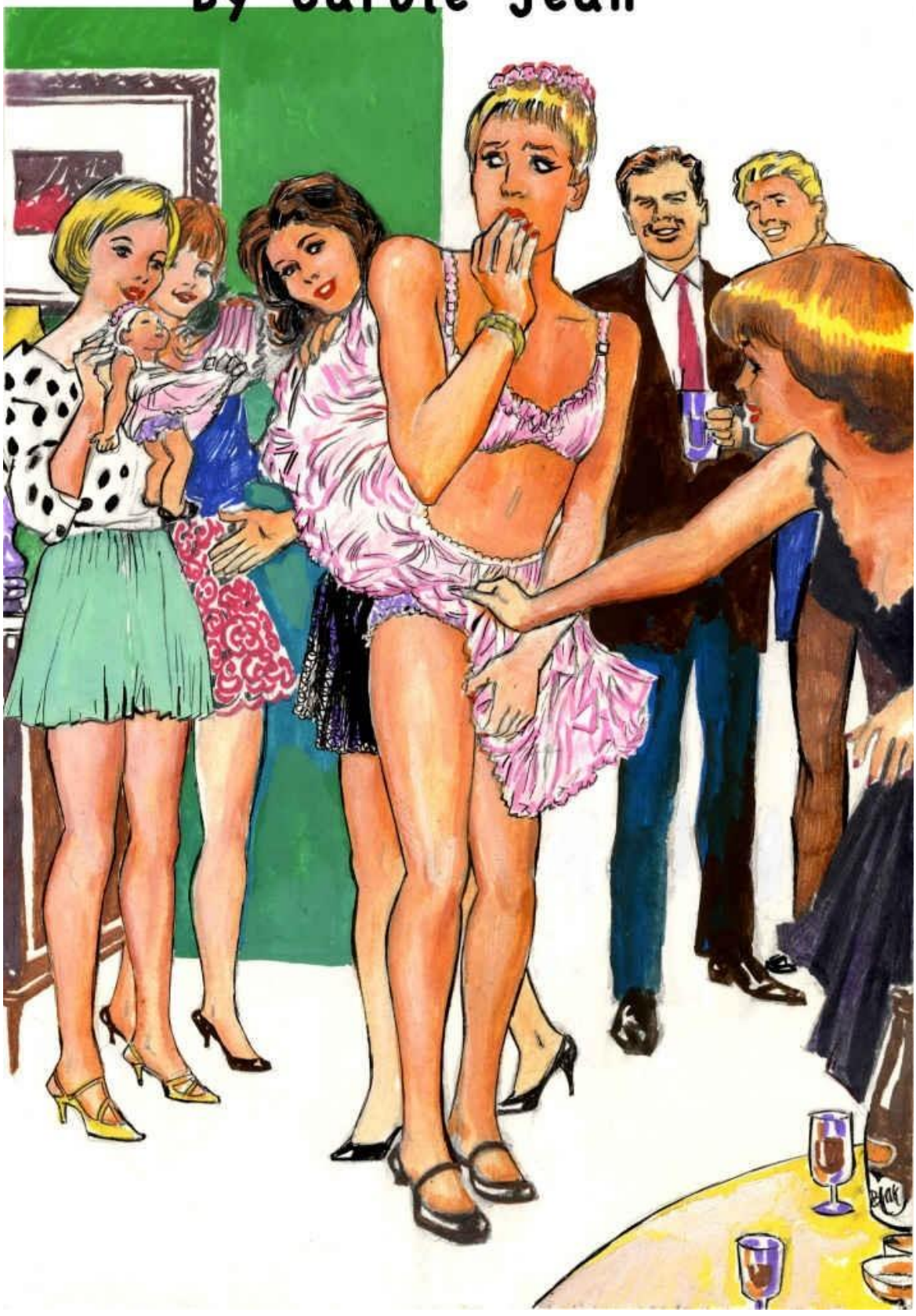
BILL'S HUMILIATIONS IN PANTIES Volume 5

By Carole Jean



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VOLUME FIVE

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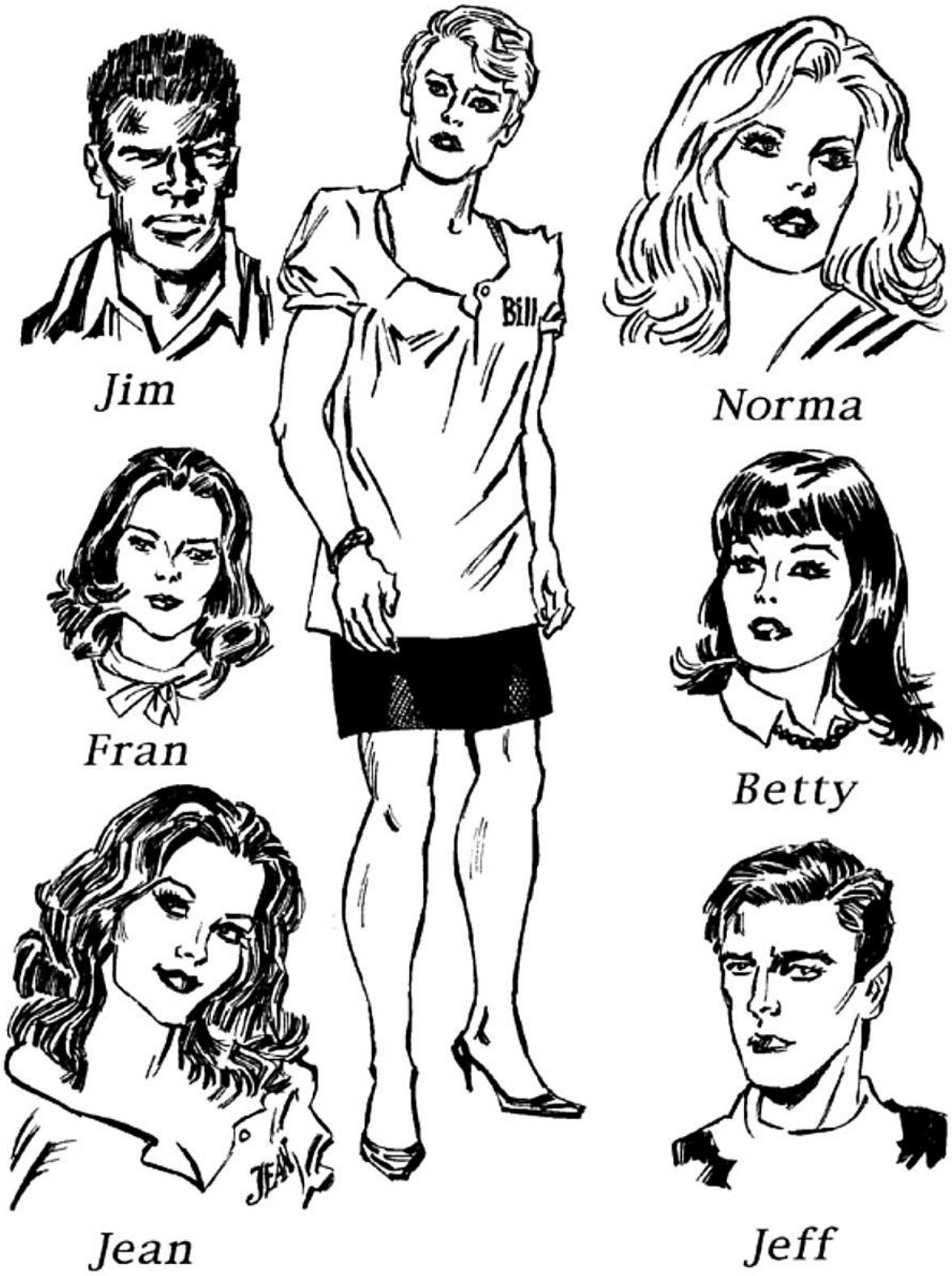
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Kindle Edition

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Jim
Bill
Norma
Fran
Betty
Jean
Jeff

Some are born girls, and some have girlhood thrust upon them.
(Apologies to William Shakespeare)
I must not fear. Fear is the mind killer. Fear is the little death that brings total obliteration.
(Frank Herbert)

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

Fran smiled when she saw me waiting for her. "How's my favorite manicurist?" she asked.

"Please sit down and I'll begin."

"Where did you go after your ballet lesson?"

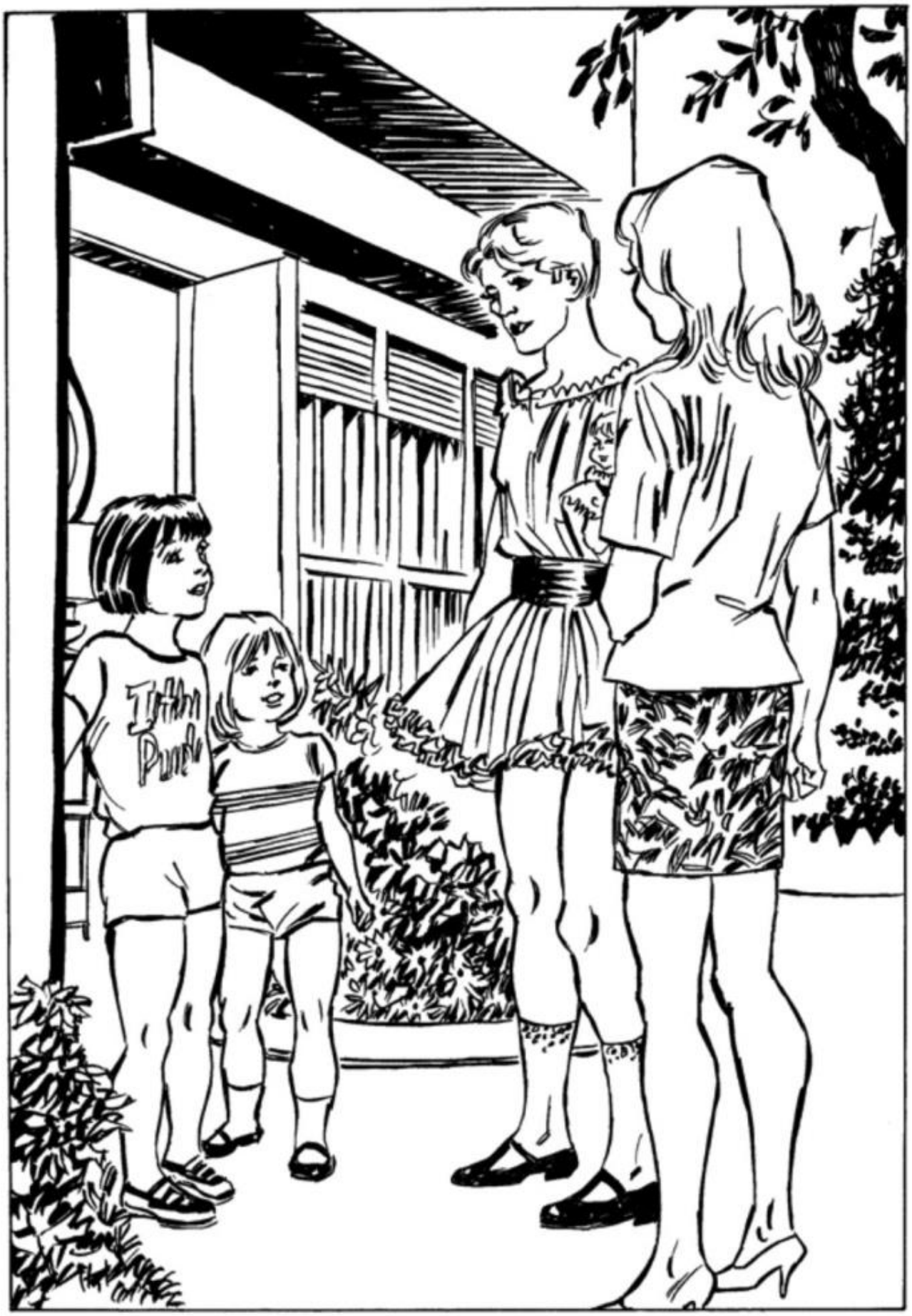
"To visit our neighbor's house . . .

Norma had Jim stop at our neighbors, the Jones. She led me to the door and rang the bell. "I'll get it!" I heard a girl



yell. I clutched my doll nervously. The door opened and Sarah and Phyllis were standing there. They were both wearing shorts and T-shirts. Even these genuine little girls dressed in a more masculine way than me.

"Girls, tell your mother I'll pick Bill up at seven," Norma said.


Tittin
Punk

"I don't have to stay here, do I?"

"Have a good time playing with your little friends, Bill," Norma said.

"Let's go to my room," Sarah said. I followed her and Phyllis upstairs. Her room was not nearly as feminine as mine. She had a regular bed and a variety of toys including a ball and bat. Her wallpaper was a simple striped pattern.

"Your dress is really cute," Sarah said. "It looks like one I used to wear when I was little. Don't you love it?"

"No, I hate it."

"Maybe Mom will let you wear one of hers," Phyllis said.

"No, that's all right, Phyllis," I said. Too late, she was already out of the room.

Soon Holly Jones came back with her and said, "Hello, Bill. I hear you want to wear my clothes."

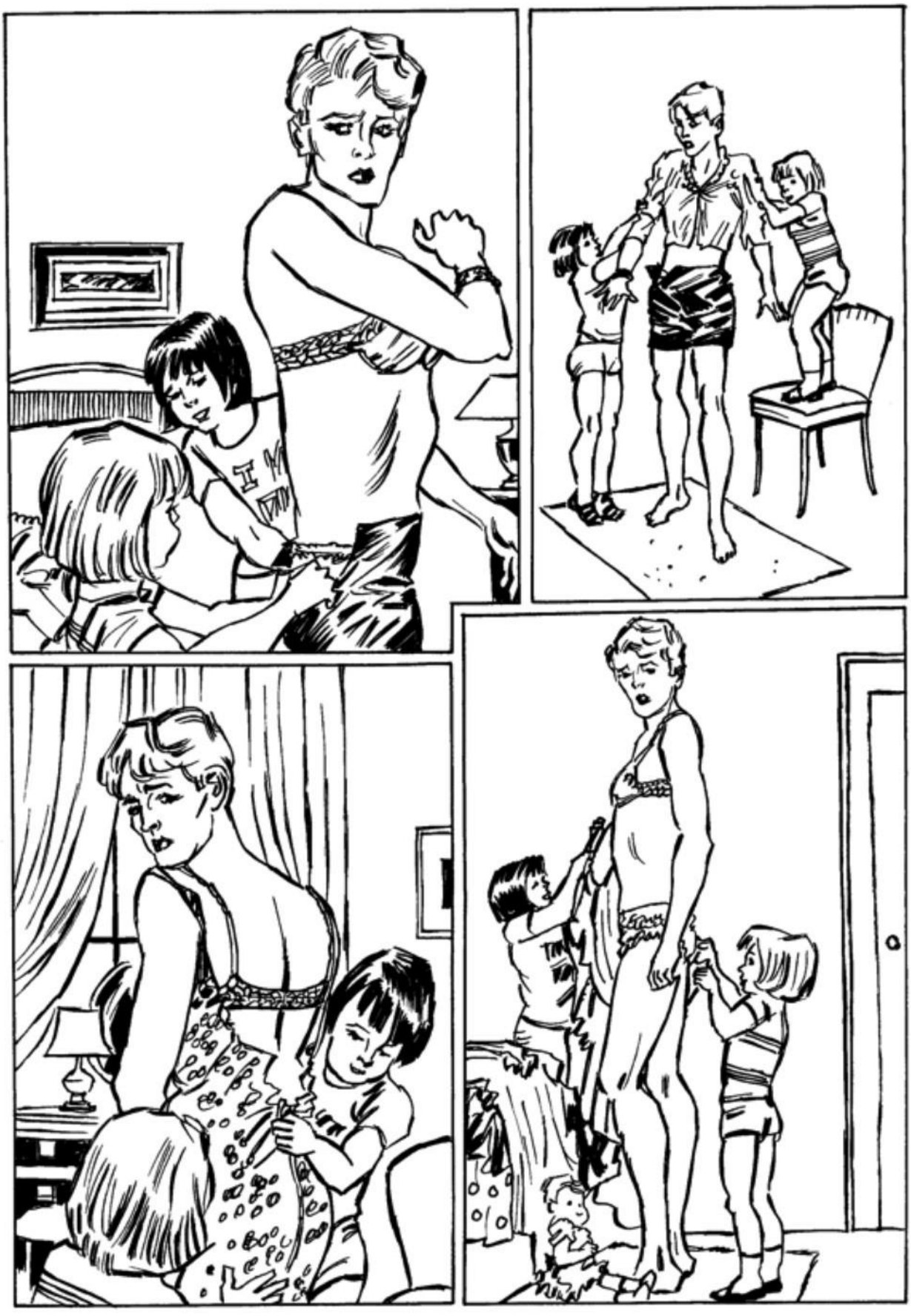
"No, I don't."

"Nonsense, all little girls like to play dress up. Follow me." We went to her room. She took a selection of clothes from her closet and got some makeup from her vanity. "You may play with this makeup and any of these things I've laid out for you. Have fun."

She left the room and the girls unzipped my dress. "Take off your petticoats, Bill," Sarah said.

When I took them off, Phyllis squealed, "I have a pair of panties just like those. I love them, don't you?"

I nodded. I didn't want her to change my panties too.



They tried several outfits. They couldn't close the zippers on her skirts. My waist was too big. Her blouses were tight and the sleeves too short. They tried several short-sleeved dresses that didn't fit.

Finally they tried a flower print gown with an elastic waist. It had a short skirt and a low cut neckline that just covered my bra. They found some sandals they could force on my feet. Then they had me sit at their mother's vanity and did my makeup. They painted my lips much too wide and vastly overdid the rouge and eye makeup.

"You look all grown up now Bill," Phyllis said.

Sarah took my hand and led me into her room where we played. They pretended I was their mother, but they were in charge. They enjoyed ordering me about and disciplining me when I failed to follow their instructions correctly.

I heard the garage door open.

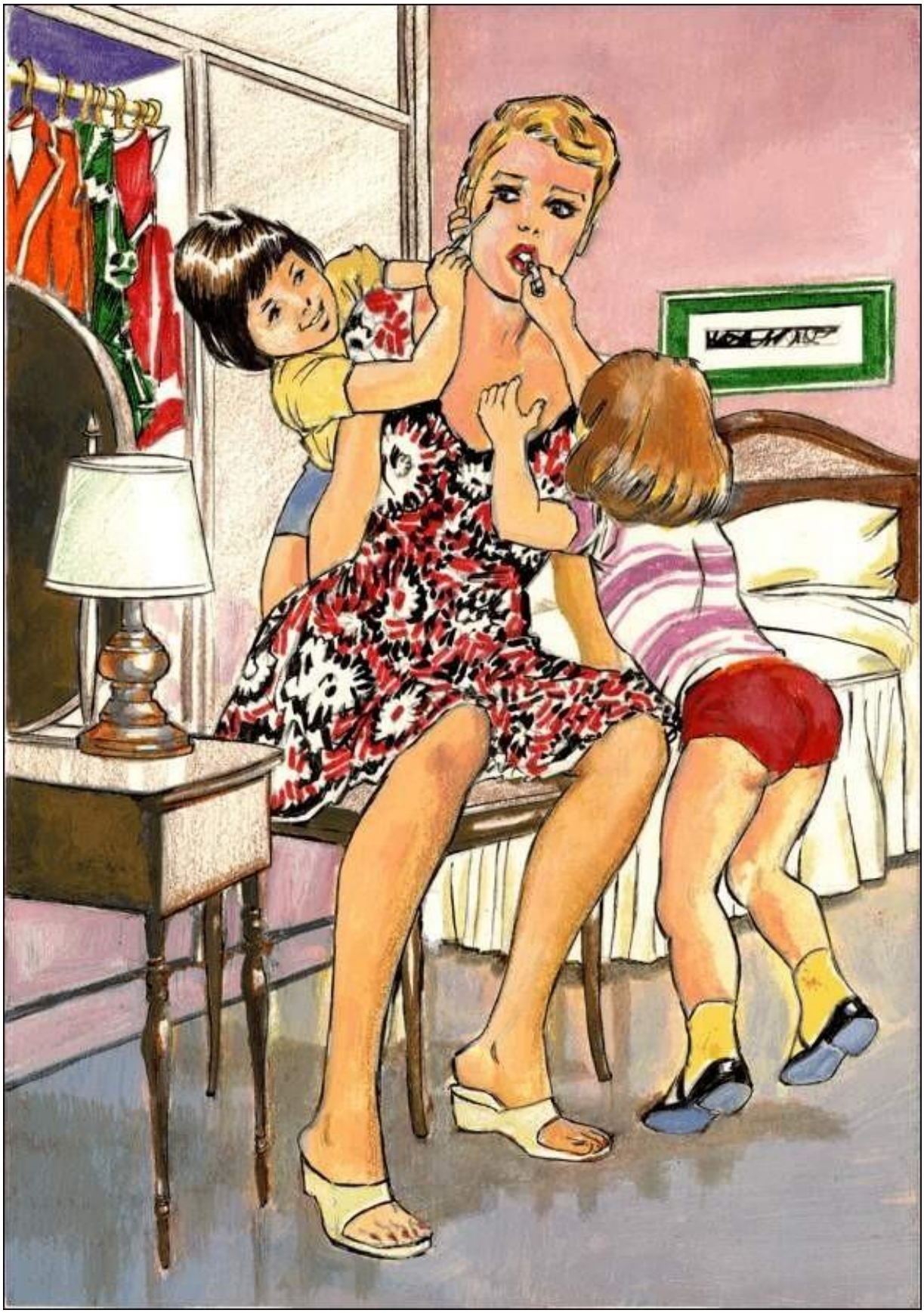
"Daddy's home," Phyllis said. The girls each grabbed one of my hands and pulled on me. "Hurry, Bill, let's go see Daddy," Phyllis said.

I hated the thought of Alec seeing me in his wife's dress. Downstairs, Holly was coming out of the kitchen. When she saw me, she covered her mouth to stifle her laughter.

"Come girls," she said.

We all went to the door. Alec's jaw dropped upon seeing me.

"Norma brought Bill over to play with the girls," Holly said. "They dressed him in my clothes and made up his face. Doesn't he look darling?"







"Hi, Bill. I heard you were wearing dresses," Alec said. "You always were quite the ladies man. Now I see you're really more of a lady. Do you remember calling the police when our puppy barked at night? We had to give him away. The girls were sick about it. I must get some pictures."

Alec got his camera and took some shots.

"Is Bill wearing your panties too, Holly?" Alec asked.

"No, darling, he's wearing his own."

"I have some just like them," Phyllis said. "Do you want to see?"

"Sure," Alec said.

She ran off and came back in a few minutes. She had removed her pants and was in her T-shirt and panties. Alec made me lift my dress. Our panties were identical. He took several more pictures of us showing our matching panties.

"Bill, change back into your own clothes for dinner," Holly said.

The girls took me back to their room and helped me into my dress. I looked at myself ruefully. I sure didn't want Alec to see me dressed as a little girl, but when Mrs. Jones called us to dinner, I had to go. Alec could not control his laughter. "I see why you're wearing panties like my daughter's," he said.

"I just wear what my sister tells me, Alec."

"Call me Mr. Jones. Little girls should show respect for adults. More people should get to see this. My office is having a Christmas party on the twenty-third. Ask Norma if you both can come."



After dinner Jim came to get me.

"Come back anytime," Holly said, and Sarah and Phyllis gave me hugs good-by. I looked out the door to see if anyone was coming. Our car was not in front.

"Where's our car?" I asked.

"We're walking," Jim said.

It wasn't dark. Many of my neighbors were out and all of them wanted to talk with me about my outfit and doll. It was a long walk down the block. When we arrived home, Norma prepared me for bed.

"Mr. Jones invited us to his office Christmas party. Isn't that silly?" Isaid.

"That was nice of him," she said. "If it fits with our other plans, I'll tell him we'll be delighted to go."

"But—"

"I want you to get out and meet people."

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

The rest of the week went by in a haze of constant misery. Each morning Norma helped me dress in little girls' clothes. I then applied makeup and perfume and she took me out to be humiliated.

Saturday arrived, and we went to my nail appointment where Jean repainted my toes and fingers bright red.

As we left Jean's, Norma spied a mall Santa. "Let's tell Santa what you want for Christmas, darling."

We lined up with the children and their mothers. Soon it was my turn. Norma led me to Santa. She was obviously in charge and I was just as obviously reluctant to get on his lap. He seemed to recognize what was happening and said with a wry smile, "Come sit on Santa's lap little girl."

"Cut it out buddy," I whispered.

"Have you been a good little girl?"

"Give me a break."

"What do you want for Christmas, honey?"

"That's enough."

"Dolls and dresses, you say," he raised his voice.

"Shit no!" I snarled quietly.

"And a satin nightie, too," he said loudly.

"You bastard."

"All right, cutie pie, I'll put lots of lace and bows on it. Hop off Santa's lap, and here's a candy cane just for you."

Norma and I were on our way again. At Debbie Do's, Ellen did electrolysis and once again I was in Debbie's chair

and she was applying makeup. "I'm so excited," she said. "Today's the day."

"What day?" I asked.

"This afternoon is the regional preliminary round of the Young Miss California contest. I've entered you in the competition."

"I can't be in a beauty contest."

"I've bought you the most adorable gown, and I've given you an extra special makeup job. You have a good chance of winning a prize. Step out of the chair and I'll help you change."

She unbuttoned my dress and carefully drew it over my head so as not to muss my makeup. I silently suffered as she pulled off my petticoats. I stood shivering in my bra and panties in full view of the other customers. She zipped open a bag, took out voluminous short petticoats and put them on me. Then came the most elaborate little girl's dress I've ever seen. It was full and short and covered with bows, lace and ruffles. She put it on me and tied a ribbon into my hair. She showed me off to all of her employees and customers before we left.

"What a perfectly darling little princess," one of them said.

The convention center was full of young women and their families. The Young Miss California pageant had dozens of categories for little girls under the age of five. They included most beautiful, most photogenic, most adorable baby and, my category, best dressed. The parents obviously wanted to show off their pretty little girls. This was a serious business as they had to pay a substantial entrance fee, and Debbie told me that my dress had cost over six hundred dollars. It was odd to see all of these little



girls in rouge and lipstick, particularly since some of them were still in diapers.

I felt silly prancing across the stage, and I was astonished when the judge announced I was a winner of the best-dressed category. The mothers of the little girls I beat did not seem at all amused as I walked up to the stage to get my trophy.

The other winners' mothers stood with them and Debbie with me. We all said "cheese" and the camera flashed.

I saw my ex-girlfriend Julie Ryan, the newspaper reporter. She was there with a photographer and he was taking my picture also.

"Beautiful," she said, "This will make a great story."

I ran to Norma. "Don't let her do it," I said.

"I asked her to come," she said. "I want to share your triumph with the whole town."

"I can't understand how I won," I said.

"I knew you could do it," Debbie said. "I'm certain that the judge being my lover had no influence on the result."

"You fixed the contest," I said.

"Fixed is such a harsh word," Debbie smiled.

Sunday, I was having breakfast, feeling very uncomfortable in my lingerie and a frilly nightgown. Norma was reading the paper. Suddenly she exclaimed, "Look Bill! It's you." There was a large color photo of me at the beauty contest. The caption was "MAN CHOSEN AS BEST DRESSED GIRL." The story said, "Local man, Bill Newton -- " Oh my God! They had published my name.


Best Dressed
Adorable Baby
Most Photogenic

The story went on to say that I'd competed in the Young Miss California contest even though I was a twenty six year old man. An official said, "We had no idea a man would want to dress as a little girl. There was no legal basis to deny his entry. We'll change the rules so this won't happen again." When asked about my wining, he said, "No comment."

Debbie was quoted as saying, "I helped Bill get ready for the contest at my salon. He's a perfectly darling sissy, and if he wants to wear little girl's clothes, it isn't anyone's business but his."

The article implied that I wanted to dress like a little girl and that I chose to enter the contest myself. I could just imagine Brad laughing when he read it. I would be a figure of fun and contempt in this town forever. I didn't see how I could remain here after my probation was over. Anyone might recognize me as the man who dressed up as a little girl.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

Wednesday December twenty-third, after my aerobics class, Norma took me home and changed me into a lace trimmed velvet dress with a crinoline underskirt and white tights with black cross strap shoes. She pinned a small floral hat in my hair and had me touch up my makeup and apply perfume. After I dressed my doll in a matching outfit, Jim drove us downtown and let us out in front of a high-rise office building. The sidewalk was crowded and I kept my eyes glued to the ground as my sister, holding my hand, led me into the building.

We walked through the crowded lobby, entered an elevator, went to the top floor and we were in the middle of a party.

A woman asked, "Is that Bill? Alec said he might come."

"This is my big brother, Bill Newton," Norma said.

"Is he wearing everything?" another woman asked.

"See for yourself," Norma said and I had to endure this sweet young thing handling my dress and lingerie. I should be handling hers. Damn it!

"Yes, he is," she said. "He's wearing panties, petticoats and even a bra. Surely he doesn't need a bra."

"I enjoy knowing he's wearing one," Norma said. "His doll's wearing a bra too."

"Really, let me see."

The girl took my doll and examined it carefully.

"Can we take his dress off so we can see his lingerie better," a girl asked.





"Go right ahead," Norma said.

"Norma!" I cried as the women gathered around me.

"Let them look, Bill," Norma said.

I sighed as the women unzipped my dress. I cringed as they took it off exposing my petticoats and training bra.

"How precious," one of them said, and they all giggled.

The girls were bad enough, but some of the guys began to take an interest as well.

"Norma, can we go home now?" I asked.

"Don't be silly," she said. "We just got here."

"Did you see that he was wearing the same dress as his doll?" a woman asked.

"It looks like he's wearing the same undies too," another woman said.

"Let's see," another said.

They lifted my petticoats to compare my panties to my doll's.

"They're the same," one said.

"What darling undies. That training bra is so sweet," another said. They all had to get a good look.

It was then that Alec found us.

"I'm glad you could come," he said. "I told everyone about Bill, but you really have to see him."

"Ask the ladies to help you back into your dress, dear," Norma said





.

"Can I get you girls a drink?" Alec asked while the ladies dressed me.

"I'll have white wine," Norma said. "Bill will have anything nonalcoholic."

"I'll be right back," Alec said.

Alec introduced me to his coworkers and their spouses. I was the hit of the party and my sister had to tell my story again and again. The women were excited. The men were amused, but appeared to be a bit uncomfortable with the extreme delight the ladies were showing. We stayed at the party until seven when Norma said that it was almost my bedtime. This announcement brought a round of amused discussion. We got home just in time for me to change into my nightgown and go to bed by eight.

Christmas morning, Norma brought me downstairs in my nightgown. The Christmas tree was surrounded with boxes. She and Betty watched and took pictures as I opened each one. The presents were all suitable for a little girl. There were dolls, dresses, lingerie, and girlish toys.

After I opened the last one, a 'little miss homemaker' oven set, we went into the kitchen where Jeff had been preparing breakfast. Soon after we ate, Sarah and Phyllis arrived. They brought some of their new toys and they made me show them all of mine. Finally they had to go home and Betty had Jeff hang up my new dresses and put away my new lingerie. His expression seemed to say you'll be wearing these soon.

The day after Christmas, Norma came to help me dress. She selected a pair of white silk panties with my name embroidered in pink lace over the right leg hole.

"Come on, Norma, I feel like such a sissy wearing girl's clothes, and I'm not a sissy.


Bill
Bill
Bill

"Don't you love your dresses?"

"I hate them!"

"Sarah would be disappointed. She did so much work designing and making them."

"I don't care. They're awful."

"We'll visit her today and you may tell her."

Sure enough, she covered me with the normal frills and lace and Jim drove us to Sarah's studio.

"Bill hates to wear the dresses you made for him," Norma said.

"Really? He looks wonderful in them," Sarah said. "I think you should keep him like this and never let him grow up."

"That's stupid!" I said.

"Since he hates dresses so much," Norma said, "He should try the boy's outfit you made for him."

"I only made the one outfit. If he likes it I'll have to make more."

"I have some shopping to do," Norma said. "I'll meet you here at three. Bill can decide which outfit to wear home."

She left and Sarah helped me out of my dress, shoes, socks and petticoats.

"Having your name on your panties is cute," she said, "but for this outfit you need different undies. Here change into these."

They had long wide lacy legs with a pink ribbon threaded through.

"They're panties."

"I'll turn around while you change."

There seemed no getting out of panties regardless. I changed into them and said, "Ready."

"How sweet," she said. "Put on this blouse next."

She had a lacy blouse with full puffed sleeves and a big floppy boy at the neck.

"That's a girl's blouse."

"It's a boy's, it buttons left over right."

She helped me into it, fitted a garter belt around my waist and rolled stockings up my legs.

"These are for girls."

"Some sissy boys wear them too."

"I'm no damn sissy!"

She smiled and brought me a pair of pink velvet shorts. They had shoulder straps and were covered with ribbon bows.

"See this has a front zipper - for boys." "It's terrible."

"Sit down and I'll help you into it."

She put my legs into the shorts, and then had me stand so she could pull them up and adjust the shoulders. She pulled the legs of my panties down so their lace showed several inches below the shorts. Then she brought me a blond wig with huge curls.

She put the wig on me and tied two large pink bows into it. A tiny purse, lacy white gloves and pink high heel shoes with huge silver buckles followed.

"Let's go for a walk."

"What - and let people see me in these ridiculous clothes?"

"Perhaps then you'll appreciate your dresses more."



"I love my dresses, can't I change back into one now."

She took my hand and led me out into the street. People stared at me in amazement. "Look at that sissy," was their most frequent comment.

We walked around for at least an hour before Sarah allowed me to return to her studio.

Norma was waiting.

"How do you like boy's clothes?" she asked.

"They're awful! I wanted real men's clothes."

"Do you want to spend the rest of the day in your new clothes or in your dress?"

"Give me the dress," I said.

"You said you hated it."

"This is worse."

"Let me know exactly what you want," Norma said.

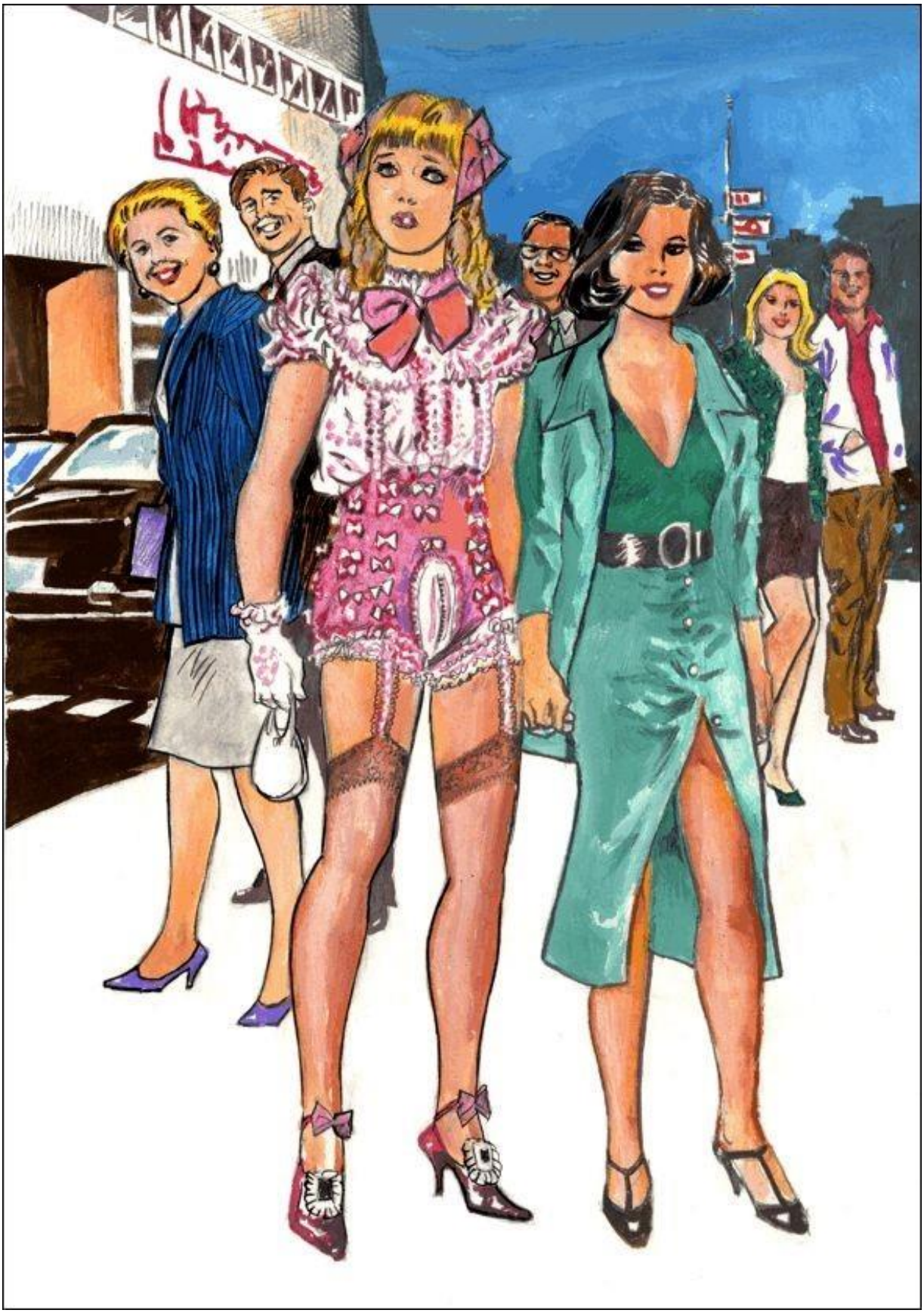
"I want to take these things off and put my dress and petticoats back on."

"Will you just start complaining again?"

"I really want my dress back."

"All right. Sarah help Bill out of his boy's things."

I changed back into my dress and Sarah boxed up the sissy suit. Norma took it with her saying, "Whenever you want to be a boy again, I'll have this outfit available."



CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

"Congratulations, Bill, today's your fifth birthday," Norma said, it was January second.

Betty, Norma and I went to David's for an early dinner to celebrate. I was wearing a long pink party dress for the occasion. The Maître de recognized me from my many trips there with my lady friends. He was obviously amused, but his good manners did not allow him to say anything.

As he led us to our table, I could see the looks and hear the hum of conversation that greeted us. Norma spotted a friend and paused to talk. For me, that meant standing meekly at her side, listening to the comments.

"Is that your brother?"

"What a lovely dress he's wearing."

"Are those petticoats?"

"Look at his lips and nails."

"What's he dressed like that for?"

"I never saw such a sissy."

I didn't say a word as Norma acknowledged that I was her brother and I was wearing a complete little girl's outfit just as I did every single day.

Her friend was delighted and couldn't stop talking about me.

Once we were seated, my misery was not over. Our waitress was a girl I had tried unsuccessfully to date. "My God, Bill! Look at you," she said. "I read about you, just a second." She rushed off and returned with a copy of the newspaper with my picture in it. "I saved this," she said.


BEST DRESSED
BILL NEWTON

"It's a wonderful story and the pictures are so cute. Will you sign it for me?"

As I signed, Norma told her that we were celebrating my fifth birthday. After lunch, the waitress brought me a cake with five candles and Norma made me stand while they all sang happy birthday.

Monday, I had another appointment with my barber. His wife was there to see me. She was a large and jolly woman who started giggling when I came in and couldn't stop. Several of Stan's other customers were there as well. Stan must have invited them to see me. He had one of the photos of me from my last visit framed and sitting on his counter and he took several more.

Saturday, Norma prepared me for my trip to Jean's. We paused in the hall by the front door. "It's turning cold," she said. She went to the closet and brought out a very short coat, pale pink with large buttons. She helped me into it, my bare arms sliding into the satin lined sleeves. The hall mirror showed that the coat reached barely to my thighs and the frills of my petticoats were still clearly visible.

She fetched a dainty hat with wide pink ribbons. I stiffened as she placed it on my head and tied the ribbons under my chin.

When we arrived at Jean's for my nail appointment, she gushed over my coat and hat. She too had a photo of me. It was huge blow up of one of the pictures of us together at my coming home party.

"Didn't we look cute?" she asked.

"You looked very nice," was all I dared say.

"Not at all like a bimbo?" she asked with a smile.





Debbie also had a picture in her salon. It showed us standing together with me in my beauty contest dress holding my trophy.

Between these pictures and the ones that had been in the newspaper, almost everyone in town had seen me dressed as a little girl. Once I got out of dresses, I'd still have to face pictures of myself in them for years.

Back home that afternoon, Phyllis Jones and I were playing with my dolls when I heard Jeff say, "This gaff's uncomfortable, and I don't need it."

"Tonight you may go without it," Betty said.

That evening she had him change into a long form fitting dress and took him out.

The next morning Jeff appeared very subdued.

"What happened?" I asked.

"That bitch took me to Franco's. She rubbed herself up against me and stroked me until I swelled and my dress tented out.

I tried to cover it but she wouldn't let me. She kept stroking me whenever I started to shrink. My balls ached all night. I'll never complain about the gaff again."

Each week followed a similar pattern. Monday, Wednesday and Friday I did aerobics, Tuesday and Thursday ballet. Saturday was devoted to nails, electrolysis and Debbie's makeup. Sunday was for trips to the park and the swimming pool. Four or five days a week I went to 'Little Darlings'. Whenever I had any free time, I played with little girls. I learned jacks, hopscotch and jump rope. I carried my doll with me everywhere.





Jeff wore his maid's uniform constantly. He dusted, cooked, set the table, and did light cleaning. His most time consuming duty was cleaning and pressing my dresses and lingerie. Sometimes Betty had me change clothes three or four times a day. Jeff was always wandering around the house with armloads of my things. Whenever no one was listening, he would tell me what he thought of my little girl dresses.

I was able to retaliate, however. Each Saturday night, Jeff went out with the girls. He was so uncomfortable in evening dresses that all I had to do was smile at him and he would blush extravagantly.

When the girls went out, they left me with Kathy Sue, my teenage sitter. The best times I had with her were the evenings she ignored me and watched TV. The worst were when she had girl friends over and made me give them a fashion show. They'd take me up to my room and sit on my bed while I modeled dress after dress for them.

Sunday mornings at breakfast in my nightgown were only bearable because when Jeff teased me I could ask him where he had gone the prior night.

January twenty-third, Norma took me back to David's to celebrate my sixth birthday.

"Monday you will be starting elementary school," she said.

"What school would accept me?"

"We found a woman, Amy West, who's home schooling her children. She has a son Brian, thirteen, and three daughters, Cathy, eleven, Diane, nine, and Yvonne who's six like you. She wants to teach other children, but she'd be subject to all the state laws governing private schools. Since

your academic progress doesn't need to be reported to the state, she can take you with no problem."

"Norma, enough is enough. I'll never hurt another woman. Please, I can't stand wearing these things another day."

"But you must," Norma said. "You still have so much to learn."

That night after Norma put me in my nightie and tucked me into bed, I thought about my options. Whatever the consequences, I must get away. If I could just remove this damn bracelet. I twisted at it futilely. I'd have to get some tools. As I lay in bed waiting to get sleepy, I heard sounds of a party downstairs. I wondered what was going on. I hoped they wouldn't come upstairs to look at me.

In the morning, Norma woke me and had me shave my body and face.

"What do we have that would be suitable for a six-year-old's first day at school?" she asked herself as she looked through my closet. She selected a short-sleeved dress with a pleated skirt and a wide white collar with a lacy flower where it joined at my neck. She put a stretchy matching ribbon around my head.

"Did you have a party here last night?" I asked.

"Jeff will tell you about it later. Put on your makeup. You'll barely have time to eat before I take you to school."

We had a quick breakfast and Norma took me to Mrs. West's house for my first day of elementary school. Her son Brian looked at me with disdain. He obviously had no respect for any boy who would allow himself to be bossed by a girl. Mrs. West's daughters appeared to be fascinated with me.



I was to go to school five days a week, but it would be finished in time for aerobics and dance in the late afternoon. Norma left and Mrs. West took us all into her classroom.

"Sit there next to Yvonne," she said. "Since you're both six, I'll have you in the same reader."

"Mrs. West, I can already read just fine," I said.

"Raise your hand if you wish to speak," she said. "Your sister wants you to start your education at the beginning. I'll select readings for you that are appropriate for a young girl. I'll also teach you penmanship."

I raised my hand.

"Yes, I know you can write. However, I'll teach you to use more feminine penmanship. No more questions, it's time to begin."

She assigned Yvonne and me a story about a kindergarten girl and her kitty and doggie. I finished it in a minute and raised my hand.

"What is it now?" Mrs. West asked.

"I'm done."

"I have four other children to teach. Work on the assignment I've given you. Be prepared to recite the story from memory. If you make any mistakes, I'll spank your knuckles with my ruler."

In about an hour she called on me to recite. I made no mistakes. The rest of the morning she had me learning to sign my name. I had to do it with feminine loops and curlicues, and even had to dot the 'i' with a little heart.

For lunch we had milk, carrot sticks, and peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. Then Mrs. West put Yvonne and me down for naps while the older children continued their studies.

Norma picked me up at two thirty and took me to aerobics. We returned home at about half past four. Jeff was dusting and looking very downcast.

"Jeff," Norma said, "Bill asked about the party we had last night. Tell him everything that happened."

"Betty knows I hate to go out dressed like this," Jeff said. "Early yesterday evening, she gave me an envelope to deliver to an apartment a couple of miles from here . . ."

"It was getting dark, but I still drove my scooter on the side roads to avoid being seen. I was very apprehensive when I stood in front of the apartment and rang the bell. Who could it be? A young woman opened the door and smiled at me. I have a letter for you, I said."

"She opened the envelope and said, 'this is for my roommate, come in and I'll get her for you'. I followed her in. 'Olie,' she called, 'there's a messenger here for you'. Into the room came Olivia. Why had Betty sent me here? Olivia hated me. 'You have a message for me?' she asked. I gave her the note and she read it aloud:

"I can't believe what Jeff did to you. He's yours for the night, just return him alive in the morning."

"She said 'It was nice of Betty to send you to me, wasn't it? I've a few friends here who want to see you too'."

"Other gang girls started coming into the room. I tried to run to the door but they grabbed me. One unzipped my dress and many hands pulled it and my petticoats down, striping me to my bra, panties, hose and heels."

"Olivia said, 'I was your girl when you brought me to the Road Devils. Then one night, you gave me to your buddies. Dozens of them took me and ever since I've had to spread my legs or open my mouth for every club member.





I have something special in mind to return the favor'. She reached into a bag and pulled out a harness that she put around her hips. Then she brought out a dildo and attached it to the harness. I started struggling desperately."

"There were too many of them. They pulled down my panties and spread me across a table."

"Olivia said, 'I'm really going to enjoy this', and pushed the dildo against my rectum. I yelled 'No, don't!' as the pressure increased. Olivia said, 'It won't go in'."

"One of the girls went to the kitchen and came back with some Crisco. Olivia spread the shortening over me and the dildo and resumed her assault."

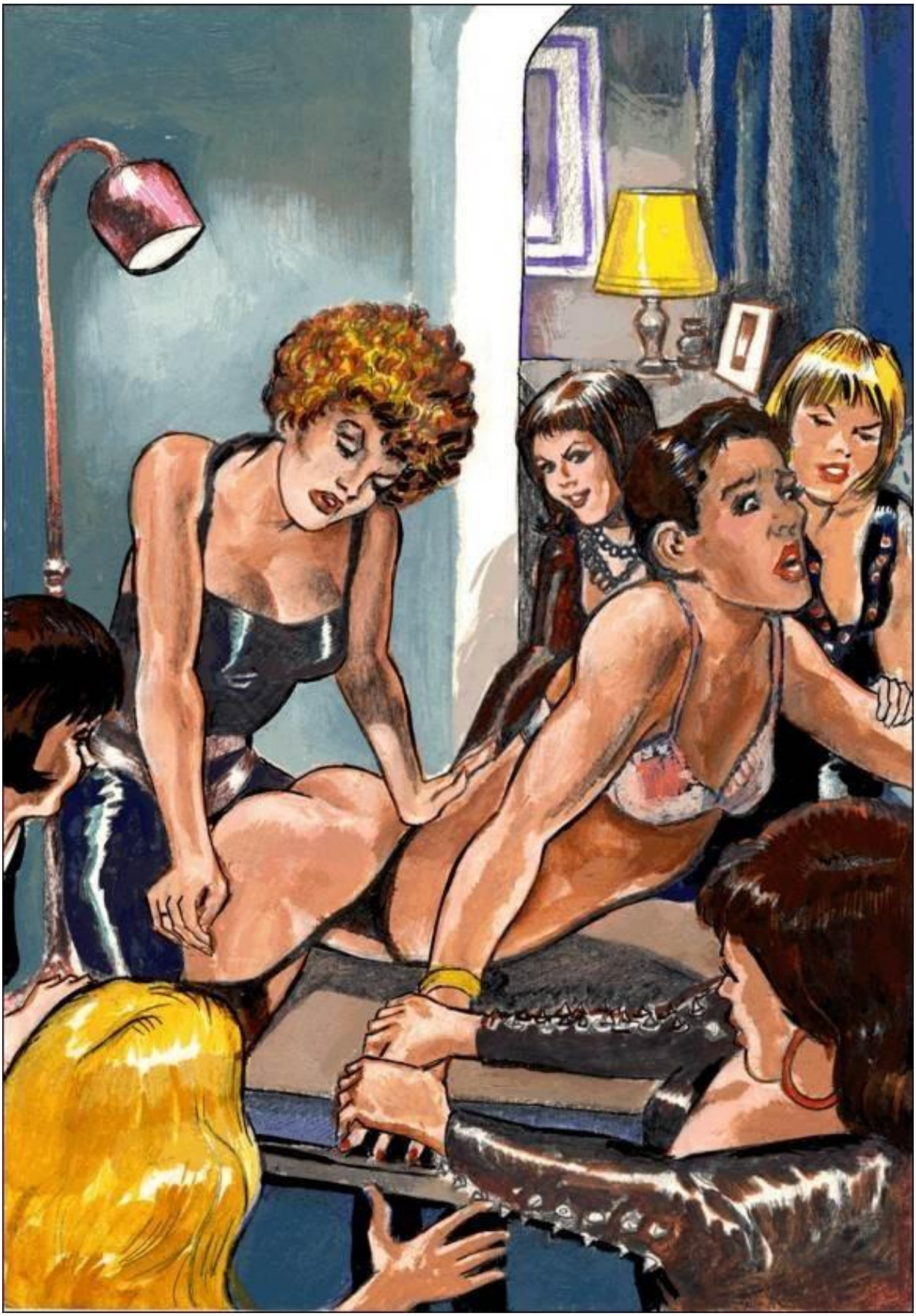
"I tried to tense up to keep it out of me, but the greased dildo slid in. Olivia laughed and said, 'How's it feel you pretty little faggot? I'm sure you're loving this you sweet pussy-girl'."

"As she forced the dildo deeper, I moaned with the pain. It felt as large as a baseball bat, though I had seen it and it couldn't have been more than about two inches wide and eight or nine inches long. I did my damnedest to remain quiet. I pressed my lips together hard, but they were slippery with lipstick and that only served to remind me of my humiliating state. I lost control and cried out, 'Oh God No'! That was what Olivia wanted. She pushed harder until the entire length of the dildo was inside me. Then she started pumping and thrusting."

"I begged her to stop. I told her she was hurting me. She laughed and pumped harder and faster. When she finally removed the dildo, I was crying uncontrollably. 'Who's next'? One of the girls asked."

"'No! No more', I begged."





"Olivia said, 'the night you gave me to the guys, they all raped me. The same thing happened to all of the girls here. All of them should have a turn with you now. You don't deserve it, but I'm going to give you a chance. You can leave here now and try to make it home on foot. If we catch you, we'll all rape you wherever we find you'. The girls let me get up. I was sore and scared. 'Come on Olie, let's have the sissy now', a girl said." But Olivia said, 'I told him he'd have a chance'."

"I pulled up my gaff and positioned myself in it while the girls watched and grinned."

"Olivia said, 'I'm keeping your frilly maid's panties as a trophy. The guys will love seeing them hanging from my bike. Take this pair of mine. You have ten minutes before we come after you'."

"I said, 'I can't go out like this', and Olivia replied that now I had nine minutes and fifty seconds. I ran out of the apartment, pulling on Olivia's panties as I went.

"The night was dark and my heart was racing. I had to make it three miles in lingerie without being caught by the girls. Even though our house was due West, I started by going three blocks North and then turned West into an alley. My heart was pounding, my feet hurt in the high heels and my bottom ached. I ran about five blocks before I heard motorcycles. I hid behind a trashcan as the girls drove by.



"After they passed, I continued making my way here. The girls weren't my only problem. This was a bad part of town and I could see small groups of teenagers hanging around under the few streetlights that hadn't been broken. 'Where you going, honey', one guy called out to me."

"I increased my pace and he said, 'Come here'. I began to run and he yelled, 'Stop bitch'!"

"I didn't look back. Right now he thought I was a broad running in her underwear. If he knew I was a guy, who knows what he'd do. I ran down an alley past a family barbecuing in their back yard. A guy yelled, 'what do you think you're doing; we have children here'."

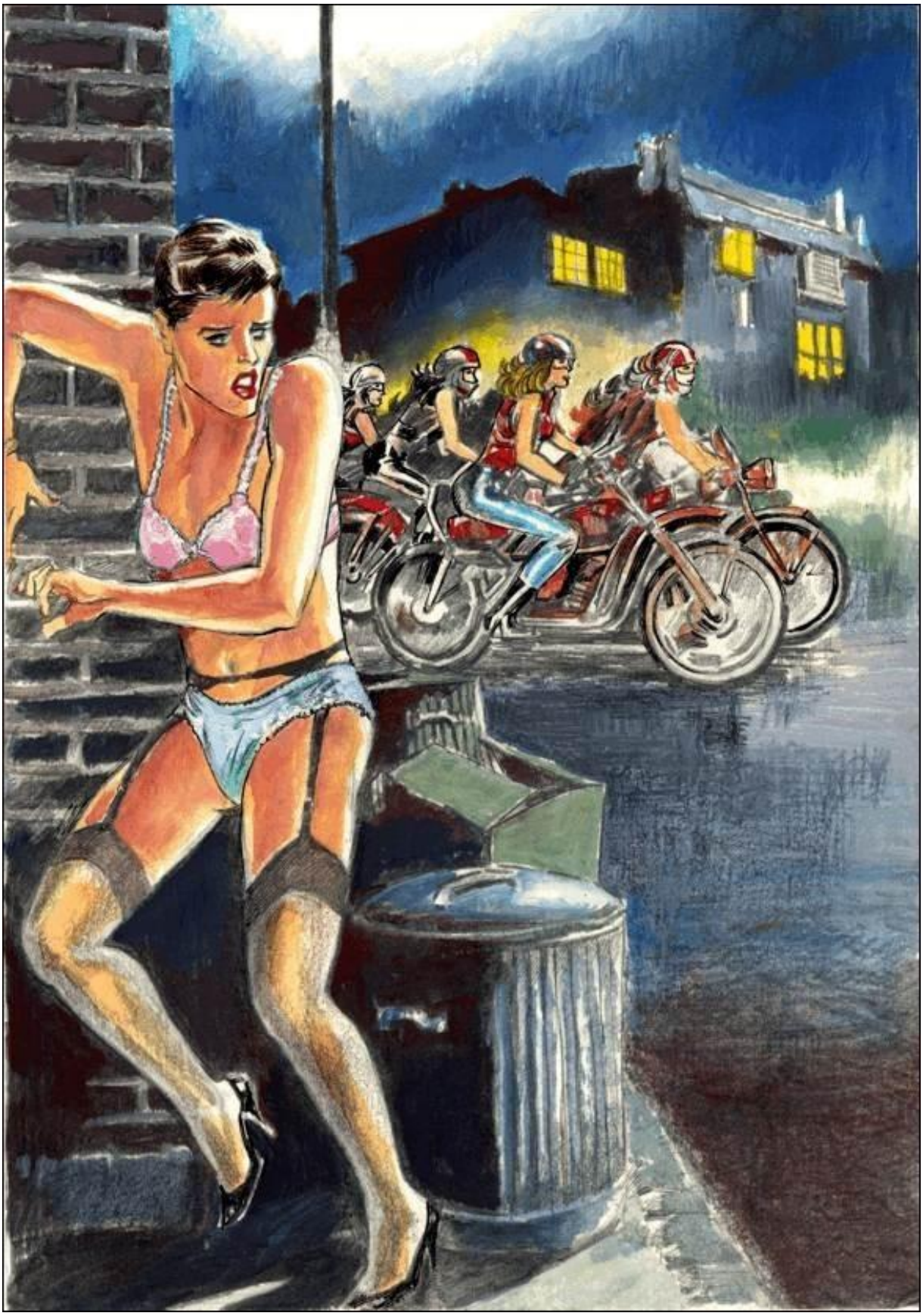
"I heard the bikes a few other times. Twice more they were close enough that I had to hide. I ran by a number of amused pedestrians who got a good look at me in my underwear. When I made it home, I went in the back door and tried to sneak upstairs but Olivia and the girls were waiting for me. 'Leave me alone'! I cried."

"Olivia said, 'don't worry. You made it this time, Jeff, but if we ever catch you alone, we'll finish what we started'."

"That sounds awful, Jeff," I said.

"Yes it was," Jeff said.

"Yeah, missing the chance to have all of those girls do you," I said, "Maybe they'll catch you out on your scooter someday."



CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

In March I turned seven, and in early April, eight. As I grew older, Norma started letting me walk the mile to school. When the weather was bad, I carried a pink umbrella. I also wore a bright pink rain slicker, matching hat and bright pink vinyl boots. I suppose that people might have thought that I was a real girl; except that my outfit was much too immature for a girl my size and most people had heard about me.

Miss Dupree announced that our ballet class would have a recital. We practiced for several weeks, and, on the day of the show, Jeff and I were taken for a special appointment at Debbie's.

"Your makeup must be bolder than usual," she said. "I want the people to be able to see it from everywhere in the hall." She really piled it on, applying extra mascara, rouge and lipstick. "You 'girls' will be perfect," she finally said.

I looked at Jeff and him at me. I knew he wanted to run as much as I did. The idea of performing for an audience in a dress with a bunch of little girls was horrible.

At the studio, Miss Dupree said, "The other little girls will be dressing in matching outfits. However, I don't have any large enough for you. I do have these two dresses I used for an adult novelty act a few years ago." They were satinette with puff sleeves and ruffled lace and ribbon trim. "Jeff you put on the peach one. Bill you may wear the burgundy."



I took off my clothes, being careful not to mess my makeup, and I put on the costume. It had wide net underskirts that kept the skirts full. When we both were dressed, Miss Dupree made some adjustments and said, "They'll do. Run and join the girls. We start in fifteen minutes.

We stood behind the curtain with the little girls listening to the sounds of the hall filling with people. Soon we were on stage.

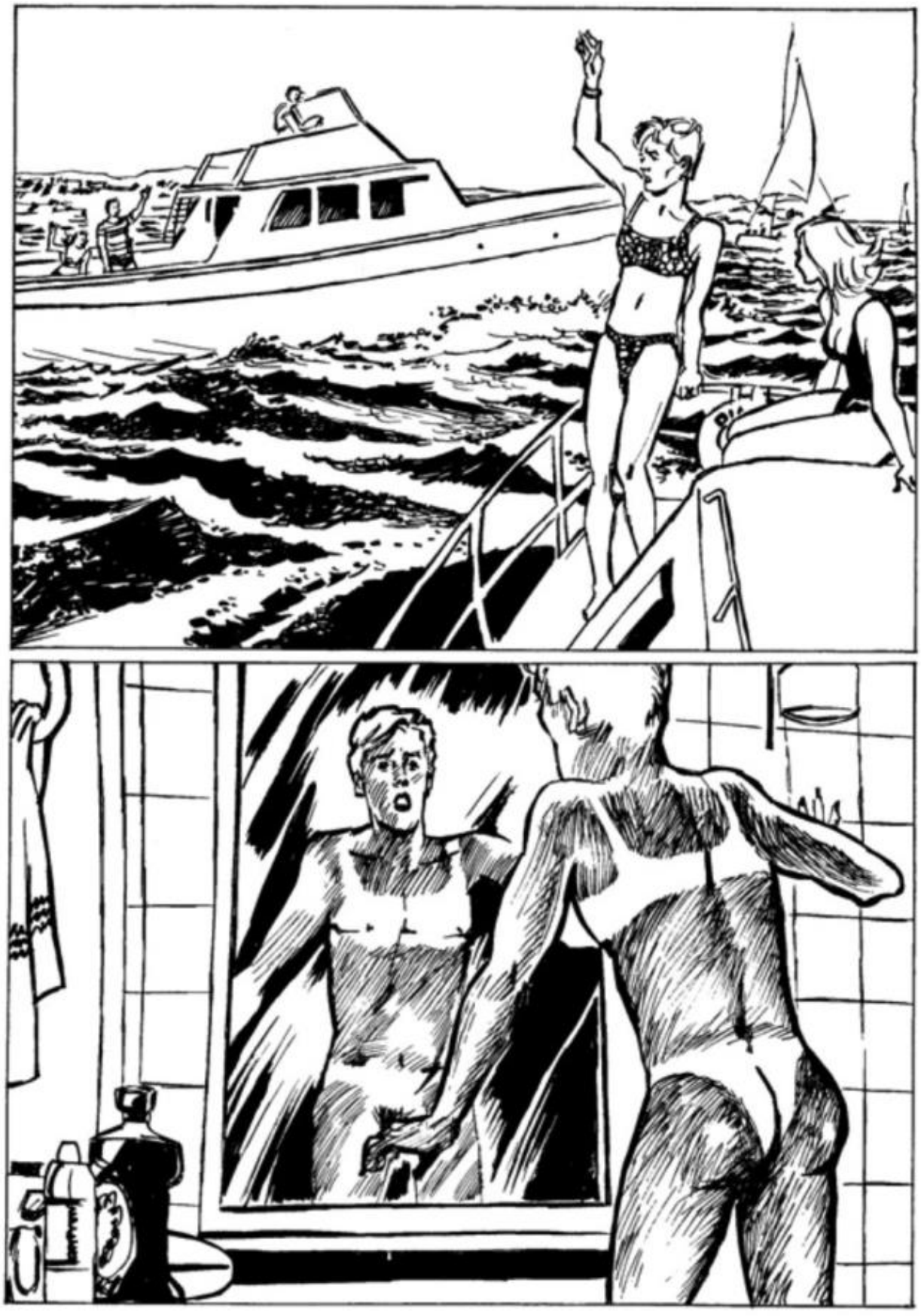
All my 'friends' were there. Norma had a video recorder and Julie brought a newspaper photographer. I danced around the stage with Jeff and our little classmates. We received a standing ovation and Jeff and I had to go back for several curtain calls and curtsy our thanks to the audience.

After my ninth birthday on March twenty-seventh, Norma let me ride a bike to school. It was a pink colored girl's bike of course. My long bare legs and billowing short skirts earned me a lot of looks.

One Sunday, some friends invited Norma and me out on their boat. I wore a bikini whose bottom barely covered my gaff. Norma made me stand on the bow and wave to every boat we passed. I was quite a spectacle. That evening, to my distress, I found that I had tan lines following the outline of the bikini top and bottom.







"Sarah Jones is having a birthday party today and has invited all the girls in the neighborhood," Norma said to me one Sunday.

"Does that mean I won't be going to park and swimming because all the girls will be busy?"

"You were invited to the party," she said. "Aren't you excited?"

"I don't want to go to a child's birthday party."

"It will be fun. You can wear a new dress and play party games with the other little girls."

Norma dressed me for the occasion in a short velvet dress with a little heart embroidered on the chest. As we walked to the Jones', Norma chatted brightly about how excited she was to be able to show me off to all of the other little girls' parents.

I told her I wasn't excited about that, and she said, "don't worry, dear, I'm certain you'll have a lovely time with the girls.

Mrs. Jones greeted us with a beaming smile. I glanced about nervously; there were a number of adults including many men.

"I adore Bill's outfit," Mrs. Jones said.

"He's beginning to look quite natural in his dresses," Norma said.

"Please don't say that," I said.

"More men should be subjected to a girl's life," Mrs. Jones said. "It would make them appreciative of the things we women go through, don't you agree?"

"Oh definitely," Norma said. "Bill, go find Sarah and wish her a happy birthday."



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Sarah was delighted to see me and dragged me into a series of party games.

We had hot dogs and hamburgers from the grill, someone had brought salads and of course we had Sarah's birthday cake.

After the party, we played in the yard and Norma had me turn cartwheels for the amusement of the guests.

When it was time to go, Mrs. Jones said, "Darling, how perfectly delightful you could be with us this afternoon. You'd be thrilled if you knew all the things my guests said about you."

I turned ten on Easter Sunday. Norma dressed me in a special Easter outfit and took me to the parade. I was attracting so many stares. I pulled my brief skirt down as far as it would go. Still I knew that I was showing too much of my petticoats and panties.

After the parade, we went to the beach. This was my first trip there as a girl. Norma gave me my bikini and, in the presence of dozens of people, I reached up under my Easter dress and pulled down my panties and put on the bikini bottom. Taking my bra off was my next trial. I asked Norma to help. She unzipped my dress and I unhooked my bra.

I slid the shoulder straps down my arms, scrunched it up and took it from under my dress trying to keep it hidden. However, the people watching could tell very well what I was doing. I wrapped the bikini top around my chest, attached it in front of me and spun it around until its cups covered my breasts. Then I removed my dress and petticoats and put my arms through the straps of the top. I donned the swimming cap with its ruffles and flowers, and I was a bathing beauty. With the cap, the bikini top, and the gaff created smooth front, I looked just like all of the other



little girls on the beach, if you ignored the fact that I was twice their size.

"Come along, Bill," Norma said. "The other girls are wading in the surf, you simply must join them." We walked together across the sand past dozens of smiling bathers.

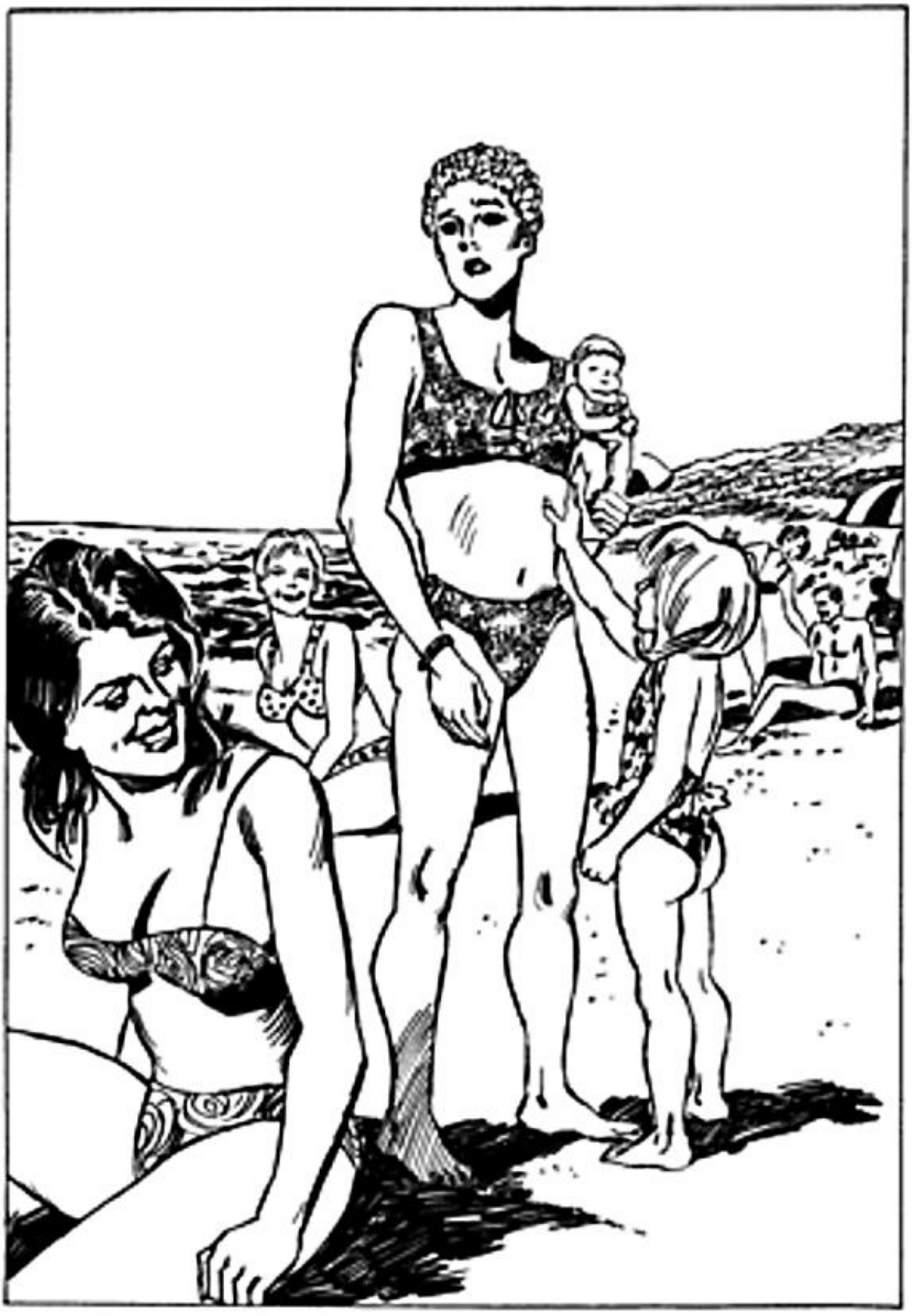
When we reached the shore, Norma had me stop and check out my swimsuit. She pulled up my bikini bottom and made adjustments behind my back to my shoulder straps and the snaps of my top. Once she was satisfied, she sent me into the ocean with the girls. I splashed around for a while, then a wave broke over me and I felt my top coming off! It was gone and washed away before I could catch it. I was sure that Norma had loosened it when she made her adjustments earlier.

Norma berated me loudly for my carelessness, much to the amusement of the others on the beach. She gave me my training bra and insisted that I put it on for 'modesty' and she had me wade for another half hour in that embarrassing outfit. The lacy satin triangles of my training bra were scandalous enough but somehow they seemed even worse once the water rendered them nearly transparent.

The Monday after Easter, when Norma woke me, she said, "From now on you'll select your own clothes. Come down to breakfast properly dressed and made up."

I bathed, shaved and returned to my room. I choose lingerie and a dress that were slightly too juvenile for my current age of ten, figuring they would please her. I applied makeup carefully and went downstairs.

"That's darling," Norma said.







Jeff and I graduated to intermediate ballet. The girls were learning to dance on pointe. Jeff and I went on half toe, but going on pointe was impossible for us as it was for most males. The girls were helpful but condescending.

One Sunday, I was in the kitchen in my negligee and Jeff was serving me breakfast. The girls were sleeping late.

I could see Jeff's hand trembling as he toyed with his skirt. "There's nothing we can do about it, is there?"

"I don't think so," I said.

"I wish I was dead. I can't stand to look like this."

"I don't blame you, but what can you do?"

"I could escape."

"In those clothes?"

"Well -- maybe I could find some others."

"What about the bracelet?" I asked.

Betty came down, interrupting our conversation, and sent Jeff to the store.

I dressed and was waiting for the girls to arrive so we could go swimming when Betty received a phone call.

"That was Fred Dalton at the grocery store," Betty said. "Jeff hasn't shown up."

"He should be there," Norma said. "I'll page Greg."

So Jeff had made a run for it. I had mixed feelings. I wanted to escape myself, so I hoped he was successful. However, I certainly didn't want to be the only man running around town in a dress.



Greg was there in minutes.

"This monitor will locate Jeff, "Betty said. "Get him."

The girls arrived to go swimming, but Norma said, "Bill can't go with you today, girls. Jeff's lost, and we want Bill here until we find him."

Greg brought Jeff back in about an hour. "I found him at a hardware store, wearing pants and trying to get his bracelet cut off.

"Did you try to run?" Betty asked.

"I didn't mean to," he said. "I drove to the grocery store, but I saw Olivia and the girls in the parking lot so I hid in the Laundromat. I thought I'd wait until they left, but I saw pants in a dryer. I wanted them so much. There was no one there, so I took off my uniform and grabbed the pants. I noticed then that they were women's. There were no men's clothes in the dryer, so I put them and a sweater on, kicked off my heels and ran to the hardware store."

"Then you did plan to escape," Betty said.

"Once I had pants, I thought if I could get this bracelet off I could get away," Jeff said. "The clerk was trying to cut it when Greg showed up."

"He made me go back to the Laundromat and get my uniform. The woman whose clothes I stole was there. She saw me in her things and was really mad. She yelled at me and called me a thief and a pervert:.

"She was right," Betty said.

"Greg made me strip and change into my uniform right in front of that damn woman," Jeff said.





"Serves you right," Betty said. "I know Olivia and those girls scare you. However, your escape attempt must be punished severely. You've forced me to do something even more secure than your bracelet. You'll go to Debbie's and have makeup applied permanently. She'll tattoo it on you."

"Those girls would have raped me, damn it!"

"There's no excuse for what you did," Betty said.

"Permanent makeup sounds like a good idea," Greg said. "My whores go through a lot of lipstick. It rubs off on their Johns cocks."

"It wasn't my fault," Jeff sobbed. "It was those damn girls."

"Your pimp and Jim will take you to be tattooed. It will be up to you who you leave the salon with."

I was enjoying every minute of this and smiled broadly as Jim and Greg took the sobbing and protesting Jeff away.

He returned a few hours later. The black eyeliner and red lip liner that Debbie tattooed on him would sure make it much easier for him to put on his makeup each day. However, he was marked for life. He would always look as if he was wearing makeup.

After this incident, I gave up my own plans to remove my bracelet and escape. Norma would tattoo me just as Betty did Jeff.



On Saturday, May first, we celebrated my eleventh birthday at David's. When we returned home, Kathy Sue was already there.

"I'm sorry we're late, dear," Norma said, "We were celebrating Bill's birthday. He's eleven today."

"My little sister's nine," Kathy Sue said. "It would be fun if the three of us could go shopping some time."

"Would you like to go tomorrow after his swim?" Norma asked.

"Oh yes, Miss Newton," Kathy said.

"That's settled, come at three," Norma said.

Sunday morning, Ruby Begonia arrived to get Jeff. Ruby attended a mostly black Baptist church that had a lady's gospel choir. She had asked Betty if Jeff could join her. Betty had agreed, and Jeff went with Ruby every Sunday. He wore his satin choir robe over his maid's uniform.

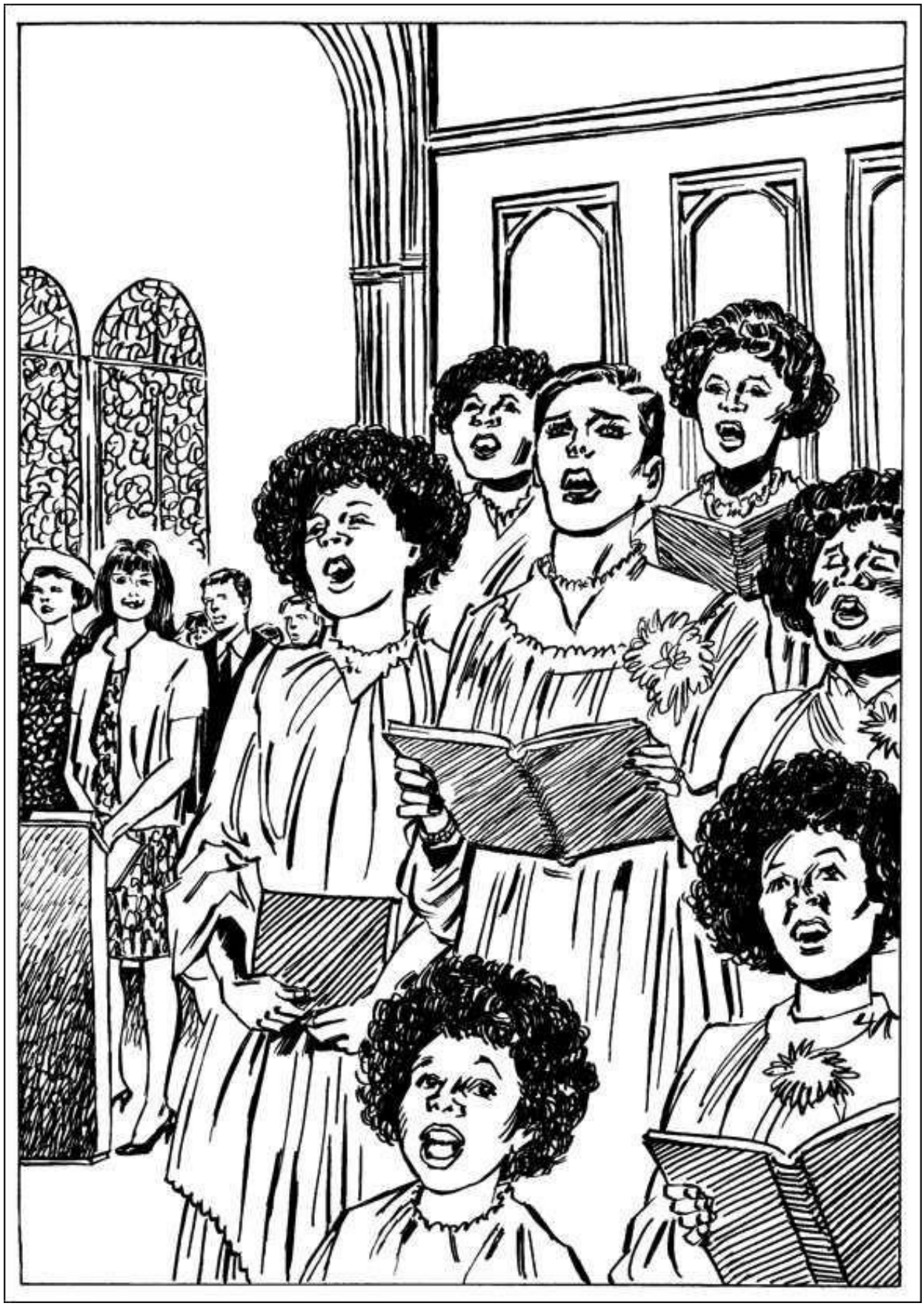
He complained that people teased him, but Betty told him that she liked him getting out.

Kathy Sue and Patty Sue were at my house when I returned from the pool. Kathy was in short pants and Patty was wearing a dress.

"Just a minute and I'll change," I said. I selected a simple white summer dress with long sleeves, knee length stockings with built in garters and low boots. I reapplied my make-up and joined the girls in the living room.

"Let's take Bill to our house and fix his makeup, Kathy said. "But --"

"No 'buts', Bill, she said. "I want to try some of my makeup on you."



She had a large collection of childish makeup. They painted my fingernails with tacky fluorescent colors and dyed my hair bright red. I must have looked shocked at my appearance, because Kathy said, "Don't worry, they're washable."

We walked to the bus stop. Not being able to drive was one of the things I missed the most. Busses were full of the very old, the very young and the very poor. I hated associating with them, and I hated even more the fact that they all acted superior to me.

We waited for the bus that would take us to the mall. One of the older women looked at me and shook her head, "Young girls today will do anything to attract attention."

When we arrived at the mall, Kathy led us to the junior's section of the department store.

"Isn't this cute," she said showing me a dress. "Let's see if they have it in our sizes. I'll get a saleslady."

She returned with a woman who looked at me and frowned.

"Do you have anything that will fit Bill?" Kathy Sue asked.

"I have a few larger dresses," the clerk said, "but I won't have that freak wearing them."

"That's all right," I said. "We can leave."

"No, Bill, I want to try some things," Kathy Sue said. "You don't mind, do you?"

"I'd rather go," I said.

"In a little while," Kathy said.



I had to wait while Kathy and Patty tried on outfits.

The clerk was very unpleasant to me, threatening to call store security if I did anything 'perverted'.

Finally we caught the bus home. I couldn't wait to wash the color out of my hair and off my nails.

Jeff and Betty laughed at my makeup and Norma pretended to deliberate whether I should wear it for the rest of the week before she let me remove it.

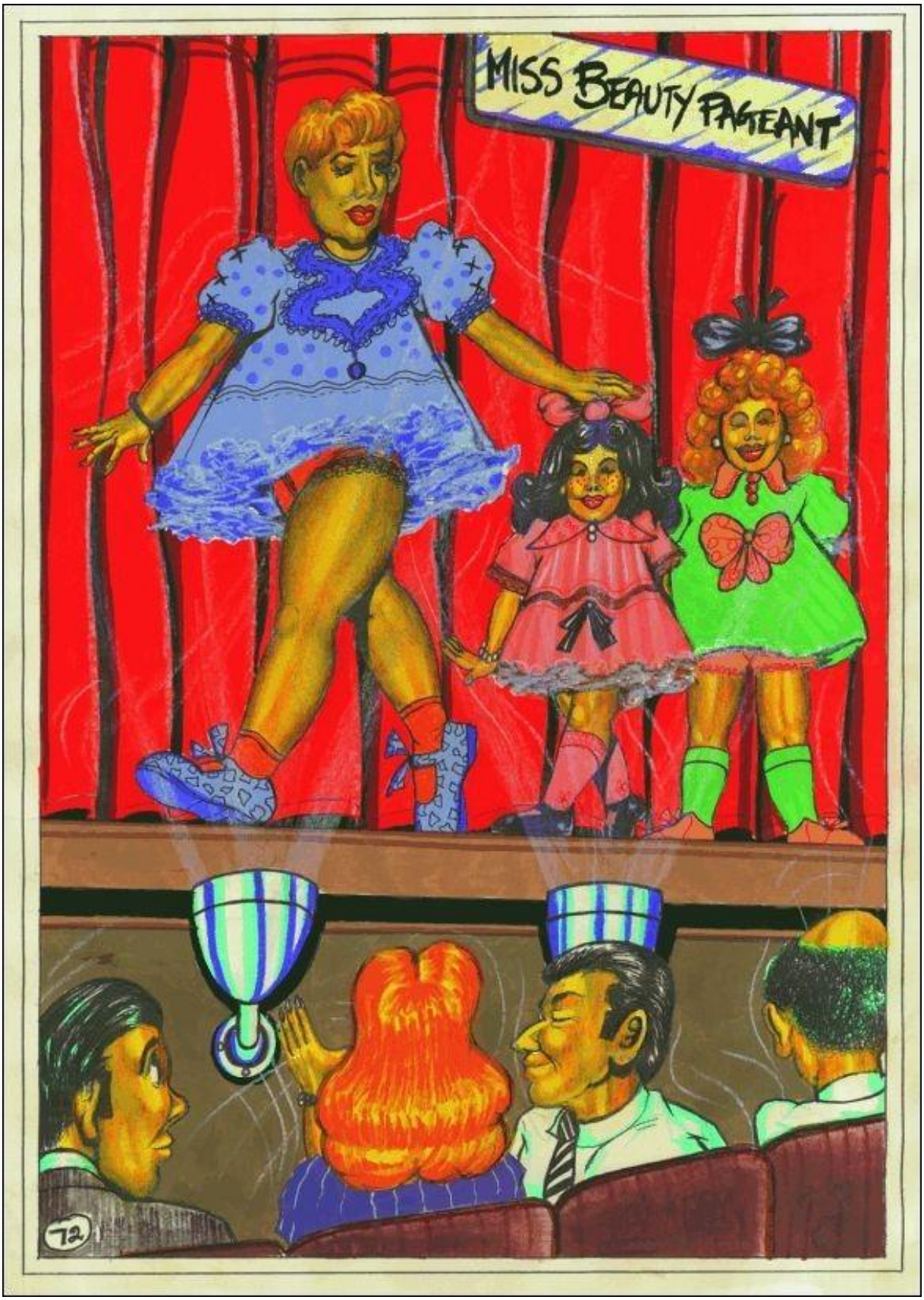
Friday, June 4 was the last day of school. I'd spent five months reading stories about little girls and relearning how to write. Mrs. West and her ruler had beaten my new feminine penmanship into me.



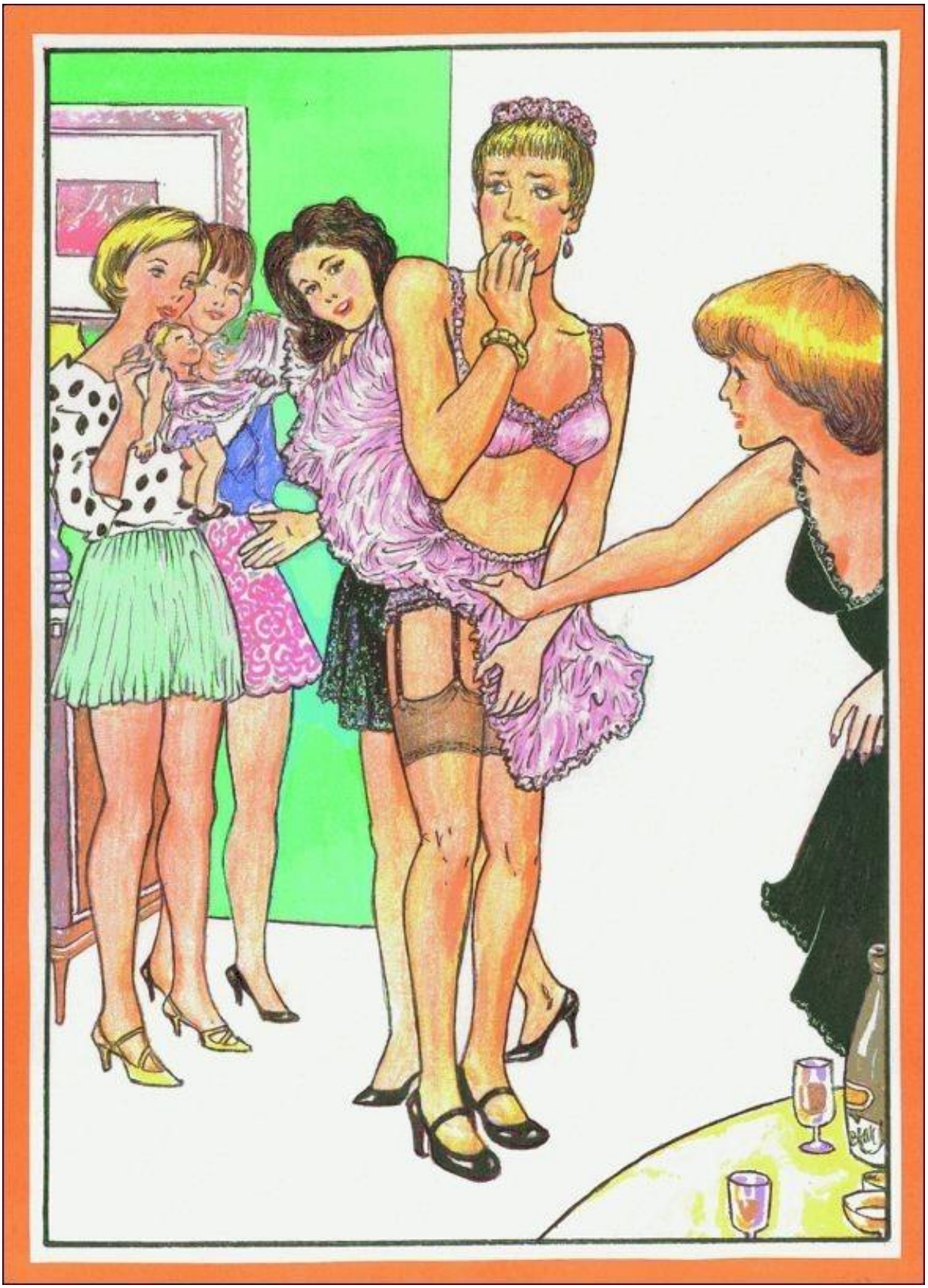
"My nails look great," Fran said. "Everybody asks where I have them done."

"See you next week," I said.

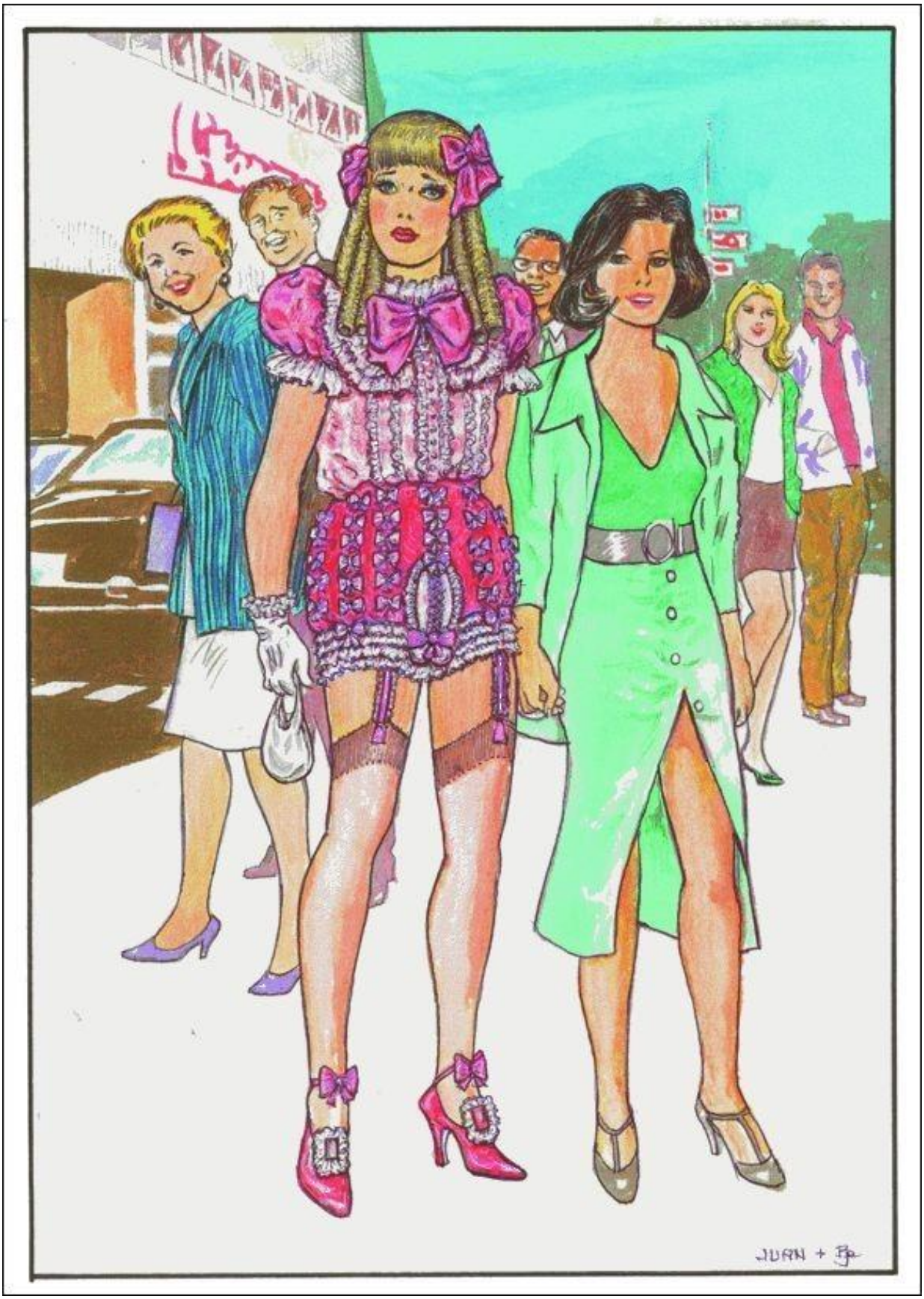
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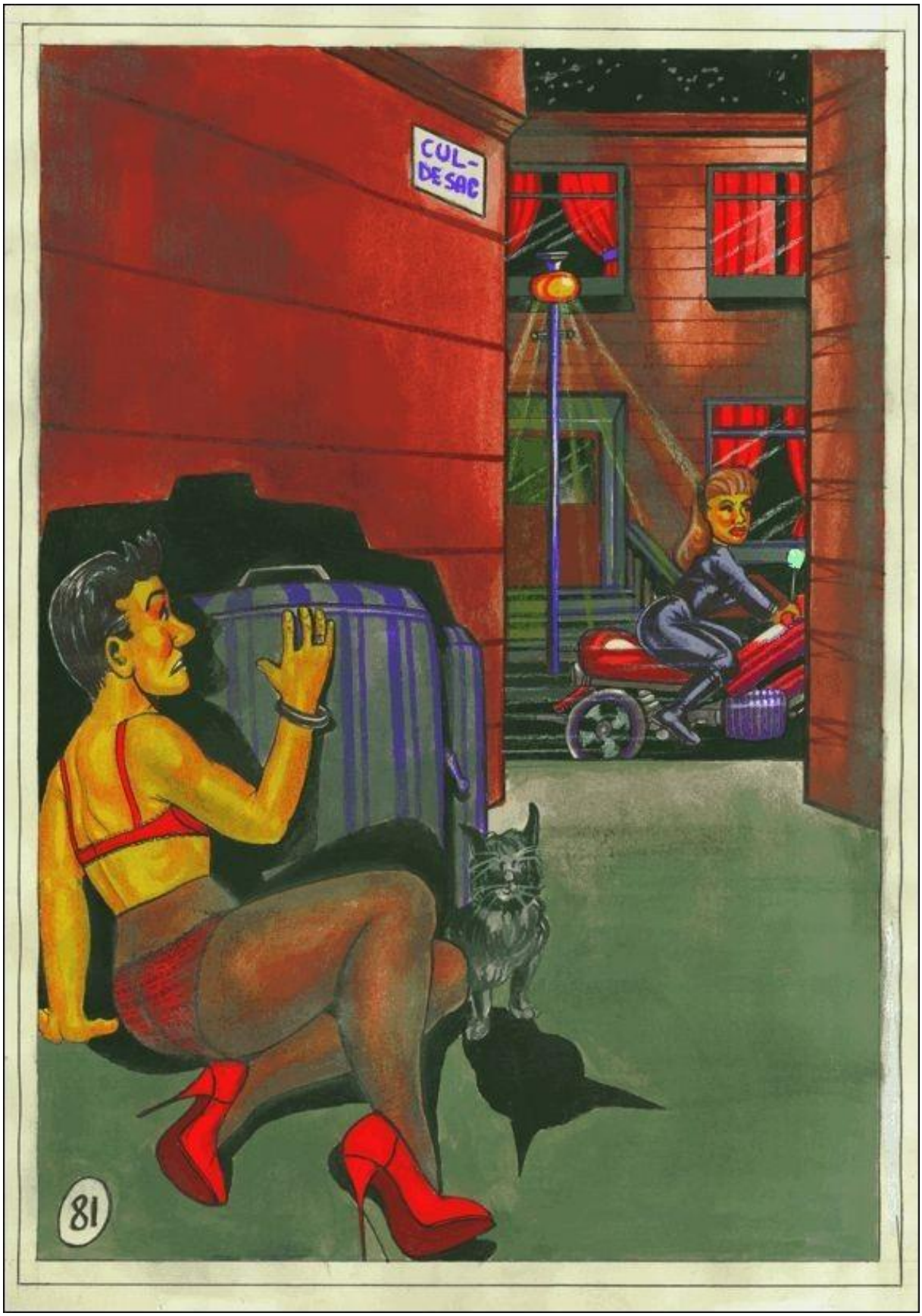
Bill the beauty contestant by Chris of England



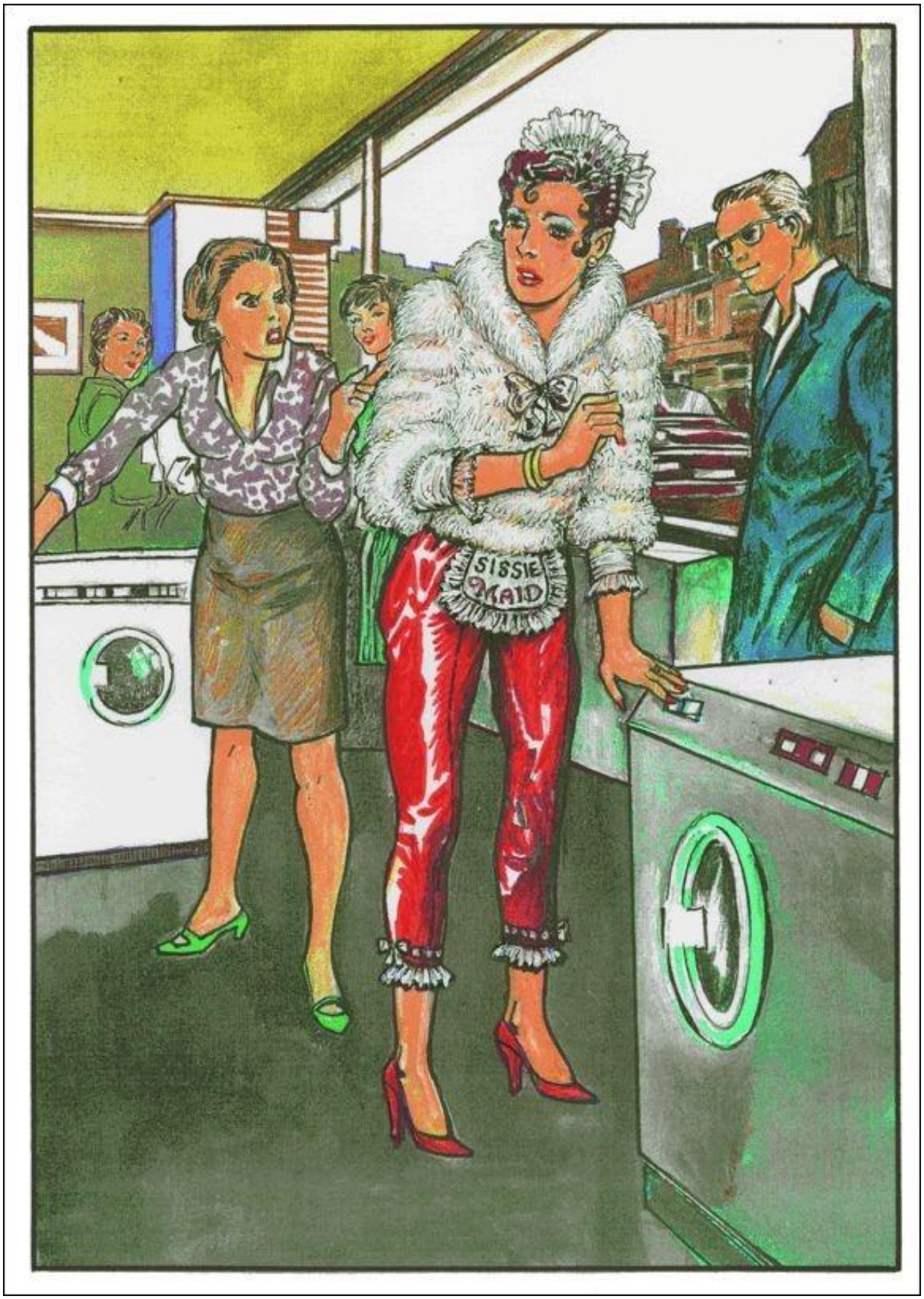
Bill at the office christmas party by Puyal and BJ



Bill dressed as a sissy boy by Puyal and BJ



Jim on the run by Chris of England



Jeff in his stolen pants by Puyal and BJ