



# PETTICOAT PUNISHMENT ILLUSTRATED

VOLUME TWO

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"**

Julian 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"**

The kids of several boys are changed after attending a cross-dressing party... One is going to be a bride!



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MAGAZINE

Volume 021

**"WOMAN'S WORK"**

Larry hated working on his father's farm. He found out that heavy labor wasn't the only work that never ends.



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**"HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE"**

GENE FINDS OUT WHAT BEING A HOUSEWIFE IS ALL ABOUT!



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**"NEAR MISS"**

Noel's mother wanted a daughter, but only had a son. She had an idea.



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**"TIT FOR TAT"**

Two young wives make a bet: After dressing their husbands as women, the first one "read" is the loser.



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**"MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID"**

Robin gets "into" his new job at the bridal shop.



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**"FRENCH DRESSING"**

"SOMETHING HAD TO CHANGE—EMILE WAS IT!"



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Volume #11

**"THE NEW GIRL"**

A YOUNG MAN FINDS A JOB THAT REQUIRES A LITTLE CHANGE.



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**"THE GIRL'S PART"**

From a part in a play to a new role in life. Andy's transformation.



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Volume 5

**"SKIRT FOR A FLIRT"**

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



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Volume #6

**"EXCHANGING VOWS"**

Randy must pretend to be a "wife" for a weekend while his own wife lives as the "wife" of another man.



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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?"



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"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!



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.

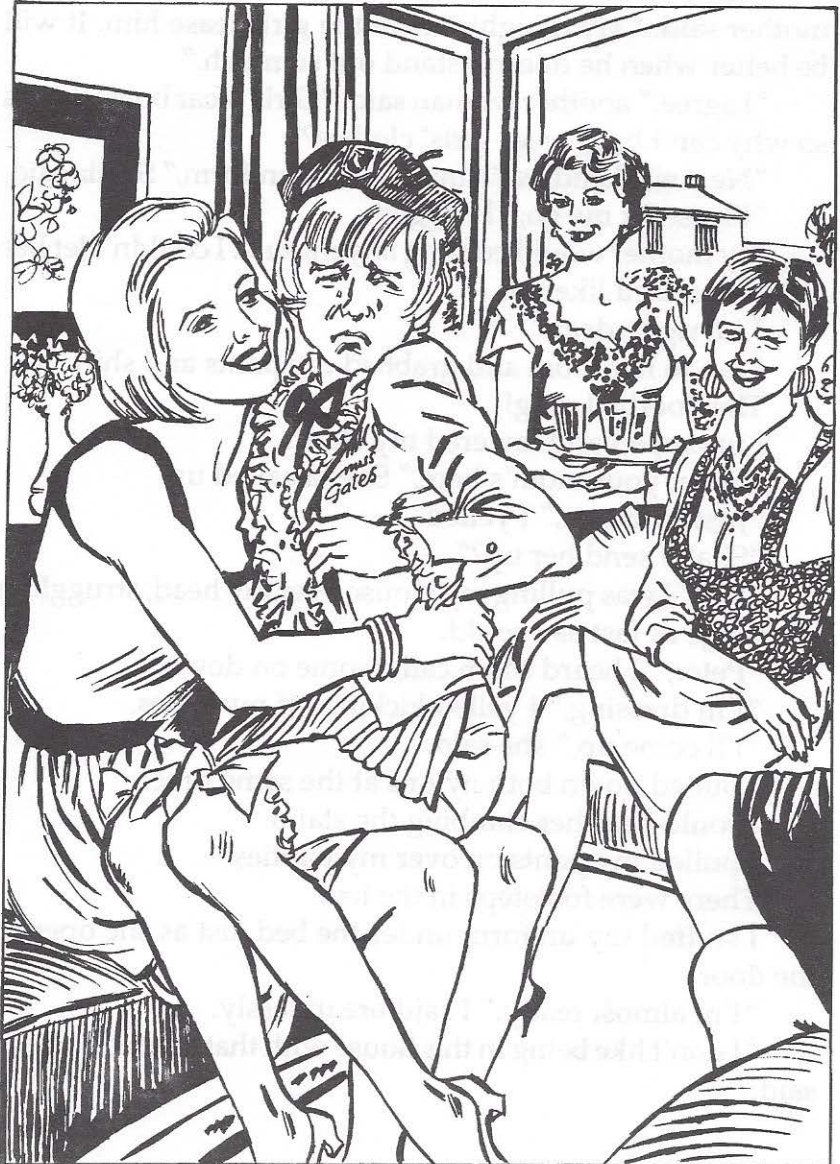
"He looks as adorable as my daughter told me he did," said a third.

"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."



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"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.

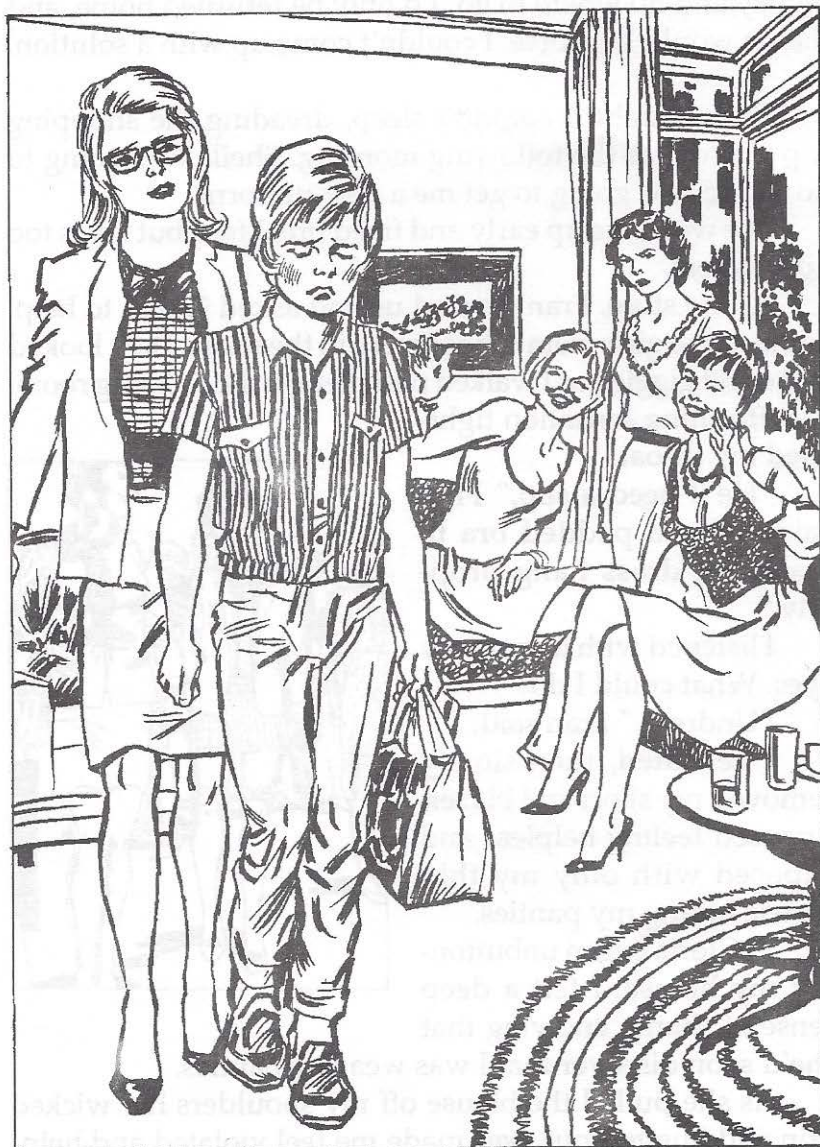
"I'm almost ready," I said breathlessly.

"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 planned 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 skirt 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.

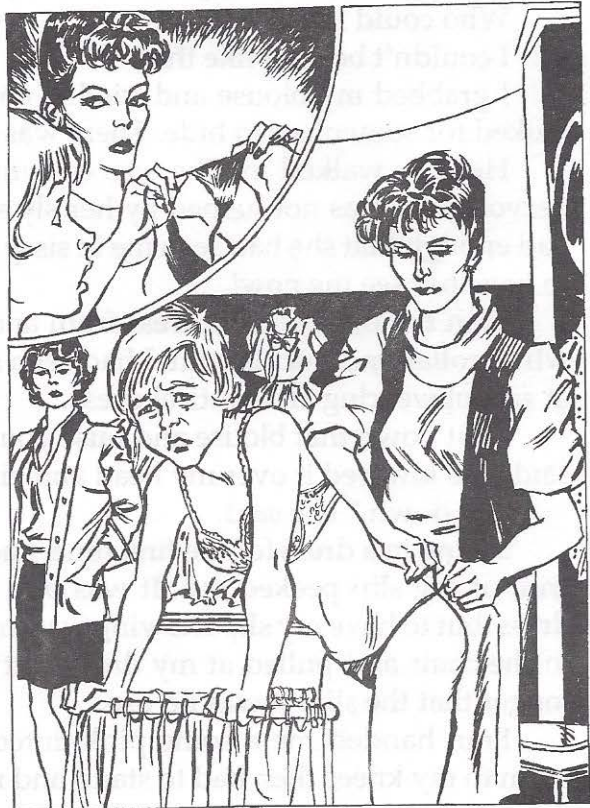
"Step out of your panties."

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.



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"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.

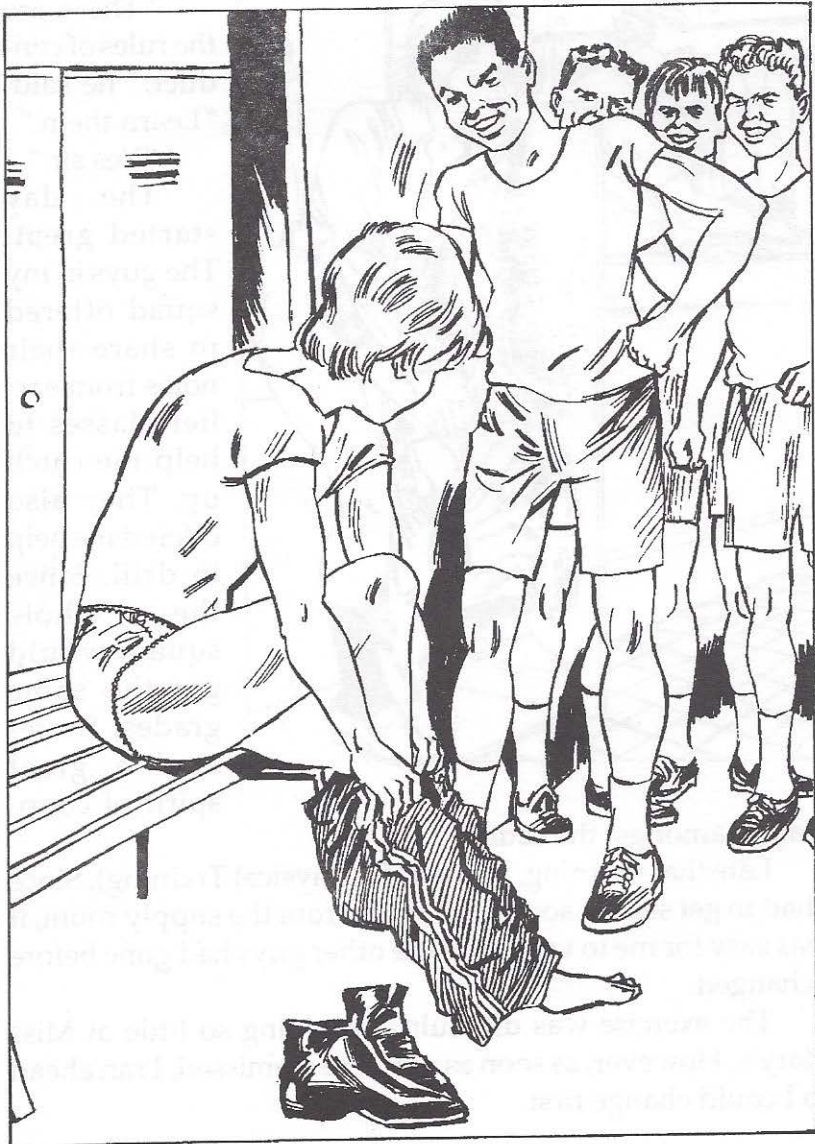
The exercise was difficult after doing so little at Miss Mary's. However, as soon as we were dismissed, I ran ahead so I could change first.

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.

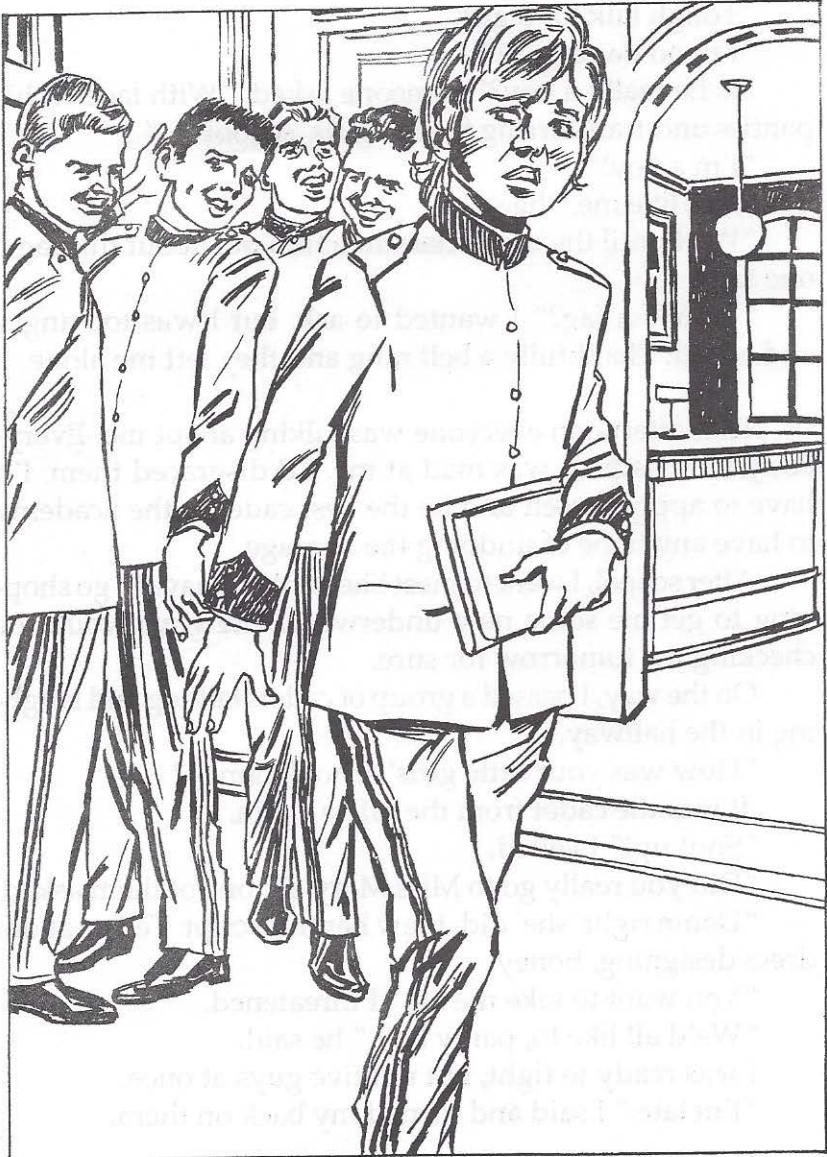
"We'd all like to, panty boy," he said.

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

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

"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."

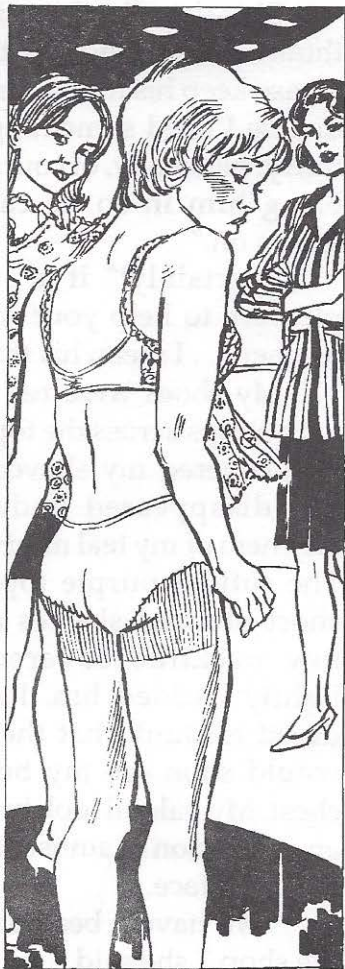
Crimson with resentment and humiliation, I started to undress. Soon came the moment I dreaded, the moment this clerk saw my panties filled with the bulge that was so obvious because I had no gaff.

"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."

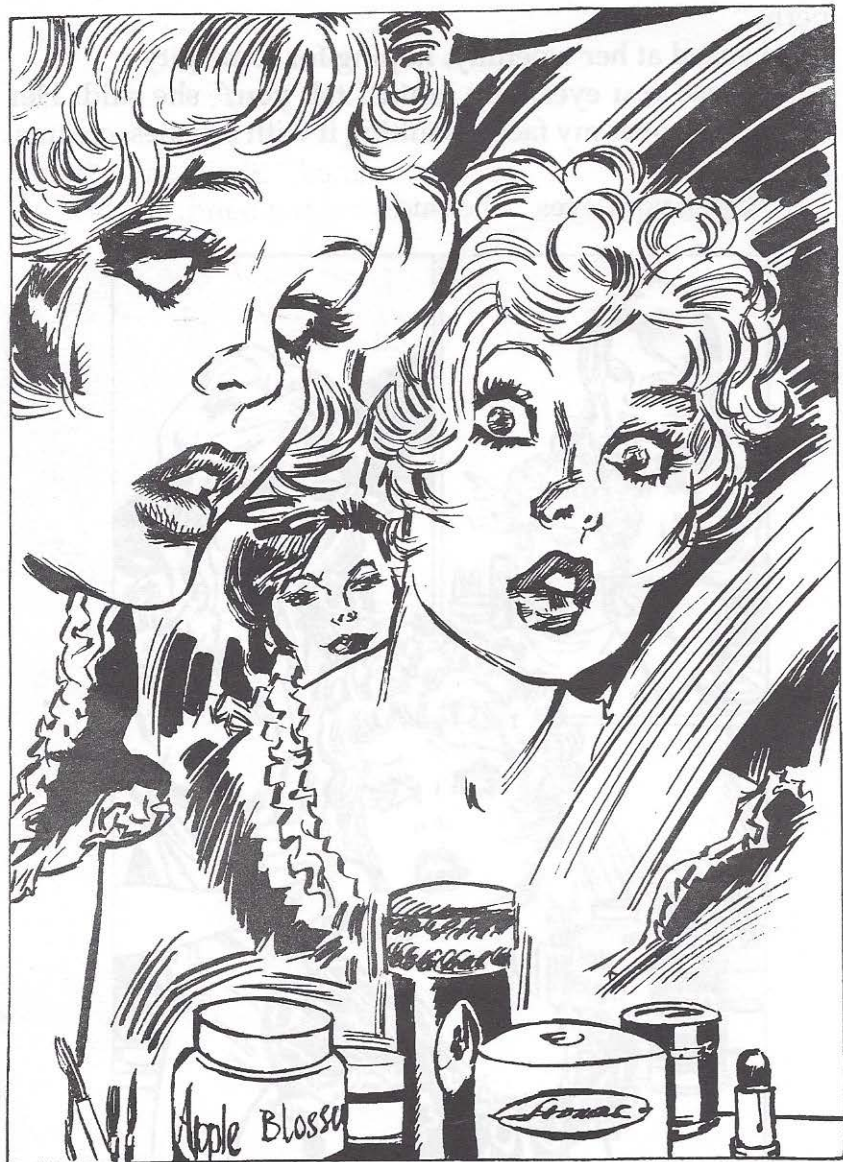
I gazed at her woefully, hoping for some pity.

"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."

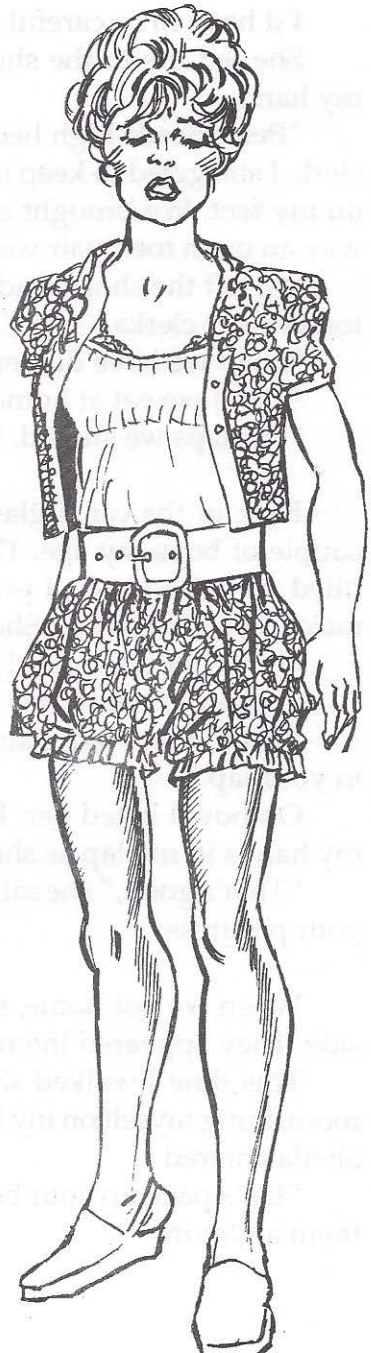
"Try this one for fun," the clerk said.

'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.

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"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."

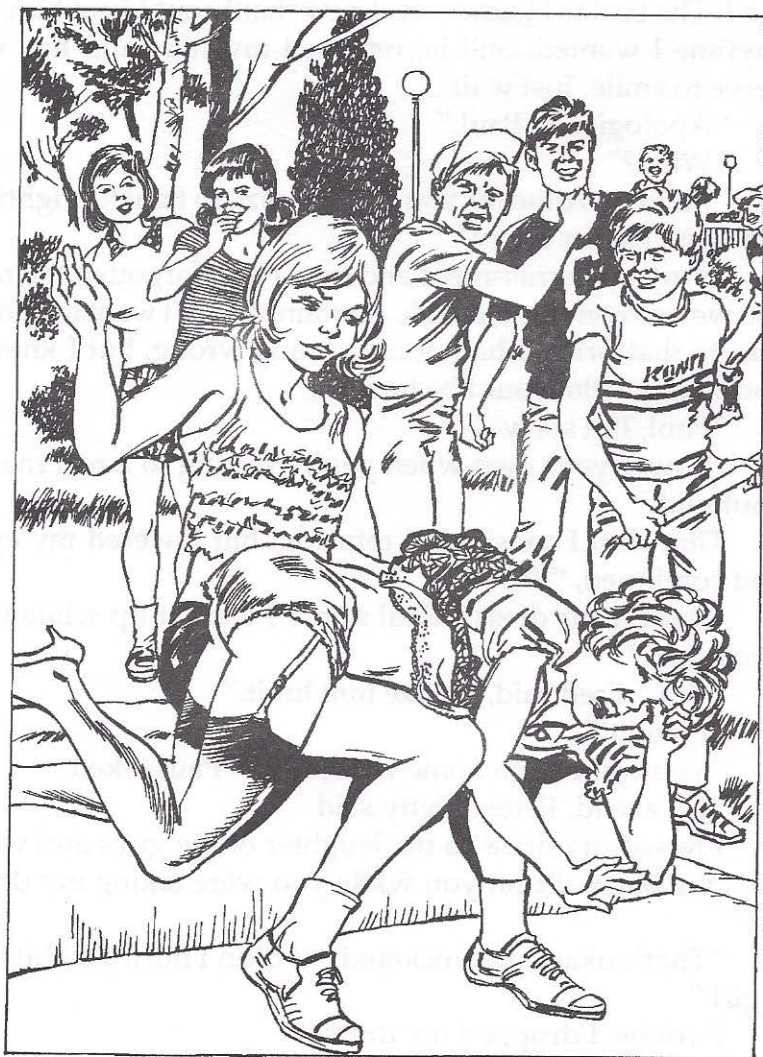
Fear returned me to her lap; she pulled up my dress and slip.

"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.



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"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."

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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!

**PETER'S (MISS) ADVENTURES  
CONTINUE IN VOLUME THREE OF  
SCHOOLED WITH GIRLS.**

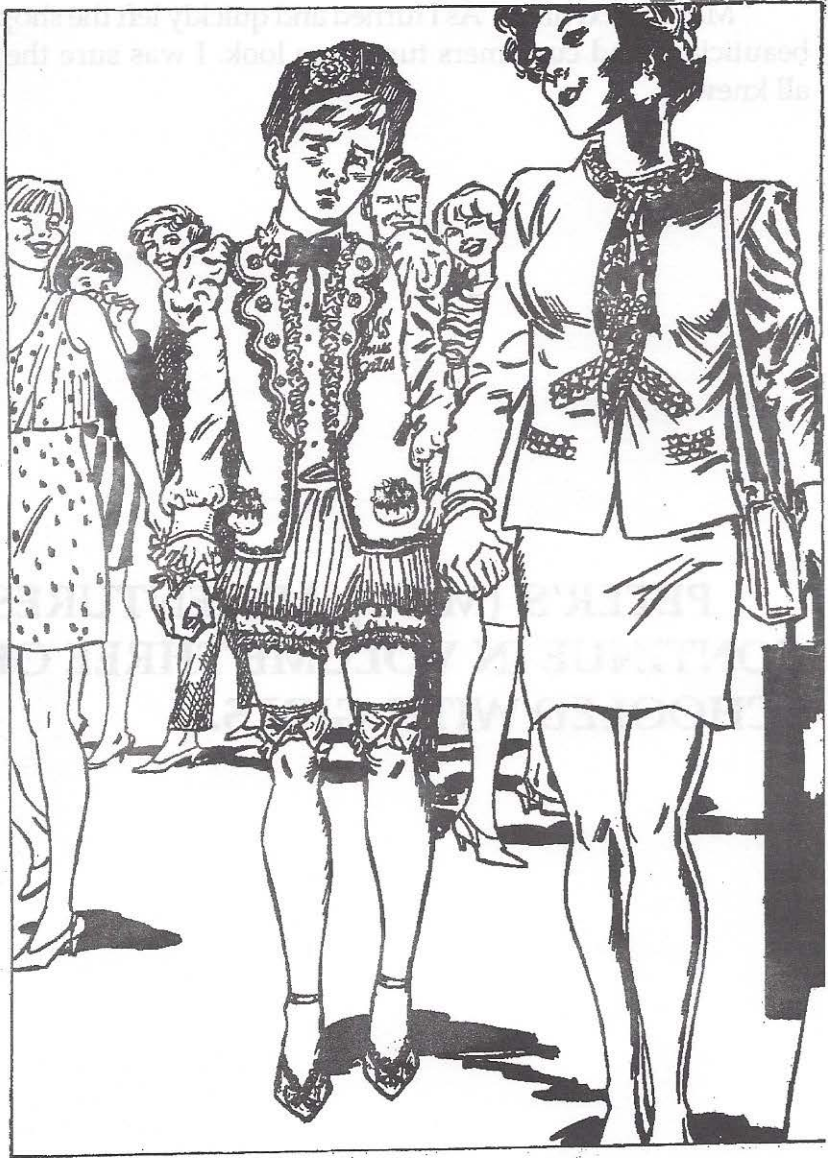


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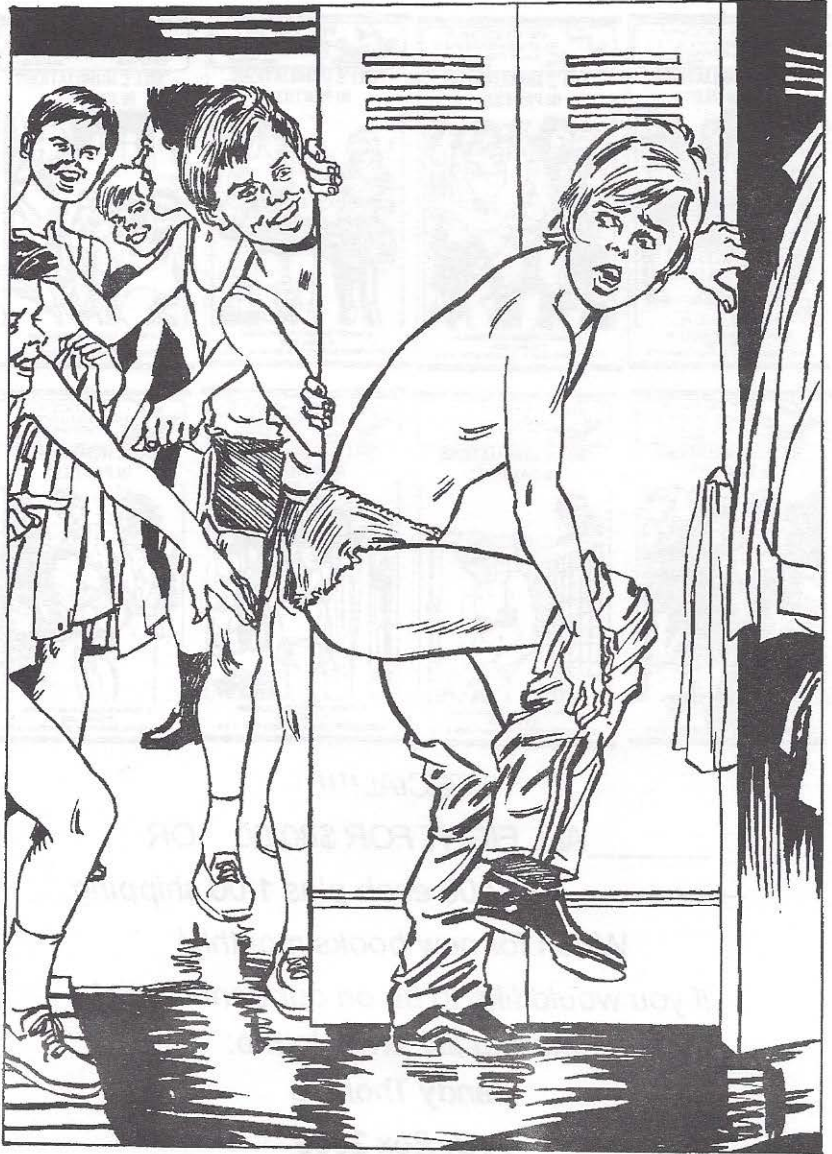
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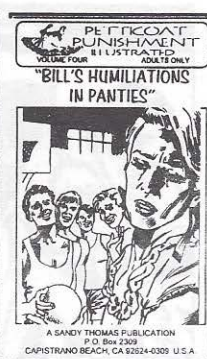
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BJ has dressed Peter in a modified and frillier school uniform



Juan suggests another way the cadets might have discovered Peter's panties.



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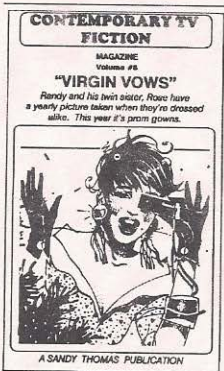
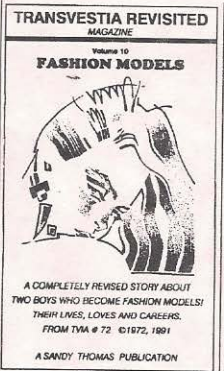
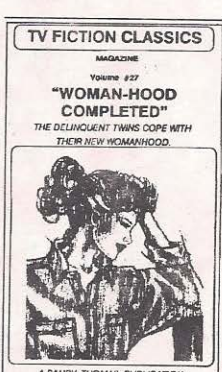
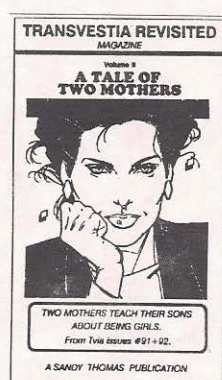
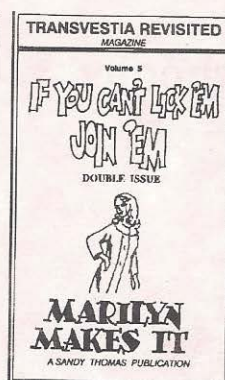
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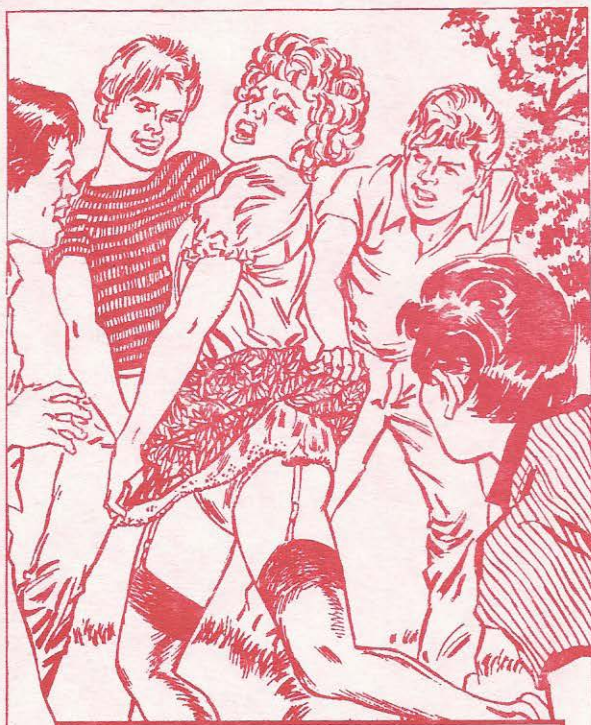


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