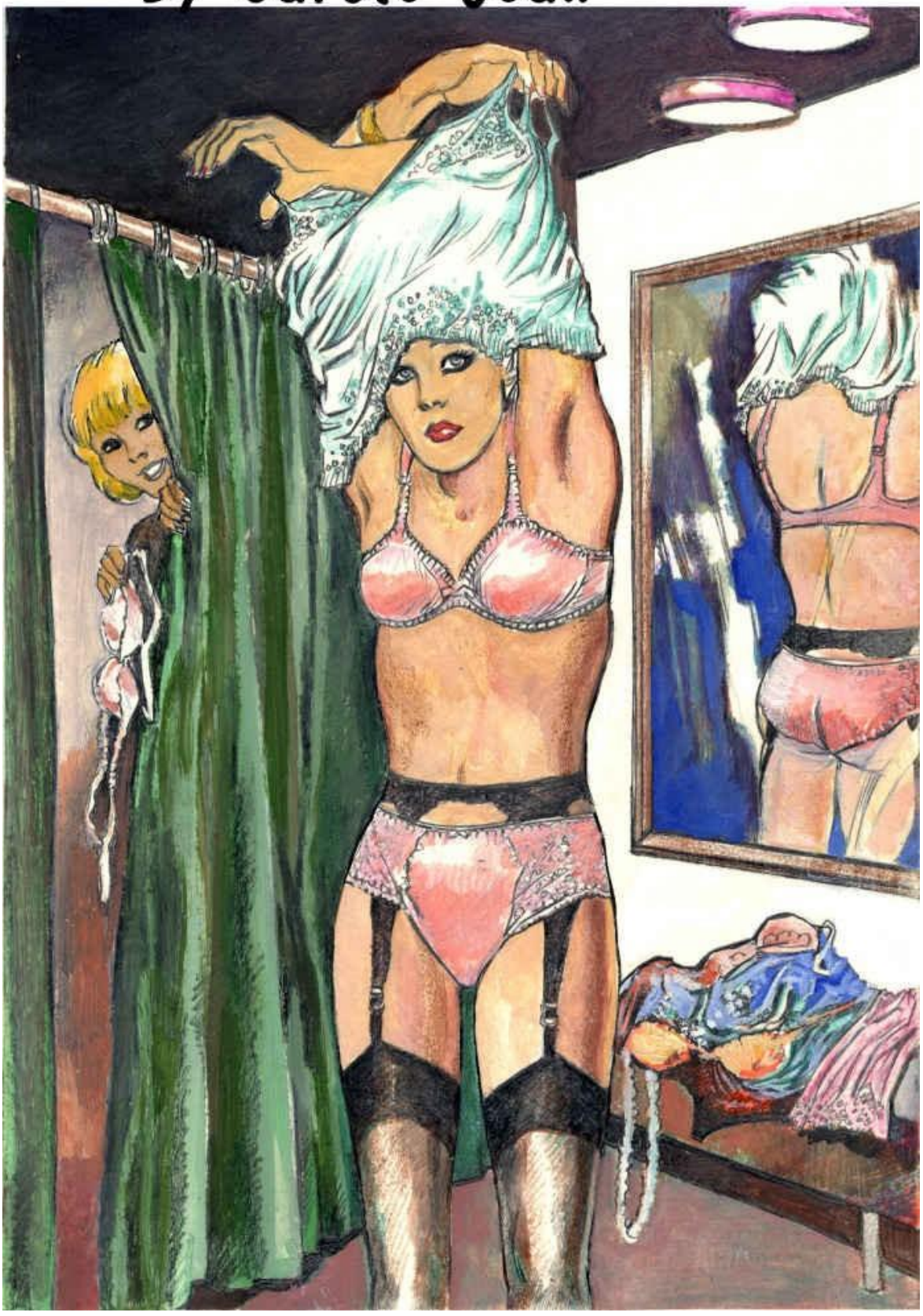
BILL'S HUMILIATIONS IN PANTIES Volume 7

By Carole Jean



BILL'S HUMILIATIONS IN PANTIES

VOLUME SEVEN

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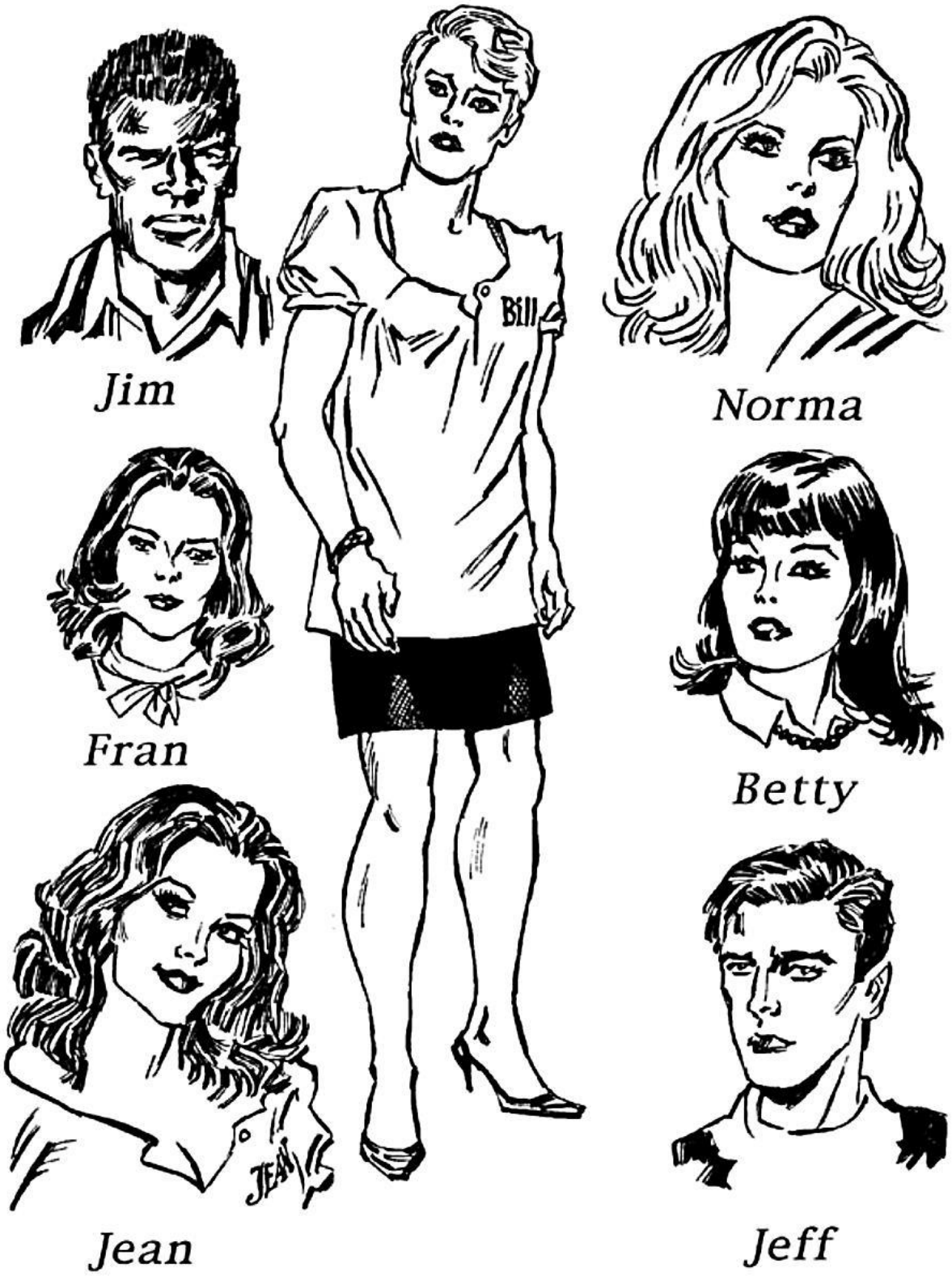
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Kindle Edition

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Jim
Bill
Norma
Fran
Betty
Jean
Jeff

"Imagination was given to man to compensate him for what he is not; a sense of humor to console him for what he is."
(Francis Bacon)

CHAPTER THIRTY

Fran entered the salon, crossed to my station, sat across from me and held out her hands. I took one and started.

"I thought all week about you going to high school dressed as a little girl," she said. "June really dressed you as a five year old?"

I lowered my head and pretended to concentrate on my work.

"It must have been horrible for you to have to go like that to a place where everyone knew you as a man."

I looked up, surprised by this exhibition of sympathy.

"I wish I could have been there to see it though. You must have been so cute."

Squirming on my chair I became conscious of the pull of my nylons on my garter belt and I crossed my legs at the ankle.

"Come on, Bill, tell me all about it."

"June and some of the other cheerleaders did make me dress like a little girl. Then they told me they were taking me to school like that . . . "

"The bus will be here soon," June said.

"Please don't," I begged.



Smiling, she rushed me downstairs and out of her house to the bus stop -- just in time.

As we got on the bus, there were exclamations of surprise as the kids began to realize who I was. This was followed by giggles and laughter until everybody knew, even the driver.

Okay, okay," she said, "settle down."

Her order did nothing to stop the questions and comments. "Oh my God! Look at him."

"It's Bill."

"Why is he dressed like that?"

"It's slave day."

"Bruce bought him."

"Did Bruce tell you to dress like that?"

"Look at those petticoats."

"You can see right up his dress."

"What a sissy."



The cheerleaders, who were the only ones who really knew what was happening, stayed quiet and let the questions and speculations continue. The bus pulled into Lincoln parking lot, and the cheerleaders took me to Bruce in his homeroom. "Here's your slave, Bruce," June said. "We prettied him up for you."

"Thank you," he said.

"No problem," June said. "See you later, Billy."

"Do you want me to change?" I asked Bruce.

"No, you look cute."

As I went with Bruce through his daily routine, the teasing grew worse; even the teachers joined in the fun. "Ah, Bill," Mrs. Woods, Bruce's English teacher, said, "I adore your lovely new dress. However, don't you think that you should wear something more appropriate to your age?"

"Yes, ma'am," I said.

"You look like a tall five year old," she said. The other students couldn't control their laughter.

I hated the walk from class to class. I was teased, pinched and fondled by boys and girls ten years my junior. I tried to keep my dress down; however, it seemed that everyone wanted to lift it. I was constantly wary and kept my hands on the dress to protect myself, but walking up or down stairs was impossible — everyone below me on the stairs could see right up my dress.

I had some excuse for my appearance, as many of the other seniors were also wearing humiliating costumes. Some of the guys even wore bras or lipstick. However, none of them were forced to dress so thoroughly as a girl.

During lunch, Bruce took me out on the playground and agroup of guys grabbed me. As I struggled to get away, two of them held my arms and another two grabbed my legs. I twisted, kicked and yelled as they pulled off my panties.

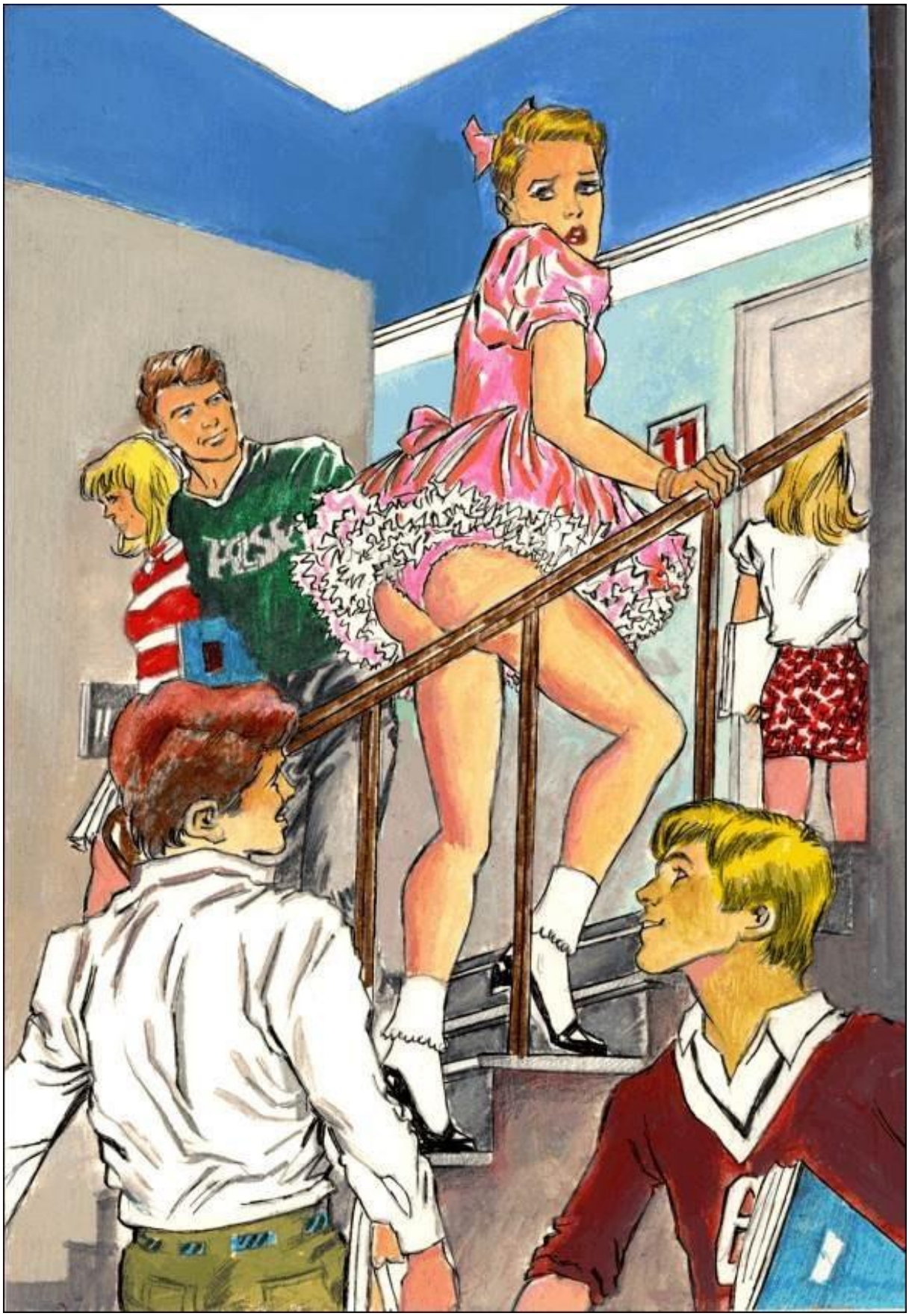
They let me go and threw them back and forth over my head playing keep away.

Finally Bruce caught them. Putting them on again in front of everyone was very unpleasant.

At the end of the day, June said, "I like you in a dress. Tomorrow wear one of your own."

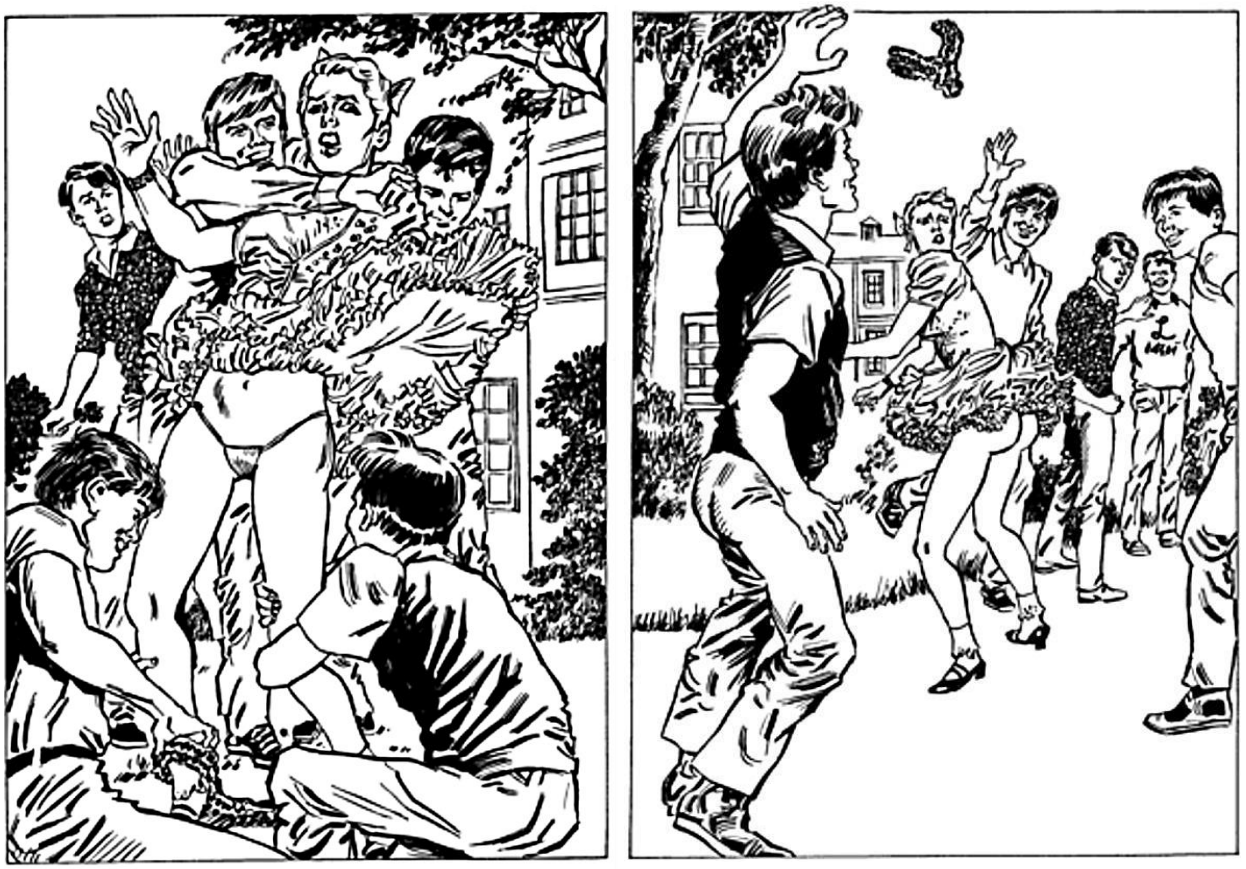
"I can't."

"If you don't, I'll have one for you, and I promise you won't like it."


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Norma met me at the bus and smiled at my juvenile appearance. She didn't let me change but took me straight to dance class where the girls, who were all pre-teens, smiled at me and asked embarrassing questions.

That night I said to Norma, "June told to wear a dress tomorrow. I beg you, please let me drop out of school."



"June's right, you should wear your girl's clothes to school."

"They all know I'm a man. The teasing will be unbearable."

"It's no more than you deserve. I heard how you strutted around and picked on the girls when I let you wear pants."

"I can't go to school in dresses. I just can't."

"Don't argue. Put yourself to bed."

It was only seven. I spent a sleepless night worrying.

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

The next morning I didn't dress for school but went down to breakfast in my nightgown. "Norma," I said, "It makes me sick to think of going to school in a dress."

"If you're sick, I'll take you to Dr. Morgan."

"No, I just feel sick to my stomach."

"I don't have to let you dress as a teenager. If you complain, you can be a little girl again. Would you prefer that?"

"No!"

"You have five minutes to get dressed," she said. "Otherwise you can go to school in your nightie."

I rushed upstairs, threw on a blouse and skirt and applied my makeup. I went downstairs feeling like a condemned man going to his execution.

"How cute," Norma said. "Your classmates will love you, but you look so sad. Would you feel better if you could wear some jewelry or a bow in your hair?"

"This is bad enough."

"Here," she said offering me a purse."

"I don't want to carry that."

"Don't be silly. You have no pockets." She pressed it into my hands and handed me a full gym bag. "Give this bag to June. Have a nice day, sweetie."

I walked forlornly to the bus stop. It seemed quite impossible that just a short time ago I had been attending school in pants. The teasing was getting worse. I almost fell running from the bus in my high heels. I made it to the girl's

locker room where June had told me to meet her. Some girls were changing and were nearly naked. "Eeek!" one of them cried when she saw me and covered her breasts.

"Relax," June said. "It's okay if Bill sees us undressed, after all he's pretty much a girl himself, and his locker and cheerleader uniforms are all here."

The girls smiled and relaxed.

"That's right," the screamer said, "where else could he change?" I handed June the gym bag.

"What's this?" she asked.

"My sister told me to give it to you."

"Let's see," she said.

There were some clothes and a note from Norma:

I want Bill to play tennis. However, it would no longer be appropriate for him to play in T-shirt and shorts. Please see that he wears this dress and panties.

"I'll put them in your locker," June said.

The bell rang and I walked to my first period class. It was one thing to be dressed as a girl on slave day, and the kids knew that I had been forced into becoming a cheerleader, but there was no excuse for this.

I entered the room to a chorus of laughter. I took my seat and the teacher said, "Miss Harris didn't tell me I was getting a new student. What's your name, dear?"

"Bill Newton."

"Why then you've been in my class before," she said, "under slightly different circumstances." The kids laughed and teased me. She silenced them by saying, "It's time to begin our lesson. You may visit with Bill after class."



They sure did. Everyone had something to say to me. At lunch June invited me to join her and the cheerleaders. As I walked towards them, Tommy Johnson pulled up my skirt. "I knew it. I knew it," he said. "Bill's wearing panties. What a sissy."

I pushed Tommy away. "I'm no sissy!" I said. I tried to muster up all of my lost dignity and walk over to the girls. One of the boys sarcastically whistled at me, and everyone broke up laughing again.

"Ignore them," June said, "They whistle at us all the time. Have a bite of my salad." The girls shared their lunches with me so I wouldn't have to stand in the line. I was grateful for this small kindness. After we ate, the girls all opened their purses and draw out their lipsticks.

"Bill, you must fix your makeup," Jayne said. All of us peered into our compact mirrors as we applied fresh lipstick.

After lunch, I went to my locker and got my books. I was walking to class when one of the boys shoved me and knocked my books to the floor. I had to bend down like a girl to pick them up so that the boys wouldn't see my slip and panties.

"That's the way, Bill, keep those knees together," a girl said.

I had hoped to avoid wearing the tennis dress. However, when the time came, June found me.

"Time to dress for tennis, Billy."

"I don't want to play today," I said.

"If you don't want to play tennis and you don't have a doctor's excuse, you'll have to go to gym class," she said. "Freshman girls do calisthenics this hour. I'm sure one of them has a pair of bloomers you can borrow."

Gym bloomers, what a horrible thought, they were a one-piece garment, blue cotton with wide elasticized shorts. Only the freshmen girls had to wear them, and everyone made fun of them. I put on the tennis dress.

Tennis had never been like this. I knew I was a much better player than the girl who was my opponent, However, my little skirt was jumping around showing off my ruffled panties made me a nervous wreck. She beat me easily.

After playing, I went back to the locker room to change. I was soon in my bra and panties just like the girls. I reached for my blouse and June asked, "Aren't you going to shower?"

"I can't shower here. I'm a guy."

"You better, because you sure can't shower with the boys, and you sure can't put your blouse on over all that sweat," she said.

"I'll wait until I get home."

"No you won't," she said. "Girls, let's give Bill a shower." The giggling girls dragged me into the showers and held me under the water until all of us were soaked, our underwear nearly transparent.

I was beginning to enjoy this. These young women were very attractive and nearly naked. Only my tight gaff kept them from seeing my arousal.



They soaped me all over, touching me everywhere, rinsed me off and chased me out of the shower with wet towels.

I dried myself and put on my skirt and blouse dreaming of being alone with one or two of these nubile young things.

I wore a dress to school every day after that. The girls got quite used to undressing around me and began to treat me as if I was one of them.

The guys teased me unmercifully. Even the smallest and weakest of the students felt safe pulling my dress up. After all a sissy was no threat.

When I complained to Norma that they were pulling my skirt up, she put me into a short filmy crepe dress over a lacy silk slip and a garter belt with nylons. She made me go to school in that outfit wearing heels.

Everything made that dress go up, even the heat vents. I had a horrible time.





One day it rained, I thought I might not have to dress for gym. No such luck. Miss Harris gave me a girl's speedo swimsuit and told me to work out with the swim team. That became my routine on rainy days, and I dreaded them.



The first time I was supposed to play tennis on one of my 'days of the month', I tried to refuse. However, the girls stripped me to my underwear and threatened to parade me around in my bra and panties with my obvious pant liner. I quickly agreed to play. However, they weren't through with me. They put a maxi pad in my tennis panties. It was bulkier than my pant liner and whenever my skirt flew up, it was clearly visible. Everyone was awful, teasing me about being on the rag.



I had to miss aerobics and dance some days when one of our teams had a game and the cheerleaders performed. I hated piling on the team bus with the other cheerleaders and the jocks for the away games. My reputation had spread and the students at the other schools were looking for me. At our archrival, South Central High, the students unfurled two big banners:

LINCOLN BOYS ARE SISSIES

and

BILL, SHOW US YOUR PANTIES

They yelled and mocked me. Near tears, I fled the gym and found myself surrounded by South Central's cheerleaders. "Do you think you're cute in that outfit?" one asked.

"He's trying to make fun of us," another said. "No, girls, really I'm not," I said.

"So you think it's funny being a cheerleader, do you," the first girl said. "Let's see if you're really a man. Let's strip him girls." They grabbed at my uniform.

"Stop it! Stop!" I cried, trying to hold down my skirts. The girls continued with their assault and my dress was soon pulled down. "No! No! Please!" I cried as eager fingers tugged at my panties.

The sound of my yelling had brought a crowd of mocking South Central kids. "Strip the sissy," one yelled.

The girls had nearly done it when Jayne and several of the other Lincoln cheerleaders came running. They pushed away the South Central girls and rescued me.



"Thank you Jayne, thank you girls," I said. I pulled up my panties and adjusted my skirt. Feeling my skirt glide over my silky panties, the pull of my bra straps and the slick coating of lipstick on my mouth, I felt almost like crying.

Jayne observed my mood and misinterpreted it. "Don't let those bastards get you down," she said. "Let's go cheer," She held my hand and led me back. Going into that gym and facing that hostile crowd was one of the hardest things I'd ever done.

The school year passed slowly. Norma wanted me to have girl friends so whenever possible she sent me out to socialize with the other cheerleaders. We shopped the malls, went to movies with the guys and talked at the coffee shop for hours about friends and fashion.


BILL - SHOW US YOUR PANTIES
LINCOLN BOYS ARE SISSIES
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One day, all the cheerleaders and the athletes scheduled an outing together at the fair. The girls decided to wear pants. However, when I asked Norma for pants, she got angry and insisted that I wear a very short flared skirt. Then, just to make it worse, she made me wear a garter belt and hose. I felt completely out of place at the fair. The girls' pants were much more appropriate.

There was a ride called the Ziller. When we went upside down, my dress blew up and was caught. When the guy came to let me out, everyone saw my underwear.

We also went to the fun house. After we went through the mirror maze, we had to run a gauntlet of air jets. The girls in pants walked through unconcerned. I had big problems. The jets caught my dress and blew it skyward. I couldn't keep it down. I can tell you that it is no fun having your dress blown way up, especially when you're wearing frilly panties and a garter belt and there are plenty of spectators enjoying the view.

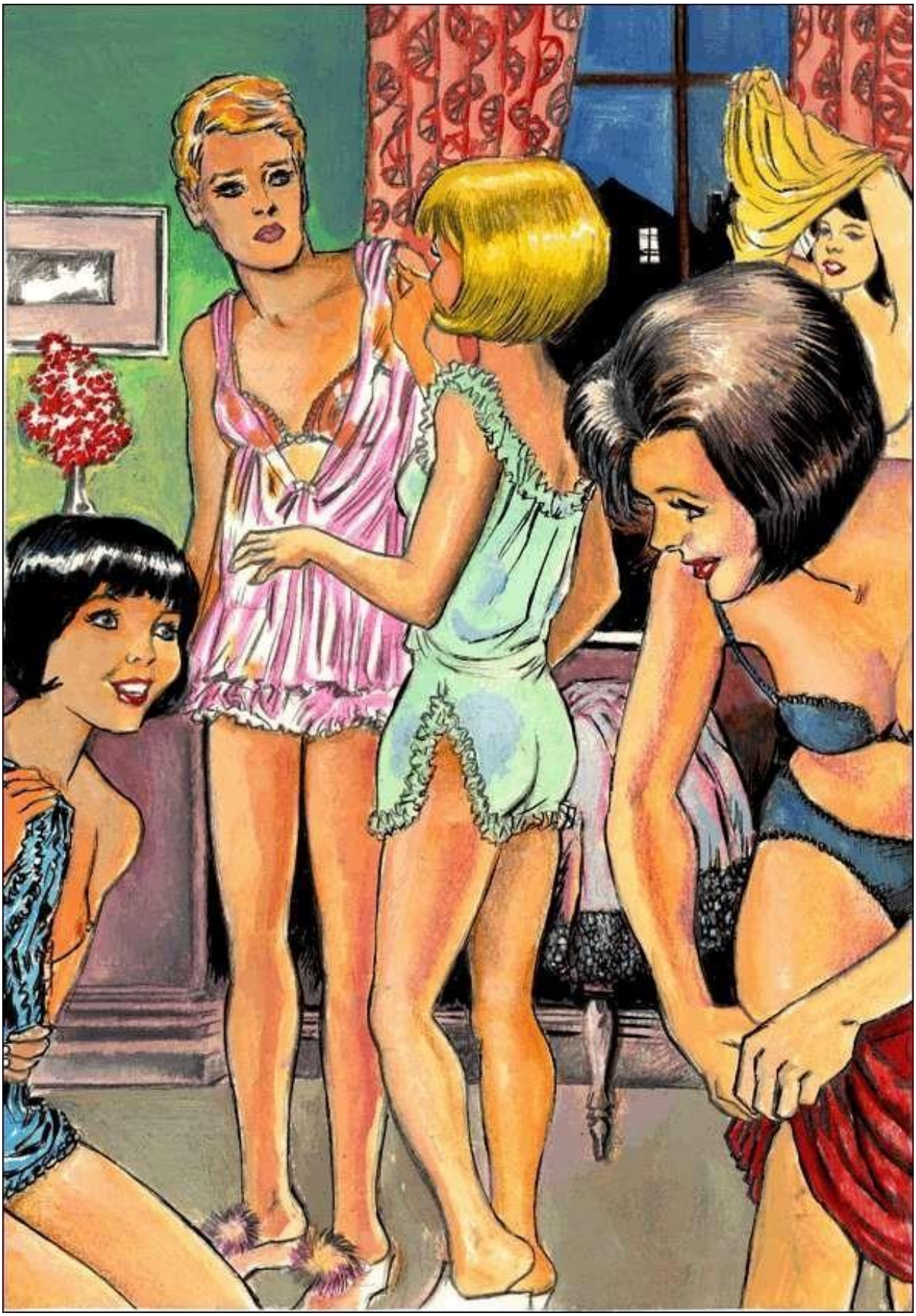
One night, June invited all of the cheerleaders to her house for a slumber party. We put on nightgowns and played party games. I wore a baby doll nightie. The girls no longer cared that I was a man and we played together half naked.

"Let's play truth or dare," Jayne said. "Bill, which do you want?"

"A dare," I said.

"All right," June said. "Go to the corner, touch the mailbox and come back."





I was scared to go outside in my nightie, but it was dark and I was looking forward to daring one of the girls. I looked both ways and set off running to the corner while the girls watched me thought the window. I made it without anyone seeing me and had started back when a vanload of jocks arrived to crash the party. They went to the front door. I ran to the back door but it was locked. I pounded on it and yelled, "June, let me in!"



The jocks grabbed me before she could open the door. "We've got Bill!" they shouted. "Open up."

"No."

"What's that you're wearing, Bill?"

"Let me go."

"What have you got on?"

"A baby doll, let me go."

"The girl's aren't going to let us in," someone said. "Let's take Bill to the coffee shop." The boys drove me to the coffee shop that was the hang out for high school students and took me in wearing my baby doll nightie. I had



to sit with them for over an hour before they took me back to June's. After that night, everyone called me Baby Doll.

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

Jayne was looking sad.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Baby Doll," Jayne said, "you were a boy. Why do boys act the way they do?"

"What do you mean?"

"I went out with Adam. Now he's telling everyone we had sex. We didn't, and I don't want people to think I'm a slut."

"Let me take care of it."

"What are you going to do?"

"Don't worry, I know what to do." I found Adam in the cafeteria and said, "I don't believe you had sex with Jayne."

"What do you know, Baby Doll, you weren't here," he said.

"I've seen you naked, and you have such a tiny little dick I don't believe you could have sex with anyone." The kids started giggling. "In fact," I said, "you have the tiniest little dick I've ever seen."

Adam got flushed, grabbed me and started twisting my arm. A couple of the jocks pulled him away. "Baby Doll works his ass off for us," one said. "No one's going to hurt him."

No one believed Adam about Jayne any longer, and from then on everyone called him 'Tiny'. Jayne was very grateful, and we became best friends.



One Sunday, my former girlfriend, Tracy, took me to her studio. She was a professional photographer. In the morning, she took fashion and boudoir shots of me.

In the afternoon Jeff joined us. Tracy took our pictures seated in ball gowns then she had us take off our makeup and put on tuxedos. This was the first time either of us had been in pants for some time. It wasn't very real, as we wore bra and panties, the pants had elastic waists and the jackets were open up the back. It didn't last long either, just enough for her to take a few shots. Then she had us put on the dresses we had arrived in and fix our makeup again.

In a few weeks, the results of the photo shot arrived. The girls' favorite was the composite that made it look as if Jeff and I were dating ourselves. They blew that photo up and hung it in our living room alone with several others. They also sent and sent copies of the photos to all of our friends.

The school year was coming to a close, and it was nearly time for the prom. I didn't plan to go, but Norma called Bruce, the boy who bought me for slave day, and asked if he would like to take me. He did, and I had a date.

When June found out, she insisted on taking me shopping for my prom gown. "I have to make certain you look hot for Bruce," she said.

"You aren't still mad at me for the auction?"

"Raquel can help us," she said. After trying dresses on in a few stores, they settled on a short and lacy confection.

"You can't be serious," I said. "I don't want to wear that to the prom."

"Baby Doll, you're so cute when you try to be assertive," June said. "You'll have fun in that dress."



"Fun, I'd be embarrassed half to death," I said. She just smiled at me and charged the dress to Norma.

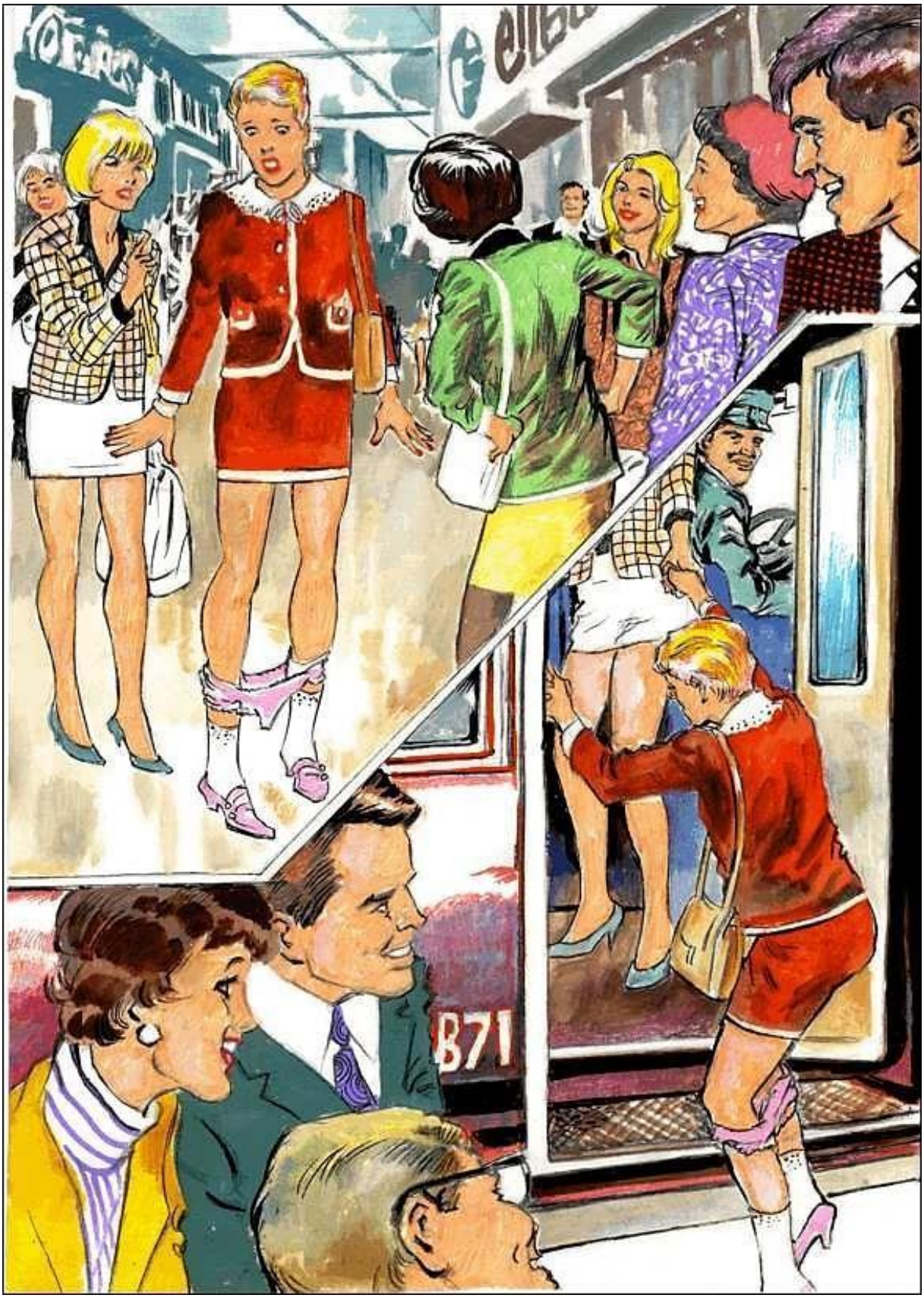
"We should get Baby Doll some special prom underwear," June said. They took me to a lingerie shop, and I spent the better part of an hour changing into one thing after another.

Finally, after I had tried on most of the lingerie in the store, they selected hose, a garter belt, a strapless bra and a pair of panties. Raquel went to pay for our purchases, and June helped me back into own dress and lingerie. As we left the shop and started to walk out of the crowded mall, I could feel my panties slipping down my legs. I grabbed for them. Too late! They were at my ankles.

A crowd of shoppers surrounded me and laughed as June and Raquel scolded me for my immodesty. They ordered me to retrieve my panties, and I discovered that the waistband was cut. I had to hold them through my dress to keep them from falling again. The girls smiled at my obvious discomfort.

We went to the bus stop and waited. Just as the bus arrived, June and Raquel each took one of my hands as if to help me. When I took a step, I could feel my panties slipping again. The girls let them fall all the way down my legs pretending not to hear my complaints or notice my hobbled stride until we were part way up the steps of the bus. Other people boarding had to wait as I retrieved my panties.

We reached our stop and got off the bus. I was so afraid that the girls might grab my hands again that I ran across the street and was almost hit by a car.


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I jumped back and threw up my arms to catch my balance. I could feel my panties going again. This time, however, I managed to catch them at my knees. The girls took me home, and I immediately went to my room and changed underwear.

The afternoon of the prom, Jim took me to the beauty salon where Debbie fussed over my makeup for what seemed like hours. "I'm so excited about your going to your high school prom," she said. "Aren't you?"

"What's taking so long?" I asked.

"I'm going to make you the most beautiful boy at the dance." Finally she declared, "All done, honey. Be careful when you dress and don't touch your face."

Jim took me home and I changed into the lingerie the girls had selected for me. I was putting on my gown when Norma walked in. "Your date is here," she said.

"Will you zip me?" She helped me with my gown and looked me over carefully.

"Darling, just darling," she said. "Bruce is lucky to have such a lovely date."

"Is this finally it?" I asked.

"Yes, it's your prom."

"Not that," I said, "I mean is this the end of my wearing a dress?"

"Don't be silly, dear. You still have a lot of growing up to do. Come on, your date must be getting anxious."


PROM



Downstairs, Bruce said, "You look great," and handed me a wrist corsage. I put it on and we walked to the limo Norma had hired.

At the prom, dancing was awkward since I was accustomed to leading, but Bruce was patient, and treated me like a lady. Not so some of the other boys and girls who pointed, snickered and made rude comments about us.

"Ignore them," he said.

"I'm getting warm, would you get me a cold drink?" I asked.

"Of course," he said. "I'll be right back.

" As I waited for him to return, I saw a sight that froze me in terror. It was April, my ex-girlfriend with Greg and some thugs. They were walking toward me!

"Enjoying the dance?" April asked.

I nodded, speechless.

"I have a surprise for you," she said. "You came to the dance as a babe, but you'll be leaving as a baby. I brought these four strong men to help with your transformation."

"I won't!" I yelled.

Greg grabbed me from behind and ripped open my dress.

I struggled but the other men joined in and stripped me to the skin. Then they held me down as April powdered my bottom and pinned me into diapers.

Just then, Bruce returned. He tried to help me, but one of the thugs hit him and dragged him out of the hall.

Alice put a ruffled pink diaper cover on me.



"I had this dress made especially for you," she said. "Isn't it darling?" It was a white baby dress that was dripping with lace and pink bows.

Jayne came over with her boy friend. "What are you doing to Baby Doll?" she asked.

"Unless you want what that other boy just got," April said. "You'll walk away from this."

"Let him go," Jayne's boyfriend said.

Greg pulled a knife and said, "It's not worth it, walk away."

The boy backed off.

"Now," said April, "if there are no more interruptions, we can finish."

A thug dragged me up from the floor. The dress didn't even cover the diapers. She added a bonnet and a pair of baby booties. Then she shoved a bottle in my mouth.



I spat it out. "Take that damn thing away!"

"Remember you're a baby girl," April said. "You can't talk. Eat your dinner baby sweetems."

"Like hell!" I said.

She poked me with a metal rod and I felt an unbearable jolt of electricity. "That's the low setting. Next time I'll set it to high. Suck your bottle of formula empty."

The sweet milky baby formula was disgusting, but I drank it.

"That's better," she said. "Now baby, sit down and play with your rattle." The men pushed me to the floor. Alice

gave me a rattle and casually held the electric prod near my leg.

I shook the rattle as she ordered. Things having quieted down, my classmates and their dates started coming to get a good look. "Baby Doll, you make a cute baby," one said, and that seemed to be the general sentiment.

After a while, I started feeling strong urges in my bladder. I tried to press my legs tight together.

"Do you need to go pee-pee baby?" April asked.

I nodded quickly.

"I'm not surprised," she said. "I spiked your formula with a powerful diuretic. I wanted to be sure you not only wore diapers, but you used them."

I strained and tensed but the bulky diaper prevented me from applying sufficient pressure. All at once the flow started. My expression alerted April who checked my diaper.

"Baby has wet her diapers," she said loudly. "Who'd like to help me change her?"

"I would," Raquel said.

I struggled as the four men held me down on the floor. Raquel pulled off my diaper cover. The odor of urine assailed my nostrils. She unpinned and stripped off the wet diaper, daintily holding the damp diaper with the tips of her left hand and holding her nose with the right.



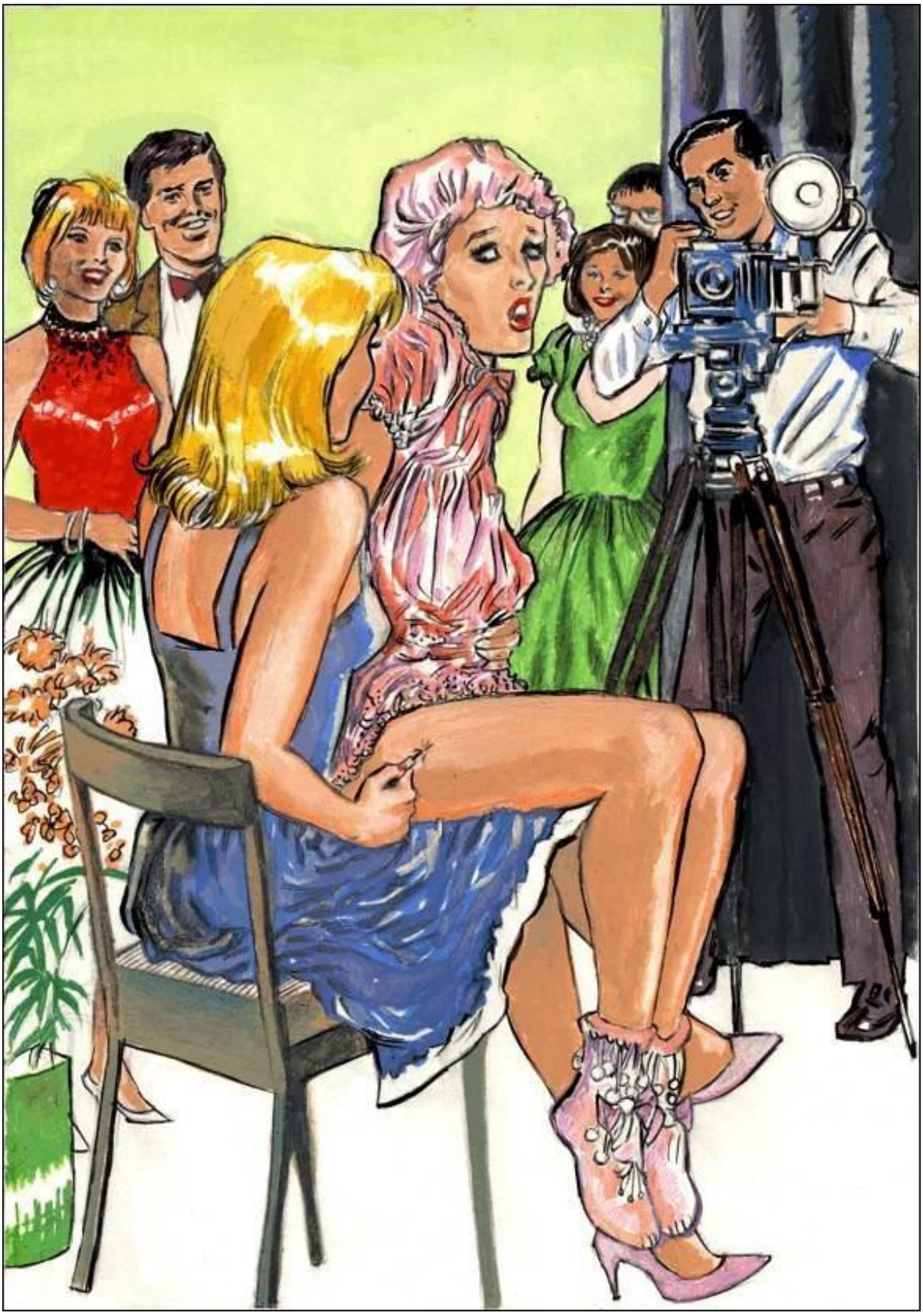


She dropped the diaper into a plastic bag that one of the thugs held out to her and then she powered my naked bottom and pinned on a fresh one and replaced my diaper cover. "Time for your prom picture, Bill," April said. She had the men carry me over to the photographer. April sat on a chair and they put me on her lap. She held the prod to my leg. "If you move from my lap I'll give you another jolt." She adjusted my dress to made sure that the diaper cover showed and said, "Smile pretty for the camera."

"You bitch!" I said and immediately felt a jolt of electricity.

"Remember," I heard her say through clouds of pain, "baby girls can't talk."

Finally Jim picked me up and carried me to the car. They took me home and put me to bed dressed as a baby girl. I cried myself to sleep.



CHAPTER THIRTY -THREE

"In the fall, you'll start college at State," Norma said. "This summer you'll work to help to pay your tuition. Jean has offered to train you as a manicurist. How about that?"

"Me, a manicurist, no way." I said.

"All right," she said. "I have another job for you."

"What other job?"

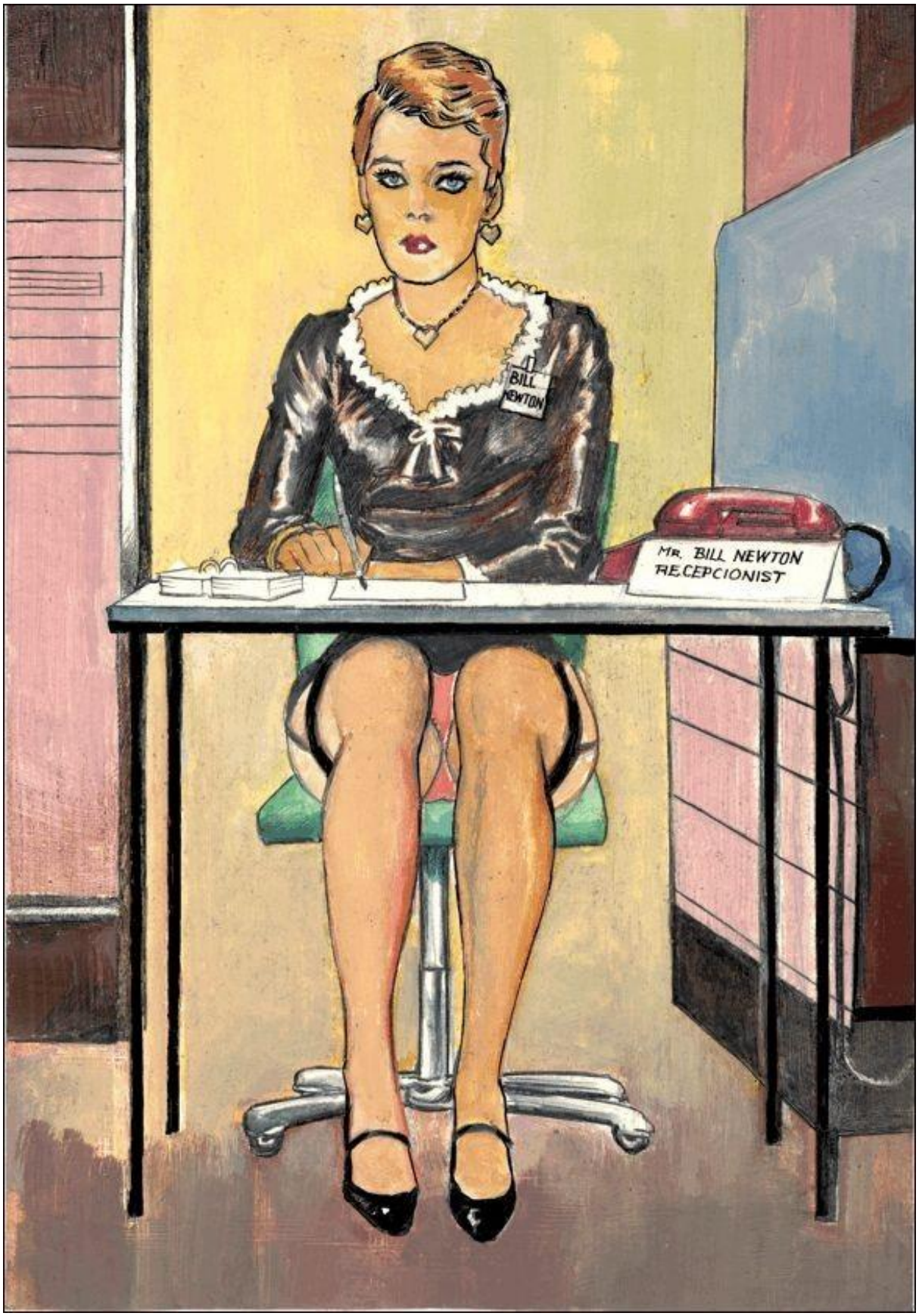
"You'll start tomorrow."

The next morning, Norma had me wear a short dress with an elaborately frilled low neckline, high heels, garter belt and hose. "You look pretty," she said, "try these." She put a heart shaped pendent around my neck and screwed on matching earrings.

We went downtown to the First State Bank. Elizabeth Kennedy, the assistant branch manager, was waiting for me. I had dated her a few years ago.

"Well look who's here," Elizabeth said.

I tried not to look at her. I saw men, the bosses in their offices, looking out at me, and I shrank in embarrassment. Elizabeth pinned a nametag on me that said 'Bill Newton'. Then she led me to a desk right at the front door. It had a sign on it with my full name, 'Mr. Bill Newton, receptionist'. "This is your desk, Bill," Elizabeth said. "Your job is to greet everyone who comes into the bank and direct them to the correct department. You're also to follow the orders of any other bank employee."


BILL
NEWTON
MR. BILL NEWTON
RECEPCIONIST

My desk had no drawers or back panel. I held my legs together tightly, trying to prevent people from looking up my dress.

I greeted hundreds of people. Some of them probably thought that I was a girl until they saw my nametag and the sign in front of me. Their reactions upon discovering I was a man were varied and humiliating.

The tellers came over occasionally to have me get them coffee. Those bitches were really enjoying my misery. They said things like, "It's so nice of you, an important man, to help us." -- "You look so lovely in your cute outfit." -- "Aren't you ashamed of yourself." -- "I guess you aren't such a big man any more are you, Mr. Newton?"

That night I pleaded with Norma to let me work in a less public place.

"If you still want to change jobs at the end of the week, you may start another on Monday."

Word got around, and everyone I knew came to see me. The girls kept me hopping. They found all sorts of humiliating jobs for me. They loved to make me file in the bottom drawers of the file cabinets. My skirts were so short that I couldn't get down that low without showing off my stocking tops, and, unless I was really careful, my panties. They started a panty pool trying to guess what color my underwear would be the next day.

Friday I told Norma I wanted another job.

Saturday, after my beauty appointment, Norma took me to lunch. We met Martha, who I had last seen at my gynecological visit. "You certainly have Bill looking cute," she said. "But isn't it terribly expensive for you to keep buying him new dresses?


BILL
NEWTON

"It's my pleasure," Norma said, "and the money is half his."

"Still," Martha said, "I have dresses I'd love to see Bill wear."

"If you'd like him to wear some of your clothes, that would be fine," Norma said.

"Wonderful, I live nearby if you have a few minutes."

We drove to Martha's apartment. She led us to her bedroom and started excitedly taking dresses from her closet. "I wore this one when Bill and I met," she said laying it on her bed. "This one I wore on a date with him," it joined the first. She selected a third outfit and said, "I had this on the night he dumped me."

"Bill, take off your dress," Norma said.

Now I was playing dress up with grown up girls. It wasn't any better than the games I played with the Jones girls or with my baby-sitter, Kathy Sue. I unzipped my skirt and stepped out of it. Then I removed my blouse.

Martha giggled at the sight of me in my bra and panties and held one of her dresses up to me. "This may be tight." She put it on me, but couldn't close the zipper. She tried another. It was a knit that had more give to it. She got it on me, but it didn't do much for my appearance. The third dress had a high elastic waist and a very short flippy skirt. It was snug, but she got it on me.

"He can borrow this one," Martha said. "When do you think he'll wear it?"



"Bill's only a nineteen year old girl, but he looks old enough to go out to bars with us. He can wear it tonight. Would you like to join us?"

"I'd love to," Martha said. "May I ask you one other thing?"

"Of course," Norma said.

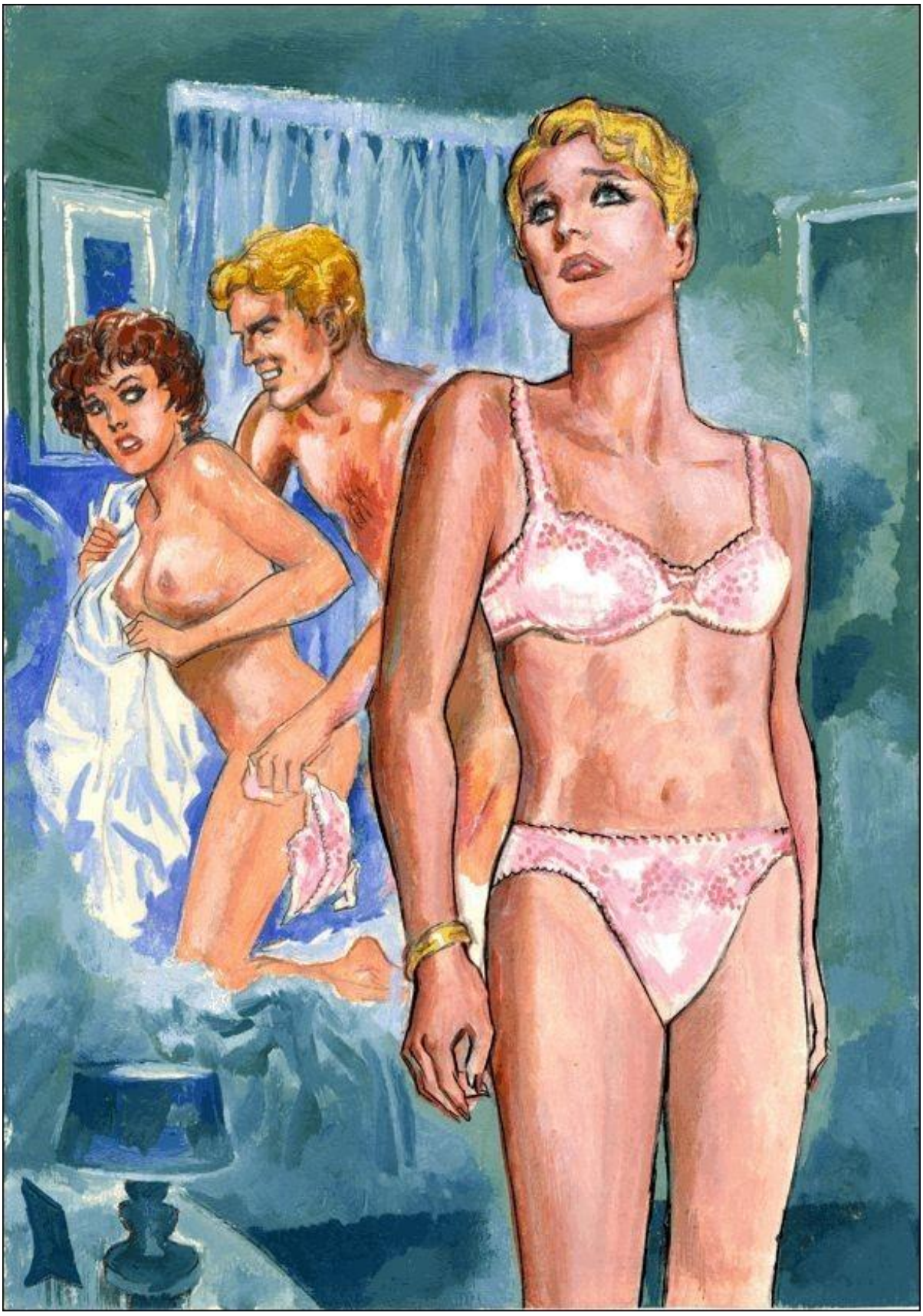
"Could he wear my bra and panties too?"

"Of course," Norma said. "He can put them on now if you like."

"Oh thank you, Norma,"

I had to suffer the extreme indignity of removing my bra and panties. She smiled at the sight of my gaff and said, "That looks tight, Bill, is it uncomfortable to have your penis tucked away like that? You brought me home from the bar the night we met. I was drunk and I must have passed out. When I woke up you were pulling off my panties. I was afraid that you'd hurt me if I fought, so I let you have his way. Now the panties are yours, you may get into them anytime you want and your penis is as good as gone."

"Bill, change back into your dress," Norma said. "We need to get home. Martha, come by at eight." I changed, and, holding Martha's dress and my panties, I followed Norma back to our car. We stopped to pick up Jeff from Debbie's. Upon returning home, he went to work in the kitchen preparing dinner. Norma and I sat in the living room. She gave me a copy of Glamour magazine to look at while she read the mail and paid the bills. I sat suffering. I couldn't become accustomed to appearing in public in dresses, and now I was about to go bar hopping with the girls. I was sure they'd take me to the same places I used to



visit as a man. I dreaded it. Finally I couldn't stand the silence.

"Norma, did you say I'll be going out with you tonight?"

"Yes dear, now that you have a regular job, you can stop working as a baby sitter and go out with us."

"I don't want to go. You've punished me enough."

"Do you want to visit your friends in prison?"

"Norma!"

"It will be such fun, the five of us going out together."

After dinner, Norma took me to my room and gave me Martha's dress. I looked at it in distaste. "This is too short."

"One more complaint, and from now on I'll put you in skirts so short that all the world will be your gynecologist."

I put on the dress without another word, and gave her a plaintive look.

"Fix your face, dear. You should use more makeup than usual."

I applied cosmetics. She smiled and said, "Let's go sweetie." We joined Jeff and Betty in the living room. He was wearing a long white dress that was very tight around his legs. Shortly, Martha arrived.

"Is that Jeff?" she said. "He certainly dresses up well, and Bill, you look so cute in my dress. Are you still wearing my panties?"

"Show her," Norma said.

I raised my dress, and she smiled with delight. We all got into the car and Jim drove us to one of my favorite pick up bars. I used to be the king of this place. Now I walked in with downcast eyes.





The girls directed us to stools. My very short skirt showed off not only my nylon covered legs but also the straps of my garter belt. I could sense people looking at me, but I was too humiliated to meet their gaze. When I finally looked up, I saw scorn in the eyes of the women who once would have desired me and contempt in the eyes of the men who once would have envied me.

A bar maid named Susan came over to take our drink orders. I had tried to date her before I went to jail, but I had struck out, one of my few failures. "What would you ladies like?" she asked with a smile.

"We'll all have white wine," Betty said.

"I thought you drank scotch, Bill," Susan said. "Of course you were a man then."

She left and I felt a cool breeze on my thighs. I hastily pulled down my dress. I looked around and saw some smiling guys.

"What's wrong, Bill, don't you like showing off?" Betty asked.

I shifted about on the stool uncomfortably. The bartender came over, a sly smile on his lips. "The guy at the end of the bar sent you this drink as a reward for the great view you're giving him." I looked down the bar at the man who had sent the drink. He smiled and winked. I blushed, averted my eyes, tugged down my dress and pressed my legs closer together.

After a while I started noticing my surroundings more. The routine had not changed. Girls in sexy dresses were being pursued by the guys just as I used to pursue them. The only thing new was that I was in no longer in any position to compete for the women. We left after a few drinks and continued on to visit almost every bar I used to frequent. The bartenders and many of the customers recognized me. Martha was always excited to tell them that I was wearing her clothes. The girls kept giving me drinks but they mixed in tea and coffee with the alcohol so I didn't get drunk. However, all the fluids caught up with me, and I needed to pee.

"Norma, we have to go home."

"We never go home this early."

"I have to go to the bathroom."

"Well?"

"I can't go here."

"Don't be silly. Just go pee."

"But, Norma, I can't use the men's or woman's room."

"You're a man by gender, so I want you to use that room regardless of the way you're dressed. When you dressed as a little girl, I took you to the lady's room because I couldn't go into the men's."

I felt such a strong urge to pee that, even if we left now, I'd never make it home. I got down from the stool and walked to the men's room. It was empty, and I rushed to a urinal, lifted my dress, lowered my panties and gaff and started to relieve myself. The door opened, and a group of people came in. The bartender had a camera and quickly took several pictures. "These will be great," he said. I rearranged my clothing and ran back to the bar. Jeff and


MEN



I sat there perched on our stools while the other bar patrons laughed at us.

When we finally returned home, it was after two AM. I removed Martha's dress and panties and put on my nightgown. I went to the bathroom, cleaned the makeup from my face with cold cream and applied the lotions Norma made me use at night. I went to bed and lay in the dark feeling sorry for myself. Once Martha told the rest of my girlfriends about this night, I was sure they all would want to lend me their clothes. What could I do to stop them? Was staying out of jail really worth all of this embarrassment? I twisted and pulled at my bracelet, knowing it was hopeless.

Sunday, we went shopping with Debbie. We visited a boutique where they had me try on dozens of dresses. The looks and comments of the sales ladies were very humiliating. I hated being treated as an object of ridicule by my inferiors. "How can you embarrass me in front of these clerks?" I asked.

"Do you have a problem?" Norma asked. "Yes. This is wrong," I said.

"I think you need some new bras," Norma said. "No, I hate that."

"Ladies," she said to the clerks, "Bill needs some new bras. Would you'd like to watch him try them on?"

"I would love to see that," a clerk said.

I was acutely aware of the snickers and stares as I asked for a 38C. I removed my dress and the girl's got a real kick out of seeing me try on several bras. We bought two of them.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

Monday arrived and I expected to start working in the morning but Norma took me shopping. She bought me a few pairs of hose and we visited my 'friends' in the mall. At four she drove me to Marco's. This restaurant had always been one of my favorites, not for the food that was ordinary, but for the waitresses. They hired the prettiest in town and dressed them in extremely short skirts.

Bonnie was waiting for us. She was a waitress I had picked up here for a one-night stand a few years ago. "You look so cute," she said.

"Do we have to eat here?" I asked.

"You're working, not eating" Norma said. "You should find this job a breeze, Bill. You always said that all waitresses have to do is look pretty. Bonnie will give you instructions."

"Follow me, honey," she said. She led me through the kitchen to a locker room and had me disrobe. Then she gave me a short skirt and an off the shoulder blouse just like hers. "There are just a few simple things to remember. Don't stand too close to the customers, they tend to pinch. Squat down to take orders. If you bend over the customers behind you will get a show; and if you squat down too low, your customers will be able to look up your dress. You must greet your male customers with the expression, 'Hello sir, I'm your waitress, Billy'. Be sure to ask them for their drink orders first, and don't get them mixed up."



I started working in that degrading uniform. My legs and feet ached after only an hour. Being a waitress was more demanding than I had thought.

Not only was it physically challenging, it was emotionally draining. The customers complained about slow or inaccurate service, and my boss was constantly yelling at me. I got so far behind the second night that he fired me midway through my shift.

"Don't give up," Bonnie said. "I was fired from my first job too."

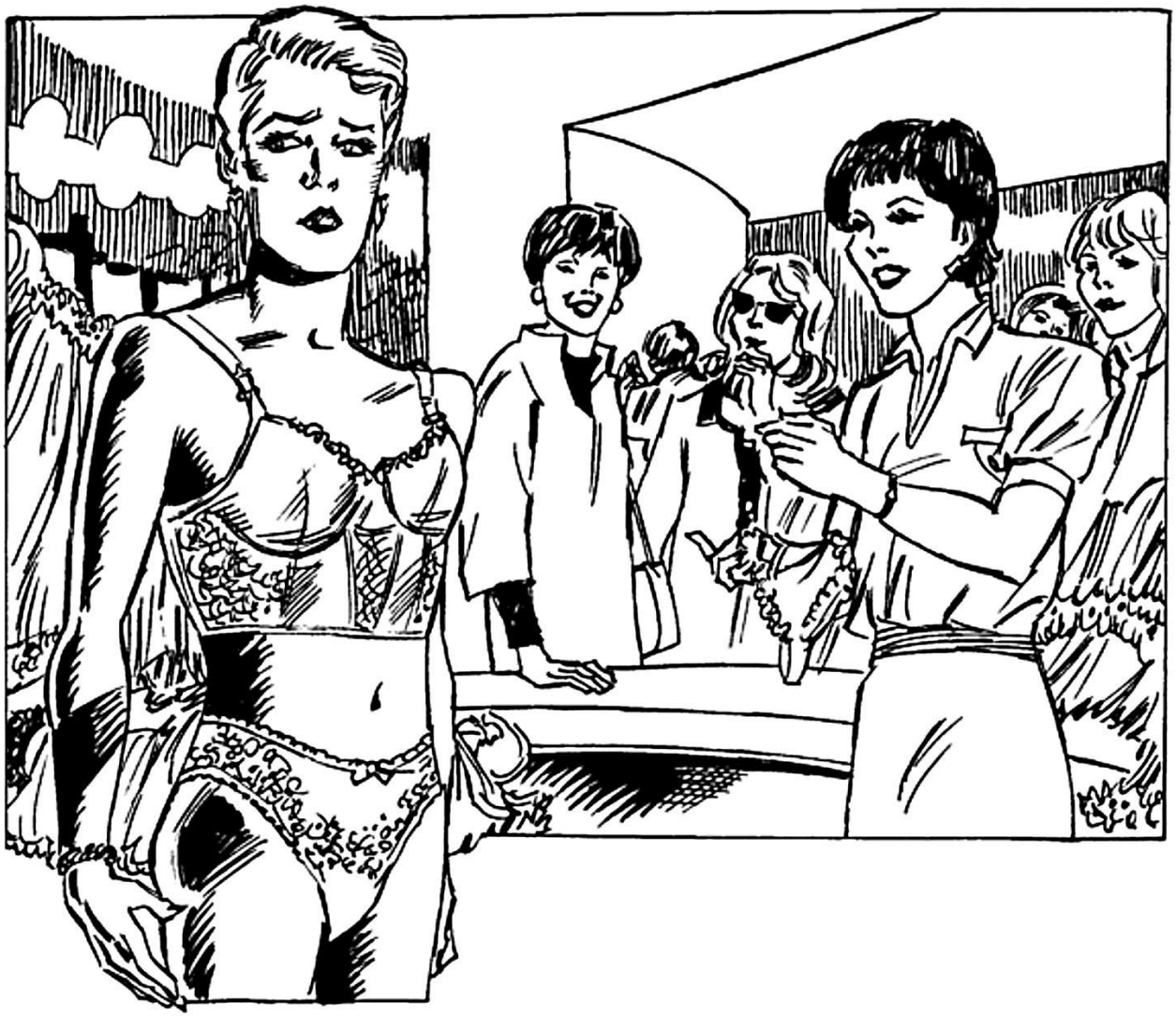
I called Norma to get me.

"I have another job for you," she said, "but you can't start until Monday, unless you've decided to work for Jean."

"I'll wait until Monday."

"Okay, you can help at the mall temporarily."

The next day, Norma left me with Grace in the lingerie department. I worked as her assistant for four hours surrounded by delicate feminine garments. Grace loved surprising her customers with the fact that I was a man and suggesting that they purchase panties for their husbands and sons. She even had me remove my dress and model undies.



The second four hours of my shift, I went to work for Dawn in cosmetics. She used me as a pallet for displaying her makeup skills. Whenever she wasn't working on a customer she was improving my look. Finally she decided she was finished, and had me stand nearby with a perfume atomizer and samples. I was a perfume girl. She told me to spray everyone who came near me. I took her literally, and she really got mad when I sprayed a man and he complained to her boss.



Saturday, after Debbie did my makeup, Karen picked me up. I spent hours at her house trying on her dresses. It was much worse than the prior week at Martha's because Karen's husband was home.

"I thought you told me you old boyfriend was a sleaze ball," he said. "I think he's cute. Are there any others?"

"He's changed a lot since I went out with him," Karen said, "and never mind about any other boy friends."

Karen made me change right in front of him. Being exposed to him in lingerie was crushing.

"Slutty but nice," he said about one of the outfits, and, "Too loose in the butt," about another.



Karen joined us that night and I was sure that she thoroughly enjoyed seeing me sitting high on a bar stool wearing her dress and trying to hide her panties. We all went to the disco. I hoped we would find a dark place to sit, but there were no free tables.

"Let's dance," Karen said.

I reluctantly let myself be led onto the dance floor. The five of us formed a circle, and I tried to follow the girls' lead as they twisted, swayed and jumped to the loud music. The song ended, and we stood together as the next one began. It was a slow dance. People around us chose partners.

"Bill, you and Jeff dance together," Karen said. "I can't dance with a man," I said.

"You boys dance together," Norma said.

The thought of Jeff touching me was revolting. I walked up to him and we tried awkwardly to find the right way to hold each other. We were both used to leading, and neither of us was willing to play the part of the girl.

"Just hug and forget the formal position," Norma said.

The girls pushed us together and I was dancing around the floor with Jeff. Our bodies pressed together and our feminine scents mingled. I tried to pretend I was dancing with a girl, but I felt so awkward that I accidentally stepped on his foot.

"Be careful you sissy bastard," he said.

"Who are you calling a sissy. I hear that your friends in the Road

Sissies are thinking of making you their special mama."

"Don't talk that way about my club," he said. "I'll find some way to convince them this was all a mistake."

"Sure, they'll believe you became a French maid by mistake." "This is your fault, damn you!" he said.

"My fault. You're the one who started all this. I hope they keep you as a maid forever!"

"At least I don't have to work downtown in a dress." "It's better than being a maid."

People stopped dancing and were looking and listening to our argument. I let go of Jeff.

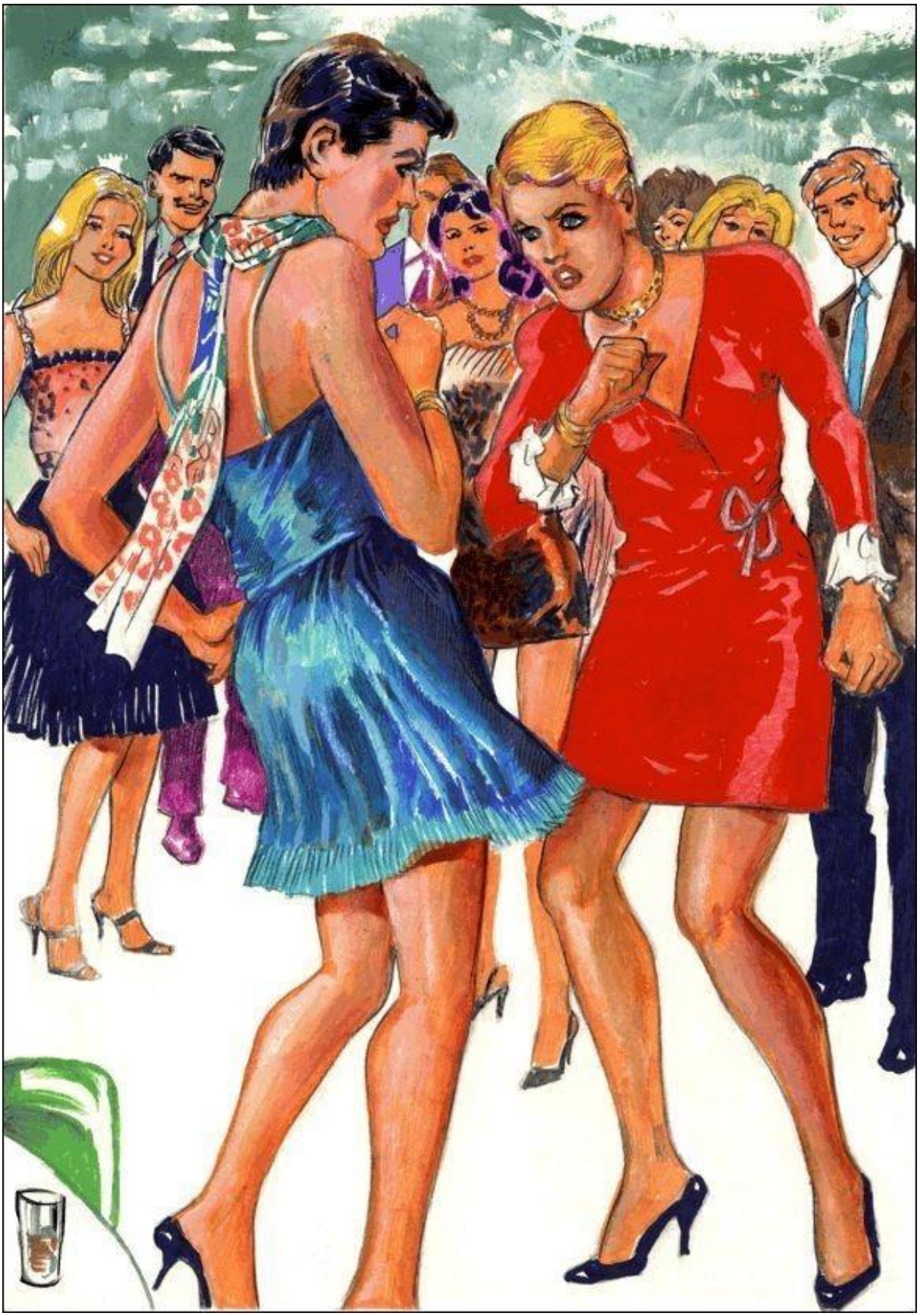
"Finish the dance, boys," Norma said.

I took hold of Jeff again. When the music ended, the applause of the spectators followed us back to the bar.

"People think you were fighting," Betty said. "Show them you're still friends." She turned me toward Jeff and put my foot up on his stool. My dress fell open revealingly. "Jeff, stroke your friends leg for a while and both of you smile like you're enjoying it." I am quite certain that Jeff didn't enjoy it and I know I didn't.

Monday, Norma got me up early and gave me a relatively conservative peach dress. I was to be a substitute remedial English teacher at North High. I drove into the school parking lot at seven thirty and went to the principal's office.

"Our regular teacher is out with an appendectomy," she said. "This will be a two week assignment. I don't like the idea of you working here, but there's no one else available. Don't get into any trouble."



I wrote my name, Miss Newton, on the board and nervously waited for the students to arrive. I pulled up the straps of my dress as they were loose and constantly fell down. Taking roll, I notice that the class was split evenly between boys and girls. Midway through the morning I realized that maintaining discipline was the largest part of my job, actually teaching anything was unlikely. I spotted potential trouble when one of the boys started to amuse himself by talking out loud.

"Shush," I said from my desk, knowing how ineffectual and prissy I sounded. He ignored me.

"Hey, you're disturbing the class," I said, trying to keep my voice at a high pitch, but only succeeding in becoming a bit shrill. Some of the girls were now giggling and the rest of the class was getting restless. I pulled up a shoulder strap and walked over to his desk trying to look menacing but feeling very nervous.

"I mean it, shush."

"Don't 'shush' me," he said.





What next, should I send him to the principal's office? What if he didn't go? I stood over him as I continued the lesson, hoping that he'd be intimidated by my physical proximity. It appeared to work as he stopped talking. I was a little shaky from adrenaline and nerves. Again I adjusted a shoulder strap and I heard some tittering from the students. I walked back to my desk and the tittering and talking began again. I glared at the students and most of them stopped.

Teaching was exhausting. I had to talk all day and dealing with the discipline took an enormous amount of energy. Besides all of that, I had to worry about being found out.

After school, the boy I had shushed and some of his friends were leaning on my car.

"What do mean telling me to shush?" he said. "You aren't even a real teacher."

They surround me and someone pushed me from behind. I spun around and again someone behind me pushed me hard. I was becoming scared when the school janitor came racing up.

"Get the hell out of here!" he yelled. The boys scattered.

"Thank you," I said. "Those boys are horrible."

"Yeah," he said.

"I'll be all right now."

"Once they get after you they won't let up." "What can I do?"

"I can protect you." "That's so nice of you." "You'll have to pay."

"I don't have much, would ten dollars be enough?" "I don't want your money, honey."





What to do? Norma will have me at this school for at least a week. "That's fine with me, but I can't now. I have classes after school all

this week."

"Three o'clock Monday in my office in the basement," he said. "If you aren't there, I'll tell those boys you're fair game."

For the next few days, he kept me safe. The boys were never far away. I obviously couldn't go back to work the next week. I would either have to service the janitor or be beaten by the boys

Friday I waved good-bye to the janitor and said, "See you Monday, honey." Then I went home and told Norma that I couldn't teach anymore.



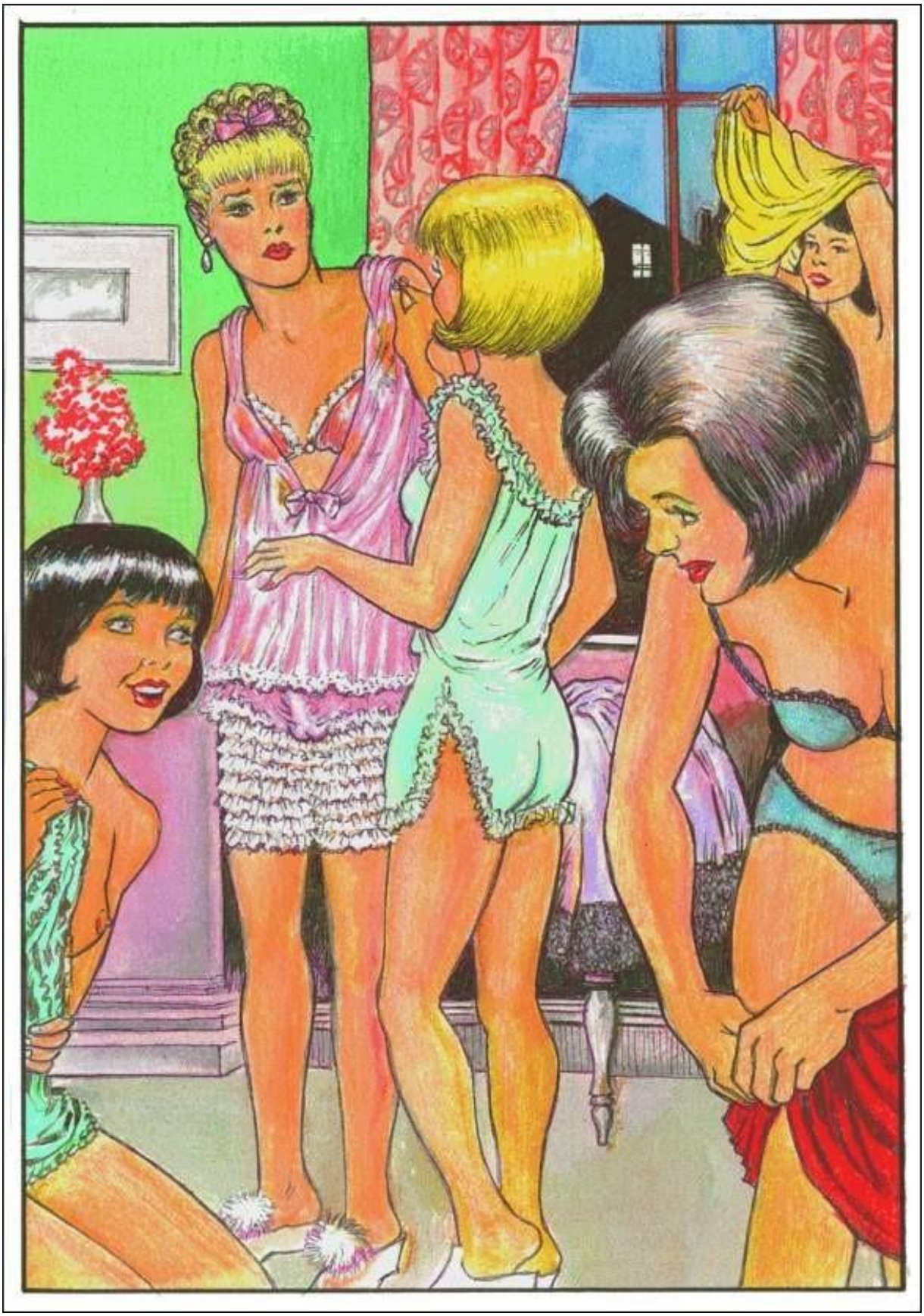
"I can't believe all of the horrible things that happened to you," Fran

"Do you want the same time next week?" I asked

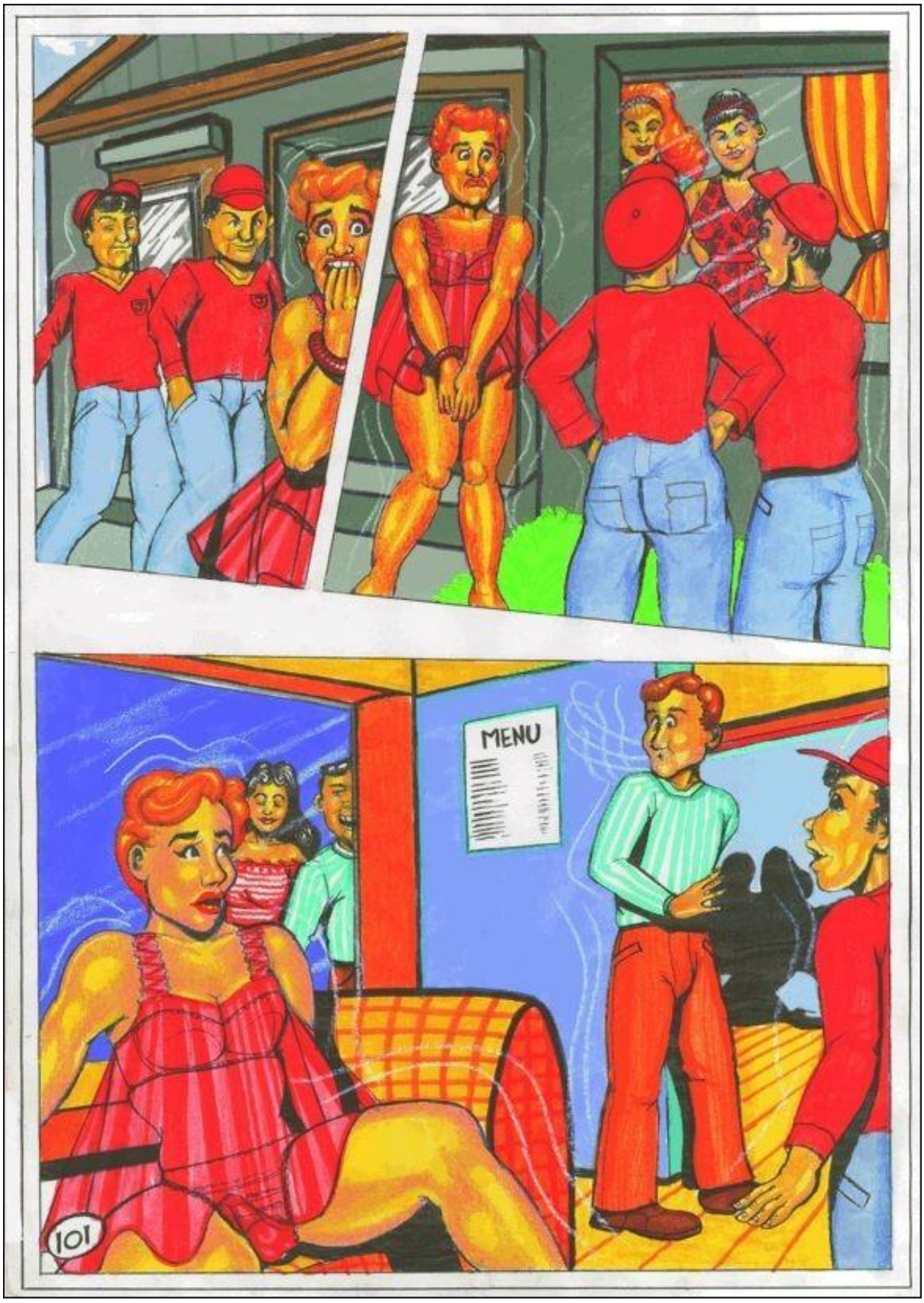
"Of course I do. You're almost up to the minute in your story. I wouldn't miss the rest of it for anything. Maybe I could come just a little earlier so you can give me a pedicure."

"That will be fine."

CONCLUDED IN VOLUME EIGHT



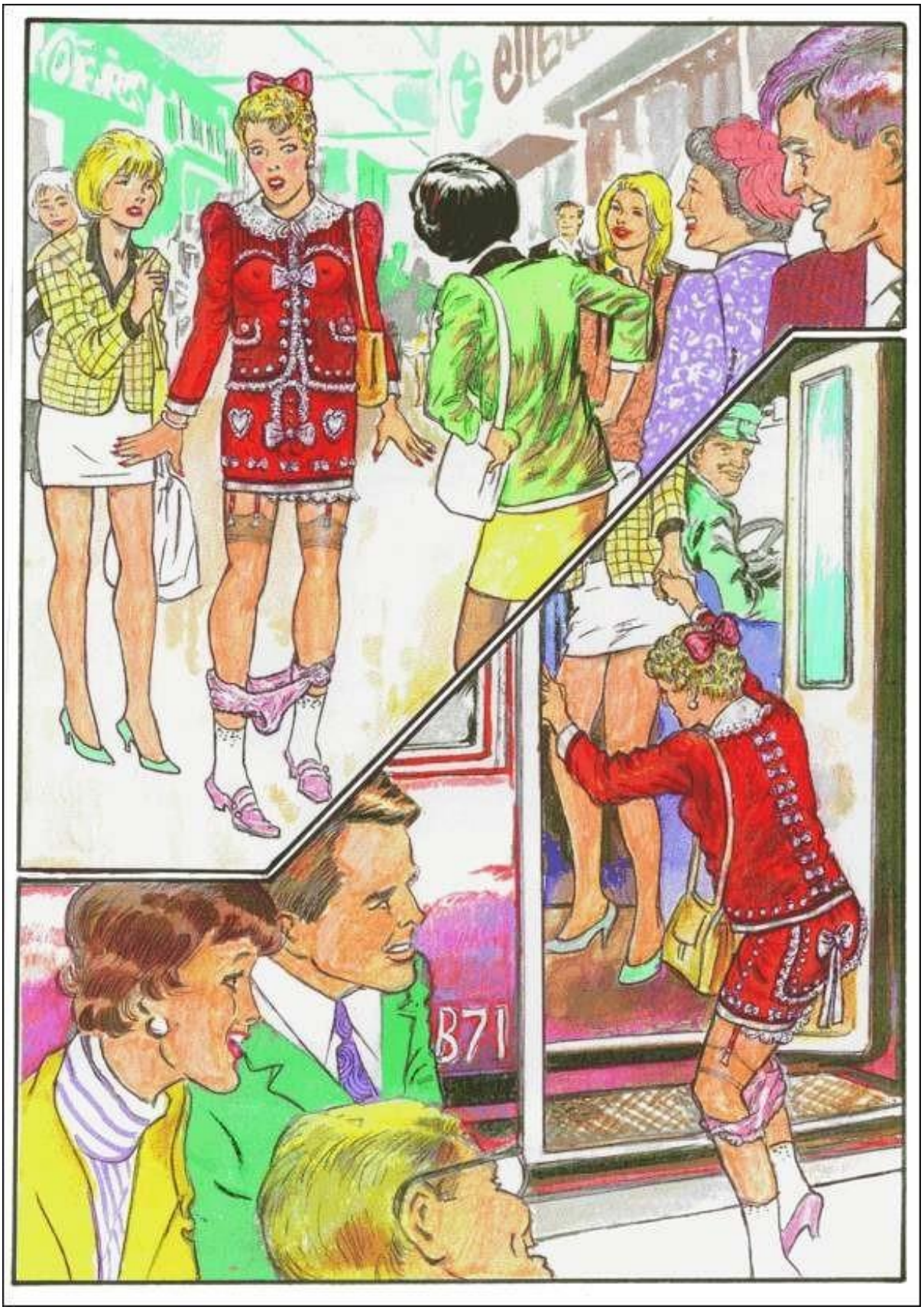
'Babydoll' Bill at the pajama party by Puyal and BJ



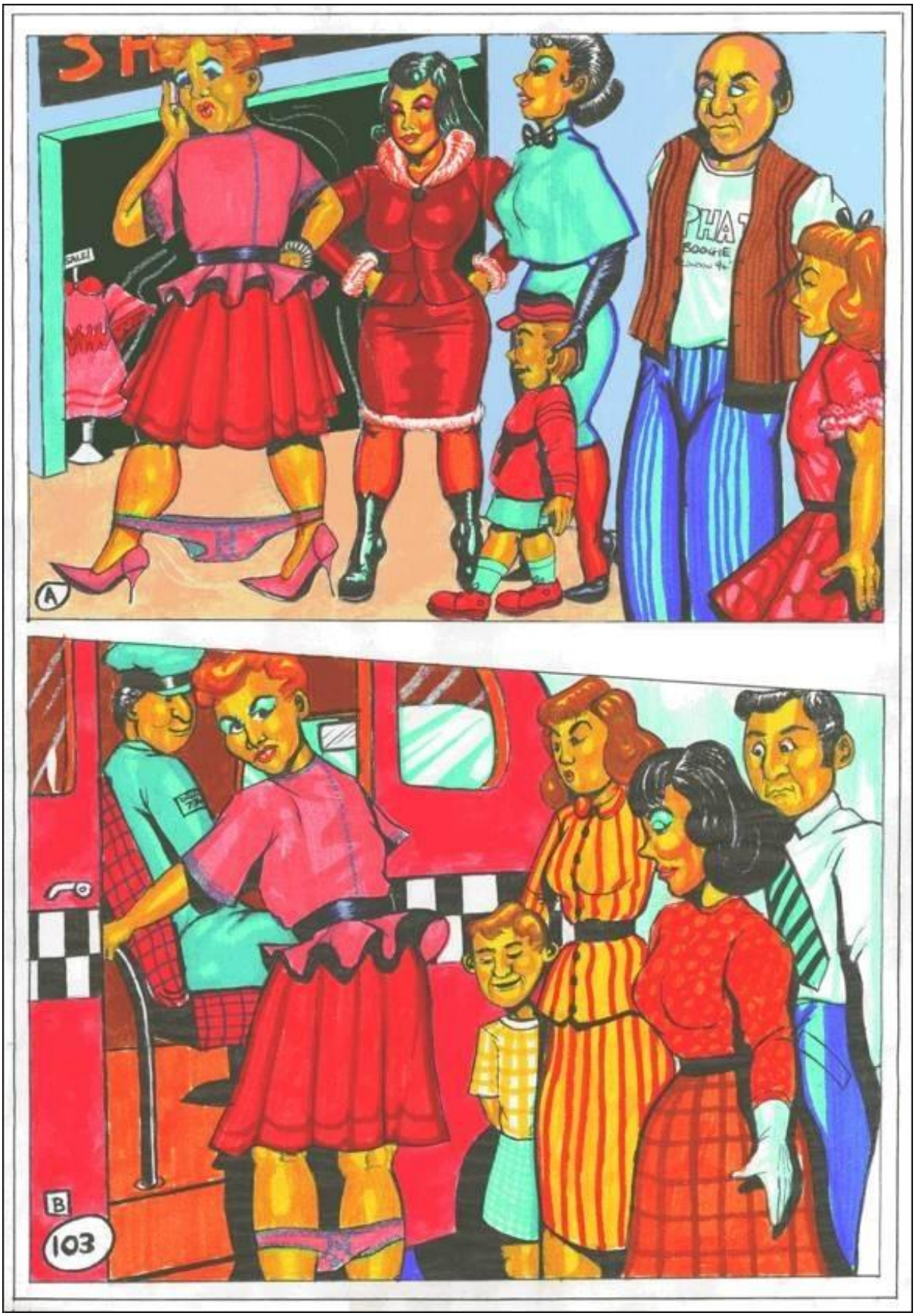
'Babydoll' Bill caught by the Jocks by Chris of England



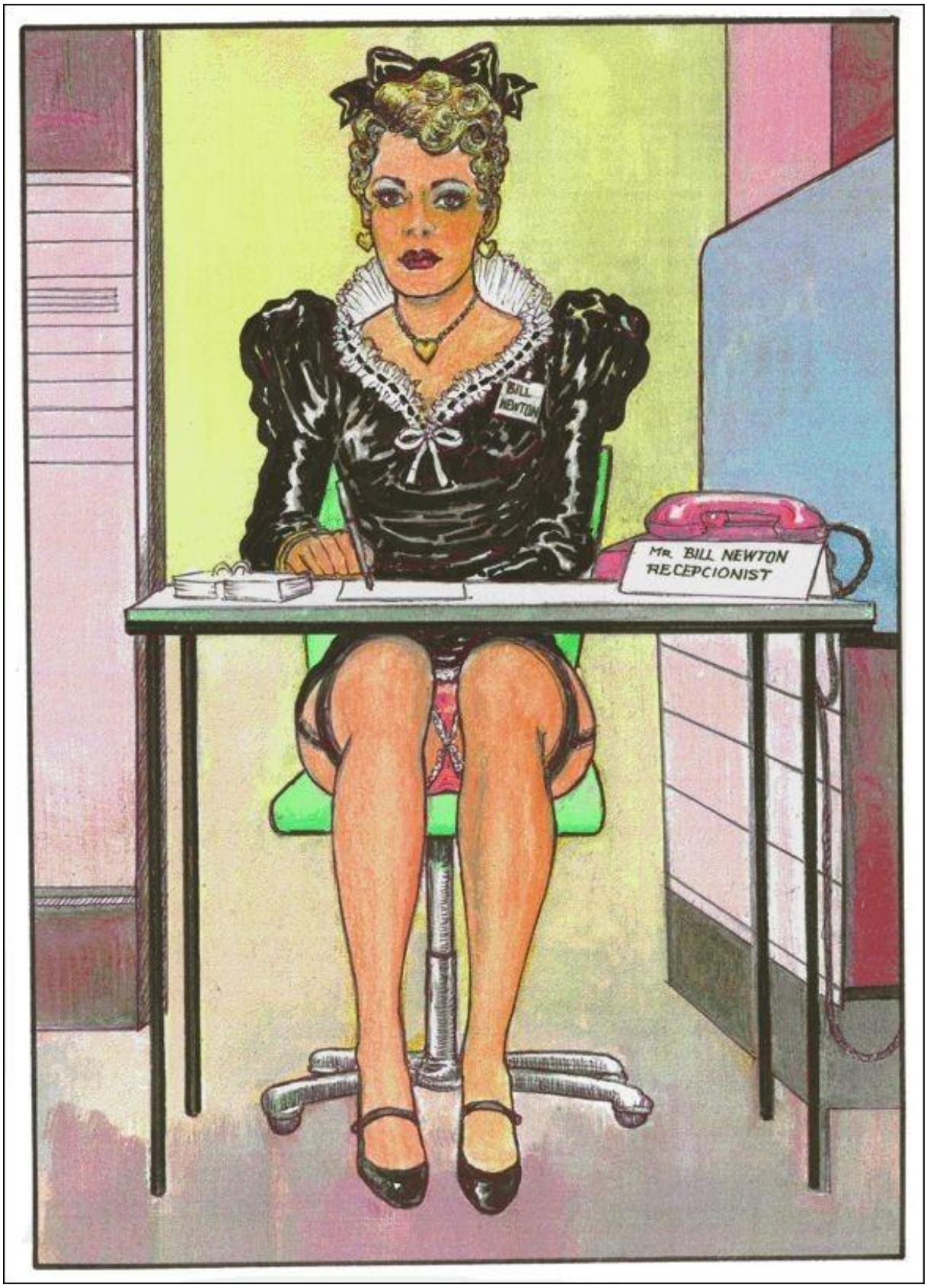
Bill and Jeff in photos by Puyal



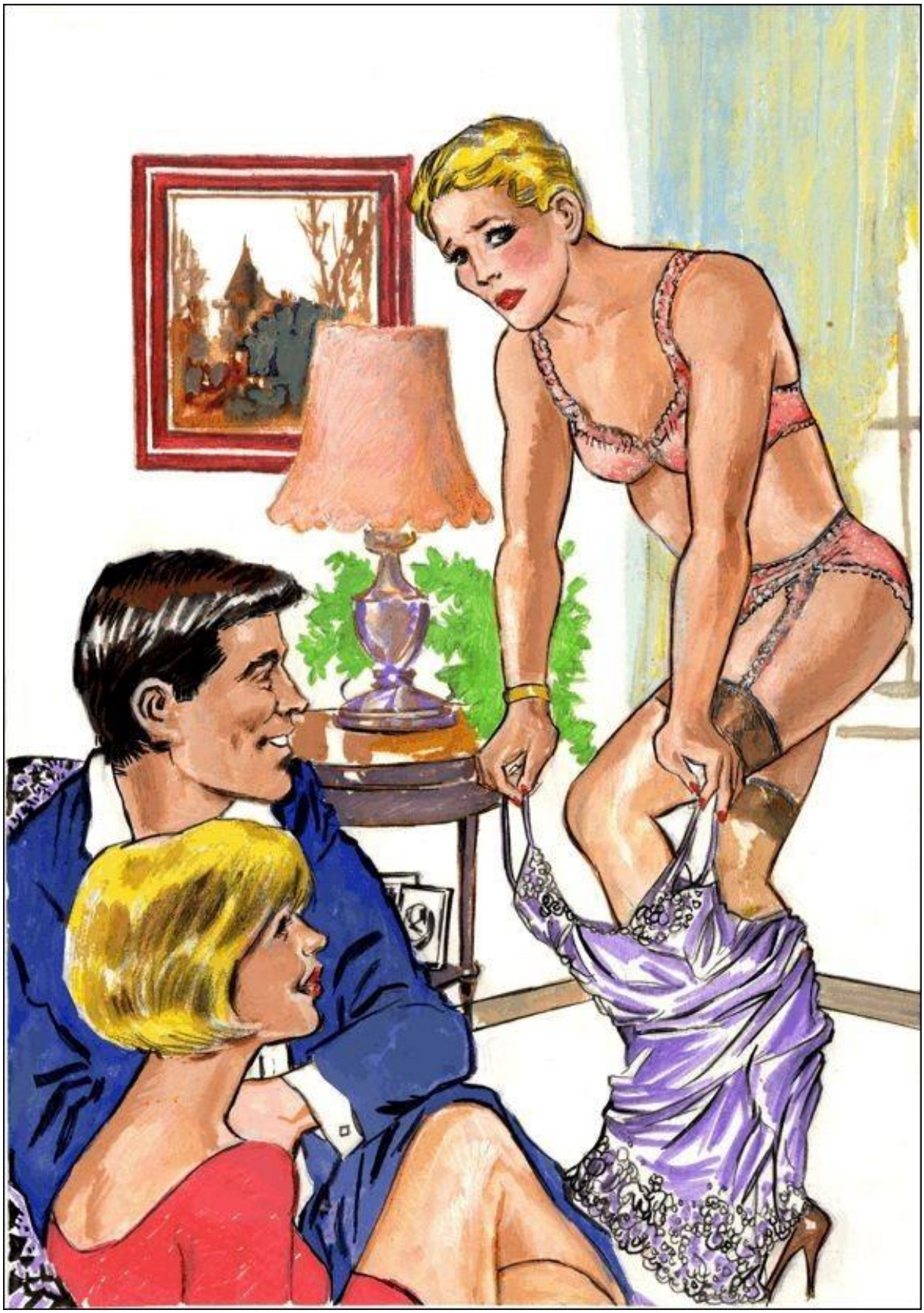
Bill's falling panties by Puyal and BJ



Bill's falling panties by Chris of England



Bill as the bank receptionist by Puyal and BJ



Bill dressing in Karen's clothes by Puyal