



PETTICOAT PUNISHMENT ILLUSTRATED

VOLUME ONE

ADULTS ONLY

"SCHOOLED WITH GIRLS"



A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION

P.O. Box 2309

CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 U.S.A.

TV FICTION CLASSICS MAGAZINE Volume 30 "MY SON, THE DEBUTANTE" <i>Julien is invited to a fancy party where all the boys dress like girls... and the girls like boys!</i>  A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION	TV FICTION CLASSICS MAGAZINE Volume 31 "MY SON, THE BRIDE" <i>The lives of several boys are changed after attending a crossdressing party... One is going to be a bride!</i>  A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION	TV FICTION CLASSICS MAGAZINE Volume #21 "WOMAN'S WORK" <i>Larry headed working on his father's farm. He found out that heavy labor wasn't the only work that never ends.</i>  A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION	TV FICTION CLASSICS MAGAZINE Volume #24 "HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE" <i>GENE FINDS OUT WHAT BEING A HOUSEWIFE IS ALL ABOUT!</i>  A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION
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CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION MAGAZINE Volume #11 "THE NEW GIRL" <i>A YOUNG MAN FINDS A JOB THAT REQUIRES A LITTLE CHANGE.</i>  A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION	CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION MAGAZINE Volume #12 "THE GIRL'S PART" <i>From a part in a play to a new role in life, Andy's feminization.</i>  A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION	CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION MAGAZINE Volume 5 "SKIRT FOR A FLIRT" <i>"Brien didn't realize what a harmless day of flirting at the mall would cost."</i>  A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION	CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION MAGAZINE Volume #4 "EXCHANGING VOWS" <i>Randy must pretend to be a 'wife' for a wicked while his own wife lives as the 'wife' of another man.</i>  A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION

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PETTICOAT PUNISHMENT ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

"SCHOOLED WITH GIRLS"

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Written by BILL
bill@tgforum.com

Editorial by Princess Lacy
& Alice Trail

Art Direction By BILL
Illustrations by Juan Puyal
plus a few drawings by Barbara Jean

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P.O. Box 2309,

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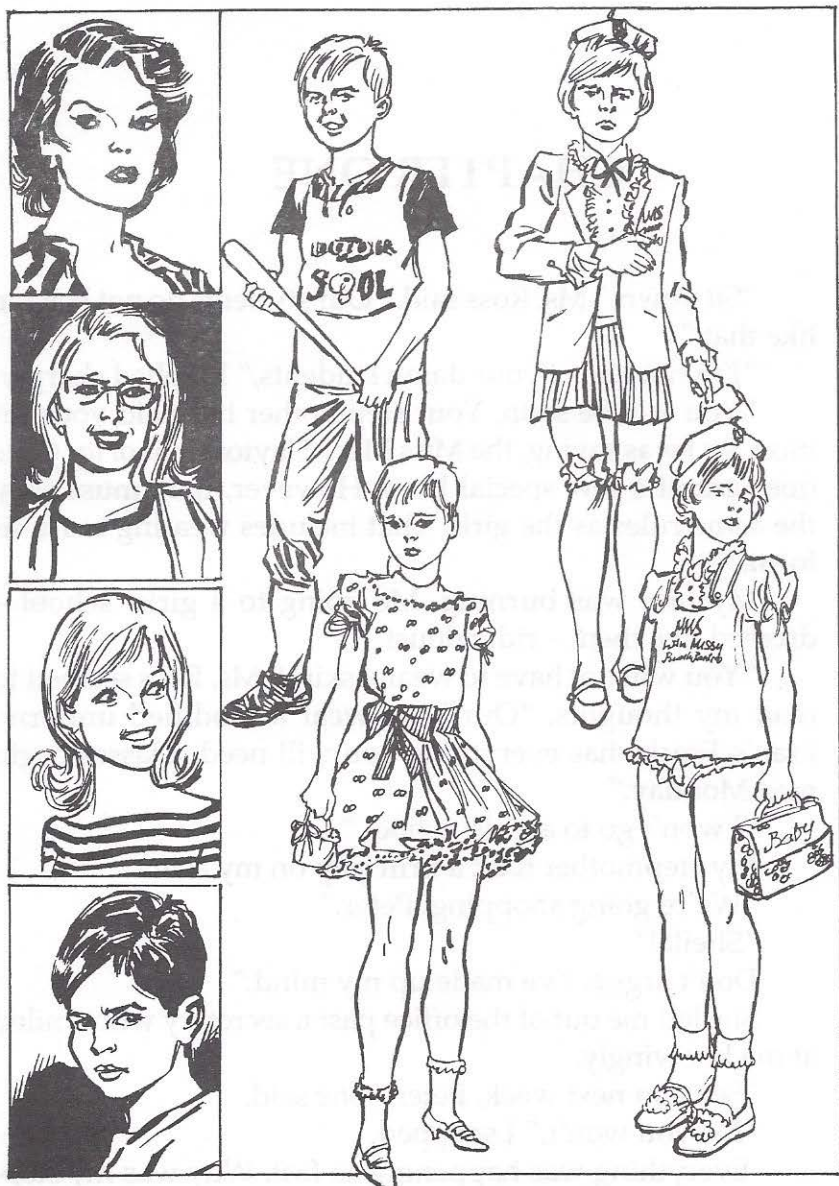
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I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD!

EVERYTHING SENT FIRST CLASS IN UNMARKED ENVELOPE.



CHAPTER ONE

"Sit down." Ms. Ross said. "Our students do not behave like that."

"I'm not one of your damn students," I replied sharply.

"You will be soon. Your stepmother has paid your tuition. As I was saying, the Miss Mary Slayton School for Girls does enroll a few special boys. However, they must obey the same rules as the girls. That includes wearing our uniform."

My face was burning. Me going to a girls' school - dressed like them - ridiculous!

"You will not have to wear a skirt," Ms. Ross seemed to read my thoughts. "Our boys wear a modified uniform. Fran's Frocks has everything you will need. Classes begin next Monday."

"I won't go to a girls' school."

My stepmother took a firm grip on my arm.

"We're going shopping, Peter."

"Sheila!"

Don't argue. I've made up my mind."

She led me out of the office past a secretary who smiled at me knowingly.

"See you next week, Peter," she said.

"No you won't," I snapped.

Everything was happening so fast. Why was my stepmother doing this to me?



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The window of Fran's Frocks was full of dresses, underwear and other girls clothes some of which I didn't recognize. A panic like I'd never known welled in my throat. I held back, but Sheila pulled me into the store. It was brightly lit and colorful.

"May I help you," a girl asked.

"My son needs a uniform for Miss Mary's," Sheila told her.

"I do not!"

The girl smiled at me, and I glared back.

"You'll want to see the owner," she said. "I'll let her know you're here."

A tall, stern-looking woman came over to us.

"You must be Mrs. Gates," she said. "I'm Fran. Ms. Ross told me you'd be coming."

"Sheila, let's go," I said.

"You know that the uniform for Miss Mary's boys is identical to the girls uniform except the boys wear a skort," Fran said.

"Yes I do," Sheila said.

"I don't want a sissy uniform."

"Let's go into the dressing room. Gloria, Heather, please help us."

Two girls, barely older than me, approached. They were wearing identical yellow T-shirts with a blue flower on the chest. One had long golden hair with wisps of bangs across her forehead. The other had thick dark hair and was wearing a short skirt that displayed long and shapely legs. Both were smiling wickedly. I twisted in my stepmother's grip, but couldn't get away.

Once in the dressing room, she let me go. I stood slouching with my hands in my pockets. I wanted to yell, run, beg, anything to get out of there.

"Take off your clothes," Fran said.

I tensed my jaw.



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"I won't tolerate disobedience," Sheila said.

"I hate you!"

She grabbed my arms. I struggled to get away, but she was too strong.

"Take his pants," she said.

I kicked and wiggled as Fran took off my belt and then unzipped and lowered my pants. They were stripping me. Stripping me in front of girls!

Once my pants were off, she let me go. I glanced nervously at Gloria and Heather. No girl had ever seen me in my underpants before. This must be what Freddie felt like when we depantsed him and threw him into the girls' locker room.

"Will you take off the rest?" Sheila asked.

"Never!"

She dragged me to a chair, sat, and drew me across her lap.

"What are you doing?"

"You're not too big to be spanked."

"Mom never spanked me."

SWAT!

Her hand struck my bottom sharply. I twisted off her lap, but she pulled me back, raised her short skirt, and locked me in place with one of her legs.

SWAT!

Her fingers were slim but strong. Her spanks hurt!

"Stop it!"

SWAT!

I twisted and squirmed but couldn't escape.

SWAT!

"Let me go!"

SWAT!

I was sure that Gloria and Heather were enjoying the show.

SWAT!



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Tears came to my eyes. I bit my lip to keep from crying.

SWAT!

"I'll do it. I'll do it!," I yelled.

"Very well," she said and let me up.

I took off my jacket, tie and shirt, all the while glaring at Gloria and Heather and daring them to smile again.

Gloria gathered my clothes. The shop was warm but goosebumps covered my arms.

Fran took my measurements and sent the girls off to get a uniform in my size.

"Remove your shoes, socks and undershirt," she said.

"Do you want him to wear panties, Mrs. Gates?"

"NO!" I cried.

"They aren't required for boys," Fran said.

"He can wear his Jockey shorts if he behaves," Sheila said.

"You'll behave, won't you, Peter?"

"Why do I have to go to a girls' school?" I whined as I undressed. "Why can't I go where I always have, with my friends?"

"As heir to your father's estate, you deserve the best private education available."

"He never would have sent me to a girls' school."

"The only other private school nearby is the military academy, and you're not tough enough for that."

"I'm as tough as anybody."

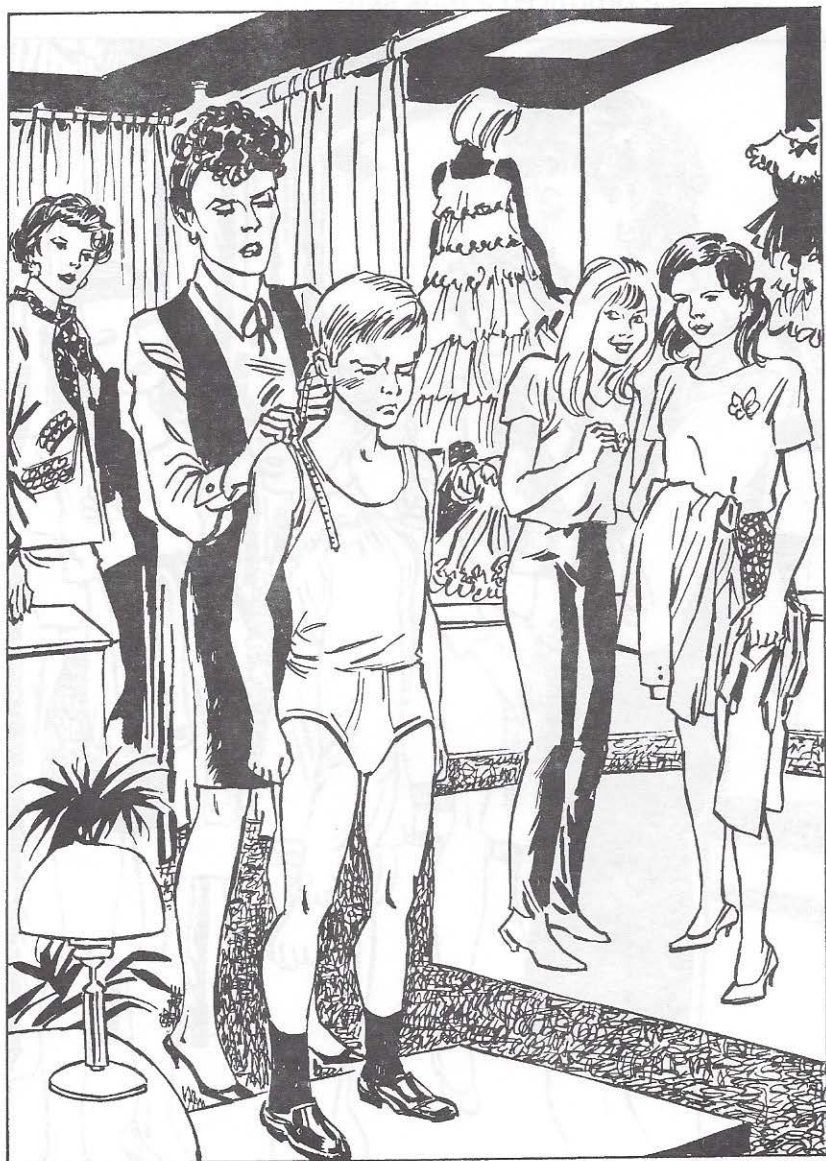
"A boy like you will fit in better at Miss Mary's."

"What do you mean, a boy like me?"

Before I could protest further, Gloria and Heather returned carrying boxes. Fran opened one and took out a white blouse with lace at the neck and cuff, "Put your arms into the sleeves."

I stared at the sissy garment. It had a pink bow at the collar.

"Peter," Sheila said.



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I slowly lifted my arms. It was unlike anything I had ever worn, silky soft and smooth against my body.

Next, she produced a pink skirt.



"Hey, you said no skirt!"



"It's not a skirt, it's a skort," she said. "Only the boys wear them. It's a pair of shorts with a pleated panel front."

"But how do I . . ." I asked, turning red in the presence of Gloria and Heather.

"Simple enough, unfasten the button over your left leg, let the front fall away, and lower your zipper like always."

"They're awful."

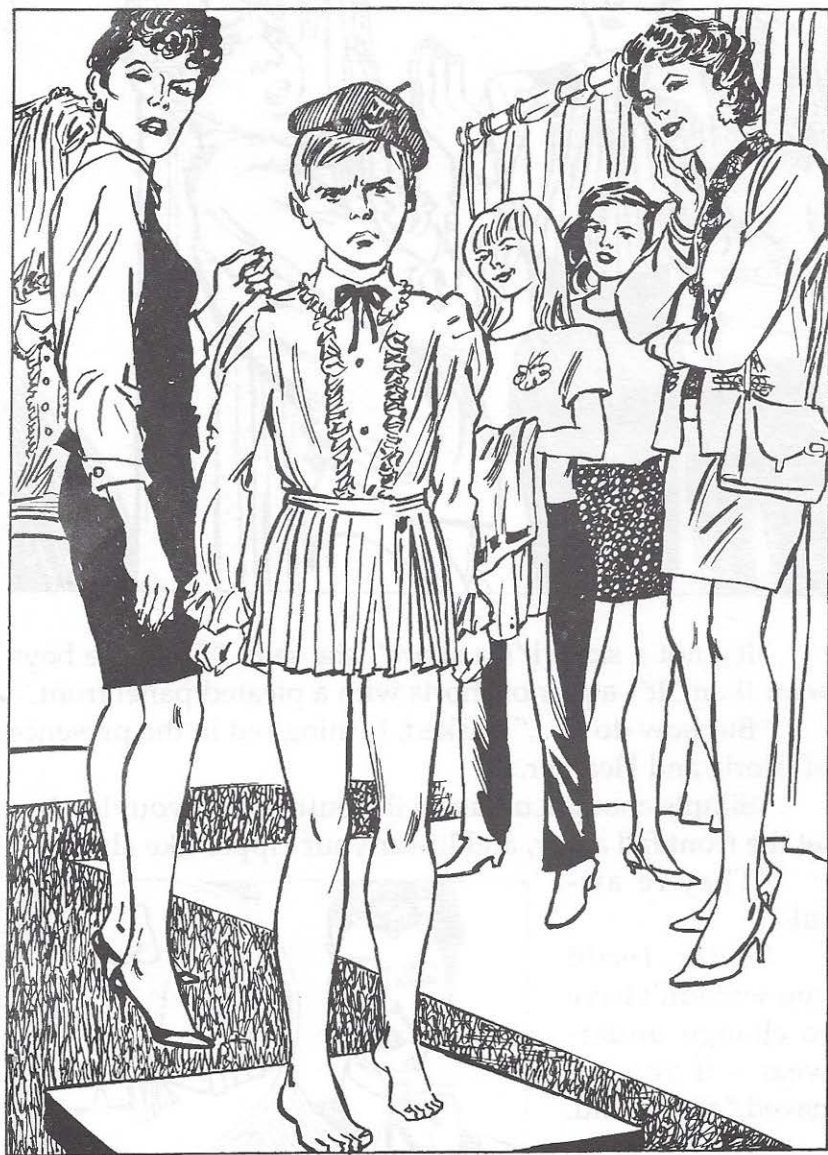
"Peter, I said you wouldn't have to change underwear - if you behaved," Sheila said.



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Not panties! I pulled on the shorts.

Fran buttoned the front panel. The pleated pink front made it look too much like a skirt. While I looked at it in disgust, Fran pinned a pink beret on my head, then helped me into a pink blazer. I cringed again at the sissy color.



Heather opened two more boxes, taking out a pair of pink nylons and pink shoes with raised heels.

"You can't do this to me. I won't let you!"

"For that outburst, you'll wear your uniform home," Sheila said.

"No!"

"You're one word away from wearing panties."

Shocked and scared, I sat quietly while Fran pulled the pink nylons over my legs. To my horror, they had pink ribbons where they ended in elastic just above the knee.

"Those nylons are darling," Sheila said.

"Yes aren't they," Fran said. "Not many schools use them as a part of their uniform. Miss Mary's girls, excuse me, students started wearing them a few years ago. They were a reaction to some of the girls behaving in an unladylike manner off campus. At first the girls complained, but now they've become a tradition."

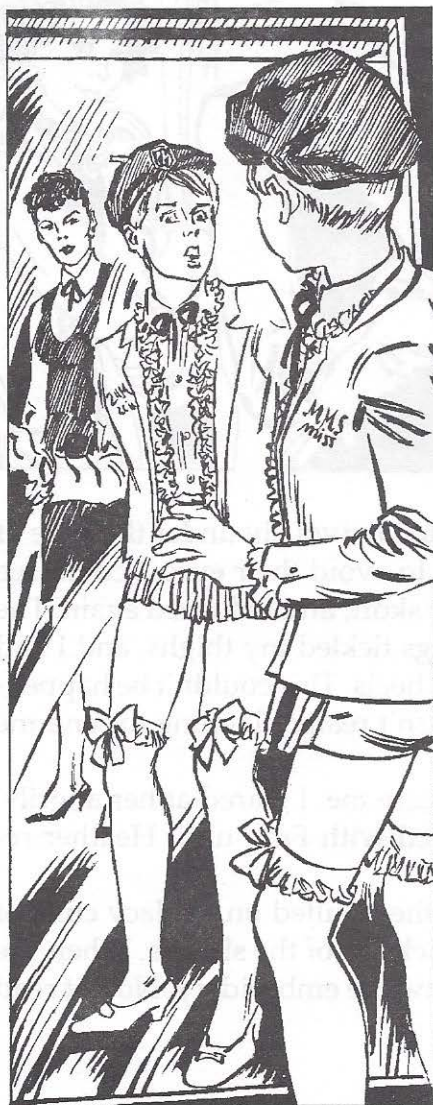


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She put the pink shoes on my feet. "Stand and face the mirror," she told me.



The embroidery on my blazer said 'Miss'. I almost shouted out a complaint. But then I thought that since the school admitted boys, naturally they'd remove that word. My greater problem was the entire awful image, the silky blouse, pink skort, and dorky pink beret and the stockings with their horrible pink bows.



"Sheila, I look like a damn sissy! I can't wear these things. What if my friends saw me?"

"You look sweet, dear. Anyway, you should be proud to wear your school's uniform."

"What about the jacket? It says 'Miss'."



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"Let me take that," Fran said.

I took off the blazer and handed it to Heather. At last, something was going right.



While we waited, I shifted nervously under the gaze of the women. Looking down to avoid their eyes, I could see the pleated front of my sissy skort, and I blushed again. The pink ribbons on my stockings tickled my thighs, and I had trouble standing in elevated heels. This couldn't be happening to me. Surely, Sheila wasn't really planning to send me to school dressed like this.

She must be trying to scare me. I glared at her angrily. She didn't notice and chatted with Fran until Heather returned with my blazer.

Fran helped me into it then pulled on the lacy cuffs of my blouse so they would stick out of the sleeves. When she turned me to the mirror, I saw the embroidery. Now it read 'Miss Gates'!

"Sheila!" I shouted. "Do you see this? It still says Miss! I'm not a girl. Tell them to put Mr. on my jacket or just remove the Miss.

"The blazers all have 'Miss' embroidered on them," Fran said.

"I won't wear this!"

"Let's go," Sheila said and led me from the dressing room out of the store. I ran for the car, but several people saw me and smiled.



I was terrified the whole way home. What if one of my friends saw me? What would they think or say? Fortunately, I got home unseen.

"Let me out of these clothes."

"Don't you want to go out?"

"Like this? I'd rather die!"

"If you promise to be good, you may change."

"Okay."

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She helped me out of the uniform.

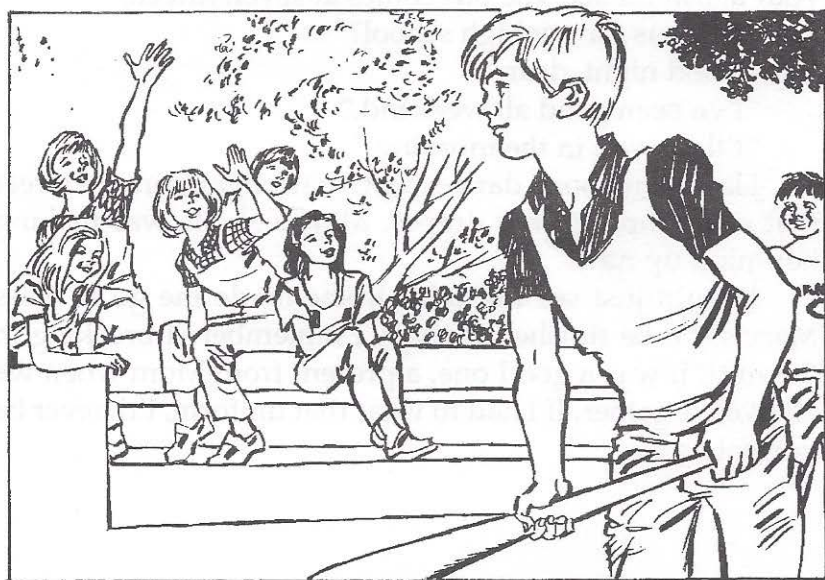
"Be home in time for dinner and don't get into any fights."



Fred, Charlie, Paul and all the other guys were in the park playing baseball.

"Peter's on our team," Fred said.

Some girls were watching. Betty was the prettiest. I was planning how to ask her out.



When it was my turn at bat. I hit the first pitch and started running. Turning first, I went into top speed. Paul, the second baseman, had the ball. I ran into him sending him flying. He dropped it.

Safe!

The girls were squealing. I stood on the bag casually as Paul got up from the dirt.

"What the hell!"

"Don't be a crybaby."

"Bastard!"

I ignored him and waved to Betty. She waved back.

At five thirty, I told the guys I had to go home.

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"Let's take the girls for pizza," Fred said.

"Yea," Betty said. "Come on, Peter."

I wanted to go more than anything, but the thought of that uniform made me turn them down and run home.

Sunday night, Sheila came into my bedroom. "I'll set your alarm for six. The bus comes at seven fifteen."

"The bus for my high school?"

"Good night, dear."

"I've been good all weekend."

"I'll see you in the morning."

I lay in my room, dark except for the light from the street that came through my drapes. Maybe Sheila was making her mind up now.

I could just see my mitt. If she made me go to Miss Mary's, I'd be finished forever. I remembered breaking in the mitt. It was a good one, a present from Mom when we all lived together. If I had to wear that uniform, I'd never be normal again.

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CHAPTER TWO

In the morning, after my shower, Sheila was waiting in my room. The bed was covered with pink and white.

"Y-you can't. I-I won't."

"Let's get you dressed."

"NO!"

She grabbed me, sat on my bed and pulled me over her lap. My bath towel fell to the floor and she began swatting my bottom.

Smack!

"Put on your uniform."

"I hate you! I hate you!"

Smack!

"You will obey me."

"Oh-h-h!"

Smack!

"Stop!"

Smack!

"Please stop!"

"Are you ready to get dressed?"

My eyes were filled with tears and my breath was coming in sobs. "P-please, don't. Don't make me wear that sissy stuff."

Smack!

"Are you ready to dress now, Peter?"

"Yes," I sobbed, tears blinding my eyes and choking my voice.

She let go and I got to my feet. I covered myself with my hands.

"Put on your underpants."



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I did. Then she helped me with the nylons and skort. She buttoned the blouse and blazer, tugging the lace cuffs down so they nearly covered my hands. Smiling, she watched as I put on the hateful pink shoes.

"You look very sweet. Let's have breakfast."

I could hardly eat a thing.

"Please, Sheila . . ."

"I'll walk to the corner with you."

"I can't go out like this!"

"Oh but you will, Peter. You'll go out exactly like that."

"My friends will see me."

"I imagine it will be quite embarrassing."

"They'll tease me."

"They'll get used to seeing you in your uniform."

Together we walked out the door and down the street my stomach churning with anxiety and frustration. I'd have run back to the house if my stepmother hadn't been gripping my arm.

As we neared the corner, I saw some of my friends waiting for their bus. A panic like I'd never known welled in my throat.

"Please, Sheila, let's wait 'til they've gone."

She released my arm. "Join them, Peter."

"I'm going home."

"Join them or I'll spank you in front of them."

"You wouldn't."

"Try me."

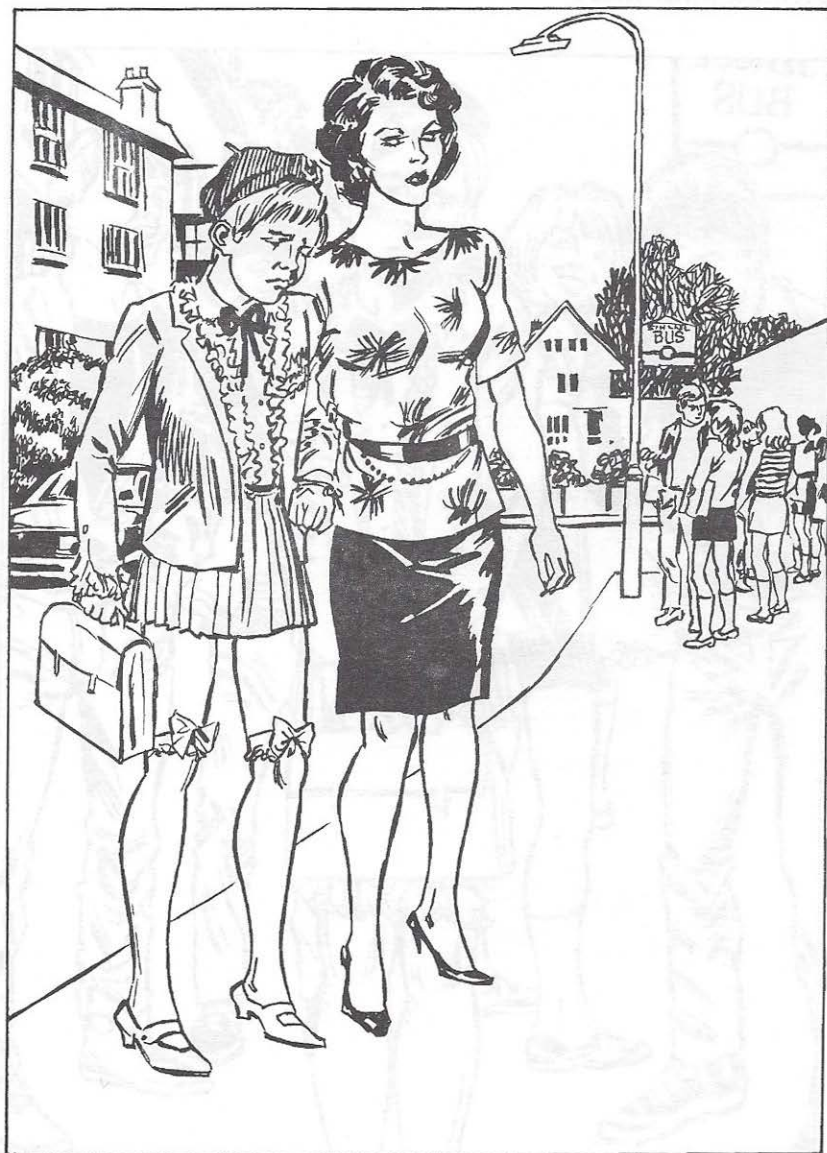
Sighing, I moved toward the bus stop. My head hung low and my eyes were one with the ground. As I got nearer, Fred said, "Look at that!"

"Its Peter!" Paul exclaimed. "My God, Peter, what are you wearing?"

"Look at his coat. It says 'Miss' Gates," Fred said.

Paul laughed, "You look pretty, Miss Gates."

I stood silently, tears welling in my eyes.



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"Are you going to school like that?" Jim asked.

I stared at the ground holding my bag in front of my pleated pink skort.



"That's the Miss Mary's uniform," Fred said.

"You're going to a girls' school!" Paul exclaimed.

A few girls arrived in uniforms like mine. They giggled when they saw me. The jeers and giggles continued until the pink and white school bus, bearing the name MISS MARY'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, pulled up at the curb. I ran to get on it, away from my former classmates.



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The girls on the bus were dressed in uniforms matching my own, except they were wearing pleated pink skirts instead of skorts. They eyed me and smiled. I sat by myself.

Would the girls tease me? What would I do about it? I couldn't hit a girl.

At the next stop, several more girls got on. One of them sat next to me. She looked about twelve.

"I'm Janet," she said, "What's your name?"

I stared down at my lap and didn't respond.

"Why are you going to Miss Mary's?"

My skort draped over my legs like her skirt did.

"Are you a sissy?"

"No!"

"All right," she laughed, "I just assumed . . . I mean look at you."

"Stop teasing me!"

"It won't be just me teasing you."

She was right. Soon everyone at my old school would know. My life was over. I started to sob.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to make you cry," Janet said.

"My friends saw me."

"You'll have new friends now. I'll be one of them. What's your name?"

"Peter."

"What do you do for fun?"

"Baseball and basketball."

"We have field hockey."

I'd seen girls playing field hockey in bloomers or short skirts. I wanted to die, but first I'd kill Sheila.

The bus arrived at school and Janet walked with me to the office where the secretary grinned at me and said, "Hello, again, Miss Gates."

I dropped my head only to see the pink bows on my legs. Startled, I looked up.

"Your homeroom is 103. Do you need directions, honey?"



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I shook my head and left. It took me several minutes to find the room. I entered nervously. The other students were already seated. There were about twenty of them, all girls.

"Remove your blazer, dear," the teacher said, "then sit down."

I took the only vacant seat. It was in the front row. The wooden seat felt cold on the back of my bare thighs.

"Good morning, girls," the teacher said. "I'm Miss Hunt, your homeroom teacher."



'Girls', she had called all of us 'girls'. She said a few more things that I didn't hear. I was so shocked.

"Miss Andrews."

A girl rose and said, "Here."

"Miss Branson."

"Here."

"Miss Gates."

"Miss Gates," the teacher repeated.

"Miss Gates!" she said sharply.

Startled, I rose and said, "Here."

"You must respond promptly. Are you a new girl?"

Some of my classmates started giggling.

"Quiet down," she said and continued calling the student's names.



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"I'll distribute your class schedules now, girls."

I read mine slowly, not believing what I saw. There was a class in dress design not to mention nursing, secretarial, deportment and, worst of all, ballet.

MISS MARY SLAYTON SCHOOL

Office of the Headmistress

STUDENT: Miss Gates

GRADE: 8

	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY
7:30 - 7:50	Homeroom Room 103	Homeroom	Homeroom	Homeroom	Homeroom
8:00 - 8:50	Math Room 117	B A	Math	B A	Math
9:00 - 9:50	English Room 108	L L E	English	L L E	English
10:00 - 10:50	Nursing Room 211	T T	Secretarial	T T	Home Econ
11:00 - 11:50	Nursing Room 109	Deportment Room 109	Secretarial Room 211	Deportment Room 109	Home Econ Room 211
12:00 - 12:50	Lunch	Lunch	Lunch	Lunch	Lunch
1:00 - 1:50	Sewing Room 207	Fashion	Sewing	Fashion	Dress Design Room 207
2:00 - 2:50	Music Room 111	Art	Music	Art	Dress Design
3:00 - 3:50	Gym	Gym	Gym	Gym	Gym

NOTE TO STUDENTS: No Changes Are Permitted In Your Schedule For Any Reason

The bell rang and the room emptied. I had to follow.

Math was much like what I was used to. English was too, except that we were studying the romantic poets and writing verse. I tried to blend in, but I often heard the girls giggle, and whenever I looked at one, she was smiling.

I heard bits of whispered conversations. They were saying 'girlie boy' and 'sissy'.

We wore aprons for nursing class. I felt foolish, but with my skort hidden, I looked just like the girls and they were friendlier.

Then came lunch. I was acutely aware of the girls' scrutiny.

"Why are you going to Miss Mary's?" one asked.

"My stepmother sent me," I said.

"Are you her little sissy boy?"

"I'm no sissy."

I winced as she and the other girls near us giggled.

"I can see that," she said.



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I walked away from her to the food line. I looked for other boys but didn't see any. I got my food and found an empty table.

"Peter, hi."

It was Janet from the bus.

"Can we sit here?"

"Sure."

"This is my friend Donna."

She looked about Janet's age.

"How are classes?" Janet asked.

"All right, I guess."

"Let's see your schedule."

She took it and exclaimed, "We have sewing together right after lunch."

My nervousness and the Coke I was drinking were creating a strong urge. "Where do I go to the bathroom?"

"There's one right over there," she said indicating a door labeled 'REST ROOM'.

"That's a men's room?"

"We only have one kind. Do you want me to take you?"

"No, I can do it."

The bathroom had three stalls. All of them were occupied.

"Come to powder your nose?" one of the girls asked me.

I really needed to pee.

"If you need a tampon, there's a dispenser near the door," another girl said.

I could feel my face get hot as the girls giggled. The urge to pee was getting stronger.

"She looks nervous," one said.

I was shifting my weight from one foot to the other trying to hold it in. The door in front of me opened and I rushed into the stall, locking the door behind me. I unbuttoned and unzipped my skort and stood at the toilet relieving myself.



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"How strange," I heard someone say. "Did you ever see a girl stand to pee before?"

I flushed, arranged my clothing and hastened out into the lunchroom where Janet was waiting. She led me to class though a throng of chattering girls.

"Girls," the teacher said, "I'm Miss Hattrup. In my class you will learn to design and sew your own dresses."

Some of the girls giggled.

"What is so funny?" Miss Hattrup asked.

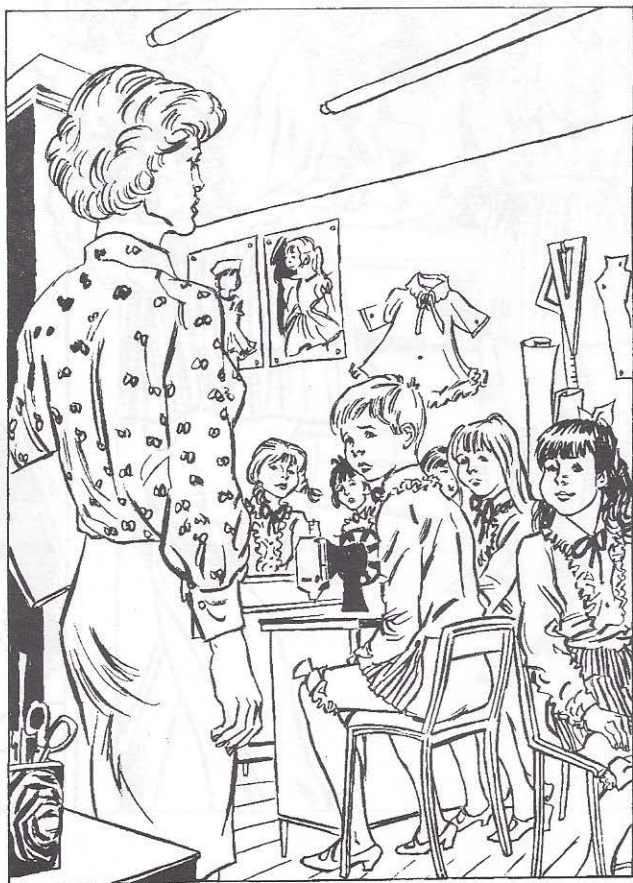
"Will that boy make himself a dress?" one asked.

"Of course," she said. "Everyone will be treated equally."

"Never mind," Janet said. "We'll have fun."

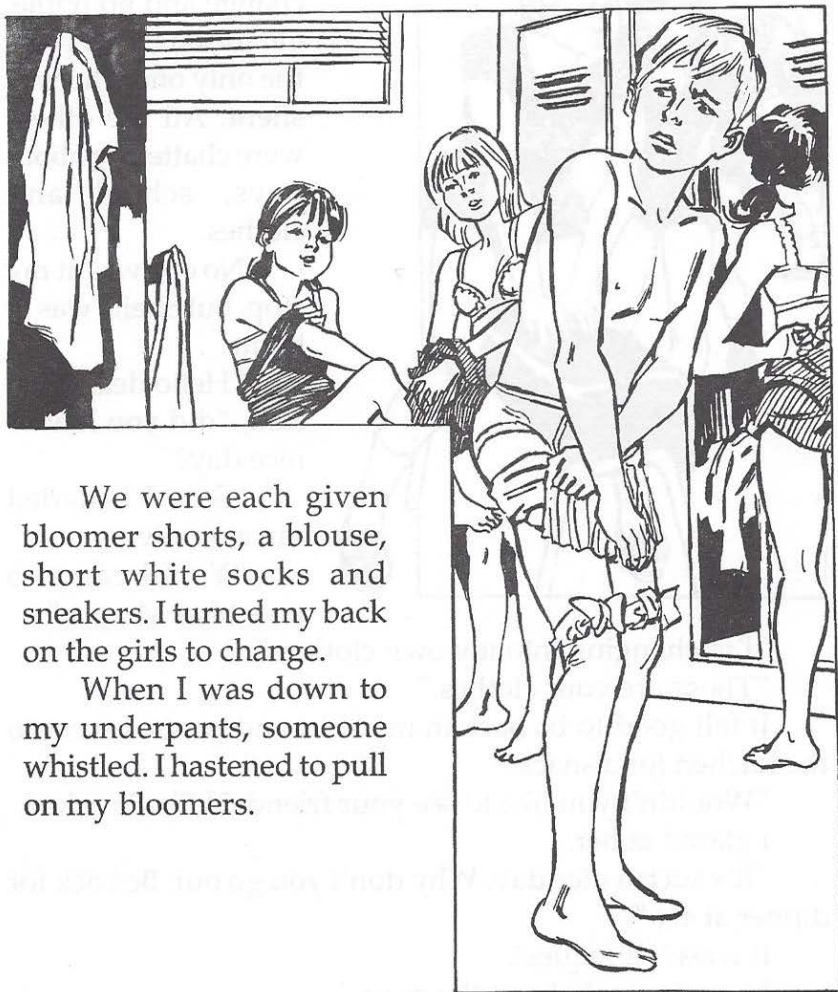
The girls continued to giggle and smile at me coily.

Miss Hattrup had us chose partners. Janet was the only girl I knew, so I chose her. We were assigned a sewing machine and spent the class period together.



Music wasn't too bad. We listened and talked about some classical music. I'd have enjoyed it more if I hadn't been dreading my next period, gym class.

I went to the locker room with a group of girls my own age. It didn't smell right. It was all flowers and powder, not sweat and dirty socks.



We were each given bloomer shorts, a blouse, short white socks and sneakers. I turned my back on the girls to change.

When I was down to my underpants, someone whistled. I hastened to pull on my bloomers.

I felt stupid doing gymnastics in that outfit. Although I was dressed just like all the girls, I stood out because of my short hair and lack of skill.



The hour seemed to last forever, but finally it was time to change and go home. On the bus ride, I was the only one who was silent. All the others were chattering about boys, school and clothes.

No one was at my stop, but Sheila was at home.

"Hello dear," she said, "did you have a nice day?"

"Sure," I snarled sarcastically.

"You'll come to love Miss Mary's."

"I'm changing into my own clothes."

"Those are your clothes."

It felt good to be back in my shirt and pants. I went to the kitchen for a snack.

"Wouldn't you like to see your friends?" Sheila asked. I glared at her.

"It's such a nice day. Why don't you go out. Be back for dinner at six."

It wasn't a request.

Near the park, I met the guys.

"It's Miss Gates," Paul said.

"Cut it out," I said.



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"Don't you just love your pretty pink uniform?" he asked.

"Stop it!"

"Did you come to watch the game?" he asked.

"I came to play."

"Girls don't play."

I couldn't stand any more. I hit him in the face. His nose started bleeding and he began to cry.

"Who's the girl now?"

"You're an asshole!"

"So what!"

Triumphantly I played ball until I had to leave for dinner.

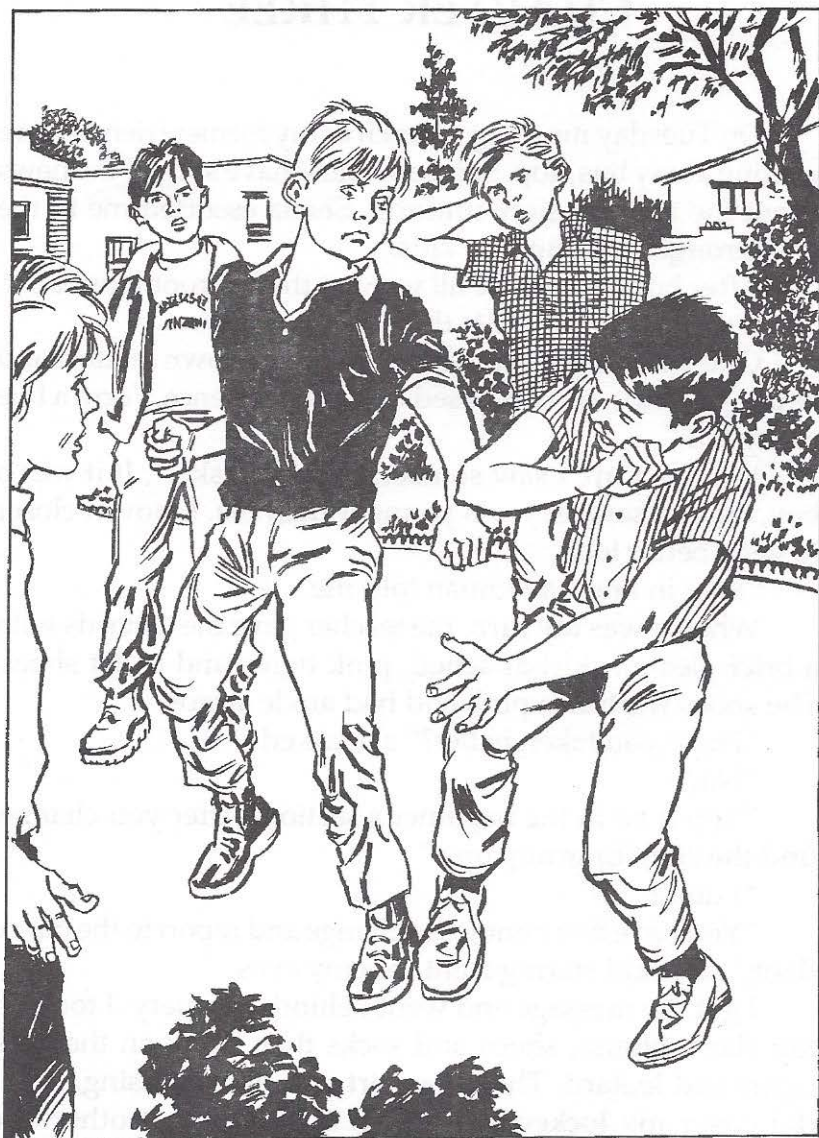


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CHAPTER THREE

On Tuesday morning a bunch of my former friends were waiting at my bus stop. Someone must have spread the news about me and my sissy uniform. Sheila escorted me to the bus through the laughing kids.

After homeroom, we all went to the ballroom for ballet. There were several adults there.

One said, "Each girl will be issued her own leotard and be assigned to a section based on her experience. Form a line to my left."

We lined up. I saw someone else in a skort. If it was a boy, he was several years younger than me. I moved closer to get a better look.

"Stay in line," a woman told me.

When it was my turn, the teacher gave me leotards with a brief pleated skirt attached, pink tights and ballet shoes. The shoes were also pink and had ankle straps.

"Have you taken ballet?" she asked.

"No."

"You'll be in the beginner's section. After you change, find the sign for group one."

"I don't . . ."

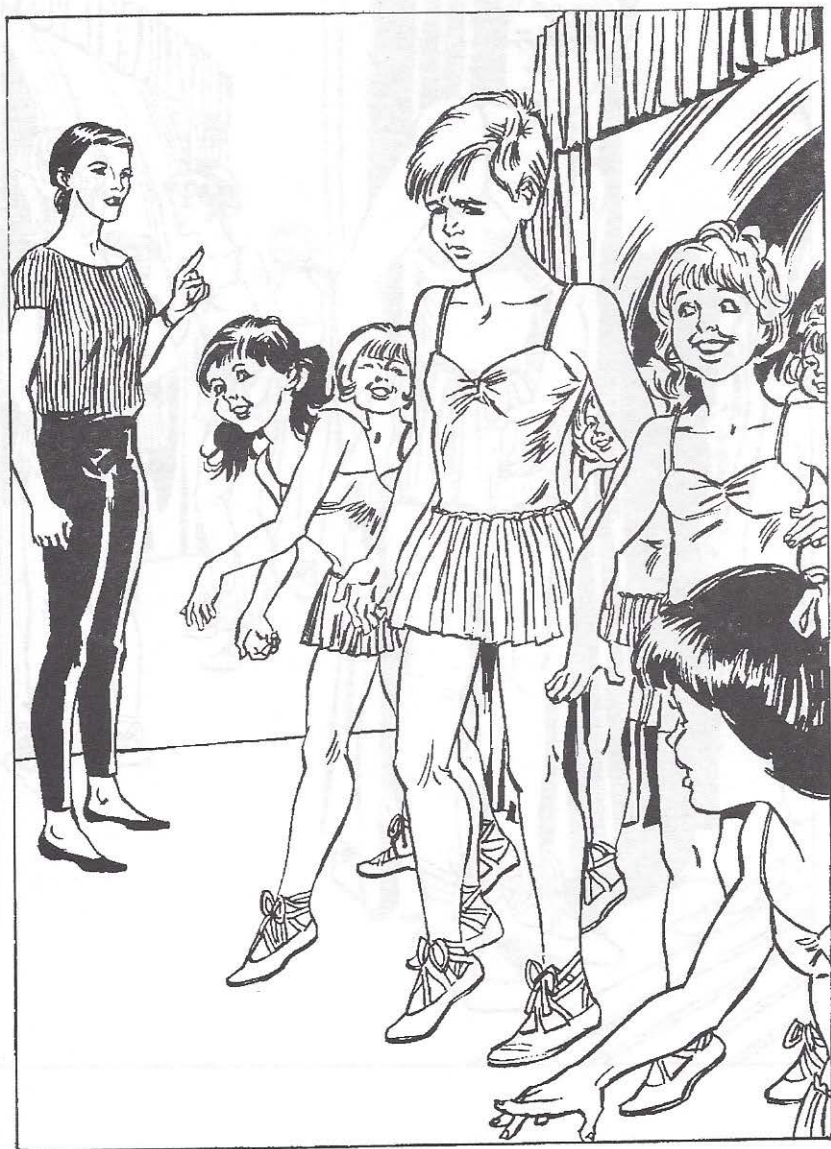
"You have five minutes to change and report to the dance floor," she said staring right into my eyes.

I got the message and went behind a drapery. I took off my skort, blouse, shoes and socks than drew on the pink tights and leotard. The little skirt was embarrassing, but it did cover my Jockey shorts and the bulge that otherwise would have been obvious. I put on the shoes and looked out at the girls, all cute and feminine in their pink outfits. Help-



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less to prevent this new embarrassment, I went into the ballroom and joined them. As I caught sight of myself in the mirrors that lined the walls, I thought I looked silly in this get-up. The leotard was gathered to suggest breasts, even on me and the flat chested little girls.



Group one consisted of some of the youngest girls and they were very amused to have a big awkward boy in their class. The teacher taught us ballet poses and exercises to increase our flexibility. I had never stretched my legs so far or high.

After ballet, I entered my deportment class. My legs were sore, and I was happy to plop myself down at a desk.

The teacher walked over and stood above me. "Miss Gates," she said sharply.

"Yes?"

"That was no way for a lady to take her seat. Margaret, show Miss Gates how it's done."

Margaret rose and then descended gracefully back into her chair.

"Miss Gates," the teacher said, "you will spend class today learning how to sit down properly. You will practice until you can do it just as she did. Margaret, work with Miss Gates."

While the other students learned about feminine manners and behavior, Margaret supervised my training. I felt silly trying to sit like a girl. However, each time I sat, Margaret would correct me and the other girls would grin and giggle. I finally did try to learn.

At the end of class, I went to lunch. I didn't dare drink anything with my food. I couldn't go back into that bathroom.

My stepmother was waiting at the bus stop.

"Why were you fighting yesterday?" she asked grimly.

"How did you know?"

"You're not supposed to fight."

"Paul called me a girl."

"It doesn't matter."

"You didn't see him or the guys. They started it.."

"Shall I go with you?"

"No!"

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"All right, you may go by yourself, but if you get into trouble again, I'll take you there by the hand."

"I don't want the guys to think I need you to protect me."

"Be home at six."

"I have to change."

"It's a warm day. I'll take your coat."

She left me at the bus stop. Without the jacket, my skort was even more obvious, as was the lace of my blouse. What would the guys say?

I wasn't going to the park. My friends would kill me. I had to do something to look less like a sissy. I couldn't fix the blouse, but I unbuttoned the front of my skort, drew the pleated panel up and tucked it into my waistband. I removed my nylons. Since I had no pockets, I stuffed them into my underpants. I still looked like a sissy in my lacy blouse and pink shorts, but it would be worse, much worse if I hadn't made the changes.



I hid in the alley. Waiting was really boring, except for the few times someone came and I had to hide. Finally, it was time to go home. Near my house, I stopped to fix my uniform.

"Peter, is that you?"

It was Fred. Quickly I started home.

"Peter," he called.

My heart was thumping madly. I walked as fast as I could in my new shoes. Rushing in, I slammed the door.



Sheila was in the hall.

"Fix your skort."

I pulled it out of my waistband and buttoned it.

"Where are your stockings?"

I retrieved them.

"Put on your blazer, we're going out."

"Aw, Sheila."

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"Now!"

She drove to Fran's Frocks.

"What can I do with him, Fran?" she asked. "He won't keep his skort buttoned."

"Other boys have misbehaved the same way," she said. "I know how to fix the problem. Come into my work room."

We followed her.

"Take it off," she told me.

I removed my skort and she took it to a sewing machine.



"I'll sew the front flap closed," she said. "He won't be able to unbutton it."

"Sheila!" I protested.

"Quiet, Peter," she snapped.

"With the front sewn shut," Fran said, "I'll have to move the zipper to the rear."

"Sheila!"



"One more word and I'll spank you right here."

After school the next day, my stepmother wouldn't let me change.

"I'll take you to the park," she said.

"I don't need you to take me."

"Nevertheless, I'm going."

She grasped my arm and started to lead me out the door.

"No!" I pulled away. "I won't!"

"You just earned another spanking. Do you want me to do it in front of your friends, or shall I wait until we return home?"

"Don't! You can't."

"If you're good, I'll wait until later."

"Not in front of my friends."

"All right, but if you do anything wrong . . ."

"I won't," I promised and let her lead me out.

The guys gathered around me on the field. Most of them had heard about my school uniform. They teased me about everything, but most of the comments were about the 'Miss' on my blazer, my rear zipper and the pink bows on my nylons. I wished I could shrink and hide in the grass. Finally, Sheila took me to sit with the girls.



"You look sweet, Peter," Betty said.

I blushed miserably, helpless to halt my embarrassment.

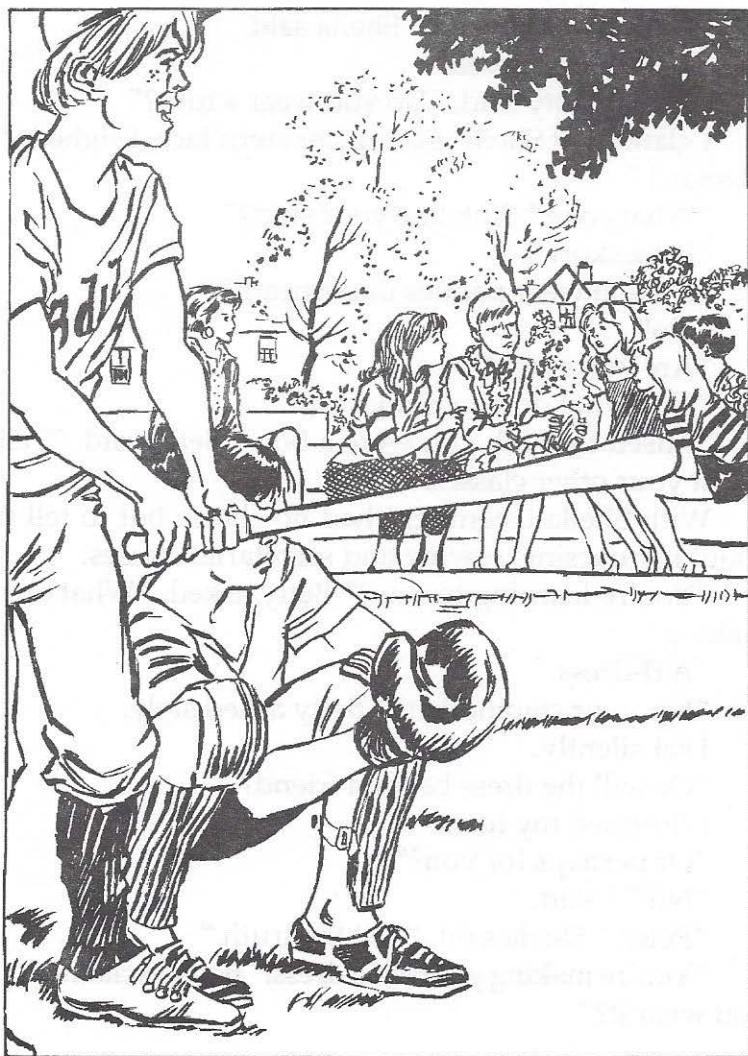
"Do you like going to a girls' school?" Joan asked.

I glared at her.

"Be good," Sheila said.

"It's all right," I said.

"What are you studying?" Betty asked.



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"Math, English and stuff," I said.

"I know someone at your school," Betty said. "She says the girls take ballet and sewing. Is that right?"

"Yes," I said nervously.

"All the girls?" Betty asked.

"Yes."

"Even ones who aren't really girls?"

I was crimson with resentment and humiliation.

"Answer you friend," Sheila said.

"Yes," I whispered.

"Cool," Betty said, "Do you wear a tutu?"

I glanced at Sheila. Seeing her stern face, I sighed, "No, a leotard."

"What color? Pink like your skirt?"

"It's a skort."

"Do you wear panties underneath?"

"No!"

"Are you sure?"

"No! What do you think I am?"

"I used to think you were a boy," Betty said. "Tell me about your other classes."

With Sheila listening, I had no choice but to tell them about my nursing, sewing and secretarial classes.

"You're learning to sew?" Betty asked. "What are you making?"

"A d-dress."

"For your stepmother?" Betty asked slyly.

I sat silently.

"Or will the dress be for a friend?"

I dropped my head.

"Or perhaps for you?"

"No!" I said.

"Peter," Sheila said, "Tell the truth."

"You're making yourself a dress!" Betty exclaimed. "Will you wear it?"



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"The teacher didn't say we had to," I said in total humiliation.

"What a sissy," a girl said.

"You'll let us see you in your dress when it's done. Won't you?" Betty asked.

"It's just for class."

"What about sports?" Betty asked. "You must really be a star at a girls' school."

"I'm not on a team."

"Tell her about gym," Sheila said.

"I take gym with the other students."

"What do you do in gym?" Betty asked.

"We exercise."

"What kind of exercises?"

"You know, things."

"What do you wear? Not those precious nylons."

"No."

"What then?"

"Gym clothes."

"Girls' gym clothes?"

I didn't answer.

"You wear girls' gym clothes!" Betty gushed. "Like bloomers?"

I looked at Sheila.

"Tell her, Peter," she said.

"Yes," I whispered.

"Oh my God!" she said. "Wearing gym bloomers and playing with the other girls, what a pantywaist."

"I don't wear panties!" I yelled. Reaching behind myself, I unzipped my skort and pulled it down.

"Do these look like panties!"

The girls squealed and covered their eyes.

"Peter!" Sheila said, "Pull up your skort this minute! I'm taking you home for a spanking and putting you to bed."

I was in bed with a sore rump well before six.



CHAPTER FOUR

Thursday afternoon when I got off the bus from school, I was unhappy to see Betty and a group of other girls and boys from my former school waiting for me.

"Hi, Miss Gates!" someone shouted.

I turned back to get on the bus. I'd walk home from the next stop.

"What are you doing?" the driver asked.

"Can't I ride farther?"

"I'm responsible for returning you home."

"Isn't her uniform cute?" I heard someone say.

I looked at the driver pleadingly.

"Get off," he said firmly.

I was immediately surrounded.

"What a sissy," someone said.

"Check out the rear zipper."

"No wonder she goes to a girls' school."

I pushed through them and ran home as I could in the heels.

I hurried into the living room where Sheila was reading.

"I can't take any more! I hate going to a girls' school. My friends call me a sissy and tease me. Can't we go back to the way things were? I'll behave. I promise."

"Like you behaved when you pulled your skirt down yesterday?" she asked.

"Oh no. I'll never be bad again. Give me another chance. You'll see."



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"Another chance?" she asked thoughtfully. "Very well, let's return to the park."

"Go to the park again dressed like this? They'll tease me again."

"You promised to be good."

"I'm no sissy. You don't know how awful it is to be teased about wearing panties, even though I don't."

"Perhaps you should."

"Sheila!"

"You'd be less likely to fight or pull your skort down. Tell you what, if you'll wear panties, I'll stop taking you to the park."

"I can't!"

"If you'd rather visit your friends in your pretty uniform than wear an article of clothing that can't be seen, let's go to the park," she said.

The thought of wearing panties was horrible, but so was returning to the park.

"Do you promise not to tell anyone?" I muttered.

"Your undies will be our secret," she smiled.

"You won't take me to the park — ever again?"

"You have my promise."

"Okay, I'll wear your panties."

"Not mine. Underwear is personal. Anyway, mine wouldn't fit you, and they are the wrong style for someone your age. We'll go shopping."

I couldn't believe I'd agreed to wear panties. Before I could change my mind, the doorbell rang. While I thought about my worsening situation, Sheila answered the door, and returned with Betty.

"Hi Peter," she smiled as she looked me over.

"Hello Betty," I mumbled. She looked cute in shorts and a ruffled blouse that didn't cover her belly button.

"Peter and I are going shopping," Sheila said. "Why don't you come with us?"

"Sheila!" I protested.

"Will Peter be changing into jeans?" Betty asked with a slight frown.

"He's fine the way he is."

"Then, I'll go," Betty said, a bright smile returning to her face.



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"You can't," I said.

"Peter," Sheila's tone was threatening.

"But . . . but."

"What's the matter?" Betty asked.

"I . . . I just . . . Oh, never mind."

Sheila took us to a lingerie shop.

"What are you looking for here, Mrs. Gates?" Betty asked.

"You promised," I said.

"I won't tell her."

"Oh," Betty said, "are we shopping here for him?"

"Ask Peter."

"Cool," Betty said smiling at me.

I could have died. I knew that all of the guys would hear about this.

"Don't tell," I begged.

"You were the one who made such a big deal about not wearing panties."

"Please, Betty."

"I don't know . . ."

"May I help you," a clerk joined us.

"Tell the lady what you want, Peter."

"What would you like?" The clerk asked.

"P-panties," I whispered. Betty giggled.

"What size, dear," the clerk asked.

"I-I don't know. Average I guess."

She looked at me knowingly and asked, "About your size?"

My cheeks felt warm and I could feel my blood pounding.

"Why don't you pick some you like?" my stepmother said.

The clerk laid a few pairs on the counter. Silky lacy things! I wanted to run out of the store.



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I picked up the panties closest to me.

"Those look nice," Sheila said. "Why don't you change into them while Betty picks some others for you."

"Can I?" Betty gushed.

"Peter will love any panties you chose for him."

"Do I have to?"

"If you don't want another spanking."

"Sheila!" Now she'd gone and told Betty that she had spanked me.



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I retreated to the dressing room, removed my skirt and underpants and put on the garment. It didn't feel like proper underwear – too silky and a closed front. Would Betty tell? Tears came to my eyes at the prospect.

I dressed and returned. The clerk asked, "How do they feel, dear?"

"Fine," I muttered.

"Look what I got for you," Betty said.

The counter was covered with them.



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"That's too many."

"We'll be throwing away your old underwear," Sheila said.

"He'll wear panties all the time?" Betty asked.

"Ask Peter," Sheila said, "I promised I wouldn't tell."

"I won't wear them."

"Would you like to show us your new undies?" Sheila asked.

"No!" I could just imagine.



"This is so cool. Can he come to the park?"

"Would you like to take him?"

"You promised," I cried.

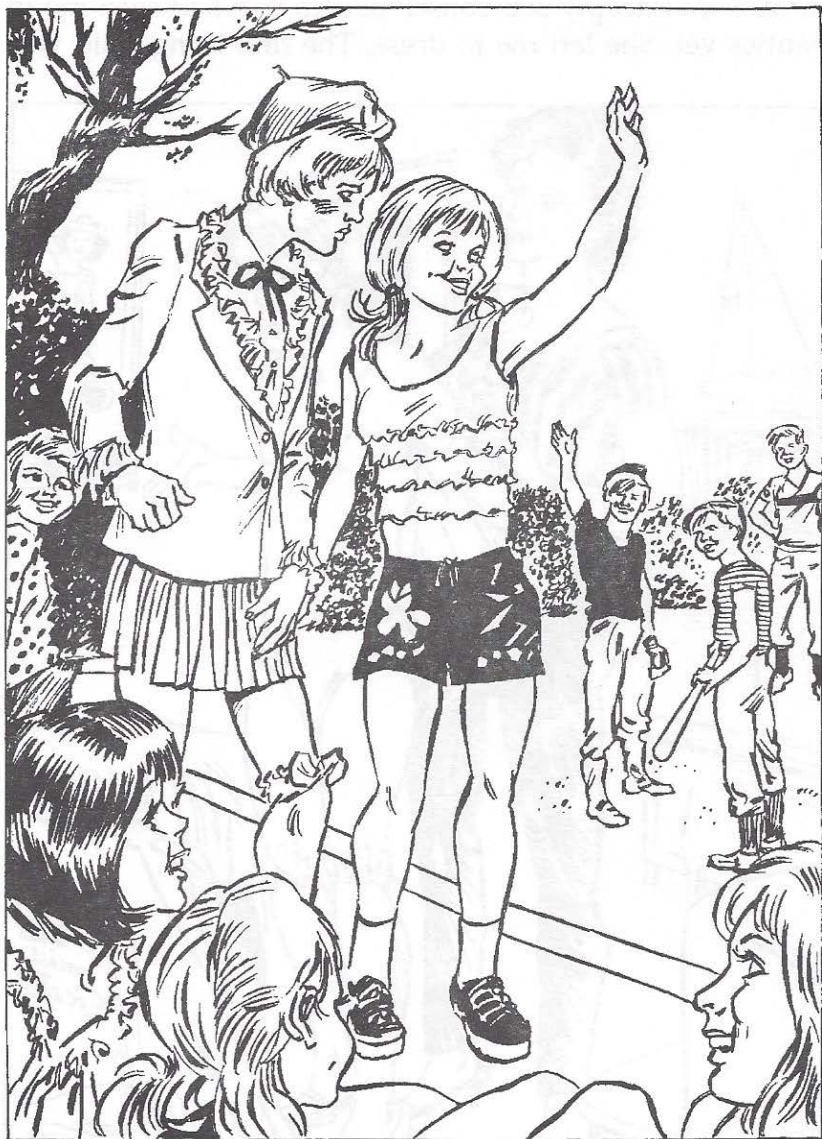
"She can take you. I only said that I wouldn't."

"I don't think Peter will be dropping his skirt today," Betty said.

"Please don't tell."

"We'll see," Betty said.

Sheila dropped us at the park. I could feel the awkward, scared tumble of my heartbeat. Betty took my hand and led me to the ball field. I got a horrible teasing, but I didn't dare say anything. All the



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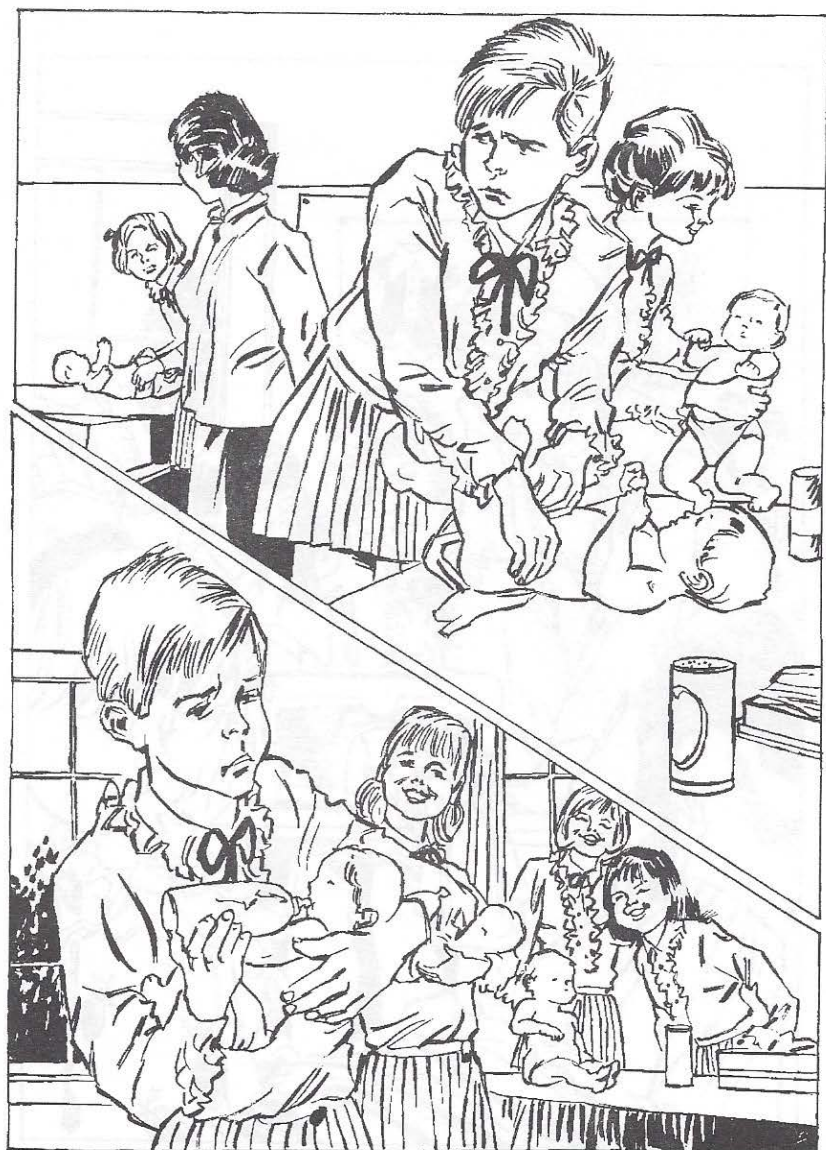
time Betty was smiling, knowing my secret. If she told, I'd just die.

When I returned home, Sheila helped me out of my uniform. I was deeply self-conscious. No one had seen me in panties yet. She left me to dress. The first thing I did was



check my drawers. My underwear was all gone, replaced by panties.

Friday, I had my first home economics class. We learned how to change and feed a baby.



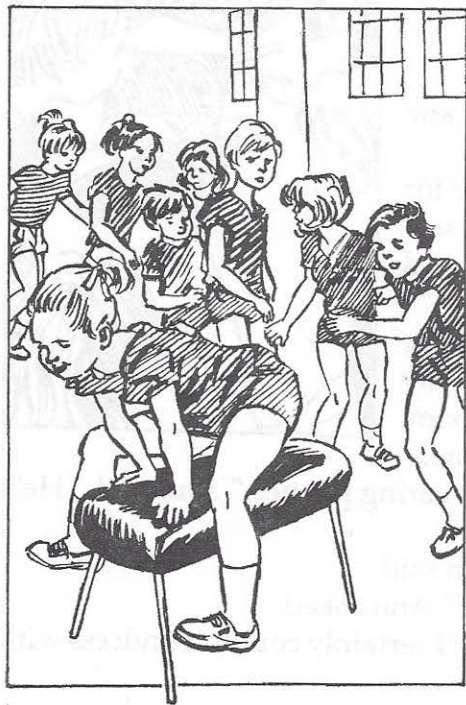
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I also had my first dress design class. The teacher helped us select patterns. Based on my lack of experience, she had me chose a simple one. I spent the two periods learning to cut and fit muslins and worrying about gym. How was I going to hide my panties?



Girls can be very mean, especially when they start to divide into cliques. Moreover, I was the oldest 'sissy' in the school, and everyone teased me. If they discovered my new underwear, it would really give them something to talk about.

The time soon came, and I went to a corner of the locker room. After taking off my shoes and stockings, I looked around. The girls all seemed busy talking and changing. Praying no one would see, I quickly



lowered my skirt and pulled on my bloomers. Only then did I dare look up again. Success! Everything looked the same as before.

I removed my blouse, finished dressing and went into the gym.

"Line up girls," our teacher, Miss Rund, said.

Bobbi stood in front of me. As the line moved forward toward the mat where we were to jump over the horse, she said, "Peter's wearing panties."

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I stopped breathing.

"Not really?" the girl behind me said.

"I saw them," Bobbi said, "ask him."

"Ask him yourself."

"I don't need to, I saw them."

"What did you see?" another girl asked.

"Peter's panties," Bobbi told her.

"Really?" she said looking at me.

"Wait 'til after class. See for yourself," Bobbi said.

I felt a hand on my bloomers.

"What are you doing!" I yelled as I spun around and glared at the girl behind me.

"I was just trying to see," she said.

"Leave me alone!" I demanded.

There was another hand on my bottom. I jumped and hit it.

"Oww," Bobbi said.

"Don't touch me!"

"You're too rough," she said.

The girls left me alone for the rest of the class, but I saw them looking at me and I heard sly giggling.

After class, I went to the locker room and retrieved my uniform. I checked the room. Everyone was looking at me.

"I don't believe he's wearing panties," Ann said. "He's not like the other sissies."

"Show us Peter," Trish said.

"You're not. Are you?" Ann asked.

I couldn't face her, and I certainly couldn't undress with them watching.



"He is," Bobbi said, "I told you, I saw them."

"Hurry up, Peter," Trish said, "we have to get to class."

"I'm staying till I find out," Ann said.

No one was leaving. Maybe if I was careful I could keep them hidden. I lowered my bloomers. Sure enough, the blouse was long enough to cover them. I reached for my skirt.

"I can't see anything," Ann said.

"I'll fix that," Bobbi said.

She approached me with her hand out. I assumed a defensive posture. "Don't touch me!"

She stopped. "He hit me earlier," she said.

"I'll help," Ann said.

"Me too," Nora said.

They started to close in.

"No! Don't!" I demanded knotting my hands into fists.

"He wouldn't dare fight," Trish said. "Ms Ross would really fix him if he did." She reached for my blouse and I twisted away. Ann's hand was on it now.

"Don't touch me!" I demanded grabbing her hand.

Nora took another part of my blouse. I grabbed her too, but that left me with no way to stop Trish who was pulling my blouse up from another direction. I felt helpless and sick to my stomach.

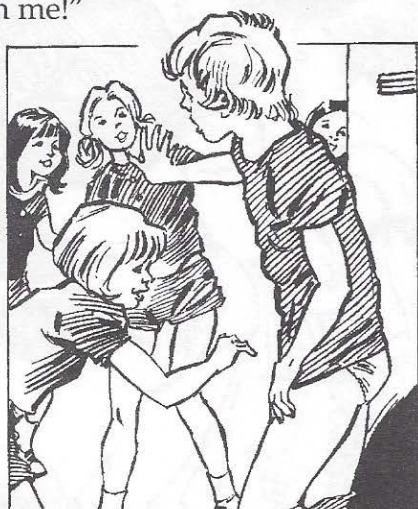
"Oh my God! He is!" Ann screeched.

"Look at sissy Peter's pretty panties," Trish said.

"Has he always worn panties?" Nora asked

"I saw him in jockey shorts," Ann said.

I surrendered in despair as the girls lifted my blouse all around.



"Where's his thing?" Ann asked.

"Let's take his panties off and see," Trish said.

"No! NO!" I yelled hysterically feeling their hands on my underwear.



"There's something," Trish said.

"Is he really a boy?" someone asked.

"He's a boy all right," Trish said.

"DON'T!" I yelled without apparent effect.

"Girls, what are you doing?" It was our teacher.

"Nothing Miss Rund," Nora lied, but the girls let me go.

I hurried into my uniform and out of the locker room.



The girls were horrible all day. When I got off the bus, several of them called out together, "Peter wears pretty panties."

I was lucky my friends weren't there to hear.

It was mom's weekend with me. I hoped she could help. I prayed that she wouldn't see the panties Stella made me wear and had packed in my travel bag.



"Why can't I live with you?" I asked Mom.

"That woman won't let you," she said sadly.

"I hate her," I said.

"All she ever wanted was your father's money. At least he did a prenuptial and got his will right. All of his separate property will pass on to you when you marry and that woman will be on a small allowance like me."

"Let's move away."

"I can't."

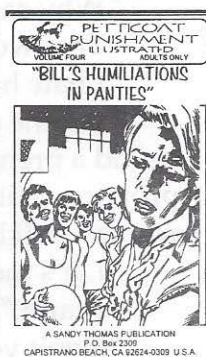
"Don't you love me any more?"

"Don't say that. After your father divorced me and married her, I was hurt and so lonely. I met a man who invited me out. On the way to dinner, he stopped to buy something. When he got back into the car, he handed me a package and asked me to hold it for him."

"It was full of drugs, illegal ones. The police saw the whole thing. I'm on probation. That's why I can't leave. I'd be sent to jail and wouldn't get to see you at all."

Peter's story will be continued in Schooled With Girls Volume Two

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VOLUME ONE

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What could be worse than having to
go to school with the girls?
Try wearing their clothes!

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"SOMETHING HAD TO CHANGE—EMILE WAS IT!"



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CHAPTER FIVE

The weeks passed and I was getting into a routine. Sheila let me change into my pants after school, but I had no interest in playing with my former friends. Whenever they saw me, they teased me and called me "Miss Gates." I wanted to tell them to go to hell, but I knew it would cause a fight and then Sheila would punish me. So I didn't go to the park or any of my other old hangouts.

The girls at school didn't tease me quite as much. Maybe they were getting used to me.

"You seem to be fitting in like the other boys," Janet said one day.

"How come I never see them?"

"They are on the lower grade schedule. Haven't you seen them during ballet?"

"I'm in the beginning group."

"Oh, of course. They must be in intermediate. That class lasts longer."

After my next ballet lesson, I waited for them. I had to see what kind of boy would go to this school. They came out together. I never would have known they were boys except for their skorts. I stopped them and asked, "Why are you going to school here?"

"You must be Petey."

"Peter," I corrected.

"Oh. I'm Billy and this is my friend Chrisy."

"Why do you go here?" I repeated.

"I'm Billy Rund."

"Like the gym teacher?"



"She's one of my mothers."

"Mothers?"

"I have two."

"Did your father die?"

He shrugged. "I don't know. Since she teaches here, I get free tuition. This is a wonderful school, and don't you think our uniforms are darling?"

"My sister says they are," Chrisy said. "She's two years ahead of me here."

"Don't you wish we could wear skirts like the girls?" Billy asked.

"I hate these clothes," I said. "My buddies laugh at me. Don't yours?"

"Buddies?" Billy asked.

"The boys from my old school."

"My mothers say I'm too young for boyfriends."

"They aren't boyfriends," I said, "just friends."

"If they're friends," Chrisy said, "they should be nice to you."

"When they see me like this, they think I'm a sissy."

"My mothers say that's a bad word," Billy said.

"Look at me," I said indicating my uniform.

"You'd look better in a skirt," Billy said. "I always wear skirts and dresses at home."

"You don't," I said.

"I always have," he said.

"How about you, Chrisy?" I asked.

"My sister and I love to play," he said. "Sometimes we'd pretend that I was her little sister. Dad didn't like me to wear her clothes though."

"You wanted to wear her clothes?"

"We played dress up, and sometimes when she wasn't there, I practiced."

"So you wanted to come here with her?" I asked.

"Dad told me again and again not to wear her clothes. He finally got mad and said that if I wanted to be a girl he

was going to see that I was one. I cried when he made me go to school here. I was embarrassed for all the girls to see me like this, and they teased me."

"But you love it now," Billy said.

"Yes, now that my hair has grown and I have you for a friend," Chrisy said.

"Are there any real boys here," I asked in disgust.

"Just us three," Billy said,

"I'm not like you," I said. Not waiting for a reply, I turned away.

In dress design, I worked on my dress as slowly as possible, hoping that I would be out of this school before I finished it. However, the teacher began riding me.

"You must finish your dress soon," she said.

"I'm doing the best I can."

"Trish, would you help Peter?" she asked.

Trish had already finished two dresses. She was one of the girls who teased me the most.

"I can do it," I said.

"But I'd love to help you with your dress, Peter," Trish said with a big grin.

She was more of a hinderance than a help. Working with her was like one long teasing session. "Let's try it on again, Peter," she'd say.

"It's okay." It really made me uncomfortable to wear it for fittings, even though I just put it on over my uniform like an apron.

I was one of the last three students to finish. My dress was pale blue cotton with a double-hemmed skirt and white lace at the collar and waist. Trish had insisted on the lace.

"Girls," the teacher told us, "hold up your dresses and describe them to the class."

"Can't they wear them?" Trish asked with a smile.

None of the other students had worn theirs. But I was afraid the teacher might make me.

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"Not at school," she said.

Trish pouted, then smiled as I held my dress up in front of myself. I held it there forever while the other two described theirs to the class. When it was my turn, I stumbled out a few words.

When the girls giggled at my obvious discomfort, the teacher said, "Girls, it's not nice to laugh. Peter did a fair job, I'm sure his next dress will be terrific!"



One day the intercom proclaimed a general assembly. They were unusual and we were all curious and talkative as we gathered in the auditorium.

"Girls," Ms. Ross said, "Girls, settle down."

I squirmed and looked away from the smiling faces of my classmates.

"We've had complaints that our uniforms are too childish for teenage girls, and some have recommended more standardization. The Board of Trustees is considering making changes. Sheets describing their proposals are being handed out. Please bring back a signed response from your parents by Wednesday.

MISS MARY SLAYTON SCHOOL NEW UNIFORM OPTIONS

Please check one

- ☐ #1 Present uniform - Pink skirt, white blouse, pink knee stockings, pink Mary Jane shoes, pink beret and pink blazer
- ☐ #2 Pink shorts, white blouse, pink knee stockings, pink Mary Jane shoes, pink beret and pink blazer
- ☐ #3 Pink trousers, white blouse, anklets, pink pumps, pink beret and pink blazer
- ☐ #4 Pink back zip shift with white collar, white long sleeved silk blouse, pink nylons, pink pumps, pink beret and pink blazer

Parent Signature _____

Note - The Board committee on uniform has recommended option number four.

I couldn't believe my eyes. I went to the Headmistress.

"Ms. Ross," I said, "This won't effect me, will it?"

"Yes, dear," she said.

"But choice four is a dress."

"If you're concerned about that, ask your stepmother to vote for one of the other choices."



If a dress was chosen as the new uniform, Sheila wouldn't stand for it. I knew she'd let me go back to my old high school.

"Sheila, Sheila!" I shouted as I ran into the house after school. "Look at this."

"What is it?"

"The school is choosing a new uniform. If it's a dress you wouldn't make me wear it, would you?"

She read the form carefully and then said, "Peter, chose the uniform you want, and I'll sign the form."

"But Sheila," I said in horror, "the girls all will vote for dresses. I'd rather die than wear a dress!"

"You don't know how they're going to vote. Maybe they'll pick long trousers."

"They won't! I know they won't!" I screamed at her, ran to my room and threw myself on the bed. It couldn't happen. It just couldn't!



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At school the girls talked excitedly about the new uniform. The decision was to be announced Friday. I voted for pants, but I didn't hear anyone else say they had. I tried to put it out of my mind.

On Friday we gathered in the auditorium again and Ms. Ross announced, "Girls of Miss Mary's. I have the decision you are all waiting for."

I wished to myself so hard I almost shouted it out loud, "Please let it be the pants."

"The Board considered your input and I am pleased to announce that your new uniform will be option four, the dress."

There was a lot of clapping and cheering from everyone except me.

"The new uniform will be required beginning a week from Monday. However, you may wear it earlier if you wish. Fran's Frocks will have the dresses and pumps available."

I left the assembly hall amid the chattering of the other students.

"I wonder what she'll look like in a dress?" One of them remarked looking at me.

I was determined not to go through with this. I arrived home ready to tell Sheila.

There was a group of ladies with her in the living room.

"Oh, how cute," said one.

"Isn't he sweet," chimed in another.

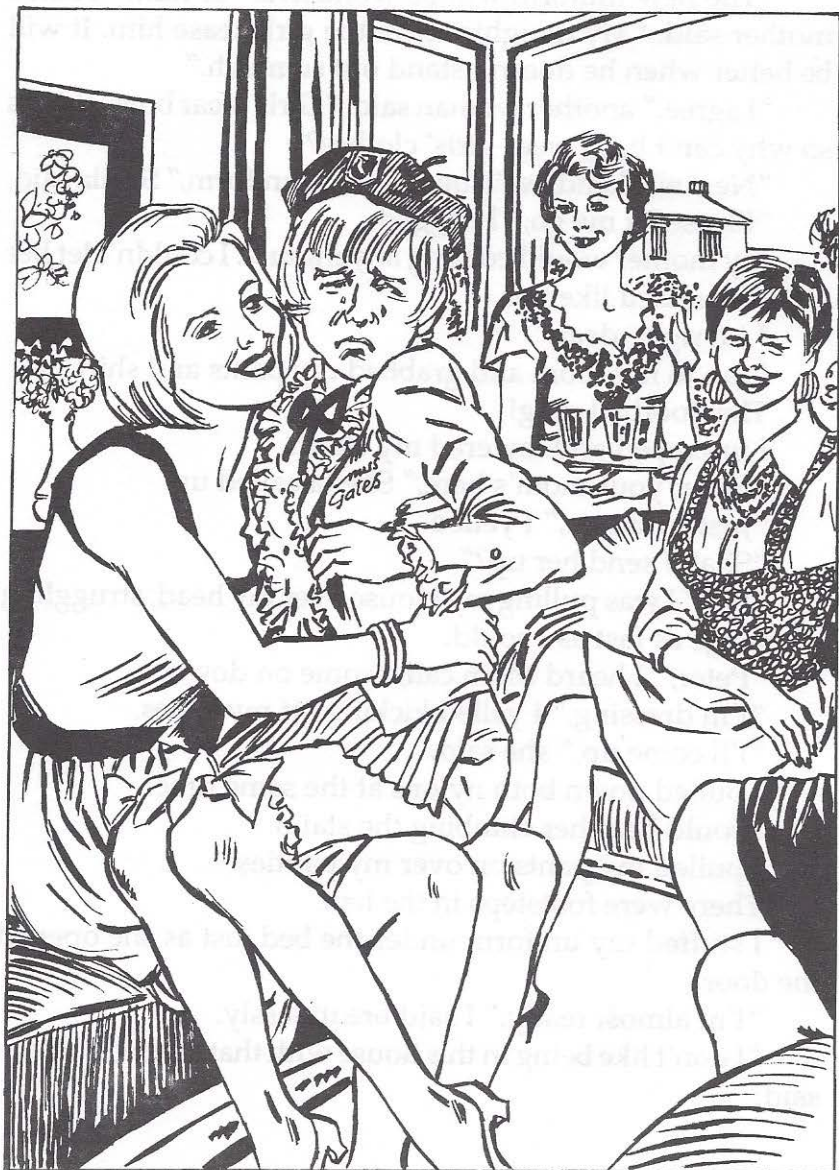
"He looks as adorable as my daughter told me he did," said a third.

"Miss Mary's has been the best thing that has ever happened to him," Sheila said.

How could she say that? My face flushed with embarrassment and my resolve to demand that I leave this awful school dissolved.

Before I knew what was happening, a lady took hold of my arm and pulled me onto her lap. "You know my daughter, Trish, don't you, dear?"

"Mom's coming. I have to change."



"Trish is in his home economics class."

I tried to twist away, but Sheila said, "Don't squirm, Peter."

I endured the caresses.

"The new uniform will be wonderful for him," Trish's mother said. "My daughter says the girls tease him. It will be better when he doesn't stand out so much."

"I agree," another woman said. "Girls wear boys' things so why can't boys wear girls' clothes?"

"Next weekend, we'll buy his new uniform," Sheila said.

"Please let me go," I begged.

My mother would coming any minute. I couldn't let her see me dressed like this.

"All right, dear."

I ran to my room and grabbed my pants and shirt.

The doorbell rang!

I unzipped and lowered my skort.

"Peter, your mom's here," Sheila called up.

"Just a minute," I yelled.

"Shall I send her up?"

"No!" I was pulling my blouse over my head, struggling to change as fast as I could.

"Peter," I heard Mom call, "come on down.

"I'm dressing," I yelled kicking off my shoes.

"I'll come up," she said.

I pulled down both nylons at the same time.

I could hear her climbing the stairs.

I pulled my pants on over my panties.

There were footsteps in the hall.

I stuffed my uniform under the bed just as she opened the door.

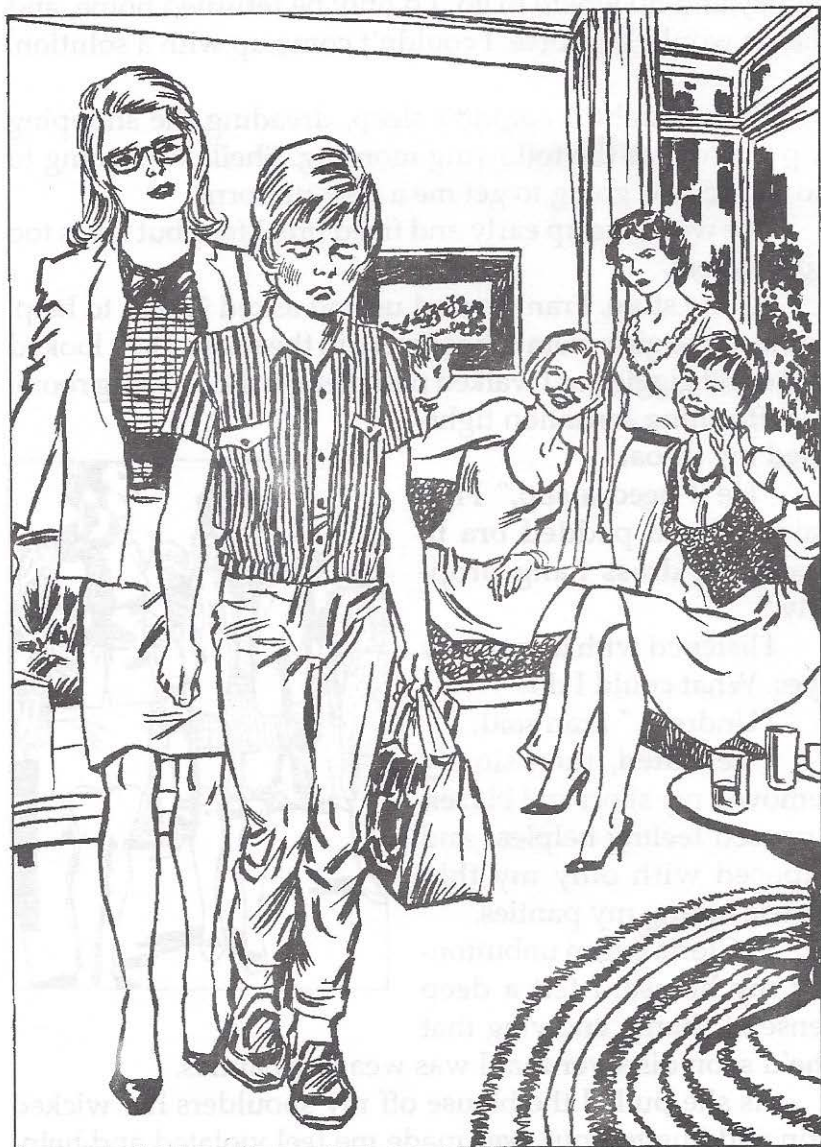
"I'm almost ready," I said breathlessly.

"I don't like being in this house with that woman," Mom said.

"Sorry, I had to change," I put on my shirt, shoes and socks and we went downstairs.

"Bye bye, sweetie," Trish's mother waved and smiled.

"Let's go, Mom," I said.



On Monday, several girls were already wearing the new uniform. They looked quite grown up in their dress, nylons and heels.

I spent the week trying to figure how to get out of this mess. I decided more than once to run away, but I had no money and no where to go. I'd only be returned home, and then it would be worse. I couldn't come up with a solution.

Friday night, I couldn't sleep, dreading the shopping trip planed for the following morning. Sheila was going to do it. She was going to get me a new uniform.

She woke me up early and fixed breakfast, but I was too upset to eat.

At the store, Fran greeted us and asked Gloria to help. Some of the girls from school were in the shop. They looked at me and giggled as I walked past them to the dressing room. A suffocating sensation tightened my throat.

"He'll need a slip," Fran said, "also a padded bra to make the dress hang properly."

I listened with tears in my eyes. What could I do?

"Undress," Fran said.

I hesitated, then slowly removed my skort and blazer. I paused feeling helpless and exposed with only my thin blouse hiding my panties.

Gloria began unbuttoning my blouse. I felt a deep sense of shame knowing that she'd soon discover that I was wearing panties.

As she pulled the blouse off my shoulders her wicked grin and bugged-out eyes made me feel violated and help-



less. I tried to cover my panties and my embarrassment with my hands.

"Oh, how sweet!" she squealed as she touched my panties gently with her fingertips.

As Fran took measurements, I had to move my hands. I hung my head in shame. I couldn't look up at Gloria. I knew she was looking at my almost completely exposed boyhood and laughing at me, even though she wasn't making a sound.



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As soon as Fran finished the measuring, I covered myself with my hands again. Fran sent Gloria off. Cold and nervous I waited. She returned with a pile of boxes.

From the first, Fran took a lacy pink brassiere.

"A bra?" I was surprised even though they had mentioned it.



I let Fran slip the bra straps up my arms and hook it in back. She centered the cups on my nipples and put a small pair of pads into the cups. It was amazing. With the pads and the bra pulling



my flesh together, it looked like I really had small breasts.

Gloria giggled.

Fran glared at her and said harshly, "This isn't a game, missy."

I stared at Gloria daring her to laugh again. I hoped she'd get into trouble.

Fran placed a low screen around me. "Remove your panties," she said. I have a special garment to conceal your privates."

Her words sent a chill through me.

"Sheila," I protested.

"It's a good idea, Peter," she said. "You don't want it popping up."

I struggled to hold back my tears. They came anyway, but they were more of rage and helplessness than shame. I was terrified by visions of the coming weeks.

Fran pulled my panties down to my ankles.

My hands flew to cover myself.

"Step out of your panties."

I stooped down to get them with one hand still covering myself with the other.

"This is a gaff," she explained. "After I fit it this time it should be easy for you to put on."

It was a triangle and a bunch of straps. I had no idea how to wear it.

She wrapped it around my waist. Then, to my shock, she grabbed my cock and balls and pulled them back between my legs.



"What are you doing!"

"Adjusting your gaff," she said. She pulled the garment back firmly and tied it holding me as flat as a girl in front.

From the next box, she took a pink nylon slip.

"Raise your arms," she said.

I shivered as I felt the smooth nylon slithering down my body. Its lacy hem rested high on my thighs.

"Step out of the screen."

The straps of both the bra and the slip cut into my shoulders. Little shocks went through me wherever the smooth material of the slip rubbed against my body. But they didn't compare with the shock I felt as I looked down at the small girlish mounds on my chest.

Just then, the dressing room door opened!

Who could it be?

I couldn't be seen like this!

I grabbed my blouse and tried to cover myself while I looked for someplace to hide. There was nowhere to go!

Heather walked in. She was carrying a shoe box. My nervousness was not helped by her sly smiles. It had been bad enough that she had seen me in sissy clothes before, but to have her see me now!

Fran removed a pink dress from another box. It had a white collar and buckle trim. I had seen several of the girls at school wearing an identical dress.

"Put down that blouse and raise your arms, Peter," she said. She lowered it over my head and zipped up the back.

"Sit down," she said.

Sitting in a dress for the first time, I noticed that the lace trim of my slip peeked out. It was bad enough to be in a dress, but to have my slip showing was unbearable. I shifted in the chair and pulled at my dress, but it was hardly any longer than the slip. It was no use.

Fran handed me a some pink-tinted pantyhose. I got them to my knees then had to stand and raise my dress and



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slip to pull them all the way up. It was creepy, my legs really looked feminine. I was self-conscious about my lack of body hair. What little fuzz I did have didn't show much.

Fran commented, "He'll need to use a depilatory. The headmistress won't stand for hairy legs."



" 'Depilatory'?" I asked.

"Yes, something to remove your unwanted hair."

But I didn't have any 'unwanted' hair. I was growing it slowly for my age and now she wanted me to remove it.

Opening another box, Fran drew out a pair of pink nylon panties, trimmed with white lace at the legs. There was a little white satin bow tied on each side. She drew them up my nylon-clad legs.

She raised my dress as she brought the elastic top of the panties up to my waist. I had to stand with my panties in full view as she took much more time than necessary to adjust the lacy legs and bows.

Gloria and Heather got a good look. They grinned.

It wasn't fair. It wasn't right to be exposed like this.

Finally Fran let my dress fall back into place and told me to sit.

As I shifted about nervously, Sheila said, "Keep your knees together, dear. I can see your panties."

I pressed my knees together; the nylons felt cool and slippery all the way up my legs. I wanted to tear off these sissy things. These damn women!

Next came a pair of pink patent leather pumps with high heels. They were very tight, and when I stood up, I almost lost my balance.

"Walk around," Fran said.

With her help, I managed a few steps before I had to grab a chair to support myself.

"You'll get used to them in a few days," she said.

She handed me my blazer, which I put on, again wincing at the embroidered 'Miss'. I certainly looked like a Miss, I thought.

She completed my outfit with a beret.

"Peter, darling," Sheila said, "you look so sweet. I can hardly believe you're my son. Come look at yourself."

She took me to a mirror. I couldn't believe it. It was even worse than I thought it would be. I looked like a boy in a dress. I totally lost control. With my shoulders heaving uncontrollably, I sobbed like a small child.



"We'll deliver the rest of his outfits Wednesday," Fran said.

Sheila led me from the room. I was trying to stop crying. Wait until the girls at school saw me, and what about my friends!

We went through the store and past the other students. I prayed that no one would notice me. However, as we exited the store, someone did.

"Peter sure looks cute, doesn't she."



I walked quickly as I could in the unfamiliar high heels but tripped and ended up sprawled out on the pavement with my dress and slip bunched up around my waist.

A group of teenage boys saw it all and laughed like wild hyenas as I scrambled to get in the car.



Sheila parked in front of our house. When she got out, I stayed in the car because I saw some of our neighbors on their porch.

After Sheila demanded that I get out, I opened the door and ran toward the house. Again I tripped.



"That's twice you've fallen," She said. "Let's take a slow walk around the block so you can get used to your new heels."

As luck would have it, everyone I knew seemed to be outside, and those who recognized me alerted everyone else.

Saturday, when I got my jeans from the closet, I saw the dress hanging there. I couldn't believe that it was mine. I thought of it as an unwelcome guest. I had to be polite to it, but I wished it would leave soon.

"Can't I go back to my own school," I asked Sheila.

"You will have a private school education."

"What about the military academy?"

"It wouldn't be a good place for a boy like you."

"Please let me go there - anywhere. Just don't make me go back to Miss Mary's."

"Not another word. I'll think about it. Go out and play."

As usual, the guys called me "Miss Gates" and "Sissy", but I was so worried about wearing the dress that I hardly heard them. If they ever found out about the dress, I'd be finished.



CHAPTER SIX

Sheila waited until Sunday night to continue our discussion.

"You're behavior has improved since you've been at Miss Mary's."

"I can't go back. I'll be just as good if I go to military school, and I'll study harder. I promise."

"All right, if it's so important to you, I'll take you to the academy tomorrow."

"Oh, thank you."

"It's a trial only. If it goes poorly . . ."

"It won't."

Monday morning, Sheila gave me back my suit. I had to wear panties because she'd thrown away all of my old underwear. However, she said that she'd buy me some new underpants if the experiment were a success.

At the academy, Sheila talked with the Commandant.

"I understand it's unusual, but if it works out, I'll pay the entire year's tuition."

"It's not the money," he said. "The other cadets are already in squads."

"Don't you have an opening in any of them?"

"One of the boys broke his leg on the obstacle course. It was just a freak accident, nothing to worry about."

"Perfect. Add Peter to his squad."

"What about his transcript?"

"I'll have the Miss Mary Slayton School send it."

"Miss Mary's?" The commandant asked. The cadet working in his office looked up at me and I felt a warm flush on my face.



"Yes. Peter has been a student there this year."

"I don't think —"

"Please, sir," I said firmly. "I want to be a soldier."

The commandant looked me over and said, "All right, boy, I'll give you a chance."

"That's all I want."

"Report to the supply room for your uniform, cadet," he said.

"Yes sir!"

"Turn right and go down the hall to the end. After you change, join your squad in room 116, double time."

I ran.

"I'm a new cadet," I told the man in the supply room.

"Where did you get that hair?"

"I need a uniform."

"You better get it cut."

"A uniform."

"OK, strip."

There was no place to undress privately; just a divider and a counter separated us. God, I hoped he wouldn't look.

He handed me a pair of pants, and I quickly changed into them. Feeling a little more comfortable, I put on a T-shirt and jacket.

He gave me two books.

"These are the rules of conduct," he said. "Learn them."

"Yes sir."

The day started great. The guys in my squad offered to share their notes from earlier classes to help me catch up. They also offered me help in drill. Since the whole squad would get the same grades, It created a great spirit of coop-



eration amongst the cadets.

Late that morning, we had PT (Physical Training). Since I had to get shorts, socks and shoes from the supply room, it was easy for me to wait until the other guys had gone before I changed.

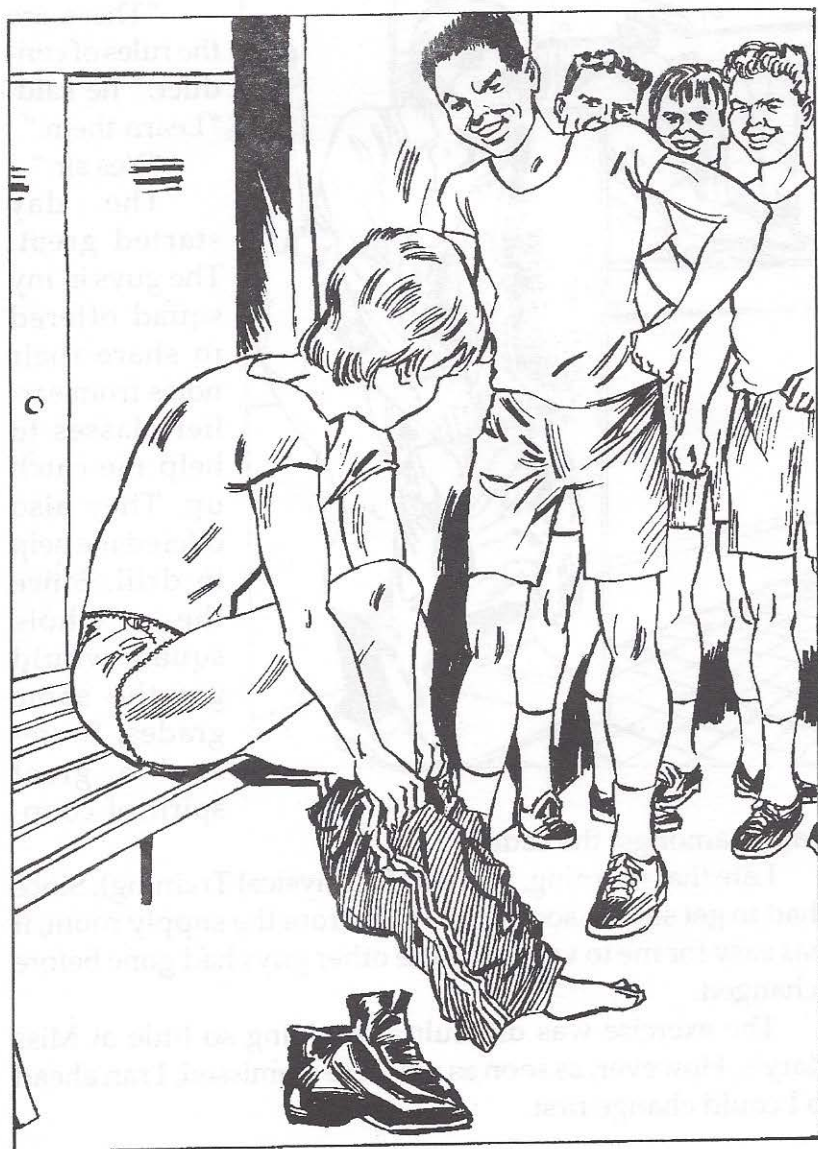
The exercise was difficult after doing so little at Miss Mary's. However, as soon as we were dismissed, I ran ahead so I could change first.

No one was there, but I had to change quickly.

I could hear them coming. I rushed to take down my shorts and step into my pants.

I only needed seconds.

"See, I told you," someone said.



It was the cadet from the office with several other guys.

"Nice panties," one of them said with a laugh.

"Shut up!" I shouted.

"You gonna make us, sissy," another one said.

"Bastards!"

"Tough talk for a girl."

"I'm no damn girl!"

"Is he really a boy?" someone asked. "With lace on his panties and transferring from a girls' school . . ."

"I'm a boy!"

"Not like me," he said.

"Wait until the upperclassmen find out about this fag," one said.

"What's a fag?" I wanted to ask, but I was too angry and afraid. Thankfully a bell rang and they left me alone.

That afternoon everyone was talking about me. Everybody in my squad was mad at me. I'd disgraced them. I'd have to apply myself and be the best cadet in the academy to have any hope of undoing the damage.

After school, I went to meet Sheila. We'd have to go shopping to get me some new underwear. The guys would be checking me tomorrow for sure.

On the way, I passed a group of cadets talking and laughing in the hallway.

"How was your little girls' school, honey?"

It was the cadet from the office again.

"Shut up!" I yelled.

"Did you really go to Miss Mary's?" one of them asked.

"Damn right 'she' did. I saw her transcript. Tell us about dress designing, honey.

"You want to take me on," I threatened.

"We'd all like to, panty boy," he said.

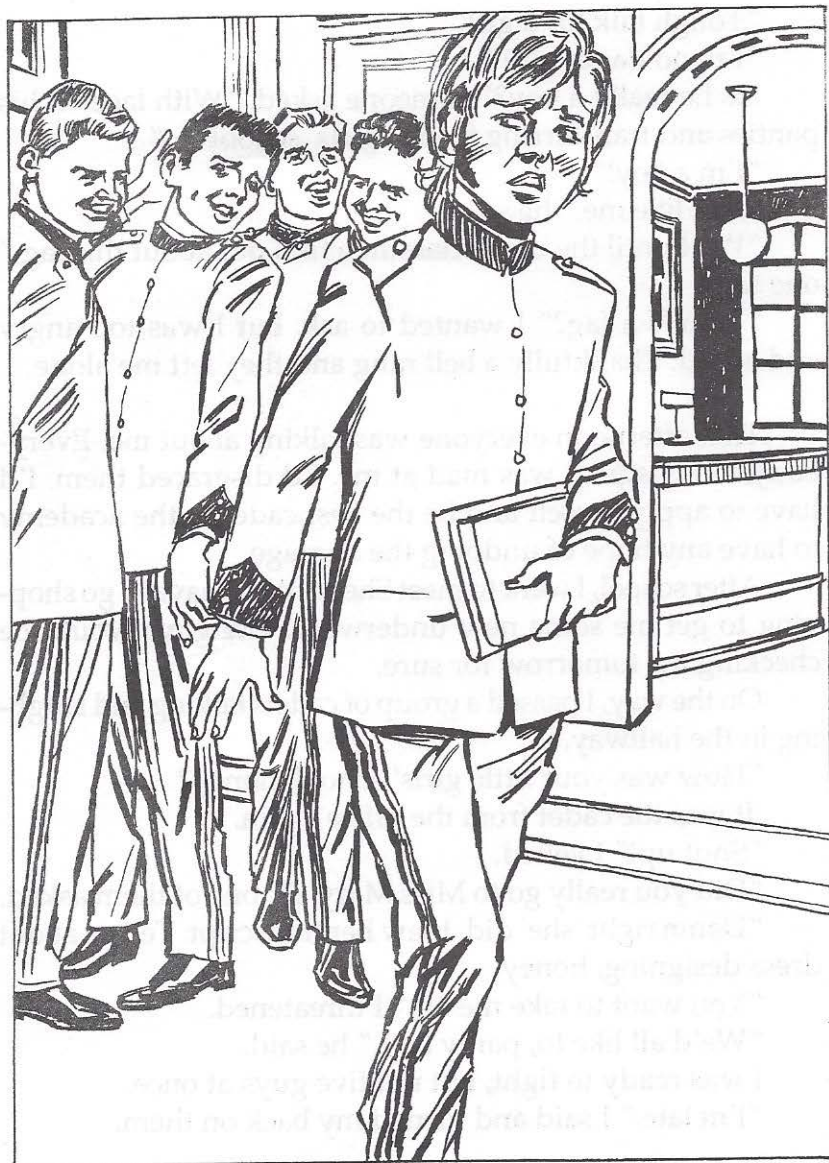
I was ready to fight, but not five guys at once.

"I'm late," I said and turned my back on them.

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"So long, girly," he called after me.

Tomorrow I'd have to fight somebody. I hoped it would be just one and that Sheila wouldn't find out.



She was waiting by the front door. I was almost to her when an older boy stopped me. "You're gonna be my fag."

"What's that?"

"You'll shine my shoes, press my uniforms and do a few other things for me."

"What other things?"

When he told me, I couldn't believe it.

"I can't! I won't!"

"Lunch tomorrow. Meet me in the locker room."

"No!"

"You'll do my whole squad if we have to drag you there."

I couldn't fight twenty older guys.

"What was that boy saying to you?" Sheila asked.

"I can't come back here tomorrow."

"I told you this was no place for a boy like you," she sympathized.



"Well, no harm done. Let's get you some new clothes."

"Clothes?"

"Some things to wear at home."

I had a very bad feeling about this.

"I have plenty."

"They're not right for you."

We drove downtown to the mall, and she took me to a girls' clothing store.

"Sheila, please don't do this," I begged.

Gripping my arm firmly she led me into the store.

A wave of perfume assailed my nostrils. If I dared, I would have fled back to the street because several of the customers, ladies and young girls, turned their attention to me. I walked unsteadily at her side with my head hanging down and tears welling in my eyes. I heard whispers, then giggles. I could imagine what they were saying. A deep crimson came to my cheeks.

A moment later I saw a pair of dainty black satin slippers approaching. I looked up and saw that they belonged to one of the clerks.

"May I help you?" she said.

"Thank you," Sheila said, "my son needs some new clothes. He's had a bad day."

"You're in a girls' clothing store."

"Certainly."

"Of course. Right this way."

I heard more giggling as I passed between the rows of dainty lingerie and dresses. The clerk motioned us into a room. Inside was a pretty young woman who glanced up as we entered.

"Mary," the clerk said, "please help this boy pick out some nice clothes."

"Him?" Mary asked in astonishment.

"Mary is familiar with fashions for teenage girls," the older clerk said. And she left us.

"Where shall we start?" Mary asked.

"We will be buying some of everything," Sheila said.

"He'll be adorable," Mary said with a smile.

"You have no right," I protested, irritated by her attitude. "I'm a boy. You have no right."

"Peter!" Sheila said. "How dare you speak in that tone. Perhaps you'd rather go back to your military academy?"

"No. Not that."

"Then you'll wear whatever I decide. Wait until you see how lovely you look in your new clothes. You'll thank me."

"That's what you think," I said.

"That's enough. Undress."

"In front of her?" I asked.

"Of course. Must I punish you?"

"No! I'll do it."

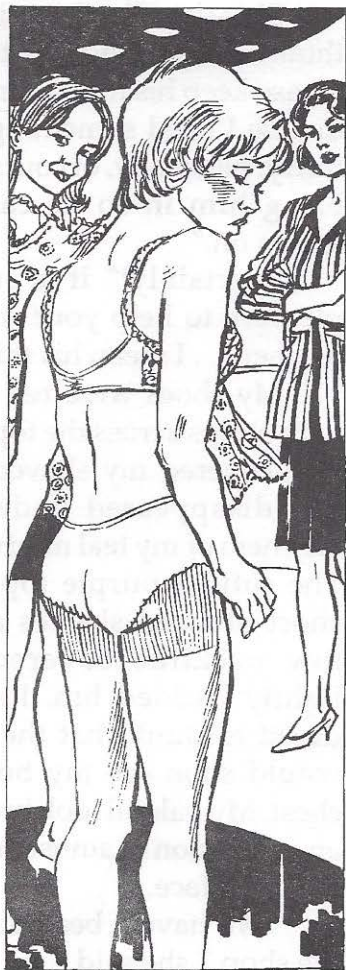
Crimson with resentment and humiliation, I started to undress. Soon came the moment I dreaded, the moment this clerk saw my panties filled with the bulge that was so obvious because I had no gaff.

"How darling," she exclaimed.

"Will you suggest a bra and panty set for him?" Sheila asked.

"Of course."

She brought me a pair of pink nylon panties. They were trimmed with lace and little rosebuds of blue satin ribbon. I turned my back and changed into them.



A matching pink bra filled with foam inserts followed.

"You have a lovely figure," Mary said running her fingers over my bra.

It was a humiliating, deflating feeling.

For what must have been an hour, I tried on garment after garment - sheath dresses, frilly blouses, swishing skirts, woolen skirts, pleated chiffon skirts, dresses for casual wear, party dresses, filmy nighties and so forth.

Finally, Sheila said, "I think he has enough for today. Please keep his measurements in case I need something in a hurry. Normally, of course, I'll bring him in so he can try things on."

"Certainly!" It is such a pleasure to help your son select her . . . I mean his things."

My shoes were red heels with straps across the top. Nylons covered my shaved legs and disappeared under the lacy hem of my teal mini dress. The ruffled purple top with short bloused sleeves and a low neckline covered my lightly padded bra. I shuddered to think that the guys would soon see my bulging chest. My baleful look brought an expression of amusement to the girls' face.

"We have a beautician in the shop," she said.





"Yes, I think it's time for makeup," Sheila said.

"Makeup?" I gasped, "but I'm a boy."

"Yes, a boy in a dress and a lot more," Sheila said. "Let's go to the salon. If you give me any trouble, I'll take you across my knee."

Reluctantly, I followed Mary into a room that reeked with feminine odors. A blond woman met us and asked, "How may I help you?"

"My son needs your help," Sheila said.

"I can see that. Sit down, sir," she said with a giggle.

I sat in the indicated chair my shoulders slumped and my hands tightly pressed between my knees.



"I think I can do something cute with his hair," she said. I hadn't been to the barber in several months.

"Do whatever you think is right," Sheila said.

"This won't hold very long," she said as she released steam into my hair. "But we won't have time today for a perm."

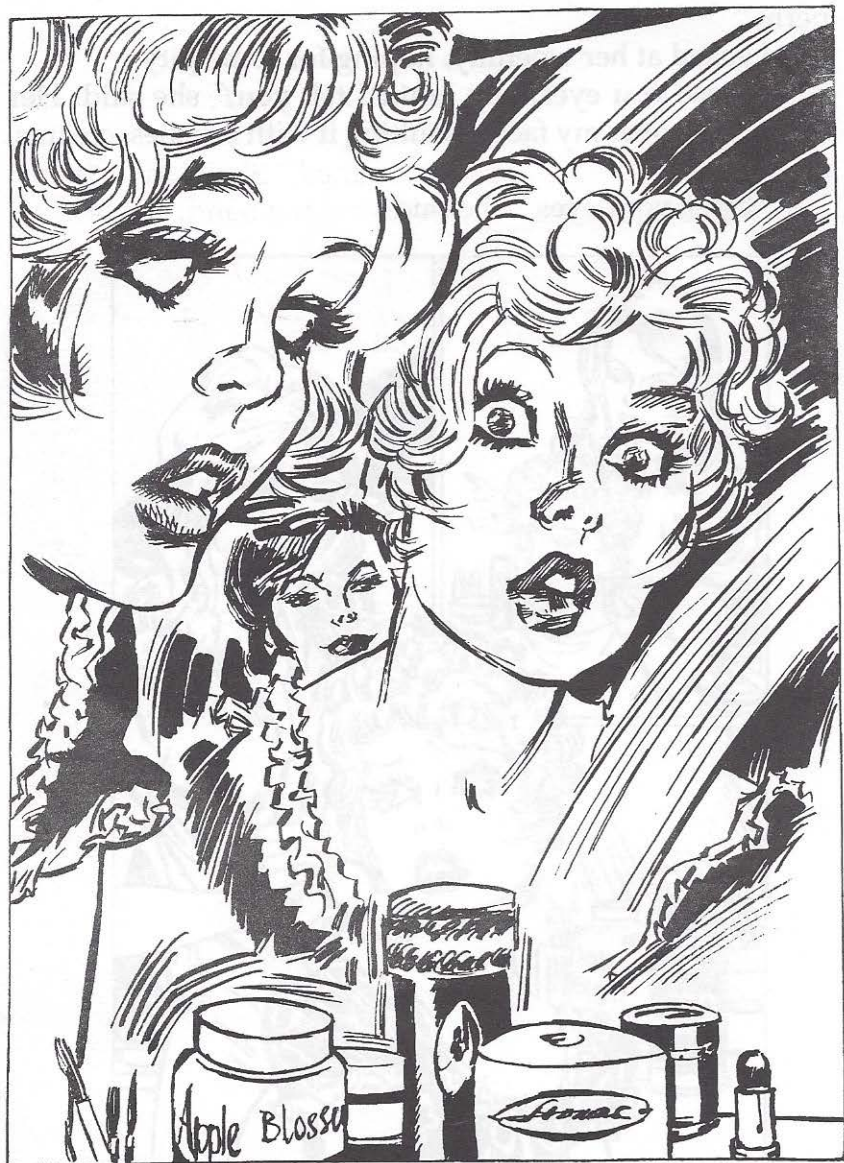
I gazed at her woefully, hoping for some pity.

"Close you eyes, boy, until I tell you," she said. Her hands flew over my face assaulting it with brushes, creams, and tweezers.

"Open your eyes," she said.



It wasn't me, it couldn't be. I had to smother a scream — an ivory complexion, rose-tinted cheeks, arched eyebrows, curled lashes, eye lids coated with green, lips painted bright red. It wasn't my face!



Tears of outrage flooded my eyes and I heard Sheila exclaim, "Don't cry, Peter. You'll ruin your makeup?"

The girl took a piece of tissue and gently wiped my tears away before they did any damage.

I got up - the action released a flood of scent from somewhere on my body. I licked my lips and felt a horrible slippery effect as my tongue slid over them.

"Sheila, can't we forget about this? I've learned my lesson."

"You look prettier than I imagined," Sheila said. "Let's buy you some more clothes." Taking my hand, she led me back into the store.

"Sheila, I'm a boy."

"Be - have," she warned, "there's a large audience here for you if you earn a spanking."

I held back briefly, then imagined what it would be like for Sheila to take me across her lap in the store. I couldn't let that happen.



As I swished along, I kept my eyes glued to the ground. The short skirt and my bare legs made me aware of every breeze, and it was drafty.

"Peter, don't hold your head down," Sheila said loudly. "Keep it high as all pretty girls do."

Several people turn to look. I wanted to hide my flaming cheeks in my hands and run.



She found another clerk and said, "Could you help us. Peter needs some more casual clothes to wear after school."

"He's a boy?"

"A girl-boy," Sheila said.

"What's that?" the girl giggled.

I felt a tightening in my stomach as Sheila explained, "He was born a boy, but he's better off a girl. He's much too sensitive to be a proper boy."

"He doesn't look like any boy I ever saw. That's for sure," the clerk said.

She and Sheila selected several dresses, skirts and tops while I watched anxiously shifting my weight from one foot to the other.

"Let's try these on," Sheila said.

Reluctantly I followed her and the clerk to the dressing room. Again I stripped down to padded bra and bulging panties in front of an amused young woman.

"Let's try this first," Sheila said.

'This' was a blue knit top with a low neckline and thin shoulder straps. It showed the swelling of my padded breasts and the straps of my bra. If the guys saw me like this . . .



"This skirt goes with that top," the clerk said. She helped me into a short full skirt with a dark blue design. She zipped it up the back and put her fingers under the material.

"It's a perfect fit."

"Is that out-fit popular?"

"All the girls are wearing it."

"We'll take it," Sheila said. "Let's try another."

The clerk helped me out of that top and into a white blouse with long full sleeves. She exchanged my skirt for one made of a lighter weight material.

"He looks so cute."

"Do you think it's too demure?" Sheila asked.

"Well, perhaps."

"I don't want him to look grown up too soon. After all,



he'll only be a teenage girl for a few more years."

"I think I understand," the clerk said. "No long dresses either?"

"Oh no. Young girls like to show off their legs."

Next, she had me change into a short blouse that left my midriff bare and an extremely short skirt with ruffled hem that barely covered my panties.

"Now that's perfect," Sheila said. "We'll take that too."

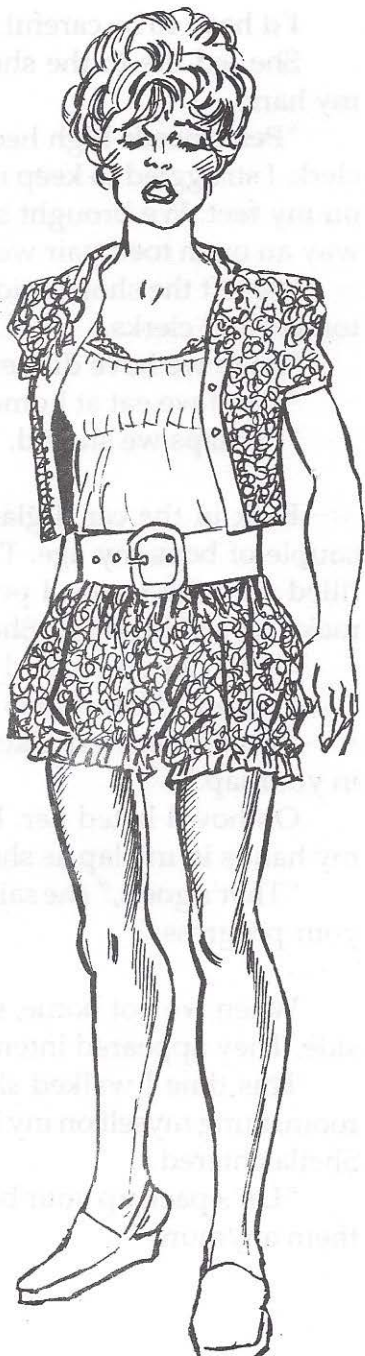
"Try this one for fun," the clerk said.

'This one' was an off the shoulder white silk top with a pink jacket that barely came to my waist and a full pair of pink shorts with elastic legs that ended high on my thighs.

"Pants for your boyish side," the clerk laughed.

I blushed and lowered my eyes. Never had a boy worn such pants.

Sheila smiled and said, "He looks darling, but he shouldn't wear pants of any kind. He can wear that last outfit home."



I'd have to be careful to keep my panties hidden.

She led me to the shoe department holding tightly to my hand.

"Peter needs high heels," she told the astonished male clerk. I struggled to keep my panties hidden as he put shoes on my feet. We brought several. She particularly liked the way an open toed pair went with my skirt.

We left the shop amid the stares and giggles of the customers and clerks.

"Shall we have dinner, dear?"

"Can't we eat at home?"

"Perhaps we should. We have a lot of work to do."

Back in the car, I glanced out the window and saw a couple of boys my age. The full realization of my position filled me with terror. I pressed back into the seat trying to make myself invisible. Sheila noticed.

"Peter, sit up properly and cross your ankles."

I followed her orders.

"That's more ladylike," she said. "Now fold your hands in your lap."

Oh how I hated her. I wanted to yell, but instead I put my hands in my lap as she ordered.

"That's good," she said. "Really, Peter, I'm pleased with your progress."

When we got home, several more neighbors were outside. They appeared intent on seeing me, the new girl.

This time I walked slowly into the house, went to my room, flung myself on my bed and cried. A few minutes later, Sheila entered.

"Let's pack up your boys clothes. You won't be needing them anymore."



As we packed, my tears never stopped. Finally, we had everything in boxes. We took them to the attic and Sheila locked them up. I wondered if I'd ever see them again.



"Now that you're a girl-boy, you must learn to apply your own makeup."

"Why do you call me a girl-boy?"

"You're no longer a sissy. A sissy is a boy who wears frilly or feminine garments but is still obviously a boy. A girl-boy goes much farther. S/he acts and dresses just like a girl."

"Will I have to wear girls' clothes all the time?"

"They are the only things you have."

"What about mom?"

"She'll have to know. Shall I call her?"

"No."

"She'll see soon anyway."

"What about makeup?"

"What do you want to know?"

"Will I have to wear it to school?"

"Do the other girls?"

I was afraid to tell her that most did.

"Do they?"

"I don't know."

"The ones I've seen at the bus stop do. Don't they?"

"I guess."

"You may practice with my cosmetics. Once you become proficient, I'll take you to buy your own."

"Am I to be a boy in lipstick now?"

"A girl-boy in lipstick," she corrected.

Sheila had me practice walking, sitting and a myriad of other feminine things. I didn't have any pants to wear anymore or any shoes with low heels. I'd never be able to face my friends again.

CHAPTER EIGHT

"Wake up," Sheila said.

"It's only six."

"You can't sleep as late as you used to. It takes longer for a girl-boy to get ready for school."

I groaned and rolled out of bed.

"Take off your nightie and have a quick bath. We don't have time to do your hair so don't wash it, I'll just comb it out."

After my bath, I found Sheila in my room laying out lingerie for me. I was relieved to see a gaff. It would have been terrifying to wear a short skirt without one.

"Since it's a warm day," Sheila said, "you may wear nylons instead of pantyhose."

She watched as I put on my gaff, panties, garter belt and nylons, then helped with my bra.

"Do I have to wear a padded bra? My friends will kill me."

"The next few weeks will probably be very difficult for you as people get used to seeing you as a girl-boy. You had better not let me hear about you loosing your temper again."

If Paul saw me with these things on my chest, I knew he'd do something. I'd have to fight him.

"They'll tease me."

"I'm sure. But if you fight, you'll find yourself with the largest breasts in school."

"Sheila!"

"You're an 'A' cup now, but tomorrow you could be a 'B' and by the end of the week, a 'C' or 'D'."



I imagined myself with huge breasts – They'd be obvious to everybody – They'd be in the way all of the time – The girls at school would tease me – I was terrified.

"Sheila!"

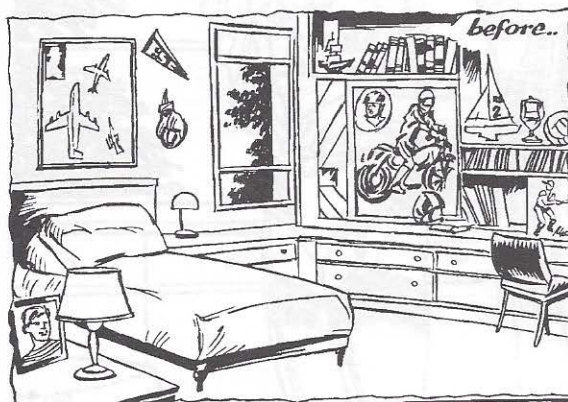
"Just don't fight."

She helped me into my slip and dress and zipped up the back.

"Put on your makeup and come downstairs."

I sat at my new vanity, put on the pink pumps with their two-inch heels and applied my makeup.

As I colored my lips, I glanced around my room. Everything was pink and white. Dolls in lace dresses had replaced my old toys and sports equipment. Lace ruffles were on the bed, window coverings and furniture. The room had changed as much as I had.



I finished my lips and put on my beret. Tears came to my eyes as I thought how I used to be athletic, adored by the girls and respected by the guys. Now my reputation was ruined and it was about to get worse. Dresses! Tits and makeup! Anyone who didn't know me would think that I was a girl, but all my friends wouldn't be fooled.



I took my blazer and went downstairs. Soon would come what I dreaded most. I'd have to go to the bus stop. I'd known this time would come and tried to plan how I'd handle it. Now that I was faced with it — my shame overwhelmed me.

"Please, you can't," I said.

"What can't I do?" she asked

"I-I mean I can't go to school like this."

"Why?"

"C-can I have my own clothes back?"

"Don't be silly. Those are your clothes."

"They aren't. I hate them!"

She led me to the door as though I were a child instead of a grown boy of nearly thirteen. I tried to hold back. I just couldn't face the ordeal that lay before me.

"Please, I'm afraid."

"If you act like a six year old, I'll dress you as one."

"It's going to be awful. I'll die of shame. I really will."

"Come along."

"Can't I wait here until the bus comes?"

"I'll walk you to the bus now."

We left the house, and as we neared the corner, from under my lids, I glimpsed them staring.



"It's Miss Gates," someone said.

"What's she wearing?" another asked.

"Damn! Peter has tits!"

God how I wished I could have stayed at the military academy. I approached the stop and stood with Sheila while the girls giggled and the boys whistled.

"See that hair and makeup - she's all girl."

"Do you think she's wearing panties?"

"She must be."

"Let's see."

I felt my dress rising and spun around.

"Good morning Peter," Paul said cheerily. "Aren't you going to say hello?"

"H-hello," I stammered, keeping my eyes on the ground in front of me.

"Good morning, Miss," Paul said. I could have clobbered him for calling me that.

"Peter dear, your slip is showing," Sheila said.

I pushed down my skirt wondering if I could make a run for it.

"I'll see you after school," Sheila said.



"Can't you wait for my bus," I called after her.

She had hardly left when one of the guys grabbed my dress and lifted it high.

"She is wearing panties."



Paul grinned at me and said, "Where'd you get those knockers?"

I couldn't hit him.

"I asked you a question, girlie boy."

Sheila would fix me for sure.

"Where did those tits come from?"

The pink and white bus arrived, and I pushed through the crowd. Someone pinched me and I got on as fast as my high heels allowed.

If I'd hoped that the bus would be a refuge from the teasing, it took no time at all for me to find that it wasn't.

"Oh Peter, you look so cute in the new uniform," one of the girls said as I got on the bus.

"It really suits you," another said.

I took a seat near the driver, being careful to keep my slip covered.

"Did you see the way his jacket hung?"

"No, what do you mean."

"He must be wearing a full bra."

"Falsies?"

"Yeah."

I crossed my arms over my chest and stared down at my lap for the rest of the ride. Each new girl on the bus either had something to say to me or smiled or giggled when she saw me.

Janet got on and sat next to me.

"Hi, Peter. I missed you yesterday."

"Leave me alone."

"I'm sorry. I just wondered where you were. Were you sick?"

I wasn't going to tell about my day at the military academy.

"Yeah."

"I hope you feel better now."

"I feel fine."

As soon as I got off the bus the girls surrounded me.

"Pretty Peter's got tits," Trish said.

I blushed but couldn't hide the mounds on my chest.

"She's all girl now," Pam said.

"What do you think, a 'B' cup?" Trish asked.



"They're bigger than mine," Grace said.

I shivered remembering Sheila's threat to give me the biggest tits in school.

"Are they real, Peter?" Trish asked.

"Leave me alone," I said and pushed past her.

"I'll see in gym, honey," she called after me.

The teasing was nonstop. I felt so foolish in that get up. The girls couldn't get enough of seeing me dressed just like them. It was a whole day of teasing just like the time when they discovered that I was wearing panties.

I hated everything that day. Even my friend Janet unintentionally hurt my feelings.

"Peter, isn't it wonderful," she said. "You're really one of us now."

But taking my blouse off in gym in front of all of those teasing girls was probably the worst.

I wondered how Billy and Chrisy were doing. They probably felt like they were in heaven.

When I got home, Sheila told me to change clothes and fix my face.

All I had in my room were girls' clothes. I picked one of my skirts and a short-sleeved blouse and put them on over the slip I had worn to school. I ran lipstick over my mouth and joined Sheila downstairs.

"Go play with your friends until dinner, dear."

My heart stopped.

"I'm sure they'll be in the park."

"Can you go with me?"

"I'm expecting Helen."

"Can't I stay with you?"

She led me to the door and propelled me through it. "Be home at six." She closed the door.

Out alone — I was dressed as a girl without even the excuse of it being a school uniform.

I wondered if I could hide in the alley again.

When Sheila found out about it last time, she really got angry.

I looked down the street.

It was empty.

I started toward the park. I'd go in the far side.

No one was there.

I was conscious of the wind moving my skirt and slip. It wasn't a strong wind so there was little danger of my underwear being revealed. However, I could feel it high up under my slip where my legs met my panties. Little gusts seemed to blow my perfumed scent directly into my nose.

I licked my lips and felt the smooth coating of my makeup. I could feel the elastic of my short sleeves pressing into my arms. Glancing down I could see the swell of my chest and I thought I could make out the lace of my slip through my blouse. My legs rubbed together smoothly, nylon against nylon as I walked, my heels clicking out time with each step.

The leaves on each tree were noisy in the gentle breeze. Together, the trees were making a horrible racket. I had to cover my ears to protect them from the sound.

There were people around me.

Paul was there and other guys.

Their lips were moving, but I couldn't hear anything over the noise of the trees.

Someone lifted my skirt.

I pushed it down, taking my hands from my ears.

The noise was overwhelming.

Someone pushed me and I swung my arm out, it landed hard.

Two of them grabbed me and another was unzipping my skirt.

I hit at them. I got in a few punches. I'd have beaten them except for the trees, the horrible noise of the trees.

Now my blouse was going.

Suddenly it was silent.



The guys were gone and so was my skirt and blouse. My slip was torn and I had to walk home alone.



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"I told you not to fight," Sheila said.

"I don't remember fighting."

"Look at you."

"They took my clothes."

"You're a girl-boy. They're going to tease you."

"You made me go out."

"Get dressed. We're going back and you'll apologize for fighting."

"You said you wouldn't take me to the park."

"I'll call Betty."

"No, I'll go with you."

She telephoned, ignoring me. "She'll be here in a minute. Get dressed."

When Betty arrived, Sheila told her, "Peter was bad. Would you take him to the park so he can apologize?"

"I'd love to."

"I wasn't bad."

"Do you need a spanking too?"

"I wasn't bad."

"Shall I spank you or have Betty do it?"

"I was not bad!"

"Betty, please give Peter a swat."

"NO! It's not fair. I hate you!"

"If you don't let her, I'll take you to the park, lower your panties and give you the spanking of your life in front of your friends."



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I could imagine myself over her lap with my dress up and panties down crying my heart out in front of Paul.

"All right," I said.

It was so unfair. There were tears of frustration in my eyes as Betty lifted my dress and slip and gave me a single spank directly on my panties.



"Be a good girl-boy in the park," Sheila said as Betty led me out.

"Girl-boy?" Betty asked.

"Don't."

"What does it mean?"

"Who knows."

"Well if there is such a thing, you're one for sure."

"I'm a boy, not any kind of girl."

"Sure."

"We don't really have to go to the park."

"Your mother asked me to take you."

"She's not my mother."

"So, she's your stepmother and you live with her, that's good enough for me."

"Still, why don't we go to a movie. I'll pay."

"Maybe later."

"Why? Why do you have to take me to the park? The guys will kill me."

"Because I said I would."

The guys were playing ball, but they stopped when they saw us coming.

"It's the sissy!" Paul yelled.

The guys headed towards us..

"Come on, Betty," I said, "let's get out of here."

"I'll protect you from the mean boys," Betty smiled.

"I don't need a girl to protect me."

"Shall I leave you here?"

"No!"

"Then I guess you do need a girl to protect you, don't you?"

"Just don't leave me here alone."

"Okay, I'll take care of the little girlie boy."

The guys gathered around us. Now it was too late to escape anyway. I hoped Betty could keep them from stripping me again -- or worse.

68 Schooled With Girls Volume #2

"Peter has something to tell you," Betty said.

"Oh yeah? What?" Paul asked.

Please no, Betty, I pleaded with my eyes.

"Hey sissy," Paul said. "What do you want to say?"

"Bastard!" I spat.

"You're being naughty," Betty said.

"Yeah, she's a bad little girl," Paul said.

"Don't call me a girl."

"Your stepmother will be mad," Betty said.

"Betty, please."

"I'll give you another spanking."

"You spanked him?" Paul asked.

"Sure, I —"

"Let's go, Betty," I interrupted.

"First, apologize to Paul."

"Never."

"You just earned yourself a spanking," she said.

"NO!"

"I can't make you, but the boys can."

"Yeah," they said in unison.

"I'll leave you here with them."

"No!"

"I'll see you later."

"Don't leave me. I'll apologize."

"First a spanking."

"Please, Betty."

"This is the last time I'll tell you. Get over my lap. If you're good, I won't tell your stepmother you argued with me."

What would Sheila do if Betty told her I was bad? Would it mean large falsies?

I settled myself across her lap.

"That's a good girl-boy," she whispered.

"Please don't call me that," I whispered back.

She pulled my dress up.

"What are you doing!" I twisted off her lap.

"Get back here or I'll tell."

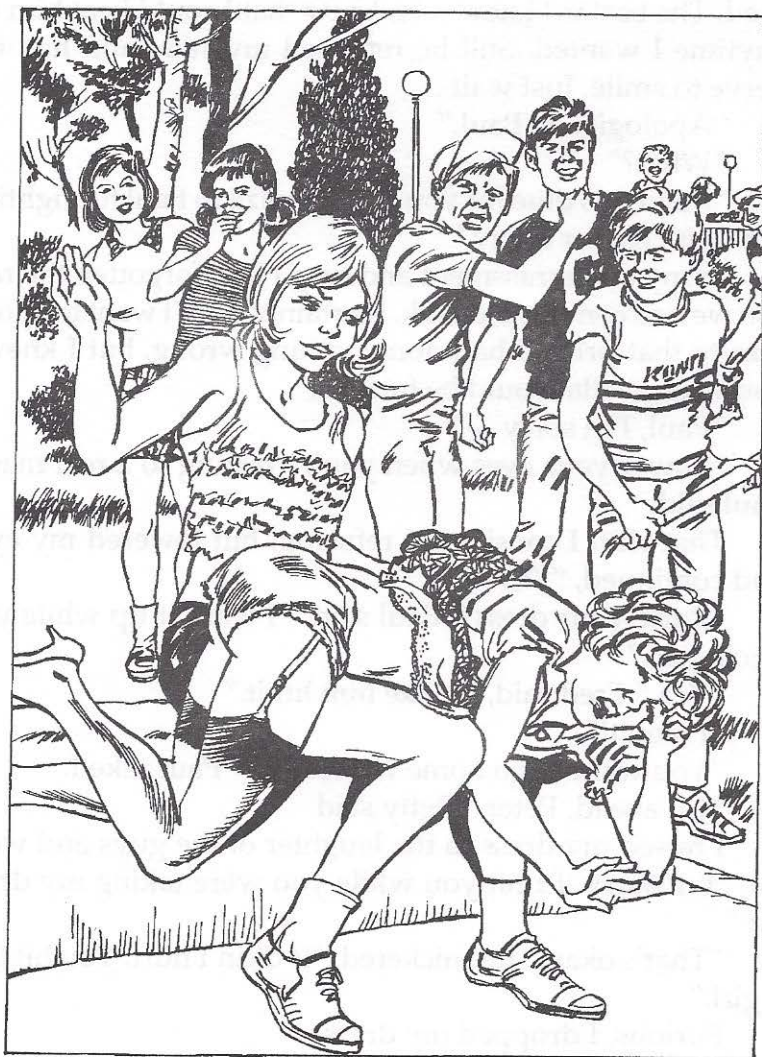
Fear returned me to her lap; she pulled up my dress and slip.

"I can't believe he's wearing all that stuff," Mark said.

"I always knew he was a sissy," Paul said.

They yelled encouragement as Betty spanked me.

I cried — not from the pain so much as the humiliation.
All of them used to be my friends.



70 Schooled With Girls Volume #2

"There," Betty said finally.

"Spank the sissy some more," Fred said.

"That's enough for today," Betty said.

"No it's not," Fred said. "I like seeing him over your lap with his dress up."

"Peter, you can get up now," Betty said.

"Damn," Fred said.

I got to my feet and adjusted my dress. Then I glared at Fred. The bastard knew -- he knew that I could beat him up anytime I wanted. Still he returned my stare and had the nerve to smile. Just wait . . .

"Apologize to Paul."

"What?"

"I said, it's time for you to apologize to Paul for fighting with him earlier today."

In my embarrassment and fury I had forgotten the reason we had come to the park. I certainly didn't want to apologize to that prick. I had done nothing wrong, but I knew I had to or Sheila would be furious.

"Paul, I'm sorry --"

"Lower your eyes when you're talking to a real man," Paul said.

That shit! I considered refusing, but lowered my eyes and continued, "I'm --"

"Raise your dress," Paul said. "I want it up while you apologize."

"Yea," Fred said, "Make him lift it."

"I won't!"

"You want to go home without it?" Paul asked.

"Go ahead, Peter," Betty said.

I raised my dress to the laughter of the guys and went on, "I'm sorry if I hit you while you were taking my dress off."

"That's okay," he snickered, "it didn't hurt. You hit like a girl."

Furious, I dropped my dress.

"Pull it up," Paul said. "Keep it up 'til I say drop it."

I raised it again.

"Lift your dress every time you see me. Otherwise I'll take it off you, understand?"

I stood silent.

"Understand, sissy?" he said sharply.

"Yeah," I mumbled.

"Okay, drop it now. Just remember to lift it whenever you see me."

I vowed to see Paul as little as possible.

The next day, four girls from my old school greeted me as I walked home from my bus.

"Hello, sissy boy," one said, and they all giggled.

"O-oooo! What a darling dress."

"He's blushing."

"Please don't tease me."

"I'm not teasing. You do look adorable. Are you wearing a bra and panties too?"

"He must be, look at that figure."

"Are you wearing panties?"

"Please, girls."

"Didn't you hear what Paul makes him do?"

"No, What?"

"He has to hold his dress up for him."

"Do it for us, Peter."

"I won't."

"You do it for Paul. Why not us?"

"We're all girls here."

"No!" I said and tried to get past them.

"Let's see."

Someone lifted my dress. I twisted away and pushed it down.

"Oh God! He is. I didn't see."

"Get his dress up."

I tried to keep it down, but their hands were everywhere. One lifted it from behind. When I put my hands behind me to push it down, more hands pulled it up in front. By then other kids had gathered around to watch.

"Here, here, what are you girls doing! Leave her alone." It was Mrs. Cassidy, one of my neighbors.



As the girls ran off calling, "Peter Pretty Panties. Peter Pretty Panties," Mrs. Cassidy looked me over. She smiled, took me by the hand and said, "I'll take you home, dear, and protect you from those mean girls."

When I wasn't in school, I just wanted to stay home, but Sheila sent me out often. Outside I was always on alert, trying to avoid anyone who knew me.

Sometimes she'd go with me. I tried my best to carry off the impersonation, but she'd let people know that I was a boy in a dress. People reacted differently, but I always ended up humiliated.

One day she said, "I made you an appointment at a beauty salon."

"Do I have to?"

"Your nails are a mess. They need a lot of work. I signed you up for a make-over too."

"What's a make-over?"

"A complete makeup application by a professional. I will expect you to pay close attention. You have a lot to learn."

While walking through the mall to my appointment, I looked in store windows to avoid looking people in the eye. Whenever I saw men's clothes on display I'd feel badly, wondering if I'd ever get to wear them again.

At the salon, I pretended that I was a girl and said that my stepmother had made an appointment for me.

"It will be just a minute, miss. Have a seat."

I went to the sofa she indicated, carefully smoothing my dress under me as I sat. I held my knees tight together as Sheila had so often told me to do. The salon was busy and it smelled funny, an odd chemical odor. Patrons were paired with beauticians or sitting under dryers in curlers.

I looked through the magazines to pass the time. All were about ladies fashions. I picked one up and glanced through it not paying much attention.

74 Schooled With Girls Volume #2

"Aren't those darling?"

A young woman was standing beside me pointing to my magazine. It was open to an underwear ad. Flushing, I closed the magazine.

"I'm Darla," she said. "I'm ready for you now."

"I'm Pet," I replied. Dropping the last two letters of my name was what I did when I wanted to fool people.

"Follow me, Pet."

She had me sit in what looked like a dentist's chair. I'd rather it was, having a tooth drilled couldn't be as bad as this.

"You're scheduled for the works today, Pet. Just relax, you're in my hands."

She really went to work on me. When she was finished, my eyebrows were tweezed to thin lines and my face and nails carefully done.

"Now you really look pretty," she said.

I forced a smile. Dutifully, I opened my purse and handed her the five dollars Sheila had given me to tip her.

"Thank you kindly Miss-ter Pet," she said with a mocking curtsy.

What had I done wrong? "How did you know?"

"Your stepmother called and asked if we did girl-boys." Sheila!

"You're new at this aren't you?"

I nodded.

"Aren't dresses and panties more comfortable than pants and jockey shorts?"

"I'm not comfortable at all."

"You probably wouldn't like for me to show you off to the other girls."

"Please don't."

"Just let me show a few. Everyone's been talking about you."

"Maybe next time." As I turned and quickly left the shop, beauticians and customers turned to look. I was sure they all knew!

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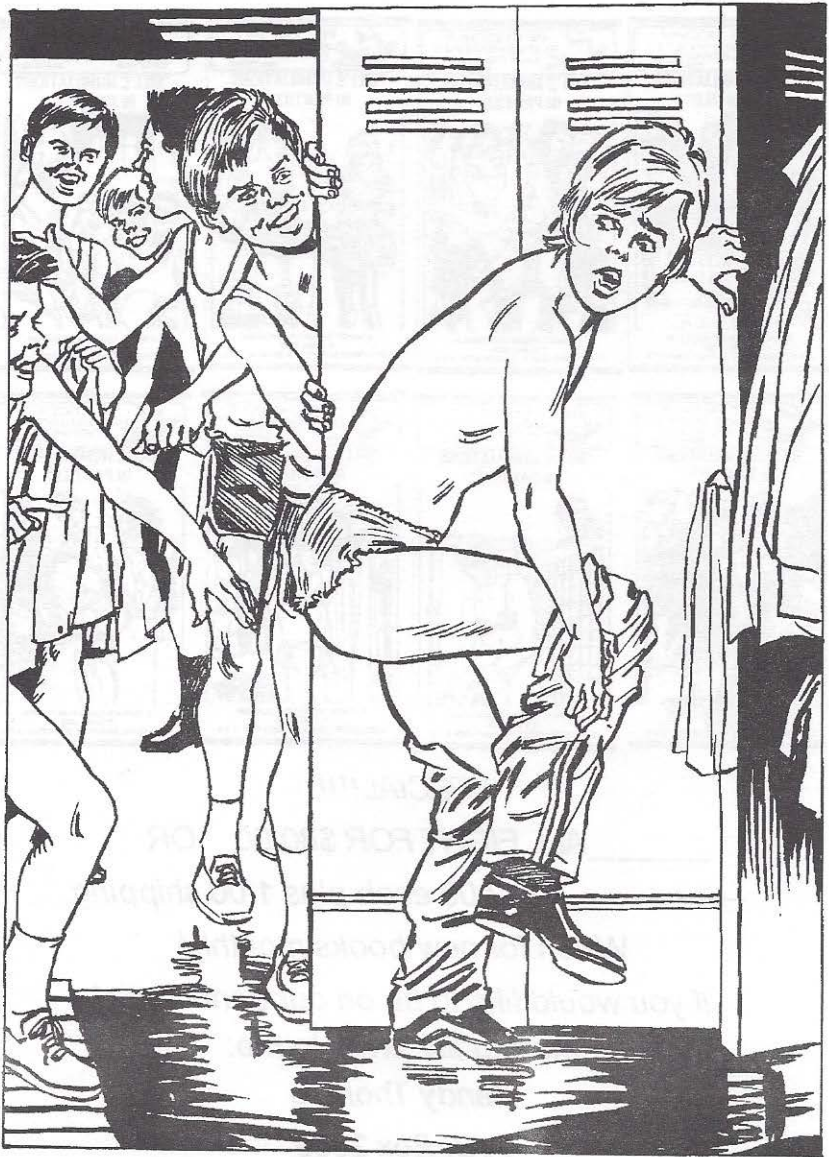
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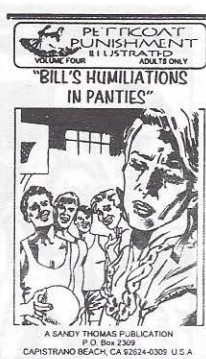
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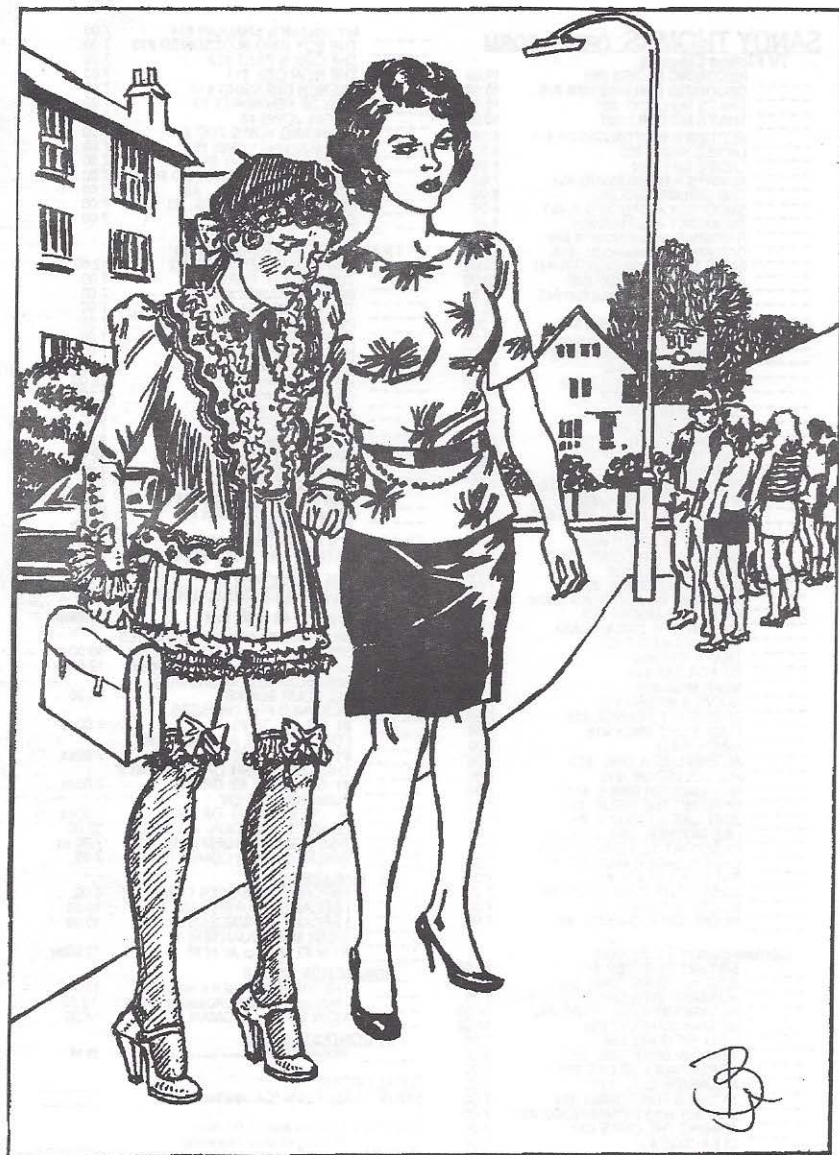
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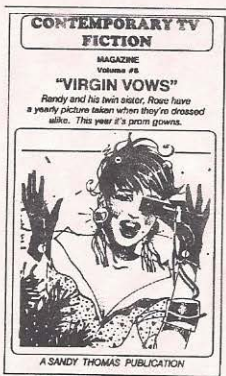
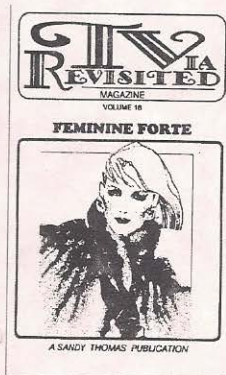
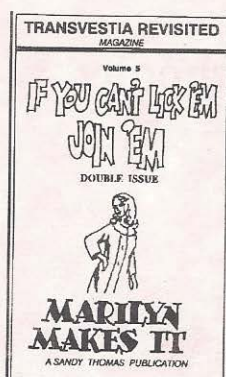
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"SCHOOLED WITH GIRLS"

Volume Three

Written by BILL
bill@tgforum.com

Editorial by Princess Lacy
& Alice Trail

Art Direction By BILL
Illustrations by Juan Puyal
plus a few drawings by Barbara Jean

Published by
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2 Schooled With Girls Volume #3

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CHAPTER EIGHT

By Friday of my second week in dresses, I was wondered if things would ever get any better. The kids hadn't let upon the teasing, and whenever I saw Paul, he'd make me lift my dress for him.

After school, Sheila said, "Hurry and change. Your mom is picking you up at four. I'm sure you want to look your prettiest."

"Mom?" I gasped. "Mom can't see me like this!"

"Why not? Everyone else has."

"Let me wear some of the things we put in the attic."

"Those are totally inappropriate for a girl-boy."

"Don't call me that. I'm a boy."

"You've gotten so good at doing your hair and makeup, I'm sure everything will be fine."

I made my way to my room wondering if she thought that I enjoyed being a girl? Is that why she was doing this to me? And why did she insist on calling me a girl-boy?

My mind was in a haze. Still I pulled my school dress over my head carefully to avoid mussing my hair and dutifully hung it up. I sat at my vanity and smoothed some powder on my cheeks.

Mom opened the door!

"Excuse me, miss," she said. "I thought my son was in here."

I stood. The lace of my slip tickled my nylon-covered thighs.

"Mom," I said.



"Peter, is that you? What are you doing?"

"She made me."



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"That bitch did this to you!"

"A-and she makes me go to a girls' school, a-and I have to wear girl's stuff all the time, a-and all my friends know."

"That's horrible!"



8 Schooled With Girls Volume #3

I wrung my hands together in front of my chest. "I hate her so much."

She took me in her arms and gave me a hug. It was comforting to hold her, but it felt strange to have my breasts pressing against hers.

"It's not your fault," she said softly.

Sheila entered the room.

"I see you're getting along well."

Mom let go of me and turned to confront her.

"Why is he dressed like a girl?"

"When he came to live with me, Peter was rude, disobedient and —"

"You bitch!" Mom interrupted.

"Let me finish!" Sheila snapped. "So I decided the best way to calm him down and teach him some manners was to enroll him in a school for girls, away from his rowdy friends."

"You had no right!"

"As his guardian, I certainly do."

While they argued, I dressed.

Finally, Sheila said, "If you want him for the weekend, you'll take him as he is."



"Let's get out of here," mom told me.

"Not without his clothes," Sheila said holding a suitcase.

After several more words, Mom stormed out of the house carrying my bag.

In her car, I sat with knees together as I told Mom about my humiliations.



10 Schooled With Girls Volume #3

"Everyone thinks I'm a sissy, but I'm not!"

"I know you aren't."

"But they all tease me."

"She did this to you."

"Everyone knows -- all my friends -- the kids at my old school and my new one."

"She won't get away with this."

"She says I'm a girl-boy."

"She's wrong."

"I have to use makeup. People pull up my dress."

"Oh dear."

"They call me 'Peter Pretty Panties'."

"Poor boy."

As we entered her studio apartment, I said, now in tears, "Oh Mom, it's horrible."

"I know," she said holding my shoulders gently.

"I hate being dressed like this! I can't stand the teasing. What do you think it would be like to die? I think it would be like falling asleep."

"That does it."

"Mom?"

"I have some of your clothes in my closet," Mom said. "Take off those things."



"Sure Mom," I happily replied.

I removed my dress and slip. She returned with some of my old clothes.

"That bitch sure went all the way," Mom mused as she looked over my bra and panties. "As soon as you change, we're going to the barber shop to get you a proper haircut."

Turning my back to her, I peeled off everything and eagerly stepped into my old jockey briefs. They felt strange.

"I'll make us sandwiches while you wash your face. Don't leave any makeup for the barber to see."



"Do you have polish remover?" I asked sheepishly.

In the barber's chair, I smiled as my curls fall away.

"Are you wearing perfume?" he asked.

"Uh..." I hesitated.

"He spent the afternoon with his girlfriend," Mom explained, coming to my rescue.

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"She's the one who convinced him to cut his hair. I guess they were a little close when he agreed."

"Good going, son."

I was flying high when we left the barbershop. I hoped I'd see that damn Paul now.

At Mom's place, she jolted me back to reality by asking, "What will happen when you go home like that?"

I'd been so happy to be out of dresses that I hadn't given a thought to the consequences.

"I . . . Ah . . . I hadn't thought."

"Well, I have," she said. "Even in boys' clothes you sit and walk like a girl."

Looking down, I saw my knees together and my hands folded in my lap.

"It's habit. She makes me practice girls' stuff and punishes me if I don't do it right."

"If you stay with her much longer, you'll be what she said you are."

"A girl-boy?" I asked.

"Damn her. Damn my probation. I'm getting you out of here now."

By midnight, we were in another state. We checked into a motel and were asleep within minutes.

"Police! Don't move!" someone was yelling.

It was light out. The police were in our room. Sheila was there too. I jumped out of bed.

"What are you wearing? Sheila asked. "What happened to your hair?"

"Let me get dressed, you bastard!" Mom yelled as the other cop pulled her out of bed. She was in her slip and underwear.

"So, you thought you could run away," Sheila said.

"How could you treat my son like a girl?"

"Not a girl, a girl-boy."

"You bitch!"

"You've violated your parole, lady," the cop said.



"I know you," Mom said. "You're the cop who arrested me for drugs."

"That's right," Sheila said, "they work for me."

"You set up the whole thing."

"Of course," Sheila said. "Now I can have you sent to jail."

"How could you?"

"We're going home, Peter. Take off that awful underwear and put on your dress."

"I don't have one"

"Then you'll wear hers."

"Mine?" Mom said.

"Your underwear too," Sheila turned to the cops. "Strip her!"

They grinned broadly. She raised her arms to defend herself. They grabbed her and pulled off her slip and bra. She continued to struggle so

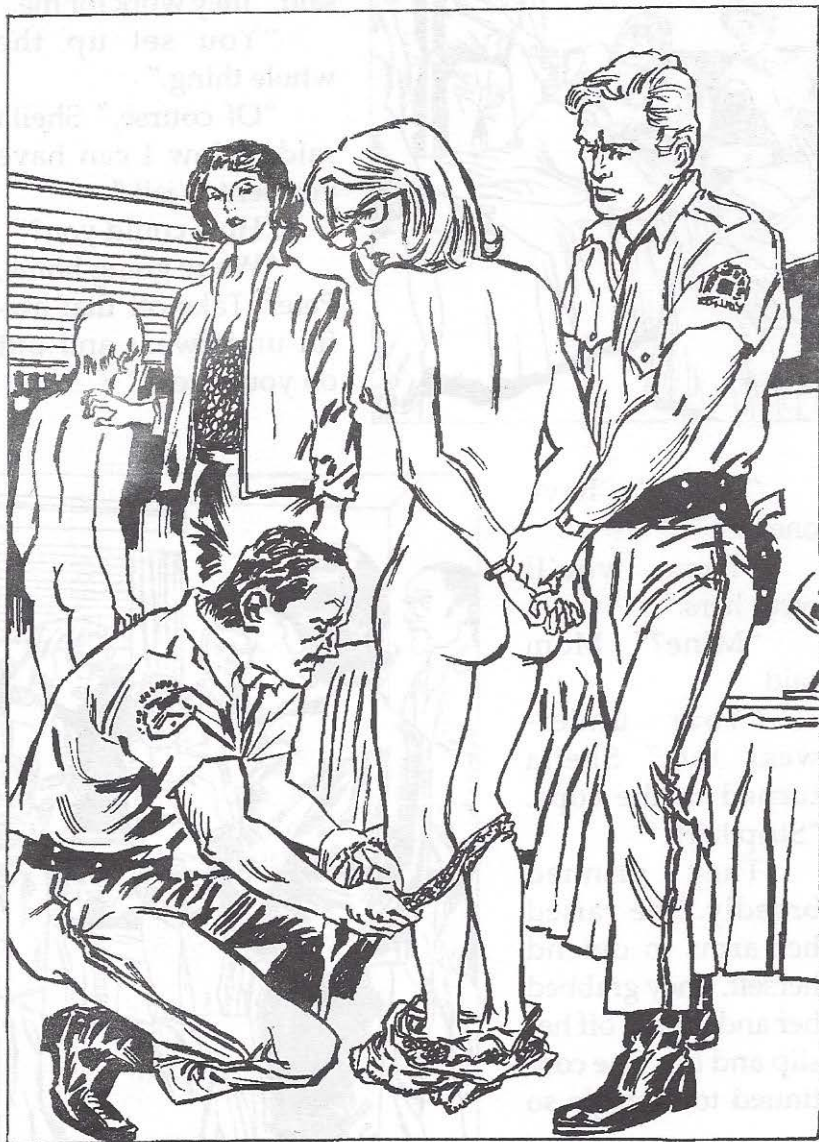


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they handcuffed her arms behind her before they removed her panties.

"It's not decent for my son to see me naked," she said. I looked away.

"Put these on," a cop handed me Mom's underwear.



"Sheila, don't make me — not in front of them!"

"Put them on!" Sheila said. "Do you want these officers to see you spanked?"

Reluctantly, I took the pale blue panties, white slip and blue bra and started toward the bathroom. But the cop stopped me, "Dress here. I don't want you trying to escape."

"You're all perverts!" Mom yelled. "How much is that bitch paying you?"

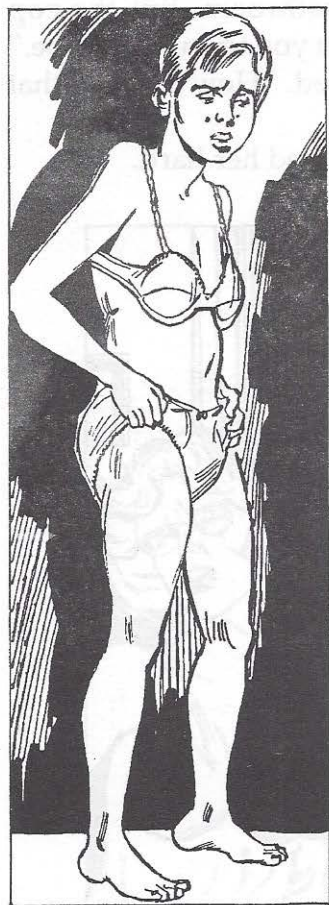
"Shut up!" a cop yelled and slapped her hard.



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"Do you want her to get some more, or will you be a good girl-boy and put your panties on?" Sheila asked.

I stepped into the panties and hooked the bra. It was way too big.



"You've done that before," one of the cops said.

I ignored him watching as I pulled on Mom's slip.



"He sure has," the other cop laughed and threw me Mom's dress. I put it on. Everything was too large.

"Don't you look sweet," Sheila said, "One more thing."

She got Mom's purse, took out the lipstick and broadly drew it over my mouth. I glanced in the mirror and shuddered. With my ill-fitting clothes, short hair and horrible

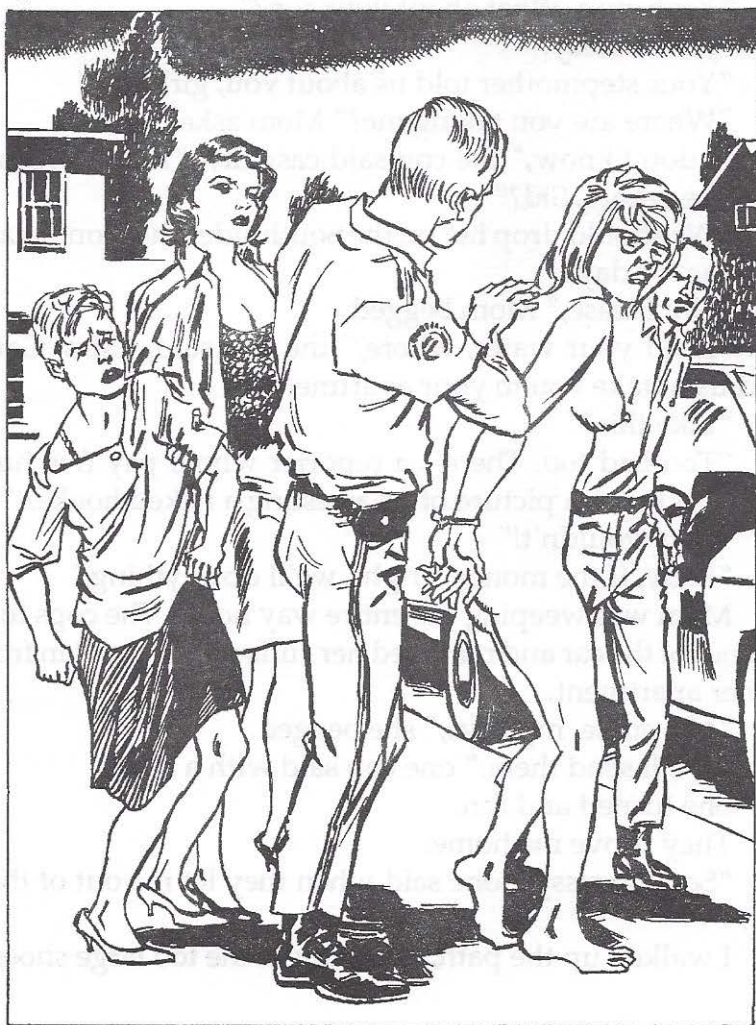
makeup job, I didn't look like a girl - I looked like a sissy boy playing dress up.

"Okay, ready to go," Sheila said.

"At least give me a sheet," mom said.

"You'll go as you are," Sheila said. "This will teach you not to interfere."

Sheila led me, and the two men dragged my naked Mother out to their car. Mom wasn't even able to cover herself because her hands were still cuffed behind her.



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"Where are you taking me?" I sobbed as the cop shoved me into the back seat.

"Home, of course!" he replied as he slammed the door, locking us in.

Mom hunched up, trying to cover her nakedness, "Please don't look, Peter," she begged tearfully.

A cop turned and looked at us with a grin. "Some mother/son combo, a druggie and a sissy."

"You framed me!" Mom said.

"Yeah sure. What about your son?"

"I'm no sissy."

"Your stepmother told us about you, girl-boy."

"Where are you taking me?" Mom asked.

"I don't know," the cop said casually, "Where will we take the whore, Sid?"

"We should drop her on the South side. She won't make it home for days."

"No! Please," Mom begged.

"Hold your water, whore," the cop said, "Mrs. Gates told us to take you to your apartment."

"Like this?"

"Too bad too. There's a reporter who'll pay five hundred bucks for a picture of us arresting a naked hooker."

"You wouldn't!"

"Lady, if the money's right, we'll do anything."

Mom was weeping the entire way home. The cops took her out of the car and removed her cuffs on the street in front of her apartment.

"My purse, my keys," she begged.

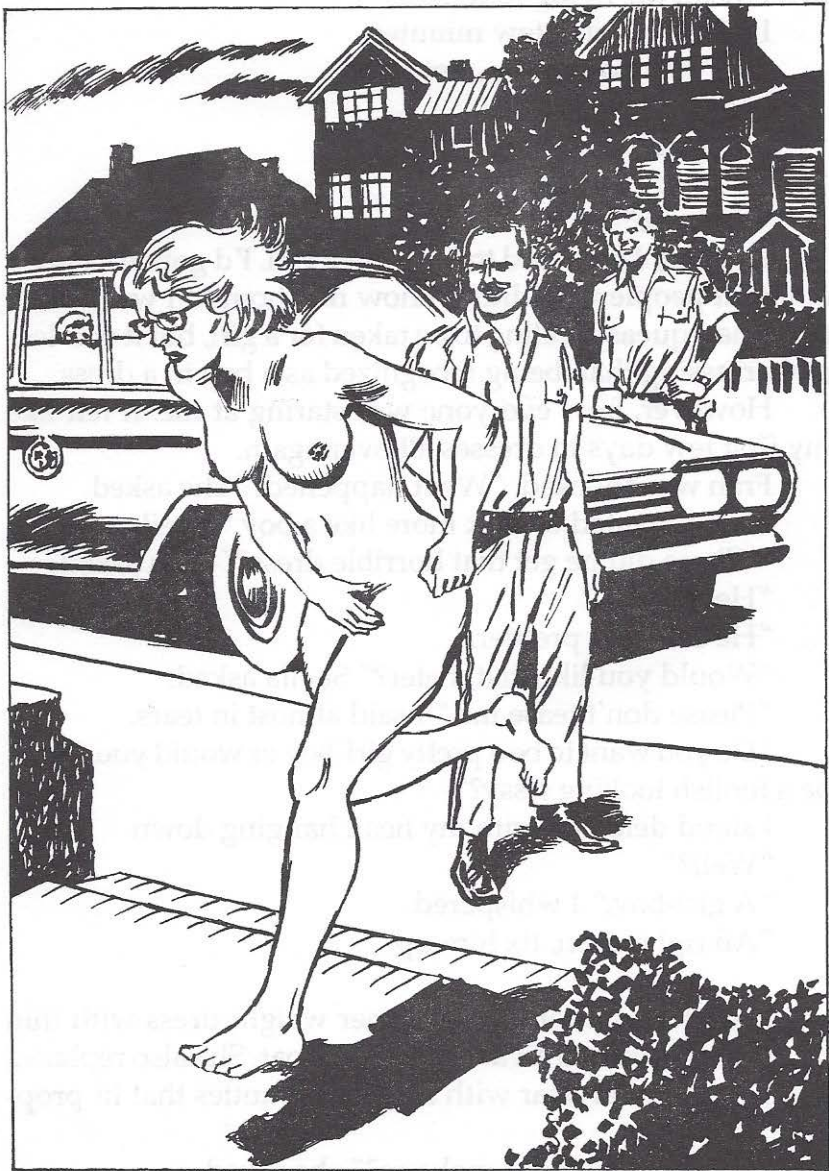
"We'll send them," one cop said with a laugh.

She turned and ran.

They drove me home.

"So long sissy," one said when they let me out of their car.

I walked up the path, unsteady in the too large shoes.



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Sheila opened the door and said, "Go to your room, wash off that lipstick, put on the dress you made in school and meet me in the living room."

I joined her in a few minutes.

"Let's go downtown, Peter."

"Not like this."

"You wanted to look like a boy."

"Not a boy in a dress."

"Let's go."

Recently I had tried to look like a girl. I'd gotten so good at it that people who didn't know me thought I was one. It gave me a queasy feeling to be taken for a girl, but it was less embarrassing than being recognized as a boy in a dress.

However, now everyone was staring at me. It felt like my first few days in dresses all over again.

Fran was shocked. "What happened?" she asked.

"Peter wanted to look more like a boy," Sheila said.

"Where did he get that horrible dress?" Fran asked.

"He made it."

"He can look prettier."

"Would you like that, Peter?" Sheila asked.

"Please don't tease me," I said almost in tears.

"Do you want to be a pretty girl-boy or would you rather be a foolish looking sissy?"

I stood defeated with my head hanging down.

"Well?"

"A girl-boy," I whispered.

"All right, Fran, fix him up."

Soon I was wearing a summer weight dress with thin shoulder straps and an attached petticoat. She also replaced my mom's underwear with a bra and panties that fit properly.

"Shouldn't he have makeup?" she asked.

"Does a girl-boy wear makeup?" Sheila asked me.



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"Yes," I said softly.

"I suppose," Sheila said. "Go to the beauty shop and tell them to give you the works. Charge it to my account. Come back here when you're done."

Everyone stared at me as I walked the two blocks to the beauty salon. The girl at the desk was very concerned. "What happened, Peter?"

"Sheila said to have you charge things to her."

"Off course, sweetie. We're full, but come with me and I'll help you myself."

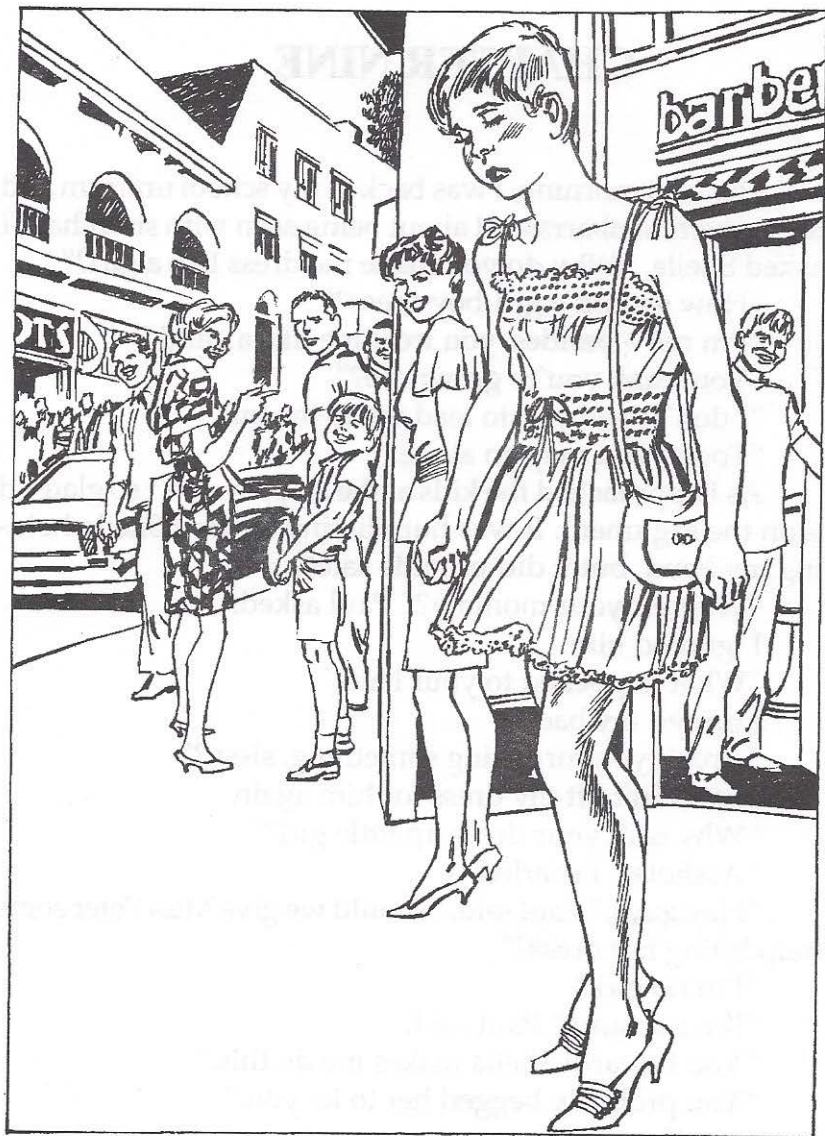
As I followed her to a chair, she kept up a conversation. "I just can't do anything with your hair. If you were a brunette, I'd dye it, but since you are a blond, all I can do is tidy it up a bit. It will take time to grow back."

"I guess it will."

She did my nails and fixed my face.

On the way back to the dress shop, people still looked at me, but I thought that some of them had some doubt about my sex until I passed the barber's shop. My barber saw me, came out and said, "Hey Peter, what's up?"

I walked faster. He called after me; "Does your girlfriend like you like that, Peter?"



CHAPTER NINE

The next morning, I was back in my school uniform and feeling very embarrassed about being seen with short hair, I asked Sheila, "Why do you make me dress like a girl?"

"How should a girl-boy dress?"

"I'm not - besides, you treat me like a child."

"You think you're grown up?"

"I don't need you to lead me to the bus."

"Today you may go alone."

As I approached the kids at the stop, I wasn't so glad I'd won the argument. It was humiliating to have Sheila holding my hand, but it did provide safety.

"Where's your mommy?" Paul asked.

I ignored him.

"What happened to your hair?"

I turned my back.

"Aren't you forgetting something, sissy?"

I wouldn't lift my dress for him again.

"Why isn't your dress up little girl?"

"Asshole," I snarled.

"Hey guys," Paul said, "should we give Miss Peter some help lifting her dress?"

"I'm no girl."

"I'm not sure," Paul said.

"You bastard! Sheila makes me do this."

"You probably begged her to let you."

"Liar!"

"Let's see if Phyllis is a boy," Paul said grabbing my arm.

I swung at him, but one of the guys grabbed my other arm. Soon five of them were dragging me away from the bus stop.

"Help!" I yelled, but the few girls at the stop could only stare after us as the boys forced me along.



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"Where shall we take her?"

"The park," Paul said.

Near the baseball field were bathrooms. They pulled me into the men's room. It was dirty and smelled of mold and piss.

"Let's see what Phyllis has under her dress," Paul said.

I struggled as the boys took off my blazer.

I could beat any of them, but not all five. They unzipped my dress. I struggled so fiercely that they had to tear it off me.



"She's wearing a bra."

I struggled and twisted, but the boys held me tight.

"See what happens when you don't obey my rules," Paul said.

"Damn you! Let me go!"

"How'd you like to give me a little kiss, Phyllis?"

"Never!"



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"Kiss my foot," he said.

I struggled against the combined strength of the four other boys as they pushed me to the floor and brought my mouth to Paul's shoe.

"Kiss it nicely, Phyllis, and maybe I'll let you go."

I closed my mouth tightly as they pushed it firmly against his shoe.

"She isn't doing it."

"Hold her down," Paul said.

They held me face down, one on each arm and leg. Paul pulled up my slip as I struggled helplessly. He snapped the elastic of my bra.

"You shits! Let me go!"

"I'm going to teach you a lesson," Paul said removing his belt.

SWISH - SWAT!

It went hard on my bottom. I jumped.

"Hold her tight."

SWIST - SWAT!

SWISH - SWAT!

The belt came down again and again.

I pulled against the guys but couldn't break free.

SWISH - SWAT!

SWISH - SWAT!

SWISH - SWAT!

Paul kept hitting me with the belt. I was burning in pain and fighting back tears.

"Ready to kiss my foot, Phyllis?" he asked.

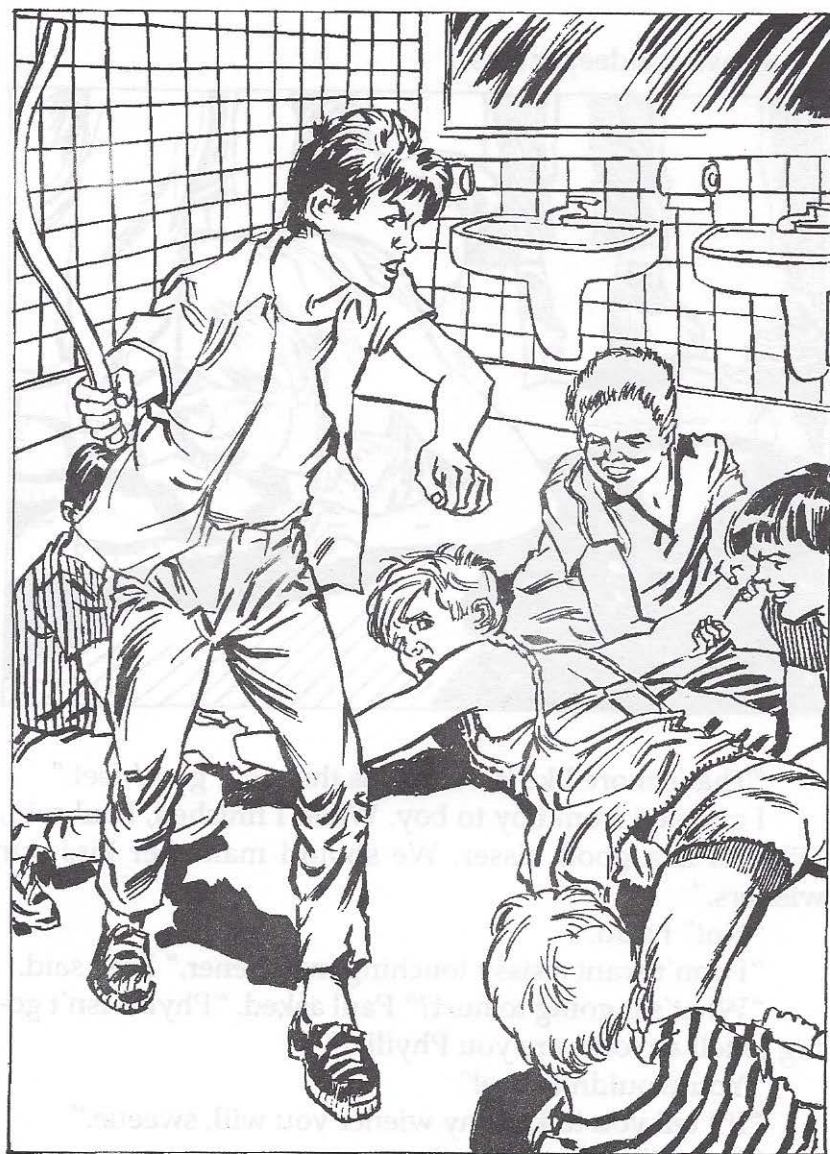
"I . . ."

SWISH - SWAT!

"No more! I'll do it."

"Let her go," Paul said.

The guys released me and Paul put a foot near my mouth.



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I got up on my hands and knees and gave his shoe a quick kiss.

"You can do better than that," he said. "Kiss it like you mean it."

I gave it a deeper kiss.



"That's more like it. Now kiss the other guys' feet."

I crawled from boy to boy. When I finished, Paul said, "Phyllis is a good kisser. We should make her kiss our wieners."

"No!" I said.

"I don't want a sissy touching my wiener," Fred said.

"What's it going to hurt?" Paul asked. "Phyllis isn't going to tell anyone, are you Phyllis?"

"You wouldn't dare!"

"If I tell you to kiss my wiener you will, sweetie."

"Never!"

"Hold her down again, and take that slip off her."

They pulled me to the floor, grabbed the hem of my slip and ripped it open to the top. Paul took his belt and started swinging it in the air.



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"I'll beat you bloody if I have to," he said.

SWISH - SWAT!

The belt struck me on my lower back.

SWISH - SWAT

I jerked and twisted as he hit me. Struggling and yelling had no effect; he kept doing it. Finally, I couldn't control myself, and I started to cry.

"Stop! Please stop! I begged through my sobs.

"Are you ready?" Paul asked.

"Just let me go."

They guys let me go and he lowered his zipper

"Kiss it nicely, Phyllis," he said.

Sickened, I turned away. This was the reason I'd left the military academy.

"Ten seconds, or I start beating you again.

I'd gone back to dresses to escape this.

"Nine."

I couldn't stand the belt anymore.

"Eight."

I jumped to my feet and tried to run, but the guys grabbed me.

"Seven."

I couldn't.

"Six."

I'd never live it down.

"Five."

"Please don't."

"Four."

I'd have to do it.

"Three."

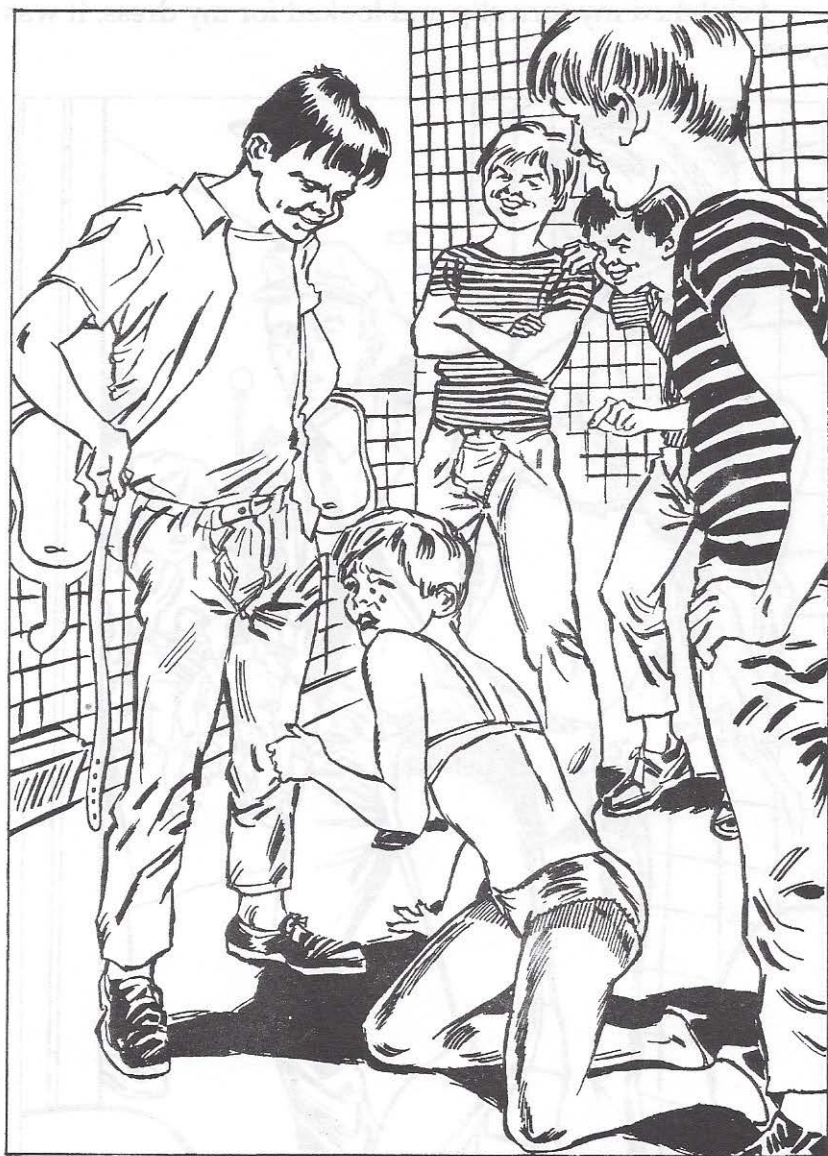
I'd have to kiss all of these guys.

"Two."

After I finished, would they be satisfied?

"One."

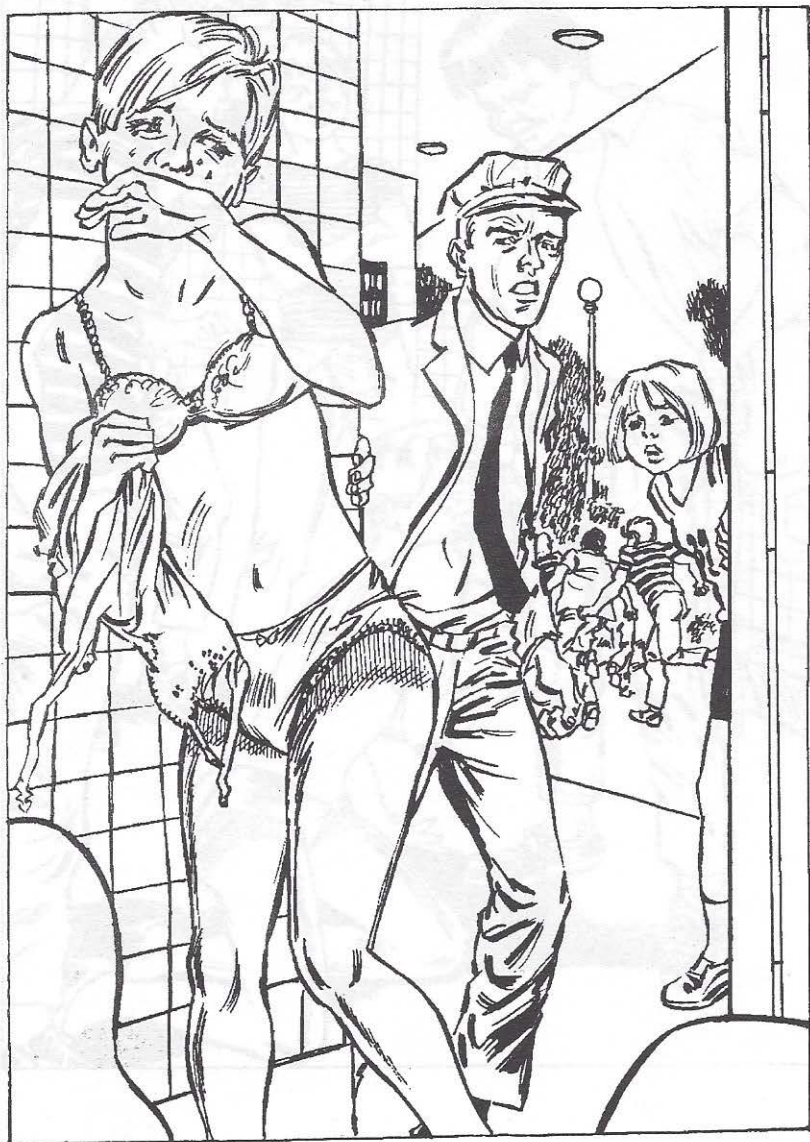
"They went in there," a girl said.



My bus driver came in, looked us over and said, "Let him go!"

The boys were out of there in an instant.

I clutched my torn slip and looked for my dress. It was gone.



The driver took off his jacket and gave it to me.

Outside, several girls were waiting.

"My God, what did they do to you, Peter?"

I just sobbed.

"Let's take him to Ms. Ross' office."

We walked to the bus; the girls were very concerned and nice to me.

"Serves you right for going off with those boys," Ms. Ross was not sympathetic.



"They made me."

"You can't go to class like that."

"It's not my fault."

"Your uniform is your responsibility."

"They tore it off."

"All I have is a kindergarten punishment dress. We use it when one of the little girls wets herself."

"Please, Ms. Ross, It wasn't my fault."

She went to her closet and returned with an outfit the five year old girls wore to school.

"Put this on now, or do you want a spanking first?"

"It wasn't my fault," I started to cry.

Ms. Ross took her belt off the wall.

Sobbing, I took off the driver's jacket and the remains of my slip and put on the ruffled blouse. It was white with pink bows and ribbons and short puffed sleeves. Then I put on the pink jumper. Embroidered across its chest was 'Little Missy Puddle Panties'. She adjusted the shoulder straps. It was tight and way too short.

"It's small," I said.

"We need to make an adjustment," she said. She lifted the dress and put her hand up under the blouse. She felt about my bra and one by one removed my falsies.

I could have died.

"See me after school and I'll give you back your pads. Here change into these."

'These' were a pair of white panties covered with rows of pink lace with a large pink bow in front. The dress was too short to cover them.

"Change your socks."

I removed my shoes and stockings and put on the short ruffled and bowed socks.

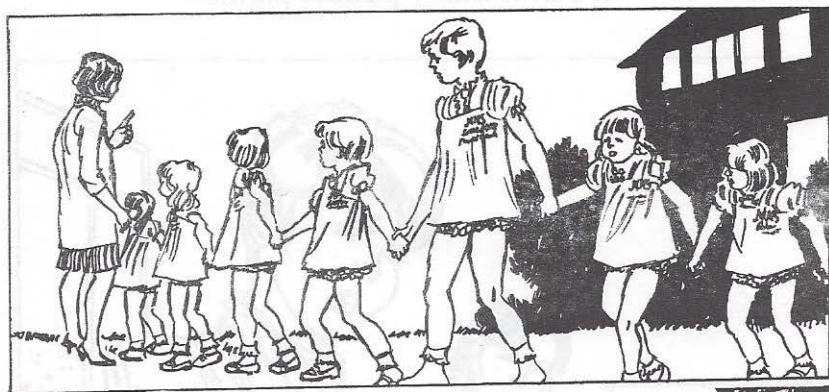
"I have no shoes to fit you. You'll have to report to room 105 in your stocking feet."

The little girls greeted my arrival enthusiastically with choruses of — "It's little missy puddle panties."

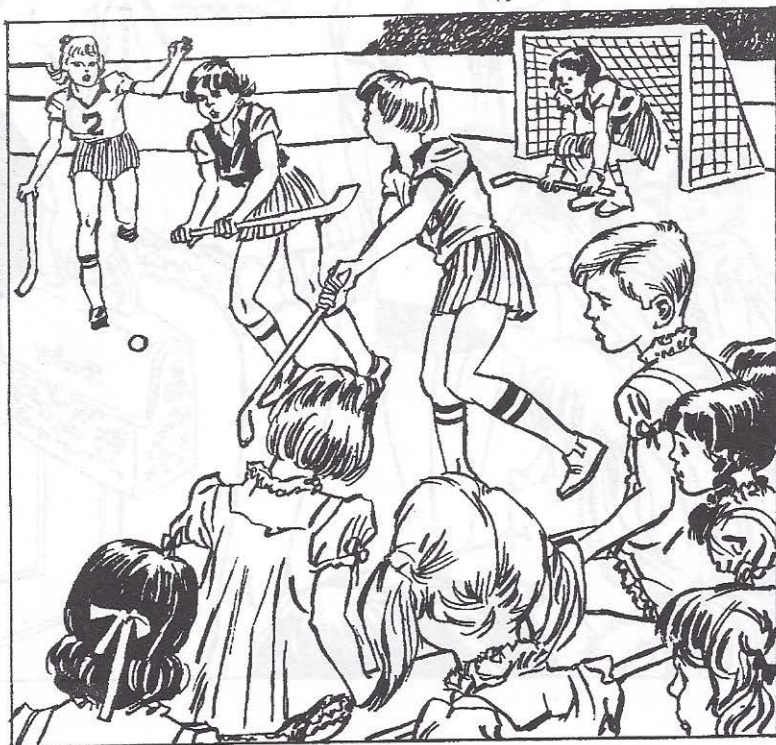


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During gym, I played with the other 'little missies' then



sat with them and watched the big girls play field hockey.



Paul and the guys were waiting for me at my bus stop.
"Puddle Panties, eh," Paul laughed.

My cheeks flamed.

"What's that you're holding?"

Ms Ross had given me back my pads. I glared at him.

"You don't have to lift your dress, I can see your panties already."

I walked past him.

"We aren't finished," he said but let me go home.

"What did you do?" Sheila asked angrily.

"They took my dress again."

"Did you fight?"

"No. Please take me to the bus tomorrow."

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CHAPTER TEN

"He has a salon appointment tomorrow," Sheila told Mom when she picked me up. "You can take him."

"All right," Mom said.

"Don't try anything," Sheila said. "I told my friends on the police force that they could do anything they wanted with you next time."

"I won't."

"Bring him back at ten Sunday morning."

"All right."

Mom opened the car door for me, and I swung in, handling my short skirts with skill gained through experience. I sat with my hands in my lap and ankles crossed as I'd been taught at school.

"If I wear these girls' clothes much longer, I'll never be a boy again."

"There's nothing I can do," Mom said sadly.

"We can run away again. They won't catch us."

"They will."

"I'm sorry about what they did to you."

"I wanted to save you from this."

"You have to save me. Who else will?"

"I had to go to the apartment manager naked for a key. He's a disgusting man. If you heard what he said . . ."

"I hate wearing girls' clothes. I just wish I were dead."

"She can't keep this up forever."

"She says I'm a girl-boy."

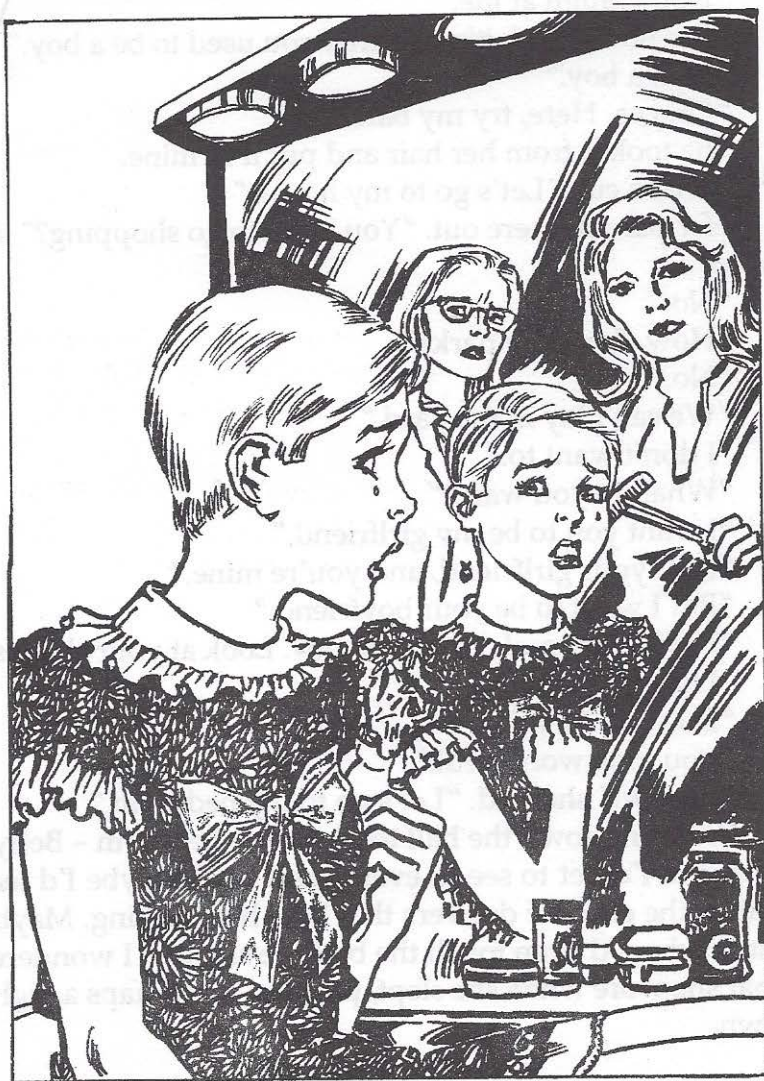
"I know it's hard, but try to be patient until you get your inheritance."

"What girl would marry me. I look like one myself."

"Something will happen. It must."

I didn't change into pants this time, and there was no more talk of running, although Mom looked very sad watching the beautician do my makeup.

My image in the mirror was horrible, red lips and short hair above the dress. Tears flooded my eyes. The girl rushed to blot them. "Mom, I really wish I was dead. I'd rather be dead than a girl-boy. Honest!"



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"I'm so sorry, dear."

"Let's go home. I can't stand for people to see me like this."

Sunday morning, Mom dropped me home. Betty was waiting.

"What happened to your hair?" she asked.

"Don't laugh at me."

"I'm not. I think it's cool that you used to be a boy."

"I am a boy."

"Oh yea. Here, try my barrette."

She took it from her hair and put it in mine.

"That's cute. Let's go to my house."

Her parents were out. "You want to go shopping?" she asked.

"No."

"How about the park?"

"No."

"We can play in the yard."

"I don't want to."

"What do you want?"

"I want you to be my girlfriend."

"I am your girlfriend, and you're mine."

"But I want to be your boyfriend."

"Phyllis, get real. You're no boy. Look at your clothes."

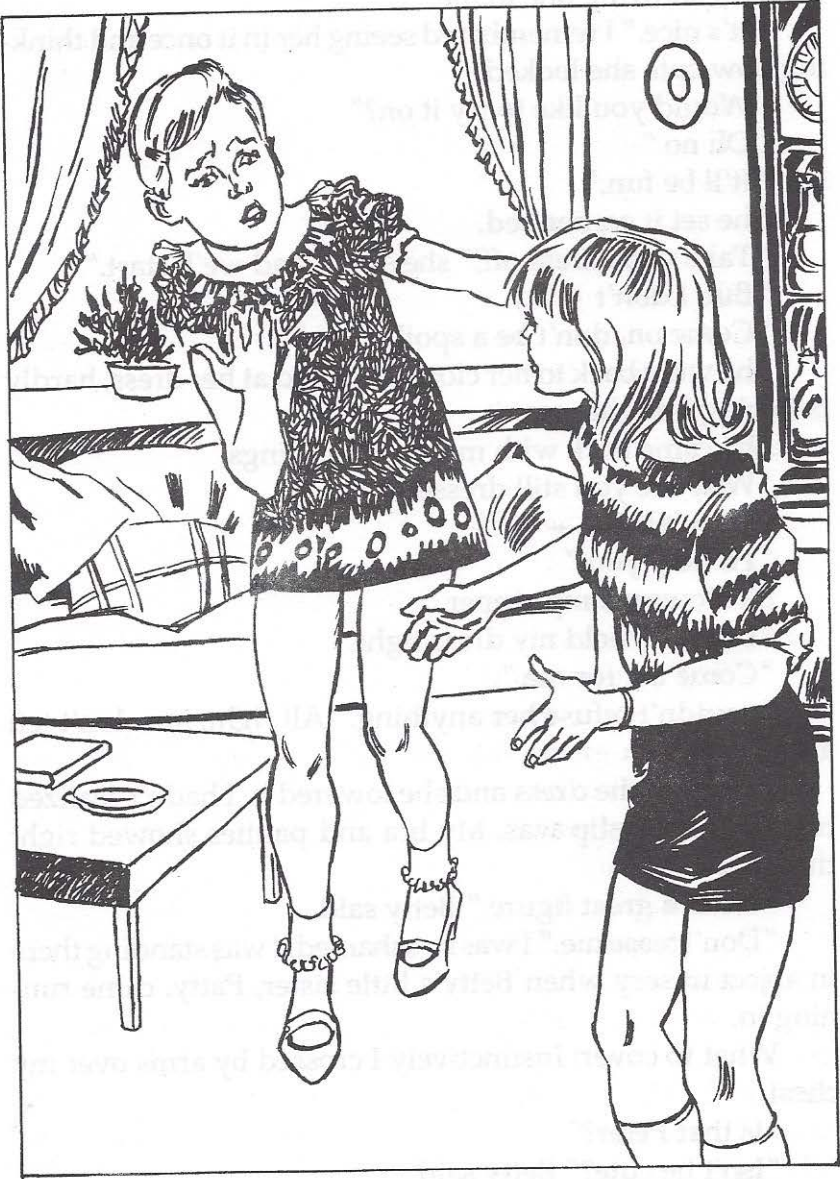
"I hate them."

"Do you like mine?"

"You look wonderful."

"I know," she said. "Let's go to my bedroom."

We went down the hall towards the bedroom – Betty's bedroom. I'd get to see it, even stand in it. Maybe I'd lean against the chest of drawers that held her clothing. Maybe, just maybe, I'd even touch the bed she slept in. I wondered what she wore when she slept, pajamas – perhaps a nightgown.



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She led me in. I was surrounded, overwhelmed by her things. She went to her closet "How do you like this dress?" she said showing one to me.

"It's nice." I remembered seeing her in it once and thinking how cute she looked.

"Would you like to try it on?"

"Oh no."

"It'll be fun."

She set it on her bed.

"Take your dress off," she said, "and we'll start."

"But, I don't —"

"Come on, don't be a spoil sport."

She went back to her closet. I looked at her dress, hardly believing I might wear it.

She came back with more of her things.

"Why are you still dressed?"

"I don't think —"

"I'll help you."

She lowered my zipper.

"Don't." I held my dress tight.

"Come on, for me."

I couldn't refuse her anything. "All right, just don't tell anyone."

I let go of the dress and she lowered it. I hadn't realized how sheer my slip was. My bra and panties showed right through.

"What a great figure," Betty said.

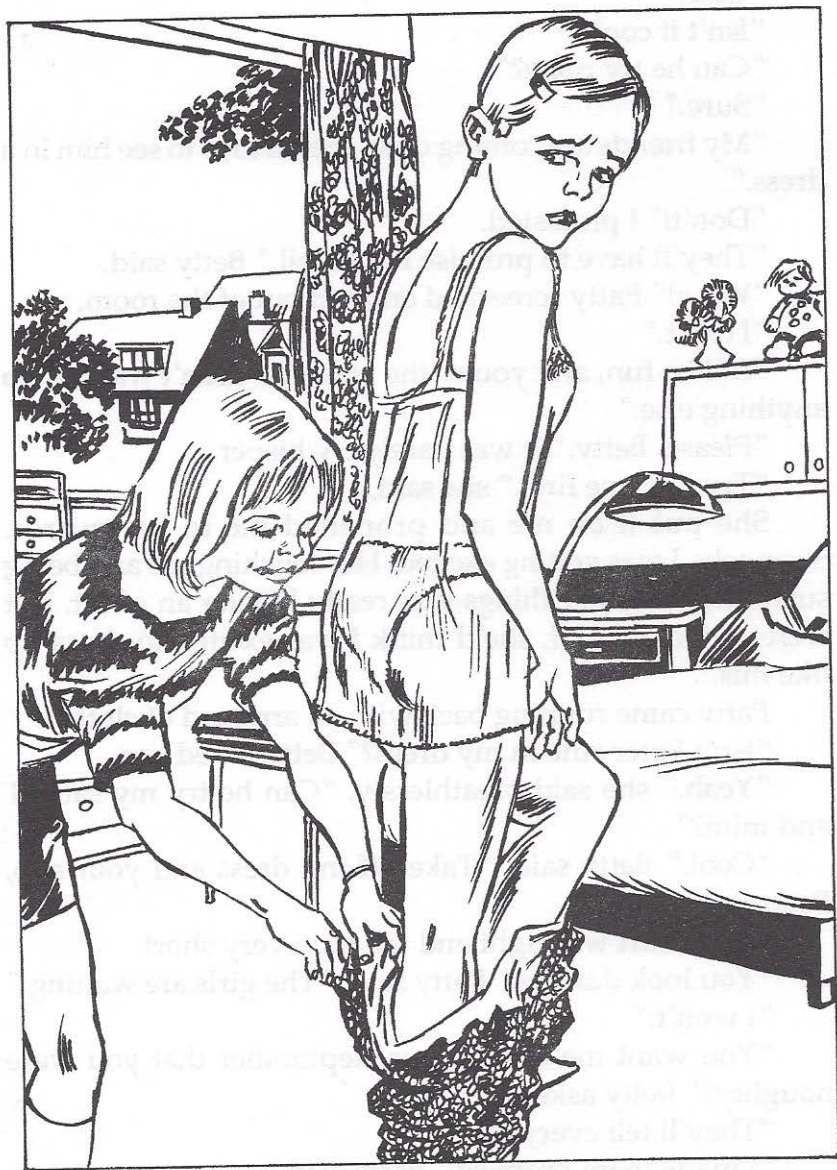
"Don't tease me." I was so ashamed. I was standing there in abject misery when Betty's little sister, Patty, came running in.

What to cover! Instinctively I crossed my arms over my chest.

"Is that Peter?"

"Isn't he cute?" Betty said.

"What's he doing here?"



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"We're playing. We want to see how he looks in my clothes."

"God!"

"Isn't it cool?"

"Can he try mine?"

"Sure."

"My friends are coming over, they'll love to see him in a dress."

"Don't!" I protested.

"They'll have to promise not to tell," Betty said.

"Wow!" Patty screeched and ran out of the room.

"I can't."

"It'll be fun, and you're the one who didn't want to do anything else."

"Please, Betty," It was barely a whisper.

"Try this one first," she said.

She put it on me and propelled me to her mirror. Strangely, I was getting excited. Her touching me and being surrounded by her things was really having an effect. If it weren't for my gaff, she'd think I was excited to dress up like this.

Patty came running back with an armload of clothes.

"Isn't Peter cute in my dress?" Betty asked her.

"Yeah," she said breathlessly, "Can he try my satin T and mini?"

"Cool," Betty said. "Take off my dress and your slip, Peter."

The T-shirt was tight and the mini very short

"You look darling," Patty said. "The girls are waiting."

"I won't."

"You want me to tell your stepmother that you were naughty?" Betty asked.

"They'll tell everyone."

"I made them promise," Patty said.



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"Come on, Peter," Betty said. "Don't worry, you look great."

The girls loved it.

"Look at those tits."

"He looks almost too good."

"Yeah, except for that short haircut, Peter looks like a real girl."

"Do you want to be a girl?" Patty asked me.

"No."

"Why not?"

"I don't like to do girlie things."

"I guess you're a tomboy."

"I'm not! I'm a boy."

"His mother says he's a girl-boy," Betty said.

"She does not," I protested.

"Whatever, your stepmother then."

"I never heard of a girl-boy."

"You can't tell anybody about this," I said.

"Let's try another outfit."

Dresses, skirts and sweaters followed until I'd worn and been shown off in every possible combination of their clothes. At least they let me change in the bedroom.

Finally Betty selected a short dress without sleeves and said, "Put this back on."

She redid my makeup with stuff from her purse then sprayed me with her perfume and clipped a bow in my hair.

She looked me over thoughtfully. "Just one small thing," she said and went to her dresser.

"Change into these panties," she said handing me a pair of hers.

"What difference does it make?"

"I'll know you have them on."

I pulled down my panties, trying not to let my gaff show. Stepping into hers was embarrassing and exciting at the same



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time. She had worn these panties. I knew I shouldn't be wearing them, but they made me feel so close to her.

"Wonderful!" she exclaimed. "Grab your purse."

"Why," I asked nervously.

"We're going out."

"We're not."

"Aren't you proud to wear my things?"

"I don't want to go out."

"Say good bye to my sister and her friends."

She propelled me out of the house and headed toward the park.

"Not the park. Paul might be there."

"He'll be so jealous," she said lifting up my dress.

"There are people!" I said frantically pulling the dress down.

"Be good, Peter, or everyone will see those cute little panties of mine."

The guys were playing baseball and the girls were watching and talking together. I winced as several of the girls looked at me and giggled.

"Please, let's go home now," I said to Betty.

"No, It's cool to have a boy I can dress up in my things. I want to show you off."

"I hate this. I'm not a sissy!"

"If you aren't a sissy, I never saw one," Betty said. She kissed me lightly on the cheek.

"Say hello to the girls."

"Hello," I mumbled.

"People say you like wearing girls' clothes," Cindy said.

"I hate it!" I said.

Paul and Fred were walking toward us.

"Betty we have to go now!"

"Why?"

It was too late.



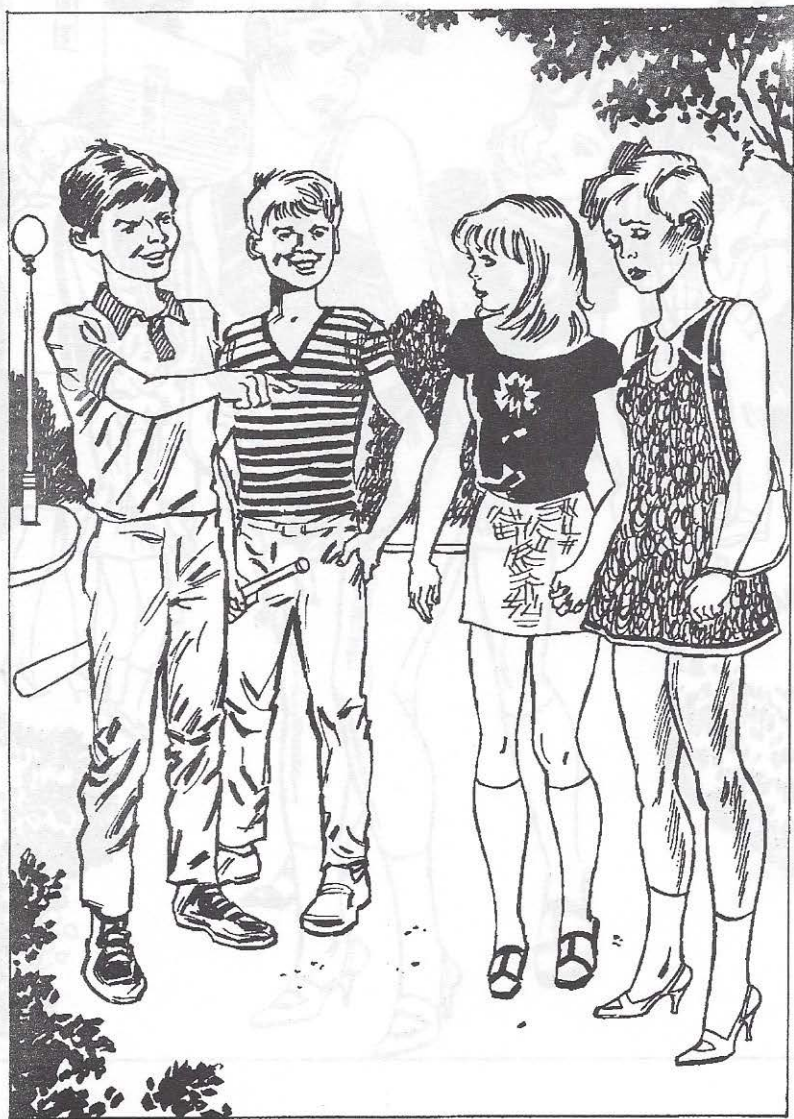
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"Hi sissy," Paul hissed. "All dressed up in your Sunday best."

"It's not his Sunday best," Betty said.

She wouldn't tell!

"Okay girl-boy, lift it," Paul said.



"Don't make me."

"I'll take that dress off you too."

"Be careful. It's mine," Betty said.

"He's wearing your clothes?" Fred asked.

"Yes."

"I'll try not to rip it," Paul said.

"Just do it, Peter," Betty said.

I wanted to fight, but he might take me back to the men's room. This time I might not be rescued. Sheila would make me pay too.

Reluctantly my fingers went to the delicate hem of my dress, and I raised it a few inches.

"Above your waist," Paul said.

Glaring at him, I lifted it higher.

"Don't eyeball me, sissy" he said.

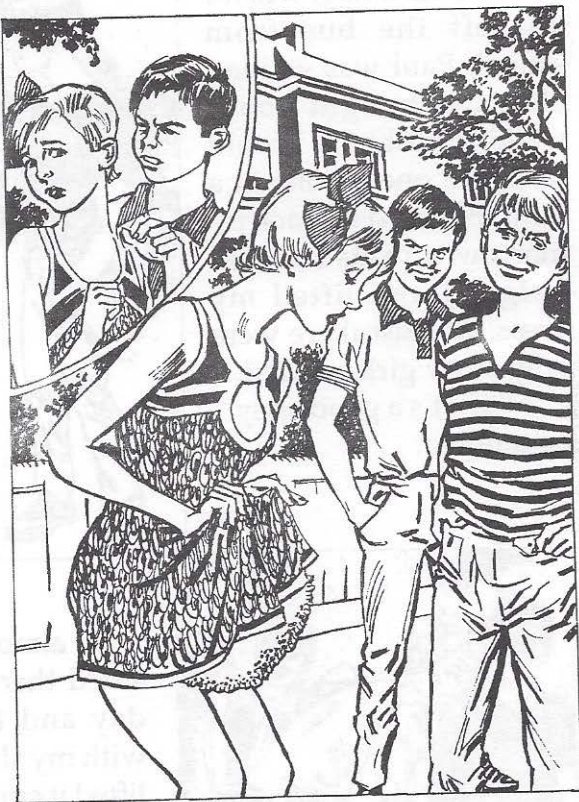
I lowered my gaze.

"Is that really your dress, Betty?" Paul asked.

"It sure is."

"You let that sissy wear your clothes."

"He looks cute in them. He tried on a lot more of my things and my little sister's before we chose those. You should have seen him."



"Next time invite us," Paul said.

"If you like, I'll dress you up too," Betty laughed.

He put up his hands and backed away.

"Let's go, Peter," Betty said.

I dropped my dress and followed her to her house.

The next day, when I got off the bus from school, Paul was waiting alone. I thought about walking past him. I could take him one-on-one in a fight. But he'd be back tomorrow with his buddies. I sighed and lifted my dress. At least there were only a few girls around.

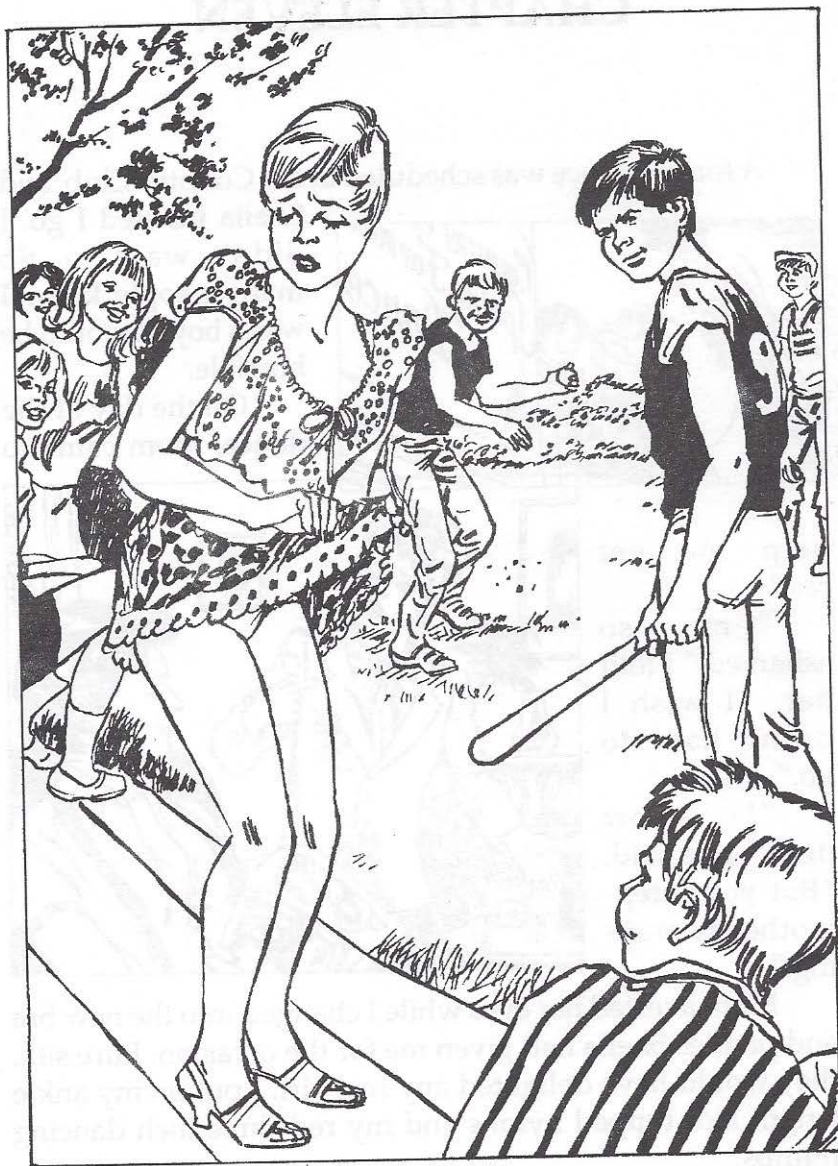
"That's a good sissy," he taunted.



I almost lost it, but I just stood there. It was a windy day and the breeze toyed with my slip – a sudden gust lifted it embarrassingly high, but he finally let me go home.

Worse, that weekend Sheila sent me to the park in

a brief two piece outfit. Worse because I wore no slip and lifting my skirt for Paul showed my panties. Also worse because dozens of my friends saw me meekly lift it and let him call me a girl-boy.



CHAPTER ELEVEN

A formal dance was scheduled at the Country Club, and

Sheila insisted I go. I didn't want to. So many people knew I was a boy. It would be horrible.

On the day of the dance, Mom came to



help me get ready.

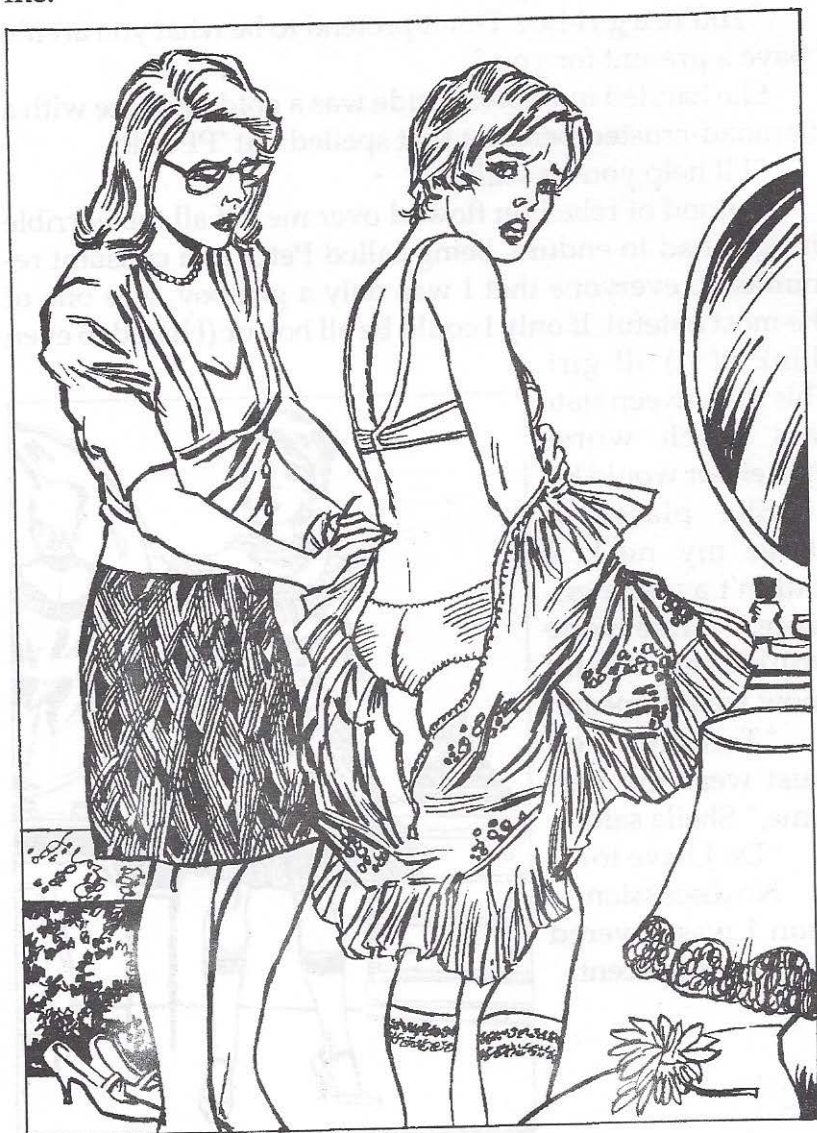
"I'm so ashamed," I told her. "I wish I didn't have to go."

"I know dear," she said. "But your step-mother is waiting."



Mom averted her eyes while I changed into the new bra and panties Sheila had given me for the occasion. Pure silk, they would have delighted any real girl. I put on my ankle length lace topped nylons and my red three inch dancing pumps.

Sheila and I had shopped for hours for my dress. It was light red with a darker fringe at the hem and around the low neckline, a lavender ribbon was sewn at the left hip and there was a matching scarf for my neck. The full skirt had an attached taffeta slip. Mom helped me into it and zipped it for me.



She pinned a flower into my hair and waited while I put on clip-on earrings and freshened my makeup.

Sheila joined us just as we were finishing.

"Don't make me go, Sheila," I said.

"What fun you'll have."

"Can I wear a wig at least?"

"You're a girl-boy. Don't pretend to be what you aren't. I have a present for you."

She handed me a box. Inside was a gold necklace with a diamond-crusted pendant that spelled out 'PETER'.

"I'll help you on with it."

A flood of rebellion flowed over me. Of all the horrible things I had to endure, being called Peter as a constant reminder to everyone that I was only a girl-boy, was one of the most hateful. If only I could be all boy or (I hated to even think of it) all girl.

This in-between state was much worse than either would be.

She placed it about my neck. I couldn't avoid a grimace. Everyone would see it and know what it meant.

"Tonight you must wear my perfume," Sheila said.

"Do I have to?"

No discussion — Soon I was covered with a heady scent.



Mom drove me to the dance. I sat near her hoping that I wouldn't be noticed.

Then I saw Paul. He saw me too, smiled and started walking toward me. Oh no – not here.

"Wow. You look fine," he teased.

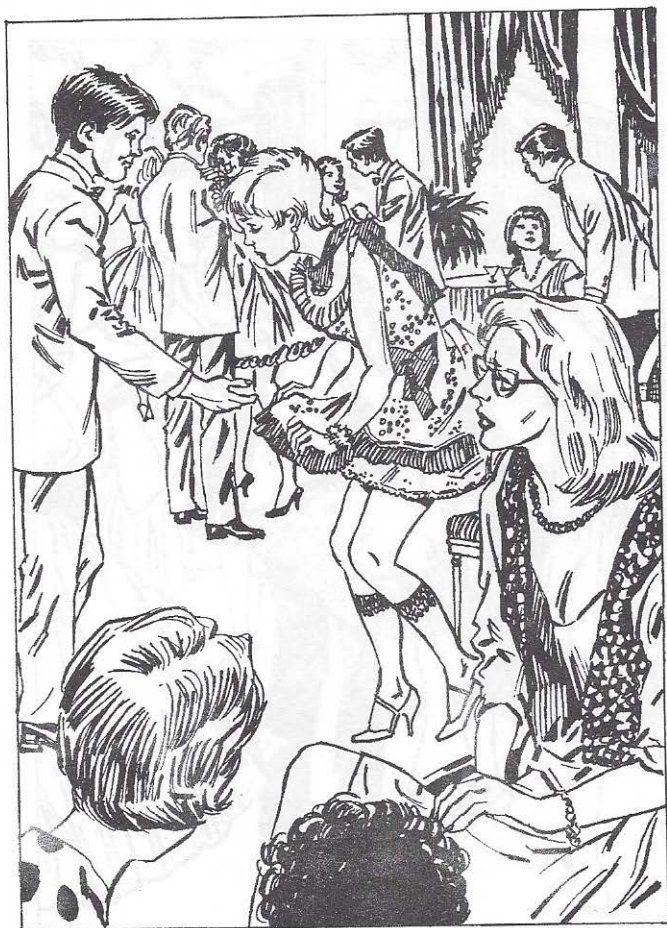
"Thanks a lot."

"You're forgetting something."

"But –"

"But nothing."

I got up, raised my dress and held it while he took his time examining my petticoats.



"Okay, sissy, you can drop it," he finally said. "Let's dance."

"I don't know -"

He half led, half dragged me onto the floor and we began dancing.

"You dance divinely," he kept the teasing going.

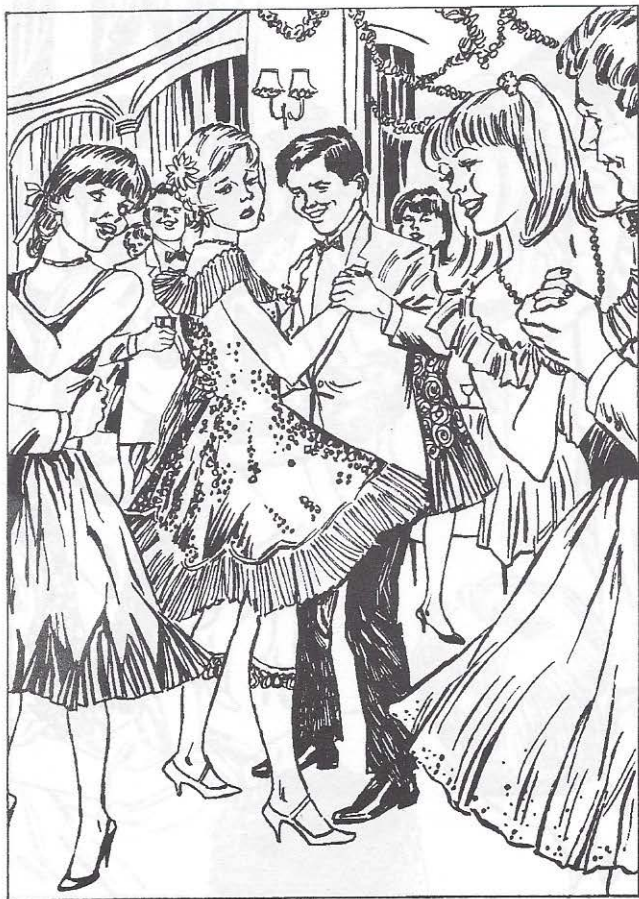
Time was passing. Soon it would be over.

"Your perfume smells wonderful."

Just another couple of hours.

"You're the prettiest girl-boy here."

I can stand it.



"After the dance we'll go for dessert."

"What?"

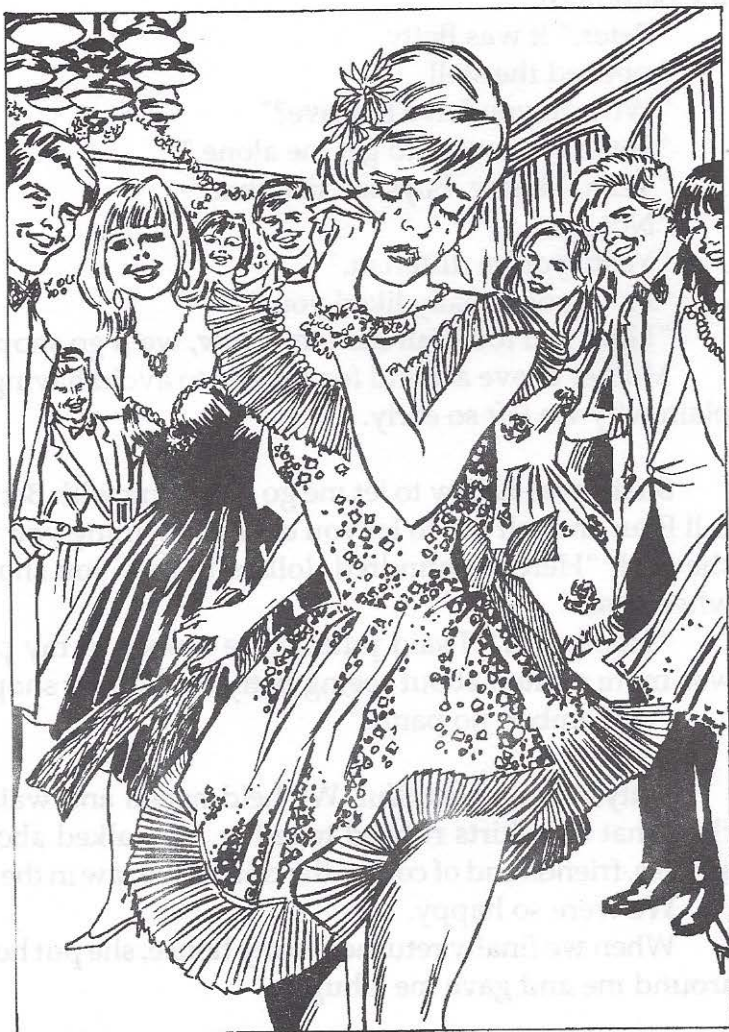
"Yeah, a couple of cadets from the academy said they'd treat us."

"No."

"They're older. They can drive us there."

"No. NO!"

I broke away from him and ran crying across the room.



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"Mom, please, I have to go home," I begged.

"So soon?"

"Please," I sobbed.

"All right, give me a few minutes."

"I'll be in the ladies room."

I went into a stall, locked it and sat on the toilet with my feet off the floor so no one would see me. I was shaking with fear. I knew what those cadets wanted. Someone came into the bathroom.

"Peter," it was Betty.

I opened the stall.

"Why do you have to leave?"

"Some boys want to get me alone."

"Yeah, I know. Boys are like that."

"Not me."

"Yeah, you're different."

"I told you I really liked you."

"I like you too. Call me tomorrow, we'll go shopping."

Mother drove around for a while to avoid having to explain why we left so early.

Sheila was happy to let me go shopping with Betty. "I'll call Fran and tell her to let you charge anything you want," she said. "Here's a hundred dollars in case you shop anywhere else."

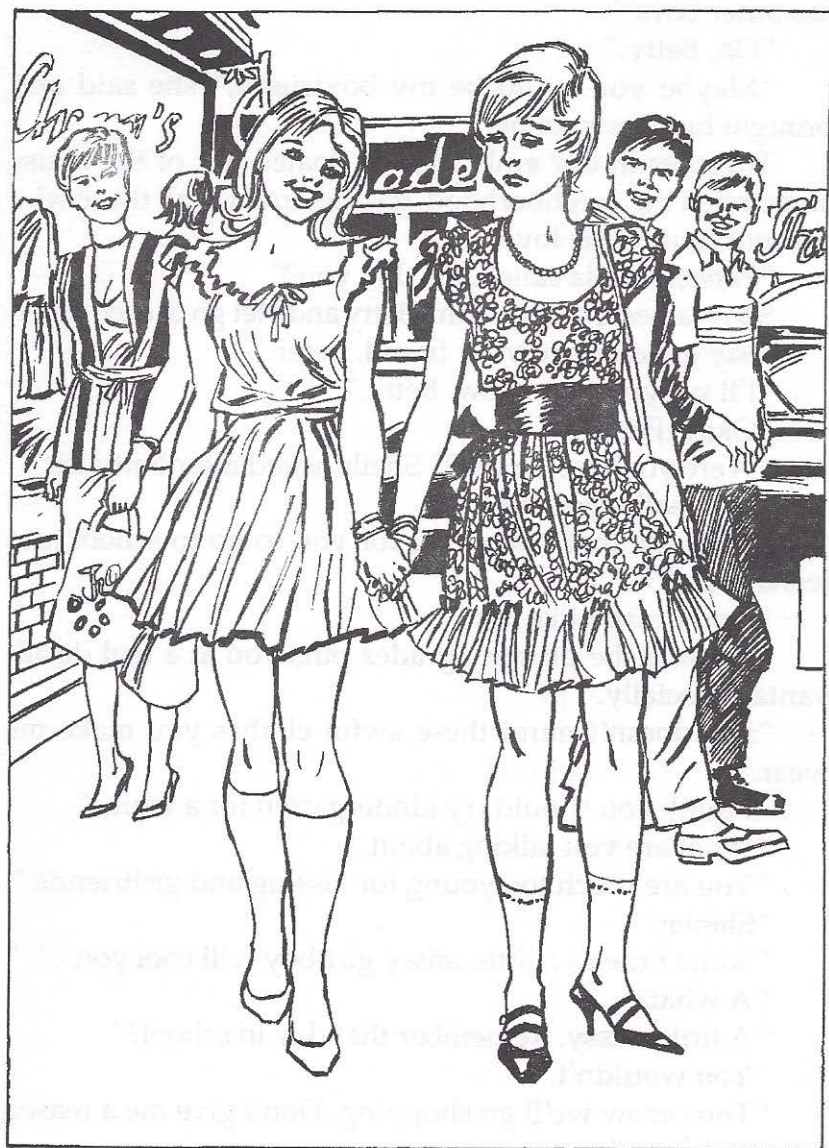
"Thank you," I said putting the money in my purse. I was more excited about seeing Betty than about shopping.

"Remember, no pants."

Betty was so beautiful. We held hands and walked so close that our skirts rubbed together. We talked about our schools, friends and of course the clothes we saw in the stores.

We were so happy.

When we finally returned to my house, she put her arms around me and gave me a hug.



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I gently put my arms around her too. "You're my best friend," I said.

"Peter, you're so sweet and easy to talk with, not like the other boys."

"Oh, Betty."

"Maybe you could be my boyfriend," she said and brought her lips to mine.

Together in our embrace, we floated out of the house and circled the neighborhood, gazing down at all those who had not found true love.

"Peter," Sheila called. "Is that you?"

She walked into the room. Betty and I let go of each other.

"Say good-bye to your friend, Peter."

"I'll see you tomorrow, Betty."

"Okay, Peter."

"Were you kissing her?" Sheila asked after Betty left.

"She really likes me."

"I can see that it's wrong for you to go to school as a teenage girl."

"And I really like her."

"Missing the primary grades puts you at a real disadvantage socially."

"She doesn't mind these awful clothes you make me wear."

"I think you should try kindergarten for a while."

"What are you talking about?"

"You are much too young for kissing and girlfriends."

"Sheila!"

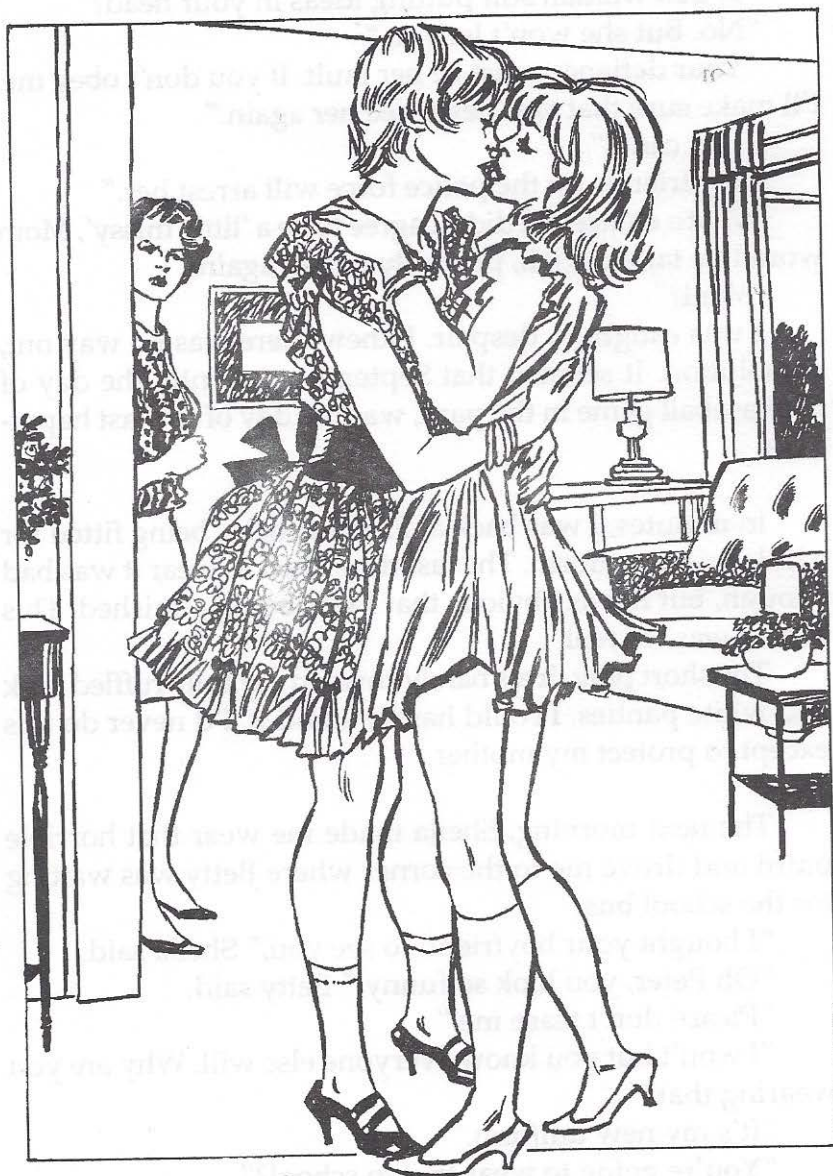
"Some time as a little missy girl-boy will cool you off."

"A what?"

"A little missy. Remember that day in school?"

"You wouldn't."

"Tomorrow we'll go shopping. Don't give me a reason to punish you."



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"I don't care what you do. I won't let you do that to me. Mom won't stand for it either."

"Is that woman still putting ideas in your head?"

"No. But she won't let you."

"Your defiance must be her fault. If you don't obey me, I'll make sure that you never see her again."

"You can't."

"My friends on the police force will arrest her."

What a choice! If I didn't agree to be a 'little missy', Mom would be taken to jail, probably naked again.

"Well?"

I was caught in despair. I knew there was no way out, no solution. It seemed that September seventh, the day of the baseball game in the park, was the day of my last happiness.

In minutes, I was back at Fran's Frocks, being fitted for a little missy uniform. The last time I had to wear it was bad enough, but it was obvious that I was being punished. This time it was for real.

The short pink dress barely covered my fully ruffled pink and white panties. I could hardly stand it. I'd never do this except to protect my mother.

The next morning, Sheila made me wear that horrible outfit and drove me to the corner where Betty was waiting for the school bus.

"I bought your boyfriend to see you," Sheila said.

"Oh Peter, you look so funny," Betty said.

"Please don't tease me."

"I won't but you know everyone else will. Why are you wearing that?"

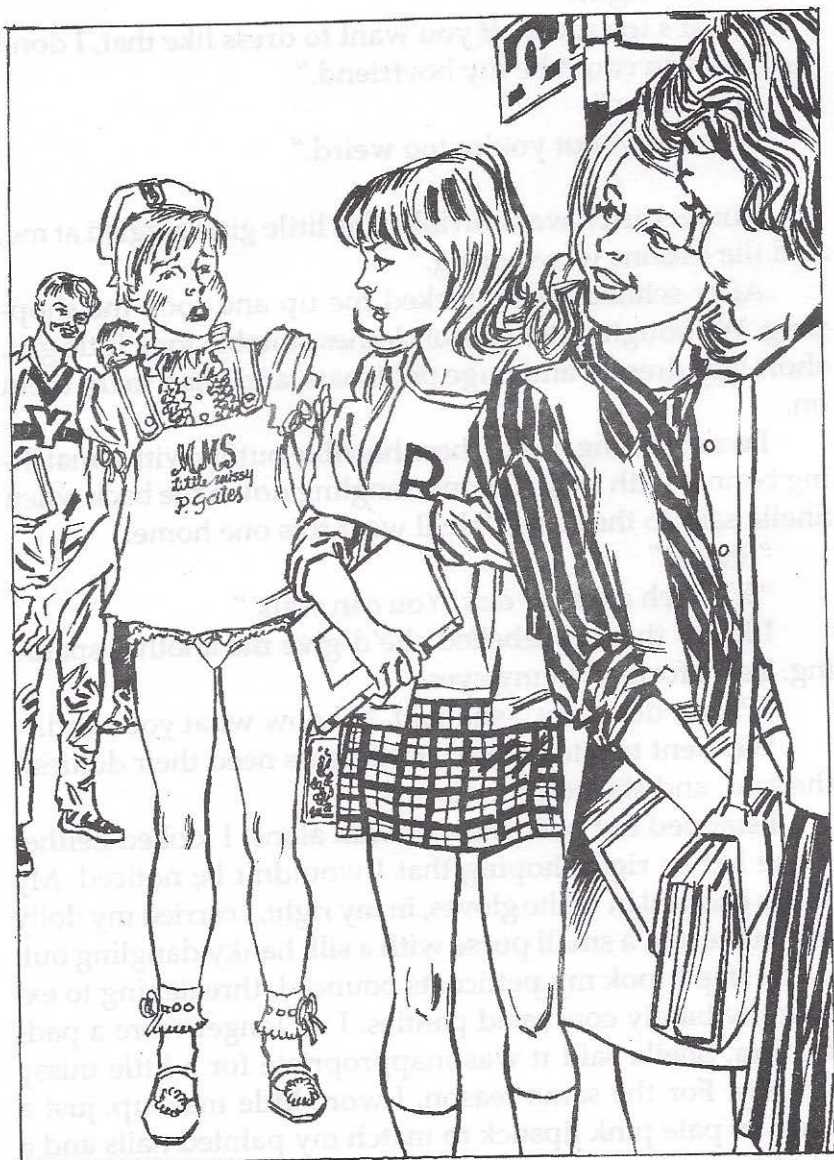
"It's my new uniform."

"You're going to wear that to school?"

"Can we still be friends?"

"I don't know. I was getting used to you dressing as a girl, but this . . ."

"It's not my fault."



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"That's not true," Sheila said. "I gave him a choice."

"Did she, Peter?"

I couldn't tell her the whole horrible truth about Mom and the police and being naked and all. I just sighed and said, "She's right."

"That's too much. If you want to dress like that, I don't see how you could be my boyfriend."

"But Betty."

"I'm sorry, but you're too weird."

Kindergarten was horrible. The little girls giggled at me, and the lessons were boring.

After school, Sheila picked me up and took me shopping. We bought after school clothes suitable for a little girl, short lacy dresses and huge petticoats, and I had to try them on.

I was wearing one of these horrible outfits with a matching bonnet with long ribbons dangling down the back when Sheila said to the clerk, "He'll wear this one home."

"Sheila!"

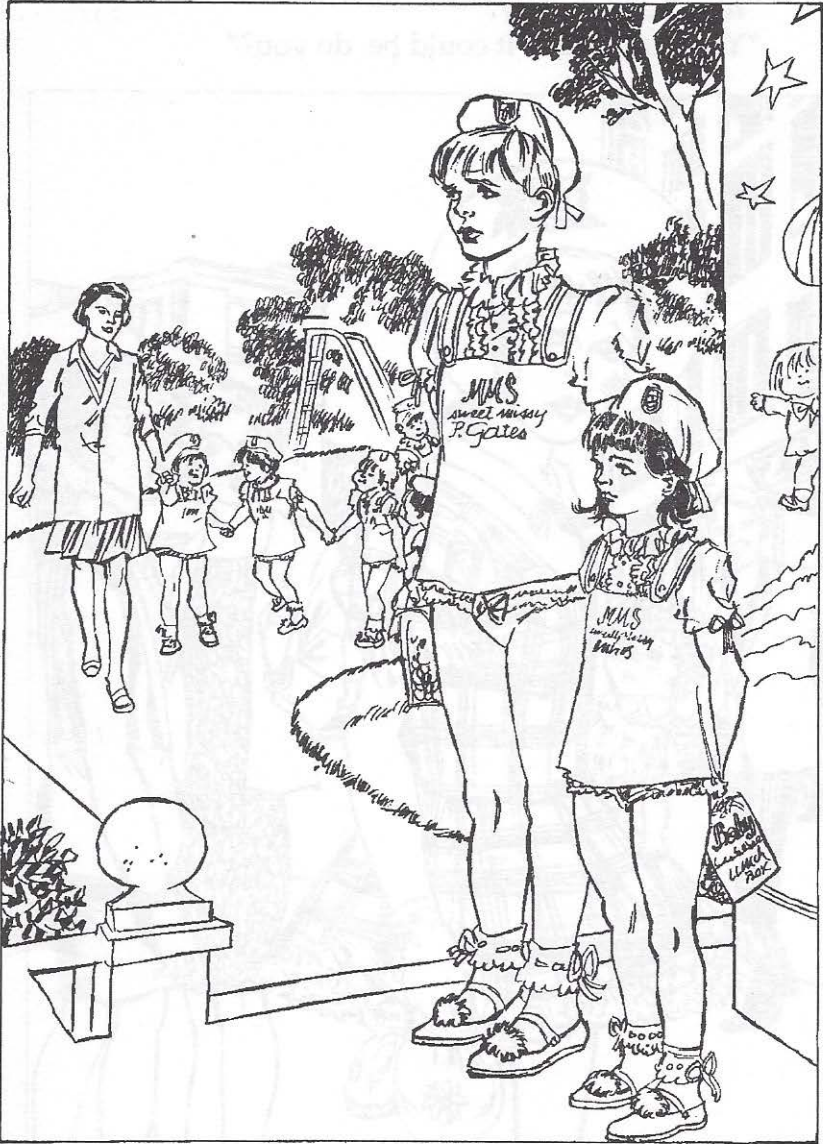
"It's such a lovely day. You can walk."

I knew that if I rebelled she'd give me another spanking. Tears formed in my eyes.

"Please don't cry," she said. "I know what you need."

We went to a toy store, "Little girls need their dollies," she said, and she bought me one.

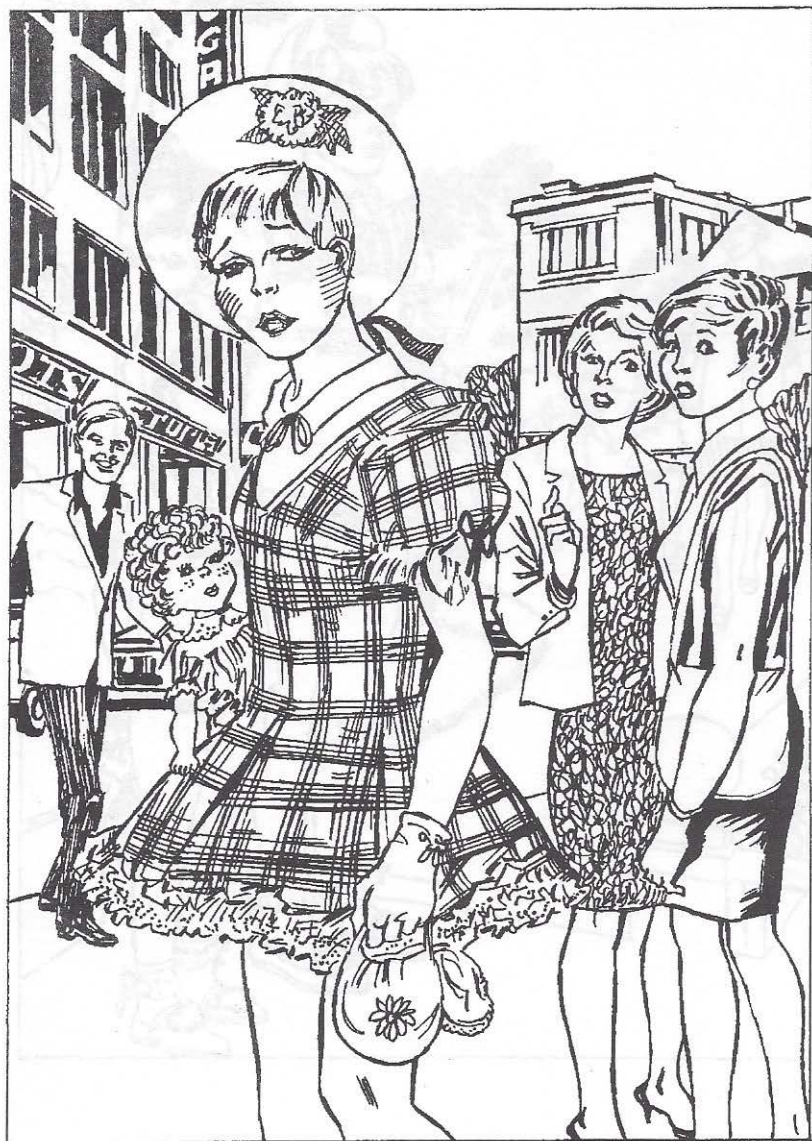
I stepped out onto the sidewalk alone. I looked neither to the left or right, hoping that I wouldn't be noticed. My hands encased in white gloves, in my right, I carried my dolly and in the left, a small purse with a silk hanky dangling out. Every step I took my petticoats bounced, threatening to expose my barely concealed panties. I no longer wore a padded bra. Sheila said it was inappropriate for a little missy girl-boy. For the same reason, I wore little makeup, just a touch of pale pink lipstick to match my painted nails and a bit of perfume.



I walked past a pair of ladies. One looked my way and her face was a picture of doubt. She turned to the other and nodded in my direction. I could hear their comments:

"It looks like a boy."

"You don't think it could be, do you?"



"Her hair is cut like a boy's."

"But the dress."

I heard giggling and looked over to see some little girls watching me, their hands over their mouths, enjoying the spectacle.

"Goodness, look at that girl. She's much too old for that dress," someone said.

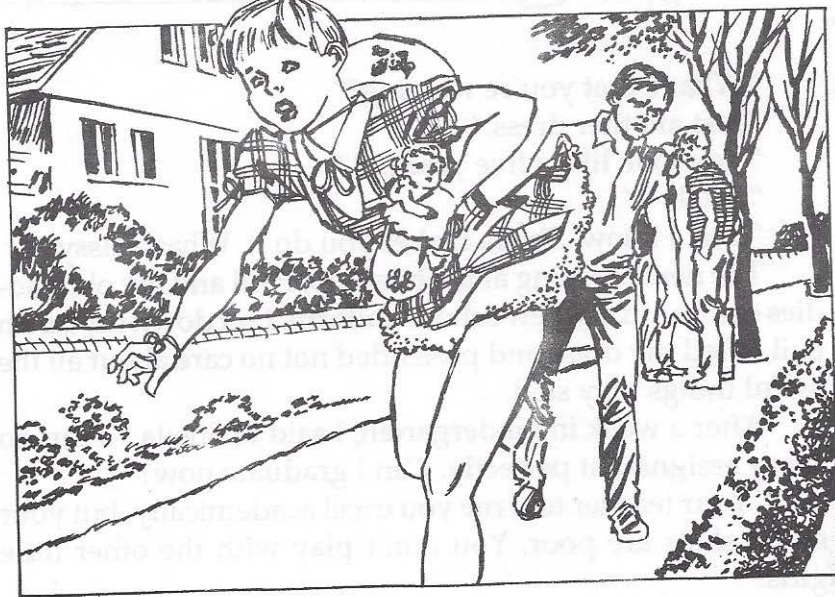
I blushed, then saw something that really terrified me. Paul - Paul was walking towards me. I couldn't, I just couldn't raise this dress to him.

I turned and ran.

"Peter, is that you?"

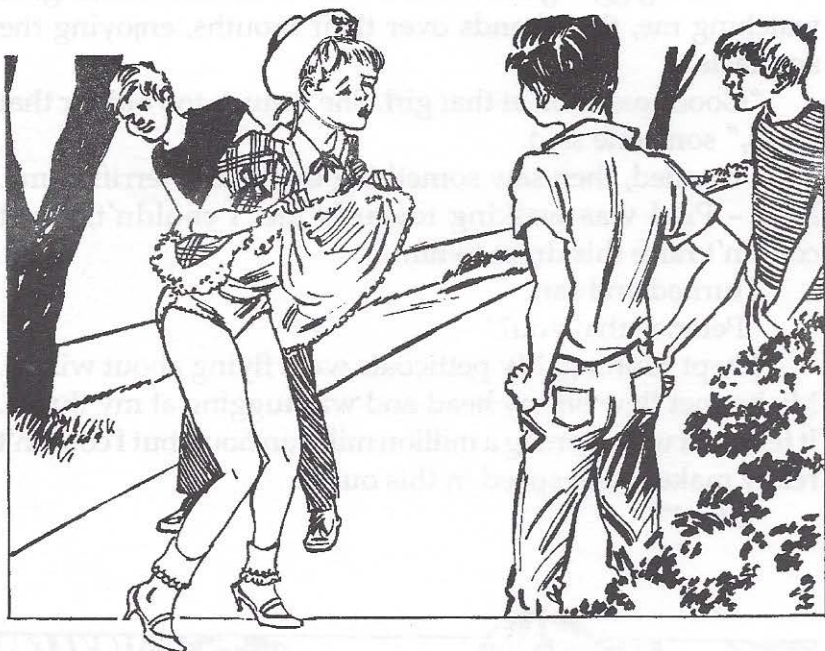
I kept running. My petticoats were flying about wildly. My bonnet flew off my head and was tugging at my throat. It felt like I was running a million miles an hour, but I couldn't really make much speed in this outfit.

"Stop!"



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Running would only make it worse. I stopped, turned and raised my skirts.



"What's that you're wearing?"

"Just another dress."

"You look like a five year old."

"Sheila -"

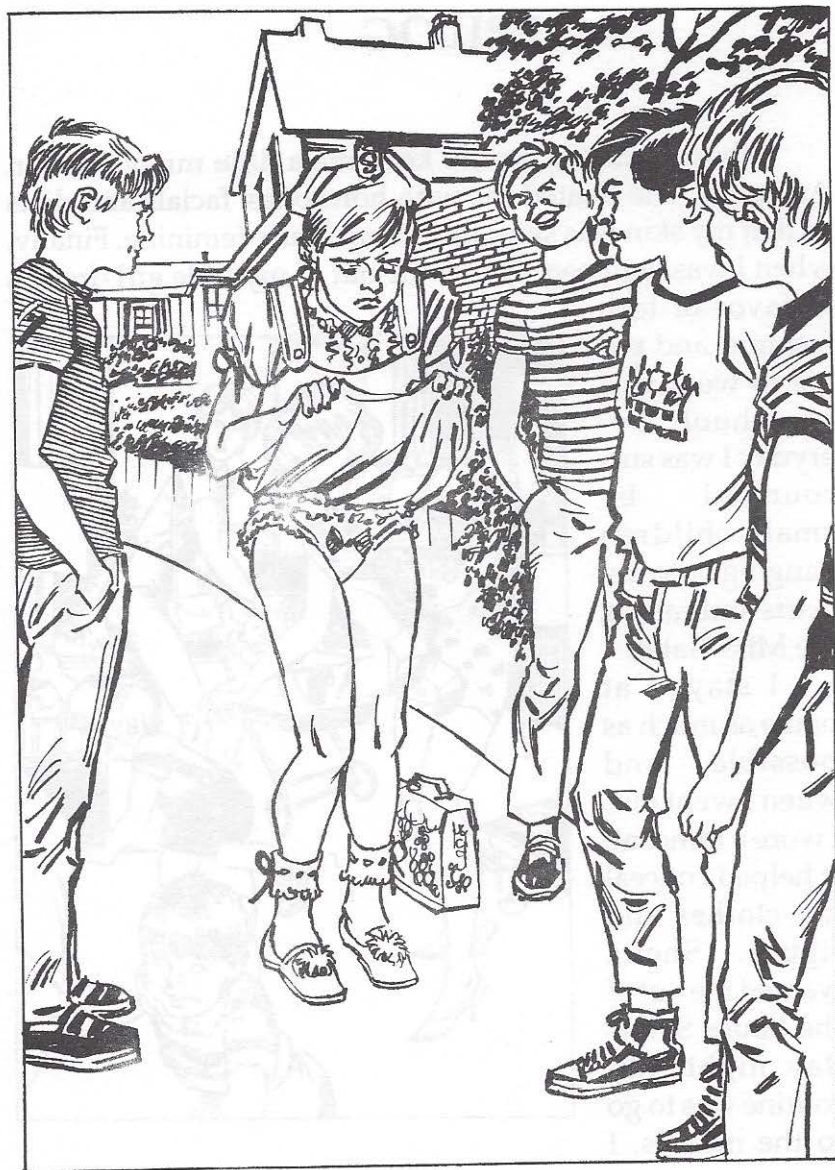
"Yea, I know. Sheila makes you do it. What a sissy."

The next morning at the bus stop, Paul and my old buddies saw me in my new school uniform. I set down my lunch pail, lifted my dress and pretended not to care about all the awful things they said.

After a week in kindergarten, I said to Sheila, "I can do every assignment perfectly. Can I graduate now?"

"Your teacher told me you excel academically, but your social skills are poor. You don't play with the other little girls."

"I'm not five, and I'm not a girl."



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"That's what's wrong. Until you fully accept that you're a little missy girl-boy you'll stay in kindergarten — even if it takes the rest of your life."

EPILOG

I thought Sheila would keep me a little missy forever. As I grew, she treated me with hormones, facials and diets so that my skin was smooth and my figure feminine. Finally, when I was eighteen, She let me out of my little girl dresses in favor of teen fashions and put me to work in a preschool. Everyday I was surrounded by small children hanging onto my skirts and calling me Miss Gates.

I stayed at home as much as possible, and when I went out, I wore a raincoat. It helped conceal my clothes and figure. Sheila wanted me out of the house Saturday night. My routine was to go to the movies. I



bought my ticket at the last minute. I carried my own soda in my purse so I wouldn't have to stop in the bright lobby. I entered the darkened theater and sat on the side near the rear. When the movie ended, I rushed out ahead of the crowd.

That's what I had become, a man in woman's clothes who went to movies with his own soda.

Paul had gone away to college, much to my relief. Upon his return, he began dating Betty and soon they were engaged. Their wedding was going to be huge. Everyone I knew was going to be there, however I didn't expect or want an invitation.

When Sheila told me I was going to be their flower girl, I was so shocked I objected for the first time in years. "I won't! You can't make me wear one of those silly dresses."

"You're going to be their flower girl all right, and because of that outburst, you'll do it without bra or gaff.

When I arrived at the church and saw Paul and the ushers in their tuxedos, it caused my heart to lurch. How I wished I could dress like them. Instead, I was in a light peach gown whose low cut neckline revealed the fact that my breasts were all too real. My dress was cut high on both hips nearly exposing my panties. Flowers and ribbons adorned my hair and the basket from which I scattered rose petals. Around my neck, I wore the chain and pendant Sheila had given me so many years before, the pendant that proclaimed me to be Peter.



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As I walked down the aisle in front of Paul and Betty. The bouncing of my unrestrained breasts was uncomfortable and embarrassing, but the swaying short skirt was frightening. At every step it threatened to expose me as my male parts were quite obvious without a gaff.



Paul

Mom

Peter

Betty

Stepmother



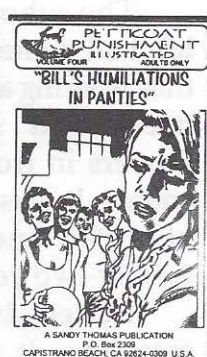
The whole of my life had come down to this, wearing a silly little dress and strewing flowers in front of my enemy, It was February of 1999 and I was twenty-two years old.

I cried during the ceremony. It was moving, but it was for my lost manhood that I weeped.

At the reception, I stayed away from Paul by surrounding myself with the children who were now my life. I was terrified that Paul would enforce his old rule. I just couldn't lift this dress. At least the children didn't know or care about my being a girl-boy, or now perhaps I should say lady-man.

THE END





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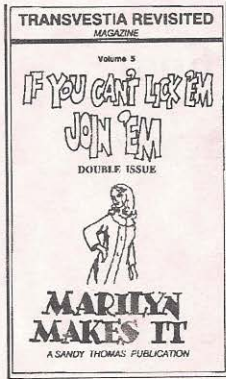
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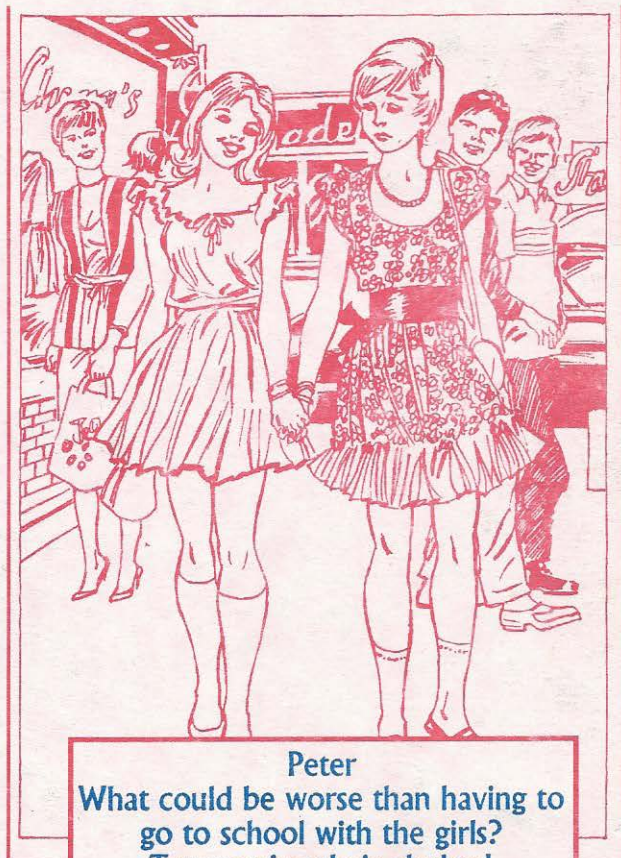


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