



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

Volume 20

"MY SON, THE DEBUTANTE"

Julien is invited to a fancy party where all the boys dress like girls... and the girls like boys!



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Volume 21

"MY SON, THE BRIDE"

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"MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID"

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"FRENCH DRESSING"

SOMETHING HAD TO CHANGE—EMILY WAS IT!



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"Brien didn't realize what a harmless day of flirting at the mall would cost."



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"EXCHANGING VOWS"

Randy must pretend to be a "wife" for a widowed wife who owns the lives as the "wife" of another man.



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ILLUSTRATED
MAGAZINE

"SCHOOLED
WITH GIRLS"

Volume One

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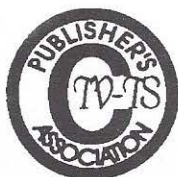
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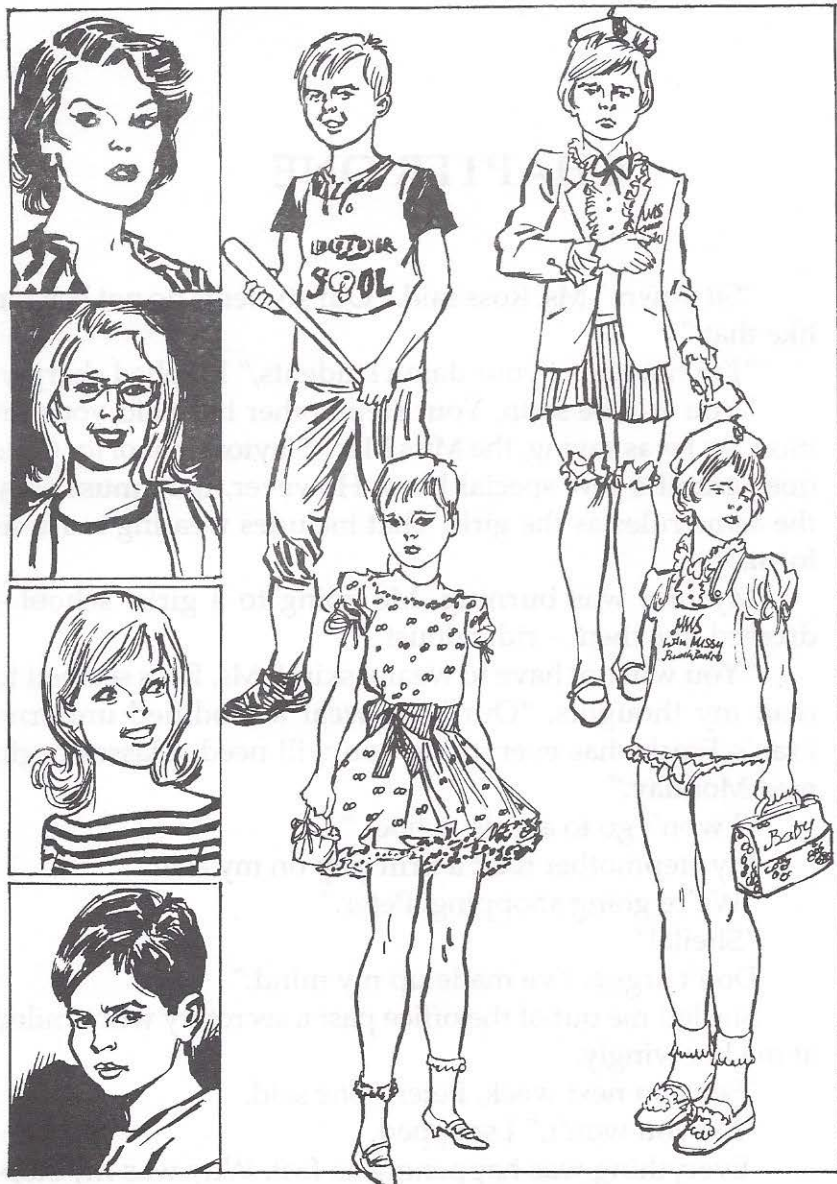
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I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD!

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 departed 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."

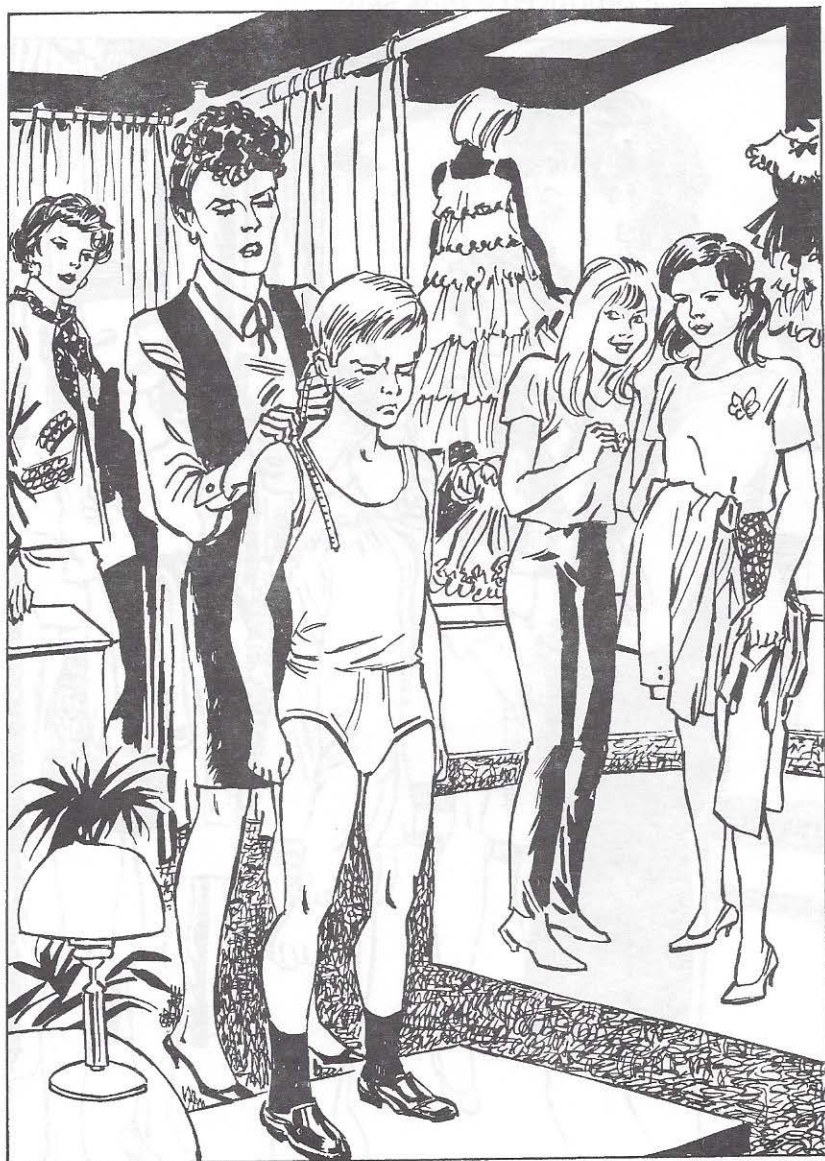
"A boy like you will fit in better at Miss Mary's."

"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."

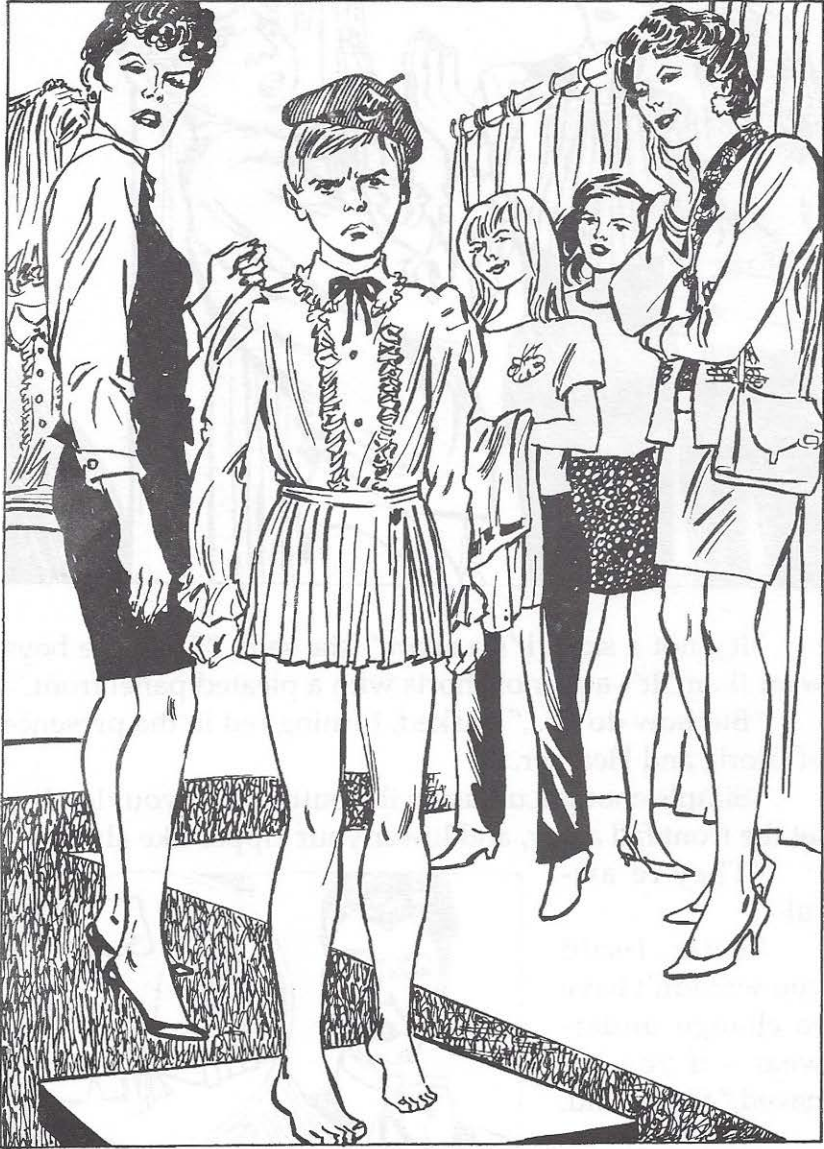
"Peter, I said you wouldn't have to change underwear - if you behaved," Sheila said.



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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 ears 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."



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 skirt, 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.

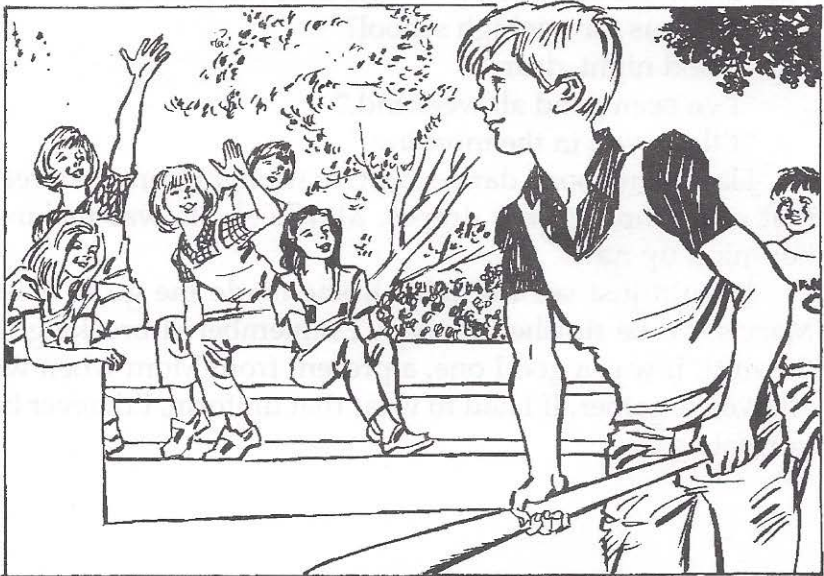
"Be home in time for dinner and don't get into any fights."



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 skirt.



"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, department 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	Department Room 109	Secretarial Room 211	Department 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."

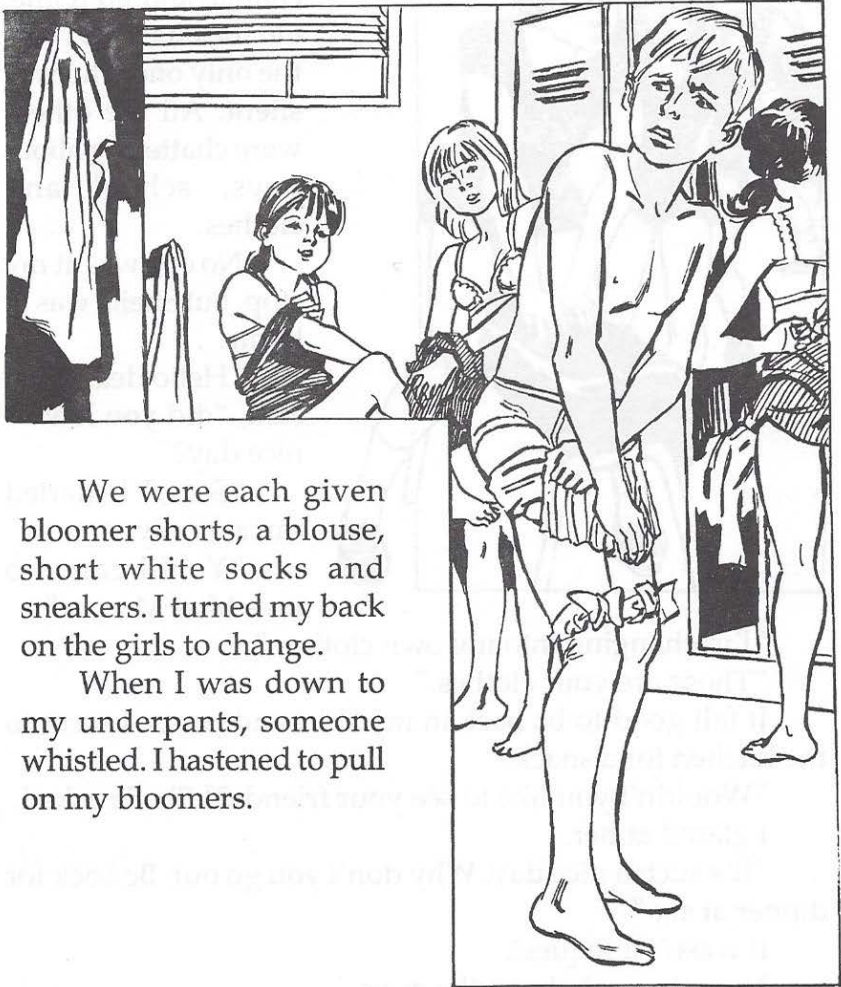
The girls continued to giggle and smile at me coyly.

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.

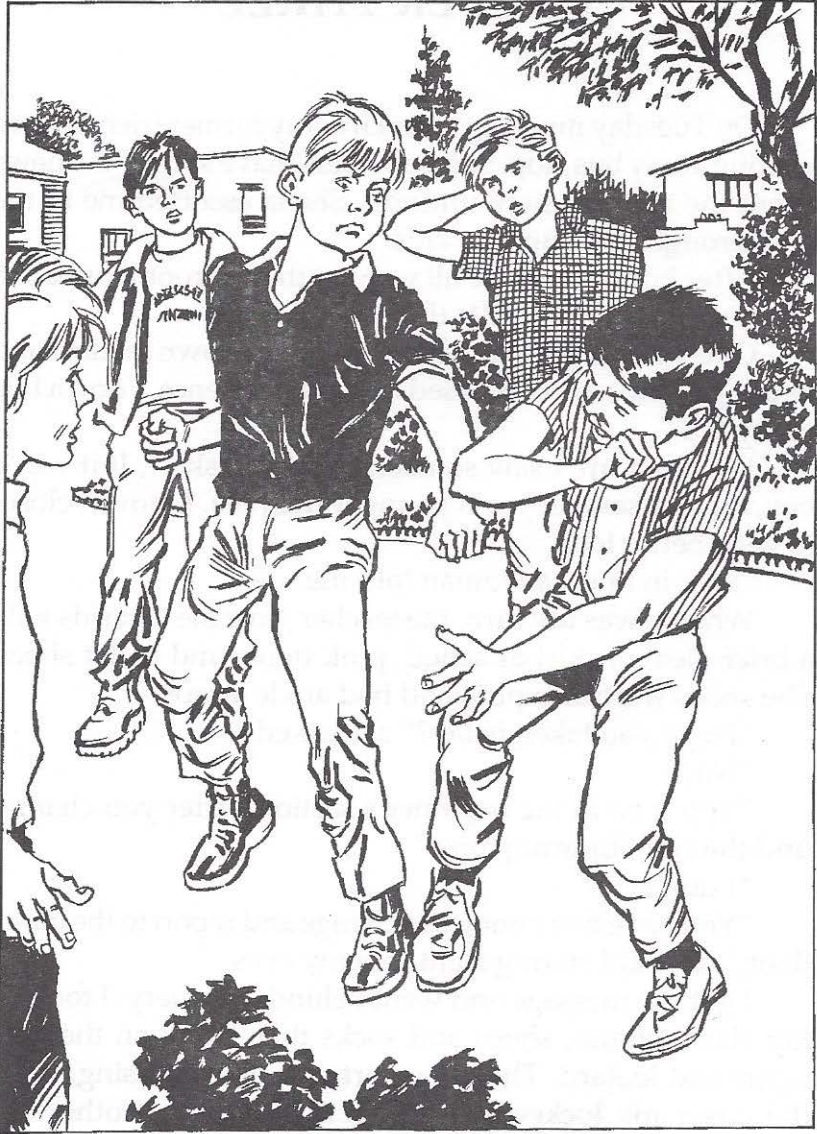


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CHAPTER THREE

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 . . ."

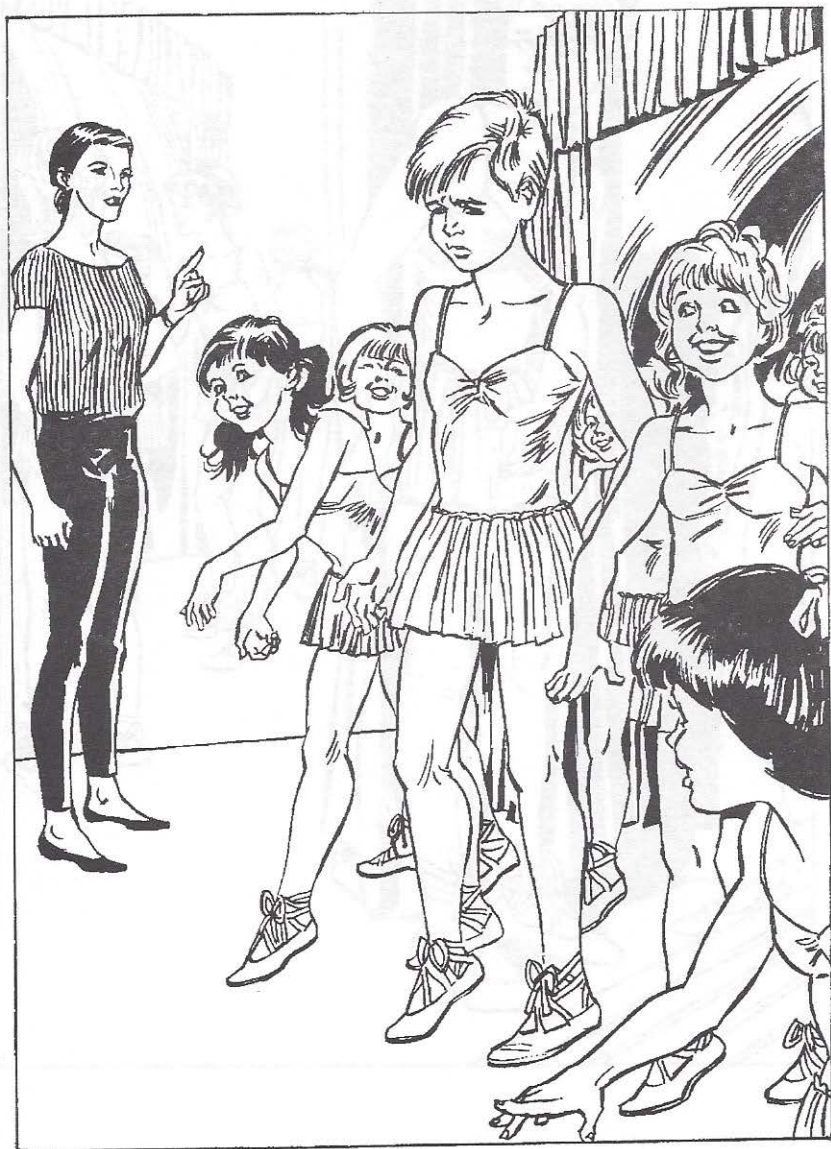
"You have five minutes to change and report to the dance floor," she said staring right into my eyes.

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!"

"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.

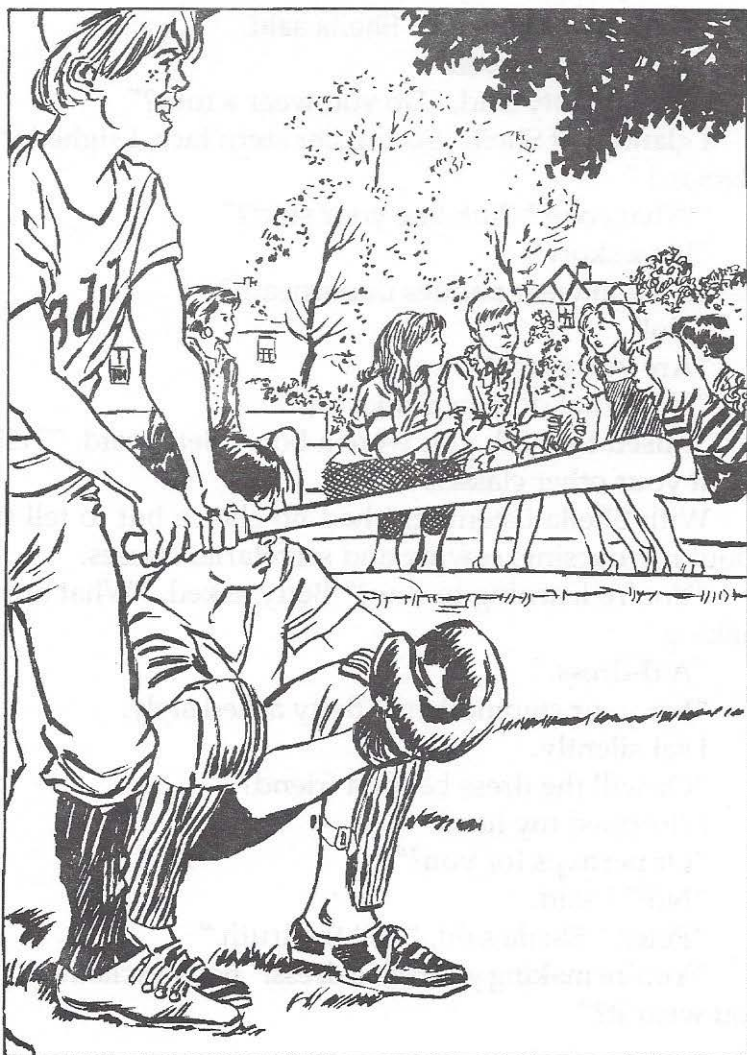
"Do you like going to a girls' school?" Joan asked.

I glared at her.

"Be good," Sheila said.

"It's all right," I said.

"What are you studying?" Betty asked.



"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?"

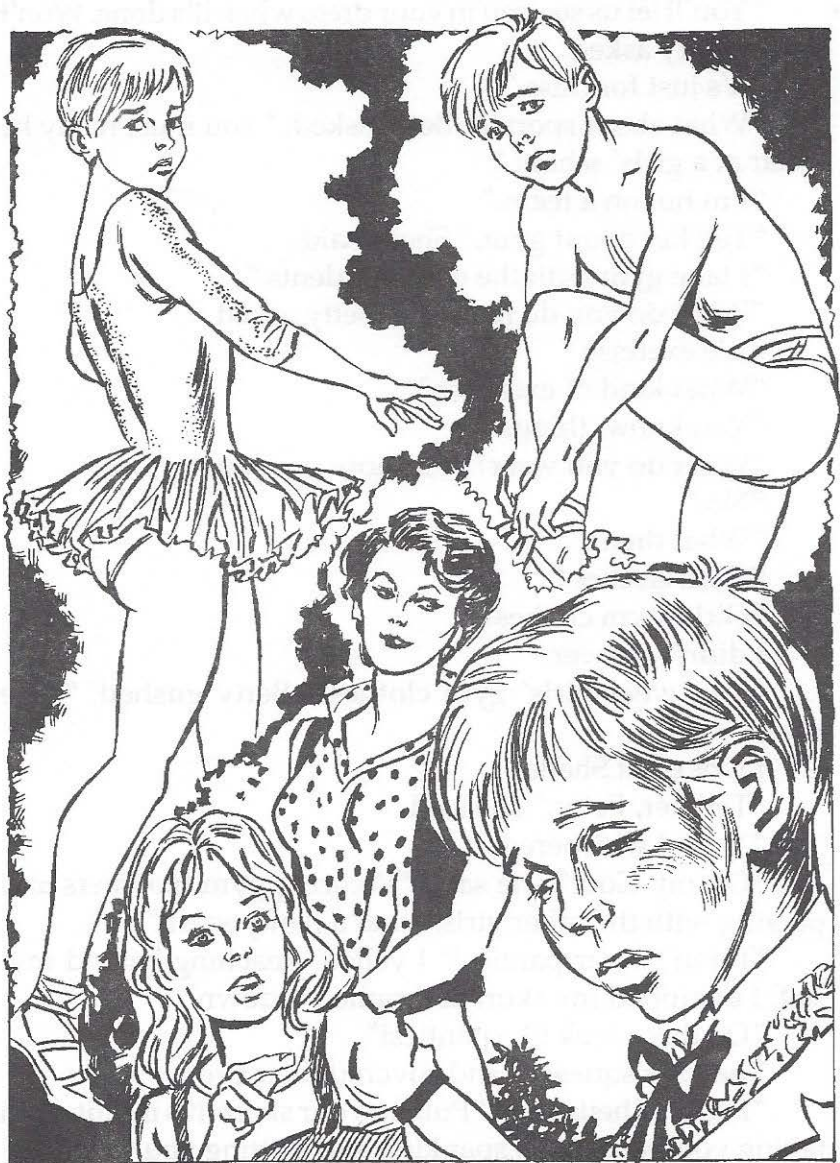
I dropped my head.

"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.

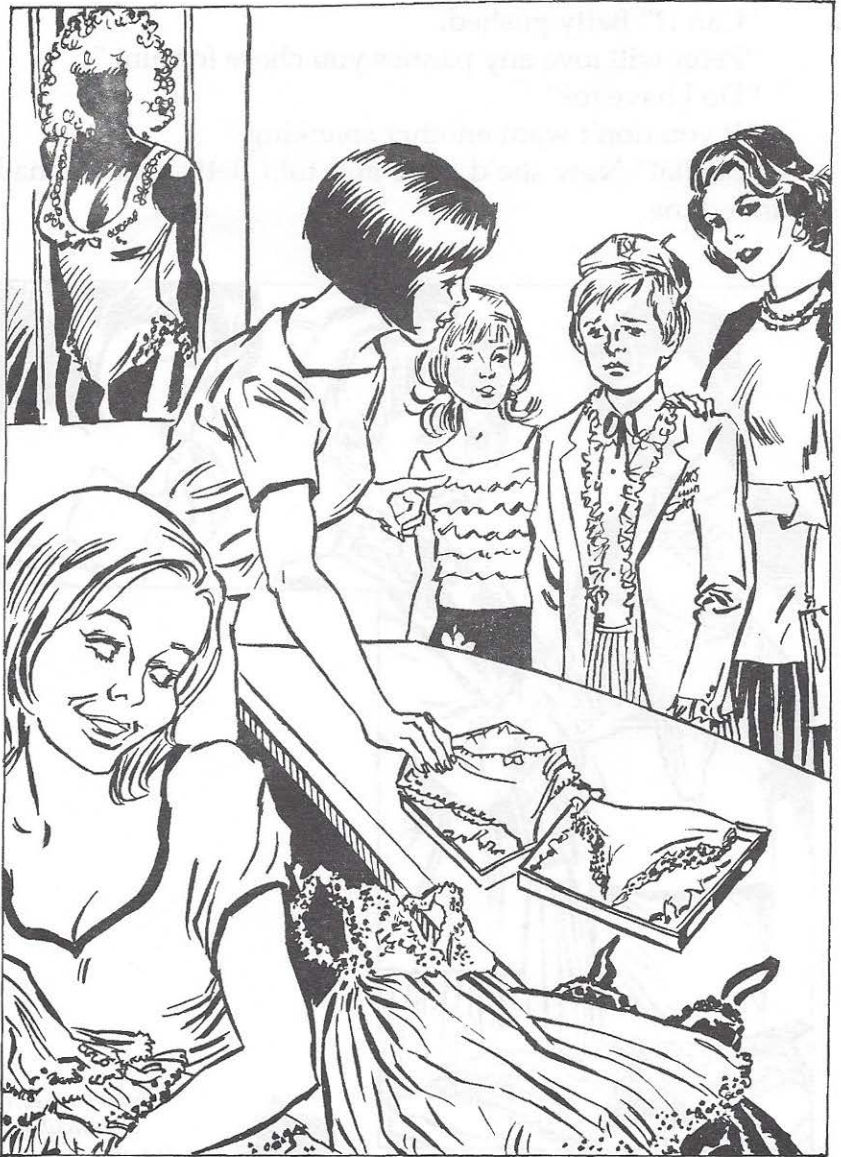
"I-I don't know. Average I guess."

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.

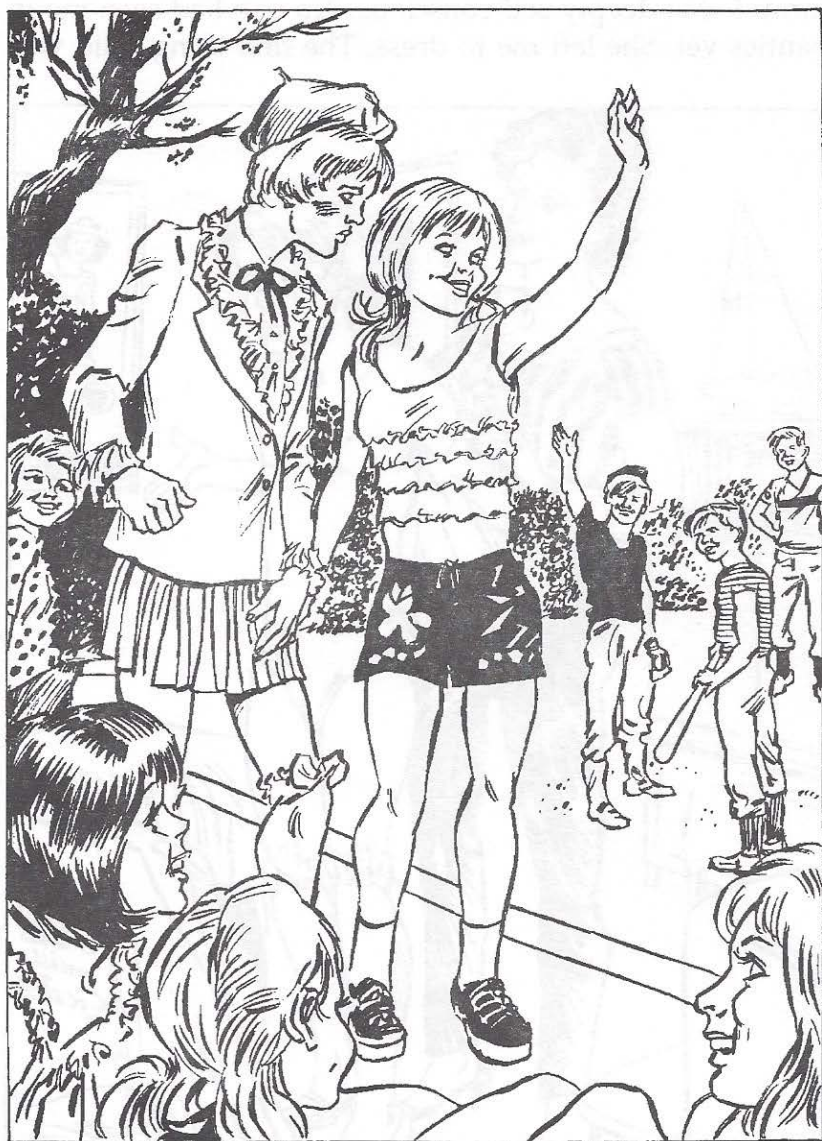
"She can take you. I only said that I wouldn't."

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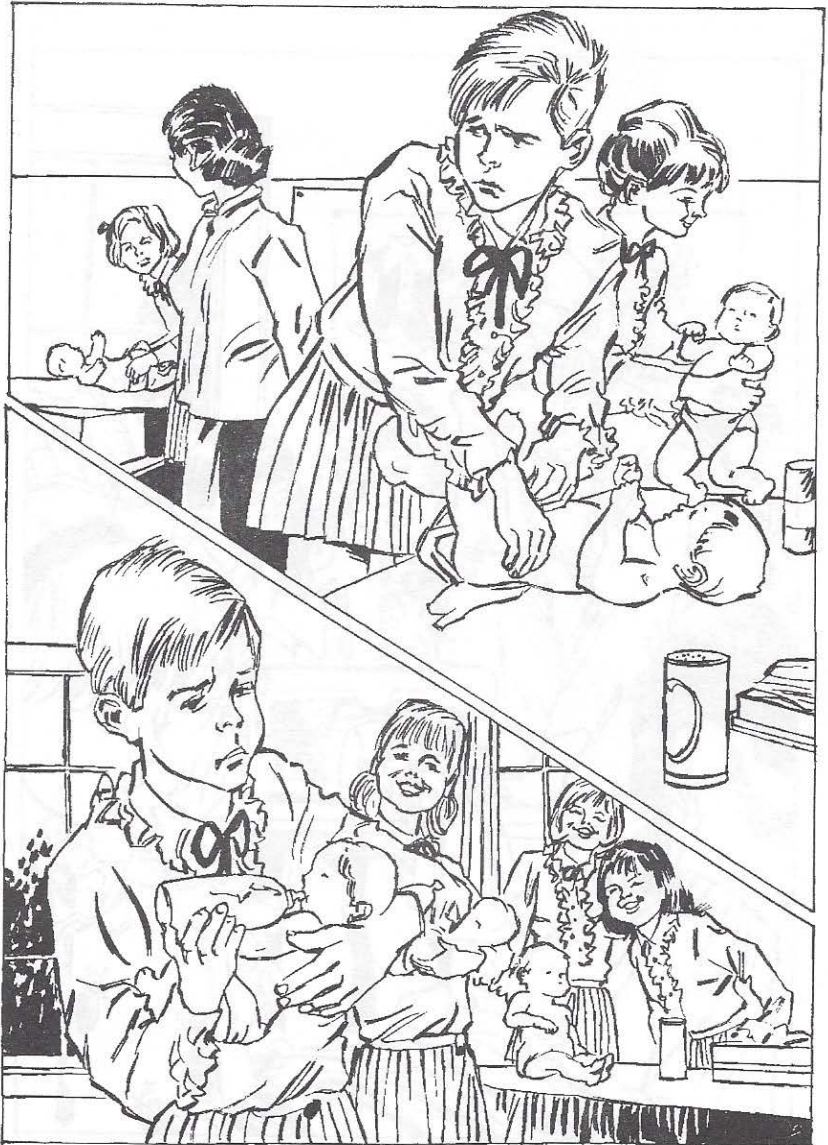
time Betty was smiling, knowing my secret. If she told, I'd just die.

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.



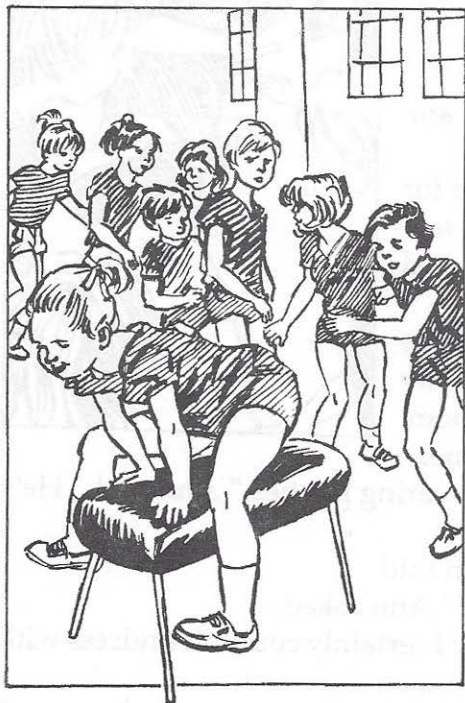
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I also had my first dress design class. The teacher helped us select patterns. Based on my lack of experience, she had me chose a simple one. I spent the two periods learning to cut and fit muslins and worrying about gym. How was I going to hide my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

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."

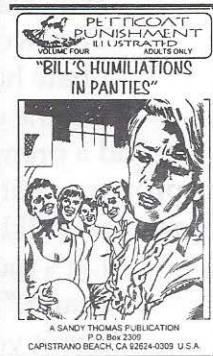
"Don't you love me any more?"

"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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