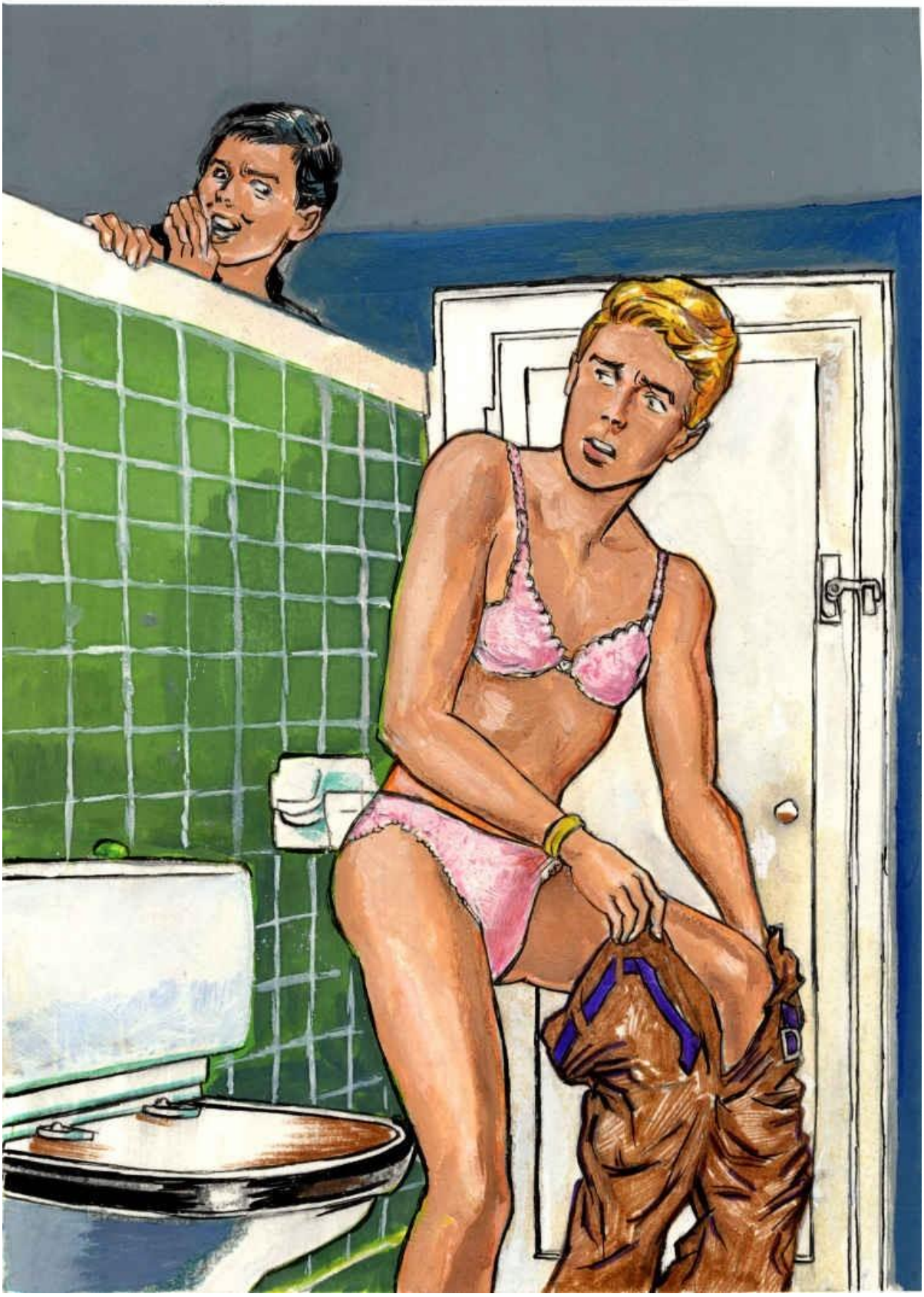
BILL'S HUMILIATIONS IN PANTIES Volume 6

By Carole Jean



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VOLUME SIX

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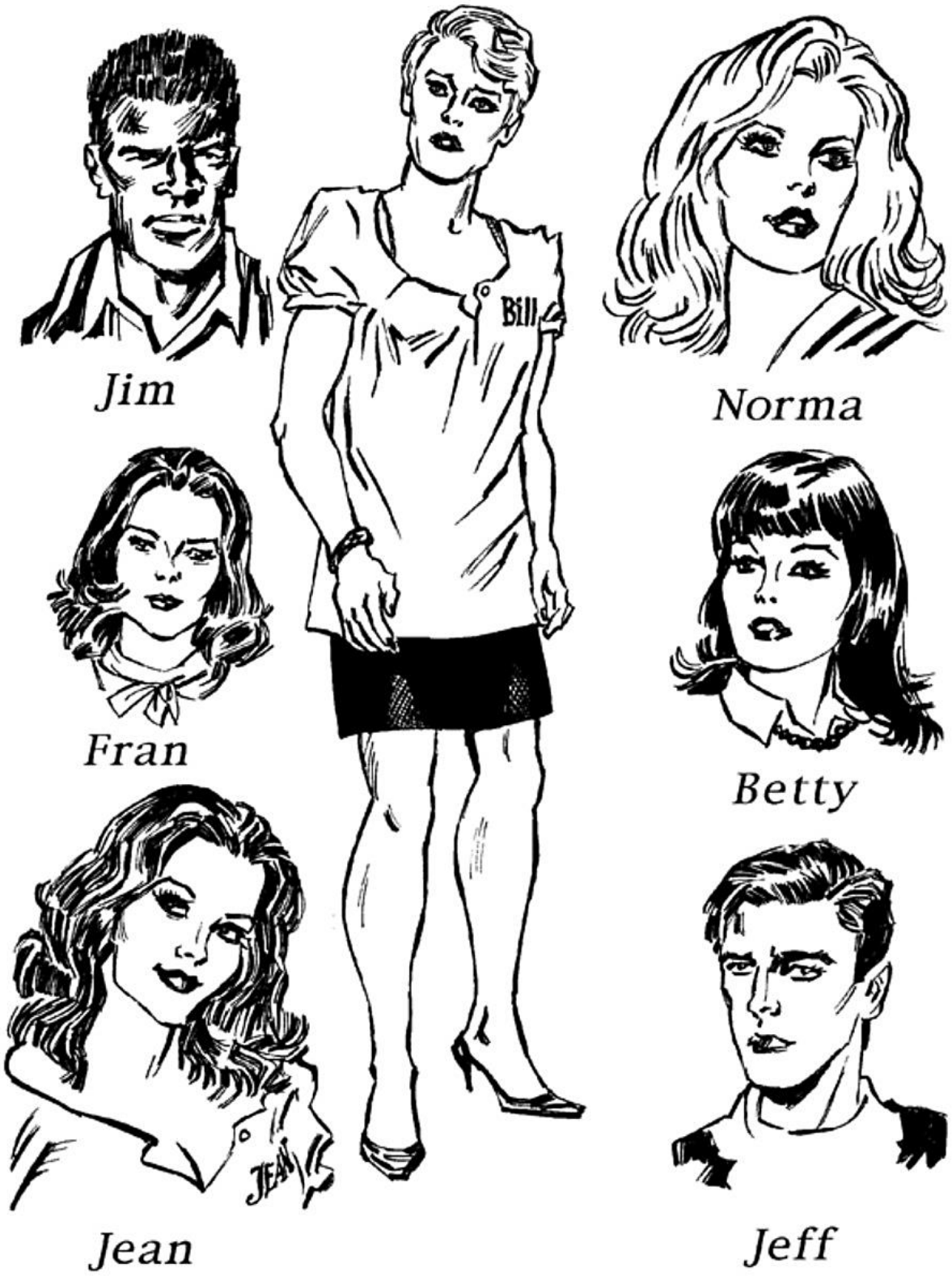
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Illustrations by JUAN SOLÉ PUYAL

Kindle Edition

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Jim
Bill
Norma
Fran
Betty
Jean
Jeff

"There is a theory which states that if ever anyone discovers exactly what the universe is for and why it is here, it will instantly disappear and be replaced by something even more bizarre and inexplicable. There is another theory which states that this has already happened."

(DOUGLAS ADAMS)

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

Fran came into the salon and smiled when she saw me. Perhaps she was just being friendly, but I still dropped my eyes in shame. I found the smiles usually preceded the teasing and the laughing. She sat at my table and held out her hands for her manicure.

"Hi Bill, tell me more." "Where was I?"

"You had just graduated from elementary school."

"Oh yes, I turned 'thirteen' that weekend . . . "



Norma had a party for me and invited all of the neighborhood boys and girls and their parents to celebrate my becoming a teenager. She hired a band and had dancing. Everyone brought me presents suitable for a thirteen-year-old girl. I had a big cake with flowers and ballet dancers on

it. Of course there were many pictures taken of me in my frilly party dress.

I went into the garden to get away from the constant attention, but one of the neighborhood boys came to look at me under the pretense of offering me a soda.

"Would you like to dance?" he asked smiling.

"I need to go inside for a minute," I said. I got up and squeezed past him toward the door, but my dress caught on a rose bush. I tried to remove it from the thorns without tearing it, and I gave him quite a show.

"Nice," he said. "Go away!"

He whistled at me as I struggled to free myself. His whistle attracted his father who helped me get untangled.



Monday, Norma took me downtown to the office of Dr.

Susan Morgan, a gynecologist.

"Why are we going to your doctor's office," I asked.

"This isn't my doctor," Norma said.

We walked to the reception window and a woman in white greeted us. It was Martha. "Hi Bill, remember me?" she asked. "

"Sure, Martha, we went out for a while."

"You dated me for two weeks, then you dumped me. You said you'd found someone prettier. Now that you've reached puberty, you need to know more about your body. Come with me, cutie."

"I don't need this," I said.

"A woman's cycle is an important part of her life," Norma said. "Now that you're a young woman, it's time for you to learn about it. Go with Martha."

I followed her into a small room dominated by a strange looking table. She handed me a hospital gown. "Strip everything off but your panties, and put this on, honey-pie. The Doctor will see you soon."

I waited for her to leave, but she stood watching me. I took off my shoes and socks and removed my dress and bra. The gown tied at the neck and was open in the back. Martha left and returned with a middle-aged woman.

"I'm Doctor Morgan," she said. "I understand that you're thirteen and are having your first period. I'll explain your menstrual cycle, then I'll give you an examination."

"But Doctor, I'm a man."

"Pardon me Miss," she said.

"Never mind," I said. She obviously was playing along with her nurse.

"Your period, if regular, will be on a twenty eight day cycle," she said. "Your flow will last about five days and you may notice that you retain fluids before it begins. The fact that you're now having periods means that you can have babies. Have you learned about sexual reproduction, miss?"

"Yes, Doctor."

"That's good. I know that children today are having sex at younger and younger ages. If you want to talk with me in confidence about your birth control options you may do so."

"No, Doctor."

"All right then, take off your underwear and sit on my examining table."

I pulled off my panties and gaff and sat as directed. The doctor reached under my gown and felt my chest, underarms and around my collarbone.

"Nothing unusual yet in the manual breast exam," she said. "Lay back."

I lay on the table and she continued to feel around my chest. "Your breasts have developed less than normal for a girl your age, but it's not sufficiently abnormal to worry about. Put your legs into the stirrups." Martha helped me spread my legs wide apart. The Doctor sat at the base of the table and moved her face near my crotch.



"Your sister was right, you're having your period. The flow is just starting. You have some abnormalities that make it difficult for me to examine your cervix, uterus and ovaries. This visit I'll just do a pap smear. It may be a bit uncomfortable, but it shouldn't hurt and it's routine." She took a wooden tool from Martha and, holding the head of my organ, squeezed it open and pressed the tool against the opening. It was uncomfortable and humiliating. She finished and Martha helped me out of the stirrups.

"I don't believe in mammograms for women under the age of thirty, but next visit I'll teach you how to do your breast self examination. You may get dressed."

"I'll talk to Norma and set up another appointment," Martha said.

Both women left. I dressed myself with hands that still were shaking from this scandalous and degrading exam.

Martha led me back to the reception area. Norma was there with several women who were waiting for their appointments.

"Do you have any party-liners, Bill?" Martha asked. "Why would I need those?"

"That must be Bill Newton," a woman said. "I read about him in the paper."

"Wait here, Bill," Martha said.

She returned from her office with something in her hand.

"Your sister has agreed that from now on you'll wear party-liners each month during your cycle. Since you're having a period today, take this to the bathroom and put it in your panties."

"Norma, you couldn't have agreed to that!"

"Do as she says, dear."

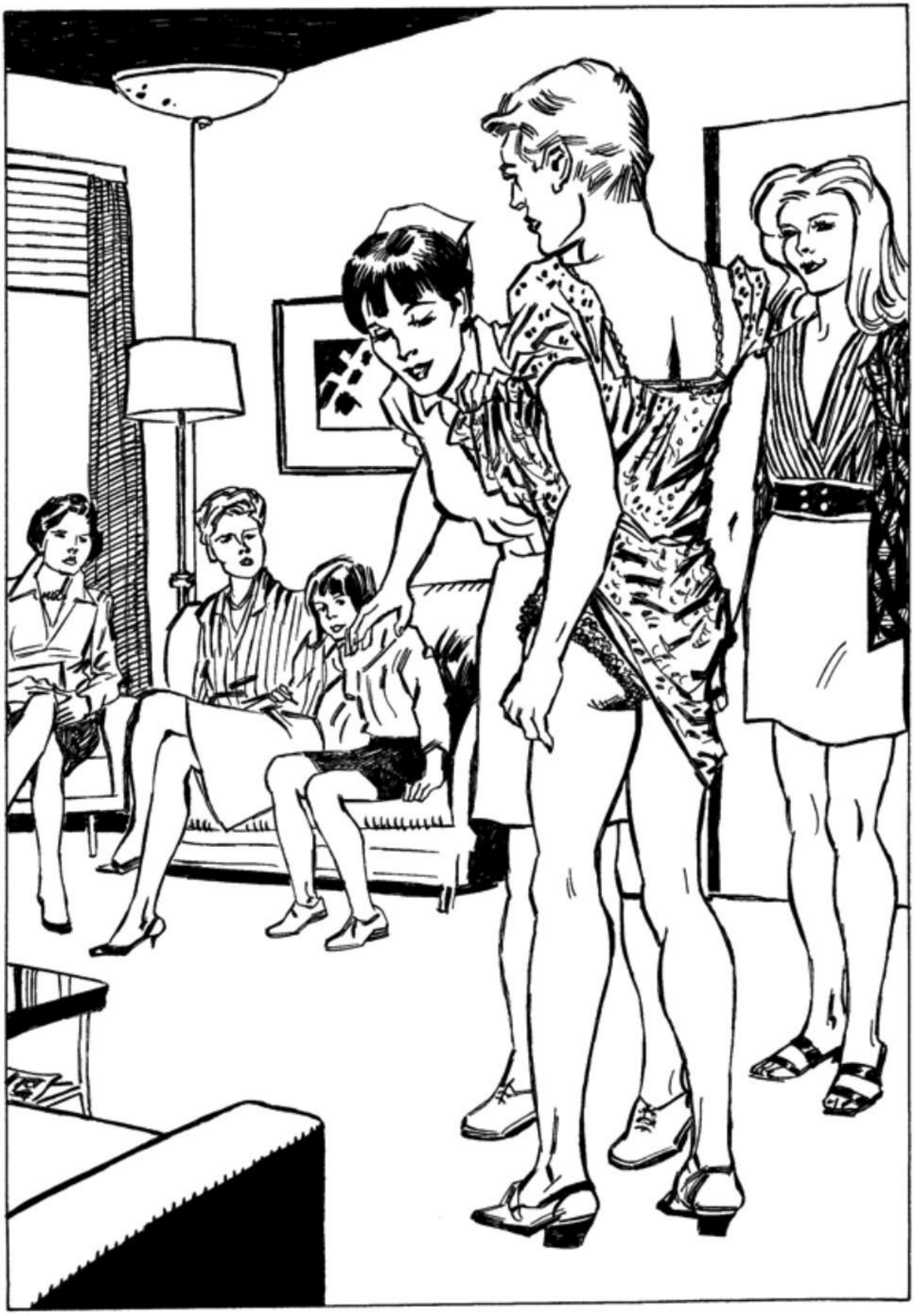
I went to the bathroom and unwrapped the party-liner. It had peel off strips covering sticky material on one side. I removed the strips and attached the liner to my panties. The other side was quilted cotton that pressed between my legs and against my gaff. I returned to Martha in the waiting room. She lifted my skirt, and pulled open the top of my panties, "Good work Bill, you put it on correctly."

The laughter of the women followed me as I ran to the elevator. Norma walked up to me as I was frantically pushing the down button.

"There's a pharmacy on the first floor," she said. "We'll get you some more party-liners. You'll need mini pads for light days and maxi pads for heavy ones. We'll get an assortment so you can decide which ones are the most comfortable."

For the next few days the party-liners were a horrible source of embarrassment especially when I had to change for dance and aerobics.

Saturday morning, Norma said, "Your period is over, dear. In twenty-three days it will begin again. Now that you're a young woman, you no longer have to carry your doll and you don't need a baby sitter. You'll start working as one yourself. Mrs. Doyle has asked if you can watch Gwendolyn tonight."



That evening, I walked to the Doyle's house, my short dress swaying. I rang the bell and Bob Doyle opened the door.

"Hello, Bill," he said. "You look pretty tonight."

I hated for him to see me like this but I just said, "Thank you Mr. Doyle."

Gwendolyn was a pest. She wouldn't go to bed or do anything else I told her to do. I finally got her to watch TV quietly just before the Doyles got home.

"Any problems?" Jane Doyle asked.

"No, everything was fine."

"Good, I hope you'll work for us again, dear. What do you charge?"

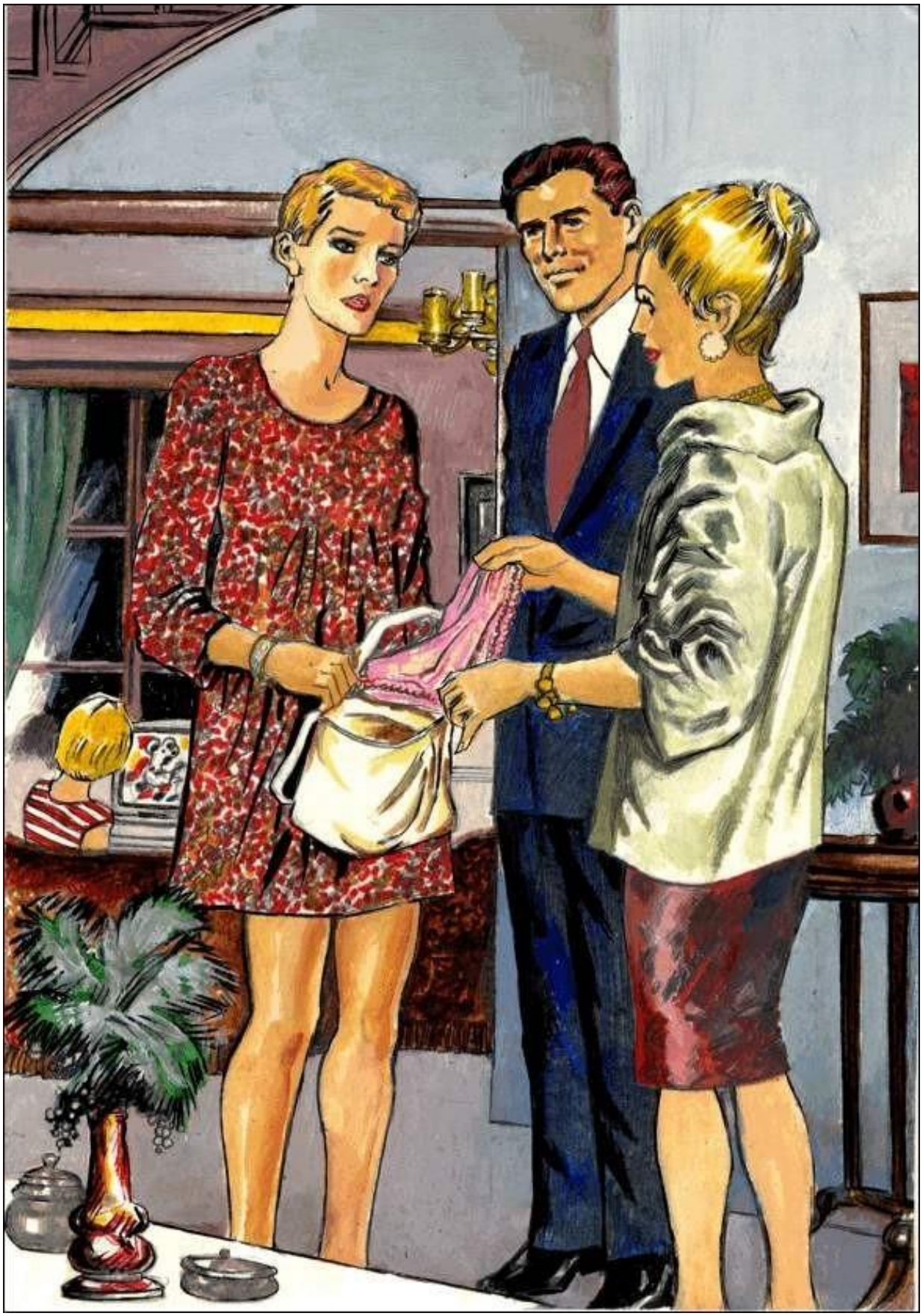
"My sister told me not to charge you any money but to ask if you'd let me borrow one of your dresses some day."

"Of course," she said. "I'm glad to help your sister dress you appropriately. Would you like something now?"

" I have plenty of clothes."

"At least let me lend you a pair of my panties. Ask Norma if you can wear them next week when you sit for us again." She went off and returned with a pair of her panties that she put in my purse.

Bob watched and listened to this entire exchange with obvious amusement.



Sure enough, Norma had me wear Jane's panties the next Saturday night. I even had to raise my skirt to show Mr. and Mrs. Doyle that I had them on. They enjoyed it so much that I had to wear a pair of Jane's panties whenever I worked for them.

I became fourteen on Saturday, June 26. The years were passing quickly. At this rate, I would be my actual age by spring. Perhaps then Norma would let me be a man again.

The morning of Tuesday, July 5 didn't appear to be any different to me than any other day. I chose an outfit that I thought would be appropriate, put on my makeup and perfume and went downstairs to breakfast.

"How do you feel, dear," Norma asked.

"Why do you ask?"

"I wondered if you felt comfortable since your period began today."

"Oh, I forgot. I'll go get a party-liner now."

"No, Bill, forgetting your period has embarrassing consequences."

She took a package of hamburger from the refrigerator and opened it, "Give me your panties."

"What are you doing?"

"Your panties!"

I pulled down my pristine white panties and handed them to her. She turned them inside out and pressed the crotch into the hamburger, staining it with the brown-red beef blood.

"Put them back on," she said. "When you get to the mall with your girl friends, you'll notice that your period has begun and you'll buy party- liners. Never forget your period

again or you'll be wearing blood stained clothes for the entire five days."

I walked to Kathy Sue's house, and she, Patty Sue and I caught the bus to the mall. It was full so we had to stand. The bus started with a jerk and threw me off balance. I grabbed for support and spread my legs wide. I looked down and saw that a couple of boys were looking up my skirt and smiling. I knew that they could see the embarrassing stain. I blushed and pressed down on my dress.

"I see your Aunt Rose from down South is visiting," one of the boys said

"What's the matter, Bill?" Kathy Sue asked.

"It's my period."

"How can you have periods?"

"I just do."

We got off the bus at the mall and went to the drugstore. I found the feminine hygiene products and was trying to be cool selecting my party- liners when Patty Sue said, "Mom likes the super party-liners, how about you, Bill?"

I thought I was going to die of embarrassment. I felt my face turn red. I tried to concentrate on my selection, but I could hear people snickering.




Kotex
Protector
ADULTS
WOMAN

I bought a package of light day liners and went into the lady's room with the two girls. I took off my panties, washed them in the sink, wrung them out as well as I could, attached the liner and put on the panties. They were still damp and felt cold and clammy.

I swore to myself I'd never forget my period again. I even bought a calendar and hung it in my room, marking the days of my periods with red X's.

The next Saturday, after Debbie applied my makeup, Norma arrived and told me to undress. She was holding the dress Jeff had worn for the dance recital.

"Why do I have to wear that dress?" I asked.

"Yours is too dark," Norma said.

"No, I mean why do I have to wear a recital dress at all?"

"It's a surprise."

I was sure I wouldn't like the surprise. I changed into the dress and blue panties Norma gave me. I did not recognize the panties, but they didn't appear to be new.

"Your friend, Karen, is marrying the Mayor's son," Norma said. "It will be a huge wedding. All the newspapers will send reporters and photographers.

"I can't go to a place with reporters."

"Reporters and photographers, dear," she said.

"Can we at least sit in the back so that they don't notice me?"

"Oh, they'll notice you, dear. Karen wants you to be a flower girl."

"You can't be serious. For God's sake, participating in a wedding should mean buying beer, hiring hookers and renting porno movies not getting dressed up like Little Bo Beep and carrying the bride's flowers."

"Karen loved the video of your recital, and she wants you to walk down the aisle in a satin dance dress. Jeff will serve at the reception in his maid's uniform, so you may wear his light peach recital dress. All the important people will be there. The whole town will be talking about you, sweetie."

"I'm sure of that."

"You're wearing a pair of Karen's panties," Norma said. "That makes you something old, her old boyfriend, something new, a new girl, something borrowed and something blue - her panties."

All eyes were on me as I walked down the aisle. Photographers shot my picture and people stared and snickered. At the reception, I stayed close to Norma. The bride walked over to us. "Well, well," she said, "How is my darling little flower girl?"

The wedding photographer took our picture, and I looked away and blushed.



"You know my husband was jealous of you," Karen said. "You look so cute. You shouldn't be hiding in the corner. Come with me." She took my hand and led me to the center of the dance floor as the men and women watched with delighted amusement. Releasing my hand Karen did a slow walk and swirl like a model displaying her wedding dress to the crowd.

"Now it's your turn, princess," she said.

"I won't!"

"Now Bill," Karen said, "I know you can behave like a little lady if you really try."

"Stop it!" I turned and walked towards the door. I was about half way when Jim caught me and carried me back.

"If you behave like a naughty child, I must treat you like one," Karen said. "Jim, warm this bad little girl's panties, or should I say my panties since she borrowed my blue panties."

Horrified I struggled to escape as Jim forced me to bend forward at the waist and pulled up my skirts and petticoats. He used one hand to hold them up against my back bending me over with Karen's blue panties exposed.

"Perhaps you should lower her panties," Karen said.

"No!" I screamed. I felt Jim take hold of the waist of my panties and draw them down.



As Jim's hand rose and fell, I felt and heard the smacks on my rear. The crowd loved this exhibition, the groom and Karen most of all. I was quite sure that my former intimate relationship with her would never be a problem for them in their marriage. When Jim finally released me, I retrieved my panties and did my walk and swirl as ordered. I saw Julie and her photographer in the crowd, and I was sure that this spanking and my stint as flower girl would soon be in the papers. I was in an absolute frazzle, but it got worse.

I spied two of the guests making their way towards me. It was Brad and Chuck, my buddies from basketball. I glanced hastily about seeking a way of escape. There was none.

"How's the flower girl?" Brad said. "All dressed up like a little angel, eh?"

"Go away and leave me alone," I said.

"Are you in dresses all the time now?" Brad asked.

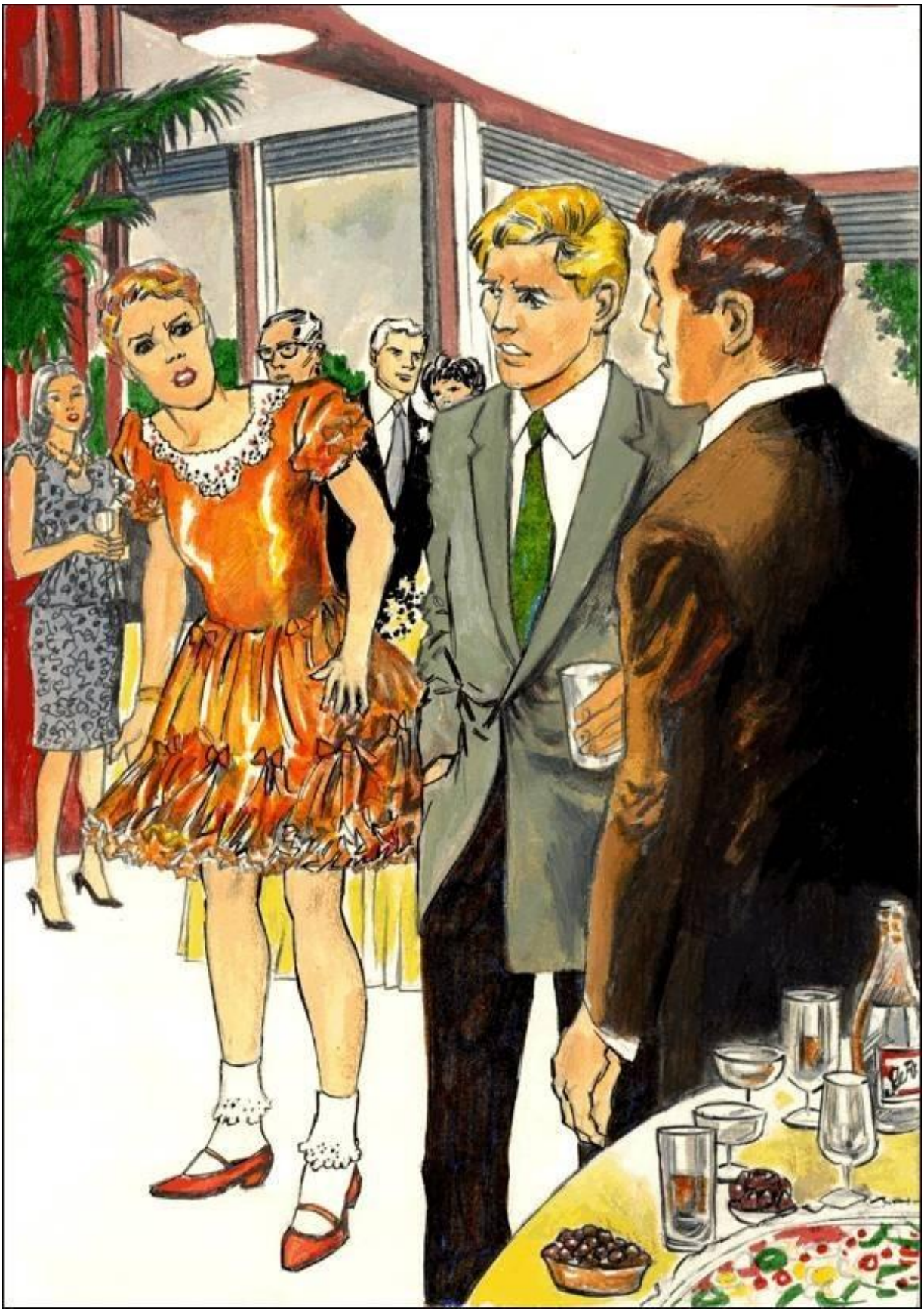
"If I could get you alone, I'd beat the shit out of you!"

The guys seemed startled.

Then Brad laughed, "Did you hear that, Chuck, the pantywaist threatened us."

"That's a joke," Chuck said.

I hurried off pursued by the jeering laughter of my former buddies. If only I dared rip off these damn clothes and teach them a lesson.



During the summer, I swam almost every day. I thought that a one- piece swimsuit might be less embarrassing than a bikini, so I asked Norma if I could wear one. To my surprise, she agreed. However, it was more difficult to get on and off under my towel, it still showed my lack of feminine shape and the seat tended to crawl up. I finally asked to go back to the bikini.

One day, Norma came to the pool with Nicole, one of my old girl friends. "Bill, I've something I'd like you to do for me today," Nicole said. "I'm taking an art class and one of the requirements is that each of us must act as a figure model one day during the program. I just can't take off my clothes in front of the whole class. However, my teacher said that if I could find a substitute, I wouldn't have to do it myself. That's where you come in."

"You want me to be a substitute model for you? That's silly. My figure is nothing like yours," I said.

"I knew you'd be excited, Bill," Norma said. "I brought my cell phone in case you wanted me to call some of your friends."

"My friends?"

"I'm sure Brad and Jeff would love to see you posing in lingerie."

"Okay, I'll do it. Just don't call anyone."

"It will be fine, Bill," Nicole said, "all the students have to model, so no one will tease you."

"I'll change," I said.



"Don't bother," she said, "just grab your towel. You can carry your clothes and change into them after class."

She drove me to her school, and we entered the lady's room where she gave me a bra, panties, garter belt and hose. They were pure white and very lacy.

I went into a stall and changed from my bikini into the lingerie. I rejoined her in the bathroom, my face blazing red.

"You're cute in my undies?" she said and led me to her class.

She was wrong about the teasing. Her classmates weren't any different from any of the other people who had seen me in lingerie. The men laughed out loud and made nasty comments about my manhood, and the women giggled and slyly complemented me on my appearance.

The teacher posed me and the students applied themselves diligently to their drawing. After a while he moved me into another position.

Suddenly the fire alarm started ringing. The class got up and headed for the door. I looked around in a panic for my dress or anything to cover myself, but I couldn't find anything.

Everyone was going. I wanted to stay, but I could imagine the headlines, "Bill Newton burned to death in girl friend's lingerie." - Or perhaps "Bill Newton rescued by firemen, photos on page three."





I rushed out onto the courtyard where hundreds of people had gathered. Most of them hadn't been in the art class, and they stared at me. I tried desperately and unsuccessfully to cover myself.

"Why did you come out in your lingerie, Bill?" Nicole asked.

"I couldn't find my dress and the fire alarm was going off. What could I do?"

"Oh, I'm sorry, sweetheart, did I forget to tell you there'd be a fire drill today?" she said. "You didn't have to come out here half naked."

The people around us started laughing and, as the story spread through the yard, others joined in. I had to stand there in bra and panties, while everyone talked about how Nicole had fooled me.



CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

"Now that you're seventeen," Norma said in late August, "You'll be going to Lincoln High."

"Please let me go in boy's clothes. I can't stand the idea of the students knowing I'm a man in dresses."

"I'll talk to Betty, but don't be too hopeful."

I was very anxious for the next few days. Finally Norma told me they'd made a decision. "We've decided to give you a choice," she said. "You may either go to high school in dresses or boy's pants and shirts. In either case you'll continue to wear your bra and panties and you'll dress as a girl away from school."

"Of course I want to wear pants."

"Very well," she said, "tomorrow we'll go to the mall and get you some boy's clothes and some new dresses."

The trip to the mall was terrible as always. I saw Grace again and tried on a number of 'young miss' dresses. It was so embarrassing putting them on in front of everybody. Grace had seen me in my underwear before, but today was different because I was 'on the rag'. She was surprised when she saw the pad, and she asked me about my period and my gynecologist. I had no idea women talked about such things.

We went upstairs to the men's department. It was terrible having the clerks see me in a dress and observe the control Norma had over me.


MEN

However, I loved getting into men's clothes again. It was almost a year since I'd worn pants. They even let me change in the men's dressing room. I felt great. However, after we selected some pants and shirts, I felt terribly sad to have to put my dress back on again and even more self-conscious about my bare arms and legs.

After I slipped back into my dress, I thought we'd be leaving the mall, however, Norma took me to a bridal shop.

"Why are we here?" I asked.

"You were such a hit at Karen's wedding that several other ladies asked if you could be in theirs. They may want you to wear a different outfit, and it would be convenient to have your measurements on file with the bridal store."

"What outfits are you talking about?"

"They all want you to be one of their flower girls."

"I couldn't. It was so embarrassing. I couldn't stand it."

"It might not be so bad next time. You may be dressed just like the other flower girls so you'll blend right in."

"Oh sure, a grown man looks just like a five year old girl if they're dressed alike."

A male clerk came over and said, "May I help you." He eyed me in the surprised and contemptuous way that most men exhibited when they first saw me.

"Yes," Norma said, "my brother will be a flower girl in a few weddings and he'll need some dresses made."

"Are you joking?" The clerk asked. "Why would anyone want a man to be their flower girl?"

"These women were badly treated by Bill when he was their boyfriend. They want revenge and they want their husbands to see that their ex-boyfriend poses no threat."

"I understand why the women would like that idea," The clerk said. "But I can't understand why he would agree. Even though he is in dress today, I won't have dresses made for him unless he asks me himself."

"Bill," Norma said, "tell him you want to be a flower girl."

I knew I better do as she said. She could make me be a flower girl anyway, and if she was annoyed she might not let me wear pants to school. I could barely force out the words.

"Yes sir, I'd like to be a flower girl."

He shook his head in apparent disbelief, but took all the measurements he would need to make my outfits.

After he finished, Norma had me go through a book of wedding and flower girl dresses and point out the ones I liked the best. I pretended to be interested and pointed out a few of the plainer ones, but the overwhelming femininity of these little outfits scared me half to death. I prayed that I would never have to wear one.

The first day of school arrived, and I was excited to dress in my pants. I knew that I would have to be careful to keep the other students from discovering what I was wearing under them, but at least I would have a chance to be accepted as a man again. I rushed to get ready and was at breakfast early. As I ate, Norma came down, still in her nightie.



"How do I look?" I asked.

"You'd be more convincing without the makeup and nail polish," she said.

Oh my God! In my rush and excitement, I'd gone on autopilot and put on my blush, lipstick and eye makeup. I rushed upstairs and cleaned off the makeup with cold cream and used nail polish remover on my hands and feet. I barely made it on time to meet my bus.

It was full of young men and women age fourteen through nineteen. I was supposed to be a senior transferring from another school. I was years older than the other seniors, however, my face was nearly beardless after a year of electrolysis, and I looked much younger than my real age. I hoped that no one would recognize me from my pictures in the paper. But those photos only showed me in dresses and make-up so that there was a good chance that they wouldn't.

I reported to the office. The secretary took me to see Miss Harris, the vice principal.

"Good to meet you, Bill," she said. "You're transferring from Jefferson?"

"Yes, Miss Harris."



"Your transcript hasn't arrived yet, but I've arranged a schedule for you based on my conversational with your sister. First period is homeroom, second English, third social studies, forth gym and so on. It's all here on this paper. I hope you have a happy and successful year at Lincoln."

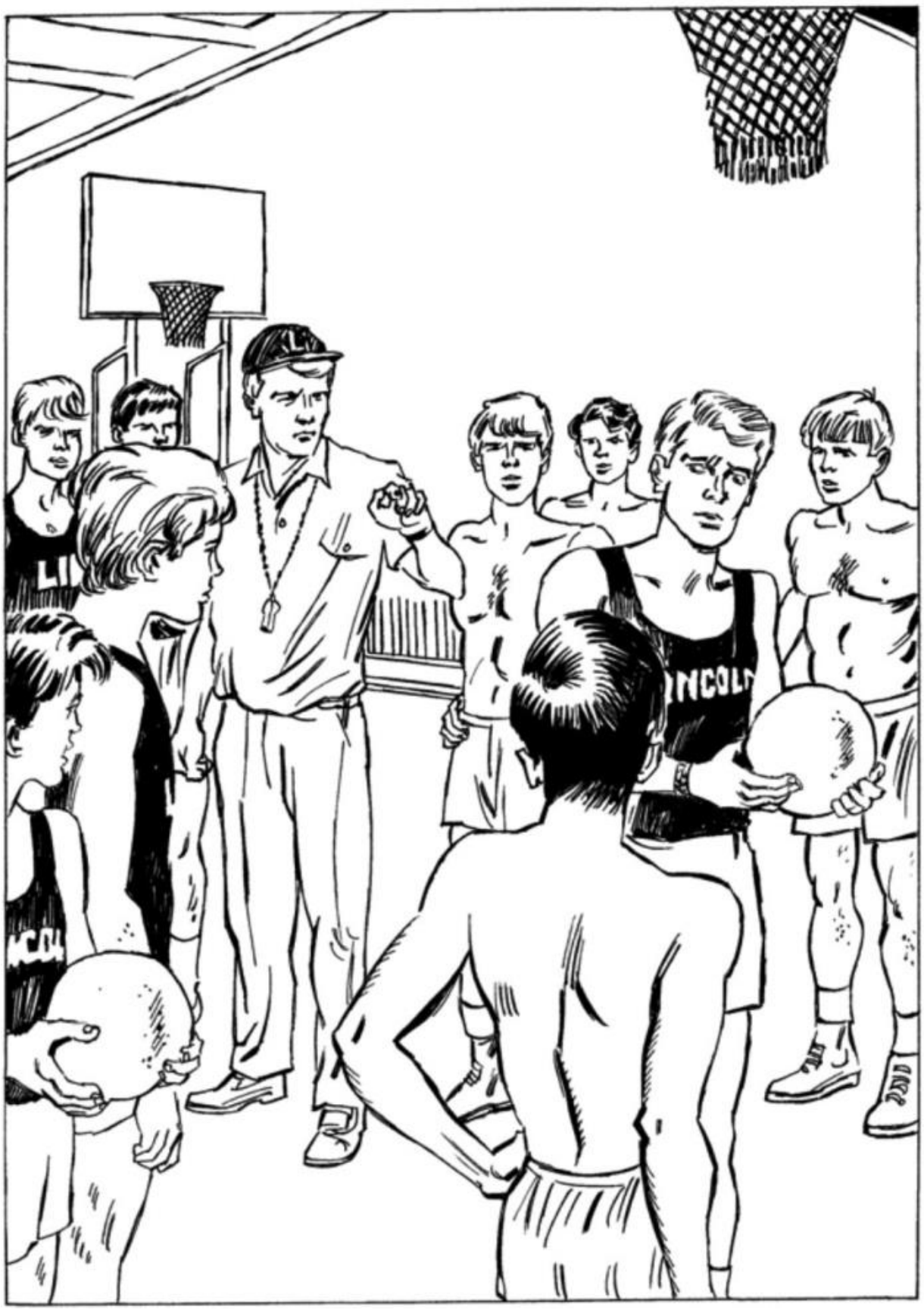
Homeroom, English and social studies went fine. I had to write in block letters, even my name, because my feminine handwriting was so ingrained. However, the work was not difficult; after all, I was a college graduate.



Gym presented problems. I had to change into shorts and a T-shirt, and, for obvious reasons, I couldn't undress in front of the other guys so I changed in a toilet stall. Thank God my bra didn't show through the dark T-shirt, though I had to be careful with the straps. The teacher gave basketballs and had us practice passing and shooting. He divided us into teams to play a game. Great! Now I could show off.

"You five take off your T-shirts,' he said. "You're the skins. Your opponents are the shirts."

My teammates took off their shirts. I couldn't; they'd see my bra.



"Hey, Bill, we're the skins," one of my teammates said.

"I have to go to the bathroom," I said and ran to the toilet.

I had to get out of taking gym class. There was too much risk the guys would find out about my underwear. I waited until they returned from the game. Then I undressed in the toilet stall, hid my bra and panties in my T-shirt and put the bundle in my locker. I went to shower with the guys. They must have wondered about my feminine bracelet and hairless legs. Now that they could see that my chest and underarms were hairless as well, they were really curious.

"How come you don't have any hair?" one asked.

"I swim. All the best swimmers shave their bodies. This bracelet was my mother's, and I wear it in her memory."

After showering, I got my clothes from my locker and went to the toilet stall. I took my bra and panties out of the balled up T-shirt and dressed in my lingerie. I put my shirt, pants and sweater on and checked to be sure that nothing was showing. Then I returned to the locker room to put on my shoes and socks. I had succeeded in hiding my underwear, but these guys still didn't appear to be too sure of me. The explanations I gave them in the shower were the best I could think of, but I doubted they would believe me unless I did something to appear macho.

If this high school was anything like mine, the jocks were on the top of the boy's social order and the cheerleaders the girls. I couldn't be a jock even though I was probably the best basketball player in the school.



There was too great a risk of my underwear being discovered. I couldn't demonstrate my manhood by fighting one of the jocks for the same reason. However, I could create a macho reputation with relative safety by taking on the cheerleaders.

As I walked down the hall from gym with my classmates, I saw the cheerleaders coming towards us in their uniforms.

"What a bunch of bubble headed bimbos," I said.

I was sure that I had spoken loudly enough for the girls to hear, but they ignored me. I had to do more. As they passed, I reached out and grabbed a girl's rear. "Cutie, you've even got a bubble butt," I said. The girl squealed and the guys laughed.

Before lunch I went to the office to see Miss Harris and asked about alternatives to gym. She was quite helpful and told me that if I specialized in one sport, I could substitute it for gym class. She went through the list of possibilities. Team sports like football and basketball were impossible, they had too much contact. However, when she said tennis, I knew that was the thing for me. It had no contact, and I was a good player. She made the adjustment to my schedule and I left her office feeling much more comfortable.

Lunch in the cafeteria was much like that in prison. The food was institutional standard and clicks of people sat together. At first I didn't know anyone so I sat by myself, but after a few days I started to make friends with some other guys. I couldn't socialize with them after school because Norma insisted that I hurry home to change into my dresses.



Monday through Friday I went to aerobics and ballet. Saturday morning was reserved for my manicure, electrolysis and beauty treatments. Friday and Saturday nights, Norma sent me to baby sit. The men and women I worked for treated me as if I were a young woman. These people were my neighbors and I had known them for years. I hated having them treat me as if I were a girl. However, I was beginning to become quite comfortable with high school. I loved being accepted as a boy again. I really enjoyed teasing 'Fifi' when I was in my pants although he got even with me when I was in dresses, calling me 'Jailbait'.

I started to hope that Norma might soon let me be a man all of the time. However, one of my girlfriends had a wedding and sure enough I was a flower girl. She had picked out the most lacy, feminine dresses the store had to offer, and the little girls and I walked down the aisle together in our matching outfits.

My photo was taken with that of the rest of the wedding party to be distributed to her friends and family and preserved forever. I had to wear the dress to the reception as well and even do a little dance for the guests many of whom I knew quite well. I was only glad that Brad wasn't there to see it this time.

Jeff teased me about the wedding for weeks. I hoped that no more of the girls would get married.





Sunday October 31, we were preparing for Halloween. Each year hundreds of children came to our door. We put up decorations and cut pumpkins.

Mid afternoon, my ex-girlfriend Lisa dropped by with her daughter who was about six and dressed as a princess. I was wearing an apron over my dress to protect it from the pumpkin juice.

"How domestic you look, Bill," she said.

I shifted my weight from foot to foot, squirming uncomfortably at her scrutiny.

"I see that you're getting ready for Halloween. That's why I'm here, to take you trick-or-treating with my daughter Kelly."

"I can't go," I said.

"Sure you can," she said. "I brought you a costume."

The last thing I wanted to do was go out from door to door in some silly costume, but I was sure she had worked this out with Norma in advance. I refused to give them the satisfaction of seeing me beg.

Jeff came in and watched as she transformed me into Barbie. The gown was satin with sheer puffed sleeves and a floral trellis-pattern hoop skirt. The waistband had a big Barbie logo. I was dressing as a man much of the time now and, when I dressed as a girl, it was as a teenager. I hated being dressed as a little girl again.

Jeff took full advantage of my embarrassment just by watching and smiling at me.


Barbie

Kelly and I played in the living room, ate an early dinner and, at six, we went out.

Lisa took us to every house within two blocks. Kelly and I, all decked out in our costumes and carrying bags for candy, went up to each door, rang the bell and cried out, "trick-or-treat." Most of my neighbors recognized me, but still asked, "Who's the big Barbie?" Some gave me a hard time calling me a pervert and telling me that trick-or-treating was for kids. I was only glad that none of my high school friends saw me.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

A full month passed relatively uneventfully. Then, one morning, Miss Harris called me to her office. "I hope you can help me, Bill," she said. "We're having a rally today and one of the pep squad members is sick, I wonder if you'd fill in."

"I wouldn't know what to do."

"The other squad members will help you. You're new here and this will be a good way for you to meet people."

"Well, just to help you out, Miss Harris."

"I knew I could count on you. The rest of the pep squad is waiting for you to change into your uniform, let's go."

They must wear school colors or something. I hoped this wouldn't damage my carefully built macho reputation.

Miss Harris led me down the hall to a door marked 'GIRL'S LOCKER ROOM', and said, "The squad's in here."

"I can't go in there."

"It's all right. You're with me." She knocked on the door and said, "This is Miss Harris. I have Bill with me. Is it all right for us to come in?"

"Yes, Miss Harris," I heard a girl's voice call back.

We entered the locker room there were a number of girls changing into cheerleader uniforms.

"Where are the other boys, Miss Harris?" I asked. "Boys? There are no boys on the pep squad, dear."

"Guess what, honey," said June Wilkerson, the head cheerleader, "you're going to be a cheerleader just like us."



The girls held up a uniform, obviously meant for me. I saw red satin panties, a white blouse, and a red and white pleated micro-mini skirt. "Miss Harris, why are you doing this to me?"

"I'm glad you didn't recognize me," she said. "You obviously have forgotten that you met me at a party, got me drunk, drove me home and had sex with me. I considered filing charges, but my position as an educator made me leery of the publicity of a rape trial. Finally I settled on warning a few friends about you. One of them knew you, and, when Norma contacted her last summer about your coming home party, she put her in touch with me."

"We worked out the details of your coming to Lincoln. Our plan was for you to start school in dresses. However, when you requested permission to wear pants, we reconsidered. I decided if you started school in pants, made friends and were accepted as a boy, your change to dresses would be much more dramatic than if you started the year as a cross dresser. I hadn't decided how to go about your transformation until Jayne complained to me about your grabbing her rear. I called June in and we decided you'd join the cheer squad."

The giggling girls closed around me. One of them started to unbutton my shirt. My bra! I twisted away. "Keep away from me. I'm not going to be a cheerleader!"

"Oh really?" June said. "Let's get him, girls."

I tried to push them off, but there were too many. The giggling teenage girls overpowered me. "Struggle as much as you like," June said. "You can't escape. We've got you, and the only way you're going to get out of here is dressed just like us."



They pulled down my pants and dragged off my shirt.

"Look at his underwear," June said. "I think Bill is going to like being a cheerleader more that he's letting on."

They pulled down my panties. "What's that?" Jayne asked.

"It's a gaff," Miss Harris said. "He wears it to keep his front smooth. His sister told me he always wears a bra and panties and wears dresses when he's not at school."

How could she tell them about that? My reputation will be ruined.

June made a big show of a pair of red satin panties, and then she and the other cheerleaders put them on me. Next she stuffed several pairs of nylons into my bra giving me ample breasts. She fixed her eyes on my bra for a moment, then said, "Wouldn't it be nice if they were real?" Finally, they outfitted me with the tight top followed by the all too short skirt, white socks, and red shoes. I couldn't believe it. They had turned me into a cheerleader.

"Please, please don't do this to me," I sobbed. "Let me go, Miss Harris. I apologize for what I did to you. I'll never do it to anyone else as long as I live. Please!"

"This isn't about what you will or won't do in the future," she said. "This is for what you did in the past. Girls, he's all yours."

I felt someone reach under my skirt and grab my panty-covered rear. I spun around and saw Jayne smiling.





"Now you know how it feels, bubble butt." she said. "You really need makeup."

She took a tube of lipstick and applied a thick red coating to my lips. The girls whistled appreciatively.

"Time to go, Bill," June said. "We're monopolizing you. I know the rest of the students will love seeing you too."

"Oh please let me go."

The girls snickered. They pulled me out of the locker room, down the hall and towards the schoolyard. I struggled to break free to no avail as they laughingly hauled me along.

Outside we went, on to the playing field between bleachers packed with students. Miss Harris went to a microphone and began to address the crowd.

"Attention!" she said. "Before we start the rally, I want to introduce our newest cheerleader, Miss Bill Newton."

The girls pushed me forward.





"Hey, it really is Bill!" come a disbelieving shout.

I dropped my head in anguish. All of my work developing a macho image was ruined.

Our athletes came out onto the field. They looked so strong and confident in their uniforms. I remembered having that same feeling when I was a high school athlete.

"Follow what we do, Bill," June said.

The others began their routines, shouting and clapping, but I just stood glumly with my arms crossed over my chest in an attempt to conceal my bosom.

"You'd better cheer," June said. "I'm sure you wouldn't

want us to give you a spanking in front of the entire school."

"Okay."

I tried to participate, bringing laughter and catcalls from the students. The rally went on for what seemed to me an eternity as I tried to perform the movements, shaking the pom poms, jumping and yelling.

My short skirt acted as if it had a life of its own, jumping and spinning around me exposing my red satin panties. I felt nearly naked.





Finally it was over and the cheerleaders escorted me to the stands to be examined by the other students. Many boys barraged me with wolf whistles and rude remarks.

"He's not bad," one of the girls said. "Why don't you add him to the squad permanently?"

I shuddered as the girls enthusiastically supported her suggestion.

I felt probing hands all over me. Many of the girls stroked my hairless smooth skin. Someone lifted my dress and felt my smooth thighs and pantied bottom.

"Don't touch me!" I protested.

The curious girls ignored me and hands inspected my bra. One girl emitted a feigned sigh of disappointment when she discovered it was full of nylons, not breasts. This molestation continued, despite my objections, until the school bell finally saved me.

The cheerleaders took me to the cafeteria for lunch. "You did an adequate job for your first time, Bill," June said. "I'm sure with practice you'll become a fine cheerleader."

"Just give me back my pants."

"Not now, honey," she said. "Come and see me after school in the girl's locker room."

"I can't go to class like this."

"Ta ta," she said.

I dreaded the approaching afternoon classes and wondered if I could go home sick. I certainly felt sick. However, it was too late; everyone had already seen me.

In class my teachers called me Miss Newton just as Miss Harris had done at the rally. The girls giggled at me and the boys sneered and made nasty comments.


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Walking in the halls between classes, someone pinched my butt. I spun around and saw a little freshman. He stood there grinning. I could take him out with one punch, but others were watching and I couldn't fight everyone.

After school I went to the girl's locker room for my meeting with June.

"Where are my pants?"

"You were wearing a bra and panties even before we dressed you," June said. "I hear that you've been wearing them all year. I talked to some boys, and none of them can remember seeing you in underwear. I think you like wearing panties. If you ask nicely, I'll lend you mine."

"I don't want your damn panties!"

"What's wrong with them? I'm disappointed that you prefer wearing someone else's. Tell me you'd love to wear my panties or you'll regret it."

"Give me back my pants, now!"

"Ooh, I'm scared." She reached up under her dress and removed her panties.

"Here you are, sissy, a real girl's panties. Wear them to school tomorrow."

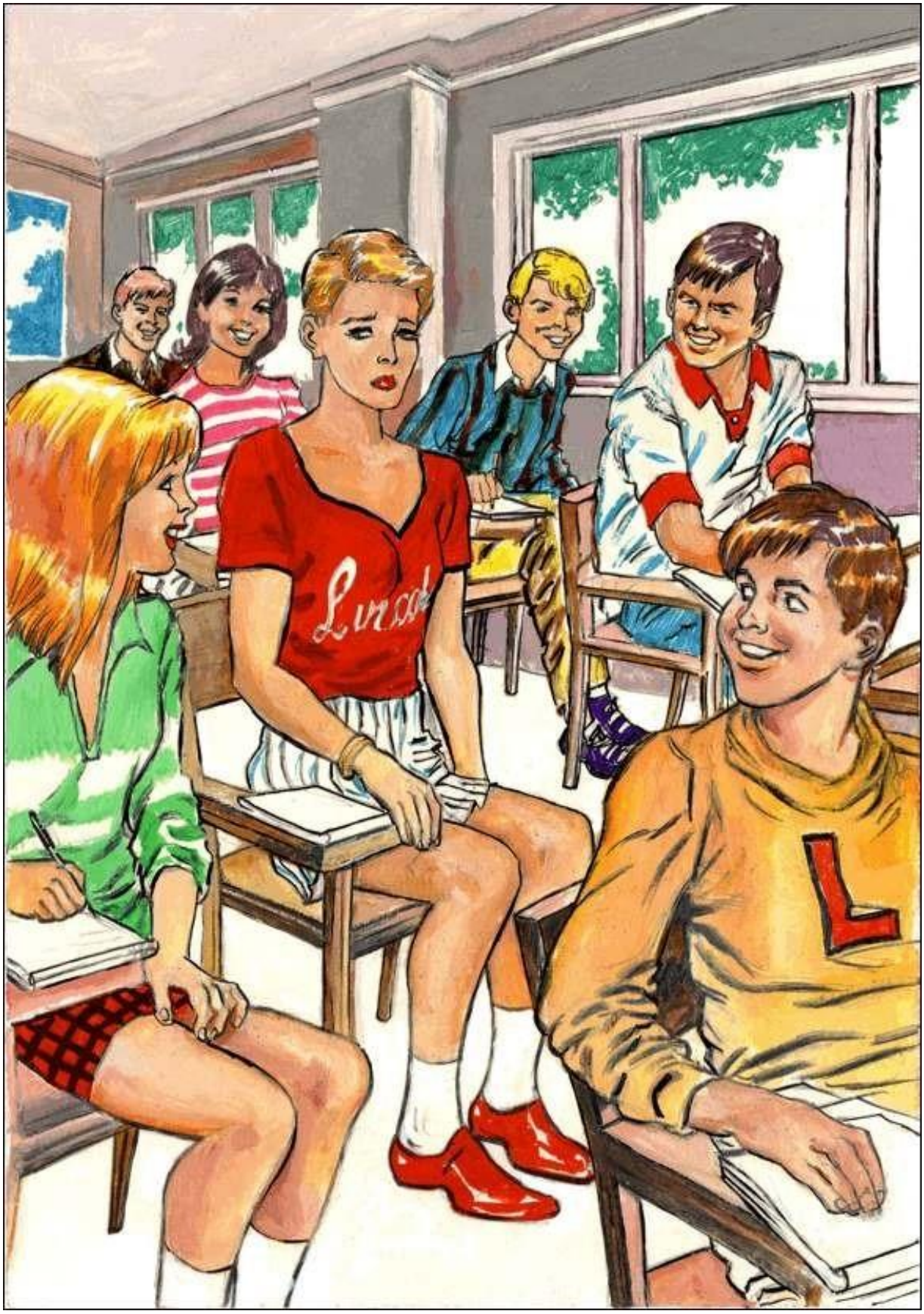
"Please, June."

"Tell me," she said, "does your Mommy know you wear her bra and panties, or do you sneak them from her drawers?"

"My mother's dead."

"Whose underwear were you wearing this morning?"

"Mine."


Lunch
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"I can't believe it," she said, "a boy wearing panties and a bra to school. I bet you can't wait to grow up and really fill out a sexy sweater all by yourself, eh sissy?"

"Please give me my pants.'

"Sorry, sissy, I forgot where I put them."

"June!"

"See you later," she said.

The final school bell sounded. I hated the thought of going home like this. Everyone would have a fine time laughing at me in my cheerleader's outfit; but knowing I had little choice, I scurried off to the bus clutching June's panties in my hand.

Everyone did tease me, even the driver. I resolved that I'd become even more macho at school until I had lived down this day. I'd sneak into the house and get out of this cheerleader's uniform so Jeff wouldn't know.

The bus stopped at my corner, and the students gave me a chorus of humiliating farewells. I jumped out, and there was Norma.

"How's the cheerleader?" she asked.

"Y-you knew this was going to happen. Y-you let me go to school dressed as a boy knowing Miss Harris was going to turn me into a cheerleader."

"You always were good at sports. Now you can learn about them from a girl's perspective."



"But it's not fair -- you can't make me a cheerleader."

"It's perfectly fair. You can cheer for the boys now just as the girls used to cheer for you."

"Everyone knows I'm a guy."

"It was your choice. You were delighted to wear pants. By the way, whose panties are you holding?"

"June's, she gave them to me to wear tomorrow."

"How sweet. Now let's go, it's time for aerobics."

"I have to change."

"No need, you're dressed just fine. Let's go."

When we entered the health club, the receptionist laughed out loud, even though she had been seeing me in dresses for a year. "That's too much. Now you're a cheerleader?" she asked. I started for the locker room.

"Darling," Norma said, "I didn't bring your aerobics outfit. Your uniform will be fine."

In the workout room, I was greeted by startled exclamations and questions. The men and women soon learned that I had performed in school as a cheerleader. Our instructor came in and started the music ending the conversation. As I jumped and kicked, my short skirt flipped up again and again exposing my panties. I could see the guys staring.

After the exercises, one of the women said, "I was a cheerleader and it was excellent for me aerobically and socially."

"Yea, it should really help Bill get dates with the jocks," one of the guys said.


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CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

The next morning, I put on June's panties, a bra, pants and shirt. I packed the cheerleader outfit in a gym bag. There were several kids waiting for the school bus. One of the boys said, "Hi sissy," and began to laugh. Another said, "Wearing your panties pretty boy?" I wanted to kill him, but I didn't want him to find out that I was.

The bus ride was just as bad. The students called me 'sissy' and 'Miss Bill' and asked, "Where's your dress and pom-poms?"

The cheerleaders were waiting for me at school. June unzipped my pants in front of dozens of people to check that I was wearing her panties. "Okay, dearie, I just wanted to be sure you had them on. Follow me." We entered the girl's locker room where there was a locker freshly painted in big letters:

MISS BILL NEWTON, CHEERLEADER

"We've decided to make you a permanent member of the pep squad," June said. "This is your new locker." The girls gathered around to congratulate me on becoming a cheerleader and gave me my very own pom poms.

"You'll need at least one more uniform and several pairs of red panties," June said. "We've ordered them for you, and you may borrow ours until they come."


MISS BILL NEWTON
CHEERLEADER

The bell started ringing, calling us all to class. I put the pom poms and uniform in my locker and ran to homeroom.

Each minute there was a new reminder of my humiliation. Girls would ask if I was still wearing my cute little bra and panties. Boys, who used to be my friends, avoided me or mocked me.

None of my teachers mentioned my day as a cheerleader, although several times they had to tell the class to be quiet when someone giggled or teased me.

When I went into the boy's locker room to get my tennis outfit, my locker was covered with graffiti. Inside there was an open perfume bottle and everything smelled of it.

After tennis, despite the lingering scent of perfume, I skipped my shower and went to a toilet stall to change into my pants and shirt. Part way through, when I was wearing only my bra and panties, a boy in the next stall climbed up on the toilet and looked over at me.

"He is wearing panties!" he cried. "He has a bra on too!"

"Get away!" I yelled.

I dressed quickly and rushed out through the locker room. Someone grabbed the back of my shirt, finding my bra strap he pulled it and let it snap against me.

June found me at lunch and said, "We have practice today. Come to the locker room at two thirty to change."



We practiced in full uniform three days a week. On game days, I was a cheerleader all day long. My hopes of being accepted as a man again were crushed. What man had a locker in the girl's gym? What man dressed as a cheerleader almost every day? What man was known to always wear a bra and panties? Time passed slowly. Every hour of every school day was filled with humiliation.

Even though it was only November, the prom was a major topic of conversation. My classmates planed several fundraisers. One traditional one was the slave auction. The seniors and all the cheerleaders auctioned themselves to the lower classmen. They were then required to spend the next day obeying the orders of their owner.

On auction day June said, "Let's all wear our uniforms. We'll go for higher prices that way. Drop by my house before school tomorrow, Bill. I'll help you get ready."

Early the next morning, I was at her house. June opened the door in her uniform. "Come in, sissy," she said. "Get out of those boy's clothes."

Self consciously, I disrobed to my bra and panties.

"Those are sweet, but I have some new panties for you."

She gave me a pair dripping with ruffles and lace.

"These aren't my cheerleader panties," I said.

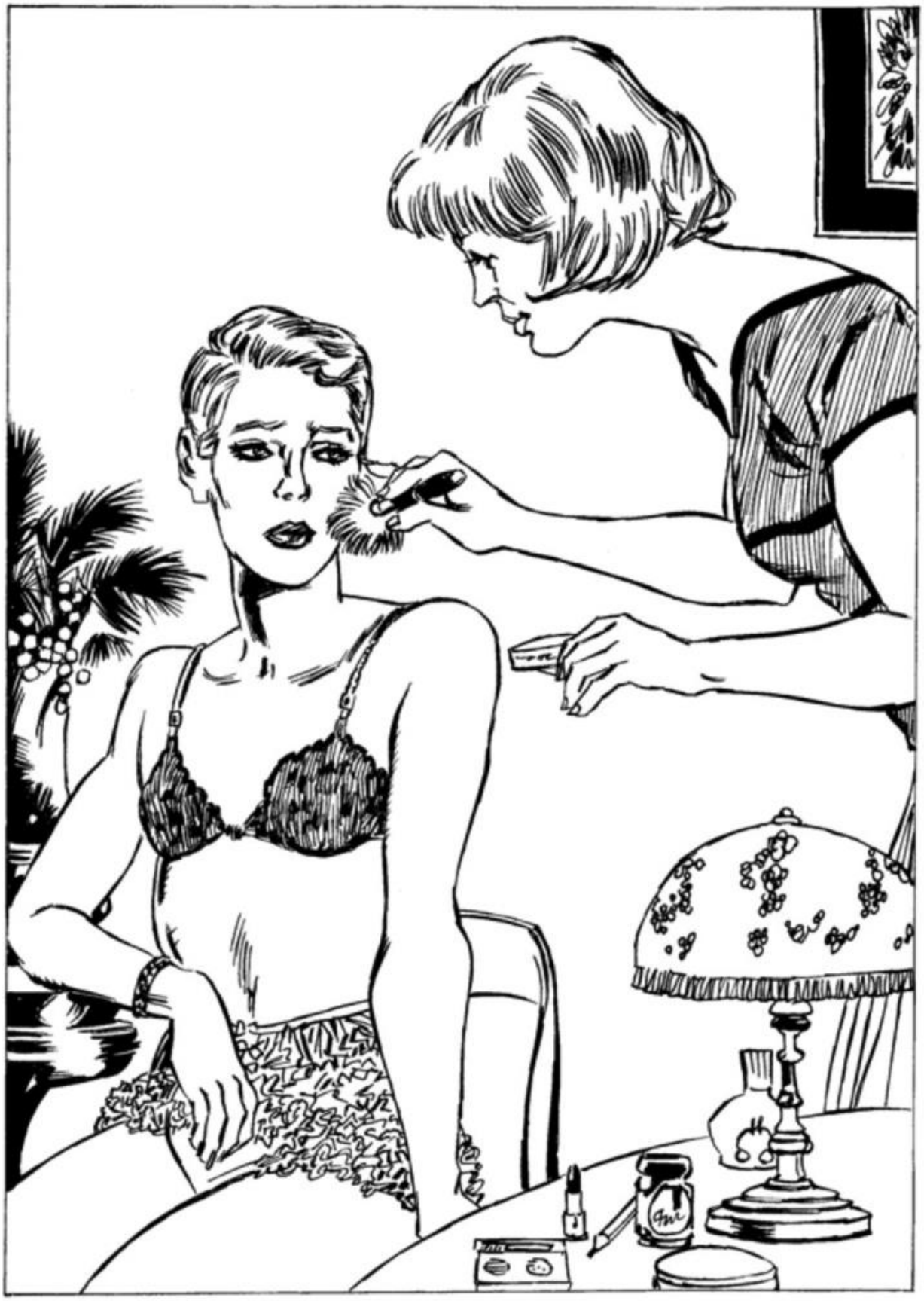
"Don't worry about it, just put them on," she said and watched with a smile as I changed into them.

"Sit down and I'll fix your face."

"Come on, June."

"Not another word - sit!"

After several minutes of powering and painting, she said, "That's better. Now put on your uniform."



Dressed in our short skirts and tight sweaters, we walked to the bus together. These frilly panties were completely inappropriate under my short uniform skirt. I walked carefully to avoid showing them more that necessary.

I figured that I wouldn't go for much in the auction. The typical student was selling for ten to twenty dollars. The first cheerleader to be auctioned was Jayne. She went for thirty. She was pleased to have been bought for a good price by a pleasant looking junior who we knew had a crush on her. Some other students were sold and then it was June's turn. She strutted to the stage swaying her hips. The bidding started high and went higher. She smiled and pouted, teasing out more bids. When it was finally over, she sold for seventy-five dollars to a sophomore who I knew she would have tied around her little finger all day.

Soon it was my turn. I walked to the stage amongst snickers and rude comments.

"How much am I bid for Bill, our newest cheerleader?" The auctioneer asked.

The room was silent.

"Come on, this near miss must be worth something."

"He's worth a hundred dollars," said a voice from the rear of the room. It was Bruce, a small and quiet sophomore about whom I knew nothing.

"Sold, thanks Bruce," the auctioneer said.

The other cheerleaders and I went to the girl's locker room and changed into our school clothes.

"How could you?" June said.

"It's not my fault he bid so much."



"Be at my house tomorrow morning at six thirty," she said. "I'm going to make sure Brucie gets his money's worth."

"But June—"

"Be there!"

I was at her house on time. She opened the door smiling with delight. The other cheerleaders were there as well.

"We've a lot to do, girls," June said. "We better get to it, or our little darling will miss her bus."

The smirking girls half-led, half-pushed me upstairs and began to undress me.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"Why darling," June said, "we're going to make you look nice for your generous master." The girls giggled in delight as Jayne sprayed my smooth hairless body with perfume. With their laughter ringing in my ears, I found myself staring at the dainty pink panties June was handing to me.

"Put these on," she said.

I meekly stepped into them.

"Put your arms thru these," June said.

She carefully positioned the pink nylon AAA cups of a training bra over my nipples, adjusted the white lace trimmed shoulder straps and hooked up the back.





She helped me into a matching pink slip that flowed over a white ruffled nylon net under-petticoat and ended well above my knees.

"No, please don't," I said.

"I know you're disappointed, dearest," June said. "You hoped that you could wear my grown up panties and bra and one of my dresses. Don't worry, all too soon you'll be a big girl like us."

"Please June, I can't go to school dressed like a little girl."

The girls broke into loud laughter as June held up a short pink dress. "Your sister thought you could. Where do you think we got this dress?"



"Don't do this to me."

I continued to protest while I stepped into the pink nylon dress. It had a ruffled white lace collar, puff sleeves trimmed with white lace, a smooth bust line that revealed a hint of my under things and a full skirt that floated out over its built in petticoats. I sat in a daze while June and Sophia rolled white cotton stockings to just above my calves. After these came a pair of glistening black patent leather pumps. Brigitte clipped a pink satin ribbon in my hair and applied mascara, blush, pink lipstick and gloss.



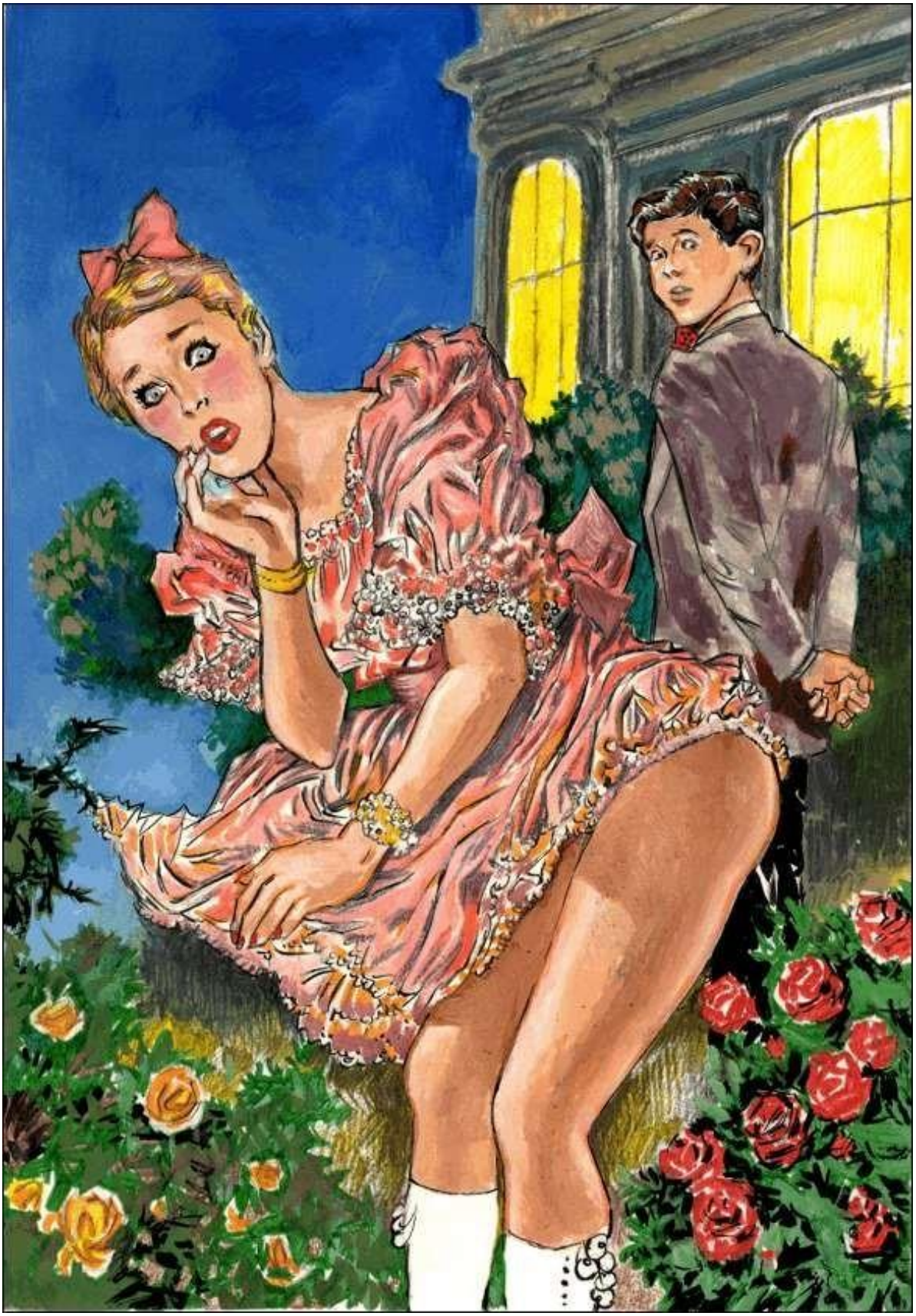
"They dressed you like a little girl?" Fran gushed.

I flushed at the still painful memory of that day. "I'll see you next week?"

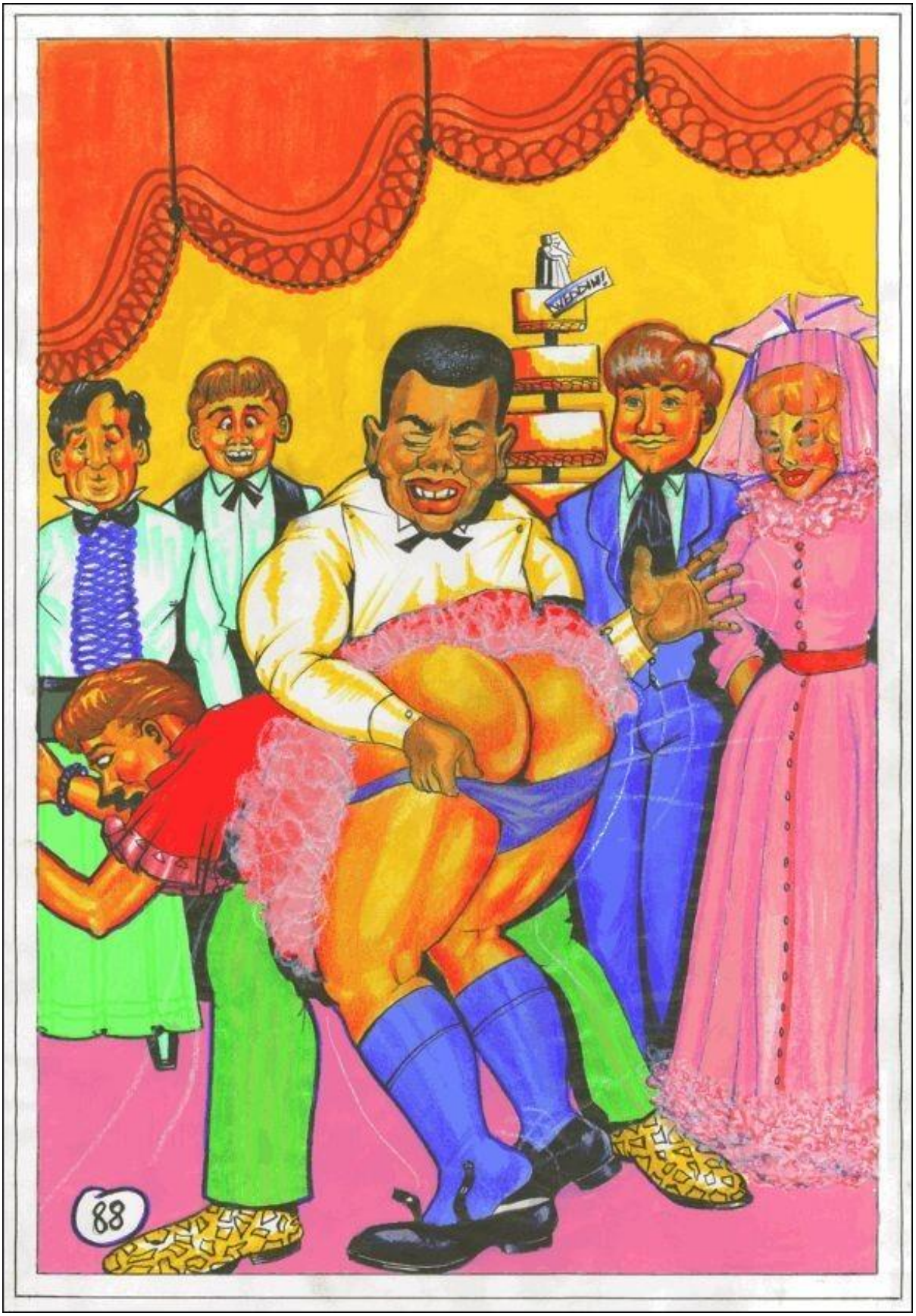
"Absolutely! Did they really take you to school like that? "We have to close the shop."

Fran left and Jean and I cleaned up.

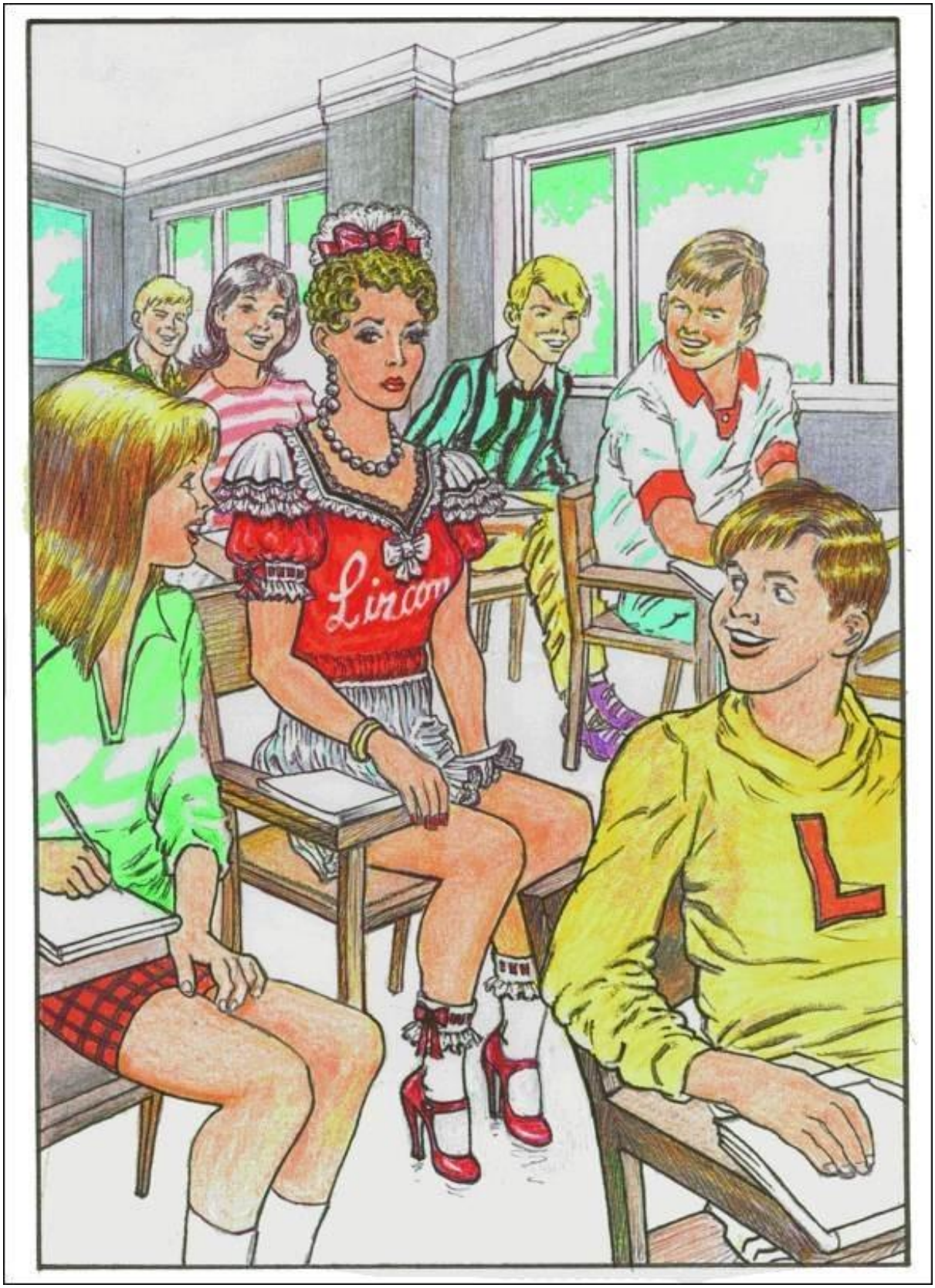
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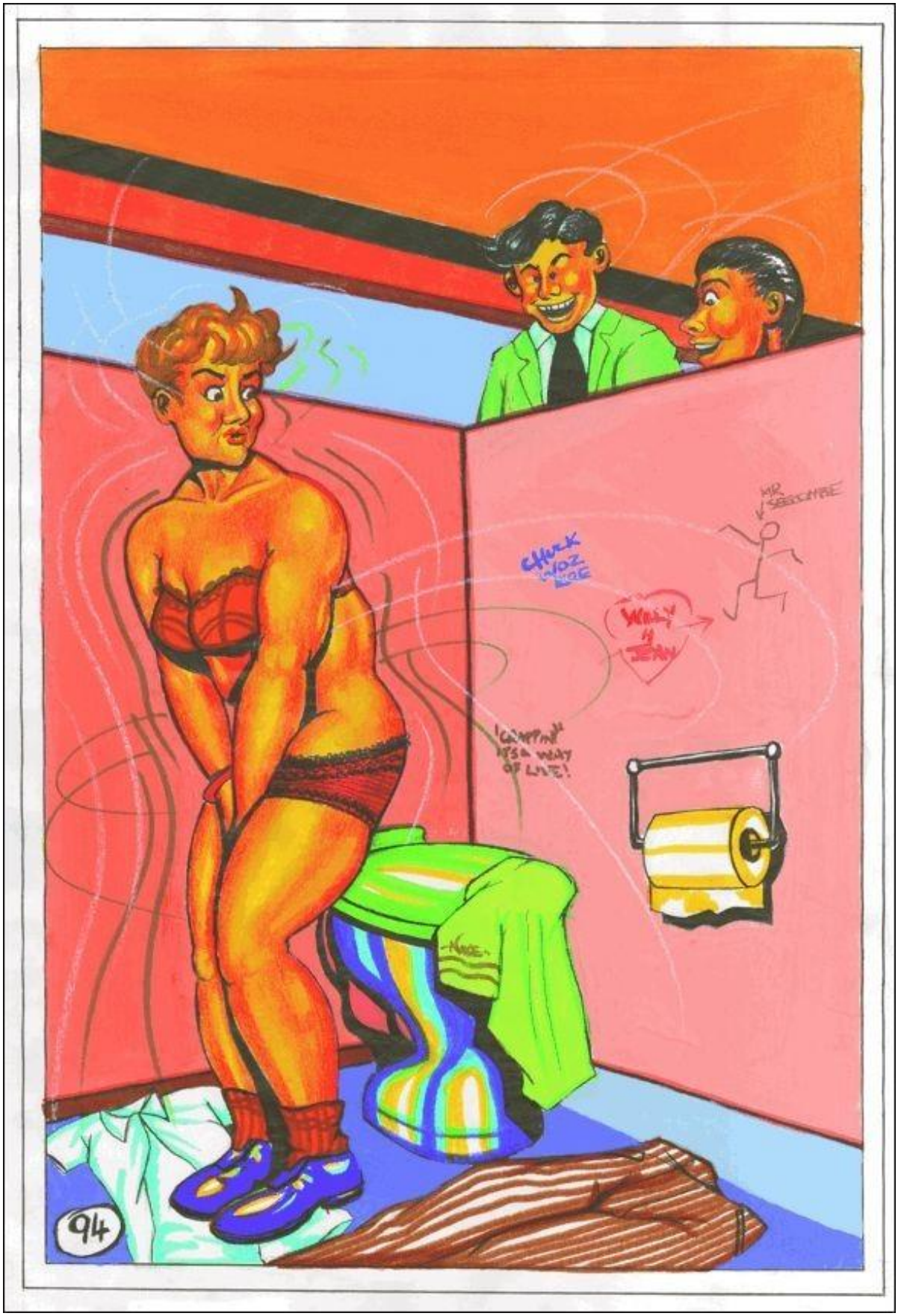
Bill stuck on the rose bush at his party by PUYAL



Bill spanked at the wedding by Chris of England



Bill at class in his cheerleader's uniform by PUYAL and BJ



Bill caught in bra and panties by Chris of England