Jeff," I said, "I can hardly wait."

"Shut up!" he spat.

"Temper, Jeff," Betty said. "Put on your pantyhose."

Jeff looked miserable struggling into the hose.

"Now your panties."

She handed him a pair of white panties that were dripping with row after row of lace. He averted his eyes as he put them on over his hose.

"How sweet," Betty said. "Here's your bra."

It was also white with lace. He tried to fasten the hooks without success.

"You'll need to learn how to hook your bra," she said. "This time I'll help you."

She fastened it for him and adjusted the straps. He looked foolish standing there in woman's underwear with the cups of his bra hanging loose but this was just the beginning of his emasculation. Betty held up a lacy petticoat and swished it back and forth.

"Next you get to put on this lovely petticoat. Aren't you excited?"

I laughed at his expression of disgust. He gave me a look, but was in no position to say or do anything. He gritted his teeth and stepped into the petticoat.



Betty helped him into his dress, zipped up the back and tied an apron on him. His expression was priceless. She put him into a pair of black high-heeled shoes, straightened the lace on his dress and lifted his skirts and petticoats to adjust his panties. When she was satisfied, she patted his bottom and let his petticoats fall.

"Walk around the room," she said. "I want to see how your petticoats sway."

His efforts to walk in his high heels were very amusing. His dress was so short and his petticoats stood out so far that he displayed his panties with every unsteady step.

"How much do you want for him?" Betty asked Greg.

"Two thousand a week," Greg said.

"That's a lot for a maid," Betty said.

"Makes no difference to me," Greg said. "Thanks for the outfit. I'll get him a few more like it. They will make him stand out on the stroll." He opened the front door and dragged the horrified Jeff out of the house.

"Please hire me!" I heard Jeff yell.

Betty opened the door and called after them. They returned and she said, "I'll give him a try, how much for one day?"

"Four hundred."

"All right, but tell me where I can reach you if I want him picked up early."

"No problem," Greg said, "I'll give you my cell number. If you want him gone call and somebody will be here for him immediately." He took the money and left.



"Jeff," Betty said, "You're now my sissy maid."

"What do you want me to do?" Jeff asked.

"Call me Miss Betty."

"What do you want me to do, Miss Betty?"

"That's better. Take this feather duster and start cleaning."

I just loved this. Now I was in pants and Jeff was dressed in a short French maid's uniform. "Perhaps I should call you 'Fifi'," I said.

Jeff glared at me his cheeks flaming crimson.

"Bill, get your purse," Norma said. "We're going out."

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"Hurry up," she said. "We don't have much time."

CHAPTER SEVEN

I didn't want to carry a purse. However, Norma looked impatient. I got it and we walked to the garage. Jim was waiting at the car.

"You remember Jim," Norma said. "I hired him as our chauffeur."

I never wanted to see any of the cons again, especially Jim. We didn't part on the best of terms.

"Take us to the mall, Jim," she said.

Once there, we walked to a store called 'NAILS BY JEAN'. We entered, and Jean, my most recent one-night-stand, got up to meet us. She was wearing a black skirt and a white smock with her name embroidered on the chest.

"I'm sorry we're late," Norma said.

"No problem," Jean said. "You're my last appointment today. Bill, please take of your jacket and wash your hands."

I walked to the sink. There were displays of lipstick and nail polish. There were woman's fashion and gossip magazines. Everywhere I looked I saw mirrors, red furniture and red decorations. I dried my hands and returned to the girls. Jean had me sit across the table from her, took my hands and pumped something creamy onto them.

"Rub your hands together," she said. "This lotion will help keep them smooth and soft." After I rubbed the lotion in, she took my left hand and began to file my nails. "In a few weeks, your nails will grow to a proper length."

What was she saying? I didn't want long fingernails.

She put my left hand in a bowl of warm soapy water, and started filing the nails on my right. "After our last talk," she said with a smile, "I didn't think we'd ever be holding hands again."

She took my hand out of the water and pushed down my cuticles with a metal tool. She then trimmed the hangnails and rough skin around my nails. Taking my other hand she repeated the process.

"What color polish do you want, dear?"

"Polish is for girls, you know for sure that I'm no girl."

"Okay, I'll chose," she said. "Bright red is my favorite. Norma, what do you think?"

"Sounds good," Norma said.

I didn't want red polish on my fingers. Jim was sitting nearby looking bored. I knew that if I tried to go he'd stop me. I guess I was going to have painted nails. I'd take the polish off as soon as I could.

Jean selected the polish and applied it to one of my fingers. "Doesn't this look stunning?" she asked.

Damn it! This stupid little manicurist was certainly having her fun getting even with me. However, when she was finished enjoying herself, I'd still be a rich and handsome man and she'd still be just a broad with a lousy job. I wondered how I'd hide my nails when we left the shop. Perhaps I could keep my hands in my pockets.

I looked around nervously but none of the passing shoppers seemed to be watching as she painted the rest of my fingernails.

"This clear top coat will help dry and harden your polish," Jean said. "Be careful not to touch anything, follow me." She led me to a chair, told me to sit, filled a bowl with warm water, set it on the floor and sat on the stool near my feet.

"Now for your pedicure," she said.

"Wasn't it enough for you to paint my fingernails?"

"Put your feet in the water," Norma said.

It was quite warm. Jean waited a few minutes and then took my right foot out, dried it, trimmed and shaped my toenails, and filed the rough areas of my feet. It tickled.

She completed my right foot and repeated the process on my left. "Shall I do his toes the same color as his fingers?"

"Of course," Norma said.

Jean got the same red polish that was now looking very bright on my fingernails. At least no one will see the color on my toes; my shoes and socks will hide them. I looked up and saw some people watching me through the window of the shop. I closed my hands into fists to hide my fingernail color. Too late, my action just caused them to point and laugh.

"Please finish quickly," I said.

"Don't you like your pretty new nails?" Jean asked. "Why should I? I didn't want my nails painted."

"You're doing a great job, Jean" Norma said. "May we schedule a weekly appointment?"


Jean

Every week! I'm sure that she'll want to paint them red every time. This can't be happening. I was screwing this damn manicurist just a few months ago.

"I have time at 9:30 Saturday morning," Jean said.

"I play basketball Saturday."

"We'll make it work," Norma said. "I've never seen your nails looking so good. Having a professional do them makes a big difference, and I think that Jean likes seeing you."

Judging from the smirk on Jean's face, I was sure that she was delighted. It would give her the chance to humiliate me every week.

"How long before it dries?" Norma asked.

"It dries to the touch in a few minutes, but it takes an hour to dry completely," Jean said. "If Bill is careful, he can use his hands now. He shouldn't put his socks and shoes on for another half hour though."

"We don't have that much time," Norma said.

"I have disposable sandals," Jean said.

"I can't wear women's sandals," I said.

"They're probably too small anyway," Norma said. "You can wear your own shoes. Leave your socks off and be careful."

I put on my shoes and went to get my jacket.

"Leave that here," Norma said. "It might mess your nails, and you'll have to take it off when we shop anyway."

"Going shopping?" Jean asked.

"Can you come?" Norma asked. "I could use your help buying Bill's new clothes."

"I'd love to," Jean said.

Why did I need clothes?

"You know what Bill likes," Norma said.

"Yes, he couldn't keep his eyes or hands off me," Jean said.

"Did you get your outfit in the mall?" Norma asked

My mind was racing. Could they be talking about buying me girl's clothes?

"Yes," Jean said, "in Macy's."

I wouldn't do it! I'd never put girl's clothes on again! I wondered if I could run. Jim was watching me carefully. I'd wait for a better chance. We could shop all they liked, but there was no way they'd get me back into girl's clothes. Before they took me home to put them on, I'd find a chance to get away.

Jean changed out of her smock, closed her shop and we started walking. I kept my hands in my pockets to hide my red nails. That hid them, but I still felt very self-conscious about the purse hanging from my shoulder.

"Let's should shop for undies first," Jean said.

"Fine," Norma said.

Sick with apprehension, I walked with them through the mall.

CHAPTER EIGHT

We entered the department store, and Jean led us to the lingerie department. I felt out of place surrounded by these lacy feminine things. Norma must plan to put me back in panties. "Please Norma -"

"Clam down Bill," she said. "I know you're impatient to try on some new frillies, but give Jean time to look."

This couldn't be happening. I'd been out of panties for less than a day. I wouldn't let her put me back into them. I turned and started to run. Jim caught me at once.

"What's the matter, Bill?" Norma said.

"Y-you can't. You just can't!"

"What's your problem? You've been wearing my bras and panties for months."

"I hated wearing them. I swore when I got out of prison I'd never wear them again."

"Today's your homecoming," Norma said. "I want you to wear a special outfit."

"What if someone I know sees me shopping here?"

Before she could answer, Jean rushed back with an armload of red, lacy underwear. "I love red underwear," she said. "It makes me feel so wicked. What's your bra size, Bill?" She held a bra to my chest, and I took my hands out of my pockets to push it away. I saw my red nails and quickly jammed them back into my pockets.


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"Take that damn thing away from me." "Let's get that clerk to help," Norma said.

She called the woman over and asked, "What size bra and panties do you think my brother needs?"

"For who?" the clerk asked.

"He's going to wear them himself," Norma said.

"You're serious, he wants a bra and panties?" "No! I don't," I said.

"Don't pay any attention to him," Norma said. "He's going to do this no matter how much he hates it."

"Why?" The clerk asked.

Norma told her a condensed version of my relationships with women and my arrest and conviction.

"Under the circumstances, you're doing the right thing," the clerk said. "I'll do all I can to help."

My heart sank as I realized that Norma had recruited this clerk as an ally in her campaign to humiliate me.

"What will he be wearing?" she asked. "It may affect our choice of lingerie."

"Evening wear," Jean said, "I'm looking for a certain little black dress."

"I'm going to love seeing him in that," the clerk said. Never!

"Let's measure him," she said. She put a tape around my hips. "A size six panty," she said as I gritted my teeth. She moved the tape to my chest. "Thirty eight, looks like a triple A."

"I want him to wear a C," Norma said. "The bulging empty cups will remind him of what he's lacking."

"Thirty eight C then," the clerk said. "What kind of hosiery are you looking for?"

"Bill loves nylons and garter belts," Jean said.

That was true, but not on me. I was shaking with anger and frustration.

The clerk looked through the lingerie Jean had selected. "Do you want him to try them on?" she asked.

"No way," I said.

"Yes of course," Norma said.

"He can't go into the woman's dressing room," the clerk said, "and I'm not allowed to go upstairs to the men's department."

"No problem," Norma said, "Bill can try them on right here."

"Right here!" I shouted. "I can't take my clothes off in the middle of the store. I'd be arrested."

"Girls change in and out of their underwear at the beach all the time," Norma said. "Your shirt tails will protect your modesty while you change into your panties and you have nothing to hide on your chest."

The girls all nodded as if this was a perfectly sensible solution.

"Take off your shoes and trousers," the clerk said.

I hesitated.

"Do you want us to help you?" Norma asked.

"I can do it myself." I kicked off my shoes.

"My what pretty toes," the clerk said.

I took my hands out of my pockets to unfasten my belt and she said, "And fingers too."

"I did his nails," Jean said.

I unzipped my pants and stepped out of them.

"My goodness, he shaves his legs," the clerk said.

"He started shaving them in prison," Norma said. "Bill, take off your jockey shorts."

I looked at her pleadingly, but saw no hint of mercy. She was determined to continue with this horrifying humiliation. I looked around the store and saw no one nearby. I put my carmine colored thumbs under my shorts and slid them down. I was totally naked except for my shirt. I no longer had pockets to hide my fingernails, so I held my hands in fists. Not for long though, because Jean handed me a pair of red lace panties. I was glad to have anything to cover myself, even something so ludicrously feminine, so I pulled them on quickly.

"How do they feel?" the clerk asked.

"Give me my pants," I said.

"Let's see," Jean said and lifted my shirt.

"Leave me alone," I said twisting away from her and pulling my shirt down.

"Let Jean look," Norma said.

I dropped my hands in resignation. I'd live through this somehow. It couldn't last forever. I figured I'd get a chance to run when Jim wasn't watching me so closely.

She lifted my shirt again. "You look cute in panties," she said. "Even that tiny bulge in front is darling."



How could this be happening? Just a few months ago I was taking the panties off Jean. Now she was putting them on me. I couldn't stand to look at the girls. My eyes darted from place to place. There was no one near, but I was terrified that someone would see me.

"Let's try the garter belt," Jean said letting go of my shirt. I was covered again, but not for long.

The clerk hooked a lacy garter belt around my waist. It was a perfect fit and the red color matched the panties. Four garters hung down against my legs. The girls chatted happily about this new underwear. I could just kill Norma. Somehow I'd get even with her for this.

"Now your stockings," the clerk said. "I'll kneel down in front of you. Lean against me and lift one leg." She put on one nylon then the other, fished the garters through the panties and attached them. "Perfect," she said. "It's good your feet are smooth and your toenails trimmed. Otherwise you might have gotten a run. You may put your pants back on."

The nylons felt cool and slippery as I pulled my pants up. They didn't quite cover the top of the garter belt.

"Feels good doesn't it," Norma said.

"I hate these things."

The girls all giggled at my protest.

I put on my shoes. I wished I had my socks. I was afraid people would be able to see the nylons below my pants.

"Off with your shirt," the clerk said, "and I'll fit you with your bra." I took off my shirt, bearing my shaved chest and underarms. The clerk and Jean snickered as I blushed. "Put your arms through the straps," the clerk said.

She slipped the red lace bra over my chest and attached its hooks in the back. I cringed and felt my skin crawl at the touch of the bra. Its wires dug into my chest. The bra was bright red just like the panties and garter belt. It contrasted sharply with my chest, white from months out of the sun. To me it looked like a flare burning to attract attention. Norma was wrong about me not having anything worth hiding. I desperately wanted to hide this bra. I looked around hoping that no one would see me before I could put on my shirt. The clerk adjusted the shoulder straps and paused to view the effect.

"That's quite an improvement," the clerk said, "but he's so flat," she laughed, pulling out the empty cups.

I pressed them back down.

"What do you think, Bill, doesn't your new lingerie look exactly like what I was wearing on our date?" Jean asked.

"How could I remember that?"

"This is another example of your insensitivity," Norma said."Apologize at once."

"I'm sorry, Jean," I said. "Now may I have my shirt?"

She playfully held it behind her back and taunted me, "Why do you want your shirt, Bill?

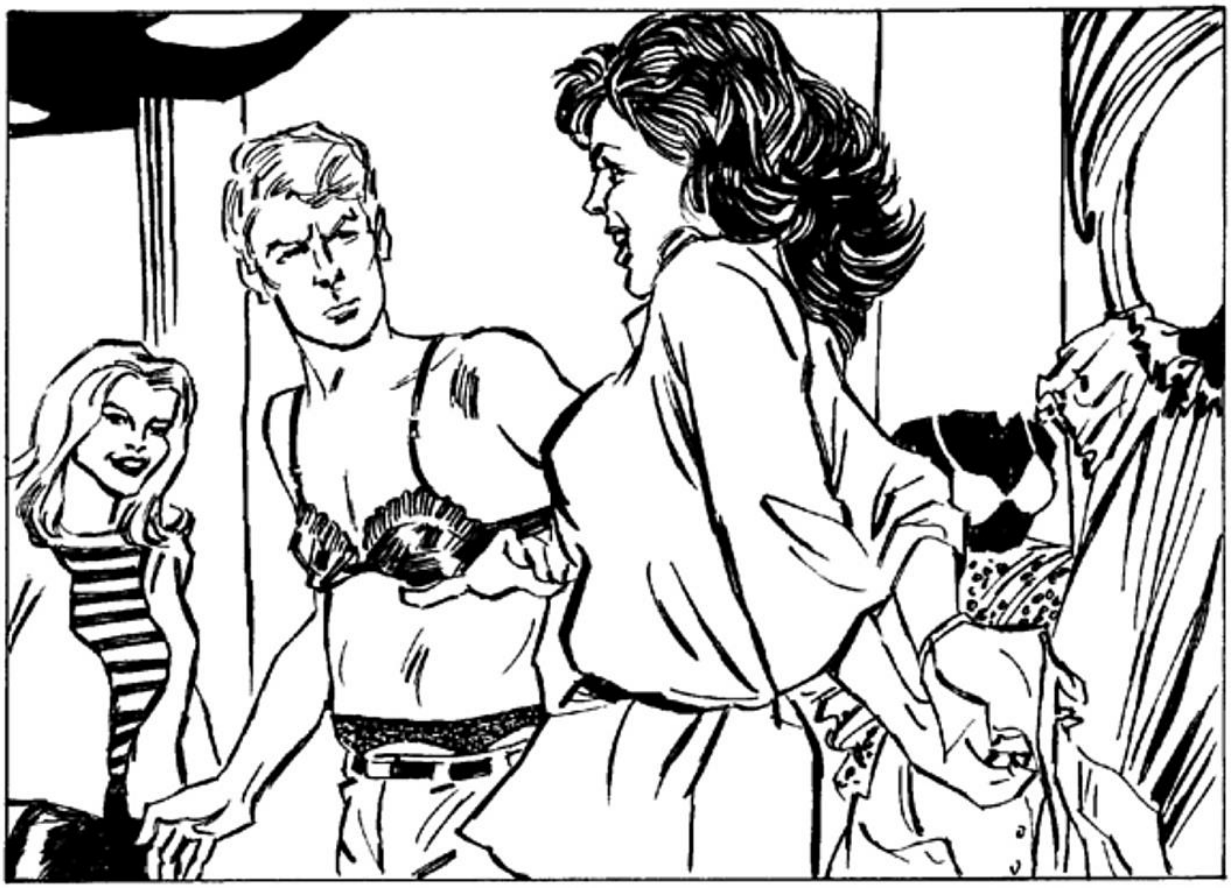
"Come on, Jean."

"Honey, you don't need this shirt," she said. "You look cute as can be in that bra."

"Give me the damn shirt!"







"Bill!" Norma said. "Apologize at once for your crude and abusive language."

"All right, I'm sorry. Now give me that shirt."

"Not so fast," Norma said. "You still haven't apologized for telling Jean you couldn't remember what she was wearing."

"Yeah, okay."

"Also thank her for helping you find the same pretty undies to wear yourself, and tell her how much you prefer your panties to your jockey shorts."

There were three shoppers walking toward us, a man, woman and small girl.

"I can't say that. People are coming."

"If you don't like your panties, there must be something

wrong with them," Norma said. "You'd better take your pants off so we can check."

"Why is that man wearing a bra, daddy?" the girl asked.

I covered my chest but the shoppers had already seen. "I can't!" I said.

"You have to choose one or the other in three seconds or we'll take your pants off for you," Norma said.

"I'm sorry, Jean, please forgive me. Of course I remember that this lingerie is just the same as you were wearing on our date."

"And the rest," Norma said, "Tell us how much you prefer your panties to your jockey shorts."

"I-I much prefer wearing p-panties to jockey shorts."

"What a sissy," the man said.

Jean handed me my shirt, and I hastily covered the bra while the shoppers watched.

"Now to the dress department," the clerk said. "Follow me."

We started walking. I felt the familiar yet strange feeling of the bra straps and of my pants sliding over the smooth nylons. The pull of the garter belt was entirely new and disconcerting. Every move I made there was some new sensation to remind me of my humiliation. I looked to see if the shoppers were following us. They were staying in the lingerie department. Perhaps they hadn't heard about the dress. What a disaster this trip had become.

CHAPTER NINE

We entered the dress department and Jean went to a rack of black dresses. "Oh dear," she said, "They must be sold out."

There was hope. If she couldn't find the dress she was looking for, maybe Norma would give up and take me home. I hoped they'd stop looking, but Jean was digging through a sale rack.

"Here it is," she said, "they still have it in sizes twelve and fourteen and it's marked down thirty percent. Bill, what's your size?"

"I don't want a dress."

"Those should be about right," Norma said. "He's been wearing my dresses which are tens, and they've been tight on him. Let's try the twelve."

"Remember, he can't use the changing room," the clerk said.

"We'll have to make the best of it," Norma said. "Bill, stand behind this rack of clothes and take off your shirt and pants."

"I can't! People will see me."

"You should be proud to show off your pretty lingerie," Norma said, "You told us how happy you were to be wearing it."

"I'm not!" I said. "I hate this stuff!"

"I'm tired of your outbursts," Norma said. "Jim, help him undress."

Jim moved towards me and I prepared for the fight of my life. I took a swing at him. He ignored my attack and picked

me up effortlessly. As I kicked and hit him, he calmly pulled off my shoes and pants. He was so strong, I felt like a little child in his grasp. He put me back on my feet and ripped off my shirt. It took him less than a minute.

Bra, hose, panties, garter belt, which should I cover? My hands raced from one to the other, but I couldn't hide them all. I ducked down between the racks of dresses. The store was warm but I felt goose bumps rising.

"Norma, you bitch! I'll kill you for this! Give me back my clothes!" I screamed in rage.

"When you feel better, dear," Norma said, "We'll help you into your frock."

"I'll never put on that damn dress!"

"We can wait, dear," Norma said.

"I want my clothes back!"

"They're gone, dear. You'll have to wear this dress or nothing."

"I want my pants."

"He sounds so sad," Jean said.

"We can't give in to tantrums," Norma said. "It would just encourage him to behave badly."

"Screw you!" I said. "If you won't give me my pants, I'll just take this stuff off." I reached behind my back and clumsily unhooked and removed the bra.

"Go ahead," Norma said. "We'll leave you here naked. What are your chances of getting home without being arrested for indecent exposure?"

"I'll get something to wear from the store."





"I'm not certain that's a good idea," she said. "You don't have any money, and if you take something without paying for it, you'll be charged with shoplifting as well as indecent exposure. You'll probably be back in prison in time for dinner."

"Please give me my pants."

"We'll help you with your dress now if you feel better."

I didn't feel any better at all. I was still in this store wearing nothing but lingerie. At any moment some shopper might see me. Perhaps it would be someone I knew. I was almost in a state of panic. I had to agree with her. I couldn't just strip, I would certainly be arrested and returned to jail for the two remaining years of my sentence. In jail without Jim to protect me what Biondi had done to Jeff would seem like nothing compared to what the cons would do to me. Therefore my choices appeared to be limited to continuing to wear just the lingerie, or putting on that dress and risking exposure in it. Neither was possible. However, the longer I waited, the more chance there was of someone seeing me in panties. I couldn't bear that.

"Yes, I feel better," I said.

"Good," Norma said, "put your brassiere back on, dear."

I sighed, hooked the catches in front, spun it around and put my arms through the straps.

"Stand up straight," Norma said. She slipped the dress over my head. As its wispy fabric fell down over the bra, garter belt and panties, I was both ashamed of wearing it and grateful to have the dainty undergarments concealed. The dress had a low neckline and no sleeves. It displayed my shaved arms and underarms and much of my shaved chest. It ended several inches above my knees and showed

off my nylon covered legs. The sound made by the rear zipper as the clerk closed it was the most horrible thing I'd ever heard.

"The twelve looks good on him," the clerk said.

"It's tight in the waist," Norma said. "Let's try the fourteen."

I gritted my teeth, silently vowing revenge as the clerk unzipped it.

"Please lift it off him slowly," Jean said. "I want to tell him what I see. The poor darling won't be able to enjoy the view himself because his head will be covered."

The clerk giggled and playfully drew the dress slowly upward.

"Your nylon covered shaved legs are so long, Bill," Jean said. "Oops! I can see the tops of your stockings and the beginnings of your garter straps. Now your darling little panties are coming into view. They are so sweet and lacy. The very name panty has such a delightful girlish sound to it, don't you think? Aren't you thrilled to wear them? Now I can see your lacy red garter belt. You're so sexy with your dress half removed. Your bra is visible now. Its red lace matches your panties and garter belt. The cups look as if they're missing some filling. You're a flat chested little thing aren't you? I see you shave your chest and underarms, how fastidious. Your lingerie all matches and is so delightfully feminine. You're just the picture of loveliness dressed in your girls' underwear. I wish everyone could see you like this." The dress was now completely over my face. "What a pretty blush," she said.



Her comments were the cause of my red face, and she knew it. I tried to act calm, but I couldn't stand it. "Hurry up with the other dress," I said.

"What was that?" Norma asked.

"Hurry and put the other dress on me before someone sees me like this," I said.

"Oh is that it, well if you want us to put a dress on you, all you have to do is ask nicely," Norma said. "Is that what you want?"

"Norma!" I almost screamed, "Stop teasing me! Put that dress on me now!"

"All right, you may have your wish," Norma said.

She put the larger dress on me. I was enormously relieved to have the female undergarments covered again.

"I'm afraid your little titties don't fill out your dress," Norma said.

"My own clothes fit me fine," I said.

"Your dress and your bra are your clothes," Norma said. "Girls, I think the fourteen is better. Would either of you like to see the twelve again?"

Fortunately they all agreed on the fourteen.

"Shall I wrap it up for him?" the sales clerk asked.

"No," Norma said, "Bill wanted that dress so much we should let him wear it home."

I shuddered at the prospect of Jeff seeing me like this.

"My name's Grace," the clerk said. "I've really enjoyed serving you. When you bring Bill back for more lingerie, ask for me."

"Thanks," Norma said.

"You really should have Bill join our panty club. After he buys ten pairs he gets one free. It doesn't cost anything."

"I don't see why he shouldn't join," Norma said.

"We have a bra club too."

"Fine."

As I stood fuming, Norma filled out the membership cards with my name and address. The smiling clerk punched a hole in each card and wrote the price of the garments on the back. "Bill, you're the first man I've signed up for our bra and panty clubs," Grace said. "You may carry the cards with you or you may leave them here filed under your name."

I took the cards. There was no way I'd leave them here. Anyone might see them and there would be embarrassing questions. I put them in my purse.

"Time for the shoe department," Norma said.

She looked at me expectantly. I think she was hoping that I'd give her some excuse to punish me again. Well, I wouldn't.

We walked to the woman's shoe department. Norma had me sit on a couch. The underwear and dress slipped against each other easily while the dress stuck to the couch. I pulled it down to cover the lingerie. Norma called a clerk and Jean described the shoes she wanted for me. The clerk looked at me and did a double take.

"You want those shoes for this man?"

"Yes," Norma said, "don't you think that they'll go with his outfit?"

"I never saw anything like this," she said. "What's your size, mister?"

"I don't know."

She sat on a stool in front of me, took off my men's shoes and measured my foot.

"Size nine," she said looking up at me. "Oh my God! You're even wearing a garter belt and panties."

The clerk's outburst brought a small crowd of curious shoppers. This was what I'd feared from the beginning. I tried to sink down in the sofa to be inconspicuous, but as I slid down, the dress rode up exposing the stocking tops and garters. "It's a guy in a dress," one of the shoppers said. "Are you a queer?" another asked.

I blushed and pressed my legs together but the skirt rode up my hips. Keeping my legs together just meant that the shoppers got a view of the garters and stocking tops on my outer thighs.

"Is this some kind of initiation?" a shopper asked.

"Bill's being punished," Norma said. "Jean and I are shopping for shoes to go with the bra, dress, panties and stockings we've just bought him."

"He's wearing a bra?" a shopper asked.

"Yes," Norma said, "a darling red lace bra that matches his panties. Tell the folks how much you like wearing your pretty clothes, Bill."

"I hate this stuff," I said.

The shoppers laughed at my display of discomfort. I shifted on the sofa futility trying to keep the dress pulled down as I prayed for this torture to end.

"Enjoy it, Bill," Norma said. "I'm sure you'll always remember this first time you wore girl's clothes in public."



"What do you mean, 'first time'?" I asked.

The clerk returned. "Are these what you want?" Jean nodded and the clerk put them on my feet.

"That's perfect," Jean said.

"Walk around, Bill," Norma said. "I want to see how you move in heels."

I could handle them easily after my prison experience.

"Spin around, Bill," Norma said. "I want to see how that dress moves."

When I turned, the dress billowed out.

"Wow!" a shopper said, "Look at his panties."

"You have lovely legs," a woman said. "You should always show them off by wearing short dresses and heels."

"How about makeup?" someone asked. "His face needs color."

"Put lipstick on him," another said.

"All right, Bill," Norma said, "let's fix your face."

"Please, Norma, not here," I said.

"You'll prance over to the cosmetics counter without another word, or I'll have Jim carry you," she said.

This command caused the shoppers to laugh almost to the point of tears.

"Yes," one said, "prance right over there, Bill."

Head down, I started walking to the cosmetics sales area. The short dress brushed against my nylon covered thighs as I swayed along on the high heels. I could feel the garters stretching as I moved. My exposed arms, chest and back made me feel particularly vulnerable. I was both ashamed and anxious. What if a curious shopper lifted these skirts as

the cons had in prison. I couldn't stand the embarrassment of having these panties exposed. I held my arms close to my side, ready to protect myself.



CHAPTER TEN

The shoppers followed but fortunately no one tried to lift the dress. We arrived at a cosmetics counter where there were several sales girls.

"Would one of you ladies like to give my brother a make-over? Norma asked.

The clerks gathered around giggling. "You want this 'guy' to wear makeup?" one of them asked. "I'll do it," another said. "Let me," said yet another. Soon all of them were volunteering.

Norma looked them over and made her selection. The girl was about eighteen, and she was wearing way too much makeup.

"Hi, my name's Dawn. What's yours honey?"

"Bill."

"Well, Bill, what are we looking for today?"

"He's looking for a way out of this," one of the shoppers said.

"What about his clothes?" another said. "Take his dress off to keep it clean."

Norma appeared to be considering this suggestion. I'd die if these people saw the underwear I was wearing.

"I have a bib to protect his clothes," Dawn said. Please the bib, I prayed.

"Bill," Norma said. "I want you to take your dress off." - My heart sank - "However, if you promise to be good, I'll let you wear the bib instead."

"I promise."

"All right, but one more lapse, and it's off with your dress. Hop up on the stool."

As I climbed up on the high stool, I couldn't prevent the shoppers from getting a good view of stocking tops and garters.

"What a display," Norma said, "How immodest of you."

I crimsoned and shifted around trying to cover myself. The seat of the chair felt cold and slippery under the thin dress and nylon panties.

Dawn tied a short plastic bib around my neck. "What effect do you want me to create?" she asked. "Will this be for day or evening?"

"Evening," Norma said, "We're giving Bill a party tonight."

"What's this about a party?" I asked.

"I've invited some women to welcome you home," she said.

"What women?" I asked. "I don't want a party."

"Are you complaining?" Norma asked. "If so, you can just hop down from that stool, take off that bib, and shimmy out of your dress, brother."

"No, I'm not complaining. The party was just a surprise."

"Then you'll wear your dress to the party without another complaint?" Norma asked.

"Yes."

I'd promise her anything to keep from being reduced to lingerie in public. I'd try to get out of the party later.

"Well," she said, "I understand that you want to keep



your dress on. However, these people want to see all of your new things, and I hate to keep disappointing them, so we'll compromise. Pull your dress up, dear, and tuck it into your garter belt. That way you can keep it on and these people can still enjoy seeing your new panties."

I didn't like this solution at all. I sat motionless, unable to bring myself to pull up the dress.

"If Jim has to help," Norma said, "I'll have him give you a spanking."

I was sure that she was capable of carrying out this terrible threat. I shifted around on the stool pulling up the dress and tucking it under the garter belt as ordered.

My panty covered bottom rested directly on the seat. I shivered both from the cold and the embarrassment.

"Such bright red panties," a woman said.

"I chose them," Jean said. "Red is my favorite color."

"He's wearing a bra too," another said. "How could a man allow himself to be dressed like that?"

I wondered the same thing. If I weren't sitting here feeling the tug of the suspenders on the stockings, the bra straps digging into my shoulders and the cold seat on my pantied bottom, I wouldn't believe it could happen.

"First we smooth on your foundation," Dawn said, "Then we apply a light dusting of powder with this wide brush. Your eyebrows are bushy, shall I trim them?"

"Don't bother," I said.

"No bother at all," she said. "I'll pluck all the hairs under your brow bone." She applied herself diligently. It smarted. "That's better. Next a little definition with this eyebrow pencil, and we're ready for eyeliner, shadow, and mascara.

You're lucky to have such long lashes. Now for your lips.

How about bright red to match your nails?"

I looked at the tube in disgust. I wanted to jump down and make a run for it. However, Jim would catch me, take this dress off and give me a spanking. After that, I'd be back on this stool with a sore bottom wearing only underwear. The shoppers would have a good laugh, and this bimbo would still put lipstick on me.

"Bill!" Norma said sharply. "Answer Dawn."

"Yes, bright red, if you say so."

"I want to make your lips look fuller," she said, "I'll emphasize them with liner."

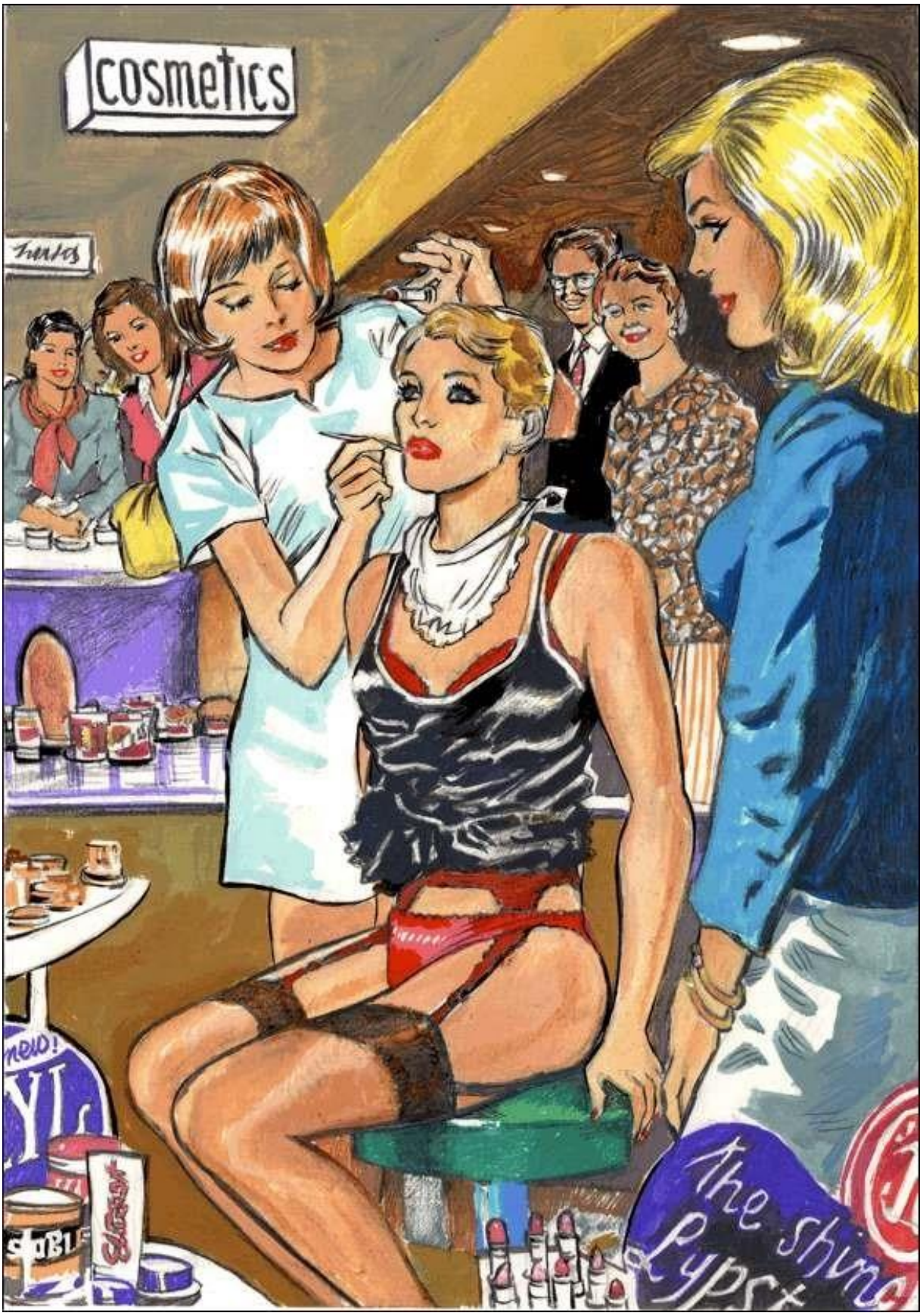
I could feel her outlining my lips.

"Now I'll apply the color with a brush. Most women use a tube, however, you can do it more evenly with a brush." She moved the brush and the flaming red shaft towards my lips and I shifted uncomfortably in the chair. "Hold still," she said. "There's nothing to worry about. I've applied lipstick to hundreds of women."

More people joined the crowd of watchers. The early arrivals told the new ones I was being punished

"This gloss will give your lips a dramatic shine," Dawn said. "Now blush and we're done."

Dawn held up a mirror. My face was covered with cosmetics just like hers. My eyes looked like a woman's with their plucked brows, mascara and shadow. My lips were painted into a shiny red pout. The contrast between this very feminine face and my masculine haircut was painfully obvious.


cosmetics

"Stop admiring yourself and hop down from the chair," Norma said.

Heartbroken and near tears, I obeyed her command. The dress was still tucked into the garter belt and the shoppers were gleefully talking about my appearance.

"We want to buy all of the products you used," Norma said to Dawn. "Does the powder come in a compact?"

"Of course," Dawn said, "I'll get one."

Norma put the compact, lipstick and gloss in the purse. Dawn put the other cosmetics in a bag.

"Thanks for the purchase. I hope to see you again soon, sir."

"I'll take that bag," Jean said.

"Should we let Bill put his dress down, Jean?" Norma asked.

"Yes, I want to see the full effect of the clothes and makeup. Bill, adjust your dress."

I lowered the dress and Norma whispered to me, "Let's give this crowd something to remember. Leave the store like a fashion model. Give them your best runway walk. Hold it in and walk from the hips down. Relax your shoulders. Let's go."

I tried to do as she ordered; however, my swaying walk only parodied a real fashion model.

"Swing those hips sister!" someone yelled out.

"Shake it don't break it girlie," another said, and they all burst out into laughter.

Someone made a wolf whistle.

"Can't we walk faster," I said.

"Don't let those comments bother you, Bill," Norma said. "These people appreciate how charming you look and don't know how to show it properly."

"Sir! Sir!" Dawn ran up after us. "I forgot something." She pulled out an atomizer of perfume and sprayed me all over. "It's called Obsession. It's your free gift with purchase." Wonderful, now as I swayed through the store, I'd leave a trail of my own sweet scent. Norma had me put the perfume in the purse. It was nearly full of cosmetics.

Jean stopped at a jewelry counter. I was eager to get out of this store, but I waited as she looked at one pair of earrings after another. I shifted my weight from foot to foot nervously and tried to avoid making eye contact with the shoppers and clerks who were smiling at me. Finally she selected some long crystal earrings.

"These will look great on you," she said.

She screwed them on my ears tight enough to make my eyes water, and flipped the dangling earrings to make them dance.

She nodded her approval. We exited the store into the parking lot. A strong breeze swirled around my legs and blew up the dress. A chill ran through me as I realized what was being exposed.

"Hold your hand down in front of your dress, brother dear," Norma said.

I did, but the rear still blew up. For some reason my penis had swollen and it was obvious through the panties. The people we passed gave me second looks and snickered.



When we finally arrived at our car, I showed too much getting in, but I didn't care. Finally I was out of the public eye and going home. Just a few more hours of embarrassment at this party and I'll wash off this makeup and get out of this women's getup for good.

"I just can't get over the change in you," Jean said. She spent the trip touching and stroking the dress and nylons. When she stroked the bra cups through the dress, I recoiled to her great amusement. "We've gone all the way. How can you object to me getting to second base with you now?" To what depths would this woman go?

We dropped her at her apartment and she said, "Thank you Norma I had the best day of my life." She turned to me and said, "You look darling. I'll see you soon, sweetie."

CHAPTER ELEVEN

"I've never been so embarrassed," I said.

"You look wonderful," Norma said.

"I feel sick."

"It's just nerves. You'll be better soon."

"This was absolutely the most humiliating and frightening thing I've ever done."

"Be brave, dearest. Jim, take us to the barber shop at the corner of 15th and Main."

"That's my barber," I said. "I can't go there dressed like this."

"Don't you want your hair trimmed for the party?"

"I want to go home."

"All right," Norma said, "We're a bit late anyway."

I walked into the house looking like a completely different person than when I'd left a few hours earlier. Jeff was delighted to see me. "So, you think I should be called 'Fifi'," he said, "What should I call you, sweetie?"

"Jeff, it was horrible. We went to the mall and -"

"You girls can gossip later," Betty said. "Jeff, dust the tops of those picture frames."

Jeff glared at her, but climbed a stepladder and reached above his head to dust. As he did, his short dress rode up showing off his petticoats and panties.

"Jeff, must I tell you again to keep your dress down?" Betty asked.



Jeff looked at her angrily. He tried to hold his dress down with one hand and dust with the other, but all he succeeded in doing was making one side of his dress lower and one even higher than before. He ended up showing more of his panties than if he hadn't held his dress down at all. Finally he just gave up trying.

"Isn't it sweet how he tries to be modest?" Betty said. "That dress is so short that with those full petticoats it's impossible for him to keep his panties covered."

"Boys," Norma said, "I know it's exciting for you to have people see you wearing your panties and dresses. In order to avoid any embarrassment, you'd better put on these gaffs." She handed us each a small garment. "Off with your panties," she said.

Jeff watched as I removed the red lace panties. I didn't want him to see them, so I crushed them into a ball and tried to hide them in the sofa.

"Treat your panties with more care, Bill," Norma said.

I retrieved them, and spread them out carefully.

"What darling panties," Betty said.

I cringed. It wasn't right for Norma to embarrass me like this. I unhooked the garters and stepped into the gaff.

"Tuck your little thing between your legs and pull your gaff up tight," Norma said. "Do you need help?"

"No!"

The gaff effectively eliminated my penis, giving me a smooth front. I attached the garters, picked up the panties and pulled them on. They covered the gaff as if it wasn't there. I let the dress drop and was fully clothed again.

"That's a good boy," Betty said. "What's your problem

Jeff?"

"I don't need it," he said.

"I guess it's difficult for you to learn not to be self-conscious about your new lingerie," Betty said. "However, even if I need to have Jim hold you upside down while Norma and I each work on one of your legs, you're going to wear this gaff."

"I guess it doesn't matter," Jeff said.

He took off his panties and pantyhose, pulled on the gaff, adjusted himself and redressed. I watched his unwanted display of lingerie with undisguised amusement.

"What are you looking at?" he asked.

Betty gave Jeff a thorough inspection. She retied a bow here straightened some lace there. She lifted his petticoats to adjust his pantyhose and panties. I could see him grimacing as she made these intimate modifications. After giving his lacy bottom a little pat, she let his dress back down and adjusted his petticoats. "The frilly hems must be exposed," she said. Finally she stood back and said, "You make a really cute maid. Our guests will adore your outfit."

"I don't want anyone to see me like this."

"You don't think that I'd go to all the expense of hiring you from your pimp and the trouble of dressing you as a maid just to keep it a secret do you?" Betty said. "There's the doorbell now. Not another word, mince over and greet our guest. If you can't do this right, I'll have to reconsider whether I should hire you at all."

Jeff glared at her, but turned and started towards the door swaying on his high heels.

"Don't forget to curtsey," Betty said.

The guests began arriving. As Jeff admitted them, dropping a curtsy, they stared at him momentarily speechless, then burst into gay laughter. There were dozens of women and children. The neighborhood ladies had brought their daughters. All of the women were wearing pants and most of the girls were too. Only the youngest little girls were wearing dresses. I recognized some of the women as my former lovers. I was the center of their attention.

"Why Bill Newton, I didn't believe that Norma and Betty could really get you into a dress," Karen said. She was one of my ex-lovers. As I blushed and lowered my head at this statement, one of the other girls lifted up the dress and they shrieked with delight at the sight of the panties.

Jeff suffered similar treatment. Betty, in particular, abused him.

However, I didn't have time to worry about Jeff's problems. Norma was making sure I had my own.

"Fix your makeup, Bill," she said. "Your lips need gloss and your noise is getting shiny."

I looked around for a way out, but Jim was sitting by the door. I'd never make it. I got my purse, removed the compact and inspected my face in the mirror. The women giggled and laughed appreciatively as I performed the feminine tasks of applying powder and gloss.

"He's wearing perfume, isn't he?" a former girlfriend asked.

"He got a free bottle with his make-over at the mall." Norma said. "Show her, Bill."

I opened the purse again, took out the spray bottle and showed it to the women.



"Obsession," one said, "that's my brand."

A girl of about ten said. "Your brother looks good, Miss. Newton, but your maid's face doesn't look right. Can I put lipstick on her?"

"Of course," Betty said.

"Oh goodie," the girl said. "Come here, maid, and pucker your lips."

I could see him looking pleadingly at Betty. It appeared to me that she meant business. I guess he decided the same thing. He walked over to the girl.

"Mom," she said, "can I use my own lipstick?"

"Yes dear."

"Okay, sit down maid," she said. As she painted his lips, a light flashed.

"What's that!" Jeff said. He turned with his lips half painted and saw the camera and the smiling face of the guest who had taken his picture. The camera flashed again.

Enraged he lunged for her. However, unsteady on his new heels, he fell to the floor in a heap of displaced petticoats and lace. Flash went another camera and then another as he twisted on the floor desperately trying to cover himself.

"There you go making a display of your petticoats and panties again," Betty said. "You're incorrigible. I know you're proud of your lingerie, but you must learn not to be so immodest."

"Why are there cameras?" Jeff said. "You didn't tell me there'd be cameras!"

"Norma and I thought it would be a nice surprise for you boys," Betty said. "We have cameras for all of our guests. Don't you think that's wonderful?"



"What if my buddies saw a picture of me like this?"

"You should feel honored to wear such lovely feminine things," Betty said. "If your buddies tease you, just snap your fingers, toss your head, spin around and mince away. Now get up and go back to that girl. She hasn't finished with your lipstick."

Jeff struggled to his feet making a further display of his lacy lingerie, which other amateur photographers caught on film. He teetered back to the girl who finished his lips. He looked devastated. The ringing of the doorbell sent him scurrying back to greet another guest.

It was Jean. Jeff curtseyed to her and took off her coat. She was wearing the dress she'd worn on our date. The same one she'd bought me today. I squirmed in embarrassment, knowing the reaction this was likely to cause.

CHAPTER TWELVE

"Sorry I'm late, Norma," Jean said.

"That's all right. It's precious seeing you and Bill dressed alike," Norma said. "We must get lots of pictures."

Jean and I modeled for the cameras and were fawned over by the women. "Are you wearing everything the same?" someone asked.

"Absolutely identical," Jean said. "We're wearing the same dress, bra, panties, garter belt and shoes. We even have the same makeup, perfume, earrings and nail polish. Not only that, it's exactly what I was wearing for our date. Remember Bill, you told me later that you thought I was dressed like a bimbo. Do you think we're dressed like bimbos, dearest?" I stared at the floor while the women laughed and took more photos.

"How did you ever do it," someone asked.

As Jean told them about our trip to the mall, all of the feelings of humiliation came back to me. They wanted her to tell them every detail, and how they laughed.

"It's just too wonderfully delicious," one of the women said.

I thought that it was awful, but none of these women would agree with me. It really bothered me that I was in a dress and all the women but Jean were in pants. "Norma, why are Jean, Jeff and I the only ones in dresses?" I asked.

"Now that everyone's here, I'll be happy to answer that question," Norma said, "Jeff come here."

Jeff walked over to where Norma, Betty and I were standing.

"Ladies, welcome to Bill and Jeff's homecoming party," she said. "Bill just asked why you're wearing pants and he's in a dress. Tell him Betty."

"We discussed the party at some length and decided that the contrast between all of the women in their pants and you boys in your new dresses would be amusing," Betty said. "We want our guests to be amused, don't we Bill?"

"I didn't want any guests at all," I said. "I should be wearing pants too. I'm a grown man. It's ridiculous that only Jeff, a manicurist, a bunch of little girls and me are wearing dresses."

"You don't have anything against manicurists, do you sweetie?" Jean asked. I shivered. After what this woman had done to me today, I didn't feel nearly so confident around her.

"You're my brother and I love you," Norma said, "but you took a wrong turn somewhere. You've become insensitive. You've shown a lack of concern for people's feelings, especially women's. I plan to cure you of this behavior. Beginning tonight you'll dress as a preschool girl. Over the two years of your probation you'll progressively wear the clothing of older girls until you're dressed as a woman of your actual age. I'm giving you this opportunity to grow up as a girl to help you develop empathy for women and become a more sensitive and caring person."

"You can't mean it," I said.

"Your girlfriends agreed this would be an excellent way to change your attitude," Norma said. "However, they also wanted revenge for your behavior towards them. Each of them will have a day with you just as Jean did today. What they do with you during that day will be up to them. They



also decided it wasn't enough for you to wear your girl's clothes in private. They want you to wear them publicly."

"That's horrible!" I cried.

"Further, they don't want you to be able to reduce your humiliation by pretending you're a real girl. You'll continue to have short hair and a flat chest. You'll have to face the world as a man in girl's clothes."

"I'll never agree to that!"

"I've had a new wardrobe of preschool clothes made for you," Norma said. She opened the door to the closet. I stared in disbelief at the collection of daintily lace frilled dresses and petticoats. "These are your new clothes," she said.

"I can't wear those," I said turning away from the awful sight and raising my arm as if to fend it off. "I'm a grown man! I should be wearing pants."

"You'll have no pants, not even girl's pants," Norma said. "You'll always be dressed in the most feminine attire appropriate for your pretend age. The more innocent and feminine you look, the more likely you are to become a sensitive and humble person. For example, while you're dressed as a preschooler I can picture you looking like a princess in your dainty little dress and darling petticoats with your ruffled panties showing. I can imagine you gathering up your dolly and skipping away to play with your little friends."

"You can't mean I'll be dressing as a little girl," I said. "You've already humiliated me enough. I don't deserve that."

"You will be dressed just like a little girl," Norma said, "and you'll play as a little girl with other little girls. Many

of them are here tonight. You can identify them by the fact that they're wearing dresses."

This must just be some kind of threat to scare me. I looked around at the children. The youngest ones were wearing petticoats and lacy dresses so short that I could see their panties. My shoulders sagged.

I couldn't believe this was happening. I couldn't dress like these little girls. I'd let Norma have her say, but I'd find a way to escape. Tonight after the party would probably be a good time. Norma and Betty will be sleeping late and won't find that I'm gone until almost noon. That would give me a good head start. I could start a new life in another town where no one's seen me dressed as a girl.

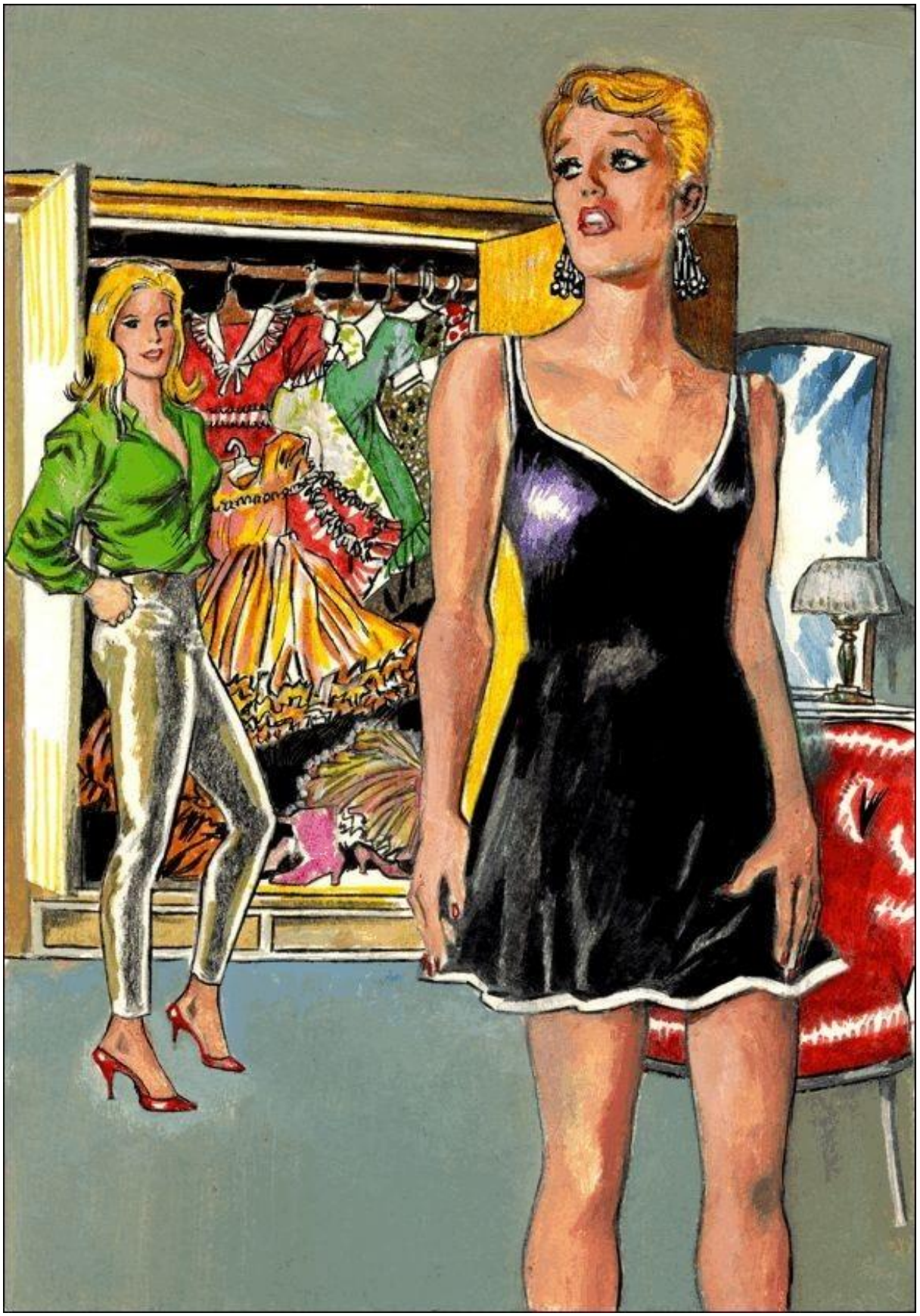
"I don't have all the details," Norma said. "However, as I mentioned your former girlfriends are each making their own special plans for you. I think you'll find them to be just as exciting as today's outing."

Nothing could be as embarrassing as what Jean did to me today. This afternoon at the mall was the worst humiliation I could possibly imagine.

"I know the things we've planned for you will be terribly upsetting," Norma said. "I'm sorry that we have to do them, but I truly believe that it's for your own good. Even those things that appear to be just revenge are lessons you need. The women you've used must show you that they are individuals with feelings of their own. Their creativity in coming up with ways to humiliate you will teach you about their individuality in ways you'll never forget."

"What about my friends?" I asked.





"You must break your ties with your former friends and colleagues. It was their influence that helped make you what you became. We'll be exposing you to them in your dresses. I hope this will cause you to never want to associate with them again."

I knew I'd be escaping tonight so these terrible things would never happen. I was certainly glad of that. They had put together a plan that would have left me in constant fear of new exposure and humiliation. I never realized that girls could be so cruel and inventive.

"Jeff," Betty said, "I'm going to punish you personally. You held a knife at my throat and tried to rape me. You've been a bully and you've intimidated people based on your reputation as a motorcycle gang member. I'm going to change that reputation. You'll wear your maid's uniform everywhere you go. You'll also have short hair and no breasts. Your new reputation will be that of a pantywaist sissy maid."

"You'll no longer ride your motorcycle. I have the most feminine little pink motor scooter for you. When you ride it, you'll wear your motorcycle jacket over your maid's uniform. You'll be quite the example of a rough and tough 'Road Devil' with your dress and petticoats blowing in the wind. Your gang will probably be quite upset about your defiling their name. Other gangs will probably start calling them the Road Maids or the Sissy Devils."

"You bitch!" Jeff snarled. "If you think I'll ever leave this house dressed like this, you're crazy. You can't make me do it. I'm a free man!"

"Yes, Jeff," Betty said, "you should still be in jail for what you did to me, but you're a free man. You're free to do exactly what I tell you to do no matter how much you hate

it, or you're free to work for your pimp walking the streets in your French maid's outfit. That is, you're free to walk the streets, until some kinky client murders you or you catch a disease and die."

"If you chose to stay here, then each morning when you wake up wearing your frilly nightie, I want you to think 'Betty did this to me'."

"Each day when you draw your pantyhose up over your shaved legs and pull on your lacy panties, I want you to think, 'Betty did this to me'."

"Each day when you put your brassiere on your shaved chest, I want you to think 'Betty did this to me'."

"Each day when you step into the frilly mound of your petticoats and they tickle your legs as you adjust them around your waist, each day when you put your head into your little dress and pull it down over your body, each day when you put on your shiny black high heeled shoes, I want you to think, 'Betty did this to me'."

"Each day when you mince up to me and say, 'please zip my dress, Miss Betty,' and you stand before me fully dressed as my maidservant, I want you to be thinking, 'What will Betty do to me next'?"

Jeff's shoulders slumped and his eyes filled with tears. I knew he had no choice. He couldn't work the streets as a male prostitute in that maid's uniform. She had him trapped and was taking a terrible revenge. Perhaps he'll run away with me tonight. I'll try to talk with him about it. I was angry with him for the way he treated me in prison, but I couldn't leave him here to be tormented by Betty.


HOTEL
PORNO
EROTI
SEX
SEX Club
GIGOL



"I'm finished with your nails," I said

"What happened then? Fran asked. "If you and Jeff ran, how did you end up here?"

"If you'd like to make an appointment for next week, I'll tell you more then."

"Do you do pedicures?"

"Can you come thirty minutes earlier?'

"Yes, I'll see you then," she said.

I closed the door behind her and flipped over the 'closed' sign.

"Another full day, Bill," Jean said. "You're really getting quite a clientele."

I joined her in the back of the shop, took off my smock, hung it on the hook and put on my blouse.

"Tomorrow let's wear our knee length navy skirts," she said, "then we can wear that new navy bra and panty set we bought. I don't know what to wear the next day. We have to go shopping, honey."

"I need to get right home."

"I'll call Norma. We simply must buy some new clothes."

For Jean dressing the same meant doing it to the last detail. Once I had shown up in the wrong underwear. She called home and had Jeff go through my lingerie and ride his scooter all the way here with the right bra and panties. He was furious with me and I hated having him rummaging through my things and seeing all that I was wearing. Even worse, Jean had him stay and watch me change and then made me give him the undies I had been wearing to take back.

"Norma said it's fine for us to shop tonight," Jean said. "Let's go, girlfriend."

It wasn't fine with me. First, it meant that I'd have to undress in the mall again. It was so embarrassing to have to try on dresses and lingerie in front of everyone. Second, I'd miss my bus and have to travel with a new set of passengers most of whom had never seen me. The reactions of new people were much more embarrassing than those of people who were used me.

Having no choice, I went shopping. It was as bad as I'd feared. Dozens of people got to see me take off my blouse and try on a series of bras. Many others watched while I tried on several skirts. Still more enjoyed seeing me buy shoes to match my new outfits.

By the time we finished and I went to the bus stop, it was getting dark. A group of tough looking teenage boys started eyeing me.

I stepped out onto the street and looked - no bus in sight.

"What do you think you're doing?" one asked.

I acted as if I didn't notice them, but they came over and surrounded me.

"I said, what do you think you're doing."

I was afraid to speak. I looked around hopefully, but the few other people waiting for the bus were pretending to ignore the situation.

"Can't you talk?"

"I'm waiting for my bus," I said.

"Damn, you were right, Hank," he said. "It is a guy. What are you doing in a dress, faggot."

"Leave me alone."

"We don't like queers. Get the fuck out of our neighborhood.

I stood helplessly.

He pushed me, "You heard me, get out of here."

I started walking. Something hit me on the back.

"Run you cock sucker."

A bottle broke on the street near me.

I ran.

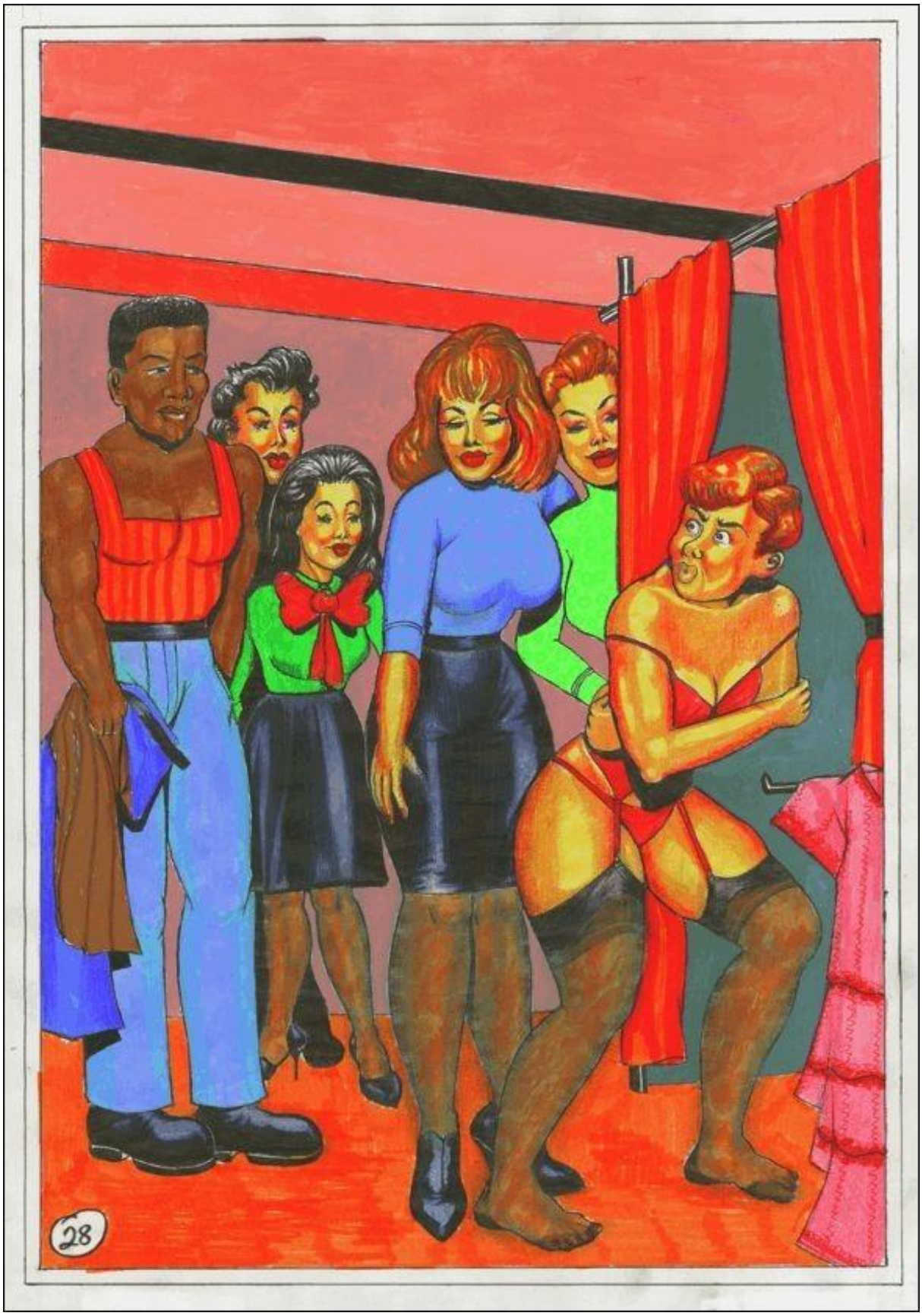
Two blocks, three blocks . . .

Out of breath and feet aching in my heels, I looked back and saw them following.

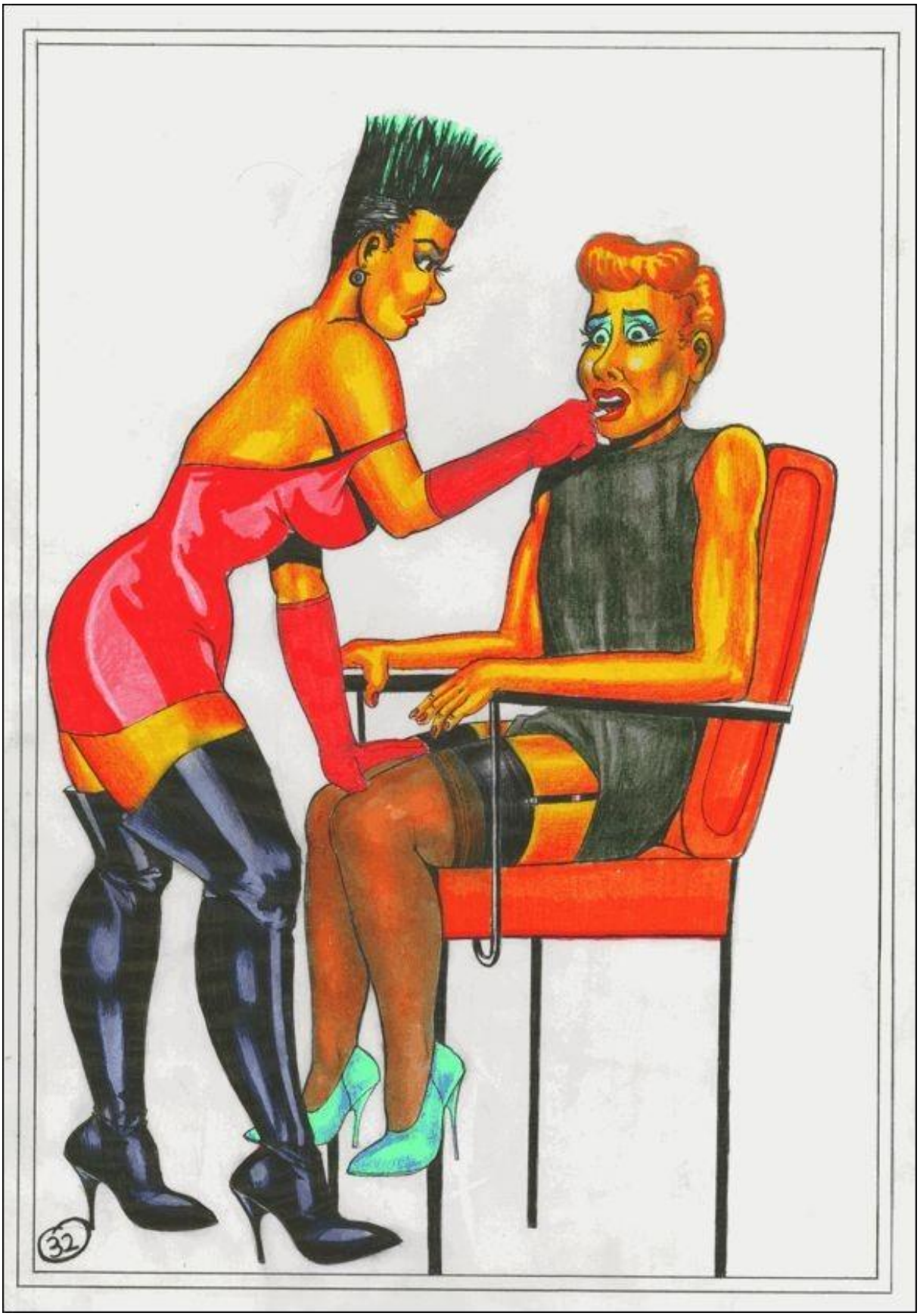
There was a cab coming.

Waving my arms frantically, I hailed the cab and jumped in.

CONTINUED IN VOLUME THREE



Bill in his new lingerie by Chris of England



Bill's makeover by Chris of England