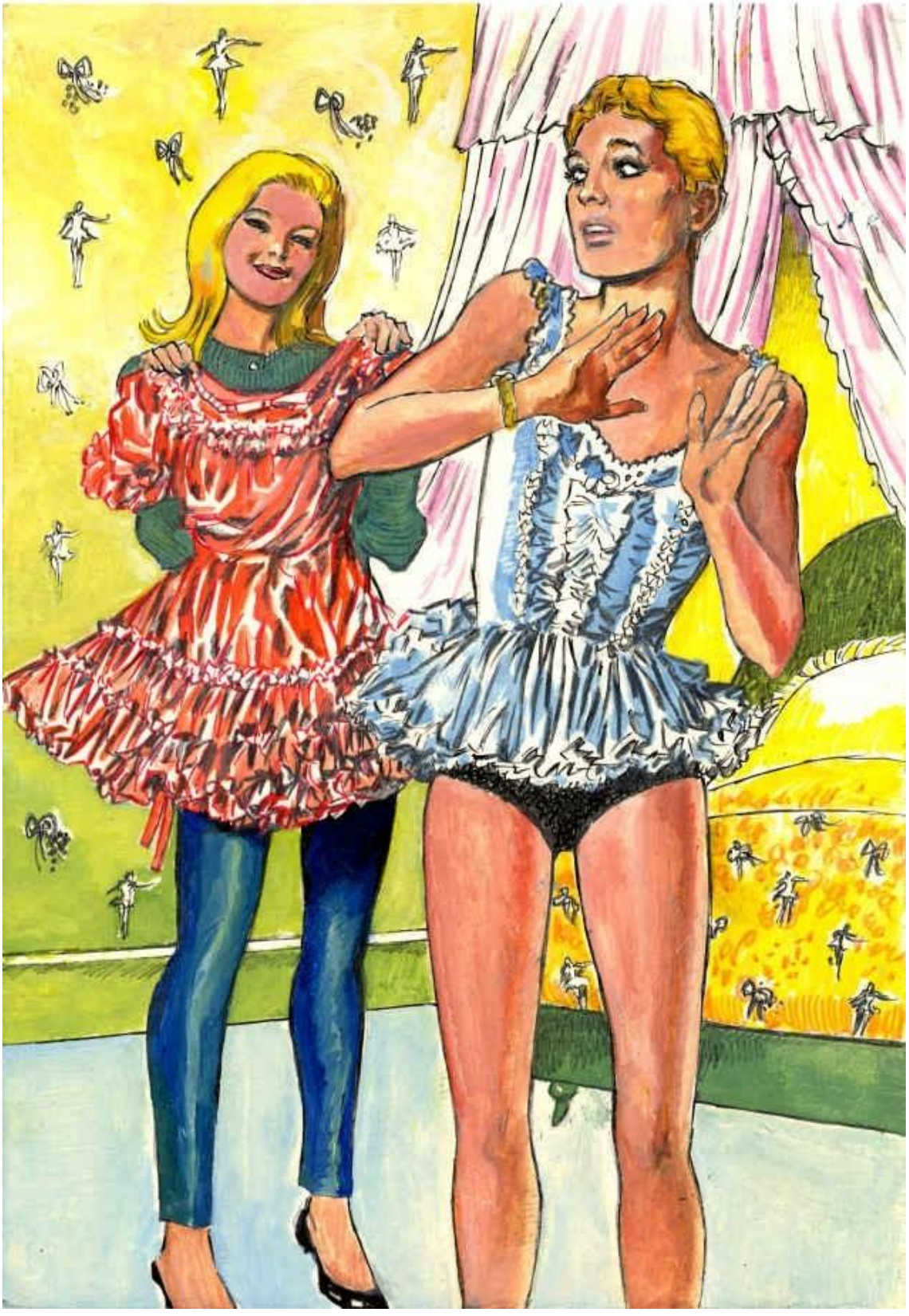
BILL'S HUMILIATIONS IN PANTIES Volume 3

By Carole Jean



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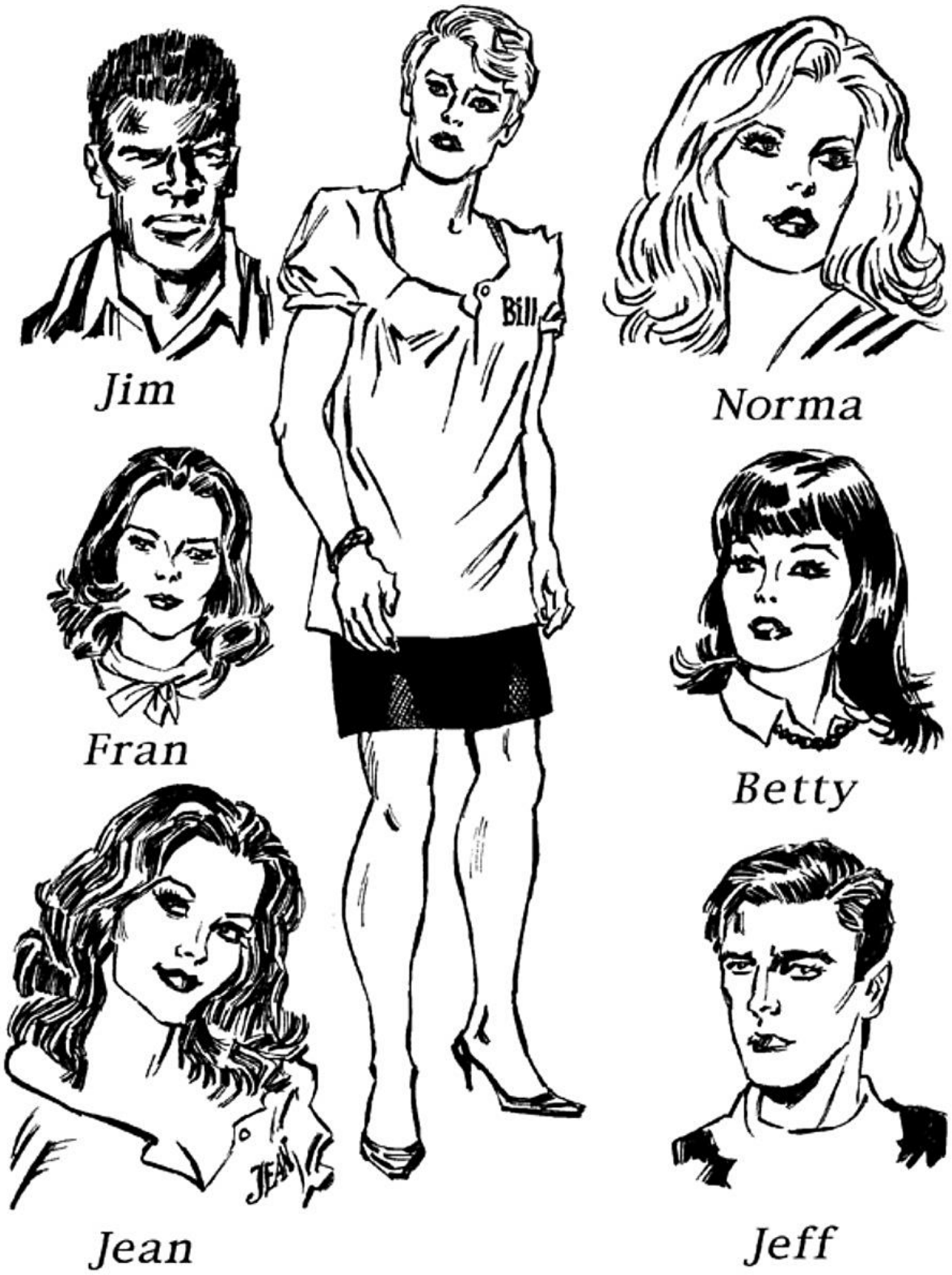
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Illustrations by JUAN SOLÉ PUYAL

Kindle Edition

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Jim
Bill
Norma
Fran
Betty
Jean
Jeff

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

The next week, Fran was early. I was still doing Alice. She was asking me why I thought her boyfriend was driving her crazy. Most of the girls talked with me about their relationships with men. I suppose they thought I was safe.

"Alice, this is Fran," I said.

"Doesn't he give the best manicures," Fran said.

"He sure does, and it's fun to have a man in a dress working on me," Alice said.

"It's particularly amusing since he hates wearing it," Fran said.

"I'm ready for you," I said. "Toes or hands first?"

"Toes," Fran said. "What happened next at the party?"

"Did he tell you about his little girl dresses?" Alice asked.

"His sister had just shown them to him."

"You'll really enjoy hearing what happened next," Alice said.

"What did happen, Bill?" Fran asked

"Sit down, take your shoes and socks off, start soaking and I'll tell you."

I was concentrating on my escape plans when Norma jolted me from my thoughts.

"Bill," she said, "It's time for you to put on one of your new dresses."

"Can't we do it tomorrow?"



"Don't be silly," she said. "These women have come to see you start your new life in little girls' dresses and petticoats. I can't ask them to come back tomorrow. These girls are wearing their best party dresses to help you put on clothes like theirs. I can't disappoint them. You'll change into your new clothes tonight."

I began to fill with the same fury I'd felt in the store when Jim took off my pants and shirt. I wanted to resist, however, I knew my anger would only give these broads additional entertainment. They'd not only see how much they were upsetting me, but they'd also get to see Jim overpower and strip me. I'd have to play along with Norma for the next few hours until I could escape.

"Girls," Norma said, "are you ready to help your little friend get dressed?" The little girls in their brightly colored short and lacy party dresses tittered as they surrounded me. They were so close that their petticoats brushed against my legs. The girls looked as if they were enjoying this; I certainly wasn't. I was getting sick to my stomach.

"Bill," Norma said, "give me your earrings and sit down on this footstool. I know that you've had a good time playing dress up with Jean and pretending you're a big girl. However, now it's time for your little friends to help you get dressed in your own precious clothes."

My fear overcame my anger and I sat down. The little girls closed in on me giggling.

"This is great," Jeff said.

"Stop your teasing, Jeff," Betty said.

"He teased me," Jeff said.

"Don't worry about him. Watch your own behavior."

I felt little fingers unzipping the dress. Other hands were pulling it over my head. Oh no, here we go again.

"Look," someone said, "even his underarms are shaved."

Once more I was stripped to lingerie, and this time the guests were making a permanent photographic record. I prayed that none of my buddies would ever see these pictures. I'd never be able to face them again.

"Look at the sweet lace on Bill's undies," a woman said.

"His bra cups are empty, what a shame," another said. "Bill always liked big breasts. Don't you think that he should have them, Norma?"

"Perhaps another time," Norma said. "After all, little girls don't have big breasts."

The little girls awkwardly removed the bra. They were so young that they didn't have experience with its clasps.





Once it was off, a woman pointed at my chest and laughed, "Look at the marks." The cup's wires had left red circles on my chest. I self- consciously covered them as the girls' little hands lifted my legs to remove the high-heeled shoes. It tickled as they unhooked the garter belt and lowered the nylons. The little girls stripped me down to just panties.

"Stand up, Bill," Norma said.

I stood and the girls lowered the panties. As I stepped out of them, I thought how grateful I was for the gaff after all.

"Girls, here are Bill's panties," Norma said.

They were white with rows of pink lace across the rear and a pink bow in the front. The little girls helped me step into this new insult to my masculinity.

"Look," Jean said, "his little pink penis has been replaced by a little pink bow."

It was true. My organ had been completely obliterated by the tight gaff and in its place was the bow on the front of these panties.

"The bow looks much larger than his penis," one of my girlfriends said. The girls tittered, and I covered the bow with my hands.

"Take your hands away from your little nylon penis surrogate," Norma said, "Your girlfriends want to see it."

I moved my hands, and the ladies made comments about how much they preferred the bow to my penis. "His new pink protrusion is much cuter," one said.

At this point, Jeff made a serious error. He laughed at my predicament.



"I warned you to stop your teasing," Betty said. "You seem so interested in Bill's clothing, you must want to dress like him."

"No way," Jeff said.

"Well, I think it would be delightful," Betty said. "I'm sure Norma has something to fit you."

"Please, Betty, don't do that to me," Jeff said.

"That's Miss Betty."

"Please, Miss Betty."

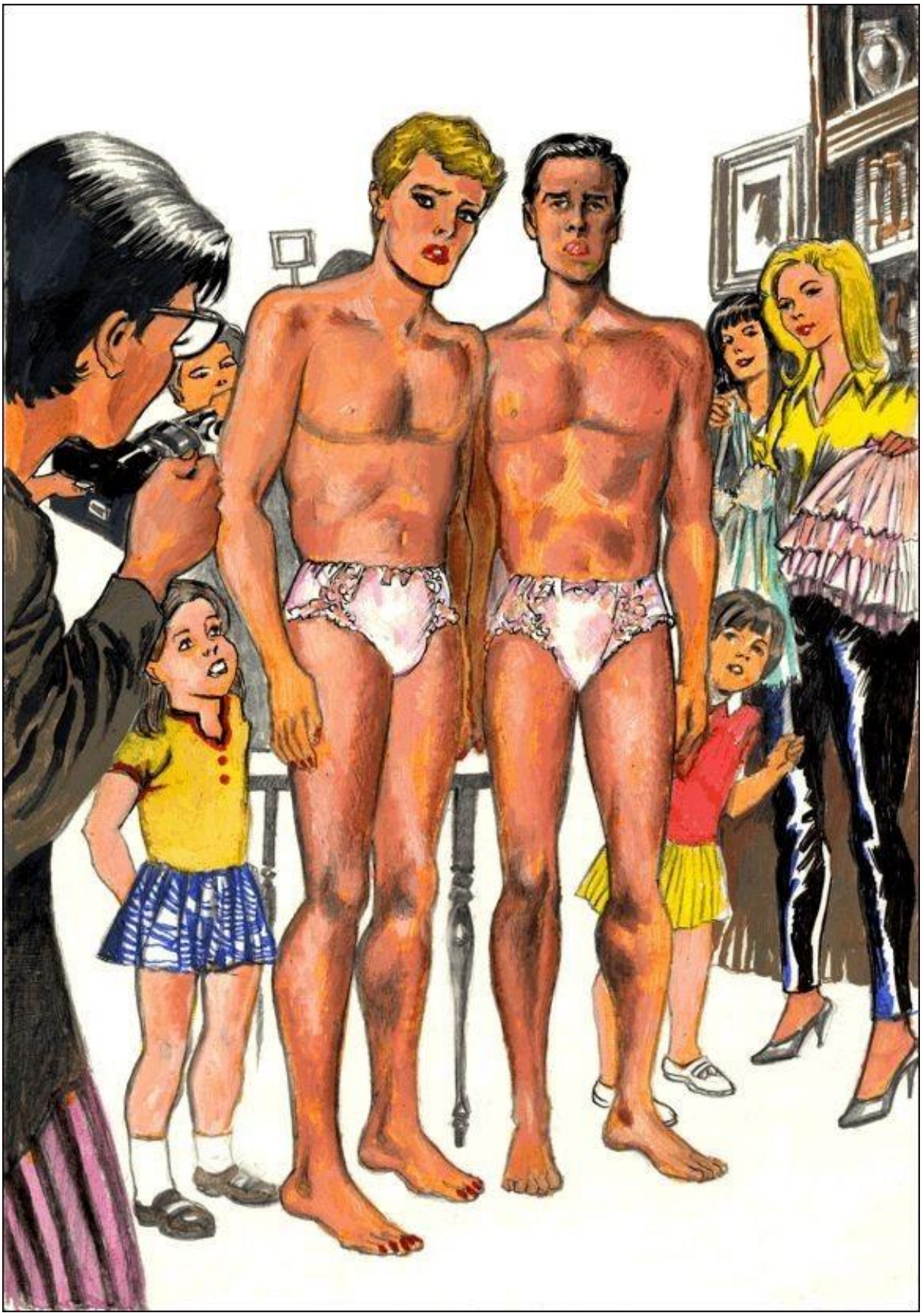
"Beg all you like," Betty said. "You were such a tough and macho Road Devil and now you're pleading with me to allow you to stay dressed as my sissy maid. The fact that you hate the idea of dressing as a four year old girl makes me like it even more." Jeff took this abuse without a word of protest. What a change his fear of his pimp had made in him.

"Sit down, Bill," Betty said. "It's Jeff's turn."

I sat on the footstool still feeling very upset by their disparaging remarks about the center of my masculinity. Jeff sat on another footstool and the children removed his dress, bra, and shoes as cameras flashed. They told him to stand, and they removed his petticoat, panties and pantyhose. Betty gave the girls a pair of juvenile panties similar to the ones I was wearing, and they put them on him.

Jeff self-consciously covered the front of his panties.

"Take your hands from your panties, Jeff, the ladies want to see your little bow too," Betty said. "Doesn't Jeff look cute girls? Don't you think that all bad boys should have their wee wees replaced with pink bows?



The women chimed in with their agreement. I squirmed about on the footstool, extremely uncomfortable about this symbolic castration.

"Bill, stand up," Betty said. "I want all our guests to get a good look at you boys together in your new panties."

"They look like baby girls," one of the guests said.

I looked at Jeff and I saw what she meant. The panty's lace combined with his cleanly shaved body and flat chest made him look as if he was a baby girl in a ruffled diaper. I cringed realizing that I must look the same.

Alice, one of my ex-girlfriends, asked, "May we dress Bill as a baby? I'd love to see that bastard in diapers, a bonnet and a frilly white christening gown."

"He needs a pacifier to suck on, it will keep him from complaining," another said.

"We can get a big stroller and show him off around town," a third said.

"Those are good ideas, ladies," Norma said, "but tonight we have other plans. Would some of you girls work on dressing Jeff and some on Bill? Move their foot stools so they can watch each other."

As Norma handed each piece of clothing to the little girls she made some humiliating comment to the delight of the women watching. This horrible experience was being photographed as well. "You'll love your training bra," she said. "Its soft satin triangles will caress your tiny titties, and its dainty lace and ruffles are a perfect accompaniment for your darling panties.



The women giggled at this description and the little girls worked to put it on my chest. I shivered at its touch. The little girls carefully adjusted it so that my nipples were centered in each little cup.

Jeff had a bra on too. It looked so silly on him that I almost laughed, but I stopped, realizing to my dismay that I must look just the same. Why must I wear a bra? It's just not right. They're only for girls.

Betty made Jeff and me stand and walk around the room in our new undies as the ladies made fun of us.

All right boys," Norma said, "sit back down, it's time for you to be petticoated." She was holding a short combination slip and petticoat. She held it close to Jeff and he turned his face away in shame

She gave the garment to the girls dressing Jeff and got another for my girls. It fell down over my chest and abdomen. Then she had them put lacy white socks on us.

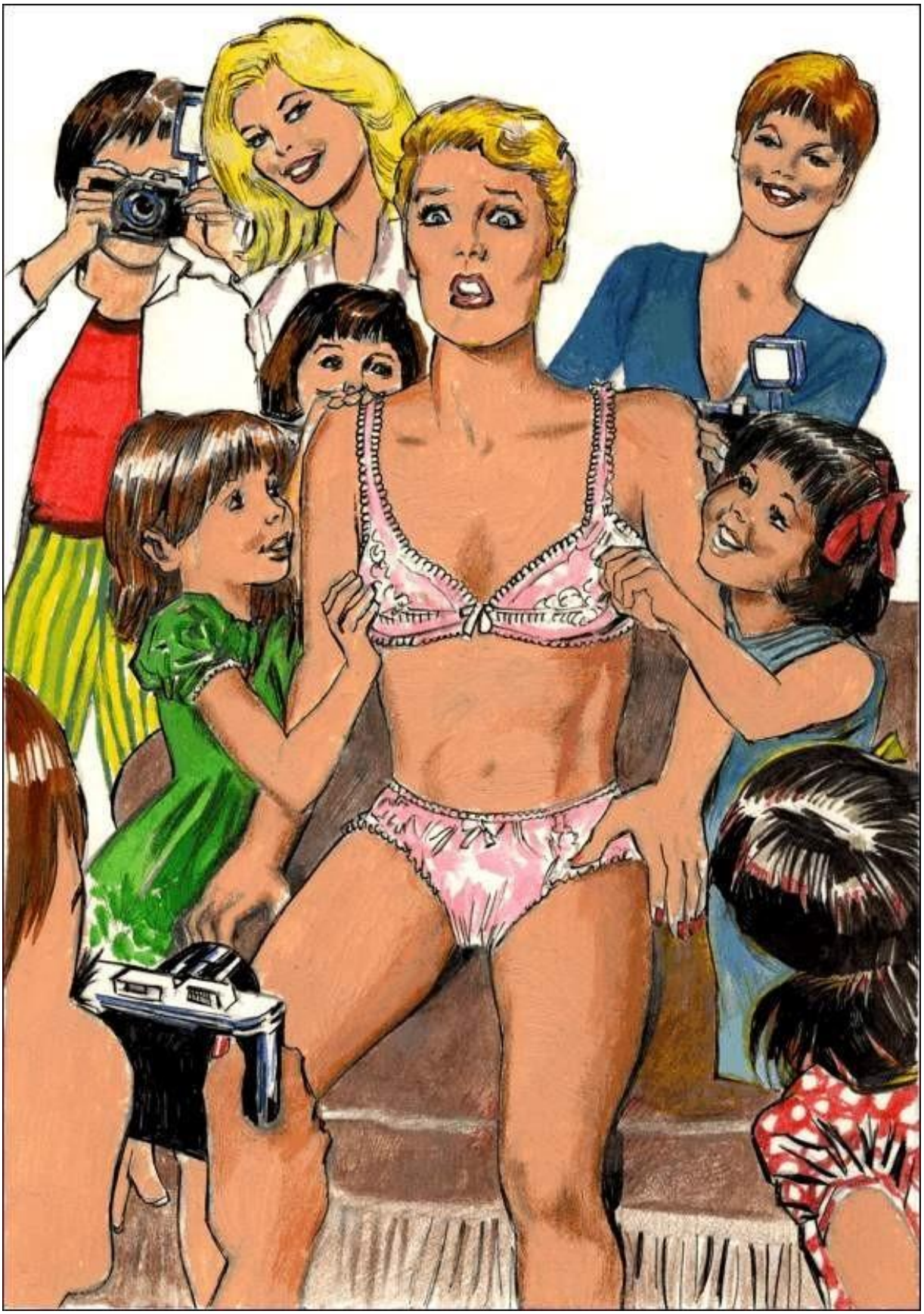
"Stand up boys," Norma said.

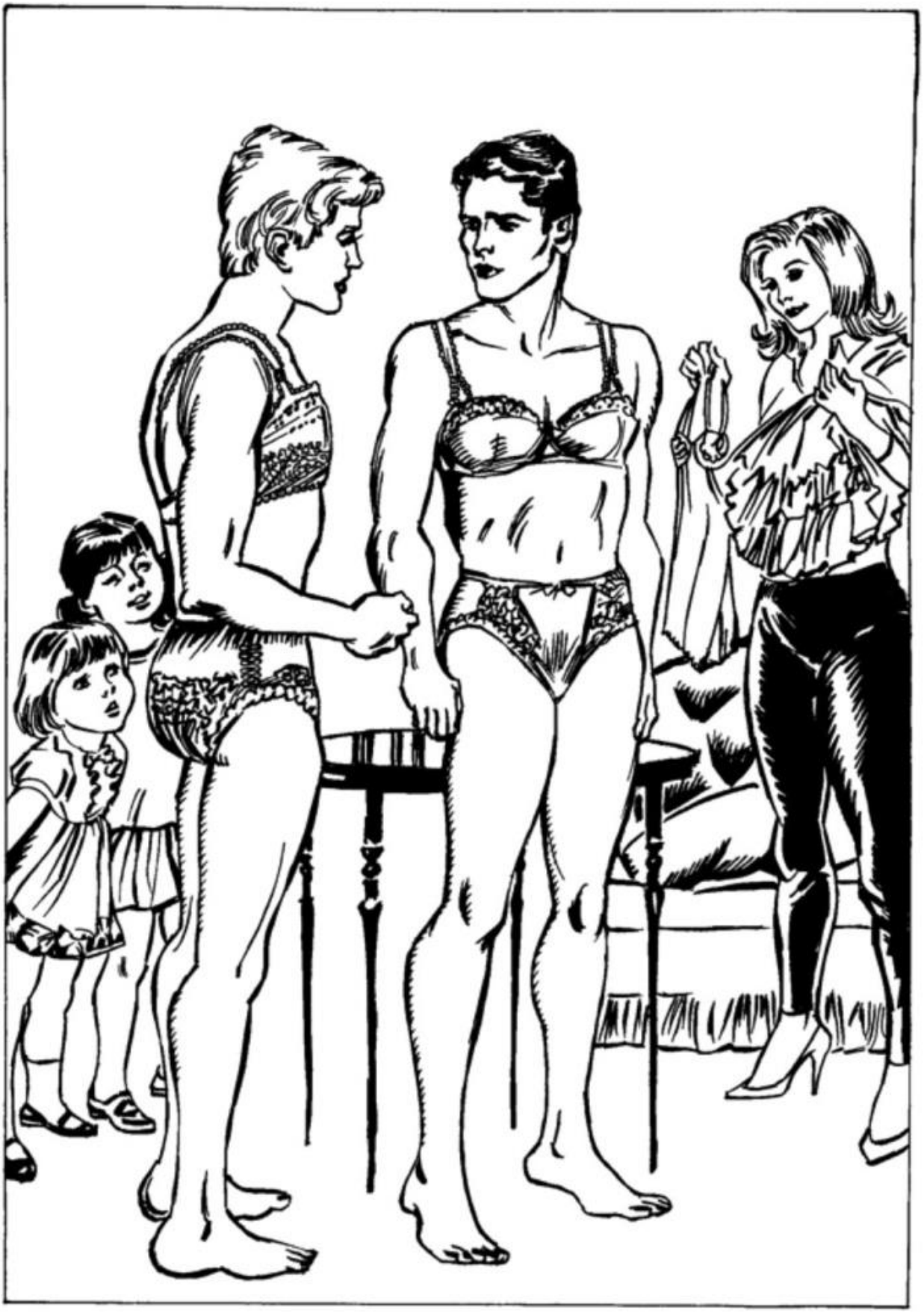
I got up and the petticoat completed its path down below my lap. I looked at Jeff. His petticoat was so short that it didn't even cover his panties.

"Turn around boys, I must see if your petticoats have the proper swish and sway," Betty said.

People touched me and stroked the clothes I was wearing.

"They're dressed like babies," a little girl touched Jeff's petticoat and said. "I haven't worn things like this for years."







I wished I could have found a way to escape before this happened to me. Even after I leave tonight, these bitches will be able to talk about this for years.

"Where did you find a princess style petticoat to fit a grown man?" Mrs. Jones, one of our neighbors, asked.

"Sarah made it and all of Bill's new dresses," Norma said. Sarah, one of my ex-girlfriends, smiled and acknowledged the applause.

Betty held a childish black dress up to Jeff. "Look at the ruffles and bows, note the puffed sleeves. Just think how it will stand out over your petticoats. Now sit down and the girls will put it on you. Be careful not to sit on your petticoats."





"There's no way I'm going to put that thing on," Jeff said, "I'm getting out of here, now!" He was hysterical and without any thought of where he was going or what he was wearing he ran for the door.

Jim stopped him effortlessly and dragged him back.

"Jim, help Jeff into his new dress," Betty said.

"I won't!" Jeff said.

Jim took his arm and twisted it behind his back.

"Put on the dress," Jim said.

"God damn you!" Jeff yelled.

"I'll break it," Jim said.

"If he does, you'll go to the hospital dressed just as you are," Betty said.

"All right, all right, I'll do it," Jeff said. Betty and Jim put the dress on him.

"Give him a swat on the rump to remind him to be good," Betty said, and Jim lifted Jeff's skirts to give him a parting spank.

Norma gave a white dress, much like Jeff's black one, to the little girls who were dressing me. I sat on the low stool, petticoats spread out around me while the delighted little girls put the dress on me. They guided my arms into the short puff sleeves and zipped up the back.

"Here are your new shoes," Betty said. They looked just like what little girls wore, only bigger. The girls put them on our feet.

"Now," Norma said, "just one more little thing." She handed a spray bottle to a little girl in a pink party dress. "Bill and Jeff look so pretty," she said, "they should smell pretty too. Please spray them with this perfume."



The little girl happily sprayed the scent on the dress and my arms. Then she put the bottle under the dress and sprayed perfume on the panties. I jumped, shocked at this intimacy.

She moved on to Jeff and performed the same final insult on him. I smelled like a perfume factory, covered with sweet girlish scent. I couldn't believe this was happening to me. I was totally dressed and totally disgusted.



CHAPTER FOURTEEN

"Now boys," Norma said, "mince around the room so that everyone can see how sweet and dainty you look."

As I walked, the dress and petticoats bounced and swayed. They were so short that the bow near the top of the panties showed whenever I moved. Hands reached out to stroke me. Someone lifted the dress, and I squealed and pushed it back down. "Stay alert," she said.

"Don't our boys look precious?" Norma asked. "Let's give the girls a hand for doing such a good job." The room filled with clapping and cheers for the little girls.

"Jeff, you aren't clapping," Betty said, "and neither are you Bill. Thank the girls for helping you into your new clothes."

"Thank you," I said.

"You're welcome, Mr. Newton," one said.

Jeff also thanked his group of girls as the women just shook with laughter.

"This is fun," one of the little girls said. "Can we play dress up with Bill and Jeff again some time?"

"Maybe," Betty said.

Norma handed me a doll and said, "This is your 'Bill' doll. He's dressed just like you and also has short hair and a flat chest. Carry him always."

One woman inspected the doll. "It's even wearing a training bra," she said and handed it back to me.

I cradled the doll in my arms at Norma's request and looked down at the clothing that it and I were wearing, the puffy sleeves, the lace and bows, the full skirt held out by the petticoats. A long expanse of my smooth hairless legs showed from the bottom of the panties all the way to the



tops of the lacy socks. The doll and I were dressed just like the little girls surrounding me except that the dresses we had on were even lacier than theirs and they was shorter so that the panties showed more. I was the most girlishly dressed ball of fluff in the room except for Jeff.

"How about our Romeo in ruffles," one of my girlfriends said, and the women shrieked out their laughter.

Damn them!

Norma placed a gold bracelet around my right wrist and closed the ends together. Betty put an identical bracelet on Jeff. I couldn't believe the lengths that Norma was going to. She must have spent the entire three months preparing.

"There's no way we'd fool anyone," Jeff said. "No one will think we're girls."

"You don't get it, do you," Betty said. "We want everyone to know you're men, despite your dresses, lingerie and lipstick. We want to see you squirm as people realize we've forced you into panties."

"No way," Jeff said.

"I want everyone to see how prettily I've dressed you," Betty said, "and Norma wants all of Bill's friends to see how cute he looks. However, we thought that you boys might not agree, so we've taken a few precautions. First, we expect that you'll have temper tantrums. Jim can prevent them from getting out of control. Second, you'll find that you can't remove your bracelet. It's hardened steel with just a coating of gold, and its catch can only be opened with special equipment. The bracelet contains a homing device. I'll be able to find you quickly if you ever make the foolish mistake of trying to run."

"Why are you making me wear girl's clothes?" Jeff asked. "I hate them."

"Wonderful," Betty said. "The fact that you hate wearing girl's clothes makes me really enjoy putting you in them."

"You can't watch me all the time," Jeff said. "I'll take them off as soon as I can."

"If you ever take off any of your sweet feminine clothes without permission, you'll be severely punished," Betty said. "For example, if I discover you without your bra, I'll make you wear it on the outside of your uniform for a week. If I find you without it a second time, I'll have one tattooed on your chest, straps and all. You'll do whatever I tell you to do, or you'll be a male prostitute walking the street in your French maid's uniform."

"This isn't fair," Jeff said. "I didn't do anything nearly so awful to you."

"I'm delighted you think I'm not being fair," Betty said. "I want vengeance for what you did to me. Unless you think that your punishment is monstrously unfair, I won't be satisfied."

Jeff hung his head in shame. I could see that it was getting through to him that he was truly trapped.

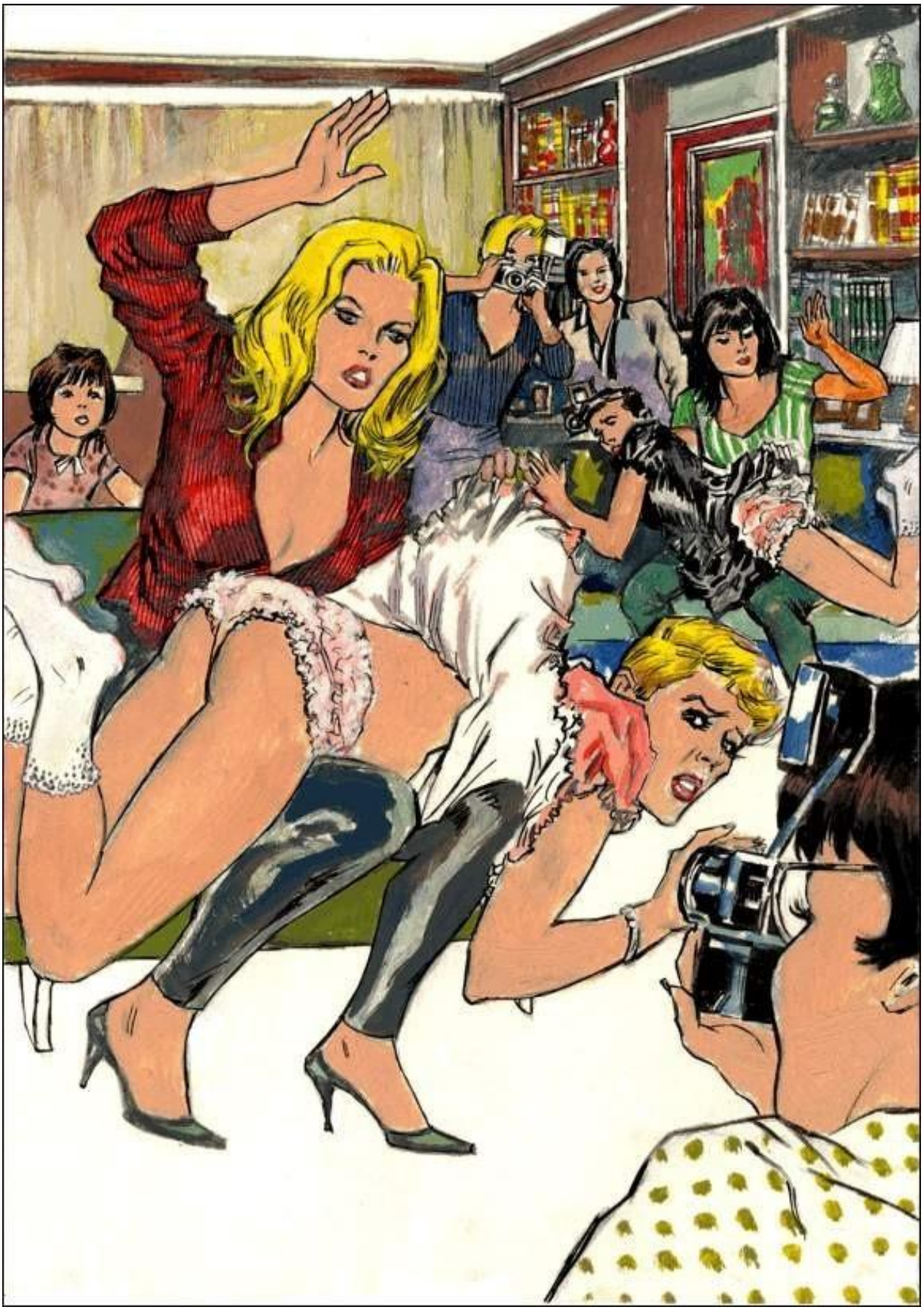
"Bill, if you ever try to run away," Norma said, "I'll turn you in for a parole violation and let you spend some time in prison without Jim to protect you."

"I can't go back to that prison."

"Good, I'm glad you want to stay," Betty said.

A helpless feeling swept over me. I wouldn't be escaping tonight with this homing bracelet on my wrist. If I couldn't figure some way to get it off, the terrible plans Norma described for my future in dresses might happen.

"Jeff," Betty said. "I must punish you for your silly attempt to run away earlier - perhaps a spanking."



"Yes," one of the little girls said, "spank that bad boy right on his panties."

"Boys, come here and lie across our laps for your spankings," Norma said.

"Why me?" I asked. "I didn't do anything."

"You're right," Norma said. "However, now I'll spank you because you objected to being spanked. Come here."

It was Jeff's fault again. I slowly walked over to Norma. I saw Jeff lay over Betty's lap and watched as she raised his dress and petticoats. I bent over Norma's lap and felt her pushing up my dress. I blushed crimson knowing that I must look as silly to these women as Jeff looked to me. Sure enough, dozens of cameras flashed as my sister's hand rose and fell n my rear.

I squirmed with chagrin.

"Stop wiggling around, Bill," someone said. "Take your spanking like a man."

"What man?" another said, "I don't see any men here, just a couple of sissies."

The spanking didn't hurt much. The words stung more. However, it was mortifying to be spanked by my little sister. I was stronger, smarter and superior to her in every way. After all, she was only a girl. The fact that she was spanking me in front of a roomful of women and girls was doubly mortifying. The fact that many of them were former sexual conquests and that I was dressed like this, was almost too much to bear.

The spanking ended and we were told to stand. I arranged my dress and petticoats and tried to push them down to cover my panties. They were so short it was hopeless.

"This is all your fault," I said to Jeff.

"Shut up," he said. "Do you think I like it any better than you being dolled up like this? If you hadn't had the idea of putting Betty in a maid's outfit, I'd never be a maid myself."

"Boys, boys," Betty said, "you must learn to get along better, your bickering has earned you another punishment. Girls, would you like to spank them?"

"Yes!" - "Please!" - "Can we!" they squealed.

"Okay," Betty said. "Boys, lift your little dresses and petticoats. Girls, line up and take turns spanking Bill and Jeff on their panty bottoms."

The little girls ran over and lined up.

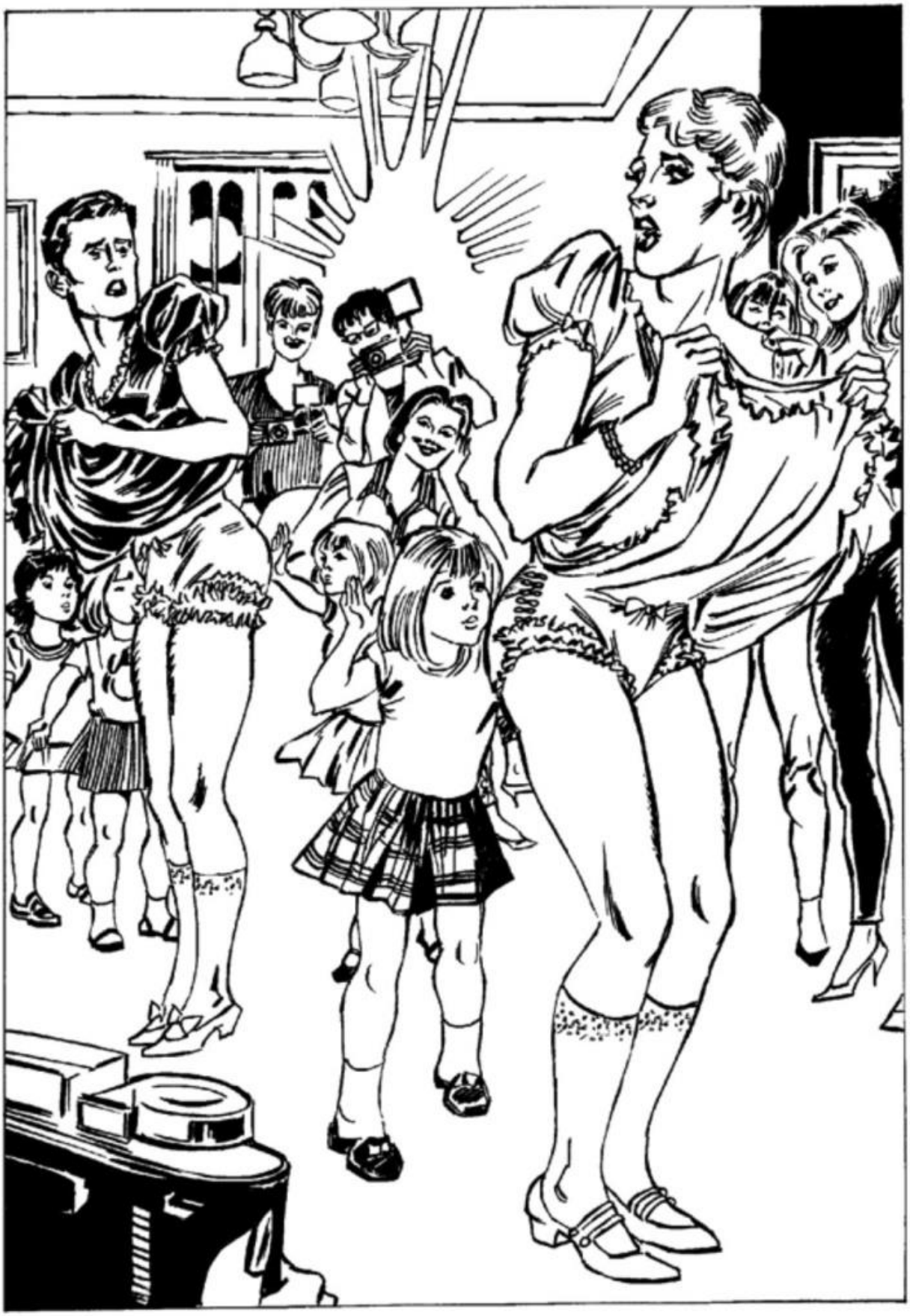
"Betty's right, you must learn to be sweeter to each other," Norma said. "After all, think of all the exciting adventures in panties you'll be sharing."

As I held up my dress and petticoats and my future little playmates spanked me on my panty covered bottom while the cameras flashed, thinking of my future adventures in panties was just what I was doing. I'd never been so scared in my life.

Finally, after each of the girls had taken her turn spanking us, Norma allowed us to let down our dresses. I couldn't resist rubbing my sore bottom to the great amusement of our guests.

"Now boys, kiss and make up," Norma said.

I glared at Jeff. I hated him for bringing me to this humiliating condition. The girls forced me to embrace him, kissing him on the cheek as our full skirts mingled. I broke away from him when I was allowed to. Noticing the lipstick traces that I'd left on him, I wiped my own face clean of his lipstick as the ladies smiled.



Everyone appeared to be delighted at our appearance and we were constantly forced to pose for pictures. They asked me to sit; anxious about exposing my panties any more than necessary, I carefully arranged my skirt. However, when I sat on it, it flared up, displaying my panties to the waist. The women's jibes of "pantywaist sissy" and "exhibitionist" rang in my ears.

I pushed down my dress, but the girls made me move my hands for their pictures and the full petticoats popped right back up. I thought it might be better when they let me stand. However, Norma had me hold up my dress and petticoats so she could pull up my panties so they fit tight.

Then Betty, who preferred a more generous view of my panty lace, would have me lift my dress and petticoats so she could adjust my panties downward. I was forced to endure their constant fussing.

"It's almost eight o'clock," Betty said. "Let's get Bill and Jeff dressed for beddie bye. Girls will you help them change into their nightgowns?"

The little girls gleefully striped us to our gaffs and bras and dressed us in baby-doll nighties with short full sleeves and lacy panties. Norma led us upstairs to a guest room.

"Jeff, this is your room," Betty said. "I'll hang your uniform on you chair so that it will be the first thing you see when you wake up. Put it on and come to my room at eight. Get into bed, my sissy maid." Jeff climbed between the sheets, and Betty tucked him in. "Sleep well, Jeff," she said. "I have a busy day planned for you tomorrow."





The next guest room had been redone in pink and white. There were ballet dancers on the wallpaper. The bed had a lacy canopy and a pink coverlet that matched the wallpaper. The sheets were pink and the pink pillows had little flowers all over them. The shelves were full of dolls and there was a vanity covered with cosmetics and perfume.

"Please help me bring in Bill's new dresses," Norma asked her guests.

The ladies filled my closet with the clothes from the living room.

"Bill, change your doll into his nightgown," Norma said. She gave me the doll's nightie, which matched my own, and I clumsily redressed him.

"It's time for your prayers," Norma said. "Kneel and repeat after me, now I lay me down to sleep . . ."

I repeated her words and crawled into bed, very aware of the strange feel of my nightgown and the scent of my perfume. Norma tucked me in and gave me a kiss on m cheek. "Sweet dreams," she said. "I'll come help you dress in the morning. Wait for me in your nightie." The guests left and Norma turned out the light and closed the door

I couldn't sleep. The events of the day kept running through my mind. How could Norma have done this to me? I felt the bra tight on my chest and shoulders. The gaff pressed me close and the nightgown was a constant reminder of my new status. I had to get away, but how? I pulled and twisted the bracelet but it was too small to remove. I couldn't run while I was wearing it. As bad as it was to wear girl's clothes, it would be worse going back to prison. I lay there dreading what the next day would bring. Norma said she'd expose me to my friends. I feared that

more than anything. I considered and discarded escape plans until, finally, I fell asleep.

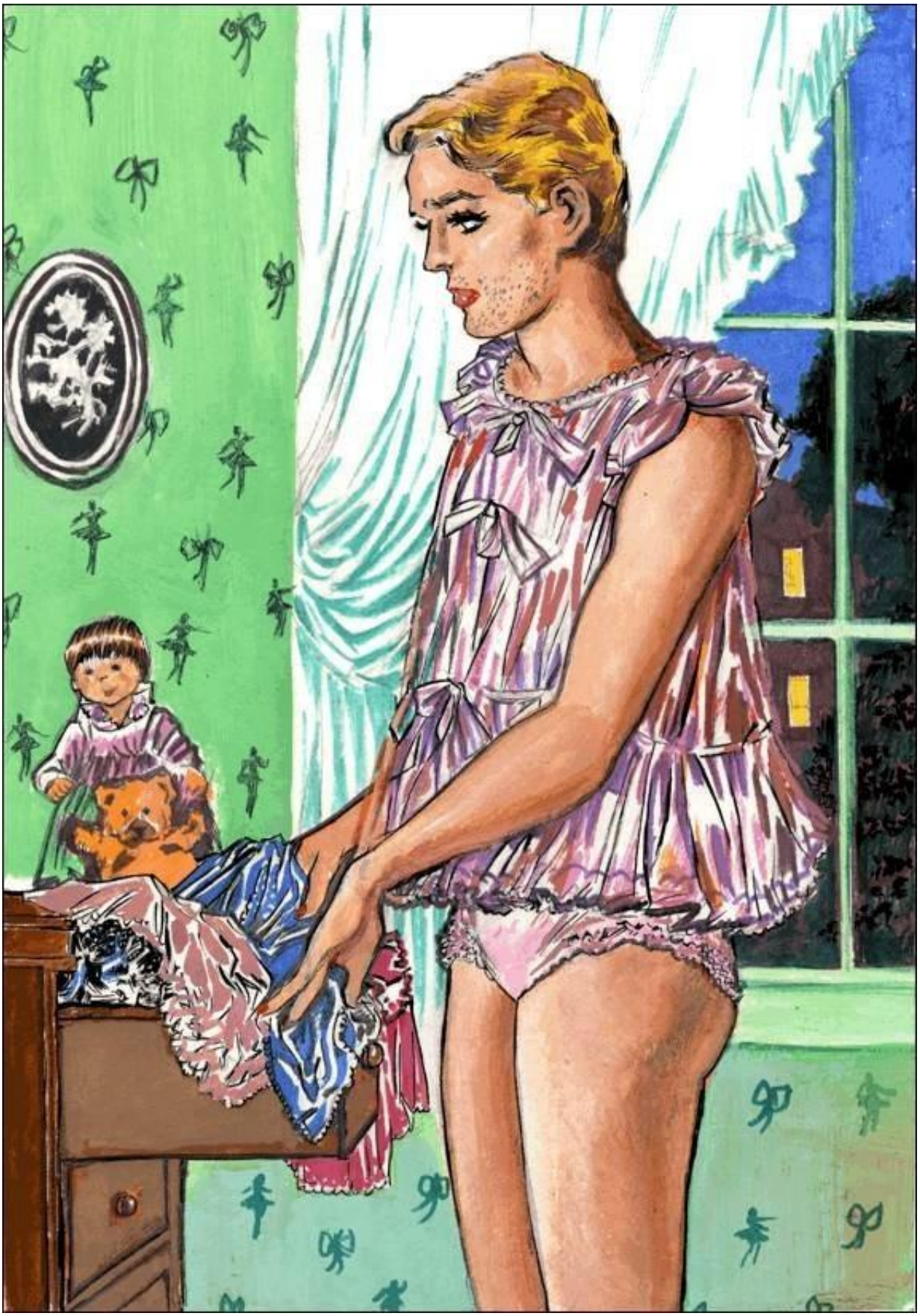


CHAPTER FIFTEEN

I woke in the morning and lifted my hands to wipe the sleep from my eyes. I felt strange sensations. I looked down and saw the nightie. What was I doing wearing a girl's nightie? This must be a bad dream. I rose to a sitting position only to feel the compression of the gaff and the bra. In a state of panic I looked around the femininely appointed room. My panic receded and I was filled with humiliation as I remembered the events of the previous day. I had to escape from this horrible predicament. I pulled at the bracelet futilely. If only I had the courage to tear the nightie to shreds and rid myself of the bra and gaff. However, Norma would be furious. She gave me specific instructions to wait for her in my nightgown. There was no telling what she would do to me if I removed it.

I got up and looked around. The closet door was open and dozens of colorful little girls' dresses were hanging inside. I couldn't bear to look at them, so I closed the door. Even worse, there was a full-length mirror attached to the door and I saw myself. I quickly turned away and investigated the rest of the room. My 'Bill' doll in his matching nightgown was on the bed. There were dozens of other dolls of all sizes throughout the room. There was a large white dresser, and I opened one of the drawers. It was full of lacy undergarments. There was enough lingerie to stock a store, and it was all mine.

I closed the drawer with a shudder. The door opened behind me. "Good morning," Norma said. "Come along, dear, it's potty time." I glared at her, but let her lead me to the bathroom. She started the bath. "Pull down your cute little bloomers and gaff, and sit on the potty," she said.



I self-consciously sat on the toilet. When I was done, she gave me a few pieces of toilet tissue.

"Clean the pee pee from your front dear, wipe your bottom and don't forget to flush." I took the tissue and wiped myself front and back. "That's a good boy," Norma said. "Take off your lacy nightie and your sweet little training bra, and I'll give you a bath."

Only my venomous gaze betrayed my inner turmoil. As I undressed, Norma swirled crystals into the water. They erupted into a mass of fragrant bubbles. Feeling uncomfortable being naked in front of my sister, I quickly



stepped into the tub. She took a sponge and washed me.

After I was clean to her satisfaction, she let the water out of the tub and gave me a pink razor and a container of shave gel. "You'll need to shave your body twice a week and your face twice daily. This feminine shaving gel has

conditioners and emollients to help keep your skin feeling soft and looking great."

I couldn't see any stubble on my body, but I put the gel on my arms, chest and underarms and shaved them. Then I sat on the edge of the tub and shaved my legs and abdomen. When I was finished, she turned on the shower and rinsed me. Then she rubbed me dry with a fluffy pink towel.

"Put your gaff on, dear, wrap the towel around yourself, shave your face and we'll go back to your bedroom to dress."

I manipulated myself into the gaff while she watched. It was horribly embarrassing to have my sister watch me emasculate myself. When I finished with the gaff, I wrapped the towel around my waist.



"No, Bill," she said, "wrap your towel around your chest to cover your little breasts."

I rearranged the towel as ordered.

She made me shave my face three times and still did not appear satisfied with the result. Then I followed her back to my bedroom.

"Sit on your bed, sweetie, while I select your outfit."

"Let me have my pants."

"The ladies all thought you looked darling in your dresses and petticoats."

"I won't do it."

"Shall I call Jim and Jeff to help?"

I shuddered at the thought of the two men forcing me into little girl's clothes. I knew I stood no chance against Jim by himself, let alone him and Jeff together. I couldn't give Jeff the satisfaction of dressing me. I dropped my head in despair as Norma went to the dresser and returned with a pair of dark blue panties.

"Oh Bill, aren't they sweet, blue for boys?"

"Please, Norma."

She smiled and drew them up to my waist. She went back to the dresser and took out a training bra.

"Norma."

How I suffered as she put the bra on me and carefully adjusted the shoulder straps so that the lacy satin triangles were perfectly centered over my nipples. "How very cute," she said. "Now for your petticoats."

"Norma, stop."



The petticoats were attached to a lacy nylon top. They spread in a wide circle reaching almost to the bottom of my panties. She gave me a pair of short white socks trimmed with pink lace and a pair of white patent shoes, and I put them on.

"Here's your dress, dear," she said holding up a short, lacy little girl's dress.

I gasped at the sight of the pale red and white confection. Trembling in humiliation I said, "Norma, don't make me wear that."

"There are other dresses, dear," she said.

"I don't want to wear any dress."

"You'll look so darling is this sweet little dress."

"Don't you know how horrible I feel and how awful it will be for me?"

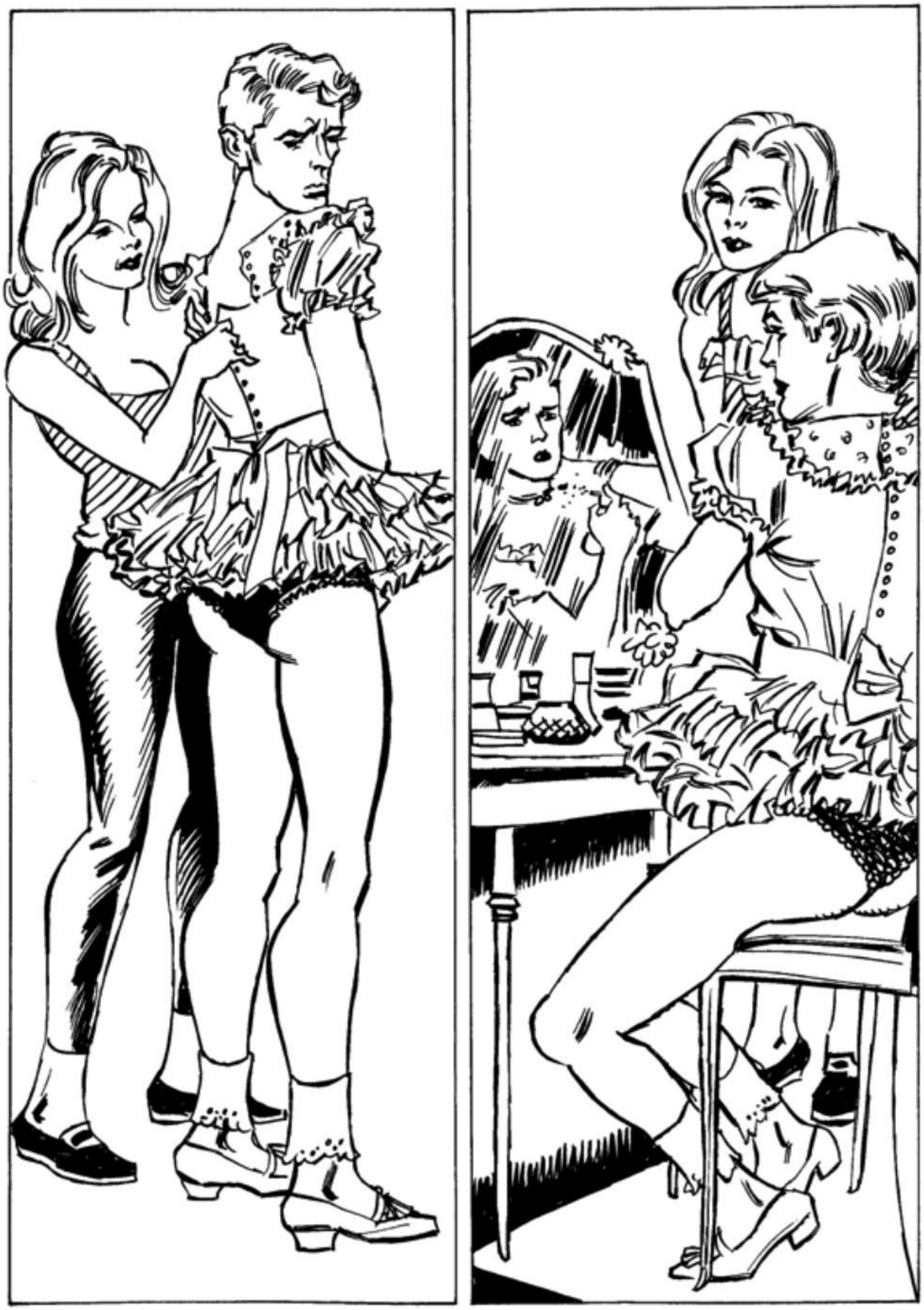
"I imagine it will be horrible, dear. Today will probably be terribly humiliating for you. However, as I told you yesterday, it is necessary for your training. Hold your arms up for me."

She put it over my head. "Turn around, sweetie, and I'll button you up." I turned and she fastened the buttons on the back of my dress. I'd need help getting out of this frivolous little garment. The dress flared out over the petticoats It wasn't even long enough to cover the panties. They would show constantly.

"Please, I feel so silly in these things."

"You look wonderful, dear," she said. "Sit at your vanity and I'll help you with your makeup."

I sat and she handed me a tube of lipstick. "Most little girls don't wear makeup, dear, but you will because you have so much to learn all at once."



Once again I was marked with feminine scent.

"That's wonderful, you're a perfect little doll. Oh, that reminds me, you must dress your dolly. His clothes are in your bottom drawer. Be sure to match your bra and panties not just your dress."

I hadn't opened the bottom drawer as yet. It was full of doll dresses and miniature lingerie. I had to carefully examine the clothes I was wearing and search until I found the right things and then dressed the doll on them.

"Let's have breakfast," Norma said. We went to the kitchen and she had me sit at the table while she prepared juice and cereal for me.

"Eat quickly, you have an appointment with your barber at nine."

"Not like this."

"Oh yes, exactly like that."

"It would be too embarrassing."

"That's how you'll learn, dear."

"I can't—"

Jim arrived. His scornful smile added to my discomfort.

"Let's go," he said and griped my arm pulling me out of my chair.

"I'm not going out dressed like this!"

Jim pulled me out of the kitchen into the garage. I struggled to no effect. He put me in the car, my petticoats all askew, and closed the door behind me. He got in, started the car, and we were on our way. I scrunched down in the seat as far as I could, trying to stay out of sight. Shortly, however, we stopped and parked near my barber's shop. My heart was racing. Jim opened my door and took my hand.




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We were on a busy city street. I couldn't stand the thought of getting out of that car.

"Please, I can't -"

Jim dragged me out and into the barbershop, skirts and petticoats flying.

My barber, Stan, was there alone.

"Bill? Bill Newton, is that you?" he asked. "What in the world . . ."

"It, it's part of my punishment," I said as I rearranged my clothes.

"That's right," he said, "You were convicted of some kind of crime weren't you. What does that have to do with you looking like this?"

I told him a shortened version of what had happened, including the jail time and the coming home party but leaving out the most embarrassing parts. The more I told him the more he smiled.

"You mean Jeff is traipsing around town in little girl's dresses too?"

"He's Betty's maid. She has him wearing a French maid's uniform."

"Great," he said. "I can't wait to see him. Looks like those broads you always were bragging about finely got you back."

"It's just part of my probation."

"What part of your probation is that doll you're holding?"

"Norma makes me carry it."

"Damn, no one will believe this. I wish my wife was here, or some of my other customers." I shifted uncomfortably. "Are those panties? Let me see."



I tried to back away, but he followed until his chair trapped me. Jeff looked on smiling as Stan lifted my dress and petticoats. "My God! They are panties. Did they cut it off? No, I can feel something here between your legs."

Feeling around further, he found my bra.

"Haw, haw, where are your tits?"

"Stop it!" I said.

"My what a forceful little girl you are. What are you here for? You should be at a beauty shop where the ladies could set your hair in curls." I was so embarrassed I couldn't speak. "Your sister told me you wanted your hair cut just like always. Is that right?"

I managed to nod.

"I don't know why she wants you to have a man's haircut."

I knew. Despite my clothes and makeup, my haircut would make people suspicious of my gender. That was what Norma and my ex- girlfriends wanted.

"Sit down," he said. I got into the chair. Stan looked down at me smiling at the display of my petticoats and panties. I tried to pull down my skirt in an attempt to cover them, but I was not successful since they were designed to show.

"How cute," he said. He picked up his scissors and started to cut. "You smell as sweet as you look," he said.



I suffered through his teasing. Suddenly he stopped and went into the back room. He returned holding a camera.

"Sir," he said to Jim, "would you take a few pictures of me cutting Bill's hair."

"No!" I jumped up.

Jim pushed me back into the chair.

I sat, shivering with frustration and anxiety as Stan returned to his cutting and Jim took several pictures. Who would see all of these damn pictures anyway? When he finished my haircut, Stan said, "See you next month."

I ran out of the shop ahead of Jim. My dress bobbed up and down with every step, the petticoats rubbing against my thighs. I saw a woman walking toward me and raced to the car. The door was locked. I stood pulling the handle ineffectively as Jim came from the shop.

"Hurry, someone's coming!" I cried.

Jim stood and waited as the young woman walked up to me. I had never before experienced such fear at meeting an attractive woman. She stared at me and started to giggle.

Only then did Jim unlock my door. I scrambled in giving the woman a display of my panties and petticoats.

I hoped we would go directly home, but Jim stopped the car by a building with a playground in front and a sign, 'THE LITTLE DARLINGS PLAY SCHOOL'.

"What are we doing here," I asked.

"Follow me."

Jim led me into the building where a young lady met us.



"Good morning, Bill," she said. "Your sister told me all about you. Jim, you may go now, everything's under control."

Jim nodded and left.

"I'm Miss Anderson," she said. "Do you remember the name?"

"Should I?"

"It doesn't matter. My sister, April, was at your coming home party last night. She's one of the women you took advantage of. I'm very happy to have you here." I did remember her sister's name. She was one of my ex-girlfriends. I shuffled my feet nervously and averted my eyes.

"What's you dolly's name, dear."

"Bill."

"How cute. Is Bill a boy or a girl?"

"A boy."

"May I see?"

I gave her my doll and see looked at it and me carefully.

"Oh how precious. Your doll's dressed just like you. You'll have to show the other children. Leave him here now. Let's join the others in the yard."

"I don't want to go outside."

"We do things together at Little Darlings. Come with me."

The playground had a low wire fence separating it from a busy sidewalk. I rushed over to a tree and hid behind it. There were people looking at me.


The Dar-lings
Little Play School

Miss Anderson came to where I was trying to hide. "We must learn to play together, dear." She led me to the slide. I towered over the little girls and boys.

"Why are you so big?" one of them asked. "Are you a giant?"

I shook my head.

"Don't be so shy, Bill, you can talk," Miss Anderson said.

"Bill's a boy's name," one of the little girls said. "Are you a boy?"

"Yes."

"Why are you wearing a dress if you're a boy?" she asked.

"Because he was a bad boy," a little girl said. "I gave him a spanking." She was one of the little girls who had been at my party. "Hi, Bill," she said.

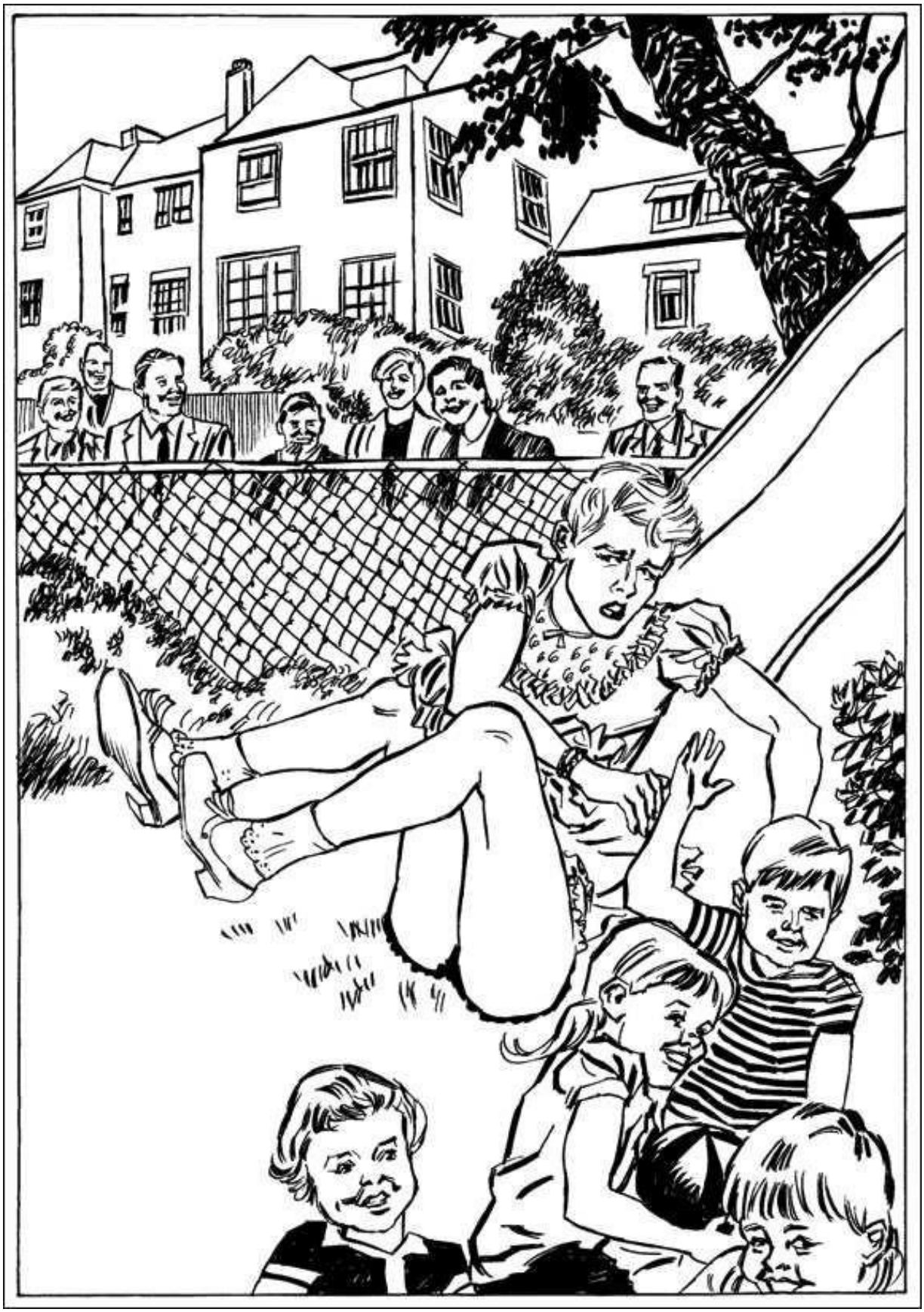
I nodded and she smiled.

"You looked so cute in your undie panties, but weren't you embarrassed?"

I nodded again.

"Bill and another grown up man wanted to dress like little girls last night and I helped," she said.

I had reached the front of the line. As I slid down my dress and petticoats flew up. I ended up sitting on the ground right in front of the people watching from the sidewalk.



They looked on smiling as I blushed and rearranged my clothes. Miss Anderson made me go down the slide several times. Each time there were more spectators. Finally, she said, "Time for lunch, children."

We trooped into the building, raucous calls following me. All the other children sat on one of the low chairs and I followed their lead. Miss Anderson brought peanut butter and jelly sandwiches and milk. The children were full of questions. The girl who had been at my party told them she had put me in dresses, perfumed my panties and spanked me when I was bad.

Miss Anderson distributed chocolate chip cookies. After we ate, she announced it was potty time. The little boys and girls all got up and formed lines in front of the toilets. I sat and waited.

"Potty time is for everyone," Miss Anderson said. "I don't need to go," I said.

"If you aren't potty trained, you must wear diapers."

"No! I'll use the toilet."

I joined the children in line. When it was my turn, Miss Anderson watched me pull down my panties and gaff and sit on the low seat.

"I'll stay here until I hear you tinkle," she said.

I was so embarrassed that I could hardly pee. Finally I managed a small stream.

"That's nice," she said. "Wipe yourself and pull your panties back on. It's nap time."

We got mats from the closet, spread them on the floor and lay on them. Miss Anderson turned out the light. The partial darkness soon filled with the rhythmic breathing of the sleeping children. I closed my eyes.

Suddenly there was a bright flash. I opened my eyes and saw Miss Anderson standing over me with a camera.

I hastily rearranged my clothes. She smiled and walked away leaving me trembling with humiliation.

When naptime was over, some little girls, including the perfume sprayer, asked me to play. With Miss Anderson looking on, I joined them and we had a little tea party with their dolls and mine. They were ecstatic about my doll and its clothes.

After a while, Miss Anderson had us all sit. The chairs were designed for small children and they were so low that my knees were high in the air pushing up my dress and making a display of my petticoats and panties. Miss Anderson read us a story about a fairy princess. She changed the story just a bit.

She said the fairy princess's name was Bill. When the story was over, Bill and the prince lived together happily ever after.

"Are you a fairy princess, Bill?" one of the girls asked.

"That's ridiculous," I said.

"Perhaps Bill isn't a princess," Miss Anderson said, "but he might be a fairy."

It was nearly three when Norma and Betty came to get me.

"How was he?" Norma asked.

"He was a little angel," she said. "I'd love to have him anytime.

"Thank Miss Anderson, Bill," Norma said. "Then we can go."





I thanked her and we started out of the building. My new little friends waved.

"See you soon, Bill."

I certainly hoped not.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Norma and Betty were full of questions. I answered them but didn't volunteer any extra information.

"Yes, my barber was happy to see me."

"Yes, I played with the children."

"Yes, we played outside."

"Yes, Miss Anderson was nice to me." I shifted uncomfortably on the seat between them adjusting my dress.

Soon we were home.

"Norma," I said, "Don't ever make me go out dressed like this again. Promise me you won't."

"Play with your doll, sweetie. Jeff will be home soon."

I kneeled on the floor and played with 'Bill'. After a while I heard Jeff's motorcycle coming up the alley, high heels running up the walk, the back door slamming shut and the click of high heels again as someone ran down the hall and upstairs.

Jim came into the living room smiling broadly. Betty went upstairs.

"How could you!" Jeff yelled.

"Jim, come help!" Betty called.

Jim ran upstairs, and I heard shouting, then silence. In a few minutes I heard people coming down the stairs. It was Betty, Jim and Jeff.

Jeff was wearing a red leather dress with a front zipper that was open on the bottom high enough to reveal red garters and flashes of red panties. The top was zipped down below his red bra. He had a flat chest and no wig. However, he was wearing red high-heeled shoes, red nail polish and



lipstick. His makeup was well applied except that his mascara had run. He looked as if he'd been crying.

"What happened to you?" I asked.

"It was horrible."

"Jeff, tell Bill about your day," Betty said. "Start from the beginning and don't leave anything out."

Jeff controlled his sobs and started to speak . . .

"The alarm went off at seven. I opened my eyes and cringed at the sight of the French maid's uniform hanging on the back of the chair by my bed."

"I got up and looked around my room. There wasn't a stitch of men's clothing except my motorcycle jacket. I showered and shaved. Then I returned to my bedroom and put on my uniform. It still stunk of perfume. As much as I twisted and turned, I couldn't zip the dress. I applied lipstick and at eight I was knocking on Betty's door as ordered. She told me to come in. She was still in her nightgown looking so sexy I could hardly stand it. I was getting really excited and the gaff was hurting me, but she appeared not to notice the effect she was having. She had me turn around and she zipped up my dress. I felt the dress closing across my back and tightening across my chest as she raised the zipper."

"She asked me to draw her bath. I filled the tub and she joined me, took off her nightgown and stepped into the water. Then she told me to bathe her. I soaped and rubbed her naked body. She allowed me to touch her all over and acted as if it meant nothing. She got out of the tub and stood as I toweled her dry."



"She led me back to her bedroom, selected some clothes and had me help her dress. I asked her when could I have my pants back and she told me that I looked much cuter in my panties."

"I heard you yelling, I'm not going out dressed like this. Betty smiled and said, 'I bet he will'. Soon we heard the car leaving. 'What did I tell you', she said. 'Let's go downstairs'."

"Norma was finishing her breakfast. She smiled at me and said, 'How sweet'."

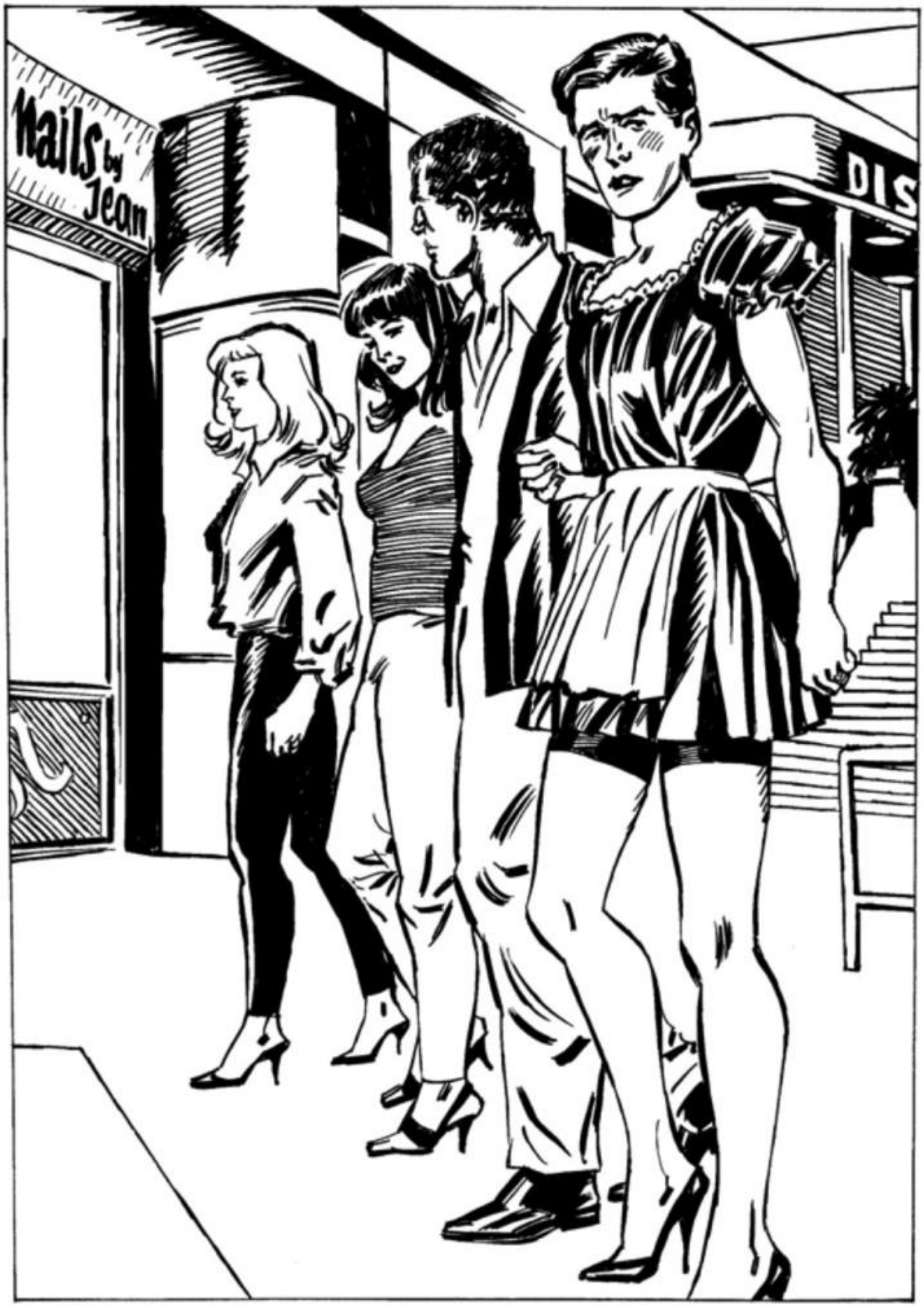
"Betty said I should squeeze some orange juice and make toast, not too dark and I could have some too."

"I prepared our food while she chatted with Norma. I served her at the table and ate my breakfast standing up. Betty asked me if I knew how to do laundry. I told her I had never done it and she said that she would teach me, that there would be lots of lingerie to do with all four of us wearing it."



"She showed me how to use the washer and dryer. While the clothes were in the wash, she put me to work dusting. When the wash cycle was finished I put the load into the dryer and started another wash load and resumed my dusting. Finally when both loads were washed and dried, she had me sort the lingerie into hers, yours, Norma's and mine. I made some mistakes that she corrected, and I put them away in our bedrooms. Then I went back to walking around the house with that damn feather duster until Jim returned, and Betty said, 'We're going for a drive'. "See you later, I said and she told me I was coming with them. I told her I couldn't go out like this and she said, 'Of course you can, my dear.' I was furious, but Jim was right there, and my pimp had scared me with his talk of my walking the streets dressed in the maid's uniform. Norma joined us and Jim drove us to the mall."

"As we walked from the car, I glanced around nervously to see if anyone was looking at me. Dressed as I was, I was sure people would. My only faint hope was that they would mistake me for a girl. I remembered when I used to cruise the mall with my gang. We enjoyed the fear we saw in people's eyes. Now I wanted to be invisible."


Nails by Jean

"We entered a place called, 'NAILS BY JEAN'. I recognized Jean. She was the one who'd been dressed like you last night. By the time I left her shop, my fingernails and toenails were painted red."

"Next, they led me to a department store lingerie shop. Norma said 'Good morning, Grace', to the clerk. Who replied, 'Oh my goodness, you have another one'."

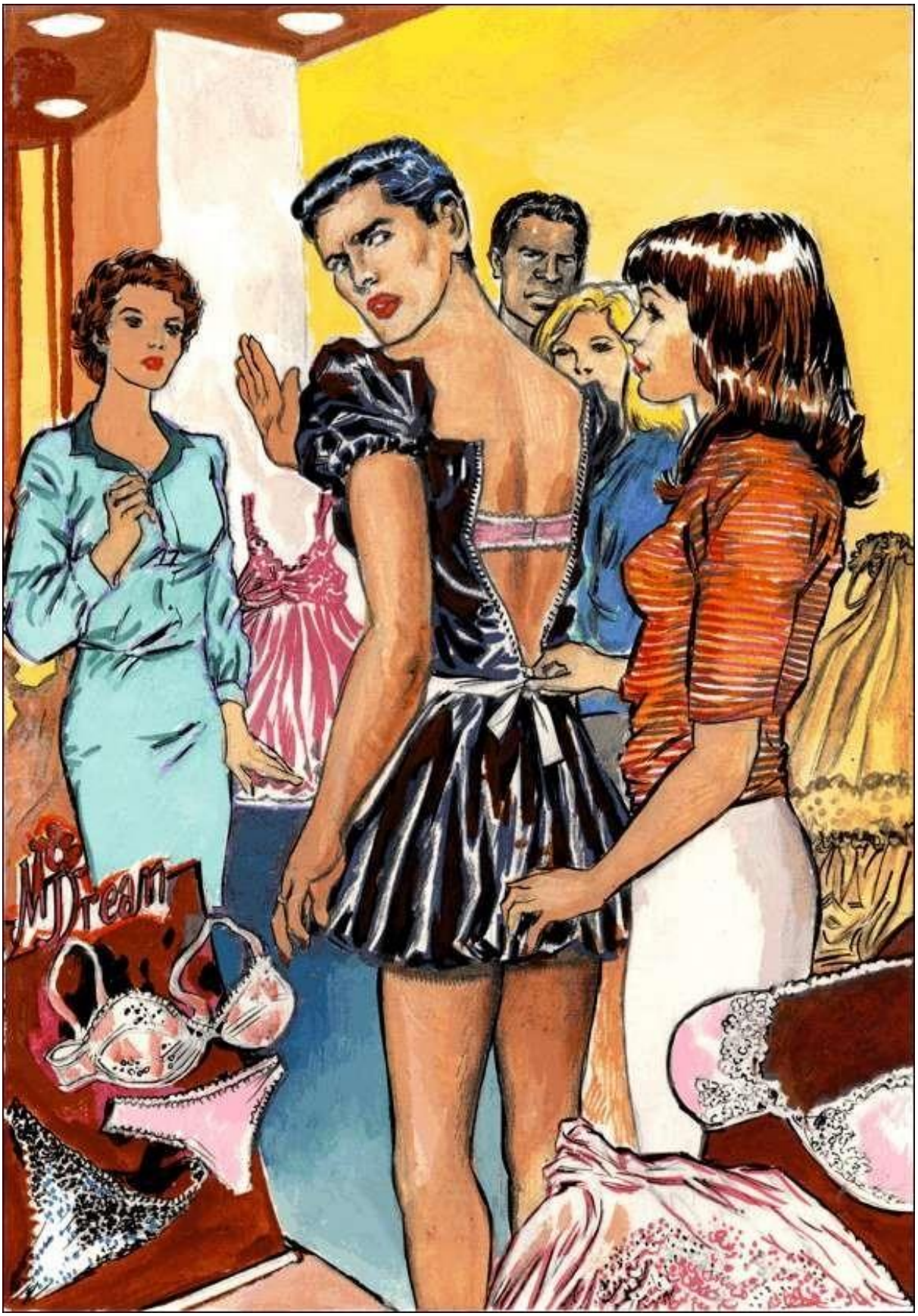
"Betty told her that she already had my lingerie, but that I needed nylons. Then Norma unzipped my dress! What are you doing, I asked?"

"'You'll need to change', she told me and I said no way!"

"Jim, grabbed me by the head and throat and started to squeeze. I hit and kicked him with no effect. He squeezed so hard I thought I'd pass out. Betty said, 'let's help Jeff out of his uniform'."

"I struggled weakly as the women took off my dress and petticoats. I saw other people standing nearby. These strangers watched as the women pulled down my panties and pantyhose and unhooked my bra leaving me naked except for my gaff. The saleslady asked what kind of nylons did I want, and Norma told her the same as Bill's. Betty put new panties on me, then a bra and garter belt. They were all bright red. The saleslady brought nylons. The girls put them on me slowly as if savoring the moment and attached them to my garter belt. All this time Jim was holding me tightly around my head and neck.




My Dream



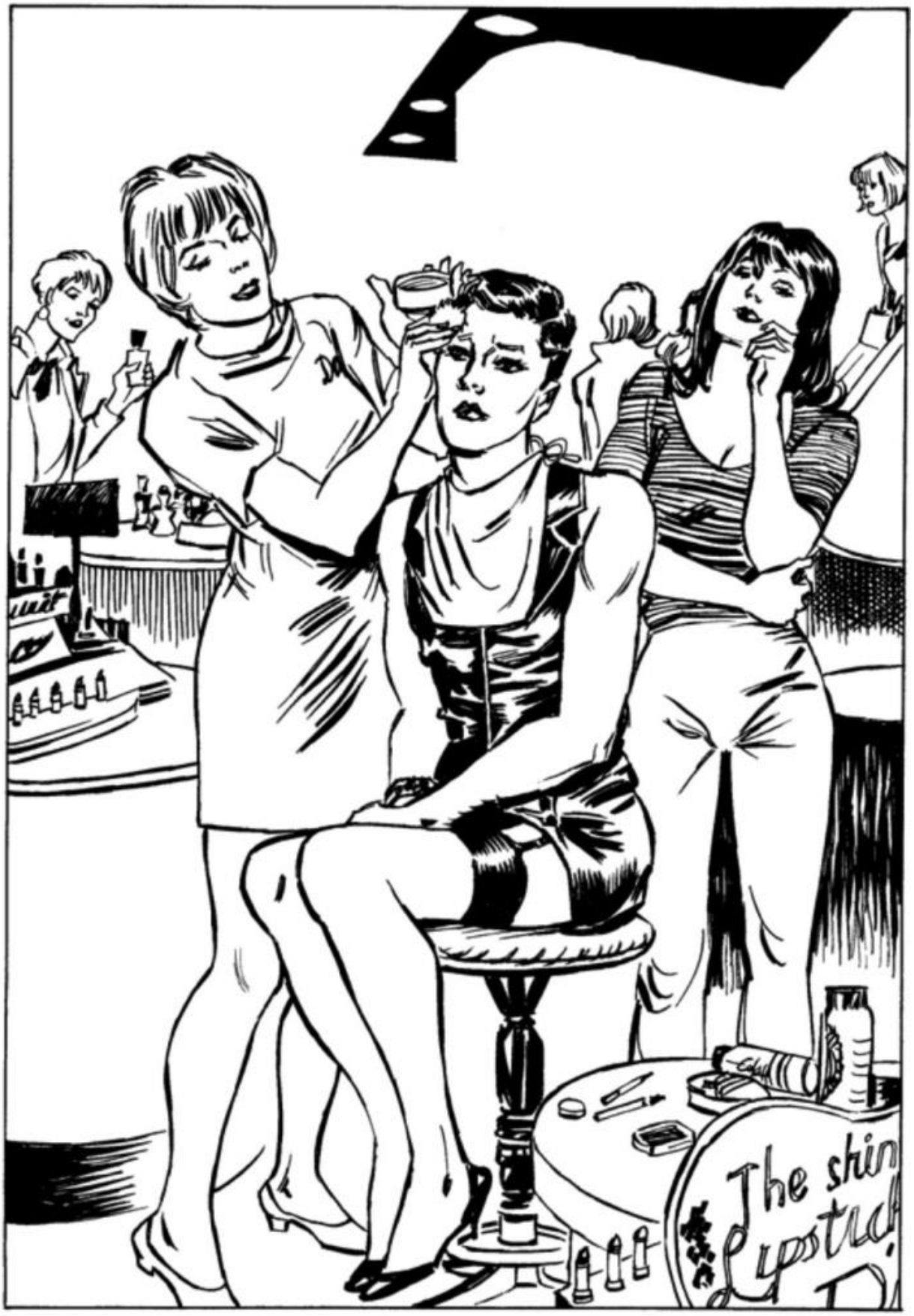
"Finally Betty told Jim to let me go. I tried to shake the cobwebs out of my head. There were people all around grinning at me. I looked down and saw the red garments. I asked her, what's all this stuff? And she said that it was your lingerie from yesterday. Then she adjusted the bra, letting the straps out as far as they would go. It was still tight. The garter belt was uncomfortably small as well."

"Betty unpacked a red leather dress, put it on me and adjusted the front zipper at the top and bottom so it was open enough to show both my garters and bra. She led me barefoot to the shoe department where she got me red leather shoes and to the cosmetics department where this little bitch had her fun putting makeup and perfume on me."

"I was relieved when we finally got out of the store and into the car but Betty called my pimp and asked him to meet us at the house. I asked her why she had called him and she told me that I might have to go with him. I had a very anxious ride. We met Greg at the garage."

"Then Betty said, 'Jeff, it's time you visit the Road Devils'."

"I dropped to my knees and begged, Oh no! Please not that."


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"She said, 'Get up, you'll run your nylons. You have two choices. You can visit the Devils with Jim, as his old lady, or with your pimp, as his whore'."

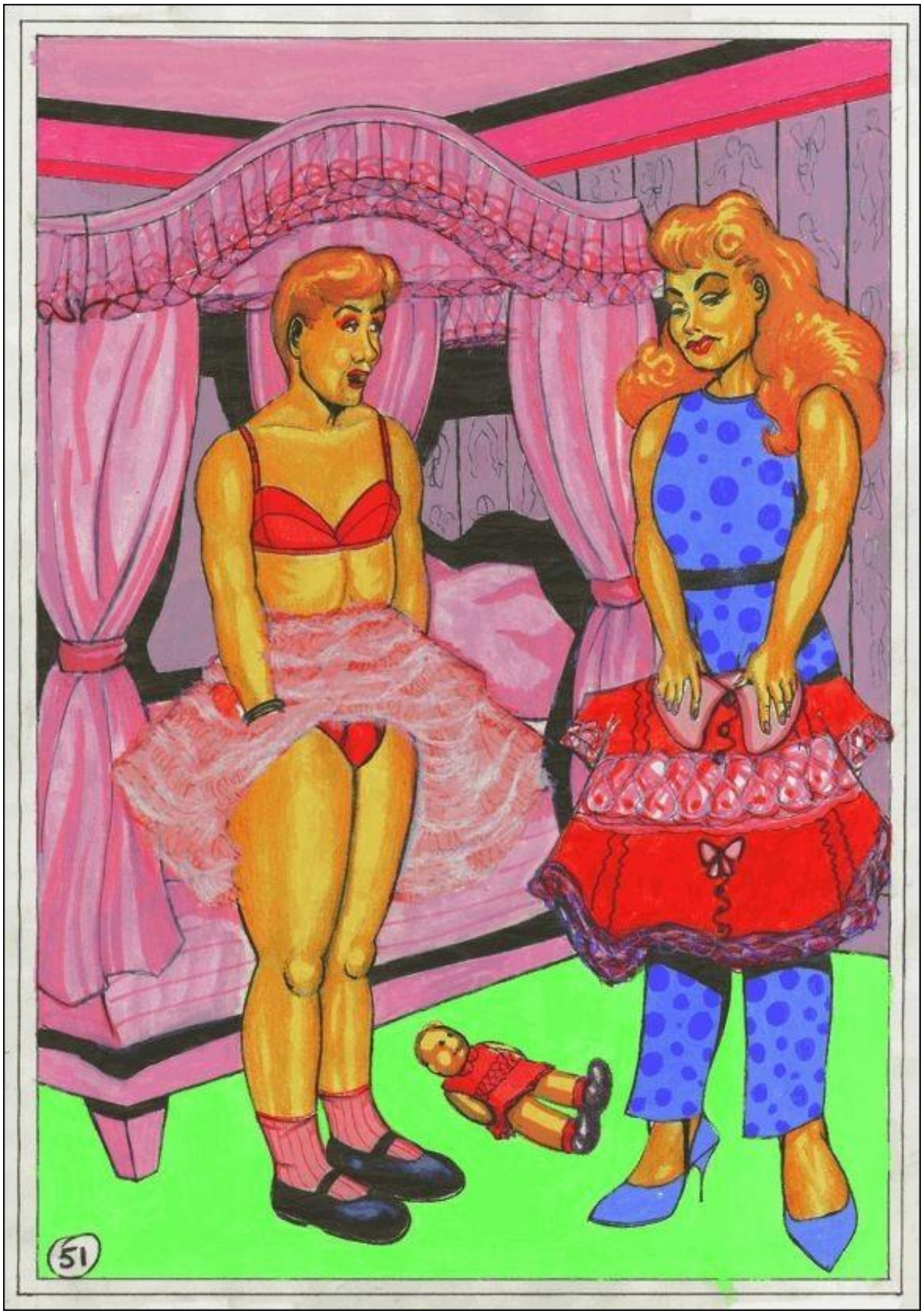
CONTINUED IN VOLUME FOUR



One of the photos from the coming home party by Puyal



Bill being dressed for his first day out of the house by Puyal and BJ



Bill being dressed for his first day out of the house by Chris of England



Spanking at the party by Chris of England



Bill at preschool by Chris of England