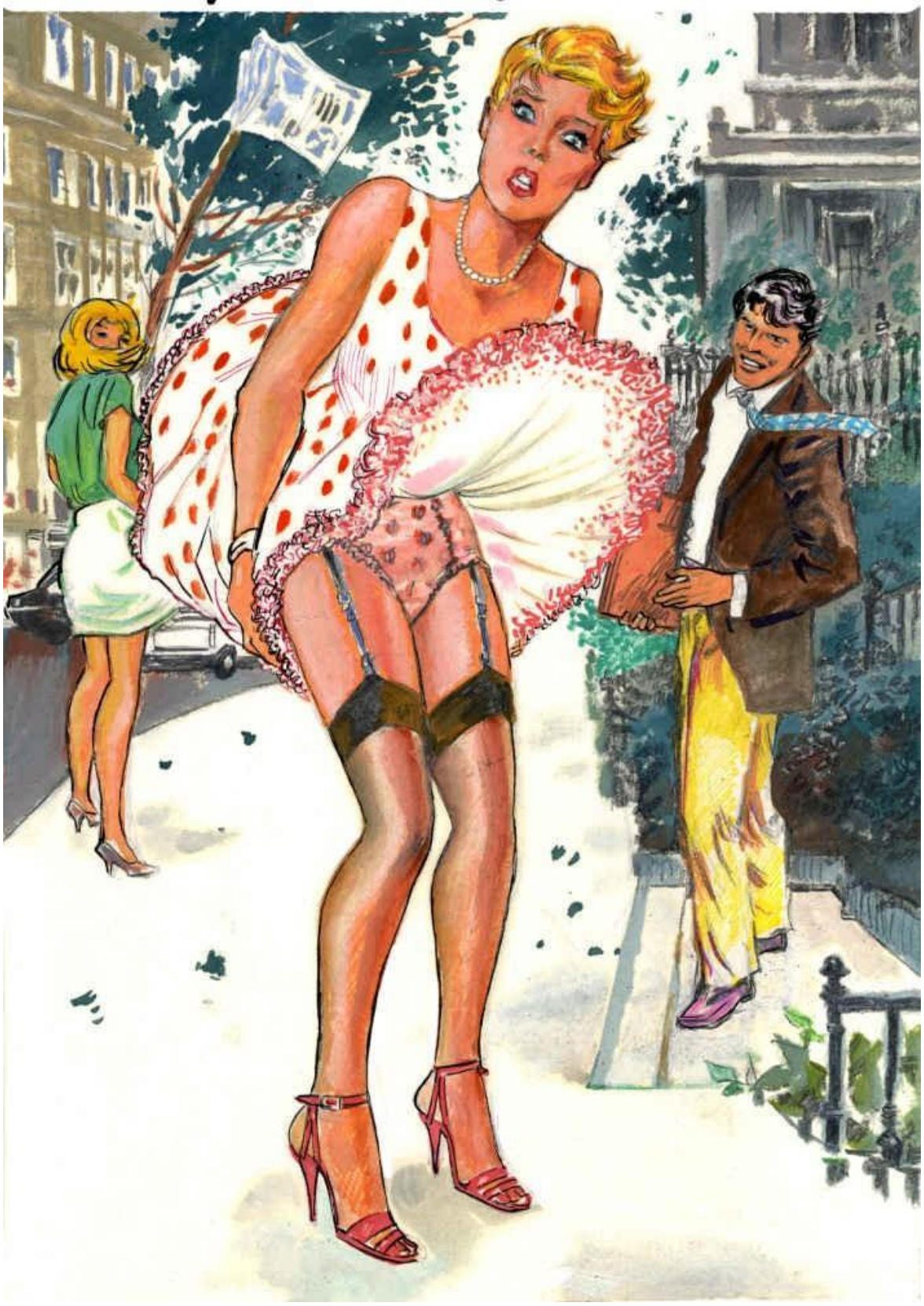
BILL'S HUMILIATIONS IN PANTIES Volume 8

By Carole Jean



BILL'S HUMILIATIONS IN PANTIES

VOLUME EIGHT

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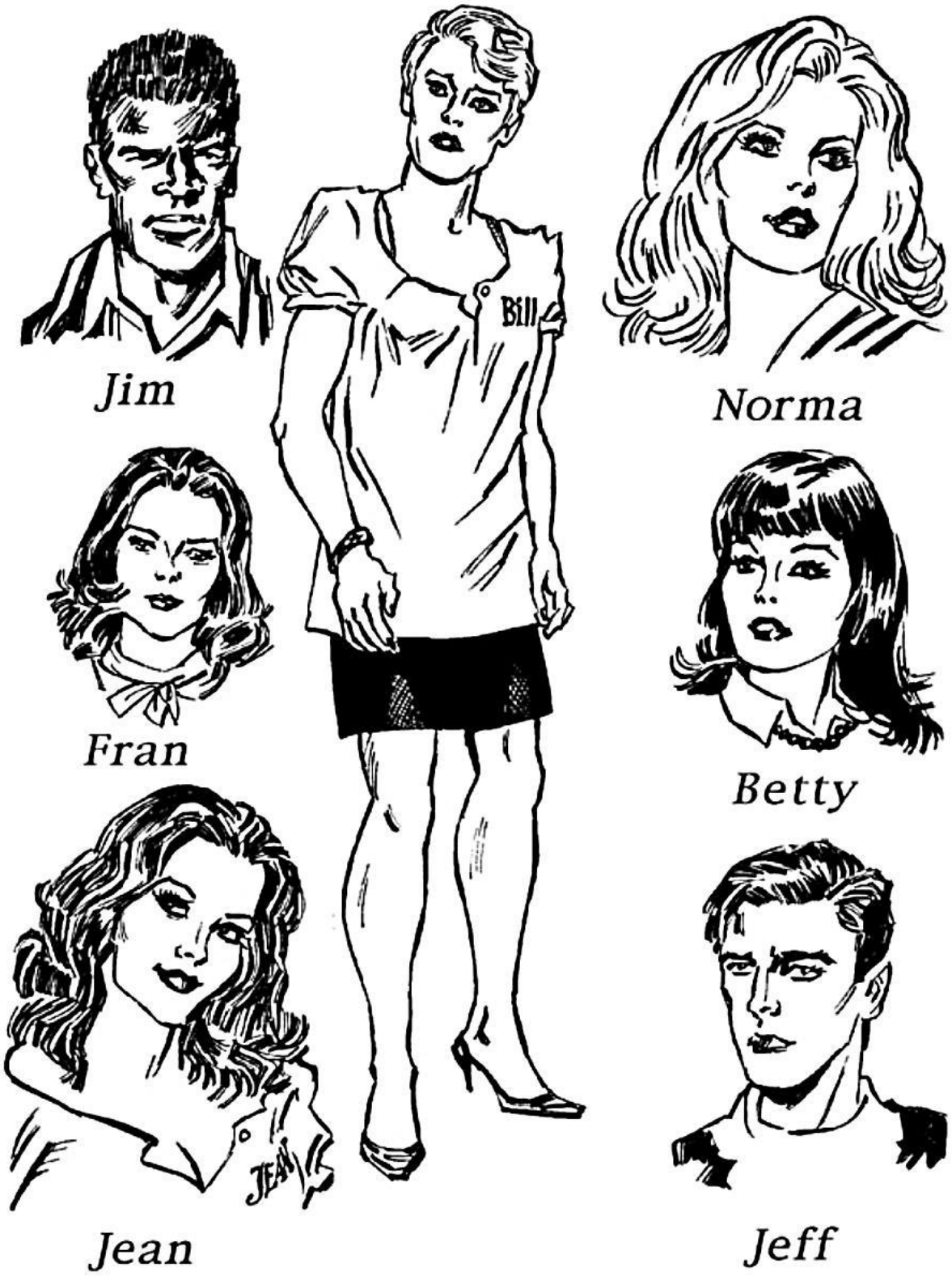
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Kindle Edition

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Jim
Bill
Norma
Fran
Betty
Jean
Jeff

"Be careful what you pretend to be because
you are what you pretend to be."
(Kurt Vonnegut)

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE

"Hi Bill," Fran said cheerily.

"Where was I?" I asked.

"You just quit your job as a school teacher," she said settling back into the chair. "You were really having a bad time. Didn't you try to get Norma to stop?"

"Damn right I did . . . "



Saturday, while Debbie's was applying makeup to me, I looked around at the smiling women and shifted nervously in the chair. I could feel the compression of my gaff, the tightness of my bra, the sleekness of my nylons and the caress of the delicate fabrics of my dress and panties. I could smell the scent of my perfume and taste the lipstick on my mouth. I was sick of these clothes and of the constant feeling of humiliation. I hated the superior looks

and condescending remarks. I decided that I would have to talk with Norma again. I couldn't stand to go out in public in dresses any more.

That afternoon I approached her, "Norma, can we talk?"

"Of course, sweetie. What's on your mind."

"I can't stand these clothes."

"What do you mean? That's a very nice dress."

"You've made me wear dresses for so long, couldn't I wear pants again?"

"Darling, why would you want to wear pants? You look so sweet in dresses."

"I don't want to look sweet. Wearing these clothes is humiliating for me. Men should wear pants."

"Your probation will be over in a few months, dearest, then we'll see."

"That's too long. I can't stand to be seen like this."

"Honey, people love to see you in your dresses, and I love to see you in your frilly lingerie. It's so darling."

"Please Norma, don't make me go out again in a dress." "Bonnie is coming."

"Tell her that I can't go out in a dress."

"I'll call her."

"Thank you."

"By the way, dear, your slip is showing."

I self-consciously adjusted my slip and sat in the living room nervously reading the only thing available, a woman's fashion magazine, while Norma went in the other room to call. It was several minutes before she returned.

"What did she say?" I asked.



"She was unhappy. She knows you've worn other women's dresses and she thought you were objecting to wearing hers."

"I hope you told her it wasn't that. I don't want to wear anyone's dress."

"She was disappointed. However, I convinced her of the strength of your feelings. She still wants to go out with us, and she wants you to wear something of hers, but she's agreed it won't be a dress."

"Thank you, Norma. Thank you so much."

"She's bringing some of her things for you to try on." "Pants?"

"She said she'd bring pants."

I nervously read through the magazine again and again. Jeff walked through the room with an armload of my dirty laundry. In a few minutes I'd be back in pants, perhaps women's pants but pants none-the-less. Then I'd really give him hell about his maid's dress.

Bonnie arrived with a suitcase. She was much smaller than me. She looked like a size six or maybe even a four, and she was just a little over five feet tall.

"Bill, please strip down to your gaff," Norma said.

I was uncomfortable undressing in front of people, but wearing pants again was more important than any slight embarrassment I might suffer changing into them. I removed my dress and lingerie.

Bonnie opened the suitcase and removed a pair of lacy black panties.

"Here, Bill, put these on first."

I suppose I couldn't hope for everything at once, pants today, Jockey shorts tomorrow. Her panties were a tight fit.

"How sweet," she said. "Norma, my bra won't fit him. Does he have a black one?"

"Certainly, I'll have the maid get it." She called Jeff. "Look at Bill's panties, go to his room and find a black bra to match."

"Strapless would be best," Bonnie said.

Jeff inspected my panties as I shivered in frustrated rage. I couldn't stand having that bastard pick lingerie for me. He took his time, knowing that he was irritating me, and then he curtsied and left. He returned shortly with the requested garment and Bonnie helped me into it. She opened her suitcase and took out a little red evening dress.

"What's that?" I asked. "Norma, you promised!"

"Calm down, Bill," Bonnie said. "This is my dress for tonight. The clothes I brought you are under it."

The sight of that dress had scared me so much that I had almost had a fit. I slowly calmed down. Bonnie took out a pair of pants and a sweater. "Here, try this." Great! The pants even had a zipper front and the sweater was a neutral shade of brown. "I hope they're big enough," Bonnie said.

The sweater was an extremely tight fit. Its sleeves only reached to the middle of my forearms. The pants were much too short, and I couldn't close the zipper.

"I was afraid of this," Bonnie said. "Those are my largest pants. Take them off. I brought a pair of shorts." I removed the pants and took the shorts that she offered me. They were stretchy spandex. I could pull them on, but the rear zipper wouldn't close. "These shorts won't work either," Bonnie said. "Take those off, Bill. I have one last thing to try."



I pulled and tugged at the sweater, taking it over my head. When I could see again Bonnie reached into the bag and took out some lacy blue nylon and unfolded it.

"W-what's that?" I asked.

"My pants don't fit you and you asked not to wear a dress," Bonnie said. "This nightie is all I have left."

"I can't wear that! I won't!"

My shouting brought Jim and Jeff into the room.

"You'll wear it," Norma said. "Put it on yourself or Jim will give you a spanking, and he'll put it on you."

"No! Never!"

"All right. Jim, spank him."

Jim grabbed me and sat on the sofa. He pulled me down over his lap and started to strike my rump soundly. I lay there kicking futile and cursing him and Norma. He kept up the rhythm of his hard strokes. Soon the pain overwhelmed my anger and my curses turned into tears.

"Jim, you may stop for a moment," Norma said. "Bill, you asked not to wear a dress. Bonnie didn't bring one. Her pants didn't fit you so all she has left it this negligee. You'll have to wear it out clubbing tonight."

"I can't," I sobbed, "I just can't."

"Jim, ten more," she said.

Jim gave me ten more hard spanks. I was crying uncontrollably.



"Last chance, dear," Norma said. "You're going to wear this tonight, but if you don't put it on now, you'll also wear it tomorrow. I'll ask Brad to meet us downtown for lunch."

"Okay, I'll do it."

"That's a good boy."

Jim loosened his hold on me and I stood. I rubbed my eyes clear of tears and could see Jeff smiling broadly. I really hated that bastard. Bonnie handed me her nightgown and I put it on. The top was tight and my bra showed clearly through the lace. The long skirt was nearly transparent, and my panties were only partially concealed.

"I think while undies would look better. I brought a pair just in case," Bonnie said. So Jeff had to find me a white bra and I had to change again in front of them.

"You need slippers," Norma said. "We'll have to go to the mall. Jeff, tell Betty we'll meet you at Jake's at eight. Jim, come with us."

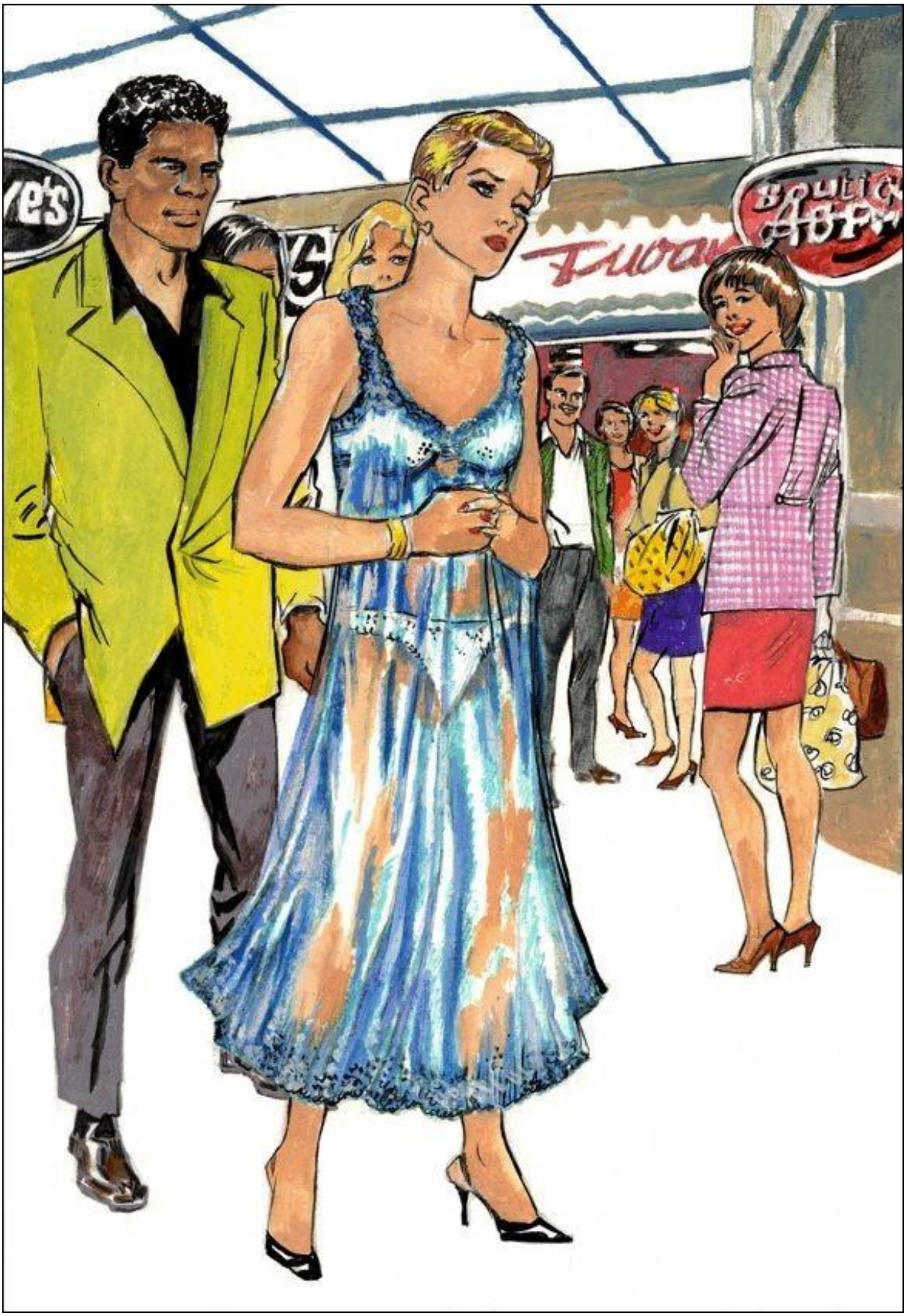
"I can't go out like this," I said. "At least give me a coat."

"Sorry," Bonnie said, "my coats are too small for you. Besides, I love the way you look."

The mall was a nightmare. Everyone laughed at me.

Norma bought me a pair of fluffy high-heeled mules while I sat there felling sorry for myself.

Then we went to the cosmetic counter and Dawn repaired my face. We piled back into the car and made it to Jake's just at eight. We went from bar to bar. Never again would I complain about wearing a dress.





Monday, Norma told me that my new job would begin at five PM. I spent the day organizing my closet and lingerie drawer, swimming at the beach and doing aerobics. My work schedule had disrupted my aerobics and dance. I hadn't been to dance classes for a month and I fit in aerobics whenever I could. That meant that a lot of new people saw me exercising. Their fresh reactions to my feminine attire made me very uncomfortable.

That afternoon, Norma sent me to a downtown bar called Centerfolds. I was to be a cocktail waitress. My ex-girlfriend Kimberly worked there. She really had been a centerfold. She took my hand and led me to the dressing room.

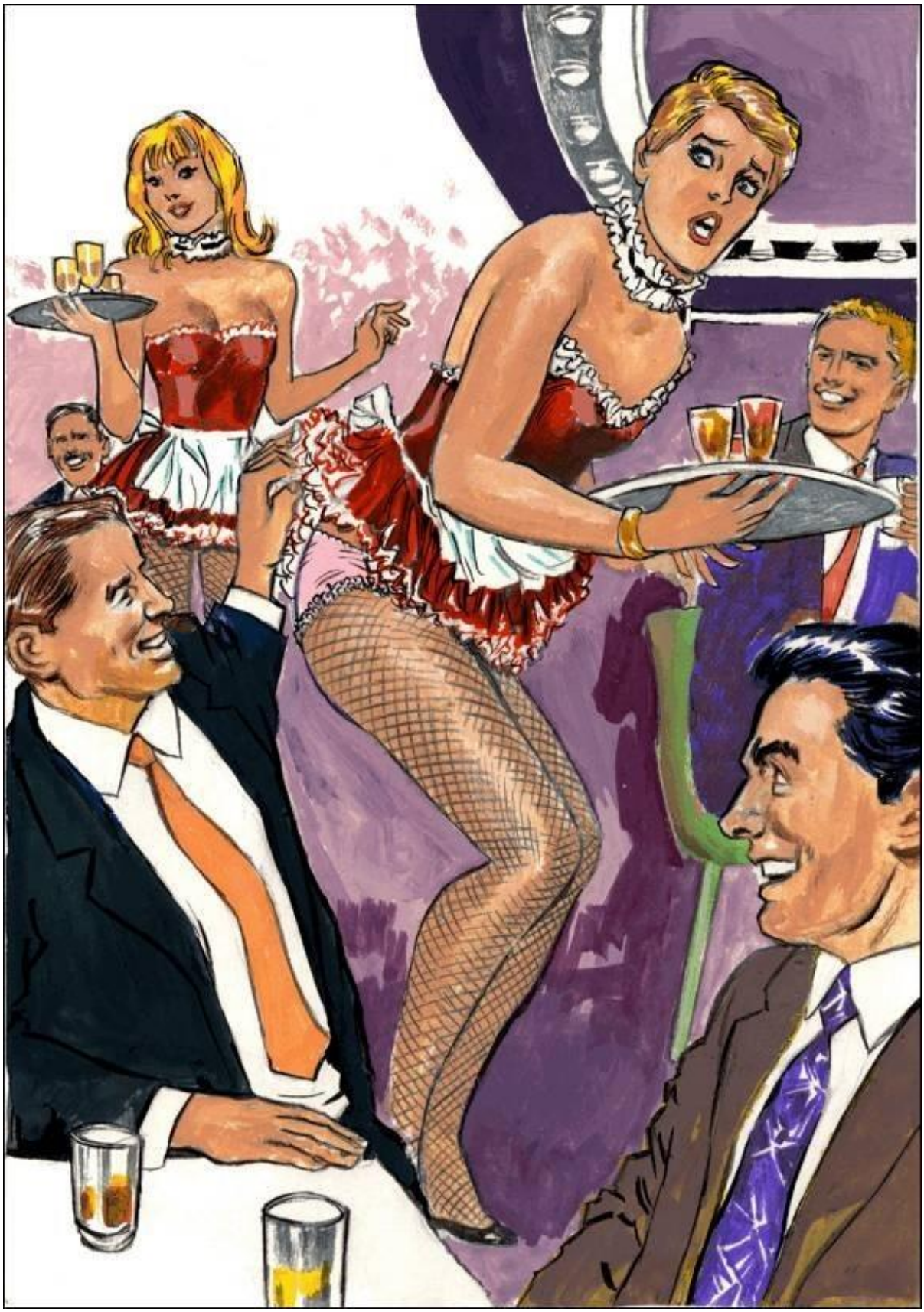
"What's your size," she asked.

"Twelve."

She handed me an eight.

Seven hours later, I was barely able to move. That's what happens when you have to work all night in high heels and a polyester uniform two sizes too small rushing around with a heavy tray of drinks. I had to endure hour after hour of loud music and fat bastards who beckoned me over and put their arm around my waist, ostensibly pulling me close so I could hear their drink order. There was a rumor a waitresses was a transsexual. One of the men decided to put his hand up my skirt, "Just to make sure you're a real woman."

The amount of humiliation and anger I felt at this moment could hardly be described. I wanted to scream, "Why do you think that I'm dressed like this, because I like it?" The only thing that kept me from knocking him off his chair was my fear of being discovered.



My shift ended at two AM when the bar closed. As I walked to my car, a group of half drunk men recognized me as a cocktail waitress. "Say baby," one of them said, "how much for the three of us?"

"I'm no hooker."

"Bullshit! Any broad who'd work in a place like this must be selling it."

I tried to walk faster, but they grabbed me.

"If you won't sell it, we'll take it for free." They ripped open my dress and had my panties down before they discovered I was a man.

"What the -- get the hell out of here you faggot! What's Centerfolds doing anyway? I'm talking to the manager."

I pulled up my panties and gathered my torn dress around me. I was so shaken I could hardly drive. Norma was sympathetic about my near rape, but told me that I shouldn't have been walking alone in the middle of the night. She agreed I couldn't work at Centerfolds and handed me an add from Sunday's paper:

"Showgirls, Model-Types, Dancers: Do you have the 'look'? Silk Stockings is holding auditions for upscale gentlemen's escort services and club entertainment. Glamour Magazine layout and video production opportunities. For an appointment call Isabella at 555-3534. Portfolio and music preferred, but not required. Coaching for newcomers available. Must be 21 or older."

Norma called Isabella and made an appointment for that afternoon. I dressed in a sizzling sexy outfit and took photos from the past year.





Isabella flipped through the pictures and said, "I'll be straight with you, doll. We do mostly out calls and porno films. You're cute, but our clientele's not interested in pre-ops unless they have breasts. You get implants or grow them with hormones and we'll be able to place you. Until then, the best we can do is novelty acts for bachelor parties or gay out calls. Let me know."

I pleaded with Norma not to make me take this job.

"All right," she said, "I have one last thing for you."

That night she dressed me in an extremely short and low cut red dress latex dress with thin shoulder straps. She gave me four-inch heels in red to match the dress and told me to apply my makeup thick.

She drove me downtown. I could see girls in sexy outfits lounging on the street and leaning into car windows to talk with the drivers.

"Hop out," Norma said.

I got out of the car and asked, "Where do I go?"

"Right here. I'll pick you up in the morning."

"What do I do? I look like those whores in this getup."

"That's right. You're a hooker."

"All right, I'll work for Jean."

"Are you sure?"

"I'll start tomorrow."


Star
TEXAS

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX

Jean had a smock with my name on it ready for me. It was identical to hers except mine had 'BILL' embroidered on it just in case someone didn't notice I was a man. Beyond that there were other reminders of the past two years – there was a life-sized poster made from the photo of Jean and me at my coming home party. There was a framed copy of the newspaper that featured Jeff and me at out ballet recital.

"You don't need much training," she said. "Giving a manicure or pedicure should be easy for you after all the ones you've received. Jeff will be here in a few minutes and you can practice on him. After that, you can take my overflow and start developing your own clientele. It won't take long for you to have a full schedule. The ladies will just love you. We'll have to go shopping this afternoon for matching outfits." It'll be wonderful for us to dress alike again."

Jeff and Jim arrived and I began by giving him a pedicure. I could feel the eyes of Jean's client inspecting every detail of my clothing and makeup. I lifted Jeff's foot higher to give her something else to stare at.

Jean closed the shop early that afternoon and we went shopping. She insisted that we buy identical clothes, right down to the underwear. She got to use the dressing room as usual I got to amuse the other shoppers by changing my clothes in public.



Over the next several weeks a group of people started scheduling appointments with me. They included many of my former girlfriends, Grace and Dawn from the mall, Jayne and some of the other cheerleaders, and, to my distress, some of my buddies.

Saturday, I was dreading another night out in one of my girlfriend's clothes.

"Norma, please don't take me out with you tonight."

"Don't worry, you aren't going with us."

"What will I be doing?"

"You'll see."

Later that afternoon, Kate French arrived. If the rumors were true, she was a slut who had opened her legs not just for me, but also for most of the men in town. What right did she have to humiliate me?


Bill

"Ready, Bill?" she asked.

"What do you mean?"

"You're going with Kate," Norma said.

"I can't stand any more of this."

"Don't pay any attention, Kate," Norma said, "Bill will do whatever you tell him."

"Don't make me go, Norma."

"You know your options," she said.

"Where are you taking me, Kate?"

"First, to my apartment."

I sat in her car, miserably uncomfortable in my dress and hose. Kate put her hand on my stockinged leg. I pulled at my dress trying to cover myself. She smiled and put her hand even higher on my thigh.

We arrived at her apartment, and she opened the car door for me, watching with a sly smile as I got out displaying my legs and lace.

She led me to her bedroom. "Remember the last time you were here? You had my clothes off in a minute and were done with me shortly after. You promised to call, but never did."

"I'm sorry, I would have called, but I couldn't find your number."

"That's pretty lame."

She was right. The real reason I didn't call was that the next night I was with another girl.

"That's a cute dress. Let's see what you have under it."

"Please Kate."

"Off with your dress, Bill. I want you to try on mine."



"Please Kate don't make me."

"Nonsense, I can't wait to see you in my things."

"Please—"

"We aren't going to have to call Norma, are we?"

"No, but please don't . . ."

She unzipped my dress, and dropped it to my ankles. "What lovely undies," she said.

I hung my head in shame. Could this possibly be better than going back to prison?

"It's almost a shame to take them off," she said. She pulled down my panties. "How sweet," she said. She ran her hands over me. Her fingers lingered at my gaff-smoothed crotch . . . "Very convincing," she said. Then she moved her other hand to my chest, "Except for these."

"Let's try a strapless," she said. She removed my bra. I put hers on backwards, hooked it and spun it around. It was a tight fit. "It's a bit small, but it'll do. Put these on, dear." She gave me a pair of lacy black panties. They fit fine. "Now for your dress. I want you to make a dramatic statement. How about this one."

She dropped a short red cocktail dress over my head, being carefully not to muss my makeup. She tried to zip it but couldn't. "Too bad," she said.

"Why do I have to wear your clothes?"

"Try this, it's a little bigger." It was blue with had spaghetti straps.

The hem must have been ten inches above my knees. It wasn't much longer than my tennis dress. She managed to zip it shut. "That's wonderful!" she exclaimed. "Here, put these earrings on while I get dressed."





She changed in front of me all the time carrying on a pleasant conversation. When she was dressed, she gave me a final look and said, "I have a scarf I think will help." She wrapped a long silk scarf around my neck and said, "There, that works. Get your purse, let's go."

In her garage we came upon a couple of other tenants. I might have passed as a girl despite my hair and flat chest except that Kate said, "Hi Fred, Hi Donna, have you met my ex-boyfriend, Bill Newton?"

"That's a guy?" Fred asked.

"Sure," Kate said, "a guy in my dress and lingerie." "He's precious," Donna said.

"You get off wearing girl's things?" Fred asked me. I didn't have time to deny it as Kate responded immediately.

"Oh no, he hates it, but I'm punishing him for dumping me." "How did you get him to do it?" Donna asked.

"His sister has him by the short and curly," Kate said. "He'll go to jail if he doesn't do what she tells him, and she wants all of his former girlfriends to have their revenge."

"What a wonderful way of getting even," Donna said. "I know some bastards that I'd love to parade around in my clothes."

"Nice talking with you, but we need to go," Kate said.

"Good luck and have fun," Donna said.

"So long, Bill," Fred said.

We drove downtown. It was dark and in the car I was safe from being viewed, but I was worried. "Where are we going Kate?"



"I'm taking you to dinner and then out for drinks."

I hated these damn Saturday nights.

She parked and helped me out of the car. We entered a restaurant and were seated near the rear. The waiter greeted us and told us about their specials. "Doesn't the fish sound wonderful, Bill?" Kate asked.

"You're a guy?" the waiter asked.

I looked down in embarrassment.

"Don't worry, sweetie," he said. "No one here cares if you do drag -- as long as you do it well."

I looked up at him and he smiled. The guy was obviously a fruit. He had bleached hair and an earring and his speech and mannerisms were effeminate.

He took our orders and left.

"He's cute," Kate said.

"Yeah, if you like queers. He belongs in the dress."

"You're in no position to be critical of gays."

"I'm wearing your clothes under threat of prison. That fag would probably do it to attract men."

The waiter was particularly solicitous. It made my skin crawl the way he looked at me. When he gave us the check, he said, "I get off at twelve. I'd love to take you girls out."

"We'll see," Kate said.

We left the restaurant and began walking down the street. "What about your car?" I asked. "Aren't we going home?"

"No, I told you we were going for a drink. Here's the bar." We entered the dimly lit room and went to the bar. Kate had me get up on a stool. I felt very exposed. This dress barely covered my bra and panties. I looked around

the room nervously. There were several men, but Kate was the only woman.

"What kind of a place is this?"

"Stay here until closing time. Then you can let one of these men take you home."

"Don't leave me."

"Don't be shy. You want to make friends, don't you?"

"Kate!"

"Enjoy your evening, dear," she said, and she left.

I glanced around. A man smiled at me and I quickly looked away. I sat perched on that bar stool for some time. Finally, the bartender came over to me and set down a drink. "Complements of the gentleman," he said, nodding down the bar. I sat staring at the drink not daring to look in the direction he had indicated.

Soon a man joined me. He was older, at least thirty-five, quite fit and well dressed. "Hi, I'm Robert," he said, "What's your name?"

"I'm waiting for my girlfriend," I said.

"Another queen?" he asked.

"I'm no damn queen."

"If you aren't a queen, what are you doing wearing a dress in a gay bar?"

"My girlfriend's playing a joke on me. I'm no queer."

"That's an original put down," he said. "However, if you don't want to be here, why don't you leave?"

"She told me to stay."



Another guy arrived at my side. "I'm Greg, what's your name girlie?"

"I'm Bill, and I'm no girl."

"She claims she's straight," Robert said.

"That's a good one," Greg said. "What are you drinking, Bill?"

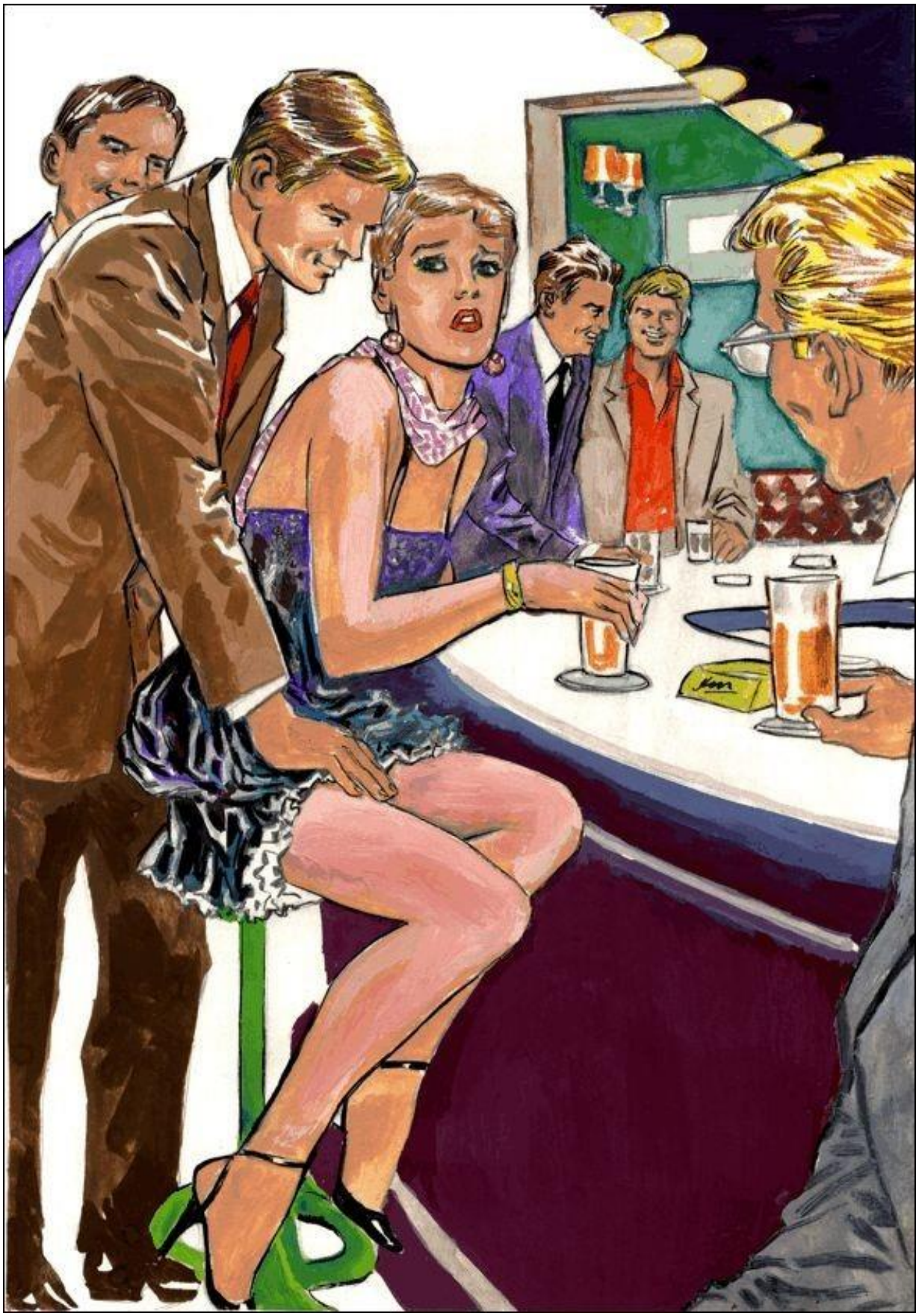
"Nothing."

I was afraid to drink. Who knew what they would do to me if they got me drunk. Greg rested his hand on my exposed thigh, moved his face close to mine and said in a low voice, "So you don't drink, what other vices do you have?"

This guy was making a pass at me just as I had made passes at women in bars hundreds of times before. How could I turn him off? I was afraid this would develop into something I couldn't control. These guys were too close. I crossed my legs dislodging his hand. "My boyfriend will be here any minute, and he's real jealous."

"Don't worry about your boyfriend," Greg said. "He'll be happy you didn't have to wait alone."

What else did girls do to get out of these situations? They often came with girlfriends to help them, but I was alone. Sometimes they went to the lady's room to escape, but I'd piss Kate's panties before I went into the bathroom in this place. "What time is it?" I asked. It was only eleven, three more hours to closing time. The bar was filling with customers. If it weren't for the fact that this was a gay bar, I'd never have known that some of them were queer. Others were perfectly obvious and they lisped and swayed their hips. I felt like a fool in dress and lingerie, but the



men all accepted me as one of them. The hour grew late. I would soon have to choose one to take me home.

The bartender announced last call and the bar started to empty. I looked around at the men and picked the one I thought I could handle best. "I guess my boyfriend isn't coming, could you give me a ride."

"Of course," he said.

I hopped down from the stool and smoothed the dress. Swaying on my high heels, I followed him to his small red sports car. He opened the door for me and I got in, exposing more than just my garters. I looked up nervously and saw him smiling.

He closed the door behind me and got in the driver's side. "I'm Rod."

"I'm Bill," I said.

"Bill's no name for such a cute girl. All right if I call you Billy?"

"Why not."

"Okay, Billy, would you like to drop by my place for a nightcap?"

"Not tonight, I'm worried about my boyfriend."

"You can call him from my apartment."

"No, I better go home."

"Don't you think you owe me something for the ride?" he asked and put his hand on my leg.

I shifted under his touch, but there was no room to move away. "It's wonderful of you to give me a ride," I said, "and you're really cute. Give me your number and I'll call you."



Rod brought his hand high up my thigh under the dress and said, "Don't make me wait too long, Billy. Where to?" I gave him my address and we zoomed off.

At home, he jumped out of the car and helped me out. He walked me to the door, put his arms around me and brought his mouth to mine. I was nauseous kissing a man, but there was nothing I could do.

After a lingering kiss, he handed me a card and said, "Call soon, Billy." I faked a smile and got the key from my purse. He waited until he could see that I had opened the door and then went whistling down the walk to his car.

Norma, Betty and Kate were waiting.

"How was it?" Kate asked.

"Those queers had me surrounded," I said. "Their hands were all over me."

"Girls have to learn how to control these situations," Kate said.

"How could you leave me there?" They smiled. In the silence I became more and more self conscious and aware of my humiliating appearance. The dress and makeup made my defiance appear cute rather than forceful.

"Did you thank the man who brought you home?" Kate asked.

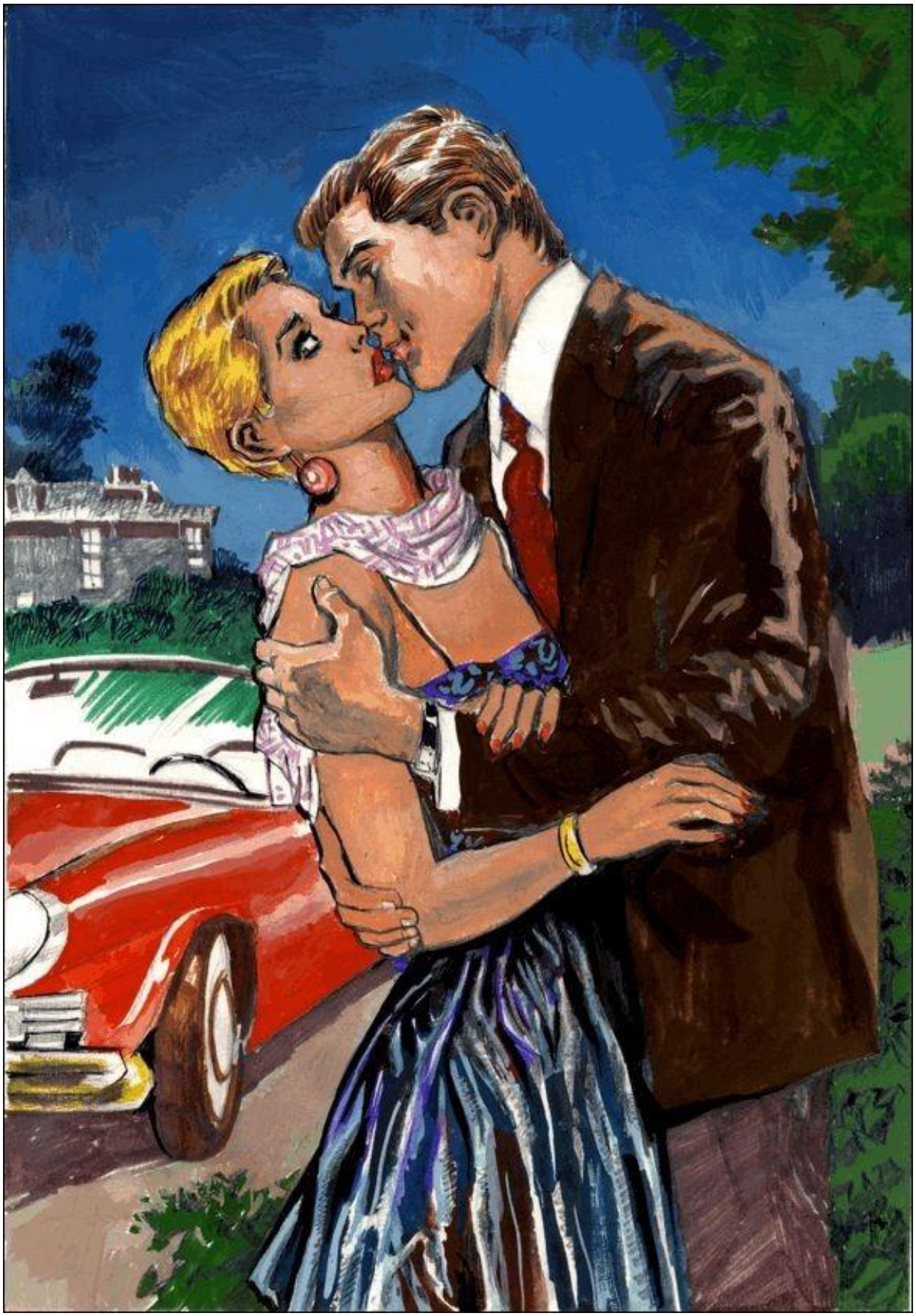
"He was a damn queer."

"Did he get physical with you?"

I blushed and said nothing.

"It's difficult to ask a favor," Kate said. "Men always expect something in return."

"May I go to bed now, Norma, it's late."



"Of course," she said. "Change into your nightgown than come down and kiss us good night."

I went up to my room and took off Kate's dress, bra and panties. I put on one of my own bras, got a lacy gown, covered it with a diaphanous robe and put on high-heeled slippers. After a quick trip to the bathroom where I was finally able to clear my bladder, I went downstairs.

The girls made me show off my gown and kiss each of them on the cheek good night before they let me return to my room.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN

September finally came and it was time for me to start college. I hoped that I could quit my job. However, Norma promised Jean that I would continue to work for her part time.

She enrolled me in a number of classes that had a female focus and enrollment. They included 'Man the Oppressor', 'Women in the Arts' and 'Her-story—The History Of Western Society From A Feminist Perspective'. However, she also enrolled me in 'Introduction to Sports Administration', a course that was full of jocks.

Most people couldn't tell I was a man. Sure my hair was cut in a masculine style, but lots of the college girls had hair as short as mine; it was chic. My chest was flat, but there were other flat chested coeds. I was as happy and relaxed as I had been in quite some time. However, these good times didn't last long. Norma intended that I have a higher profile. She told me to join the tennis team.

I went to the coach of the men's team and asked if I could try out for the squad.

"You want the women's coach," he said.

"I'm a guy."

"You're kidding," he said.

"No, I'm not. I want to play tennis."

"Let's go see the women's coach," he said. We went to her office and he said, "This guy wants to try out for the tennis squad. Can he play with the women?"

"We can't take him as long he's legally a man," she said. "Why don't you give him a try out, maybe he's no good anyway?"

"All right," he said, "suit up."

I went to the men's locker room and changed into my tennis dress. The place was almost empty, but I did startle a couple of guys who were coming out of the shower. When the coach saw me, he said, "Forget it. You're not trying out for me in that outfit. I wouldn't let you make a joke of my team."

Norma had our attorney contact the school administration and threaten to sue if they didn't let me try out for one of the teams. The school agreed to let me try out for the men's. I beat their number one player and there was no way they could keep me off the squad. The resulting publicity gave the team's workouts and tournaments their best attendance in years, and the couch was delighted. Bigger crowds and more publicity meant bigger budgets, even if the publicity was because I was a freak.

Whenever I played, he put me on center court so the spectators could get a good look. Photos of me playing, my frilly panties exposed, made the front page of the student newspaper and the sports page of our city paper.

After that, everyone on campus seemed to know me. It still wasn't too bad. College students were more tolerant then high school kids. Their normal reaction was amusement at the novelty of a man in a dress.


BILL NEWTON

Then Norma got really diabolical. She sent me to sorority rush. The girls were positively nasty to me. I'm sure they thought I was mocking them. Of course no sorority would pledge me.

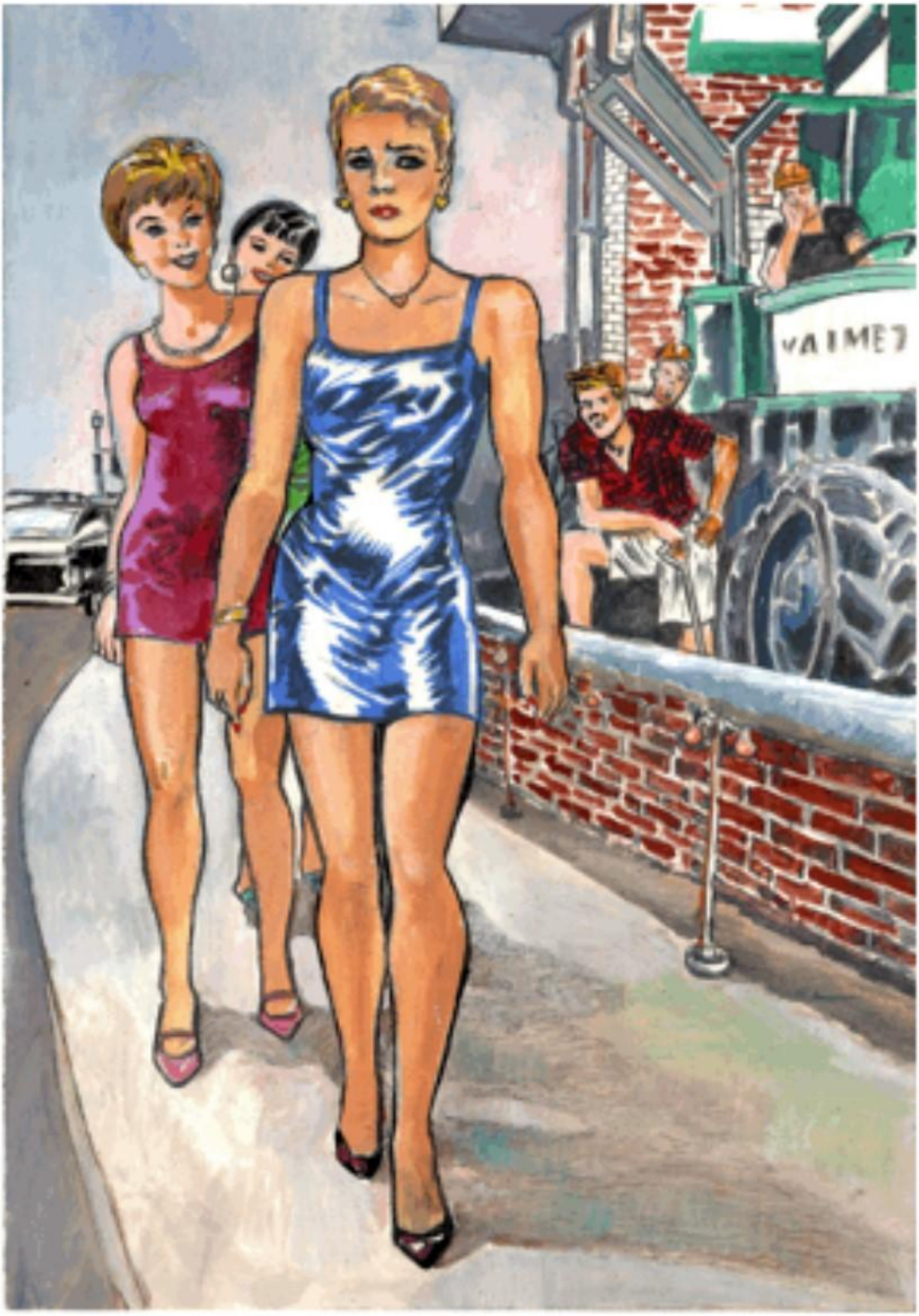
Norma didn't give up. One of the sororities was having trouble with its mortgage. She bought it from the bank and threatened to foreclose unless the sorority pledged me. They did, but they were really angry with me, even though Norma was responsible.

My sorority sisters decided that, in order to retain their reputation in spite of me, they would have the sexiest pledges on campus. They told us they would be selecting our wardrobes and that our fashion message was 'dress to seduce'. They took us shopping and we tried on and bought an outrageous collection of latex dresses and micro mini skirts. The other pledges knew why they were required to display themselves, and they hated me for it.

Most of the dresses were very tight and made to show every curve. Whenever I went out in public with my sisters, boys eyed us lecherously. Some were not so subtle. Near campus was a construction site and the workers hooted and whistled at us. A few of the dresses were full and short. They created yet another problem. The first really breezy day I wore one out of the house, I spent my entire walk with my skirts up around my waist.






VAIME



Norma made me use public transportation. I sat among these common people tugging on the hem of my short skirts subjected to their stares and rude comments. I hated being made into a laughing stock for my inferiors. Sometimes the bus was so crowded I had to stand, and I could almost feel the eyes of the seated passengers looking up my dress. I certainly could feel the pinches on my rear, but by the time I spun around, all I ever saw were grinning faces.

I lived at home, and Norma said that I was grown up enough to maintain my own clothes and makeup. I learned how to iron and to touch up my own nail polish.

One day, when I returned from school, Norma stopped me in the hall. "That dress is a disgrace," she said.

"What do you mean?"

"It is full of wrinkles. Iron it."

It looked fine to me, but I went to my room and set up the ironing board. I slipped out of my dress and went to work on it. I was nearly finished before I noticed that the girls had come in and Betty was video taping me.

"Your friends will be delighted to see you've become so domestic," she said.

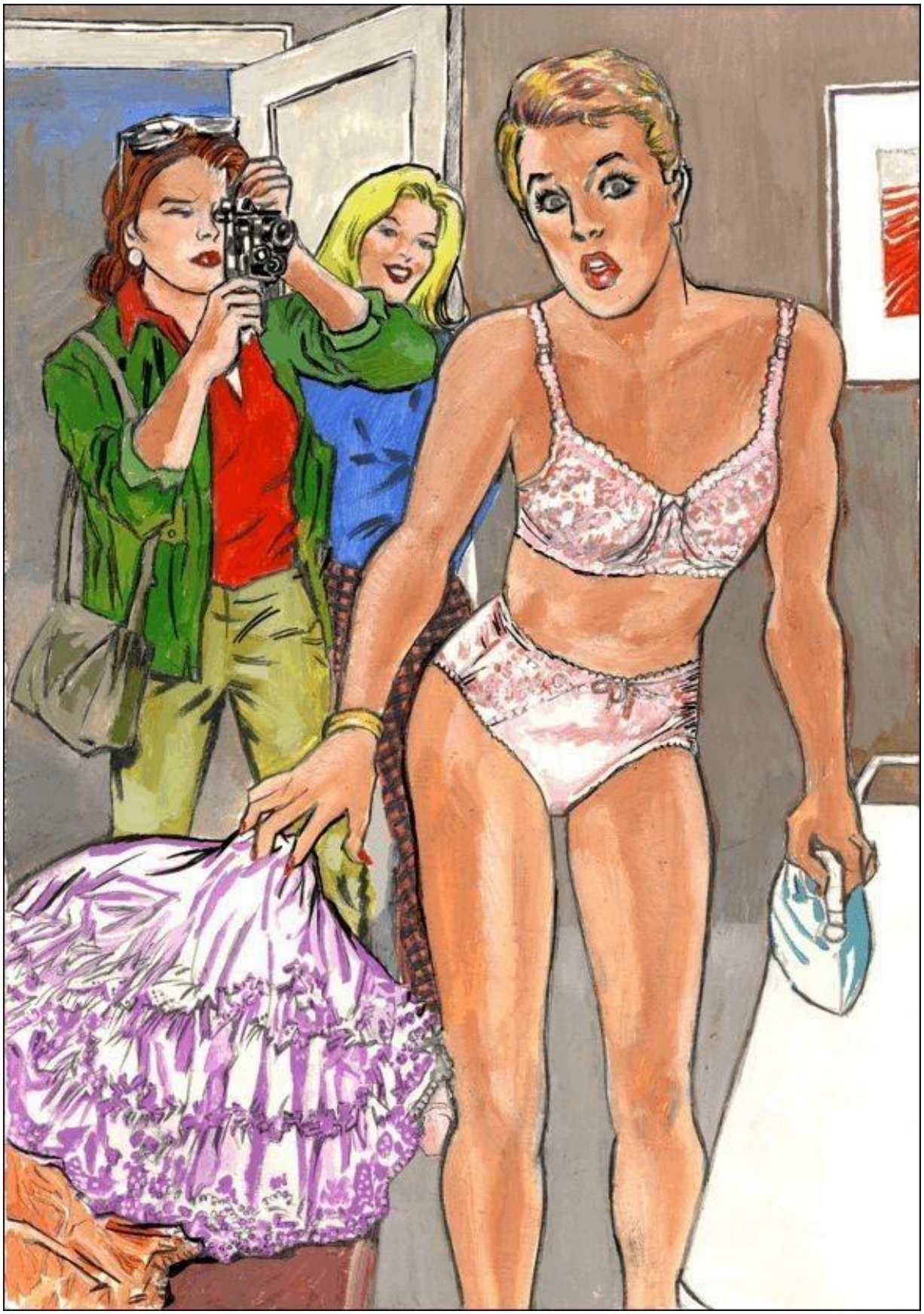
"No one will want to see that stupid video," I said.

"Brad will love it."

She was right! Over the next several weeks Brad must have made and distributed copies of that damn tape of me in bra and panties ironing my dress to everyone we knew.

Norma and some of her friends planned a fundraiser for Junior Aid. They were modeling clothes for some of the local stores at David's.





Norma came to me from a planning session for the event to tell me they had a problem. "Maud's lingerie shop wants to be a sponsor. Junior Aid would get a donation for showing her lingerie and a commission on everything she sold. However, the women are all too embarrassed to appear publicly in lingerie."

"You don't expect me to do it?" I asked.

"You'll need breasts to show off the lingerie properly," she said. "Won't it be a treat to have your bra filled? The customers may even think you're a real girl."

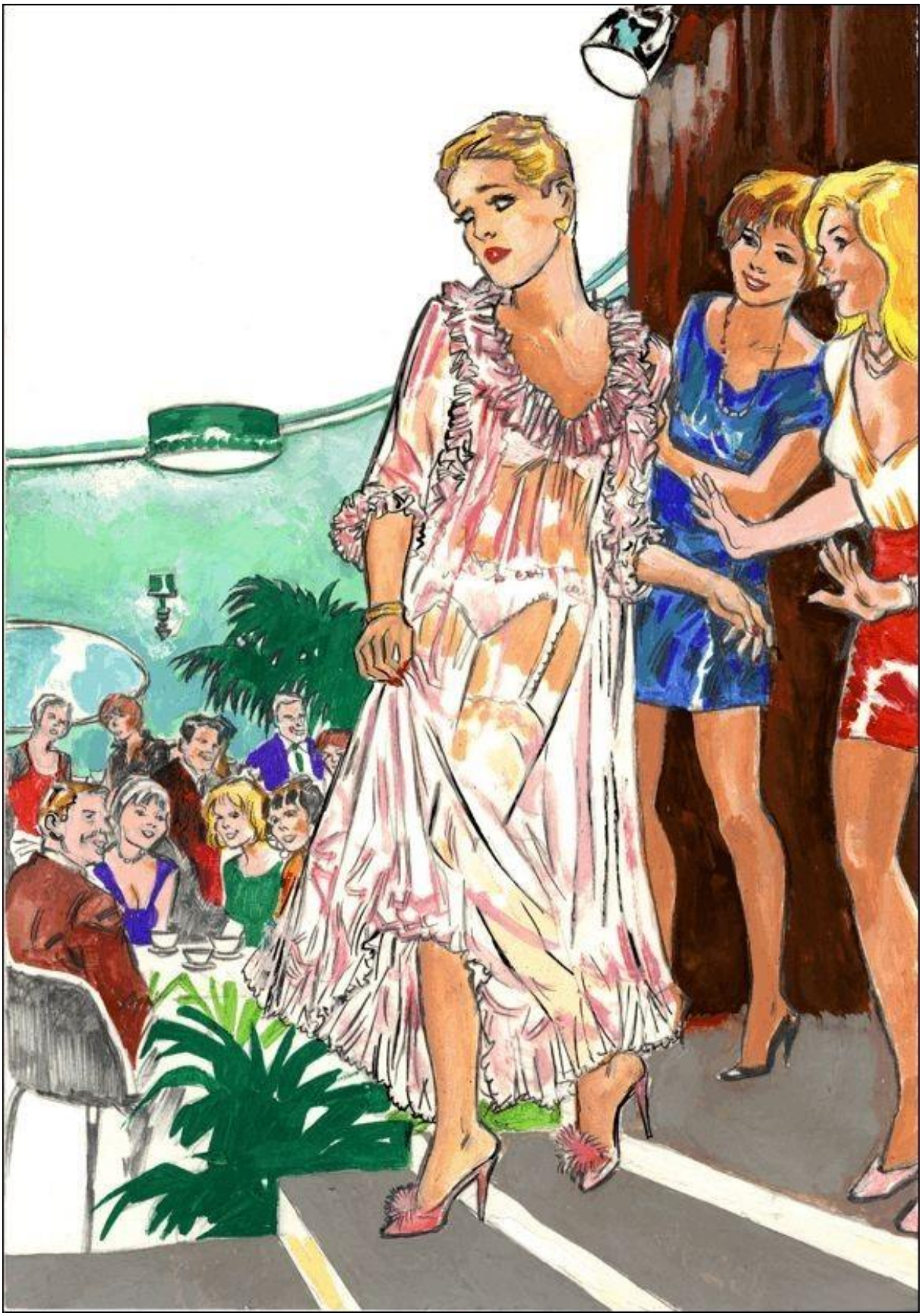
"They know me at David's."

"The money goes to a number of good causes."

In the end, of course, I had to do it. The Junior Aid women had taken over the room that the restaurant used for private parties. It was full of mirrors, racks of clothes and women in various stages of dress. They had me strip to my bra and panties and Norma gave me my treat. She filled my bra with a pair of silicon prosthesis that looked and felt just like real breasts, complete with nipples. Then she dressed me in a transparent negligee. I glanced at myself in the mirror. I didn't see how anyone could tell that I wasn't a real woman. This might not be too bad. As I started into the crowded restaurant, the announcer said, "And now for something completely different. Modeling a nightgown from Maud's lingerie shop, Mr. Bill Newton. Give him a big hand for being such a good sport."

I turned to Norma and said, "Please don't make me do this. I can't bear to be seen me like this with everyone knowing."

"Go on," Norma said. "Mince right out there."



As I walked into the crowded restaurant, the piano player started playing and singing:

In days of old a glimpse of stocking
was looked on as something shocking
now heaven knows, anything goes.

Accompanied by this music, I walked to the first table. There was a man and a woman seated there. I repeated the phrase that Norma had taught me, "My negligee is from Maud's lingerie, it is silk and antique lace and sells for one hundred and seventy five dollars."

"It is much too daring for me, Bill," the woman said.

After I finally had made my humiliating presentation at every table, I rushed back to the safety of the dressing area. However, they were not done with me. They changed my outfit and sent me back into the restaurant. By the time the fashion show was over I had shown off many nightgowns, peignoirs, camisoles and tap pants. I saw and was seen by dozens of men and women who I knew. The press covered the event and the TV news even played video of me wearing one of the more conservative outfits.

Every weekday I had to report to my sorority first thing in the morning. There my sisters dressed the other pledges and me in outrageously sexy clothes. We became well known around campus, and the student newspaper came to our sorority house for pictures. My sisters dressed us in the sexiest of our outfits for the occasion and we made the front page with a long story about the male sorority pledge.



Midterms were over, and hell week had arrived. The fraternities and sororities were initiating their pledges and the hazing got intense. I moved into the Sorority house, and my sisters had me twenty-four hours a day. We pledges had to perform a number of embarrassing tasks, one of which was a scavenger hunt. They made us dress in revealing outfits and sent us out into the night with no money or identification. We were required to bring back a number of embarrassing items such as a condom and a napkin from a topless bar. The worst thing was that we had to get our panties signed by a fraternity member. It was hellishly embarrassing for me to stand in the frat house holding up my dress while a boy took his sweet time signing my underwear.

We pledges had to play strip poker on our sorority's front lawn. This was another of the unusual stunts that my sorority had come up with to try to keep my presence from destroying their reputation. Once one of us lost everything but her bra and panties, she had to stand and strike sexy poses while the rest of us played. I'm a fair poker player, and I was one of the last to have to stand and pose.

The fraternities had scavenger hunts as well. A group of frat pledges grabbed me one night and took my panties right off me.

The next day, a reporter and photographer from the student newspaper came to see me at the Sorority house.

"What's this about?" I asked.

The reporter held up the panties that had been taken from me and asked, "Are these yours?"

"Why do you ask?"







"They were pinned to my door this morning with a note saying that the pledge class of Tri Delt wanted me to return them to you," he said. "Here you are." As I reached out and took the panties from him, the camera flashed. The student paper that week ran the photo over the caption, "Coed Bill Newton recovers stolen property."

At the end of the week, we were inducted into our sorority in a secret ceremony I'm sworn not to disclose. I can only say that I'm probably the only man in the world who can give my sorority's secret handshake and password.



As a full-fledged member, I was able to wear clothes just like the others. The micro minis were gone, but fashionable clothing for girls my age was still quite revealing. I remember one dance that I attended wearing a strapless dress cut so low that I was afraid it would fall off.

Compared to hell week my classes were a breeze. I was doing much better than I did my last time in college. Then I was preoccupied with dating and I barely got by with C's. I was settling in to a routine of tennis, course work, my sorority social events and working for Jean. I was embarrassed by my appearance, but I rejoiced at the nearing end of my probation.



"That's the story up to now," I said. "My time in dresses is almost over. This is the last time I'll do your nails."

"You think that Norma will let you wear pants again after your probation?" Fran asked.

"She has nothing to say about it," I said. "Once prison isn't a threat any more, do you think I'd ever wear this damn stuff again?"

"I'll miss the conversation," Fran said.

"I sure won't miss these clothes. Maybe we can go out for a drink," I said.

"After all you have told me, I'm not sure about dating you."

"I've changed."

"I can see that," she said smiling. "I wonder how well the lessons will take after you are back in your old clothes." "We'll find out soon," I said.

CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT

Finally it was December 2, the second anniversary of my release from prison. Betty and Norma planned a party for Jeff and me. We spent the afternoon at Jean's and Debbie's being prettied. While Debbie was working on me, Jeff was having electrolysis. His beard was heavier than mine. My last session was over a month ago. It wasn't too bad losing my facial hair. Shaving was a nuisance.

Norma had a low-necked cocktail dress for me. My flat chest and small hips don't really do it justice. To complete the outfit, she lent me some jewelry. By the time she made her final adjustments, some guests had already arrived. David's was catering and Jeff greeted the guests in his French Maid's uniform. I took a seat on the sofa, my short skirts and petticoats circled around me in layers of chiffon and lace. My sleek nylon sheathed legs were exposed to above the knees. My low cut strapless dress was tight against my hairless chest. Thank goodness for that tightness because my empty bra did nothing to hold it up.

Once again our house filled with laughing women. I recognized Elizabeth from the bank, Amy West - my home schoolteacher, June Wilkerson - the head cheerleader, and many others. Alice came over to smirk. I hated that woman for what she did to me at the prom. After I become a man again tomorrow, I'll get my revenge.



"Attention!" Norma said. "I have an announcement."

Good, now she'll tell everyone that I'll be returning to my male clothes tomorrow. After all this time, it will probably take me a while to rid myself of my feminine mannerisms. If my friends ever caught me smoothing out imaginary skirts when I sat down . . . I listened with excitement as Norma continued.

"I have something I must say in front of all of my friends. Jeff, come here."

Jeff minced over to her and curtsied to the snickers of the guests. It must be horrible for him to wear that maid's uniform.

"Jeff these two years you've been Betty's maid have changed you. I've enjoyed our Saturday nights out and our days at home. I never thought this would happen, but will you marry me? Will you be my wife?"

Jeff appeared shocked. He stood for a moment saying nothing. I couldn't stand it and said, "Jeff, you can't be Norma's wife for God's sake! You'll be in dresses forever."

"I'd love to get out of these clothes and return to being a man," he said. "However, I know that my pimp would never let me wear pants again. He lowered his head and when he raised it I could see tears filling his eyes. "It's horribly embarrassing to be a male maid. I can't face a lifetime of that kind of humiliation. If I must wear dresses, it's better for me to be Norma's wife."

"That's wonderful," Norma said. "You've made me the happiest woman in the world. Betty, I'm sorry, you'll be without a maid."



"That's all right," Betty said looking directly at me, "I think I know where I can find a replacement."

"Oh no," I said. "My probation is over."

"Bill, you still have a lot to learn," Norma said. "I think that working for Betty would be good for you."

"I've been wearing these damn girl's things for over two years. Let me be a man again. Don't make me be Betty's maid."

"You sound so cute begging not to be my maid," Betty said. "I know you'll love wearing the uniform you bought for me. I bet you'll blush prettily every time I send you to market in it. However, I'll leave it up to your friends. What do you people think? Should Bill be a man or a maid?"

The room filled with the shouts of their answers. I didn't hear a single 'man'. I must have passed out because I woke up on the sofa with Betty sprinkling water on my face.

"Tomorrow morning, come to room at eight, dear."

I was in despair. I felt so weak that Betty and Norma had to help me up to my bedroom and change me for bed.

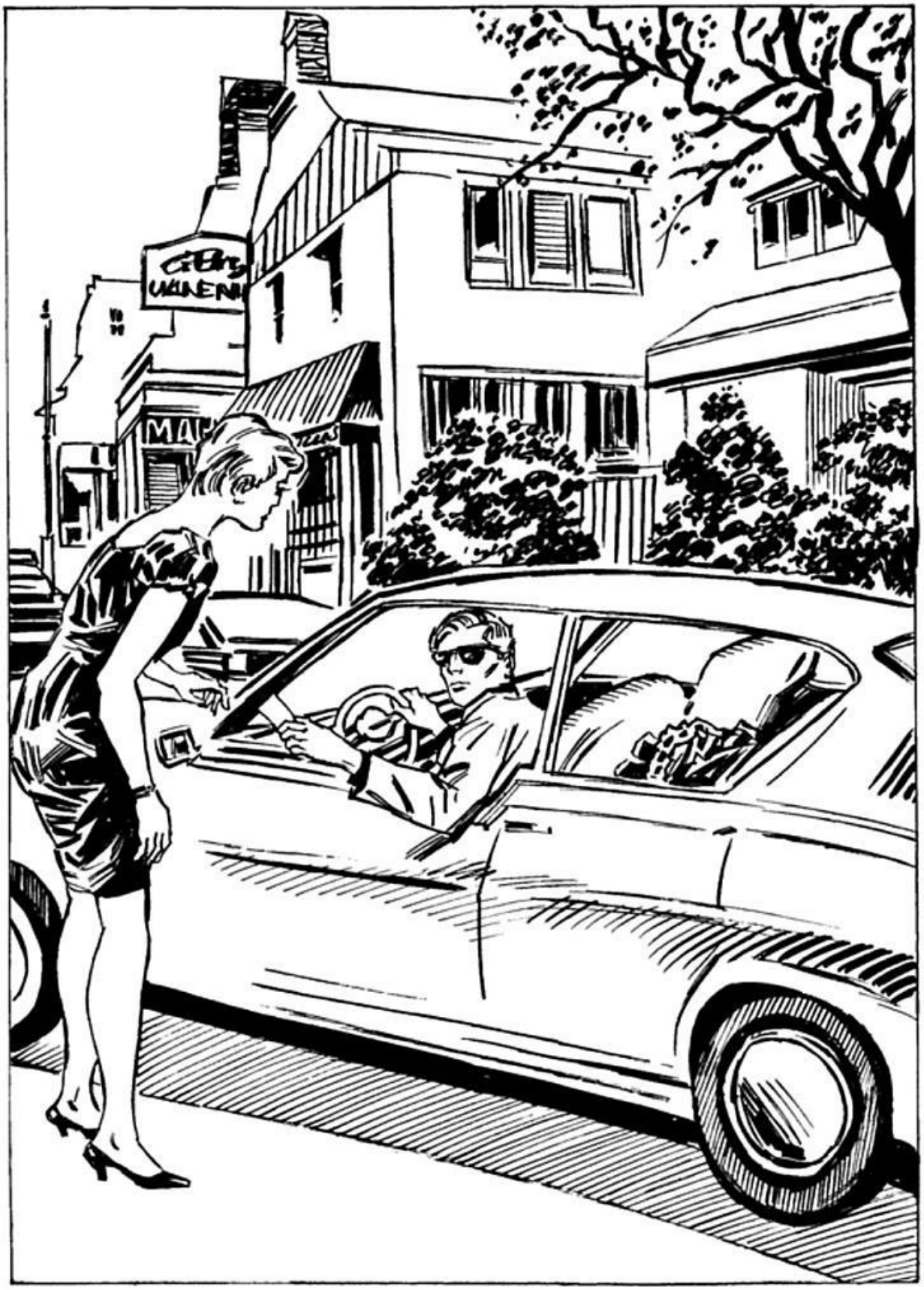


The next morning I found a maid's uniform lying over my chair. I decided the hell with that. There was no way Betty could make me her maid. I'd completed my probation, and there was no more danger of being returned to jail. Nothing prevented me from leaving. I'd hire an attorney and regain control of my share of the inheritance. Then I'd leave this town forever and forget that I ever had to dress as a girl. I took off my nightgown and removed my bra, panties and gaff. There were no men's clothes of course, but I chose a plain pair of panties, a plain dress and my lowest heeled shoes. I snuck downstairs and out of the house. I started walking downtown. I felt strange without a bra or gaff. I had gotten about a mile when a large black car pulled alongside and matched my walking speed. The driver rolled down the passenger side window and said, "Bill!"

It was Greg. "Betty told me to deliver this note." He reached through the window and handed it to me.

If you want to come home put your uniform on and walk back. If you don't, Greg will take you with him. He'll have you replace Jim.

She had me. I could no more become a street whore than Jeff could. There was no chance that I could escape as long as I was wearing this bracelet. I opened the rear door of Greg's car. There it was, the uniform and everything. I slipped off my dress and put on the things Betty had provided. I couldn't zip it so I had to leave the back open. Fully dressed as a French maid, I turned around and started my retreat home.





For the first few days while Jeff was showing me the ropes, we both wore maid's uniforms and waited on Betty. After having no sex for over two years, it was terribly frustrating to attend to her bath and help her dress. It was almost as bad to turn down her bed and lay out her nightgown for her each night.

Saturday night, Betty said, "Bill, come to my room and we'll pick an outfit for you." This was a surprise. Every Saturday for the past several months one of my ex-girlfriends had taken a turn dressing me in her clothes.

"I'll be wearing your things?" I asked.

"Come on." She took me to her room and helped me out of my dress and petticoats. "Your bra and hose will be fine," she said, "but your ruffled panties are a part of your uniform. Put these on." She handed me a pair of her panties. I turned my back, pulled my panties off and stepped into hers. "Try this," she said, handing me a short sleeveless red dress. I put it on and she zipped up the back. "How sweet," she said, "I understand now why your girlfriends like you to wear their clothes. It gives me a tingly feeling seeing you in my things."

"Where are we going tonight?" I asked.

"Ask your date."

"My date?"

"Yes, I think he should be here by now."

"A guy?"

"Let's go see."

We went downstairs - Brad was waiting! "You ready, Billy?" he asked.

"How could you!" I said to Norma.

"I didn't forget about your trying to run."

"Let's go, girlfriend," Brad said.

"Please, Norma," I said.

"Run along, Bill," she said.

Brad took me all over town to show me off. We even played pool at one of the sports bars. He was merciless with his teasing.

One morning, when Jeff and I were preparing breakfast, I looked down at my sharply flared skirt and suddenly was full of rage. "Jeff, I was on top of the world before you attacked Norma. Now I'm a damn maid. It's your fault. I hate you for it!"

"It's your fault too," he said. "You're the one who wanted to make Betty wear a maid's uniform."

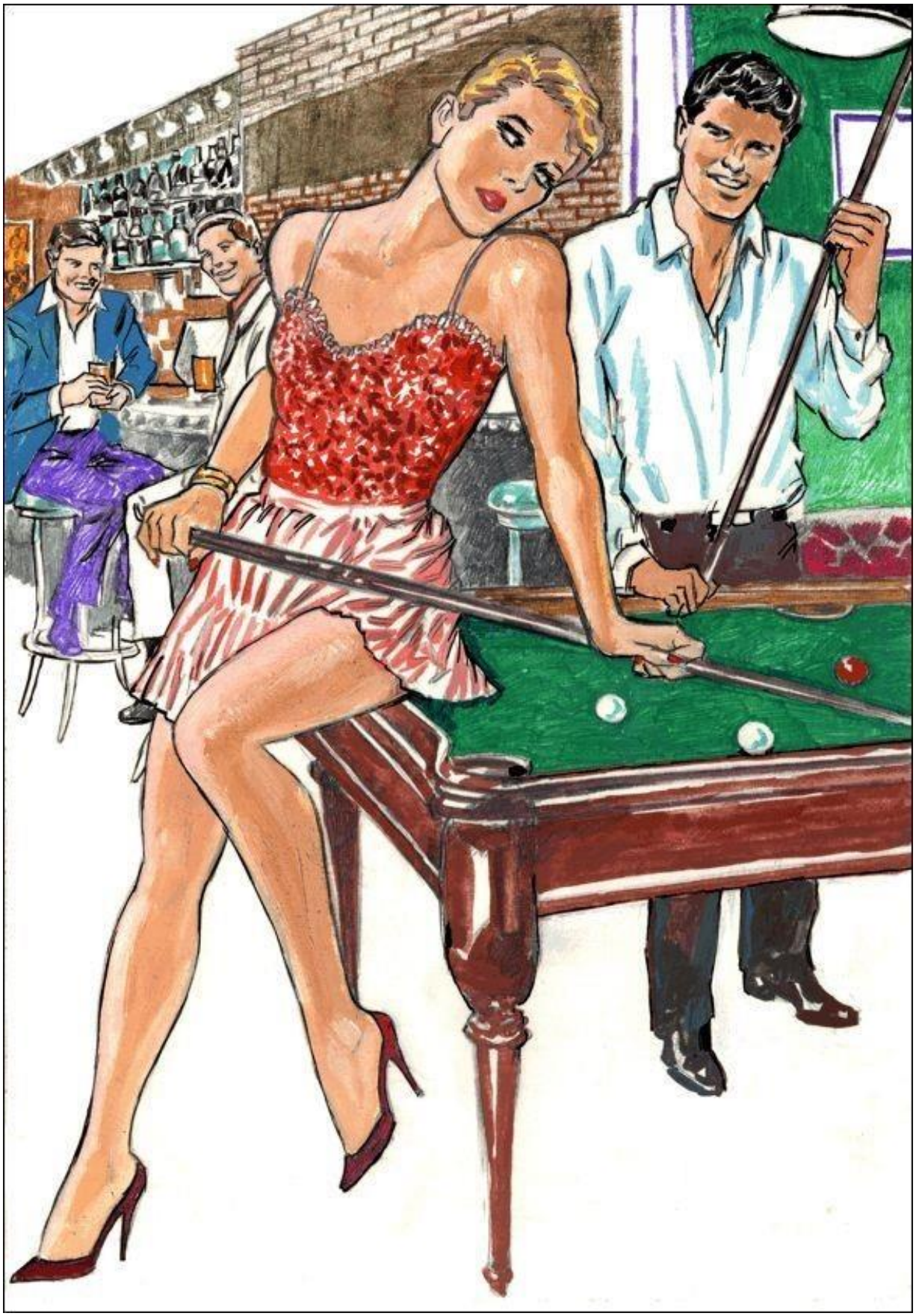
"You bastard! Don't try to tell me that I'm responsible for this. We never would have gone to jail if you hadn't tried to rape her."

"Fuck you!"

"Quiet! Someone's coming," I said.

Betty walked into the kitchen and asked, "Are you girls arguing? What's the problem?"

"We couldn't agree how to cook your eggs," I said. "I told Jeff you liked them easy over but he says sunny-side up."



"Jeff's right. I don't want you girls to fight. If I have to come in here again, you both will get a spanking."

After she left, Jeff said, "Soon you'll be my maid too, honey."

"Damn you!" I said.

When my apprenticeship was over Jeff was allowed to dress just like Betty and Norma (except he was never permitted to wear pants). Betty was my mistress, but I had to take orders from Jeff and Norma as well. Jeff started calling me 'Fifi' privately. In front of others he was always careful to call me Bill. I had not yet been out of the house in my uniform. I knew it was coming, and I dreaded it.

Finally the time came that Jeff sent me to the store I considered running again. My chances didn't appear to be good. Even if I could convince the police that an ex-con in a maid's uniform deserved protection, they couldn't provide it twenty-four hours a day. Certainly Betty's punishment would be swift and massive, and I'd lose all hope of becoming a man. Reluctantly I concluded that there was still nothing I could do but wait to be released from this agony. As I started for the door, Jeff stopped me and said, "Let me freshen your lipstick, Fifi." I glowered at him hatefully, but stood still as he repainted my lips. "Much better," he said.

I was keenly aware of the stares, smiles and whispers I generated. At the store I heard a little boy say, "Look Mom, that lady's undies are showing."

"Hush, dear," she said. "You must never mention such things. Besides, that's no lady."









I blushed furiously and attempted ineffectively to pull down my skirt. I hurried to the checkout stand with eyes downcast trying to ignore the snickering. I returned home obviously distraught.

"Thanks 'Fifi'," Jeff said, "but I forgot to have you get milk. Please go back to the store and buy some."

"You shit!" I said.

"Go on, 'Fifi'."

I almost rebelled. However, my fear of prostituting myself for Greg was too great. I drove the scooter back to the store, my petticoats blowing in the wind.

Jeff sent me out often, obviously delighting at the anguished expressions I found impossible to hide. When there was no legitimate errand, he'd invent one. I was usually out of the house two or three times a day. Some of the time he would have Jim drive me, some of the time I drove myself on the scooter and sometimes I had to ride the bus. Waiting for the bus on the street corner while people passed and stared was unpleasant, but the teasing I received from the other riders once I got on the bus was even worse. It always made me blush.



People came to visit us as well. One day April had dropped by and I was serving her, Jeff and Betty drinks and finger sandwiches in the living room.

"You don't know how lucky you are to have good help," April said. "My housekeeper just quit. She was the third this year."

"That's too bad," Betty said. "Have you tried using a service?"

"I don't like them much, but I guess I'll have to."

"I have a thought," Jeff said. "Why don't we lend her Bill?"

"Would you?" April asked. "That would be wonderful."

That was how it started. I had to go to April's house twice a week. She took advantage of every opportunity to humiliate me. She had the prom picture with me on her lap in that baby costume on her wall. She delighted in telling me that, even though I was now a grown up maid, I would always be her baby. How I hated that woman.

As time passed, Jeff's hair grew longer and Norma had Debbie color and style it. She also let him wear falsies and maintain the illusion of being a real woman. He became the lady of the house.



In the early spring, Jeff went to court and changed his name legally to Judy. He seemed to be much more comfortable, but I'm sure it was horrible for him to lose his masculinity so thoroughly. The day he went to the Department of Motor Vehicles to change his name to Judy on his license, he was so upset by the experience that he could hardly talk. I knew he must hate his dresses, lingerie and makeup. I never ceased to hate dressing as a girl. I never for a moment became reconciled to it. I never stopped praying for a way out.

Norma and Judy were married in June. All of our friends were there to see him become Mrs. Judy Newton. He was beautiful in his white lace wedding dress. Greg gave the bride away.

As for me, I was the maid of honor.



EPILOGUE

Since the wedding I've been the household's full time maid. I wear my French maid's uniform every day. The only time I wear other dresses is on Saturday nights when one of my girlfriends dresses me up and we all go out.

Jeff is looking more and more like a woman, but he is still a man underneath it all. Proof of that came only months after their wedding when Norma announced she was pregnant. As she grew into maternity clothes, so did Jeff. He wore maternity outfits with all of the appropriate padding.




Baby
mother

Once their daughter was born, he removed the pads and became just another young mother.

I would have thought that Jeff might have some sympathy for me, but it was not so. He took every opportunity to humiliate me, not that it was difficult to do so. I couldn't become used to the sarcastic comments that greeted me every time I went out. Still, he went out of his way to keep me in a frazzle. He went so far as to invite Brad and my buddies to use our house for their monthly poker party. The guys teased me unmercifully as I served them food and drinks.

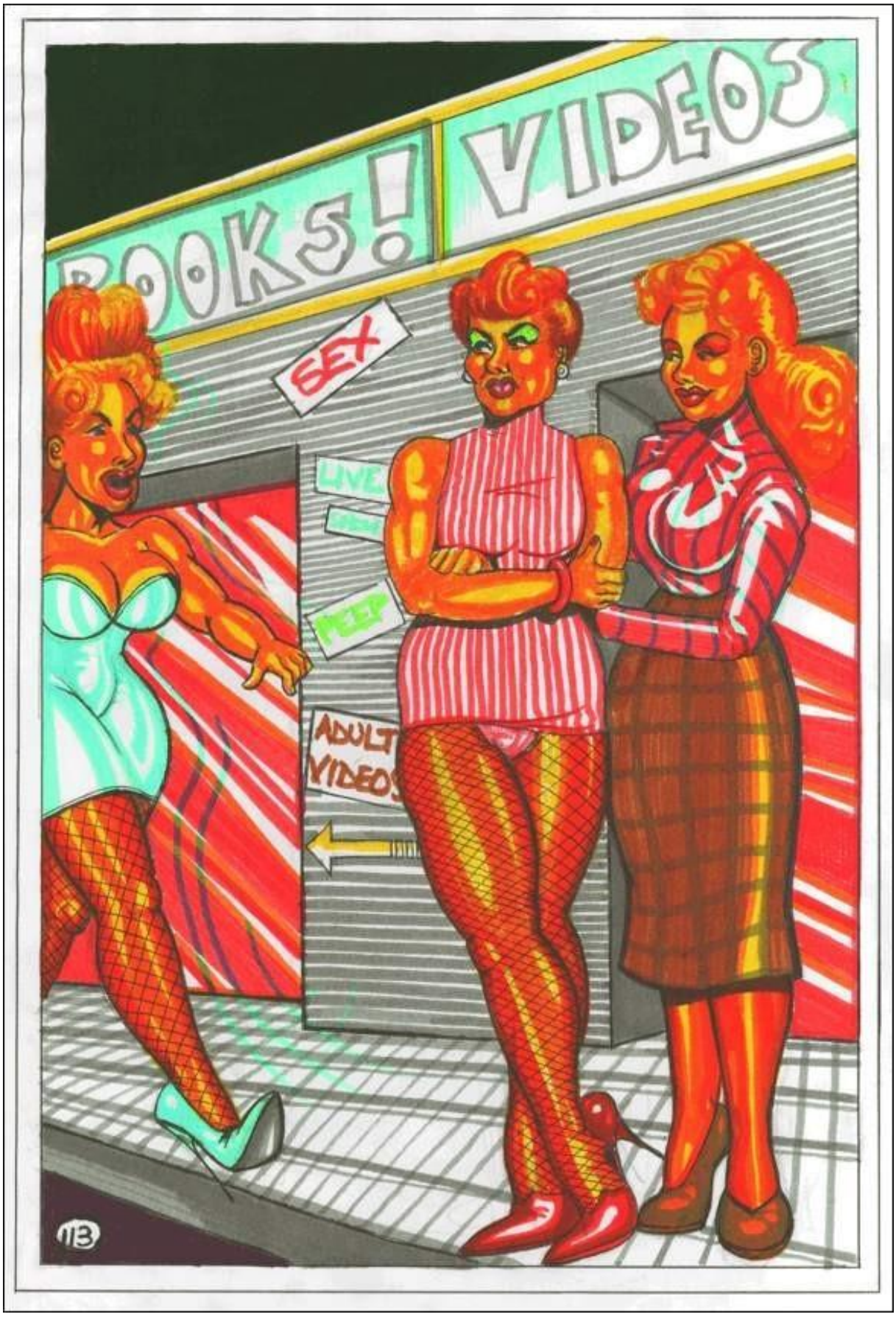


I retained some hope that Betty would fall for me as a man and release me from this servitude, but even that hope was dashed when she started dating some guy named Hank. The closest I got to dating her was dressing her for her dates with him. I tried to stay away from Hank when he came to pick up her up. Did he know about me? Would she tell him?

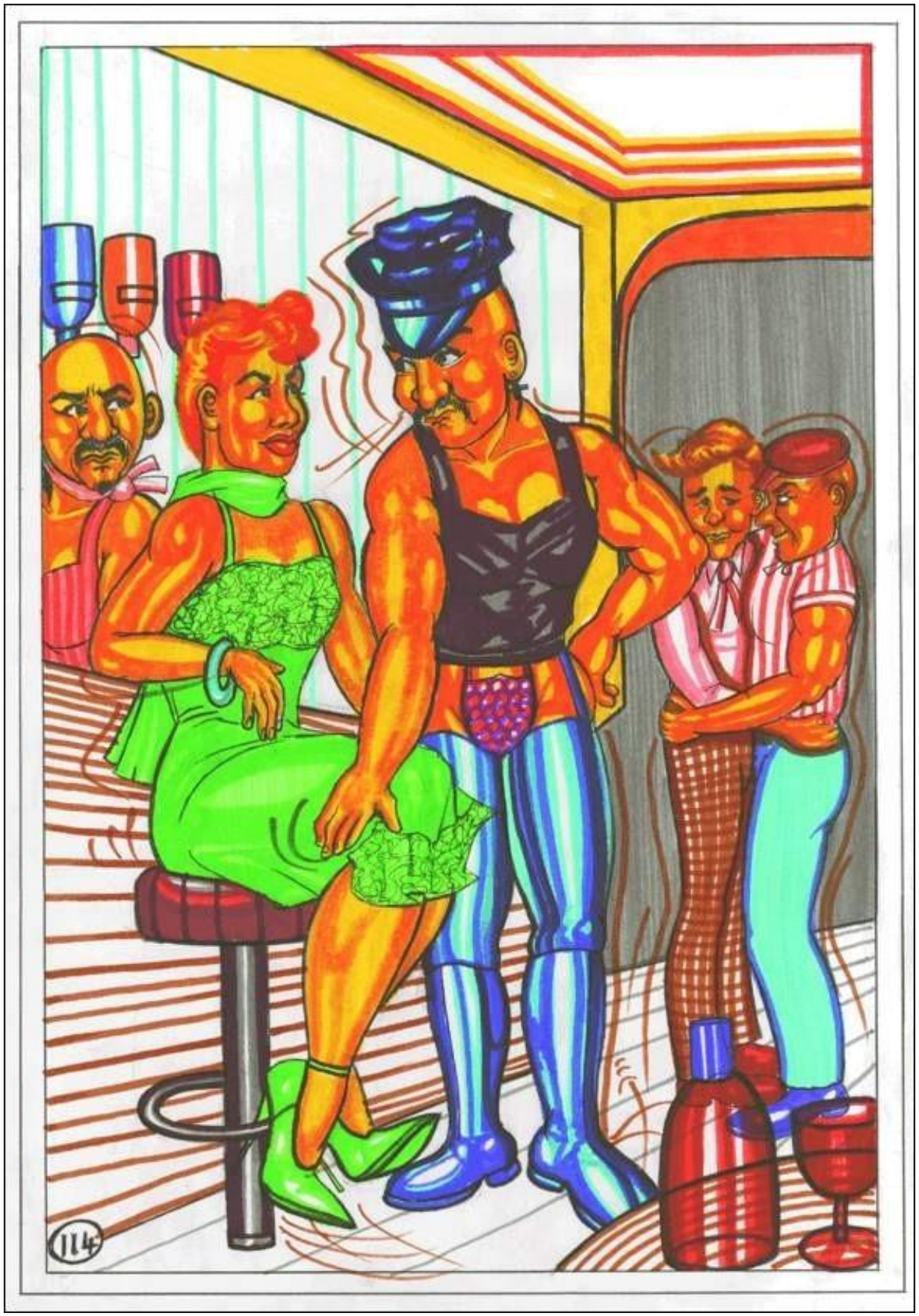
Betty has shown no sign of releasing me. Whenever I ask, she tells me that I'm still too big for my britches and I need to learn to take my punishment like a man.

How I wish I had never bought this damn uniform in the first place.

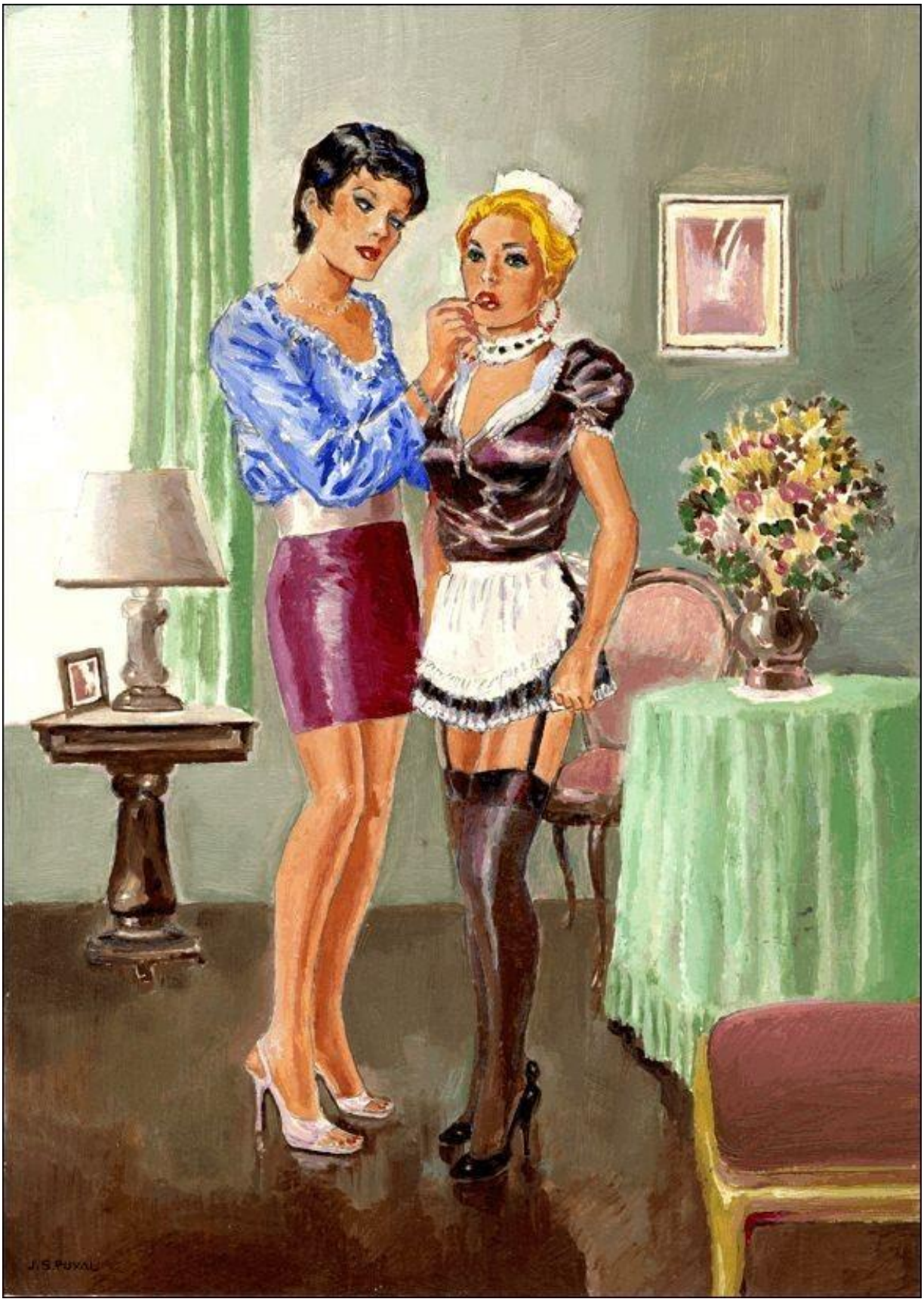
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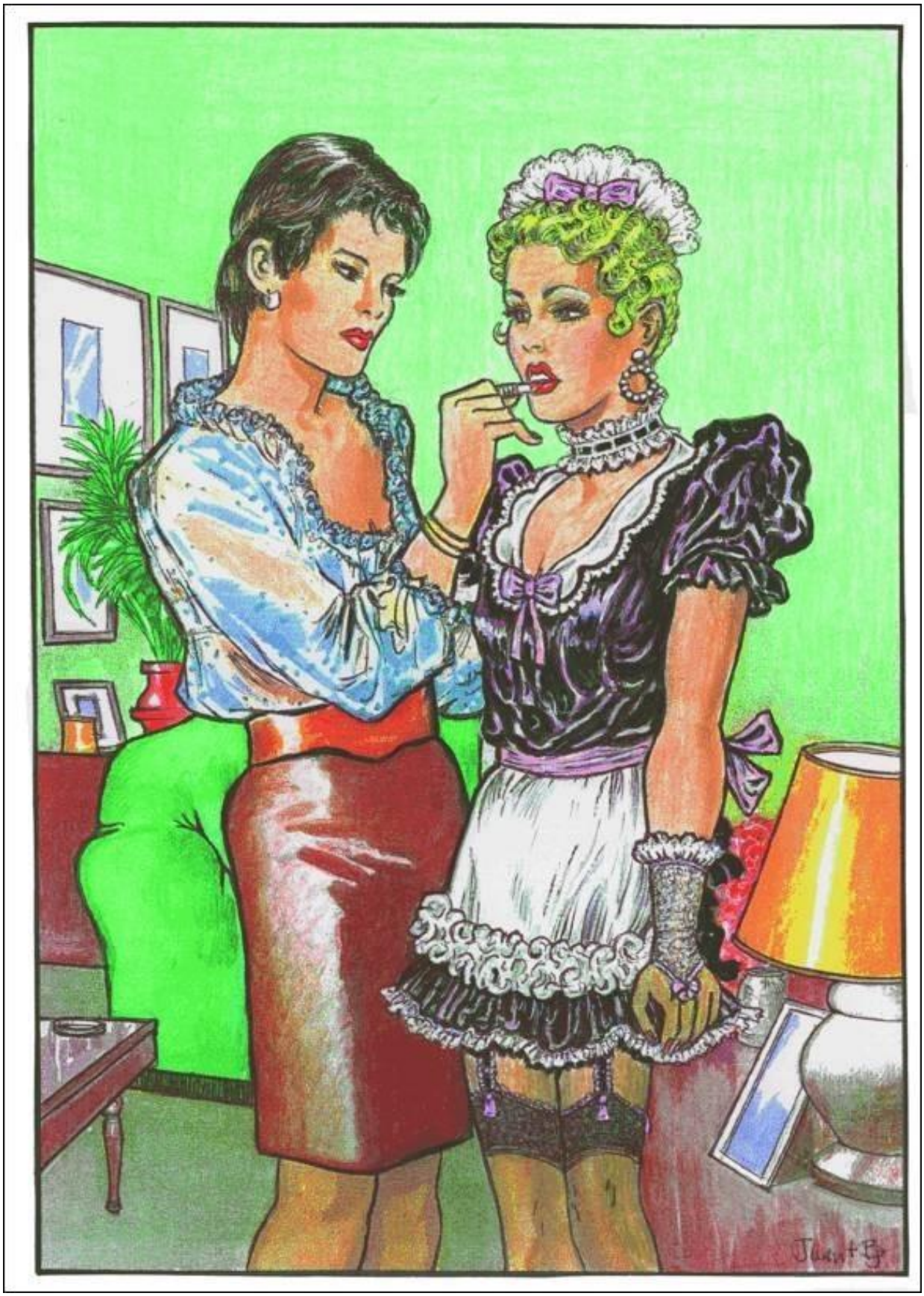
Bill as a hooker by Chris of England



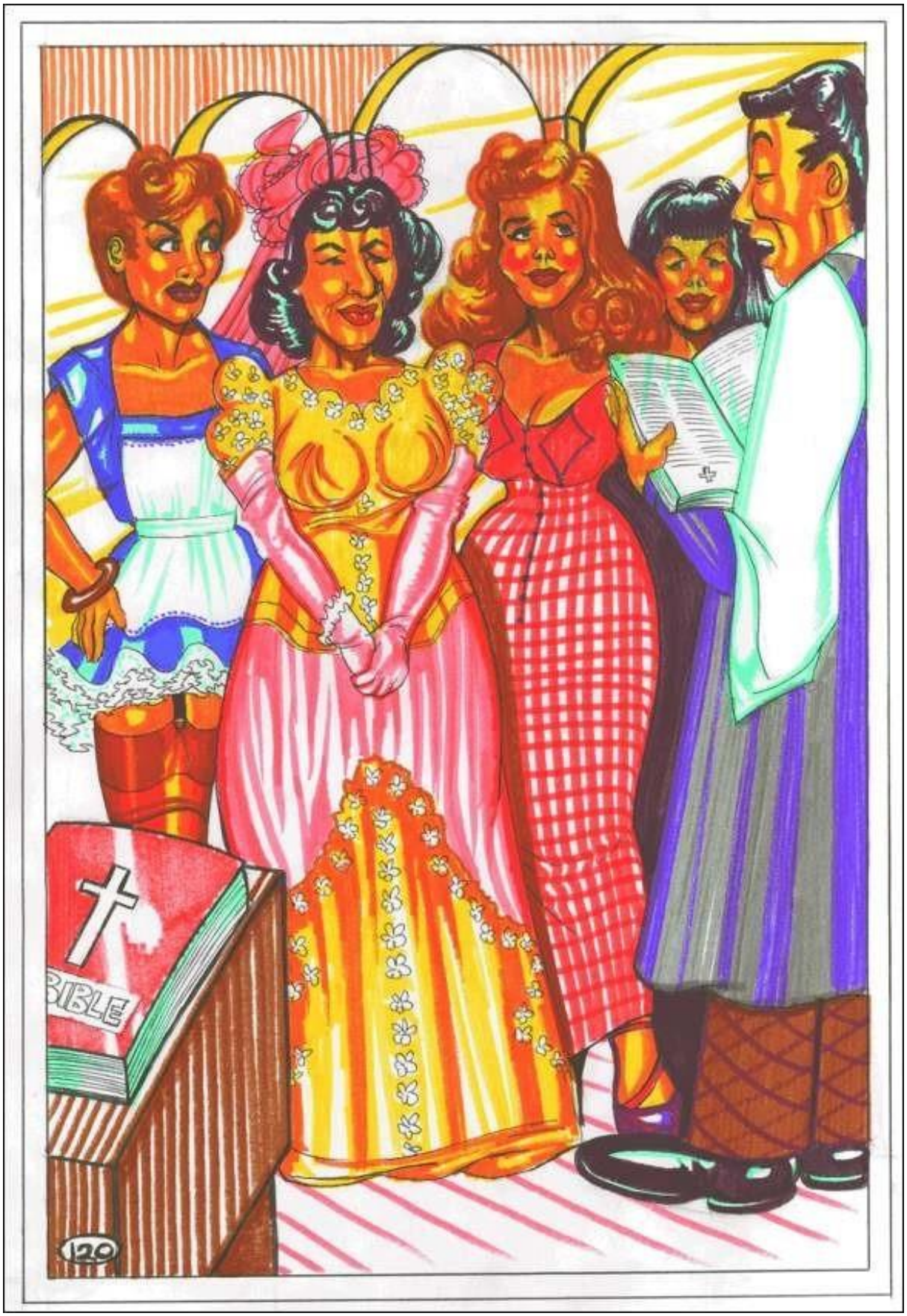
Bill in the gay bar by Chris of England



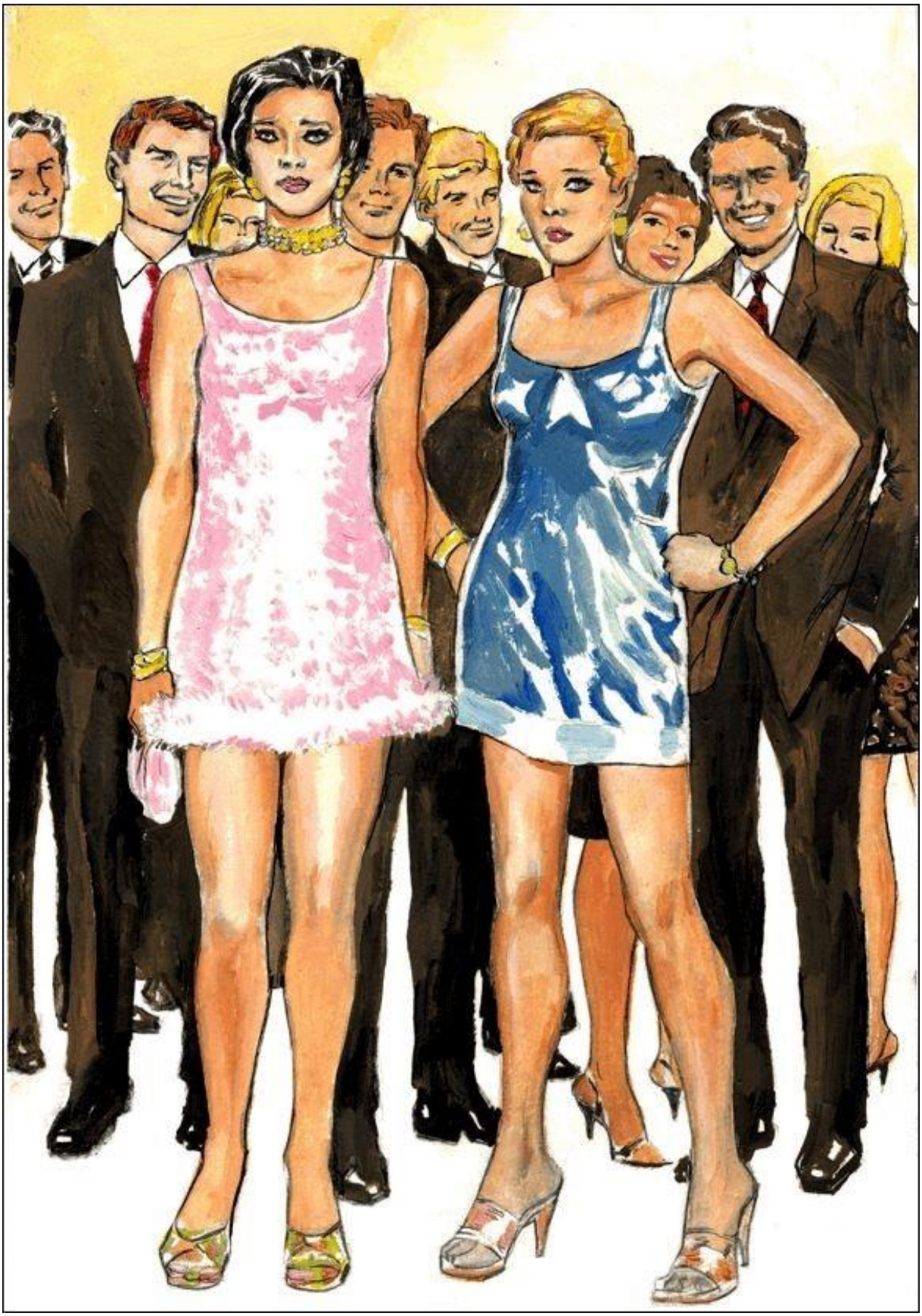
Jeff preparing Bill for his first trip to the store by Puyal



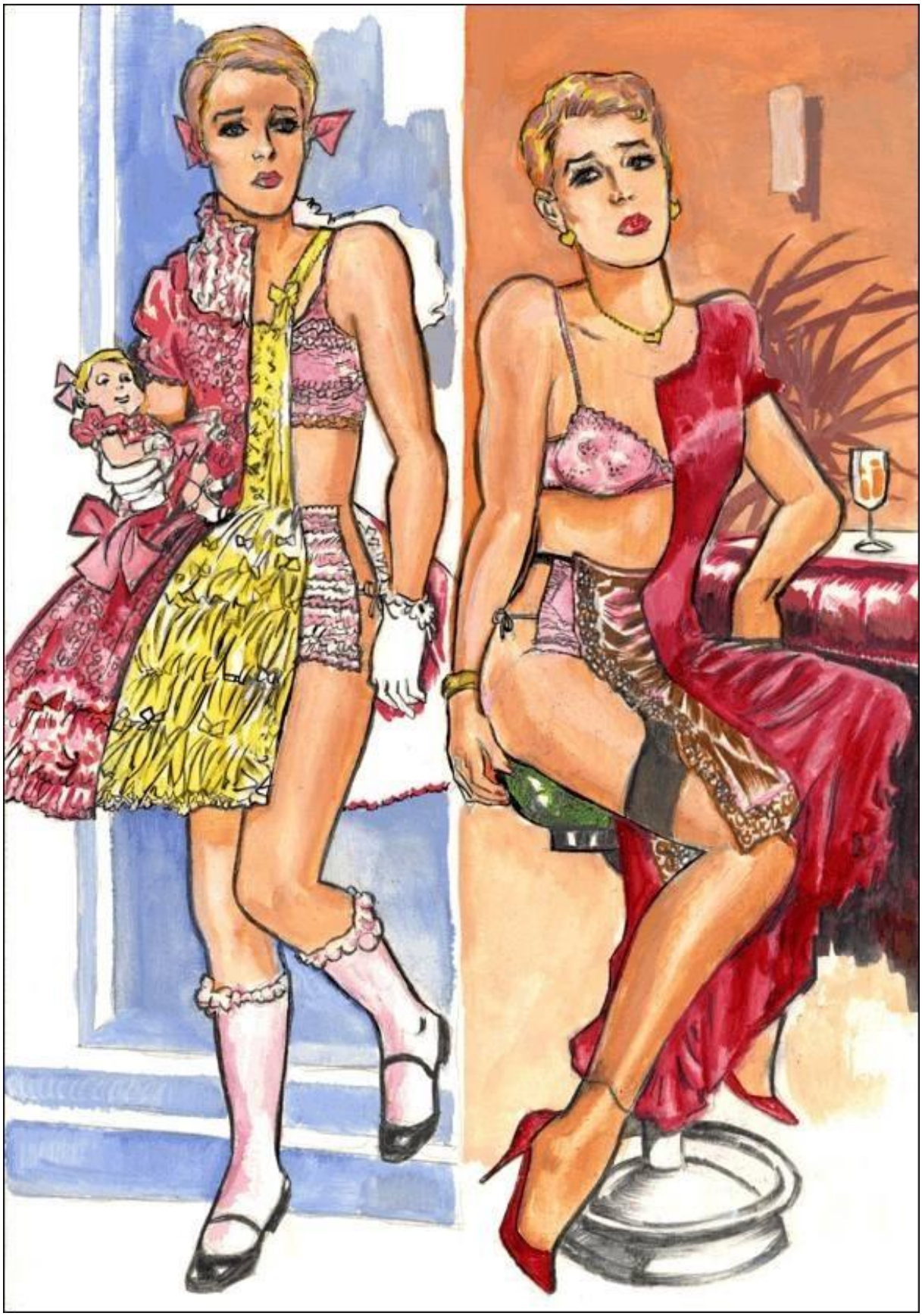
Jeff preparing Bill for his first trip to the store by Puyal & BJ



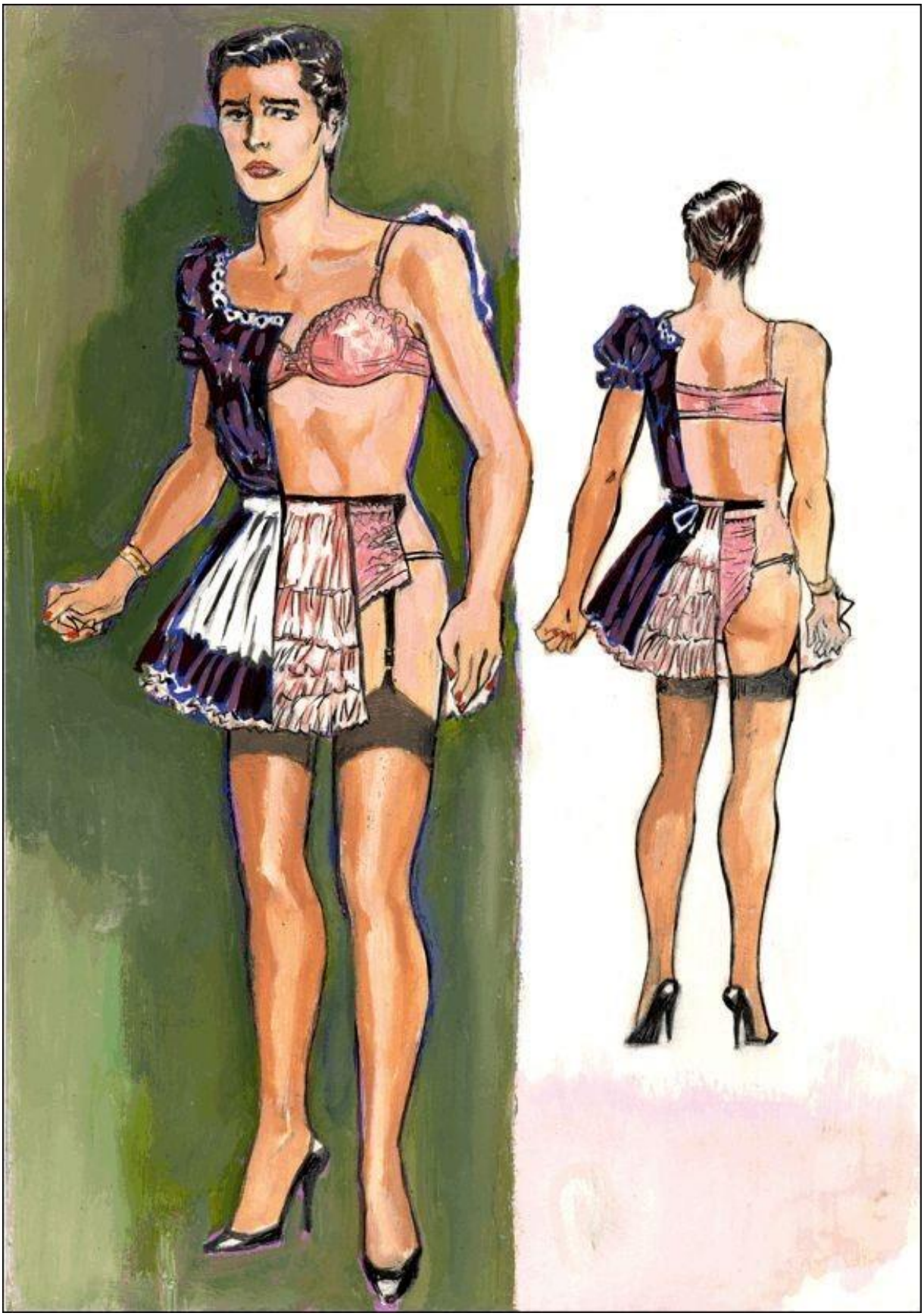
Jeff's wedding by Chris of England



Jeff and Bill at their highschool reunion by Puyal



Bill Cutaway by Puyal



Jeff Cutaway by Puyal

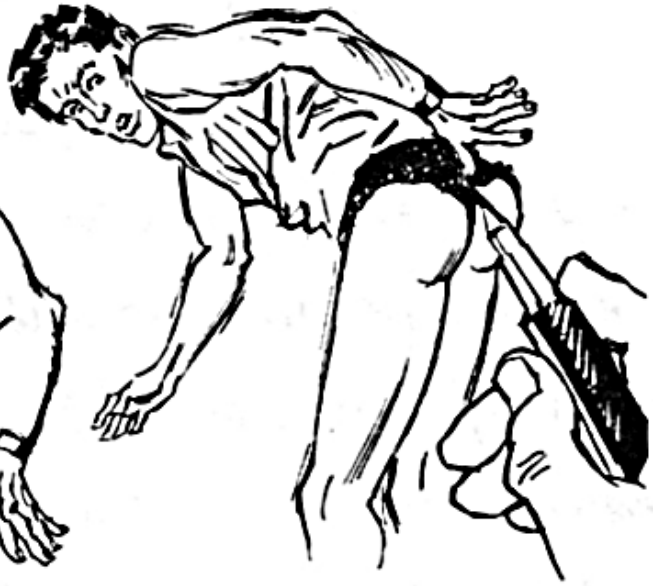
Several people have asked how Jeff got into my story - one explanation comes from the artist . . .



"Puyal, you faggot, I'm tired of waiting in your sketch book."



"All right, Jeff. I can use you now - with just a few changes."



"What the hell are you drawing on me you bastard!"
"Panties -"



"Get that away!"



"A bra to match -"



"Stockings and Garters."
"Hey, Puyal, cut it out! Give me my clothes back."

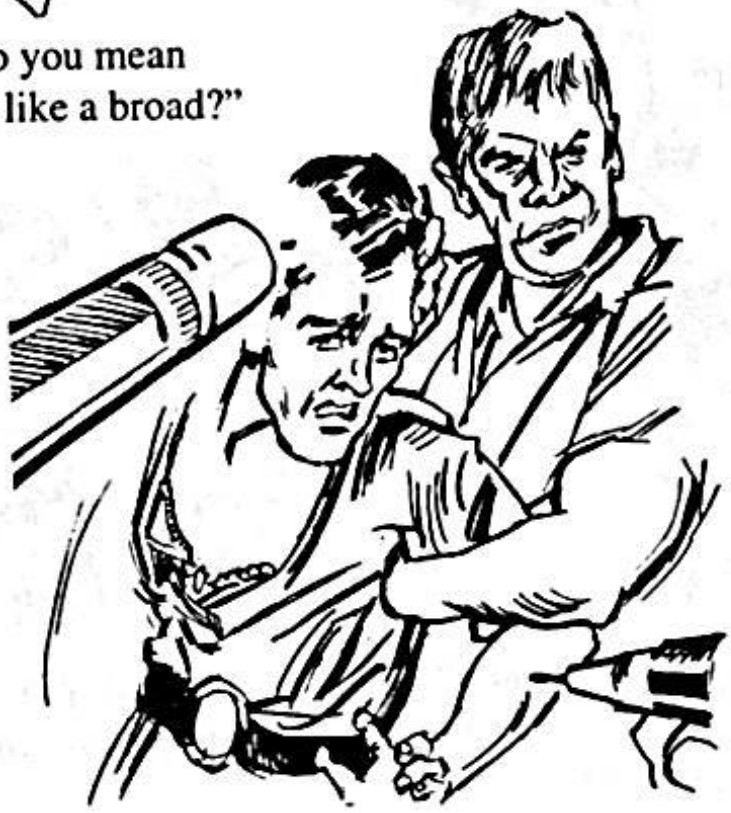


"This fellow has clothes for you, Jeff."



"Come here I want to pretty you up a bit."

"What do you mean dressing me like a broad?"





"You're starting to look cute, Jeff."



"Draw me out of this damn stuff!"



"Drawing is too slow."



"Leave me alone!"


"I only need two more characters for the story I'm workng on. One's a maid
"Please not that."
I'll draw the uniform on you."
"Have mercy, Puyal. Don't do this to me."
"Okay, the other character is a hooker. You can go with this gentleman. No need to change clothes."
J.S. PUYAL

I hope you enjoyed the story. Please send me your comments.

CAROLE JEAN

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