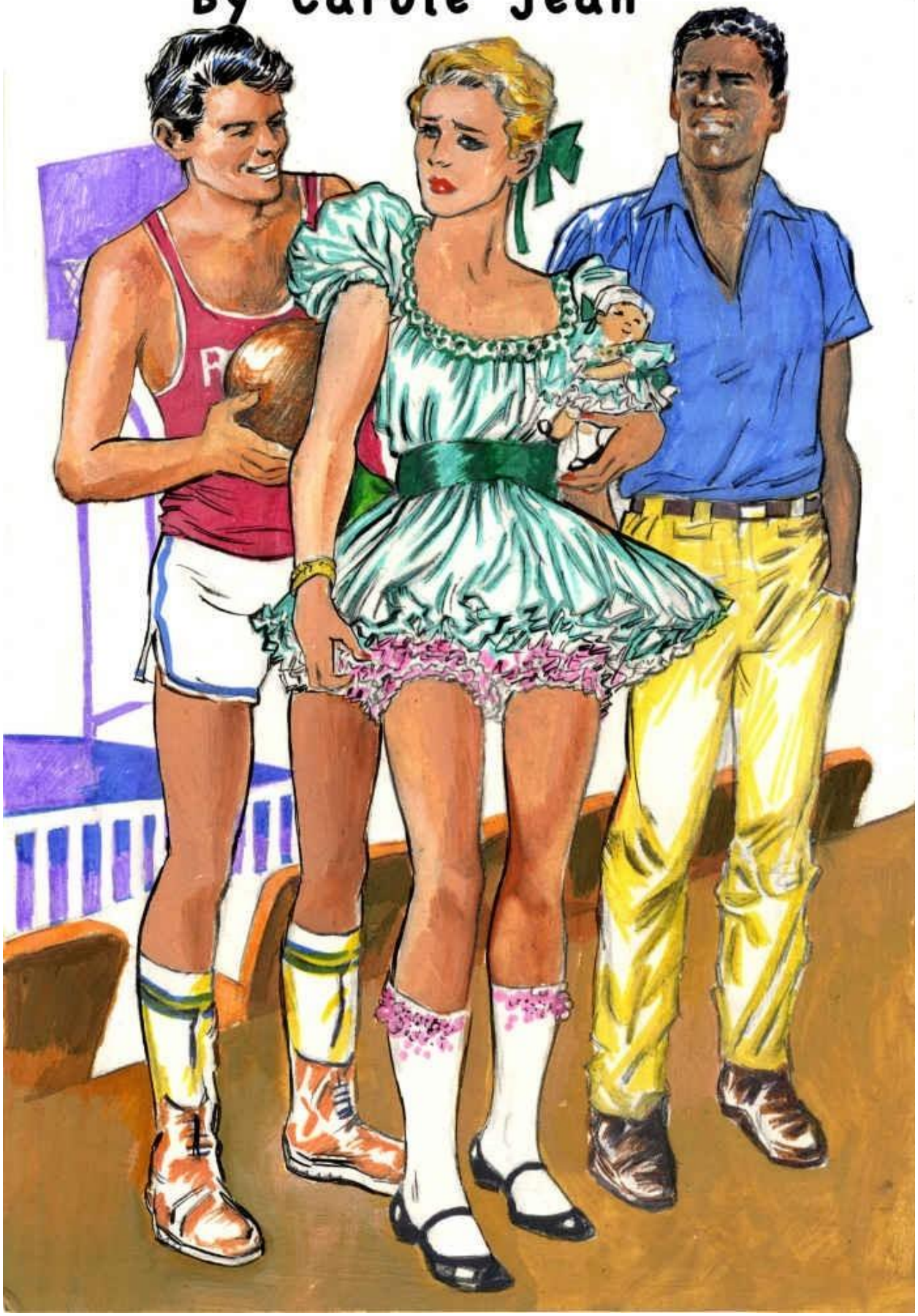
BILL'S HUMILIATIONS IN PANTIES Volume 4

By Carole Jean



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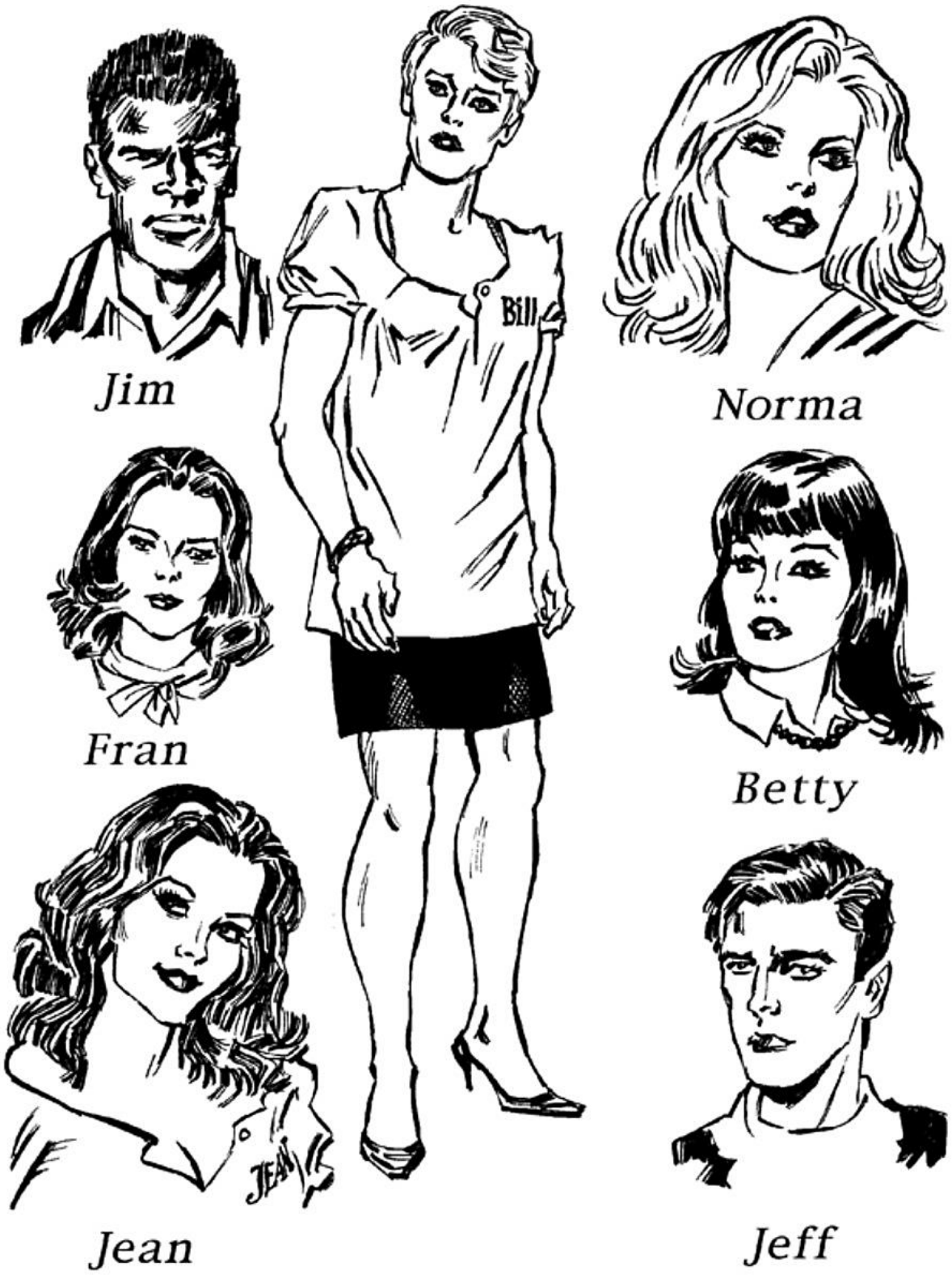
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Illustrations by JUAN SOLÉ PUYAL

Kindle Edition

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Jim
Bill
Norma
Fran
Betty
Jean
Jeff

CHAPTER SIXTEEN (Continued)

Jeff is telling Bill about his trip to visit the Road Devils.

"Shortly, I was riding sidesaddle on the pussy seat of my own bike. My heart was beating so hard I thought my chest would burst. I hoped it would, if I died I wouldn't have to see my friends dressed like this. We pulled up to the Devils hangout. Most of the guys were there. Several of them came over.

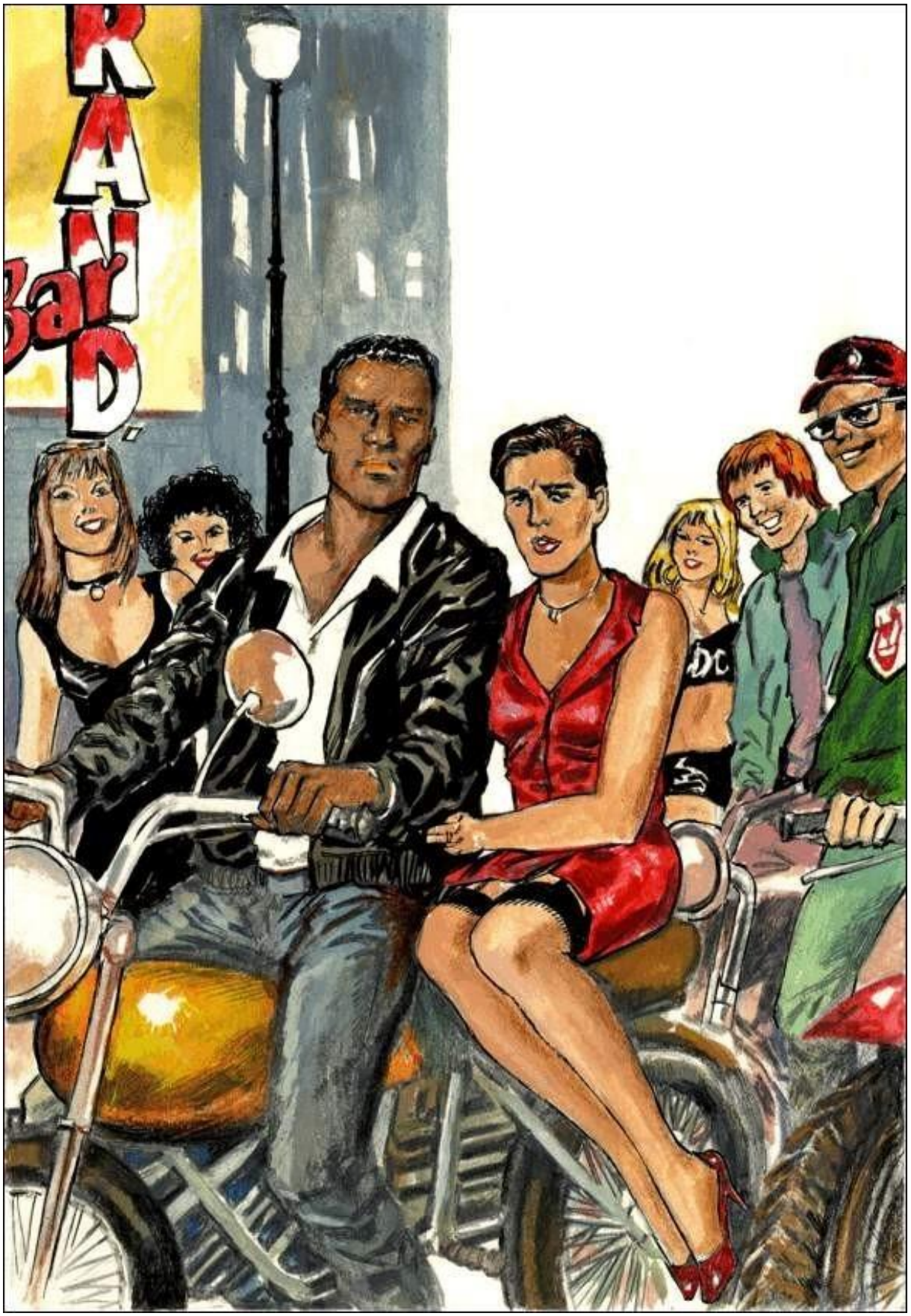
"My good buddy Fred said, 'That's Jeff's bike. What the hell are you doing with it'? and Jim told him that I was his old lady!"

"Fred stared at me in disbelief, and said, 'Jeff'?"

"I hung my head and Jeff said 'God damn! Hey guys, come here! That's Jeff in the dress. He's this guy's old lady'."

"I sat, quaking in frustrated humiliation, as the rest of my buddies and the bitches gathered around. That pussy Godfry even asked Jim if he would have me suck him off. Damn! I'd kicked his ass more than once. He should be in a dress, not me."

"Fred asked Jim to leave me with them for the night. Jim told me to stay with the women while he and the guys talked."


RAID
Bar





"Olivia told me she hoped that Jim sold my ass to them and then grabbed my arm and led me into the bar. The other girls followed, laughing. I'd screwed most of these bitches and now they were in control. I brought Olivia to the club and I turned her out to the guys. I was in real trouble. Olivia asked what was under my dress and when I didn't answer her she unzipped it and opened it wide to look."

"'Panties and a bra! What a shame you don't have tits. Maybe your man will spring for implants. Do you still have a cock'? She pulled down my panties and gaff and said, 'Still here'. Then she took out her knife and said, 'I can fix that one small thing for you right now'."

"No! Olivia for God's sake!" I told her"

"She might have cut me, but fortunately Jim returned and said, 'Put your panties back on, Jeff'."

"I pulled up the gaff and panties to the jeers of the girls."

"Jim told me that the Devils had offered him five hundred to leave me overnight but he had told them he had other plans for me tonight but he might be back soon. He got on my bike and told me to hop on. As we rode away, the jeers and laughter of my gang followed me."

"My life's ruined," Jeff said. "My buddies think I'm a queer. These girls are devils."

From my own experience I knew how awful Jeff must have felt in the mall, and I could hardly even imagine having my buddies see me like this. However, I was glad it had happened to him. It was his fault that we were dressed like this. He had it coming.

"Tough luck, Jeff," I said. "But you sure look hot in your new leathers. No wonder your pals want to do you."


Salt Lake

Jeff looked at me in shocked surprise.

"It would be a shame to waste that outfit, Jeff," Betty said. "Jim why don't you take him out for dinner and a date."

"You don't mean it," Jeff said. "I can't stand anymore."

"Even Bill thinks you look hot," Betty said. "You've got it so flaunt it."

Jeff glared at me angrily.

"Let's go," Jim said. Jeff looked so pathetic as Jim led him out that I momentarily felt sorry for him. The motorcycle started up and roared away.

Norma warmed a can of pasta for my dinner. It was disgustingly sweet, obviously formulated for the tastes of children. She also gave me a glass of milk and a container of chocolate pudding. After I finished, she wiped my face and sent me to play while she and Betty ate. I moved my dolls around, pretending to play in case she checked.

At seven thirty she had me change myself and my doll into nightgowns and took me to the bathroom. I washed off my blush, but I couldn't get all the lipstick off and I still smelled of perfume. I was in bed by eight.

I had difficulty sleeping as the day's events played over and over in my mind. I could never go to my barber again. Damn him for taking those pictures. That started me thinking. Where were the pictures from the party? Perhaps I could find and destroy them. Where were my clothes? I'd need them for my escape. I twisted and pulled at my bracelet but it was too tight to remove. Finally I fell into a feverish sleep.



CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

I was on the basketball court. My buddies were all around me, jeering at my girl's clothes. "Doesn't she look sweet," Brad was saying.

I was helpless to respond to my tormentors. All I could do was cover my face and cry as they pulled up my dress and laughed at my little girl's panties and petticoats.

"Bill," Norma said, waking me from my nightmare.

I slipped out of bed, my nightgown flowing over my body, stepped into a pair of fuzzy slippers and followed her to the bathroom for my morning bath and shave.

Back in my bedroom, my thoughts focused on what she would make me wear. Would she give me back my pants? No, she was smiling and dressing my doll in a little girl's dress. I knew she would have a matching one for me.

What had I done to deserve this horrible punishment? Surely other men had done even worse things than I had, but they weren't forced into dresses.

"You'll look sweet in this, Bill."

A coy smile toyed with her lips as she saw me wince.

"What are you going to do to me today?" I asked.

"Today, sweetheart, you'll have more girlish fun."

"The woman at preschool doesn't like me. Please don't send me back there."

"Not every preschool would take you. Let's have breakfast."



She gave me cereal and juice, and, as I ate, Jeff came into the kitchen. He was wearing his maid's uniform.

"How was your date, Fifi?" I asked.

He gave me an angry glare. "Your panties are showing, little girl," he said.

"Yours too, Fifi."

He began to prepare breakfast.

"Tell us about your date, Jeff," Norma said.

"Jim took me to a rib joint. I was the only white guy in the place. Everyone stared at me, and one of the chicks asked Jim if he was into honky queens now. He told her, 'Ruby Begonia, you're still my woman. My boss asked me to take her maid out. His name's Jeff'."

"Ruby smiled and said, 'Hi, Jeff. You're looking good, girl, that's some fine red leather outfit'."

"Ruby took me over to some of her lady friends and even unzipped my dress so they could see my underwear."

Jim invited Ruby to come by and see him at work one day. He told her that I'd probably be there in my French maid's uniform. Ruby said that she'd sure love to see that. She asked Jim what my day off was because she'd like to take me out with some of her friends."

"Almost any time that Ruby wants you to out with her will be just fine with me," Betty said.

Jeff looked really scared.


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"Don't make me go with her, Betty."

"It's 'Miss Betty', Jeff," she said. "Tell us about the rest of your date."

"We went bowling. That damn dress kept opening and exposing my legs to the waist. Jim took me to the bar at the bowling alley and ordered me a pink lady. Some of the bowlers came to see me up close. We were home by eleven."

"Sounds like fun, Jeff," Norma said. "Bill, get some of your dolls and play here on the floor. I have to make some calls."

As I played, I heard her talking. "Mr. Franklin, this is Norma Newman. Bill and I need to meet with you would eleven be okay?"

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"Just a minute, Mr. Franklin," she said.

"I can't go to the bank like this. People there know me."

"Oh darling, I can't wait to hear all the lovely compliments you'll receive. Play with your dolls and don't worry your little head about things you can't control." I sat on the floor fuming as Norma made appointments with our broker, attorney and property management company.

"Clean the kitchen and wash our lingerie," Betty said to Jeff. "Then I'll teach you how to clean and iron Bill's dresses and your uniforms."

"Time to go, Bill," Norma said.

"I won't!"

"I can have Jim carry you to the car," Norma said. "If I'm forced to do that, I'll call Brad and see if he can meet us for lunch."

Brad - for a moment, giddily, I visualized meeting him for lunch dressed like this.

"No, no, I'll come along, don't call him."

She helped me into a pair of lacy white gloves. They had pink ribbon bows at the wrists. She tied a pink ribbon into my hair and handed me a little pink and white purse. A new flood of rebellion flowed through me. Of all the annoying things I had to endure with these damn clothes, carrying a purse was about the worst. How I longed for pants pockets.

She took my elbow. I held back. I couldn't face the ordeal that lay before me.

"Oh please, Norma, I'm so afraid."

"I'll protect you, darling," she said and led me to the car.

Jim drove us downtown. I scooted down in the car seat as far as I could. What would people say? Already I could hear their laughter. As the car came to a stop, I clutched Norma's hand.

"Please don't do this."

Jim, grinning broadly, held the door open for us to exit. Norma stepped out of the car. I made no move to follow.

"Get out," she said.

Every nerve twitching, my eyes glued to my feet, I hesitantly alighted. Norma held my arm and led me down the street. I was scared to death. It was daytime and the streets were full of people. I was in the depths of despair realizing how silly I looked. Two ladies stopped to stare.

"Good heavens, is that a man? He must be attending a costume party," one said.

Their expressions turned to amazement when Norma said, "Come, Bill, we mustn't keep our attorney waiting."


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I walked down the street trembling. I heard remarks coming from all directions.

"Mommy," A child said, "look at the cute clothes that big girl is wearing."

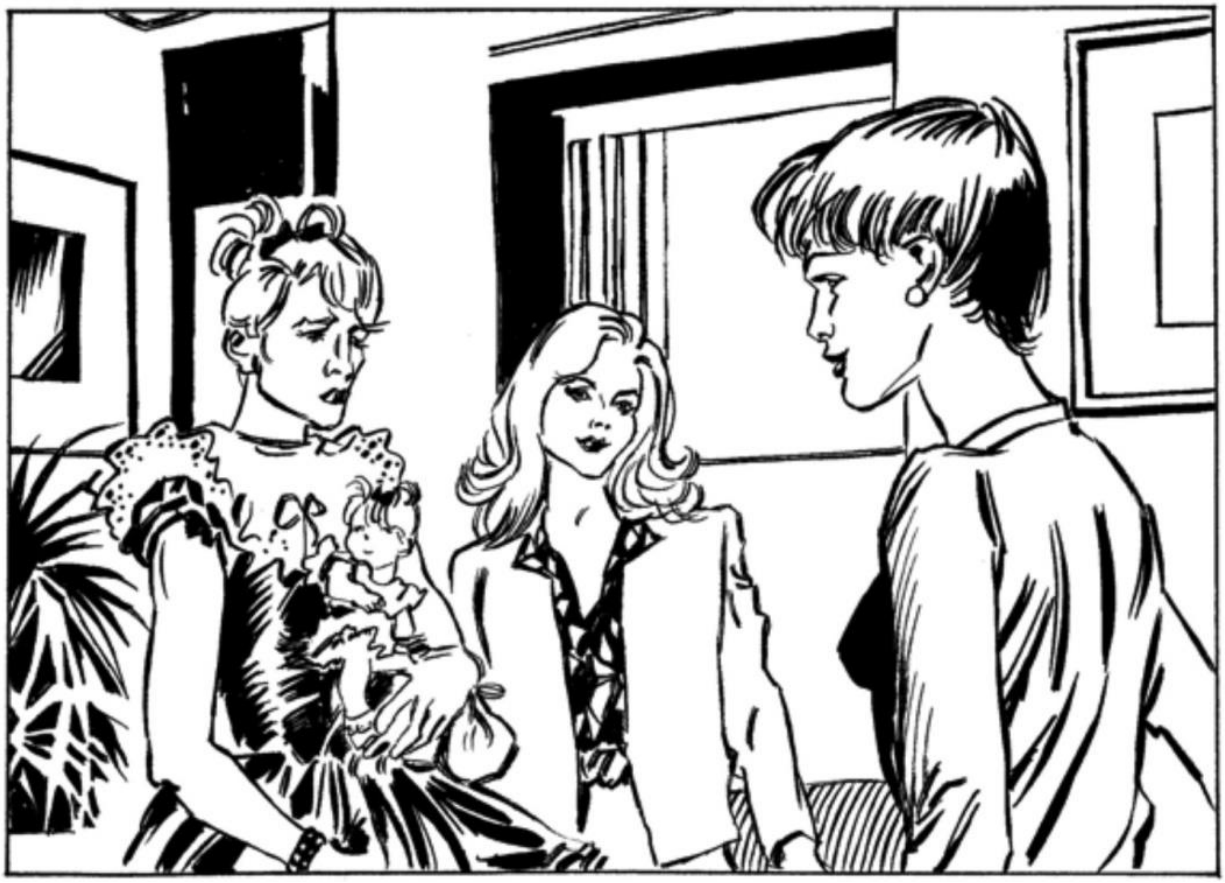
"Dear, that's no girl," her mother said.

One person even whipped out a camera and took my picture. It was agonizing.

I tried to be as inconspicuous as a man dressed as a little girl could be, but Norma insisted on acknowledging people's smiles and remarks. Oh how they laughed as I tried to pull down my short flaring dress. It was useless. The dress was designed to display my frilly petticoats and panties.

We entered our attorney's office and were greeted by hisreceptionist. "Hello Mr. Newton," she said.

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I looked at her sheepishly. She had known me as a male client. I winced as I felt her eyes running over me.

"Ms. Newton," she said. "I'll tell Mr. Lawson you're here. Have a seat."

I sat and attempted to push down my dress and petticoats affording her more amusement. My cheeks flamed as I glimpsed her coy smile. I squirmed about wondering what I could do to save myself from this horrible embarrassment. Perhaps I could use this opportunity to speak with Scott to my advantage. I sat, thinking furiously about what I would say to him.

"Bill," Norma said, "keep your knees together."

I quickly brought my legs together and tried to ignore the receptionist's giggles.

In a few minutes she told us we could go in and I followed Norma into the office.

"Norma, Bill, nice to see you again," Scott said. "Norma told me that you were wearing dresses, whatever for?"

"She forced me into them by threatening to return me to prison. Tell her she can't get away with it."

"Let's give Mr. Lawson all the facts and ask his professional opinion," Norma said. "As you know, Bill spent the last three months in prison after you plea bargained his sexual assault. He's out now on two year's probation under my supervision. Yesterday, he dressed as a little girl and went to a preschool. I have pictures of him with the children."

She took several pictures from her purse and laid them on his desk. They were awful. I really had no idea just how silly I had looked in my little girl dresses until I saw my picture with the real little girls at play school.





Scott looked them over and Norma asked, "What will the judge do if I give these to him and complain that I can't control my brother's deviate behavior?"

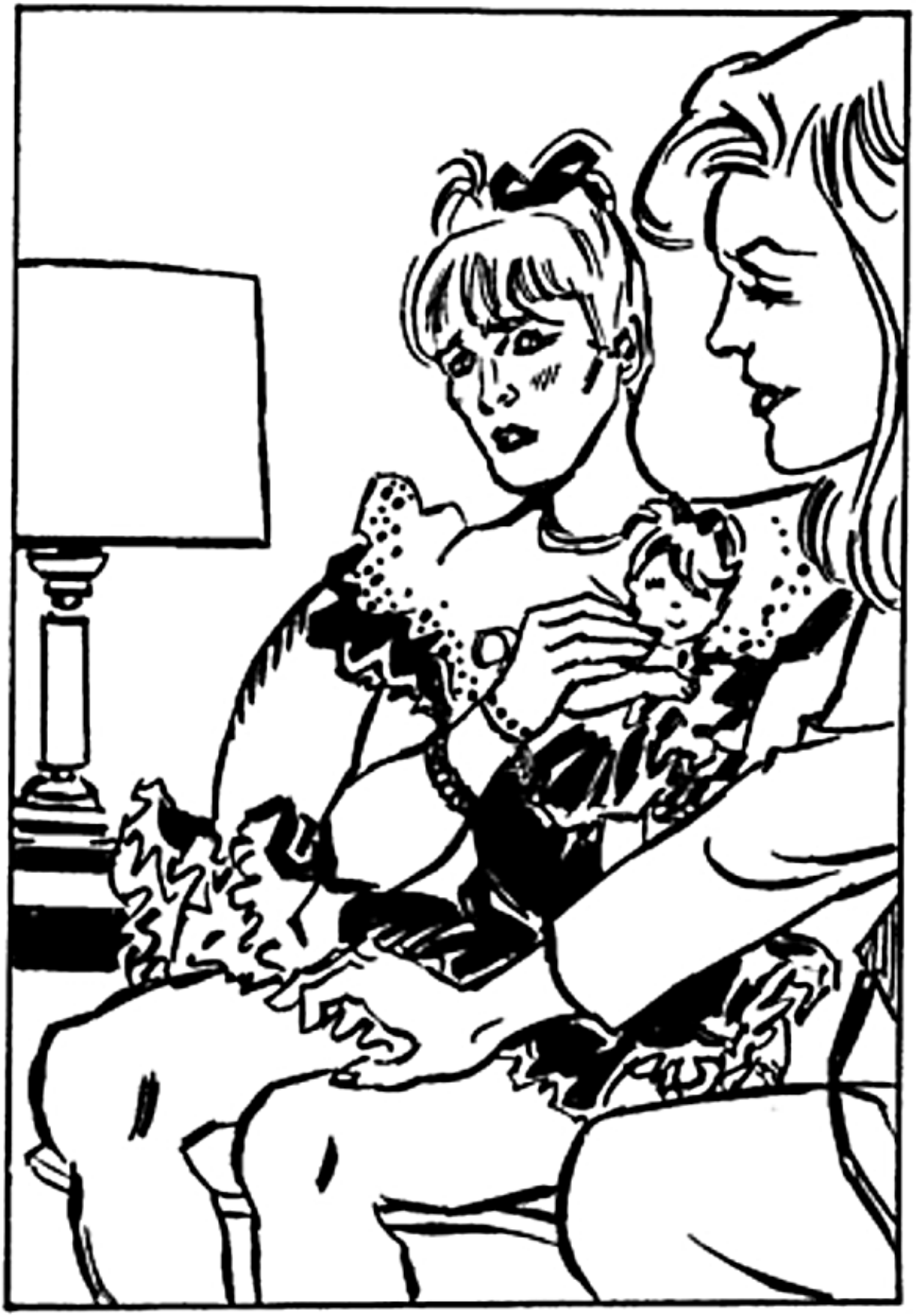
"You made me do that," I said.

"Bill, if she gives these pictures to the judge, he'll cancel your probation and you'll be back in prison," Mr. Lawson said. "I may be able to get you an appeal hearing in a few weeks. Given the inflammatory nature of these pictures, you can be sure there will be lots of publicity."



If I returned to prison without Jim's protection, I'd be raped long before any appeal was heard. The legal system would be no help. I'd have to find another way to escape.

While I sat fuming at the injustice of it all, Norma reached over and pushed my dress down. Of course it popped right back up.



"Modesty, Bill dear," she said.

I blushed and lowered my eyes to avoid Scott's amused smile.

"I've prepared the papers you requested appointing you trustee of your parent's trust, Norma," he said.

"Norma, what are you doing? You know I'm trustee," I said.

"Honey, it's obvious you're incapable of managing our finances. It's not a job for a little girl."

"I'm not a little girl."

"Pictures don't lie," she said.

I meekly signed the papers.

As we left, the receptionist wished us farewell. "Good bye Ms. Newton." she said. "Bye bye Babycakes."

I wanted to give her a piece of my mind, but I was too embarrassed. Minute by minute, hour by hour, I told myself, just get through this nightmare somehow.

When we entered the bank, everyone stopped what they were doing and stared at me.

We went to see Mr. Franklin who had been my banker for years. "Why Mr. Newton," he said. "I had no idea you were the kind of man who liked to dress up in girl's clothing."

"I'm not," I said. However, my appearance made a lie of my protest.

I signed papers removing my name from the trust checking and savings accounts. Before we left the bank Norma took me to meet the tellers. They were all young girls who expressed their delight at my pretty appearance.





"What a charming ensemble, Bill," one of them said.

"Yes," Norma said, "he loves his little dresses and petticoats."

I lowered my head in shame as they burst out laughing.

The visits to our broker and property manager were similar. The girls in their office delighted in seeing me humiliated. I hadn't treated them with respect or consideration in the past, and they were really enjoying seeing me like this.

By the end of the morning, all of my financial affairs were in my sister's hands, and hundreds of people, including many that I knew quite well, had seen me in little girl's clothes.

"Now can we finally go home?" I asked.

"It's such a lovely day," she said.

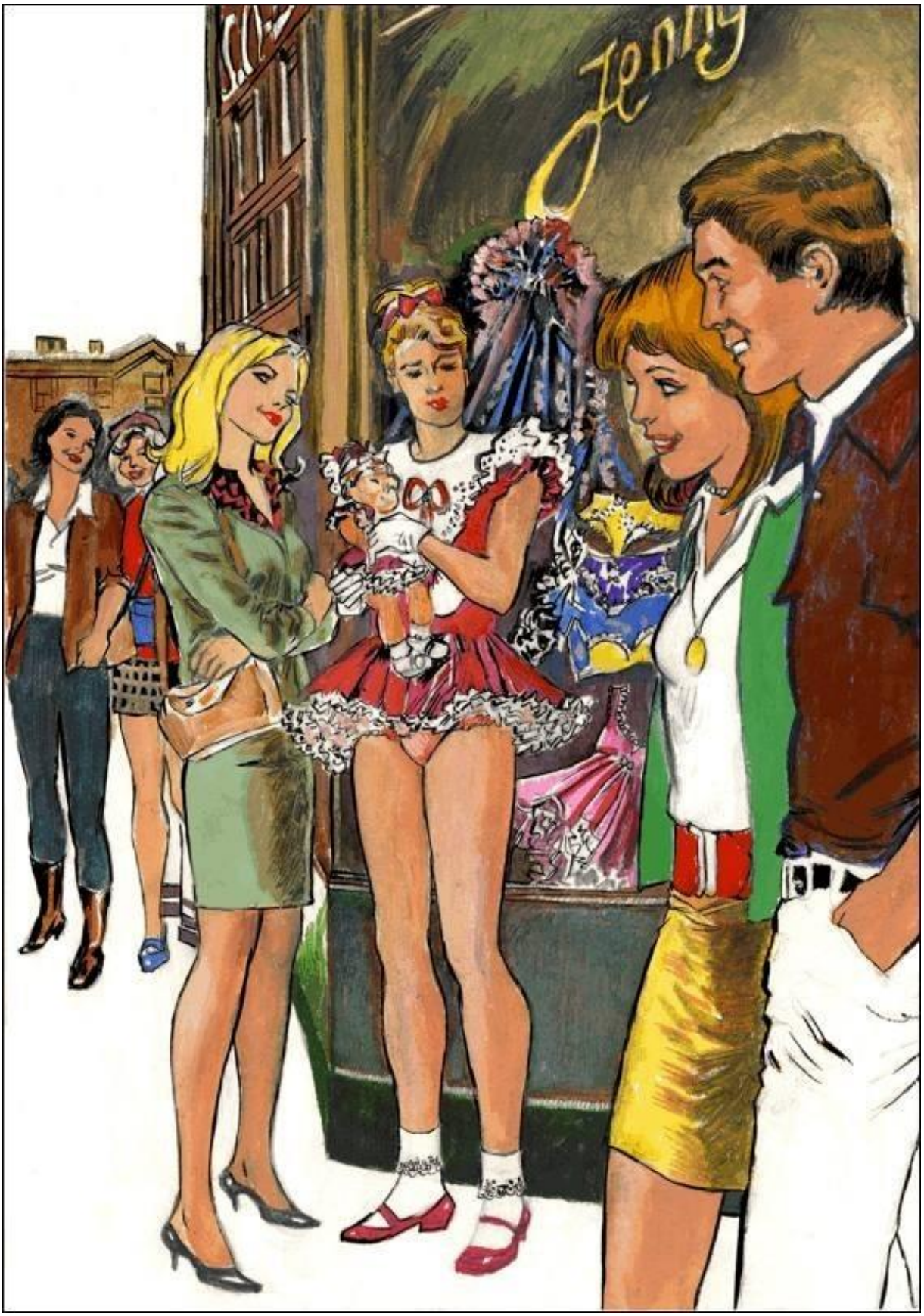
"I want to go home."

"Let's go for a stroll and then have lunch."

We walked the busy downtown streets. Norma insisted on stopping at the display windows of the shops. We stopped in front of a lingerie shop she asked, "Bill, wouldn't you love wearing those pretty things?"

I heard a girl's voice, "What's going on, an initiation?"

God! I quivered from head to foot as I recognized Anita Enberg, one of my high school classmates.


Jenny

"No it's not actually an initiation," Norma said.

"What a perfect dream of a dress," June said, "and what adorable shoes she's wearing. May I have . . . say -- wait -- Oh it can't be -- But it is -- IT IS! IT'S BILL!" She burst into laughter.

She got control of herself and continued, "You're so cute. Is that dress for a costume party?"

"Oh no, Anita," June said, "these are his regular clothes, aren't they Bill?"

"W-Well, Anita," I stammered standing first on one foot and then the other, as I fidgeted looking for somewhere to put my hands, "I have to wear these things u-until, Norma lets me have my own clothes back."

"If I were Norma," Anita said, "I'd never let you wear men's clothes again. You look much too precious as you are."

"Anita, how can you say that? It's so awful for me to wear t-these sissy clothes."

She turned to the man with her and said, "Doesn't he look like a sweet little girl. Just imagine, I had a crush on him in high school. He was so good looking and a star of the basketball team. Look at him now. It's unbelievable."

"Please don't make fun of me, Anita," I said, "It's bad enough for me to have to wear this."

"I remember you when you were one of the best athletes in school," she said, "and how popular you were with all the girls. Now here you are, a girl yourself."

"I'm not a girl! I'm a man!"

"Just the same, you're dressed as a girl. It's exciting for me to think that under those clothes is the body of a man who used to play sports so well."

"It's wonderful to see you," Norma said. "Bill and I have to go to lunch now, but call us whenever you have time for a visit."

"Bye, bye, Billie, you really look sweet," June said as we walked away.

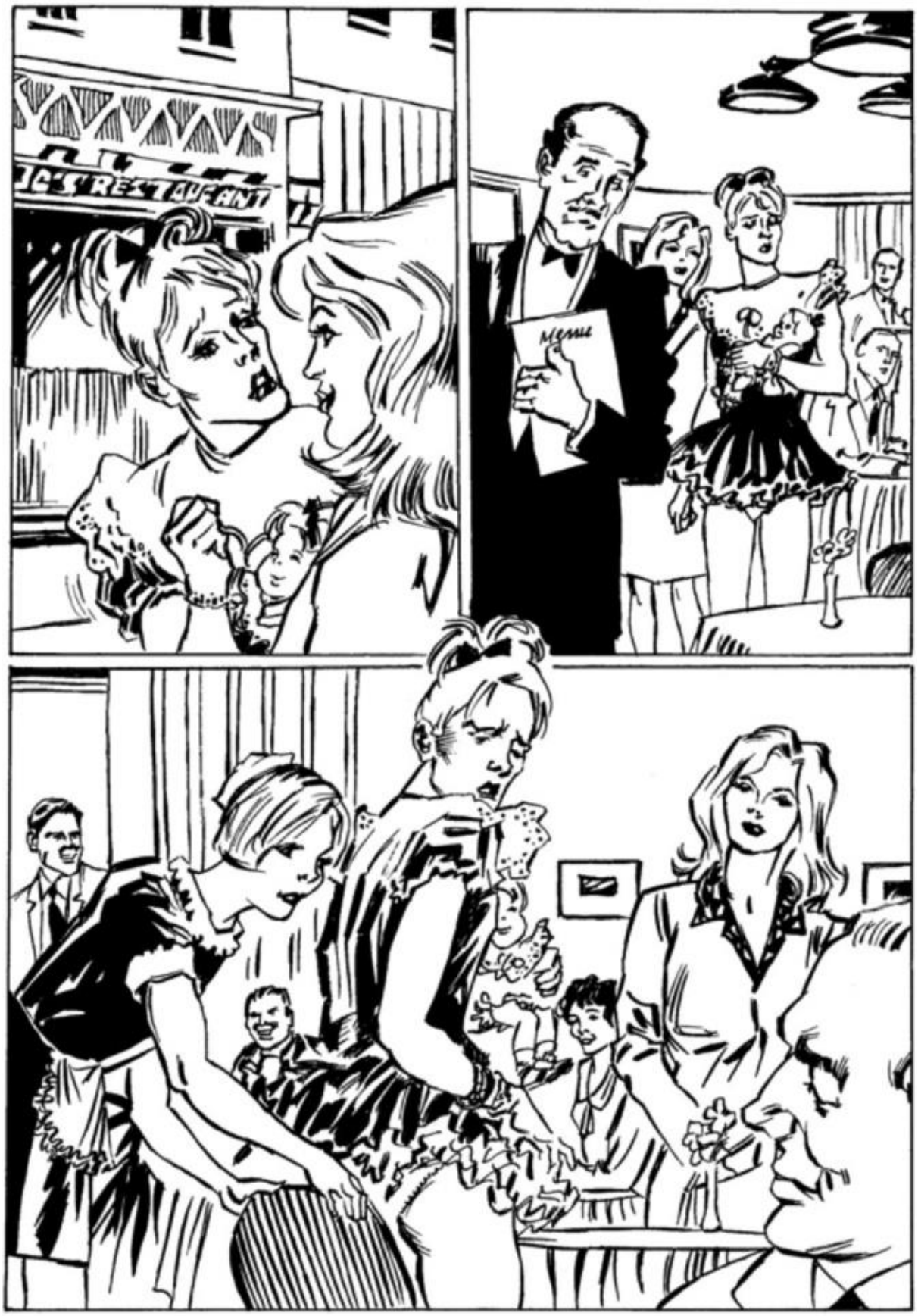
Finally we stopped at one of my favorite restaurants. My voice cracked with agitation as I whispered, "Not here, they know me."

"Why should I deny them the opportunity of seeing how prettily you're dressed?" She propelled me inside. For a moment there was silence, then the whispering began. I lowered my head sensing that all eyes were on me.

"Good afternoon, ladies," a voice said. It was Alfonz, the Maître de. "Two for lunch?"

Still staring at the floor, I followed him into the center of the restaurant.

I spied neatly shod feet and trim ankles encased in sheer stockings. I peeked up and saw the waitress, Faith, another girl I had tried to date. She grinned and pulled out my chair. I sat and she left.


MENU

"Norma, why are you shaming me this way?" I asked.

"Don't you want everyone to see your darling new clothes?"

"I never felt so foolish. I can't take it any more."

"It's fun to see how swishing around in petticoats makes you meek and obedient."

I was about to object, but Faith returned and I didn't want her to hear. Norma ordered a salad and ice tea for each of us. I gobbled down my food hoping to leave quickly, but Norma ate her lunch extremely slowly.

A young girl at the next table began to giggle. "Stop that," her companion said, "Don't be impolite."

Faith refilled my tea. Nervously I drank it, more to have something to do with my hands than because of thirst. After a while I began to feel an urge.

"Norma," I said in a panic, "I have to go to the bathroom." "All right, follow me."

She led me to the lady's room.

"I can't go in there."

"You're too young to go potty by yourself, and I can't go into the men's room."

I entered with her. Two women were standing before a mirror refreshing their makeup. They looked up, their eyes opened wide and they burst into laughter.



I dashed into one of the cubicles. "Who's that man?" I heard a woman ask.

"It's my brother, Bill," Norma said.

Tears of shame stained my cheeks as I reached under my petticoats, drew my panties down to my knees and lowered my gaff. I held up my dress and petticoats and sat on the bowl. When I finished, I rearranged my clothes and rejoined the smiling ladies.

"Did you have a nice tinkle, Bill?" one of the women asked, and they both started giggling.

I lowered my head and rushed out into the restaurant. I could feel the stares and hear the comments of the people I passed walking back to my table.

After lunch we walked back to the car and drove to Norma's health club. She registered me as a guest. The receptionist grinned and said, "Welcome Mister Newton." I turned my back on her and followed Norma into the girl's locker room. "What's he doing in here?" a woman asked. "I can't change in front of a man."

"I thought it would be all right," Norma said. "However, if you're uncomfortable, Bill can change with the boys."

She took me out, led me to the other locker room, patted me on the fanny and said, "Don't get into any mischief." Then she propelled me through the door. One of the men turned to look and said, "Hey guys, Bill's here."



There were five men in the room. They all stopped what they were doing and came over to me. "Norma said you'd be joining us," one said. "Don't you belong in the women's locker room?"

"Come on guys," I said.

"I don't want some faggot seeing me naked," someone said.

"I'm no faggot!"

"Norma told us you thought that guys who did aerobics were pansies," he said.

"I'm sorry."

"Okay, stud, you can change here," he said, "but if I catch you eyeing me, you'll be out on your ass."

"I can't undo my buttons."

"I'll unbutton your dress, buddy," one of them said. I turned around and he started to undo me, sniffed and said, "My you smell sweet."

I took the dress and petticoat off, pulled on the leotard and tights and they hustled me out into the aerobics room. The walls were covered with mirrors. Wherever I looked I saw myself encased in girl's work out gear. I went to a corner of the room trying to be inconspicuous.

Norma arrived and said, "Class is about to start. Leave your doll in the corner and come into the middle of the room with me."

"Good morning," a trim young woman said, "I see we have a newcomer. Just watch me and the other students and follow what we do. You'll be fine. Let's begin." She started a CD player, and, to the strains of a slow moving popular song, she led us in exercises. Soon the pace of the music increased, and we were stepping rapidly from side to side

and moving our arms to her directions. I was panting and sweating profusely and still the music continued.

By the time we stopped, I ached all over and my leotard was damp with perspiration. We still weren't done. The instructor had us get down on the floor to do gut and butt exercises. I couldn't do all of the repetitions and soon was lying exhausted on the floor.

"Don't worry," the instructor said, "you'll get into shape soon."

After class, I returned to the men's locker room, stripped and showered. I dried myself with the fluffy pink towel that Norma had packed for me and put on my clothes. I had to ask one of the men to button me up again.

He patted me on my rump and said, "All done, honey."

I left the dressing room and waited with the receptionist. Normally I would have taken the opportunity to invite this cute girl out for a date. However, under the current circumstances, that was out of the question.

"Why do you dress in girl's clothes?" she asked.

"It's up to my sister."

"May I see your doll?"

"Okay."

"How cute, he's a boy doll in a little girl's outfit just like yours." She lifted my doll's dress and said, "He has girl's undies on, even a bra. You're not wearing a bra are you Bill?"







I was too embarrassed to respond. "Well, are you?"

"My sister makes me."

"Surely you don't need a bra."

"She makes me wear it."

"You certainly are a very obedient brother," she said.

"Please don't make fun of me."

"As long as you dress that way, you have to expect to be made fun of," she said.

Norma finally came out of her dressing room. "I'm sorry you had to watch Bill while I was dressing," she said.

"It was no problem. He's very entertaining. I hope I'll be seeing him again soon."

"He'll be here with me three times a week.

"I'll look forward to it."

"Bill," Norma said. "Freshen your lipstick and scent."

I had to perform these functions right in front of the receptionist. "How sweet," she said. I should be dating and bedding this girl, not putting makeup on in front of her. We started to leave. "Ta, ta, dearie, see you later," the receptionist said. "Take good care of your dolly."

When we arrived home, two of the little neighborhood girls were waiting for me. Norma had invited them over to play with me. They both wore pants. We spent the next hour in my room. The girls were amazed at all of my dresses. "Don't you have any pants?" one asked.

"My sister doesn't like them," I said.



The girls stayed for dinner and we played with my dolls until seven thirty when Norma announced that they would have to go home because it was nearly my bedtime.

She helped me out of my dress, arrayed me in a lavishly frilled pink silk nightie and watched as I selected the identical gown for my doll. After taking me to the bathroom, she tucked me in and turned out the light. It was not quite eight. I lay in the dark room crushed in spirit and physically exhausted. I couldn't let this happen to me. I couldn't and wouldn't wear girl's clothes any more. I twisted my bracelet uselessly until my wrist was red and sore. I lay awake until almost eleven, creating and discarding escape plans, before I finally fell asleep.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

Saturday morning, Norma came for me and took me to the bathroom. After I used the toilet and bathed, she said, "Come, let's get you dressed."

"What about shaving?"

"Not yet."

We returned to my bedroom, and I watched apprehensively as she pondered over the costume for my doll and then dressed it and me in identical little girl's clothes.

After breakfast, Jim drove us to the mall. I prayed that no one I knew would be there. We arrived at Jean's shop at nine thirty. She was finished painting my nails at ten fifteen. Again I was the focus of attention as I walked at Norma's side out of the mall. Jim drove us downtown, and Norma led me to a beauty salon called Debbie Do's.

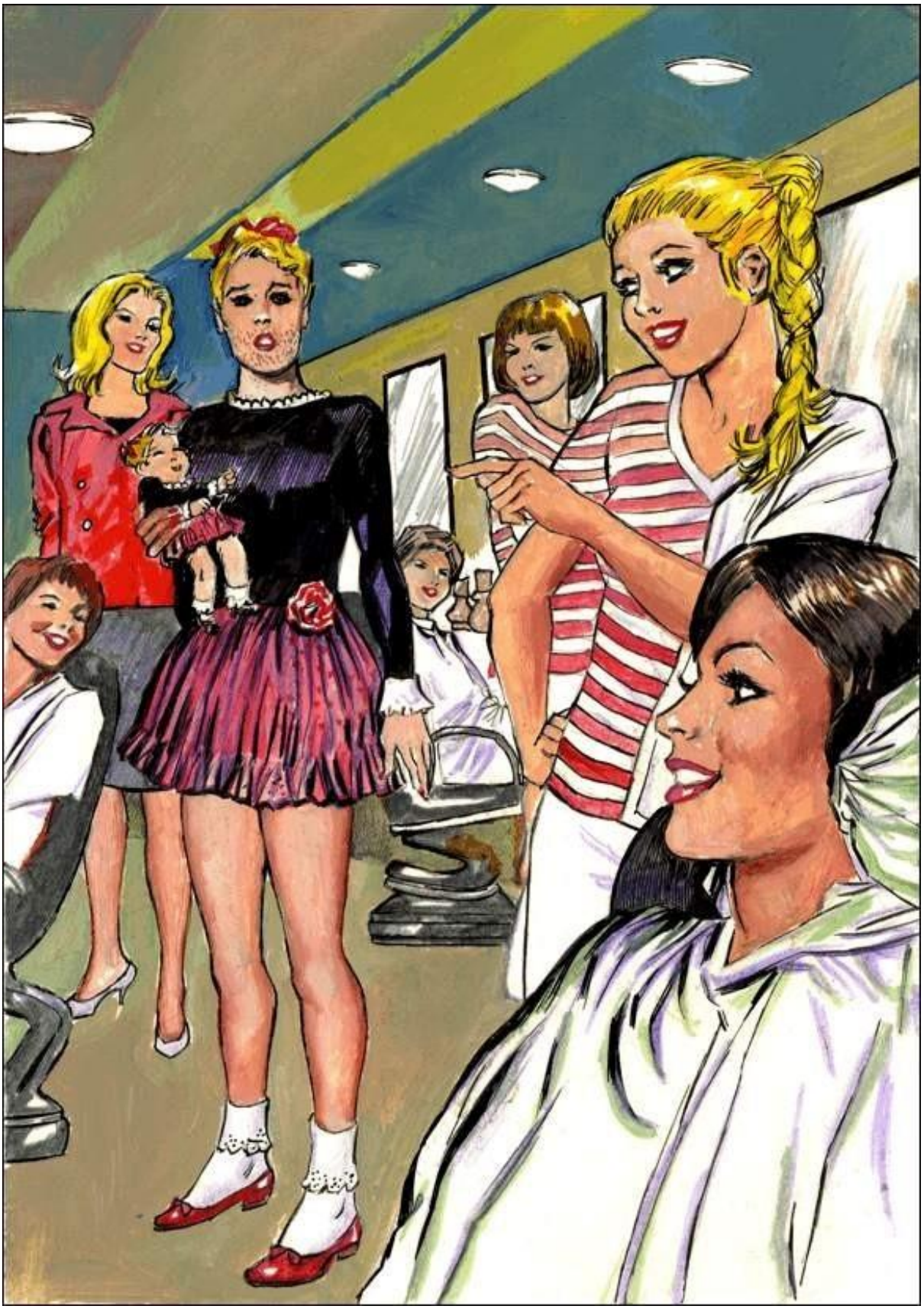
"Why are we going here?"

"This is Debbie's salon," Norma said. "You remember her, she was at your home coming party."

"Don't make me go in."

"Come along, Debbie is anxious to see you."

We entered, and the smells of the salon assailed me. The place was full of chatting employees and customers. A hush spread as all eyes were directed to me. Moments later, the shrill chatter of feminine voices, sprinkled with laughter, filled the salon. Tears of mortification welled up in my eyes as I nervously twisted my bracelet. My ex girlfriend, Debbie was laughing so hard she could hardly speak.



"Oh, Norma, there must be some mistake," she finally managed to say. "This little girl can't be my two-timing ex-boyfriend, Bill Newton."

I shifted uncomfortably about, suddenly even more conscious of my lacy feminine apparel and my girlish scent.

"Seeing you out in public like this exceeds anything I imagined," Debbie said.

"Darling, raise your dress for Debbie so she can see your pretty undies," Norma said. I hesitated and she continued, "Or shall I call Jim?"

With fluttering fingers I managed to draw the hem of my dress up an inch or so, only to have Norma demand, "Higher, Bill." I pulled it up over my waist.

"Really darling," Debbie said, "your frilly panties are far more becoming than your trousers." I dropped my dress back down, blushing fiercely.

"You offered to help Bill with his makeup," Norma said.

"I'd love to," Debbie said. "Follow me." She led me to the back of the salon past chairs filled with smiling female customers.

"Darling, is that a 'he' or a 'she'?" one asked.

"Cute, really cute," another said.

I winced at their remarks.





"I'll do your makeup," Debbie said, "but first Miss Sawyer, our electrologist, will do the work Norma requested."

"Electrolysis?" I asked.

"You don't want to shave twice every day do you?" Norma asked.

They guided me to a padded table and had me lie on my back. The electrologist inspected me. "He has medium beard growth. I can remove it all in about a hundred hours."

"Fine," Norma said.

"Norma!" I cried.

"Don't complain," she said, "you never grew a beard, and this will save you a lot of time and effort.



I lay on her table under bright light and a magnifying lens as she used an electric needle on my face. All I felt was a mild heat as Ellen inserted the probe that killed my hair roots.

She finished, gave me a pink disposable razor and sent me to shave the rest of my facial hair. I heard a chorus of jeers and laughter from the salon, and Debbie came into the room with Jeff. He was wearing his maid's uniform, blushing beet red. She left him with Ellen, took me to the open area of the salon and put me in a chair. My petticoats pushed up my short skirt so my panties were hardly covered.

"Your panties are darling, Bill," Debbie said. "You're so cute as a little girl. Let's see about your face, sweetheart. Your lips are a becoming color that complements your nails. However, you must have painted them with a lipstick tube. A brush gets deeper into the crevices and makes a sharper edge. You should use eyeliner and mascara to make your pretty eyes stand out more. Your eyebrows are a bit bushy, they could use tidying."

As she did my face, she talked about old times. The incongruity of her talking to me as an ex-lover while she made me up as a little girl was not lost on me or the other patrons. They kept coming over to look at me. I was helpless to prevent it and their teasing and laughter left me completely unnerved.

When she finished, she handed me a large hand mirror. I winced at the sight of her work.



"Aren't you thrilled at your new look?" she asked.

I wanted to flee, but Norma had me thank Debbie for making me so pretty.

"You're very welcome. I've really enjoyed working on you."

"Let's go home," I said.

"Oh no," Norma said. "It's time for your basketball game. You can't simply not show up."

She intended to show me off to my friends! I knew this time would come. Now that I was faced with it, my shame overwhelmed me. "I can't let my buddies see me like this."

Norma smiled and said, "They'll love you in your little dress."

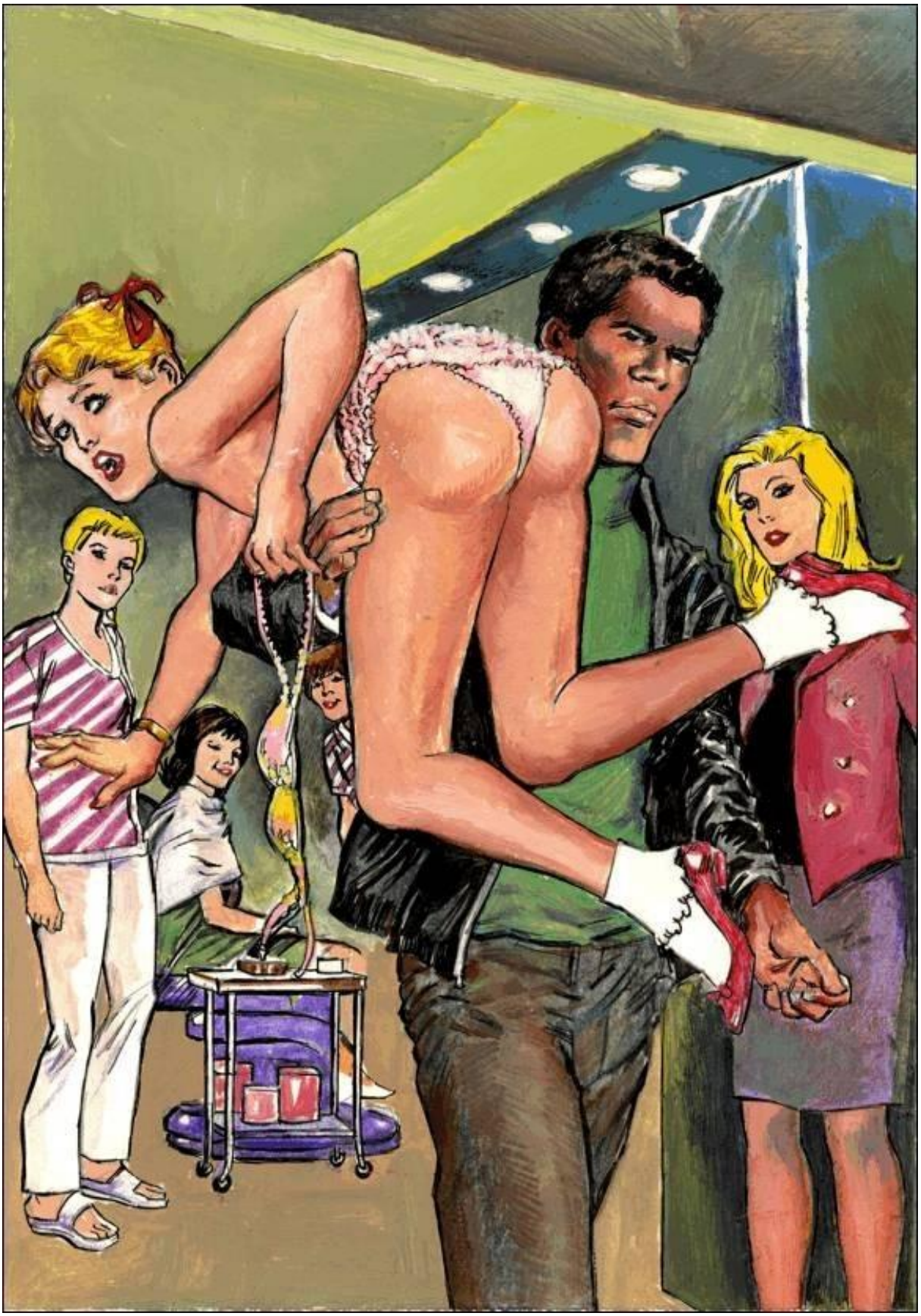
"You Bitch! I'll kill you! I swear to God, I'll kill you!"

"You're being a very naughty little girl," Norma said.

"I'm no girl!" I yelled. "I'll show you I'm no girl!" Enraged, I ripped at the dress.







I'd torn off my petticoats, and my dress was in tatters by the time Jim arrived.

"Don't touch me!" I yelled as I removed the last scraps of my dress and tore off my bra.

Jim picked me up and put me over his shoulder.

"Let me go you bastard!"

"Sorry, Debbie," Norma said, "Bill sometimes has these tantrums."

"Don't worry about it," Debbie said. "I see you have him under control. Oh here, don't forget his doll."

Jim carried me out of the salon and set me down on the busy street. We were at First and Main right across the street from the police department.

"Let's go, Jim," Norma said. "Bill will be arrested in a few minutes whether or not he takes off his panties."


ICE


NEWS!

"No!" I cried.

"Will you wear a pretty dress to see your friends?"

"Anything but that."

"It's up to you," Norma said. "One or the other."

"I can't go back to prison."

"All right," Norma said, "you've made your choice."

We walked back to the car. I'm sure I made an entertaining sight in my ruffled panties and makeup.

At home she put a bra and two short petticoats on me, a dress with a green ribbon belt and a matching hair ribbon. She looked me over and changed my panties for a pair dripping with lace at the thighs and my socks to a pair whose lacy tops matched the color of the panty lace and bows.

"Put your shoes back on and let's go see your friends."

We drove to the gym. When Jim opened the door for me, my muscles failed. I couldn't get out of the car. I felt so fearful that I was nauseous.

"Norma, I'm going to be sick."

"If you have to vomit, dear, please do it in the gutter."

I leaned out of the open door and puked. When I was done, Norma tenderly helped me out of the car.

"You look terrible. Let me help."

"Please, Norma . . ."

"Your makeup needs freshening."



She put a fresh coat of lipstick on my mouth, sprayed me all over with perfume and straightened my clothing. Then she and Jim each took an arm and led me into the gym. I prayed Brad wouldn't be there.

He was there all right and so were all the others. I turned my back on them hoping not to be recognized. The guys were already playing and at first they didn't notice us. Then Charlie spotted Norma.

"Hi Norma," he said. "Who's that girl with you in that strange outfit."

"Don't you recognize him?"

"It's a guy?"

They gathered around me.

"Hey, it's Bill."

"This sweet smelling, lipsticked pantywaist couldn't be Bill Newton," Brad said.

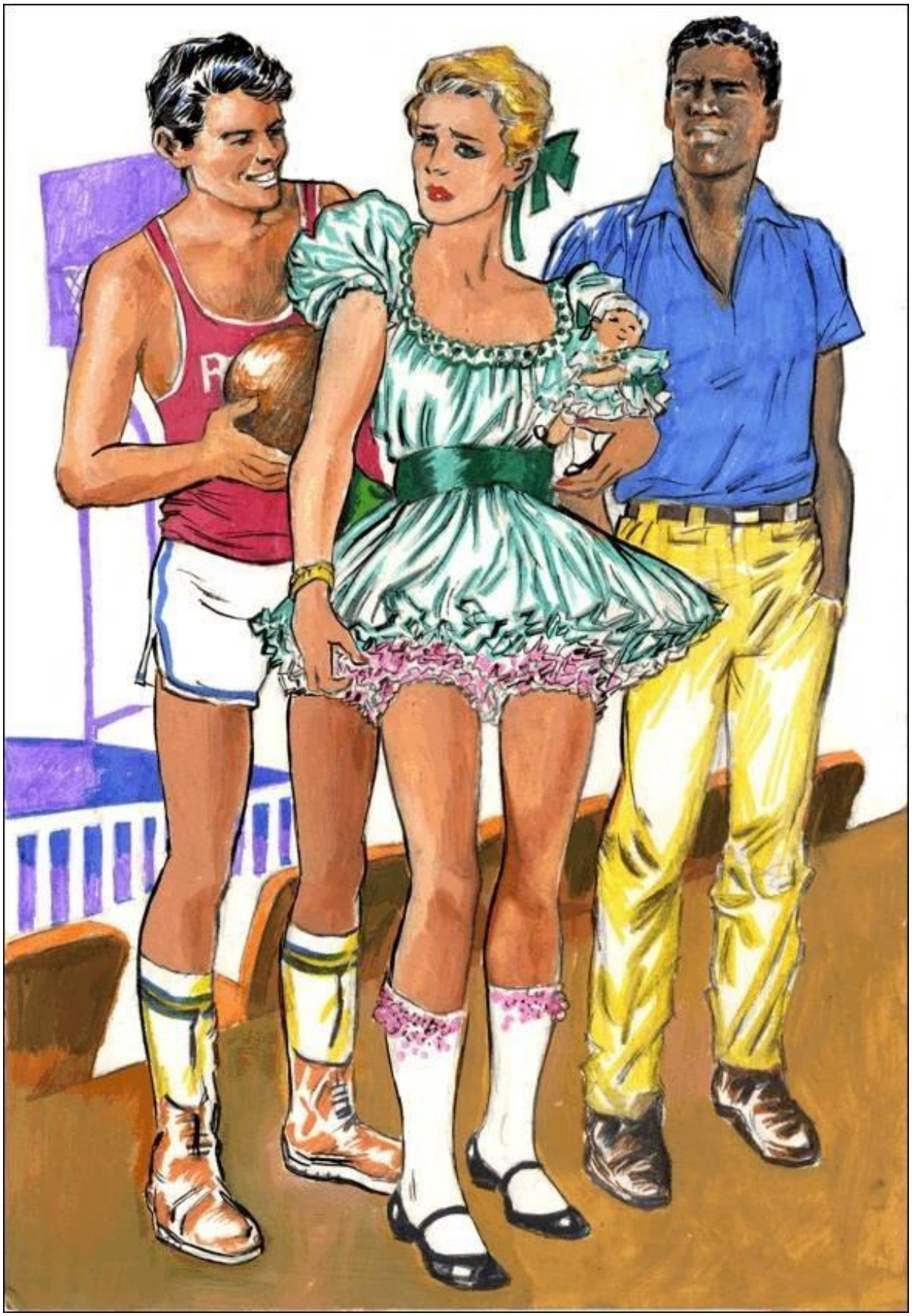
My nightmares were coming true.

"Bill won't be playing with you any more," Norma said. "Basketball is too rough a game for a dainty little princess."

"I see he isn't dressed to play basketball," Charlie said, "maybe for a tea party with that doll, but not basketball."







Tears of rage and frustration came to my eyes.

"The little girl's crying," Brad said. "Couldn't she play with us one last time?"

"For a minute," Norma said.

Brad gave me the ball and said, "Make one run for old time's sake."

I slipped off my shoes and took the ball onto the court. I dribbled a few times and started for the basket. I jumped high over Brad and put it in the hoop. I started to run off the court but Brad stuck out his leg and tripped me. I fell to the floor in a mass of lace and ribbons.

"She plays pretty well for a girl," Brad said, and the guys roared with laughter.

"We have to leave now," Norma said, "Say good-bye to your friends."

"Bye, bye, Billy girl," Brad said. "You come visit us anytime, sweetie."

Back in the car, Norma said, "The world didn't come to an end, did it, just because your friends saw you."

"It might as well have," I said. "Brad will never let me forget this. Can we go home?"

"We have to pick up Jeff, and you must apologize to Debbie."

We returned to Debbie's salon. Jeff had a smock on over his uniform and he was busy washing someone's hair.






Debby

Debbie greeted us at the door. I averted my eyes at her smile.

"Jeff, your ride's here," she said. "Raquel, could you finish Miss Denning?"

"Bill has something he wants to say," Norma said.

"I'm sorry, Debbie," I said.

"That's all right, Bill," she said. "Look at you. I'm glad I didn't use indelible mascara; your tear tracks look cute and childish."

"How's Jeff been doing?" Norma asked.

"He'll make a good shampoo girl," Debbie said. "His tips should be enough to pay for his electrolysis." Poor Jeff. I almost felt sorry for him, but not so much that I wouldn't tease him when we were alone.

Jeff joined us and we returned home. He prepared dinner while I played with my doll on the living room floor.

After dinner, I played again while the girls and Jeff went to Betty's room. When they returned, they were all wearing evening dresses. He looked miserably uncomfortable in a short black dress and fish net hose.

"Maid's night out," Betty said. "We'll be leaving as soon as your sitter arrives."

"My sitter?"

"Kathy Sue, our neighbor's daughter, has agreed to baby sit," Betty said.

"I don't need a damn sitter."

"Be sure to mind her, dear," Norma said.

Kathy Sue arrived, and Norma told her to have me in bed by eight.



The girls and Jeff left and my sitter watched TV and had me play with my doll at her feet. At seven forty five she said, "Time for bed, little girl." She let me upstairs, and found a nightgown in one of my drawers. "Change into this, go to the bathroom and get into bed."

I followed her orders and changed my doll as well. She came back at eight and turned off the light. I lay there and worried about what my buddies must think of me. How could I have let this happen?

CHAPTER NINETEEN

I woke early Sunday and waited for Norma. She bathed me and had me shave my entire body carefully. I had to shave my face several times. I put on my gaff, covered myself with the pink fluffy towel and walked back to my room.

"Do I have to wear a dress today, Norma?"

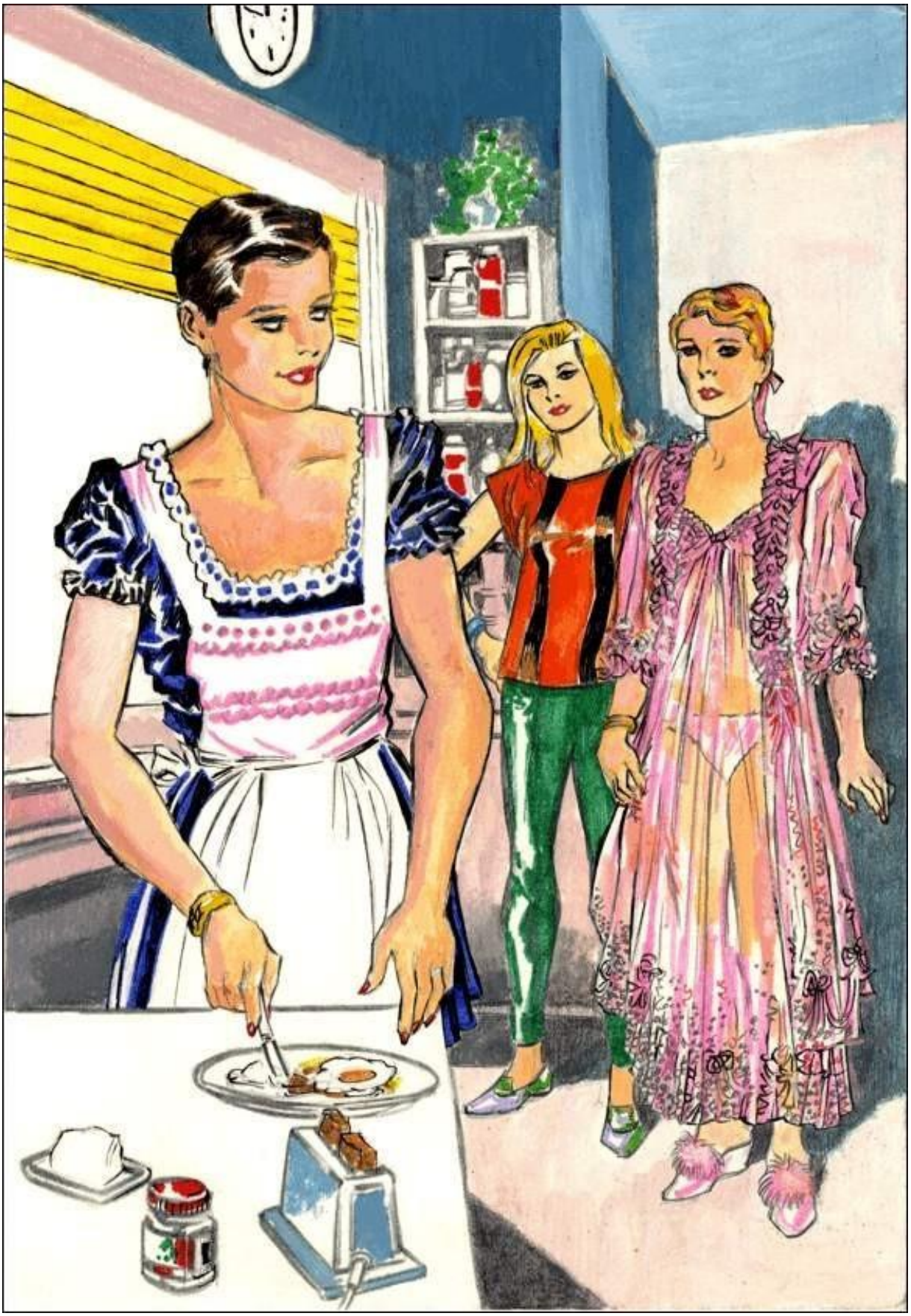
"You may wear your nightgown to breakfast."

"That's not what I wanted."

"You'll be cute."

She arrayed me in a training bra, fuzzy pink slippers, a long pink silk negligee and a matching cover. Cheeks crimson, I applied my makeup and went down to breakfast.

"Morning, Bill," Jeff said. "Don't you look sweet today."



I stared at him defiantly, exercising all of my will power not to say anything that would get me in trouble.

Betty arrived and said, "Jeff, I want toast, bacon and an omelet."

"We're out of bacon."

"Make a list," Betty said. "You'll need to make a shopping trip later."

"You want me to go out like this?" he asked.

"Of course not," Betty said. "You'll put on your motorcycle jacket when you go out."

"People will see me."

"Don't overcook my eggs."

"Why are you doing this to me?"

"Add English muffins to that list, Jeff," Norma said.

"I won't go!"

"Don't you find your petticoats thrilling, darling?" Betty asked.

His features contorted with rage, his hands balling into fists, he said, "I hate them! I hate everything. Bill, let's show them. They can't make us wear girl's clothes." With that he grabbed the neckline of his uniform and ripped it down the front. "Give me back my clothes!" he demanded.

"Jim, come here," Betty cried.

Jim arrived and grabbed Jeff.

"What are you doing?" Jeff yelled, struggling against Jim's firm grasp.

"I'm going to have Jim spank you like the silly girl you are," Betty said. "The idea of ripping your uniform."

"You can't!" Jeff yelled and squirmed frantically. Jim sat and pulled the struggling Jeff over his lap.

"Lower his panties," Betty said. Jeff's bottom was soon bared. Then, while he screamed and shouted, Jim gave him a sound spanking. He was crying in pain and humiliation before Jim finished.

"Any time you're disobedient, you may expect more of the same," Betty said. "Go to your room and change into another uniform."

When he returned in a few minutes, Jim was in a maid's uniform again. Head hung in shame he asked Betty to zip him up then he cleared the dishes. When he got mine, he whispered, "Please help me."

"But Fifi," I said, "everyone will love seeing you." Jeff looked stung, and proceeded with his work. He made the shopping list and Betty checked it.

"That's fine," she said, "but get some mild laundry soap as well. With both of you boys wearing lingerie we have a lot of intimate apparel to wash. Ask for Fred Dalton, the assistant manager, I've arranged a charge account."

"You'll look cute on you pink scooter," I said.

"Betty," Norma said, "I'm enjoying drinking my coffee, and Bill needs to be dressed. Before Jeff goes, could he do it for me?"

"No! I cried, "I can dress myself."

"Jeff, take Bill upstairs and help him dress," Betty said. "You may choose his clothes."

Jeff looked positively eager. We went to my room. Jeff removed my negligee leaving me in gaff and bra. "I'll find just the outfit for you, Babycakes," he said. His tone had a teasing lilt that made me wince.

"You've got no business giving me a hard time," I said. "You're about to take a trip out in that maid's costume."





I could tell that I was getting to him, but he calmed himself and said, "Yea, they're making me go out like this, but you're going to have to go out in whatever I pick for you.

He got a pair of lavishly frilled pink panties from the dresser.

"How do you like these? They're just the thing for a panty-waist fairy."

"I'm no fairy. You're the he-whore, not me."

"You're still a little girl. Maybe when you grow up Norma will have you peddle your ass."

"No way!"

"Oh no? What would you do about it?" He went to my closet. "Which dress shall I have you wear?" he said. "This lacy pink one? This one covered with daisies?"

I fumed as he considered one outfit after another.



"Why so sad, Bill?" he asked. "Don't you love your new little dresses?"

"You bastard!" I said loudly.

Norma called up, "Be nice or I'll have to spank you."

He found a princess style petticoat that he fluffed out around me. Then I waited sullenly as he finally selected a dress, put it on me and buttoned the back. "There you are, angel, all dressed," he said.

"Shut up," I whispered, and he smiled.

We returned to the girls, and Betty handed Jeff his leather jacket with its gang emblem. Jeff put it on and zipped it shut.

"Don't close your jacket," she said. "Wear it open so people can see your uniform." Jeff winced, but unzipped his jacket and went with Jim to the garage. I ran to the window to watch him ride off on his feminine scooter. I could just imagine him arriving at the market like that, how awful for him.

"Now, Bill," Norma said, "We're going to meet some of your friends."

"What friends? Not Brad again!"

"Come along, dear."

We drove to the park where we met several little girls and their mothers. Most of the children had pigtails or curly hair that contrasted sharply with my masculine cut. Almost all of them were wearing pants that were much more appropriate for outside play than my short dress. I walked awkwardly, trying to minimize the bouncing of my petticoats.


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"Bill, come with me," one of the mothers led me to a swing. I sat with my panties directly on the seat and my dress and petticoats all around as the amused woman pushed me higher and higher exposing my lace petticoats and panties to a laughing crowd.

After a while they took us to a swimming pool. Their mothers led their daughters to the lady's room. "You can't go with the girls," Norma said. "You'll have to change under this towel."

She was making me take off my dress right there in public and, under cover of a towel, change out of my bra and panties and into a ruffled little girl's one piece swim suit. I had a terrible time.

Stripping down to my childish panties and training bra in public was bad enough, but I felt awkward and foolish trying to change into the suit under the towel. I'm sure that everyone got a good look at everything I was wearing.

Once I was dressed, she took me to the wading pool. The little girls and I wadded for nearly an hour. At first I was afraid that my package would show. However, the gaff kept me flat and smooth in front. Then I was embarrassed because everyone could see that I was flat and smooth in front.





Mothers, fathers, boys and girls all came to the pool to look and even take pictures, how they howled.

Finally, the girls went back to change and Norma gave me a towel again. After I had my panties and bra back on, she took the towel and I had to put my petticoats and dress on in front of everybody.

The girls came to my house and we played jump rope in the front yard. Every time I jumped, my short dress and petticoats flew up exposing my panties. I felt the stares of every passerby.

The girl's mothers took them home at six and I was allowed to go back inside. It was unnerving to find Fifi at the ironing board doing one of my dainty dresses. He stopped to make me a dinner of canned pasta.

After I ate, Norma gave me some of my toys and had me play on the floor of the den while she worked at the desk. At seven thirty, she took me upstairs. I was in bed before eight. I pulled at my bracelet until my wrist was red and sore again. It would not budge. I had to get out of here somehow. I couldn't face any more of this.



CHAPTER TWENTY

Monday morning, I woke to the sound of Norma opening my door. She bathed me and watched while I shaved. She took me back to my bedroom and helped me into another little girl's outfit.

"Apply your makeup, dress your doll and join me at breakfast," she said.

I ate cereal and drank juice as Jeff made breakfast for the girls. He had 'enjoyed' a day at home yesterday working for Betty after he returned from grocery shopping.

Norma drove me to play school.

"I told you I don't want to go here."

"Betty and I can't watch you all the time, honey."

Miss Anderson greeted me cheerily and took me out to the yard. "Play with the other little children, Bill," she said.

"The sissy's name is Bill?" someone on the sidewalk asked.

"Yes, his name's Bill Newton," she said.

I wanted to run inside and hide as I heard my name being repeated to the newcomers.

For the next hour Miss Anderson made me play on the slide and swing. A crowd of people gathered to watch me. They laughed and pointed at each new display of my underwear. It was so mortifying I could hardly stand it. Miss Anderson took more pictures of me. One of them when I was high on the swing and another with my dress and petticoats all askew on the ground at the bottom of the slide. Each day brought more permanent records of my disgrace. Even if I found the prints and negatives of the

pictures taken at the party, this woman and my barber had others.

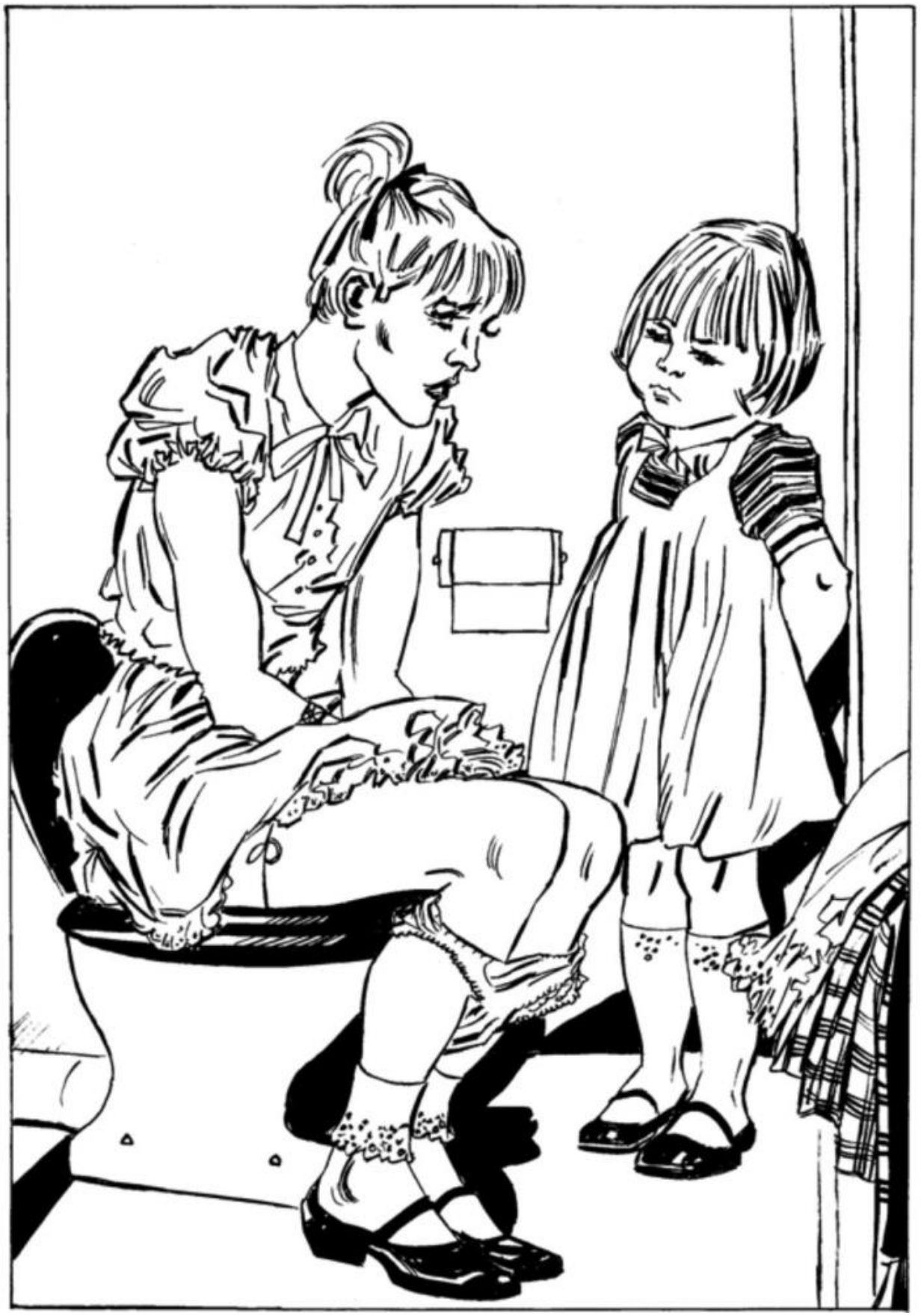
At noon we went in and I ate my lunch of milk, sandwich and cookie. At quarter past twelve, Miss Anderson's sister, April, arrived. I would have recognized her even if I had not just seen her at my coming home party. She was a real looker, and I had dated her for almost a month before she started getting possessive and I dumped her.

"April, you arrived at potty time," Miss Anderson said. "Come boys and girls."

We all stood in line at the toilets. When it was my turn I lowered my panties and gaff and sat. The next little girl in the line stood right in front of me waiting. My panties were around my ankles and my dress and petticoats spread out all around.

April watched in amusement while I peed and as I tugged my gaff back on and retrieved my panties. "My but you're a sissy little girl," she said.

"Look at this picture I took of him napping the other day," Miss Anderson said.





"How cute," April said.

"Children, nap time," Miss Anderson said.

I got a mat and lay on the floor. April came over and whispered, "I never understood why you left me. It really hurt. I'm sorry I can't stay to see you play, but I'll certainly come to visit you again."

Jeff came to pick me up at two thirty. He looked very uncomfortable being out in his maid's uniform. Miss Anderson introduced him to the children as Jeff.

"Jeff's my name," one of the boys said. "Why does that girl have a boy's name?"

"Jeff's a boy, dear. He just dresses as a girl," Miss Anderson said.

"Why?" the boy asked.

"Because he wants to be a girl," she said.

Jeff blushed and took me back to the car. Jim, Betty and Norma were waiting. We drove to aerobics. Jeff talked with the receptionist while we exercised. From there we went to the Dupree Dance Studio. Miss Dupree was tall and thin and looked us over with disdain.

"So these are the 'special' girls you want me to teach ballet. Let's see how bad it is. You brought leotards?"

Norma produced two bags. I took the one she offered me.

"Where can I change?" I asked.

"Right here," Miss Dupree said, "dancers can't afford to be modest. Change quickly, class is about to begin."

Norma unbuttoned my dress and Betty unzipped Jeff's uniform. My dress was soon at my feet, and I was standing there in my petticoats.



I pulled on the tights. I could see that Jeff was doing the same. I took off my petticoats and stepped into the leotards and ballet slippers.

"Line up, girls," Miss Dupree said. I followed the girls to a mirror with a bar of wood in front of it. "Face the barre," Miss Dupree said, "Now put both your hands on it girls—gently—gently."

She moved my feet and maneuvered me into a half knee bend.

"We call this a demi-plié," she said. "See how your legs turn out. You're making a diamond shape. Correct ballet posture involves holding your body slightly forward over the front third of your foot." She twisted my leg and said, "Rotate your legs so the inner thighs can be seen." She grasped my abdomen, "Your lower abdominal muscles should be pulled up, the rib cage lifted but not distended, shoulders relaxed naturally, neck gracefully stretched, and the head held erect, not protruding forward. Then your upper back will be held straight and your buttocks controlled in such a way that your spine will look like a straight line from the nape of your neck to your tail bone."

I awkwardly attempted to follow her instructions and get into the position that the girls in the class managed so well. She moved to Jeff and tried to get him into position as well.

"I'll need to do a lot of work to make them look graceful," Miss Dupree said. "Ballet is discipline. They must follow my instructions precisely."





"They will," Betty said.

"Fine, they can start tomorrow. Beginners class is Tuesdays and Thursdays from three to four."

Shamefaced, we changed back into our dresses in plain view of the ladies and girls and walked back to the car.

"I'm finished," I said.

"You did a fine job," Fran said. "The pedicure was particularly relaxing."

"Next week just a manicure?" I asked.

"Yes, I'm excited about hearing the rest of your story, but I won't need another pedicure by then."

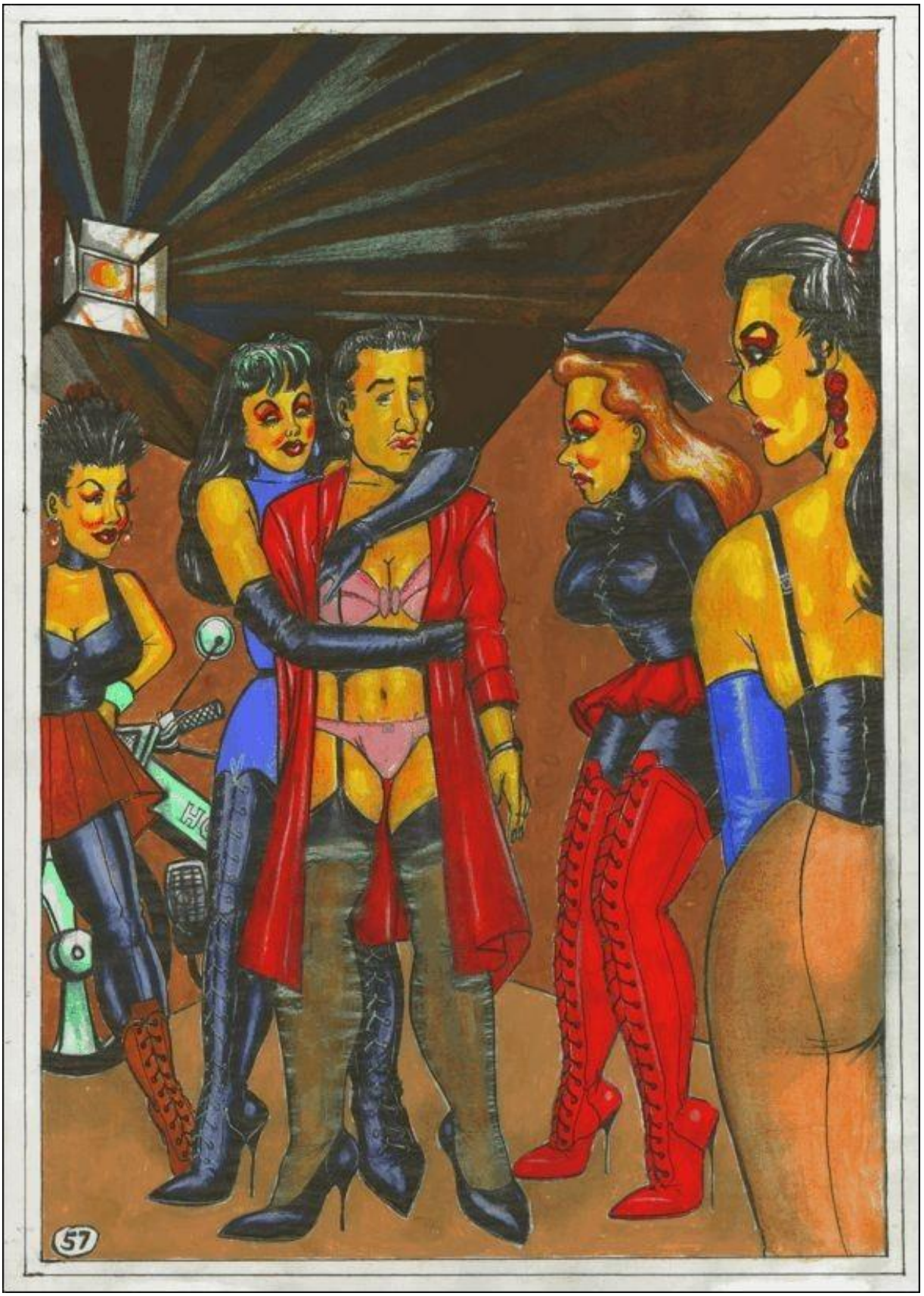
After Fran left, Jean locked the door and we cleaned up the shop.

"Tomorrow let's wear the burgundy skirts with our white blouses -- the ones with the lacy collars," she said. I nodded, took off my smock and hung it in the closet. "See you at eight," Jean said.

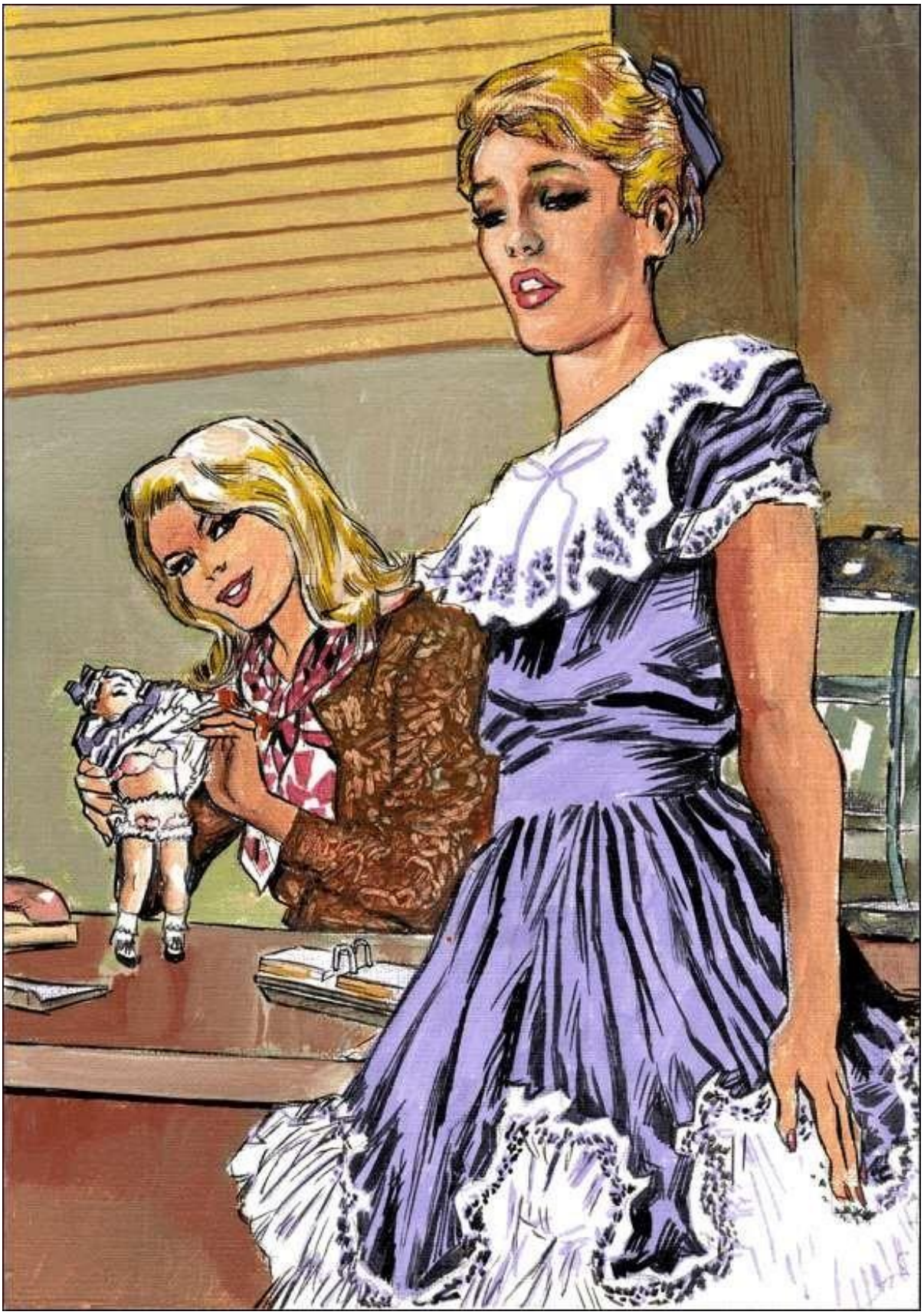
I walked out of the shop, through the mall to the bus stop. I tried to ignore the reactions of the people staring at me. When the bus arrived, I got the dollar from my purse and paid the driver. I had seen this driver before. He smiled condescendingly. I just lowered my eyes and looked for a seat next to a woman. This trip I was lucky. There was a woman alone near the front of the bus. I hated sitting next to a man almost as much as I hated it when I had to stand.

When I stood, people looked up my dress, and when I sat next to a man, he would inevitably treat me like a fag or a sissy. I'd begged Norma not to make me ride the bus, but she just smiled.

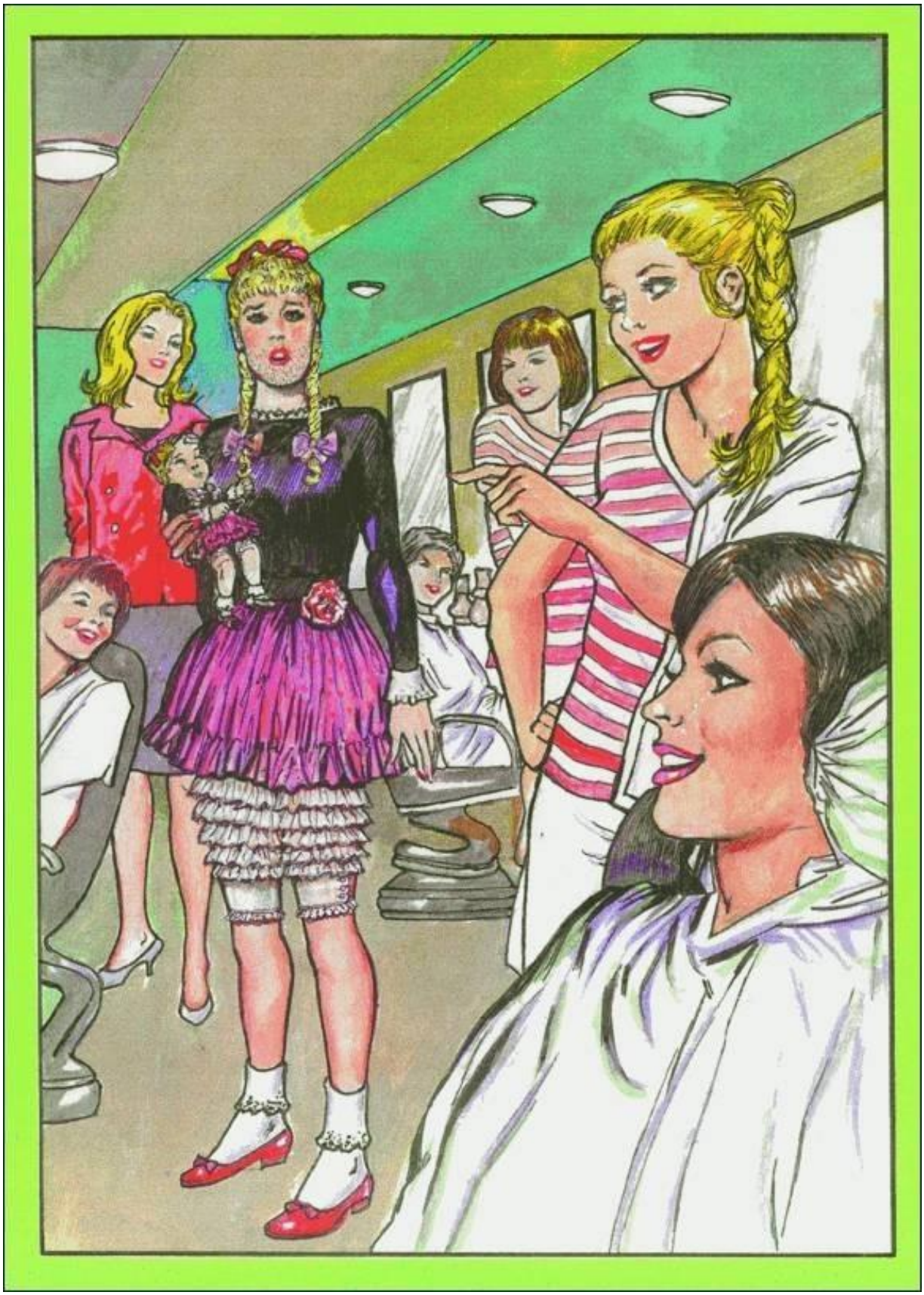
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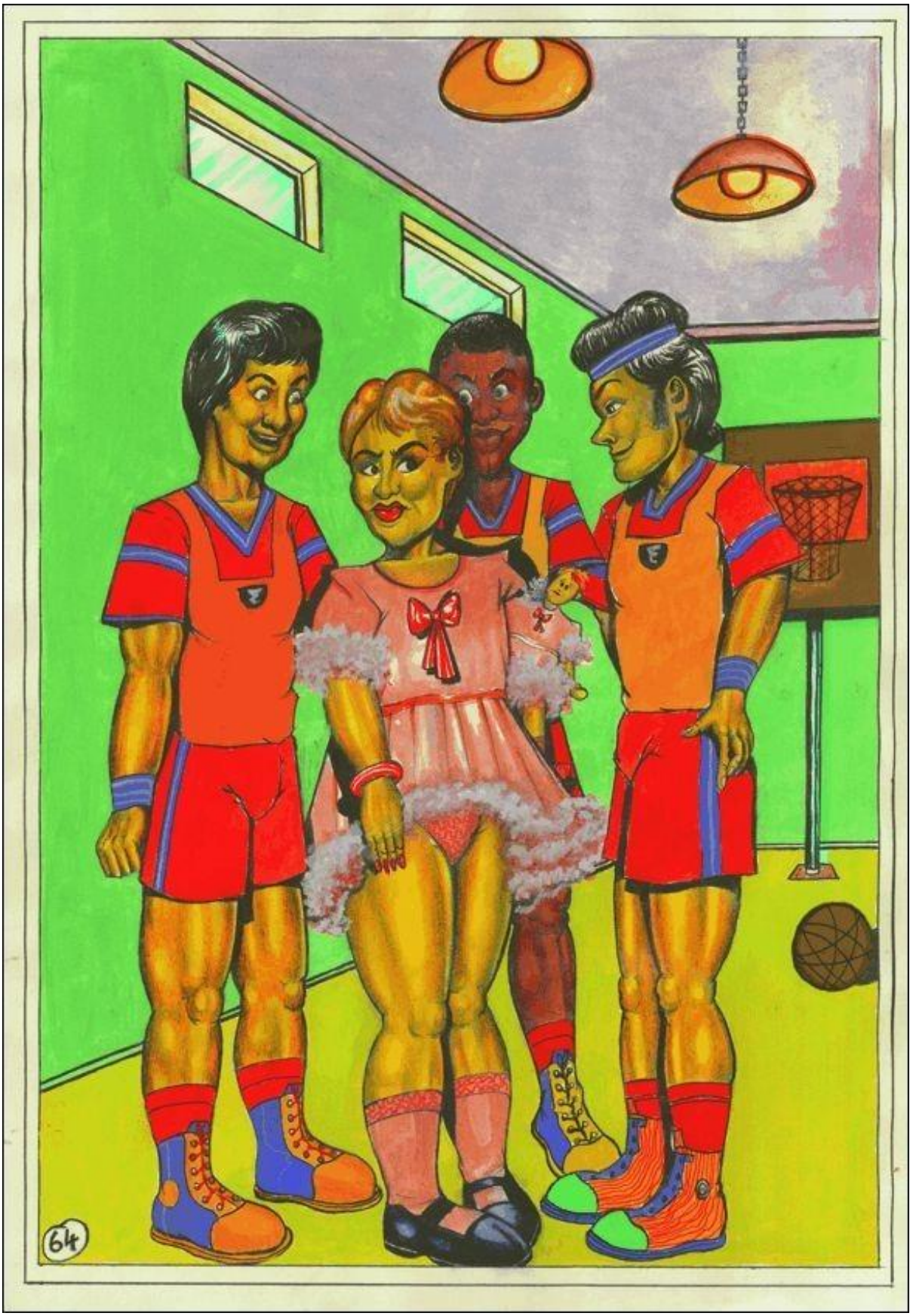
Jim with the Road Devil 'bitches' by Chris of England



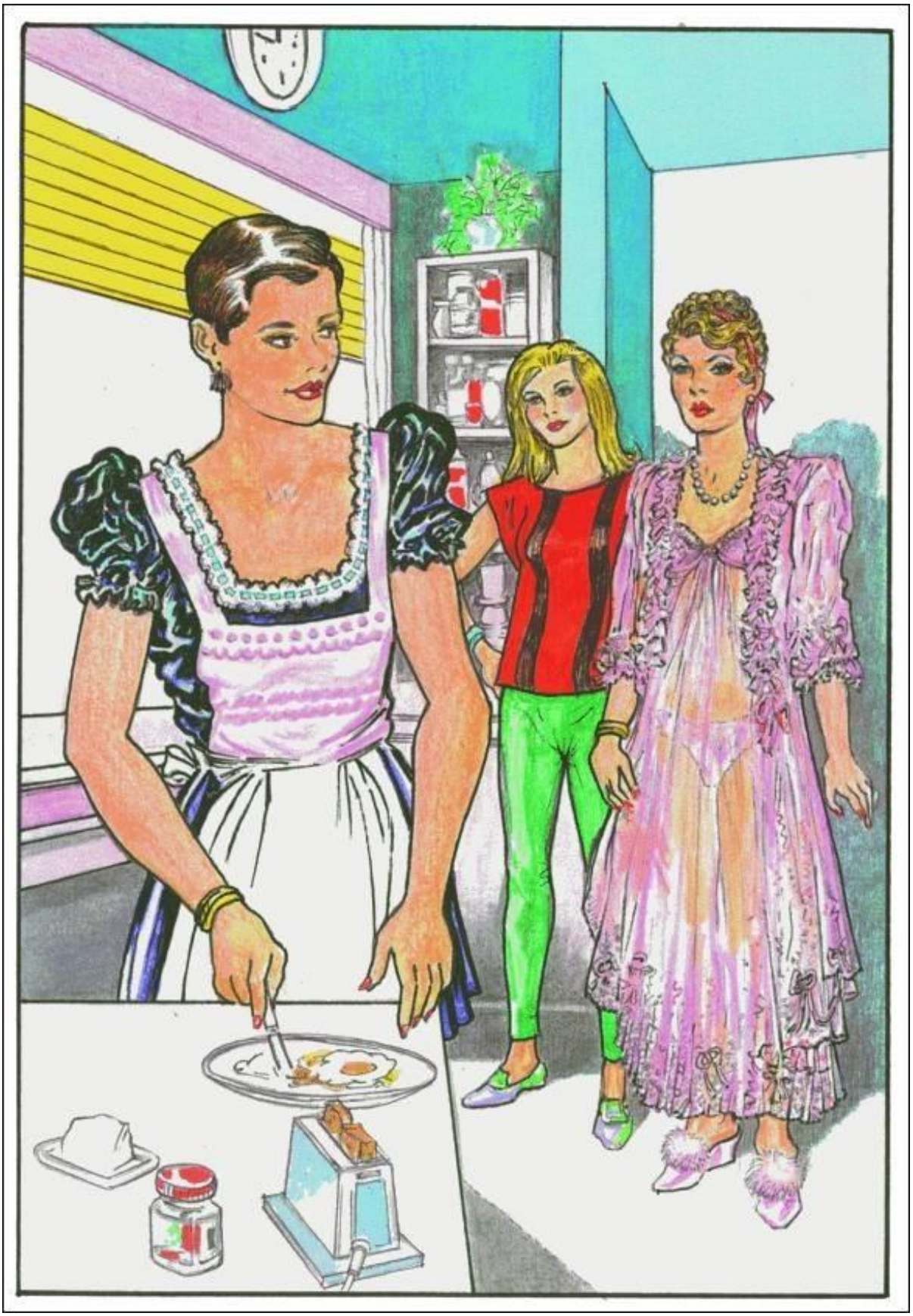
Bill with the aerobics receptionist by Puyal



Bill at the beauty shop by Puyal and BJ



Bill with his basketball 'friends' by Chris of England



Bill and Jeff at breakfast by Puyal and BJ