



PETTICOAT PUNISHMENT ILLUSTRATED

VOLUME THREE

ADULTS ONLY

"SCHOOLED WITH GIRLS"



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P.O. Box 2309

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ILLUSTRATED
MAGAZINE

"SCHOOLED
WITH GIRLS"

Volume Three

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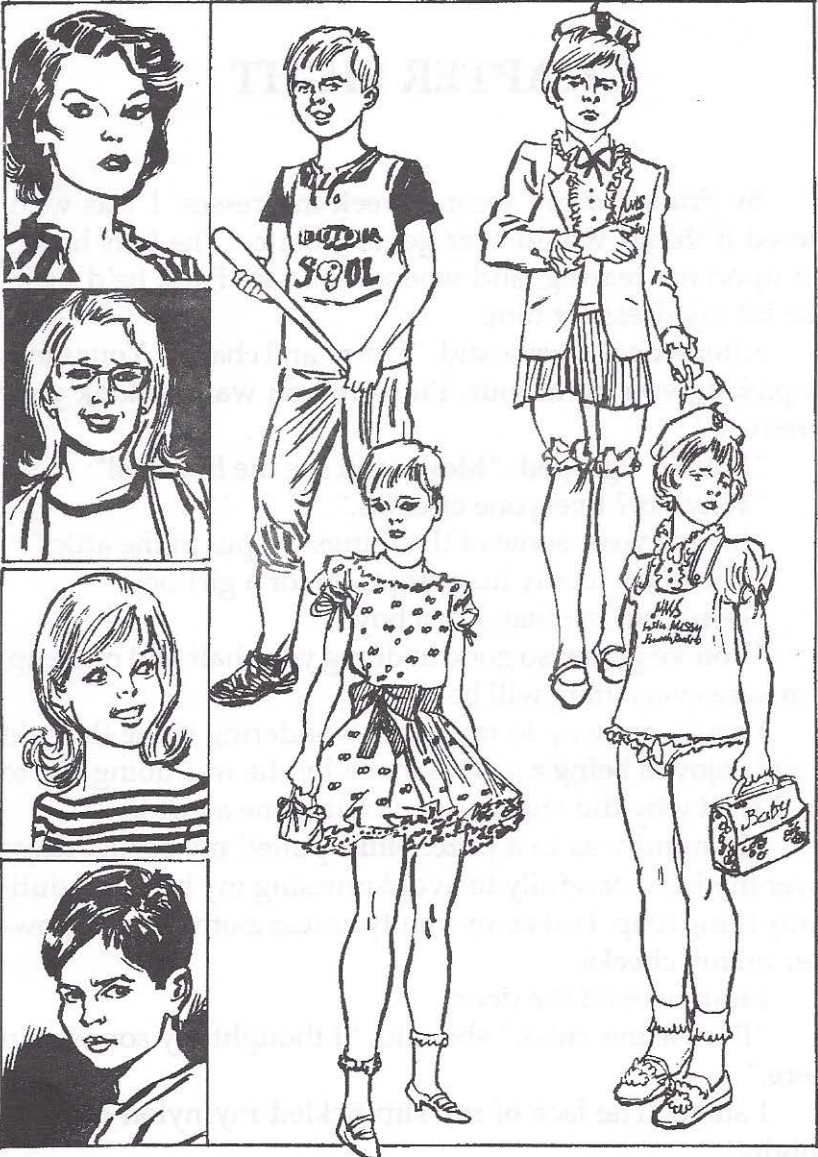
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CHAPTER EIGHT

By Friday of my second week in dresses, I was wondered if things would ever get any better. The kids hadn't let upon the teasing, and whenever I saw Paul, he'd make me lift my dress for him.

After school, Sheila said, "Hurry and change. Your mom is picking you up at four. I'm sure you want to look your prettiest."

"Mom?" I gasped. "Mom can't see me like this!"

"Why not? Everyone else has."

"Let me wear some of the things we put in the attic."

"Those are totally inappropriate for a girl-boy."

"Don't call me that. I'm a boy."

"You've gotten so good at doing your hair and makeup, I'm sure everything will be fine."

I made my way to my room wondering if she thought that I enjoyed being a girl? Is that why she was doing this to me? And why did she insist on calling me a girl-boy?

My mind was in a haze. Still I pulled my school dress over my head carefully to avoid mussing my hair and dutifully hung it up. I sat at my vanity and smoothed some powder on my cheeks.

Mom opened the door!

"Excuse me, miss," she said. "I thought my son was in here."

I stood. The lace of my slip tickled my nylon-covered thighs.

"Mom," I said.



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"Peter, is that you? What are you doing?"

"She made me."



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"That bitch did this to you!"

"A-and she makes me go to a girls' school, a-and I have to wear girl's stuff all the time, a-and all my friends know."

"That's horrible!"



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I wrung my hands together in front of my chest. "I hate her so much."

She took me in her arms and gave me a hug. It was comforting to hold her, but it felt strange to have my breasts pressing against hers.

"It's not your fault," she said softly.

Sheila entered the room.

"I see you're getting along well."

Mom let go of me and turned to confront her.

"Why is he dressed like a girl?"

"When he came to live with me, Peter was rude, disobedient and —"

"You bitch!" Mom interrupted.

"Let me finish!" Sheila snapped. "So I decided the best way to calm him down and teach him some manners was to enroll him in a school for girls, away from his rowdy friends."

"You had no right!"

"As his guardian, I certainly do."

While they argued, I dressed.

Finally, Sheila said, "If you want him for the weekend, you'll take him as he is."



"Let's get out of here," mom told me.

"Not without his clothes," Sheila said holding a suitcase.

After several more words, Mom stormed out of the house carrying my bag.

In her car, I sat with knees together as I told Mom about my humiliations.



"Everyone thinks I'm a sissy, but I'm not!"

"I know you aren't."

"But they all tease me."

"She did this to you."

"Everyone knows -- all my friends -- the kids at my old school and my new one."

"She won't get away with this."

"She says I'm a girl-boy."

"She's wrong."

"I have to use makeup. People pull up my dress."

"Oh dear."

"They call me 'Peter Pretty Panties'."

"Poor boy."

As we entered her studio apartment, I said, now in tears, "Oh Mom, it's horrible."

"I know," she said holding my shoulders gently.

"I hate being dressed like this! I can't stand the teasing. What do you think it would be like to die? I think it would be like falling asleep."

"That does it."

"Mom?"

"I have some of your clothes in my closet," Mom said. "Take off those things."



"Sure Mom," I happily replied.

I removed my dress and slip. She returned with some of my old clothes.

"That bitch sure went all the way," Mom mused as she looked over my bra and panties. "As soon as you change, we're going to the barber shop to get you a proper haircut."

Turning my back to her, I peeled off everything and eagerly stepped into my old jockey briefs. They felt strange.

"I'll make us sandwiches while you wash your face. Don't leave any makeup for the barber to see."



"Do you have polish remover?" I asked sheepishly.

In the barber's chair, I smiled as my curls fall away.

"Are you wearing perfume?" he asked.

"Uh . . ." I hesitated.

"He spent the afternoon with his girlfriend," Mom explained, coming to my rescue.

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"She's the one who convinced him to cut his hair. I guess they were a little close when he agreed."

"Good going, son."

I was flying high when we left the barbershop. I hoped I'd see that damn Paul now.

At Mom's place, she jolted me back to reality by asking, "What will happen when you go home like that?"

I'd been so happy to be out of dresses that I hadn't given a thought to the consequences.

"I . . . Ah . . . I hadn't thought."

"Well, I have," she said. "Even in boys' clothes you sit and walk like a girl."

Looking down, I saw my knees together and my hands folded in my lap.

"It's habit. She makes me practice girls' stuff and punishes me if I don't do it right."

"If you stay with her much longer, you'll be what she said you are."

"A girl-boy?" I asked.

"Damn her. Damn my probation. I'm getting you out of here now."

By midnight, we were in another state. We checked into a motel and were asleep within minutes.

"Police! Don't move!" someone was yelling.

It was light out. The police were in our room. Sheila was there too. I jumped out of bed.

"What are you wearing? Sheila asked. "What happened to your hair?"

"Let me get dressed, you bastard!" Mom yelled as the other cop pulled her out of bed. She was in her slip and underwear.

"So, you thought you could run away," Sheila said.

"How could you treat my son like a girl?"

"Not a girl, a girl-boy."

"You bitch!"

"You've violated your parole, lady," the cop said.



"I know you," Mom said. "You're the cop who arrested me for drugs."

"That's right," Sheila said, "they work for me."

"You set up the whole thing."

"Of course," Sheila said. "Now I can have you sent to jail."

"How could you?"

"We're going home, Peter. Take off that awful underwear and put on your dress."

"I don't have one"

"Then you'll wear hers."

"Mine?" Mom said.

"Your underwear too," Sheila turned to the cops. "Strip her!"

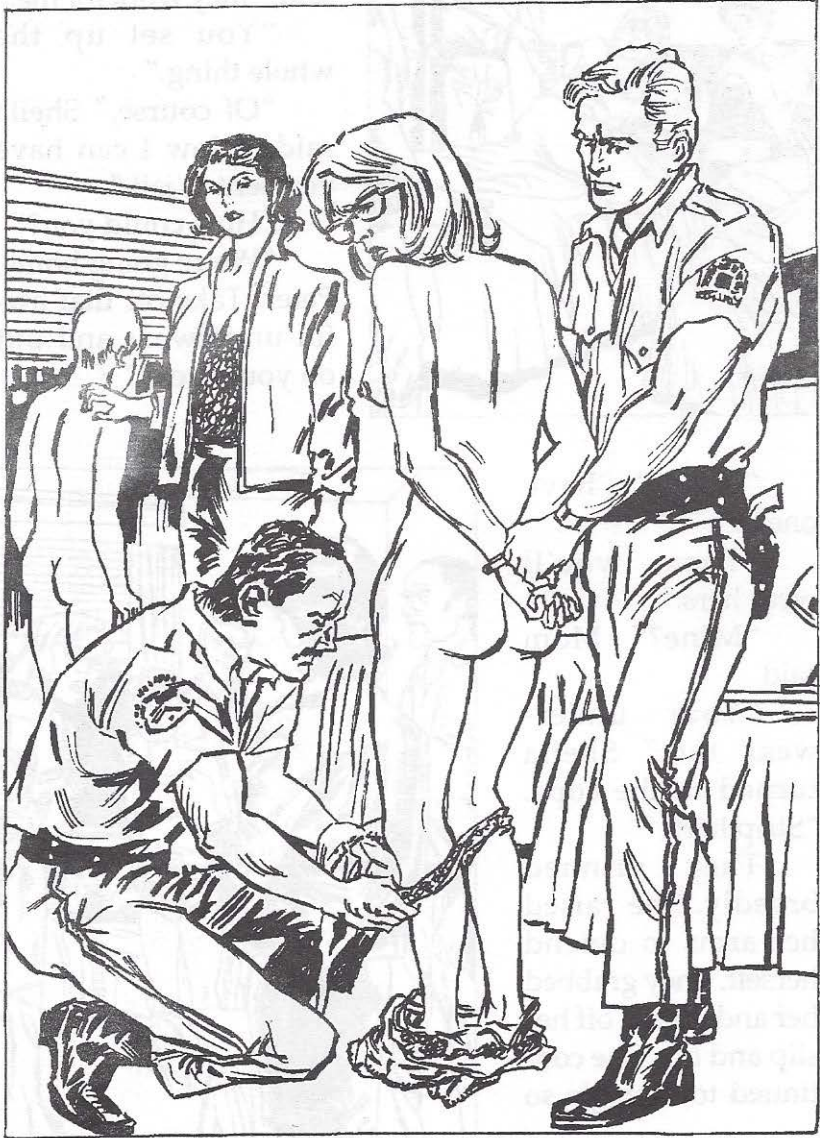
They grinned broadly. She raised her arms to defend herself. They grabbed her and pulled off her slip and bra. She continued to struggle so



they handcuffed her arms behind her before they removed her panties.

"It's not decent for my son to see me naked," she said. I looked away.

"Put these on," a cop handed me Mom's underwear.



"Sheila, don't make me — not in front of them!"

"Put them on!" Sheila said. "Do you want these officers to see you spanked?"

Reluctantly, I took the pale blue panties, white slip and blue bra and started toward the bathroom. But the cop stopped me, "Dress here. I don't want you trying to escape."

"You're all perverts!" Mom yelled. "How much is that bitch paying you?"

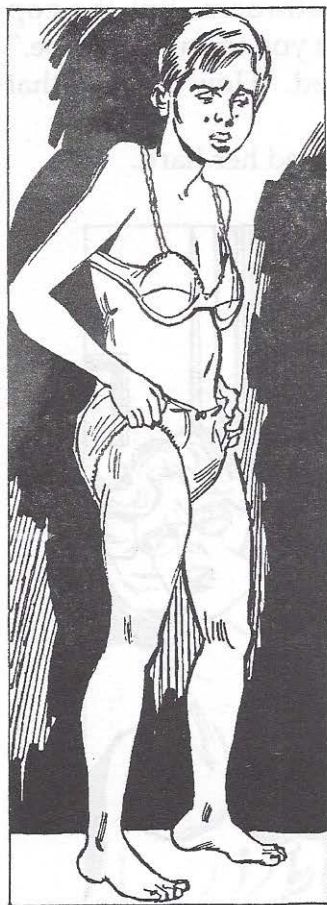
"Shut up!" a cop yelled and slapped her hard.



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"Do you want her to get some more, or will you be a good girl-boy and put your panties on?" Sheila asked.

I stepped into the panties and hooked the bra. It was way too big.



"You've done that before," one of the cops said.

I ignored him watching as I pulled on Mom's slip.



"He sure has," the other cop laughed and threw me Mom's dress. I put it on. Everything was too large.

"Don't you look sweet," Sheila said, "One more thing." She got Mom's purse, took out the lipstick and broadly drew it over my mouth. I glanced in the mirror and shuddered. With my ill-fitting clothes, short hair and horrible

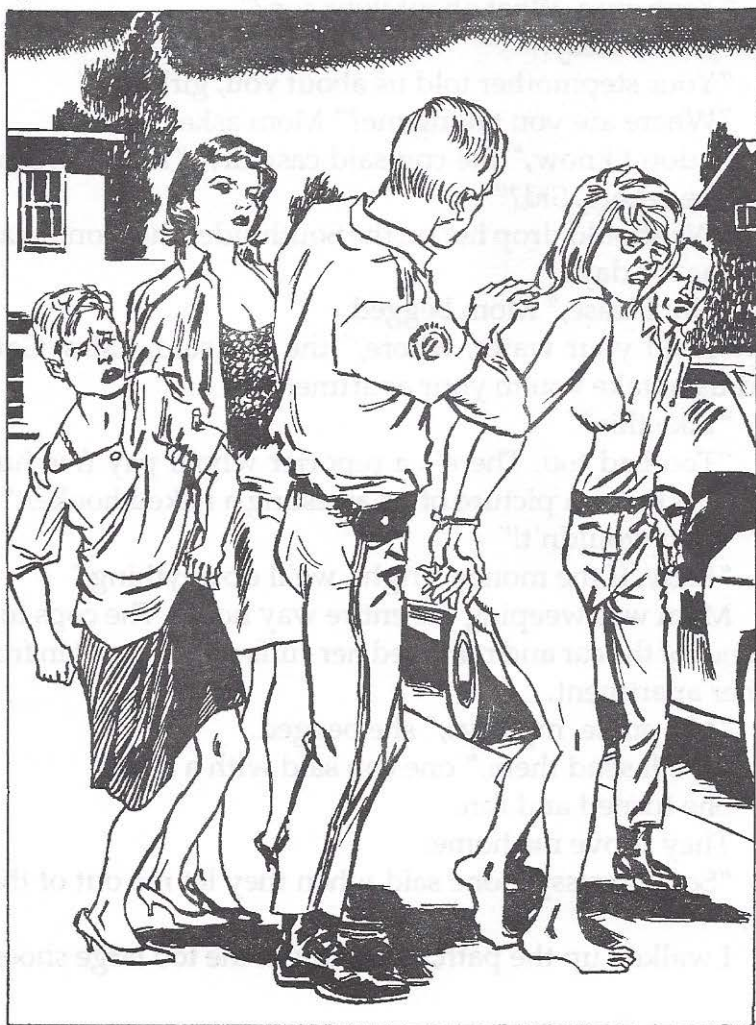
makeup job, I didn't look like a girl - I looked like a sissy boy playing dress up.

"Okay, ready to go," Sheila said.

"At least give me a sheet," mom said.

"You'll go as you are," Sheila said. "This will teach you not to interfere."

Sheila led me, and the two men dragged my naked Mother out to their car. Mom wasn't even able to cover herself because her hands were still cuffed behind her.



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"Where are you taking me?" I sobbed as the cop shoved me into the back seat.

"Home, of course!" he replied as he slammed the door, locking us in.

Mom hunched up, trying to cover her nakedness, "Please don't look, Peter," she begged tearfully.

A cop turned and looked at us with a grin. "Some mother/son combo, a druggie and a sissy."

"You framed me!" Mom said.

"Yeah sure. What about your son?"

"I'm no sissy."

"Your stepmother told us about you, girl-boy."

"Where are you taking me?" Mom asked.

"I don't know," the cop said casually, "Where will we take the whore, Sid?"

"We should drop her on the South side. She won't make it home for days."

"No! Please," Mom begged.

"Hold your water, whore," the cop said, "Mrs. Gates told us to take you to your apartment."

"Like this?"

"Too bad too. There's a reporter who'll pay five hundred bucks for a picture of us arresting a naked hooker."

"You wouldn't!"

"Lady, if the money's right, we'll do anything."

Mom was weeping the entire way home. The cops took her out of the car and removed her cuffs on the street in front of her apartment.

"My purse, my keys," she begged.

"We'll send them," one cop said with a laugh.

She turned and ran.

They drove me home.

"So long sissy," one said when they let me out of their car.

I walked up the path, unsteady in the too large shoes.



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Sheila opened the door and said, "Go to your room, wash off that lipstick, put on the dress you made in school and meet me in the living room."

I joined her in a few minutes.

"Let's go downtown, Peter."

"Not like this."

"You wanted to look like a boy."

"Not a boy in a dress."

"Let's go."

Recently I had tried to look like a girl. I'd gotten so good at it that people who didn't know me thought I was one. It gave me a queasy feeling to be taken for a girl, but it was less embarrassing than being recognized as a boy in a dress.

However, now everyone was staring at me. It felt like my first few days in dresses all over again.

Fran was shocked. "What happened?" she asked.

"Peter wanted to look more like a boy," Sheila said.

"Where did he get that horrible dress?" Fran asked.

"He made it."

"He can look prettier."

"Would you like that, Peter?" Sheila asked.

"Please don't tease me," I said almost in tears.

"Do you want to be a pretty girl-boy or would you rather be a foolish looking sissy?"

I stood defeated with my head hanging down.

"Well?"

"A girl-boy," I whispered.

"All right, Fran, fix him up."

Soon I was wearing a summer weight dress with thin shoulder straps and an attached petticoat. She also replaced my mom's underwear with a bra and panties that fit properly.

"Shouldn't he have makeup?" she asked.

"Does a girl-boy wear makeup?" Sheila asked me.



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"Yes," I said softly.

"I suppose," Sheila said. "Go to the beauty shop and tell them to give you the works. Charge it to my account. Come back here when you're done."

Everyone stared at me as I walked the two blocks to the beauty salon. The girl at the desk was very concerned. "What happened, Peter?"

"Sheila said to have you charge things to her."

"Off course, sweetie. We're full, but come with me and I'll help you myself."

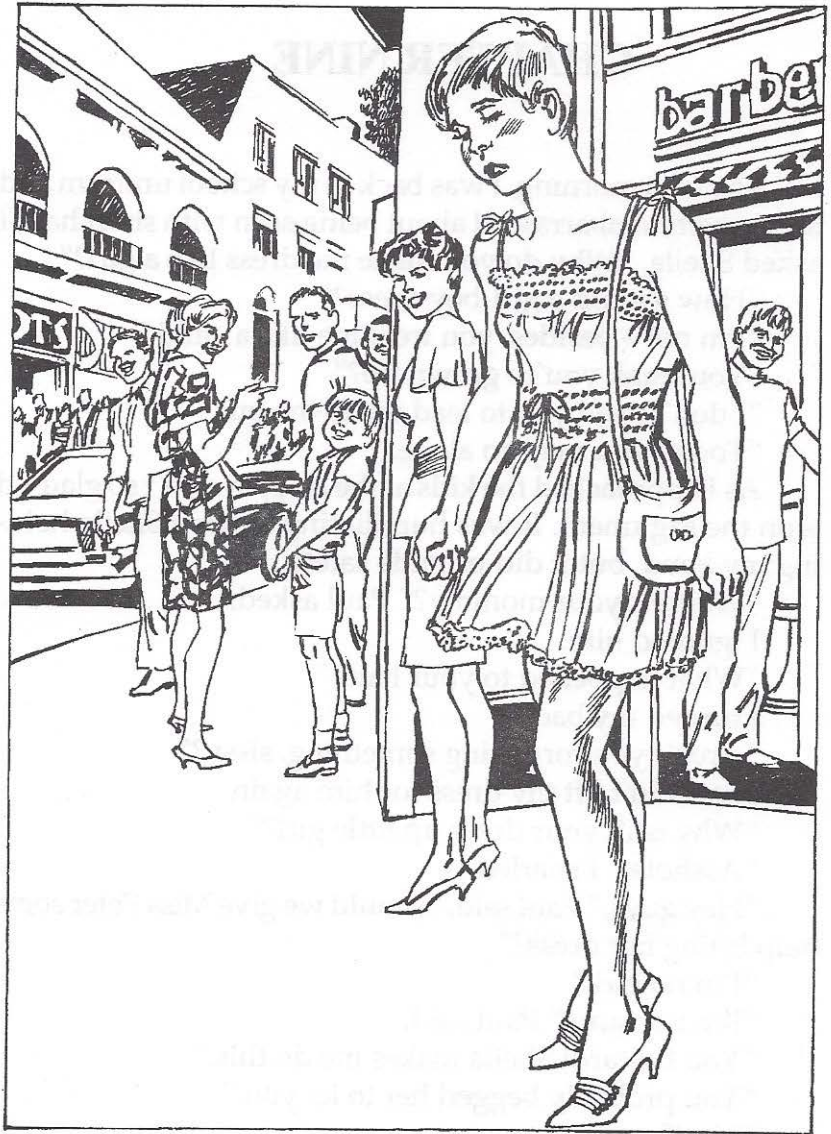
As I followed her to a chair, she kept up a conversation. "I just can't do anything with your hair. If you were a brunette, I'd dye it, but since you are a blond, all I can do is tidy it up a bit. It will take time to grow back."

"I guess it will."

She did my nails and fixed my face.

On the way back to the dress shop, people still looked at me, but I thought that some of them had some doubt about my sex until I passed the barber's shop. My barber saw me, came out and said, "Hey Peter, what's up?"

I walked faster. He called after me; "Does your girlfriend like you like that, Peter?"



CHAPTER NINE

The next morning, I was back in my school uniform and feeling very embarrassed about being seen with short hair, I asked Sheila, "Why do you make me dress like a girl?"

"How should a girl-boy dress?"

"I'm not - besides, you treat me like a child."

"You think you're grown up?"

"I don't need you to lead me to the bus."

"Today you may go alone."

As I approached the kids at the stop, I wasn't so glad I'd won the argument. It was humiliating to have Sheila holding my hand, but it did provide safety.

"Where's your mommy?" Paul asked.

I ignored him.

"What happened to your hair?"

I turned my back.

"Aren't you forgetting something, sissy?"

I wouldn't lift my dress for him again.

"Why isn't your dress up little girl?"

"Asshole," I snarled.

"Hey guys," Paul said, "should we give Miss Peter some help lifting her dress?"

"I'm no girl."

"I'm not sure," Paul said.

"You bastard! Sheila makes me do this."

"You probably begged her to let you."

"Liar!"

"Let's see if Phyllis is a boy," Paul said grabbing my arm.

I swung at him, but one of the guys grabbed my other arm. Soon five of them were dragging me away from the bus stop.

"Help!" I yelled, but the few girls at the stop could only stare after us as the boys forced me along.



"Where shall we take her?"

"The park," Paul said.

Near the baseball field were bathrooms. They pulled me into the men's room. It was dirty and smelled of mold and piss.

"Let's see what Phyllis has under her dress," Paul said.

I struggled as the boys took off my blazer.

I could beat any of them, but not all five. They unzipped my dress. I struggled so fiercely that they had to tear it off me.



"She's wearing a bra."

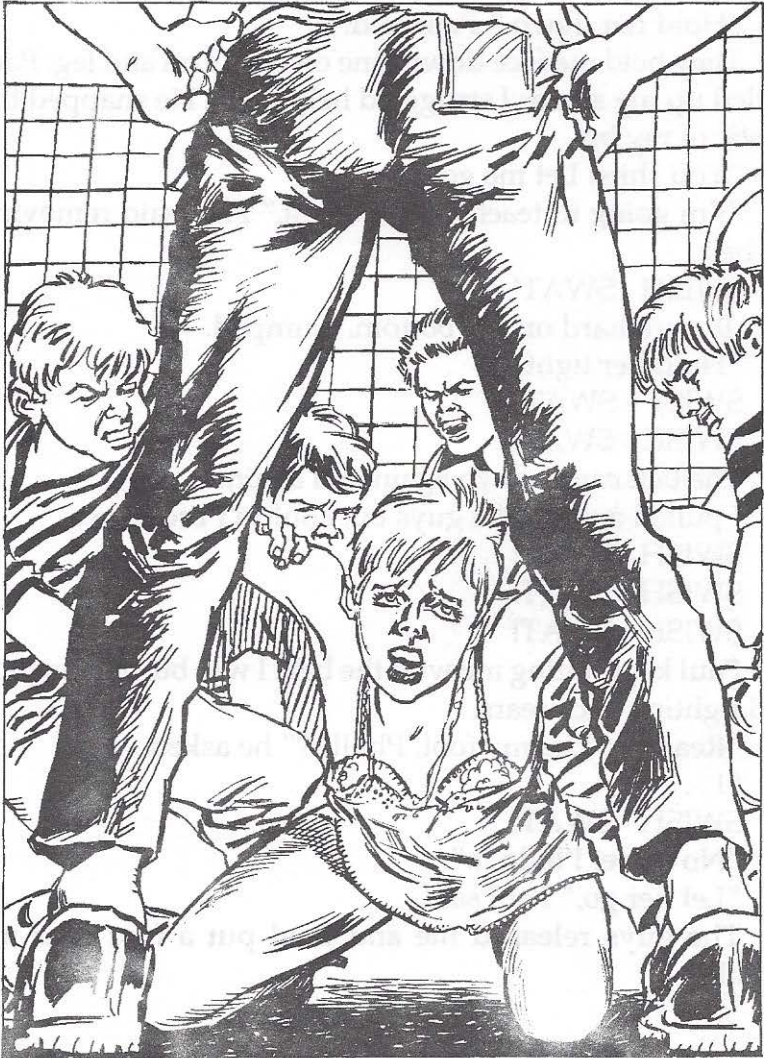
I struggled and twisted, but the boys held me tight.

"See what happens when you don't obey my rules," Paul said.

"Damn you! Let me go!"

"How'd you like to give me a little kiss, Phyllis?"

"Never!"



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"Kiss my foot," he said.

I struggled against the combined strength of the four other boys as they pushed me to the floor and brought my mouth to Paul's shoe.

"Kiss it nicely, Phyllis, and maybe I'll let you go."

I closed my mouth tightly as they pushed it firmly against his shoe.

"She isn't doing it."

"Hold her down," Paul said.

They held me face down, one on each arm and leg. Paul pulled up my slip as I struggled helplessly. He snapped the elastic of my bra.

"You shits! Let me go!"

"I'm going to teach you a lesson," Paul said removing his belt.

SWISH - SWAT!

It went hard on my bottom. I jumped.

"Hold her tight."

SWIST - SWAT!

SWISH - SWAT!

The belt came down again and again.

I pulled against the guys but couldn't break free.

SWISH - SWAT!

SWISH - SWAT!

SWISH - SWAT!

Paul kept hitting me with the belt. I was burning in pain and fighting back tears.

"Ready to kiss my foot, Phyllis?" he asked.

"I . . ."

SWISH - SWAT!

"No more! I'll do it."

"Let her go," Paul said.

The guys released me and Paul put a foot near my mouth.



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I got up on my hands and knees and gave his shoe a quick kiss.

"You can do better that," he said. "Kiss it like you mean it."

I gave it a deeper kiss.



"That's more like it. Now kiss the other guys' feet."

I crawled from boy to boy. When I finished, Paul said, "Phyllis is a good kisser. We should make her kiss our wieners."

"No!" I said.

"I don't want a sissy touching my wiener," Fred said.

"What's it going to hurt?" Paul asked. "Phyllis isn't going to tell anyone, are you Phyllis?"

"You wouldn't dare!"

"If I tell you to kiss my wiener you will, sweetie."

"Never!"

"Hold her down again, and take that slip off her."

They pulled me to the floor, grabbed the hem of my slip and ripped it open to the top. Paul took his belt and started swinging it in the air.



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"I'll beat you bloody if I have to," he said.

SWISH - SWAT!

The belt struck me on my lower back.

SWISH - SWAT

I jerked and twisted as he hit me. Struggling and yelling had no effect; he kept doing it. Finally, I couldn't control myself, and I started to cry.

"Stop! Please stop! I begged through my sobs.

"Are you ready?" Paul asked.

"Just let me go."

They guys let me go and he lowered his zipper

"Kiss it nicely, Phyllis," he said.

Sickened, I turned away. This was the reason I'd left the military academy.

"Ten seconds, or I start beating you again.

I'd gone back to dresses to escape this.

"Nine."

I couldn't stand the belt anymore.

"Eight."

I jumped to my feet and tried to run, but the guys grabbed me.

"Seven."

I couldn't.

"Six."

I'd never live it down.

"Five."

"Please don't."

"Four."

I'd have to do it.

"Three."

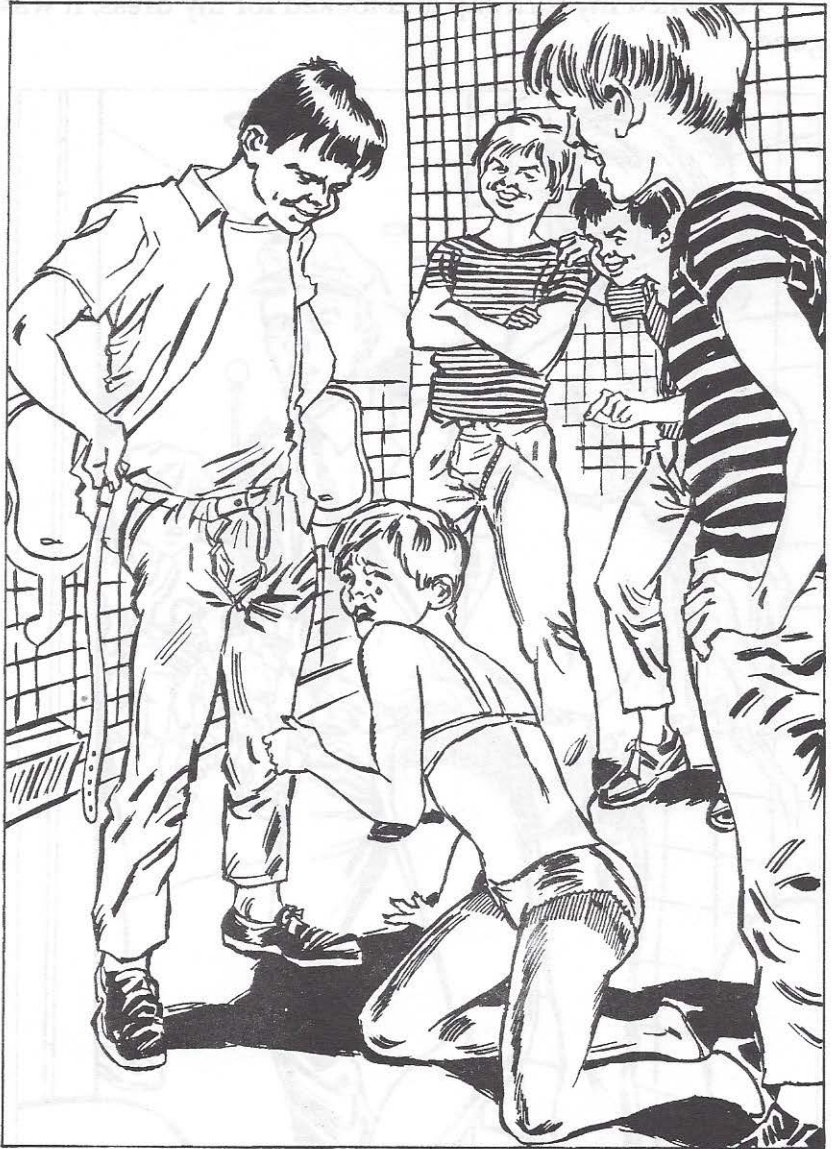
I'd have to kiss all of these guys.

"Two."

After I finished, would they be satisfied?

"One."

"They went in there," a girl said.

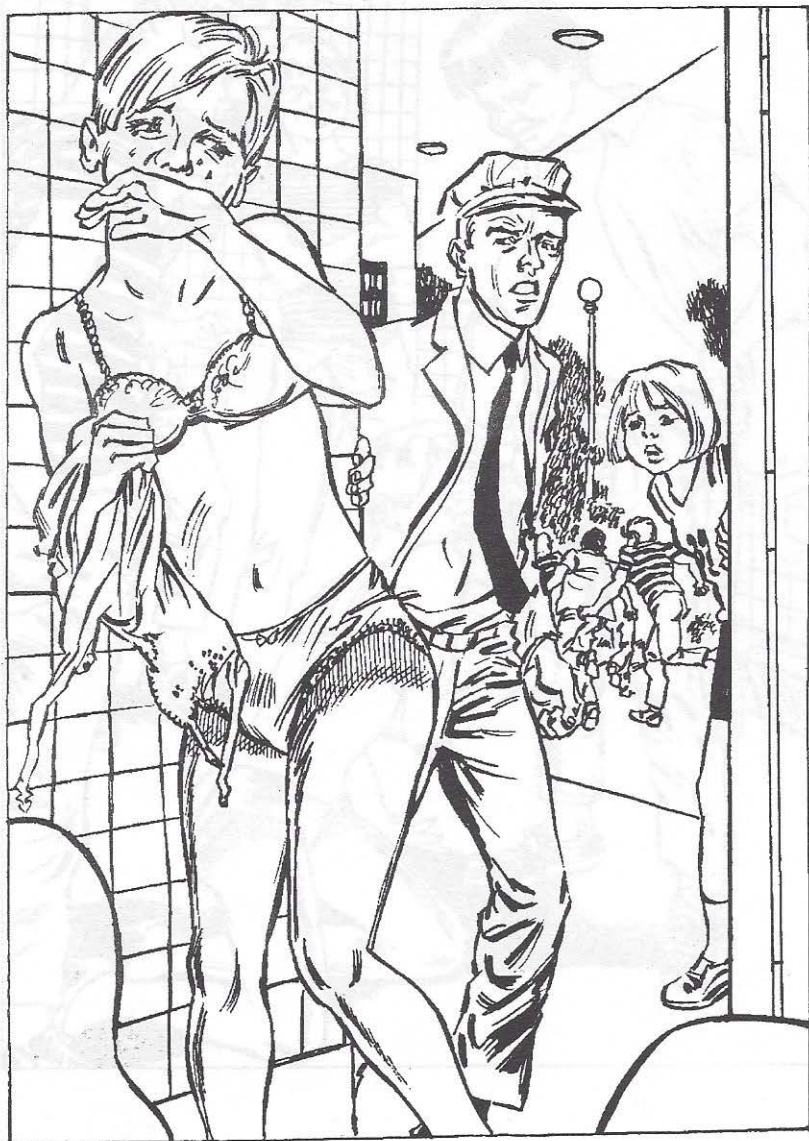


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My bus driver came in, looked us over and said, "Let him go!"

The boys were out of there in an instant.

I clutched my torn slip and looked for my dress. It was gone.



The driver took off his jacket and gave it to me.

Outside, several girls were waiting.

"My God, what did they do to you, Peter?"

I just sobbed.

"Let's take him to Ms. Ross' office."

We walked to the bus; the girls were very concerned and nice to me.

"Serves you right for going off with those boys," Ms. Ross was not sympathetic.



"They made me."

"You can't go to class like that."

"It's not my fault."

"Your uniform is your responsibility."

"They tore it off."

"All I have is a kindergarten punishment dress. We use it when one of the little girls wets herself."

"Please, Ms. Ross, It wasn't my fault."

She went to her closet and returned with an outfit the five year old girls wore to school.

"Put this on now, or do you want a spanking first?"

"It wasn't my fault," I started to cry.

Ms. Ross took her belt off the wall.

Sobbing, I took off the driver's jacket and the remains of my slip and put on the ruffled blouse. It was white with pink bows and ribbons and short puffed sleeves. Then I put on the pink jumper. Embroidered across its chest was 'Little Missy Puddle Panties'. She adjusted the shoulder straps. It was tight and way too short.

"It's small," I said.

"We need to make an adjustment," she said. She lifted the dress and put her hand up under the blouse. She felt about my bra and one by one removed my falsies.

I could have died.

"See me after school and I'll give you back your pads. Here change into these."

'These' were a pair of white panties covered with rows of pink lace with a large pink bow in front. The dress was too short to cover them.

"Change your socks."

I removed my shoes and stockings and put on the short ruffled and bowed socks.

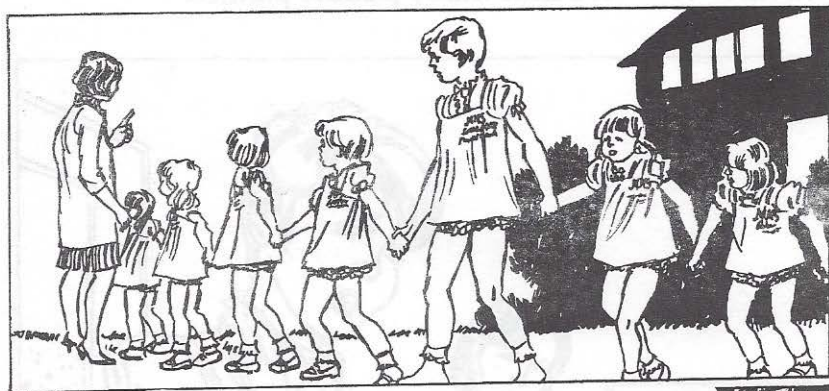
"I have no shoes to fit you. You'll have to report to room 105 in your stocking feet."

The little girls greeted my arrival enthusiastically with choruses of – “It’s little missy puddle panties.”



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During gym, I played with the other 'little missies' then



sat with them and watched the big girls play field hockey.



Paul and the guys were waiting for me at my bus stop.
"Puddle Panties, eh," Paul laughed.

My cheeks flamed.

"What's that you're holding?"

Ms Ross had given me back my pads. I glared at him.

"You don't have to lift your dress, I can see your panties already."

I walked past him.

"We aren't finished," he said but let me go home.

"What did you do?" Sheila asked angrily.

"They took my dress again."

"Did you fight?"

"No. Please take me to the bus tomorrow."

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CHAPTER TEN

"He has a salon appointment tomorrow," Sheila told Mom when she picked me up. "You can take him."

"All right," Mom said.

"Don't try anything," Sheila said. "I told my friends on the police force that they could do anything they wanted with you next time."

"I won't."

"Bring him back at ten Sunday morning."

"All right."

Mom opened the car door for me, and I swung in, handling my short skirts with skill gained through experience. I sat with my hands in my lap and ankles crossed as I'd been taught at school.

"If I wear these girls' clothes much longer, I'll never be a boy again."

"There's nothing I can do," Mom said sadly.

"We can run away again. They won't catch us."

"They will."

"I'm sorry about what they did to you."

"I wanted to save you from this."

"You have to save me. Who else will?"

"I had to go to the apartment manager naked for a key. He's a disgusting man. If you heard what he said . . ."

"I hate wearing girls' clothes. I just wish I were dead."

"She can't keep this up forever."

"She says I'm a girl-boy."

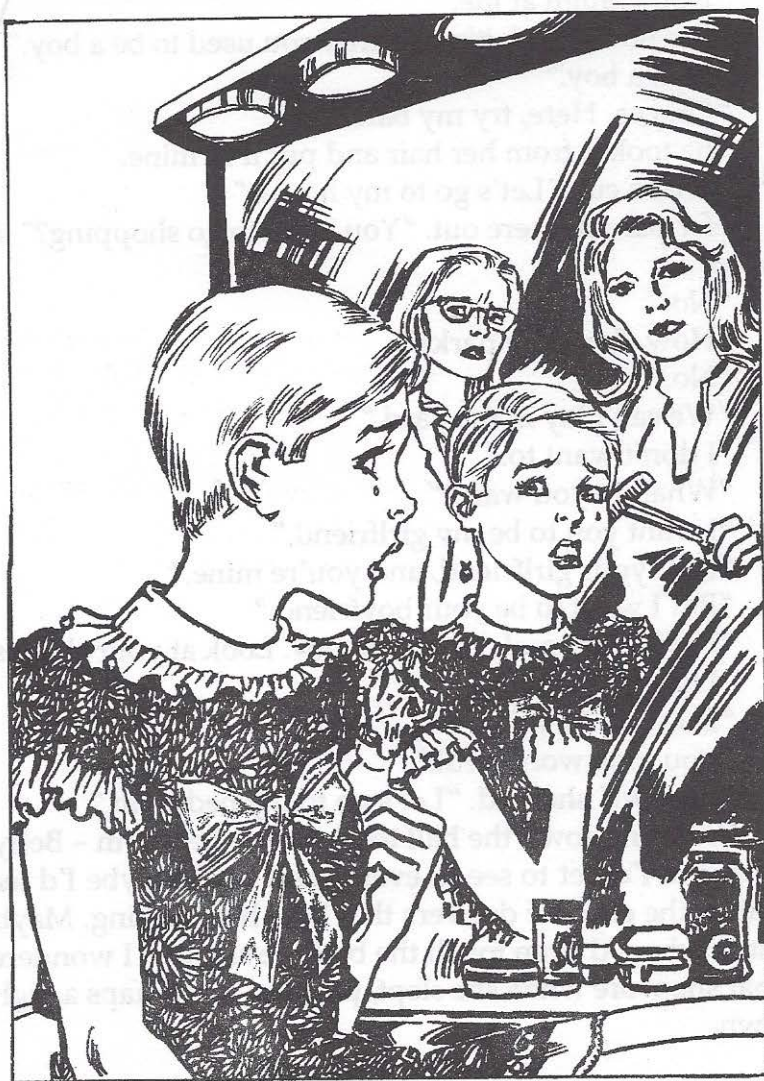
"I know it's hard, but try to be patient until you get your inheritance."

"What girl would marry me. I look like one myself."

"Something will happen. It must."

I didn't change into pants this time, and there was no more talk of running, although Mom looked very sad watching the beautician do my makeup.

My image in the mirror was horrible, red lips and short hair above the dress. Tears flooded my eyes. The girl rushed to blot them. "Mom, I really wish I was dead. I'd rather be dead than a girl-boy. Honest!"



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"I'm so sorry, dear."

"Let's go home. I can't stand for people to see me like this."

Sunday morning, Mom dropped me home. Betty was waiting.

"What happened to your hair?" she asked.

"Don't laugh at me."

"I'm not. I think it's cool that you used to be a boy."

"I am a boy."

"Oh yea. Here, try my barrette."

She took it from her hair and put it in mine.

"That's cute. Let's go to my house."

Her parents were out. "You want to go shopping?" she asked.

"No."

"How about the park?"

"No."

"We can play in the yard."

"I don't want to."

"What do you want?"

"I want you to be my girlfriend."

"I am your girlfriend, and you're mine."

"But I want to be your boyfriend."

"Phyllis, get real. You're no boy. Look at your clothes."

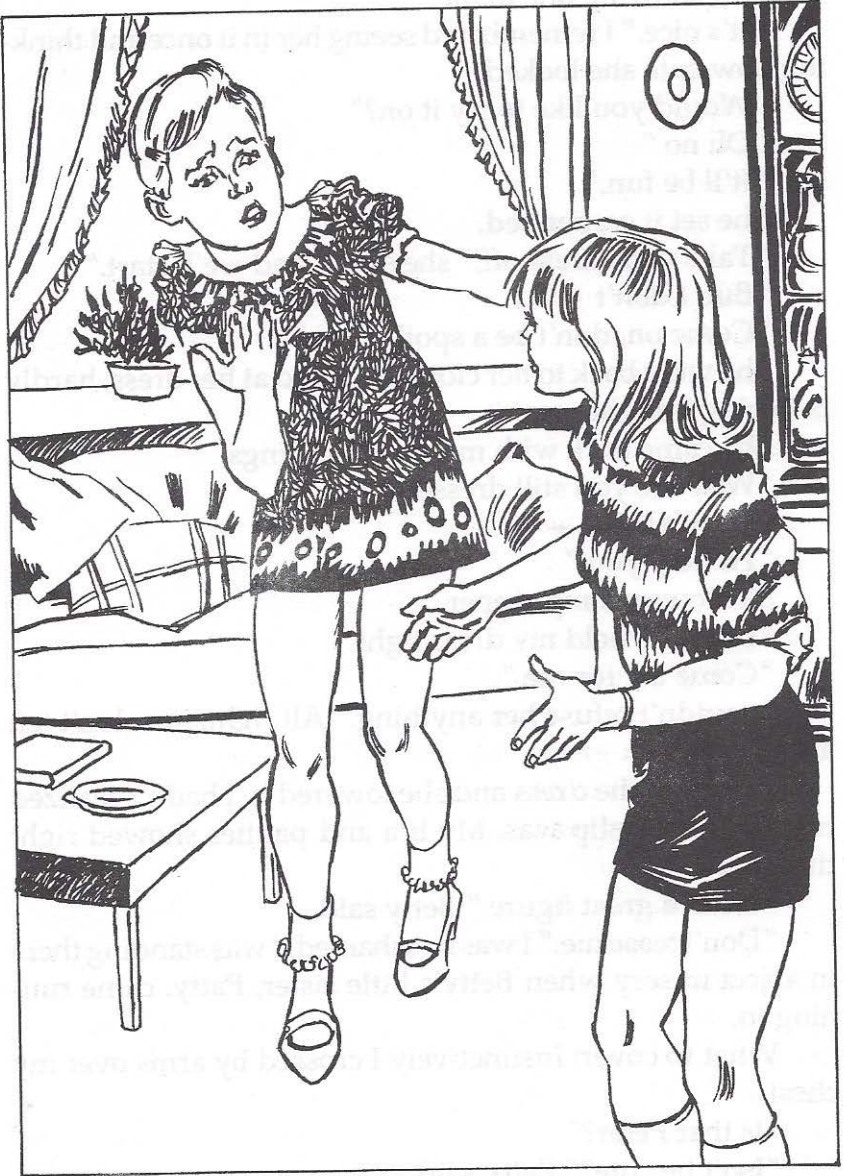
"I hate them."

"Do you like mine?"

"You look wonderful."

"I know," she said. "Let's go to my bedroom."

We went down the hall towards the bedroom - Betty's bedroom. I'd get to see it, even stand in it. Maybe I'd lean against the chest of drawers that held her clothing. Maybe, just maybe, I'd even touch the bed she slept in. I wondered what she wore when she slept, pajamas - perhaps a nightgown.



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She led me in. I was surrounded, overwhelmed by her things. She went to her closet "How do you like this dress?" she said showing one to me.

"It's nice." I remembered seeing her in it once and thinking how cute she looked.

"Would you like to try it on?"

"Oh no."

"It'll be fun."

She set it on her bed.

"Take your dress off," she said, "and we'll start."

"But, I don't —"

"Come on, don't be a spoil sport."

She went back to her closet. I looked at her dress, hardly believing I might wear it.

She came back with more of her things.

"Why are you still dressed?"

"I don't think —"

"I'll help you."

She lowered my zipper.

"Don't." I held my dress tight.

"Come on, for me."

I couldn't refuse her anything. "All right, just don't tell anyone."

I let go of the dress and she lowered it. I hadn't realized how sheer my slip was. My bra and panties showed right through.

"What a great figure," Betty said.

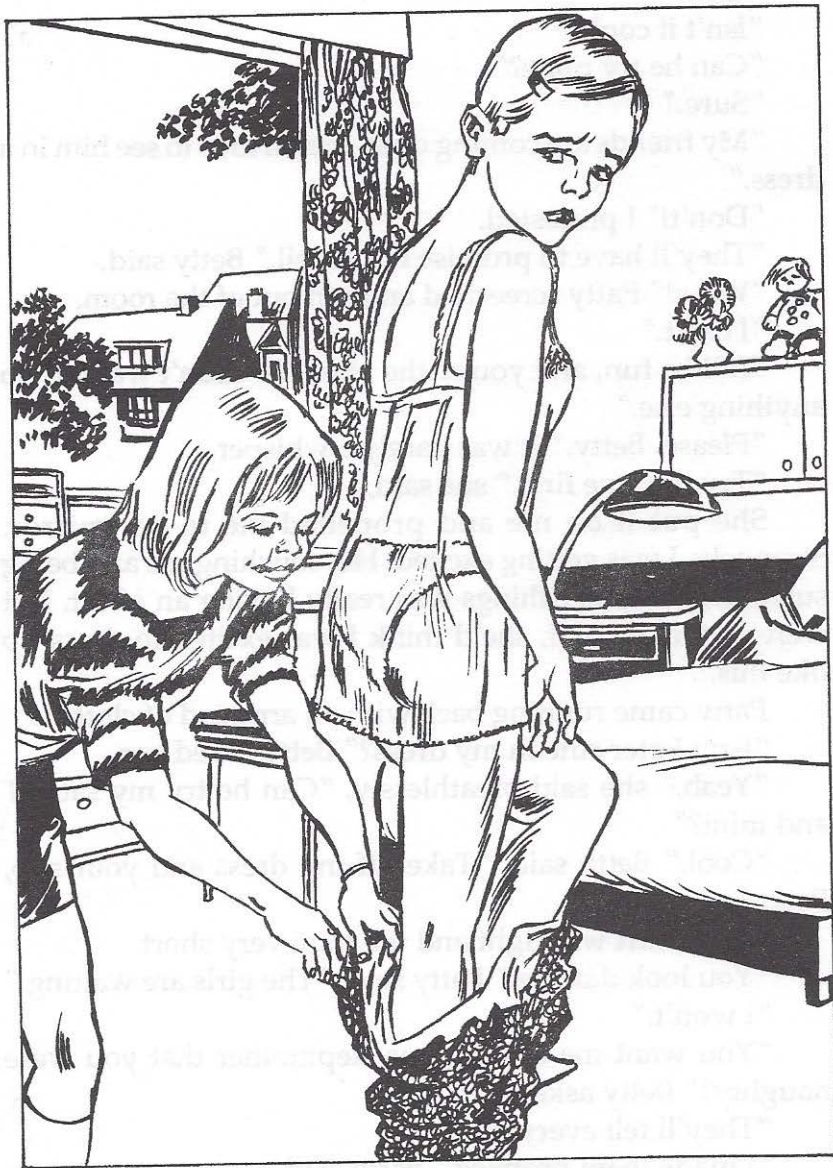
"Don't tease me." I was so ashamed. I was standing there in abject misery when Betty's little sister, Patty, came running in.

What to cover! Instinctively I crossed my arms over my chest.

"Is that Peter?"

"Isn't he cute?" Betty said.

"What's he doing here?"



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"We're playing. We want to see how he looks in my clothes."

"God!"

"Isn't it cool?"

"Can he try mine?"

"Sure."

"My friends are coming over, they'll love to see him in a dress."

"Don't!" I protested.

"They'll have to promise not to tell," Betty said.

"Wow!" Patty screeched and ran out of the room.

"I can't."

"It'll be fun, and you're the one who didn't want to do anything else."

"Please, Betty," It was barely a whisper.

"Try this one first," she said.

She put it on me and propelled me to her mirror. Strangely, I was getting excited. Her touching me and being surrounded by her things was really having an effect. If it weren't for my gaff, she'd think I was excited to dress up like this.

Patty came running back with an armload of clothes.

"Isn't Peter cute in my dress?" Betty asked her.

"Yeah," she said breathlessly, "Can he try my satin T and mini?"

"Cool," Betty said. "Take off my dress and your slip, Peter."

The T-shirt was tight and the mini very short

"You look darling," Patty said. "The girls are waiting."

"I won't."

"You want me to tell your stepmother that you were naughty?" Betty asked.

"They'll tell everyone."

"I made them promise," Patty said.



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"Come on, Peter," Betty said. "Don't worry, you look great."

The girls loved it.

"Look at those tits."

"He looks almost too good."

"Yeah, except for that short haircut, Peter looks like a real girl."

"Do you want to be a girl?" Patty asked me.

"No."

"Why not?"

"I don't like to do girlie things."

"I guess you're a tomboy."

"I'm not! I'm a boy."

"His mother says he's a girl-boy," Betty said.

"She does not," I protested.

"Whatever, your stepmother then."

"I never heard of a girl-boy."

"You can't tell anybody about this," I said.

"Let's try another outfit."

Dresses, skirts and sweaters followed until I'd worn and been shown off in every possible combination of their clothes. At least they let me change in the bedroom.

Finally Betty selected a short dress without sleeves and said, "Put this back on."

She redid my makeup with stuff from her purse then sprayed me with her perfume and clipped a bow in my hair.

She looked me over thoughtfully. "Just one small thing," she said and went to her dresser.

"Change into these panties," she said handing me a pair of hers.

"What difference does it make?"

"I'll know you have them on."

I pulled down my panties, trying not to let my gaff show. Stepping into hers was embarrassing and exciting at the same



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time. She had worn these panties. I knew I shouldn't be wearing them, but they made me feel so close to her.

"Wonderful!" she exclaimed. "Grab your purse."

"Why," I asked nervously.

"We're going out."

"We're not."

"Aren't you proud to wear my things?"

"I don't want to go out."

"Say good bye to my sister and her friends."

She propelled me out of the house and headed toward the park.

"Not the park. Paul might be there."

"He'll be so jealous," she said lifting up my dress.

"There are people!" I said frantically pulling the dress down.

"Be good, Peter, or everyone will see those cute little panties of mine."

The guys were playing baseball and the girls were watching and talking together. I winced as several of the girls looked at me and giggled.

"Please, let's go home now," I said to Betty.

"No, It's cool to have a boy I can dress up in my things. I want to show you off."

"I hate this. I'm not a sissy!"

"If you aren't a sissy, I never saw one," Betty said. She kissed me lightly on the cheek.

"Say hello to the girls."

"Hello," I mumbled.

"People say you like wearing girls' clothes," Cindy said.

"I hate it!" I said.

Paul and Fred were walking toward us.

"Betty we have to go now!"

"Why?"

It was too late.

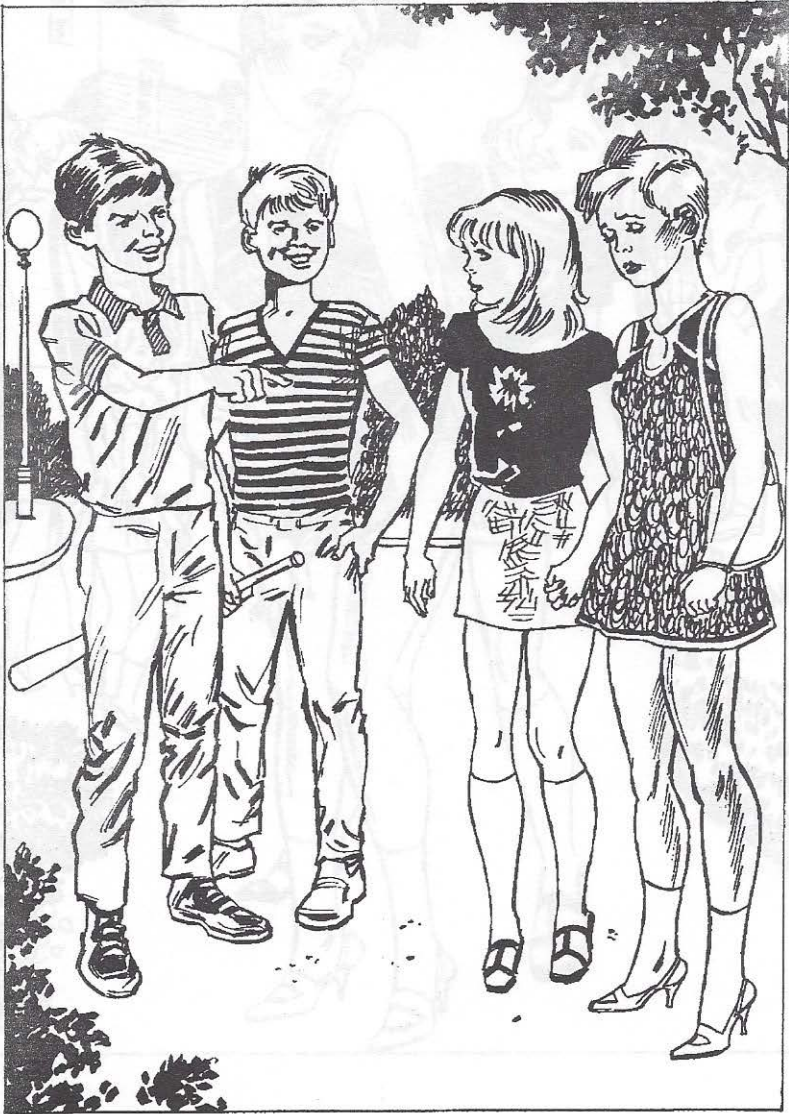


"Hi sissy," Paul hissed. "All dressed up in your Sunday best."

"It's not his Sunday best," Betty said.

She wouldn't tell!

"Okay girl-boy, lift it," Paul said.



"Don't make me."

"I'll take that dress off you too."

"Be careful. It's mine," Betty said.

"He's wearing your clothes?" Fred asked.

"Yes."

"I'll try not to rip it," Paul said.

"Just do it, Peter," Betty said.

I wanted to fight, but he might take me back to the men's room. This time I might not be rescued. Sheila would make me pay too.

Reluctantly my fingers went to the delicate hem of my dress, and I raised it a few inches.

"Above your waist," Paul said.

Glaring at him, I lifted it higher.

"Don't eyeball me, sissy" he said.

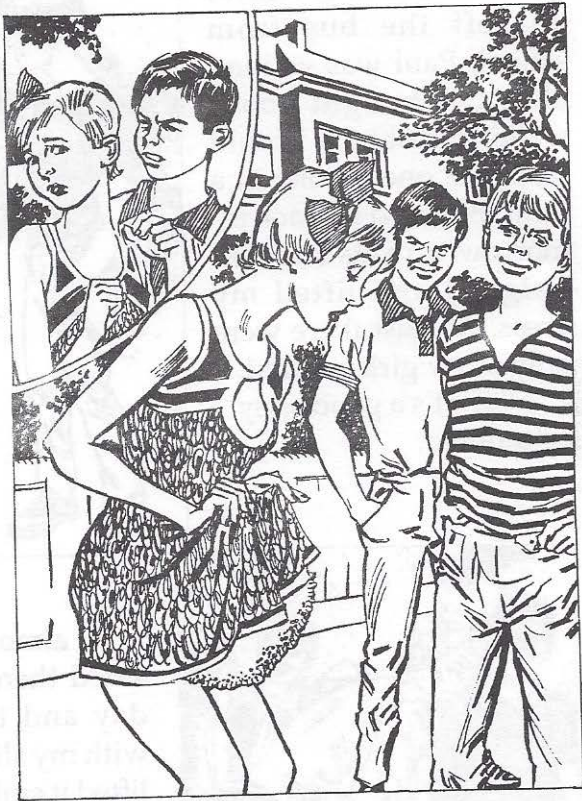
I lowered my gaze.

"Is that really your dress, Betty?" Paul asked.

"It sure is."

"You let that sissy wear your clothes."

"He looks cute in them. He tried on a lot more of my things and my little sister's before we chose those. You should have seen him."



"Next time invite us," Paul said.

"If you like, I'll dress you up too," Betty laughed.

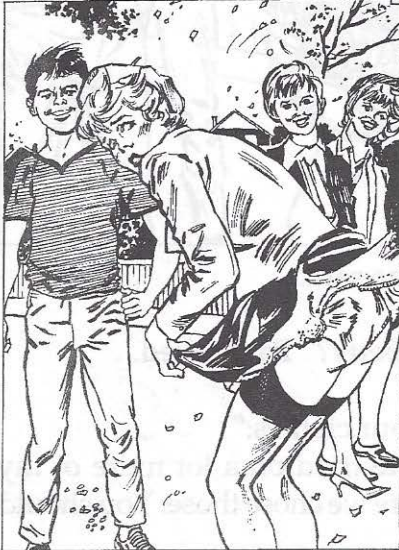
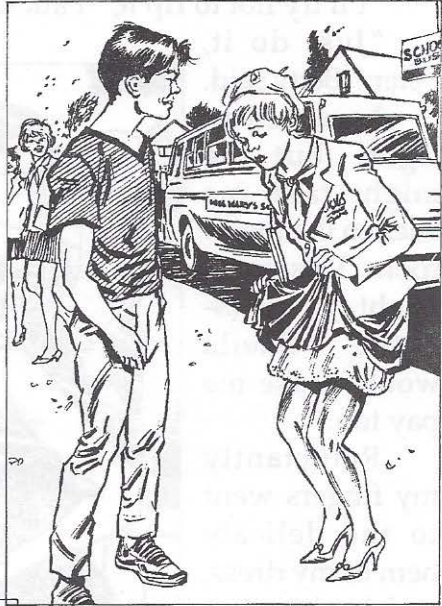
He put up his hands and backed away.

"Let's go, Peter," Betty said.

I dropped my dress and followed her to her house.

The next day, when I got off the bus from school, Paul was waiting alone. I thought about walking past him. I could take him one-on-one in a fight. But he'd be back tomorrow with his buddies. I sighed and lifted my dress. At least there were only a few girls around.

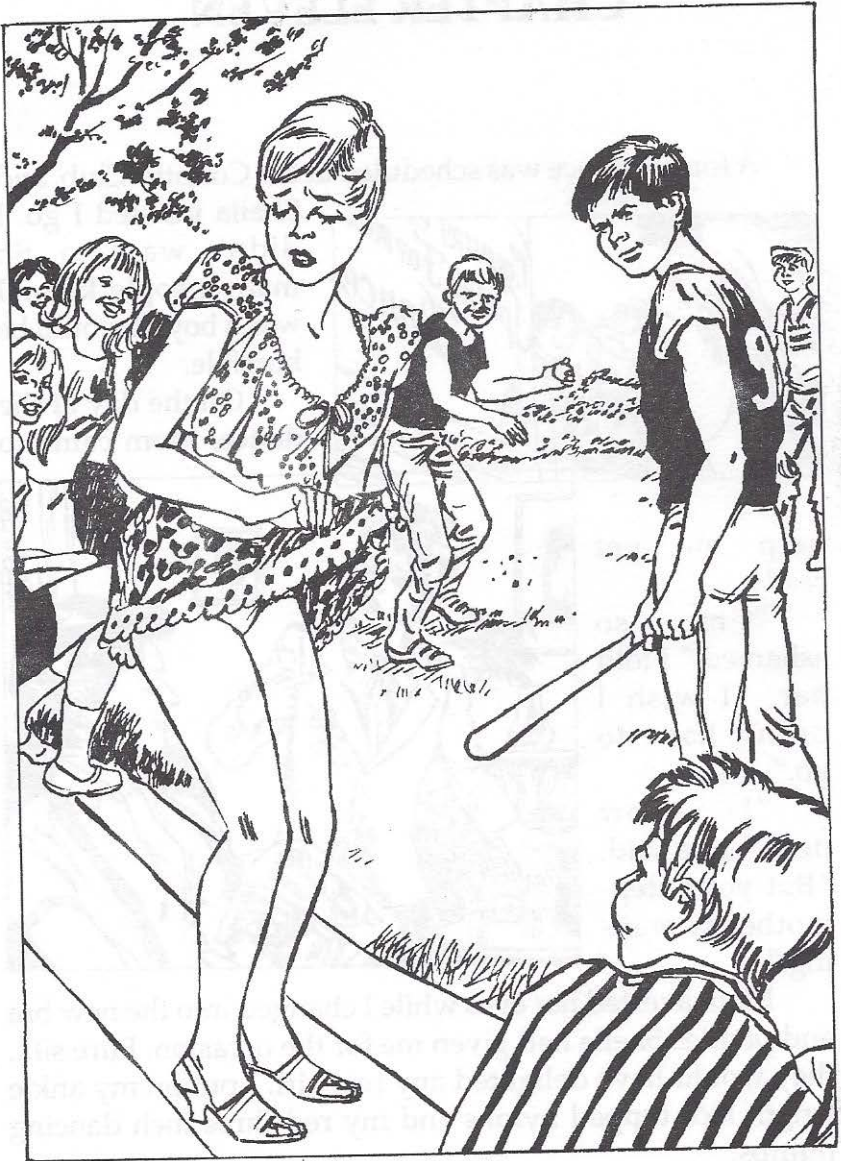
"That's a good sissy," he taunted.



I almost lost it, but I just stood there. It was a windy day and the breeze toyed with my slip - a sudden gust lifted it embarrassingly high, but he finally let me go home.

Worse, that weekend Sheila sent me to the park in

a brief two piece outfit. Worse because I wore no slip and lifting my skirt for Paul showed my panties. Also worse because dozens of my friends saw me meekly lift it and let him call me a girl-boy.



CHAPTER ELEVEN

A formal dance was scheduled at the Country Club, and Sheila insisted I go. I didn't want to. So many people knew I was a boy. It would be horrible.

On the day of the dance, Mom came to



help me get ready.

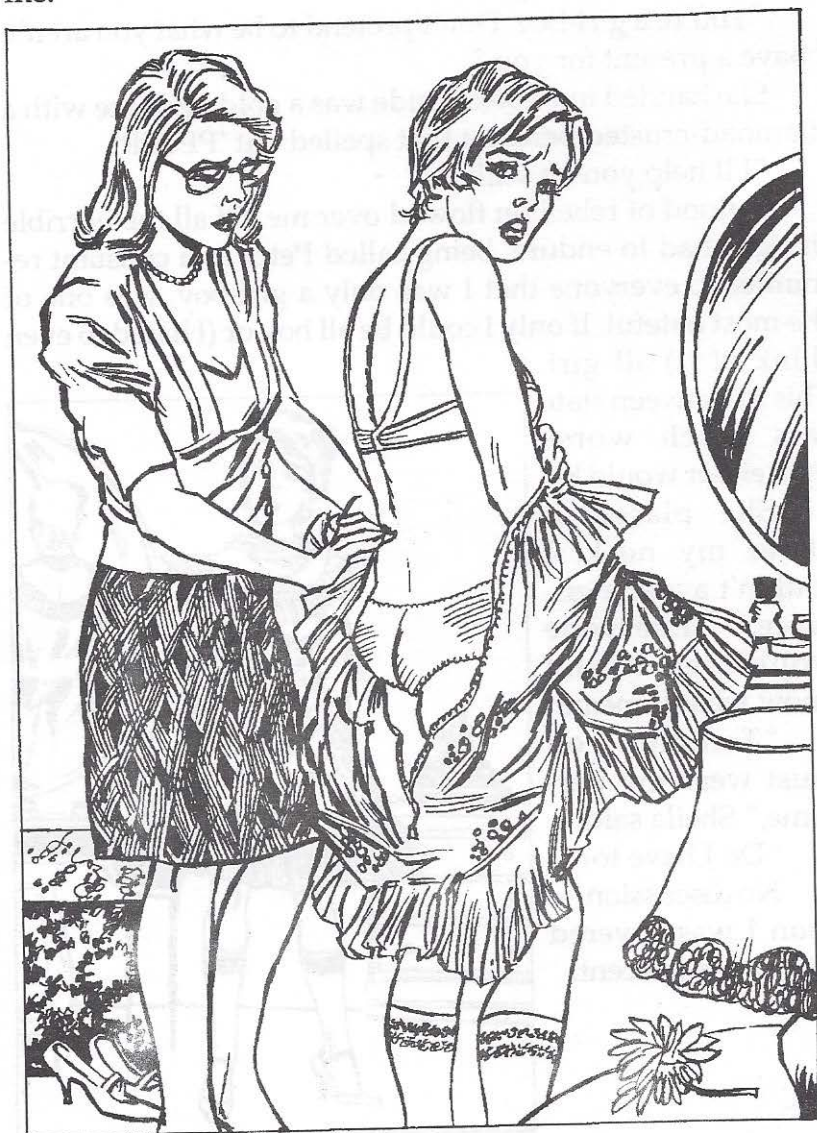
"I'm so ashamed," I told her. "I wish I didn't have to go."

"I know dear," she said. "But your step-mother is waiting."



Mom averted her eyes while I changed into the new bra and panties Sheila had given me for the occasion. Pure silk, they would have delighted any real girl. I put on my ankle length lace topped nylons and my red three inch dancing pumps.

Sheila and I had shopped for hours for my dress. It was light red with a darker fringe at the hem and around the low neckline, a lavender ribbon was sewn at the left hip and there was a matching scarf for my neck. The full skirt had an attached taffeta slip. Mom helped me into it and zipped it for me.



She pinned a flower into my hair and waited while I put on clip-on earrings and freshened my makeup.

Sheila joined us just as we were finishing.

"Don't make me go, Sheila," I said.

"What fun you'll have."

"Can I wear a wig at least?"

"You're a girl-boy. Don't pretend to be what you aren't. I have a present for you."

She handed me a box. Inside was a gold necklace with a diamond-crusted pendant that spelled out 'PETER'.

"I'll help you on with it."

A flood of rebellion flowed over me. Of all the horrible things I had to endure, being called Peter as a constant reminder to everyone that I was only a girl-boy, was one of the most hateful. If only I could be all boy or (I hated to even think of it) all girl.

This in-between state was much worse than either would be.

She placed it about my neck. I couldn't avoid a grimace. Everyone would see it and know what it meant.

"Tonight you must wear my perfume," Sheila said.

"Do I have to?"

No discussion — Soon I was covered with a heady scent.



Mom drove me to the dance. I sat near her hoping that I wouldn't be noticed.

Then I saw Paul. He saw me too, smiled and started walking toward me. Oh no - not here.

"Wow. You look fine," he teased.

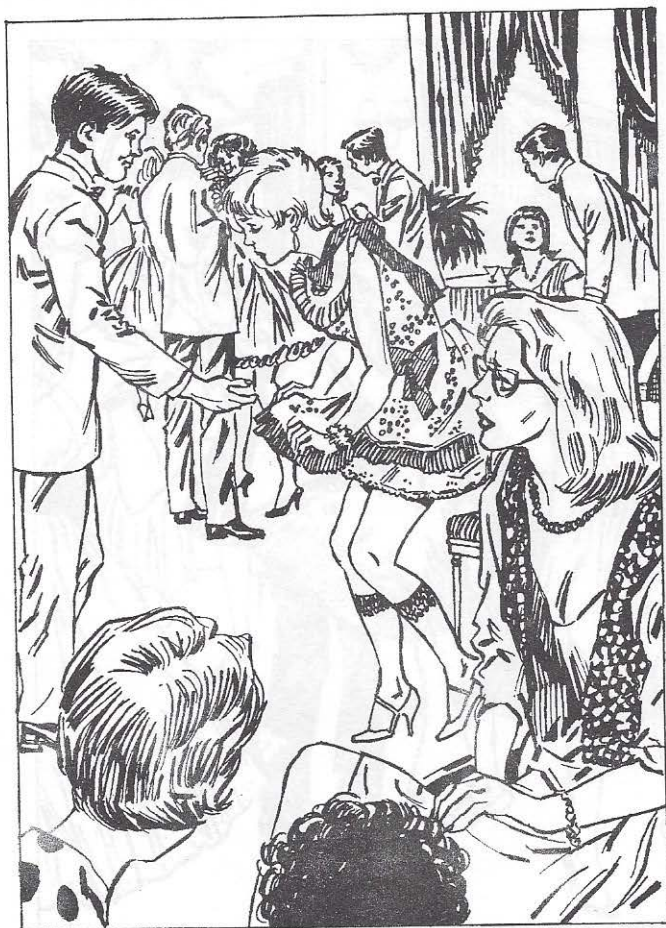
"Thanks a lot."

"You're forgetting something."

"But -"

"But nothing."

I got up, raised my dress and held it while he took his time examining my petticoats.



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"Okay, sissy, you can drop it," he finally said. "Let's dance."

"I don't know -"

He half led, half dragged me onto the floor and we began dancing.

"You dance divinely," he kept the teasing going.

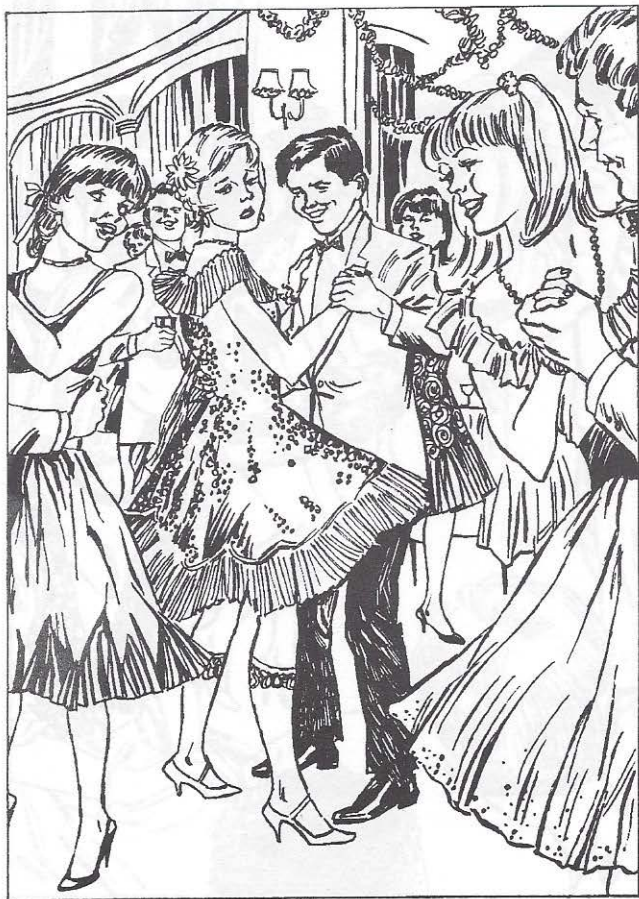
Time was passing. Soon it would be over.

"Your perfume smells wonderful."

Just another couple of hours.

"You're the prettiest girl-boy here."

I can stand it.



"After the dance we'll go for dessert."

"What?"

"Yeah, a couple of cadets from the academy said they'd treat us."

"No."

"They're older. They can drive us there."

"No. NO!"

I broke away from him and ran crying across the room.



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"Mom, please, I have to go home," I begged.

"So soon?"

"Please," I sobbed.

"All right, give me a few minutes."

"I'll be in the ladies room."

I went into a stall, locked it and sat on the toilet with my feet off the floor so no one would see me. I was shaking with fear. I knew what those cadets wanted. Someone came into the bathroom.

"Peter," it was Betty.

I opened the stall.

"Why do you have to leave?"

"Some boys want to get me alone."

"Yeah, I know. Boys are like that."

"Not me."

"Yeah, you're different."

"I told you I really liked you."

"I like you too. Call me tomorrow, we'll go shopping."

Mother drove around for a while to avoid having to explain why we left so early.

Sheila was happy to let me go shopping with Betty. "I'll call Fran and tell her to let you charge anything you want," she said. "Here's a hundred dollars in case you shop anywhere else."

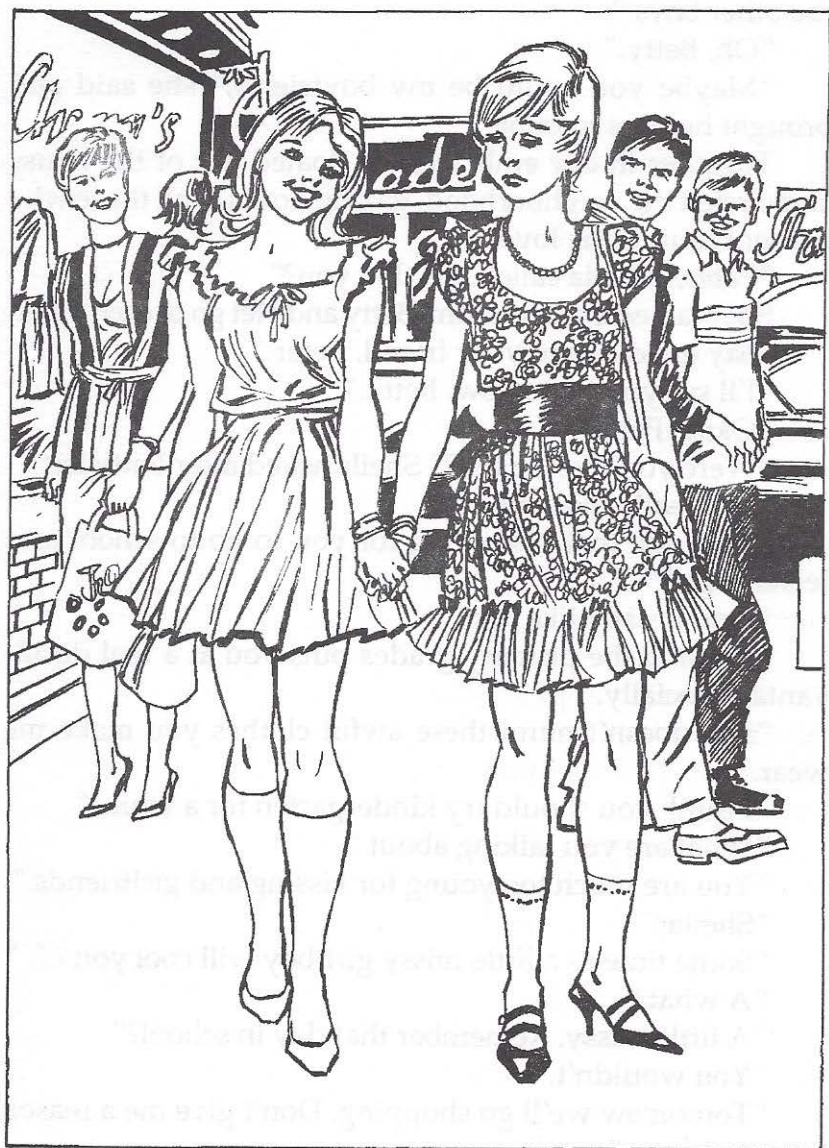
"Thank you," I said putting the money in my purse. I was more excited about seeing Betty than about shopping.

"Remember, no pants."

Betty was so beautiful. We held hands and walked so close that our skirts rubbed together. We talked about our schools, friends and of course the clothes we saw in the stores.

We were so happy.

When we finally returned to my house, she put her arms around me and gave me a hug.



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I gently put my arms around her too. "You're my best friend," I said.

"Peter, you're so sweet and easy to talk with, not like the other boys."

"Oh, Betty."

"Maybe you could be my boyfriend," she said and brought her lips to mine.

Together in our embrace, we floated out of the house and circled the neighborhood, gazing down at all those who had not found true love.

"Peter," Sheila called. "Is that you?"

She walked into the room. Betty and I let go of each other.

"Say good-bye to your friend, Peter."

"I'll see you tomorrow, Betty."

"Okay, Peter."

"Were you kissing her?" Sheila asked after Betty left.

"She really likes me."

"I can see that it's wrong for you to go to school as a teenage girl."

"And I really like her."

"Missing the primary grades puts you at a real disadvantage socially."

"She doesn't mind these awful clothes you make me wear."

"I think you should try kindergarten for a while."

"What are you talking about?"

"You are much too young for kissing and girlfriends."

"Sheila!"

"Some time as a little missy girl-boy will cool you off."

"A what?"

"A little missy. Remember that day in school?"

"You wouldn't."

"Tomorrow we'll go shopping. Don't give me a reason to punish you."



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"I don't care what you do. I won't let you do that to me. Mom won't stand for it either."

"Is that woman still putting ideas in your head?"

"No. But she won't let you."

"Your defiance must be her fault. If you don't obey me, I'll make sure that you never see her again."

"You can't."

"My friends on the police force will arrest her."

What a choice! If I didn't agree to be a 'little missy', Mom would be taken to jail, probably naked again.

"Well?"

I was caught in despair. I knew there was no way out, no solution. It seemed that September seventh, the day of the baseball game in the park, was the day of my last happiness.

In minutes, I was back at Fran's Frocks, being fitted for a little missy uniform. The last time I had to wear it was bad enough, but it was obvious that I was being punished. This time it was for real.

The short pink dress barely covered my fully ruffled pink and white panties. I could hardly stand it. I'd never do this except to protect my mother.

The next morning, Sheila made me wear that horrible outfit and drove me to the corner where Betty was waiting for the school bus.

"I bought your boyfriend to see you," Sheila said.

"Oh Peter, you look so funny," Betty said.

"Please don't tease me."

"I won't but you know everyone else will. Why are you wearing that?"

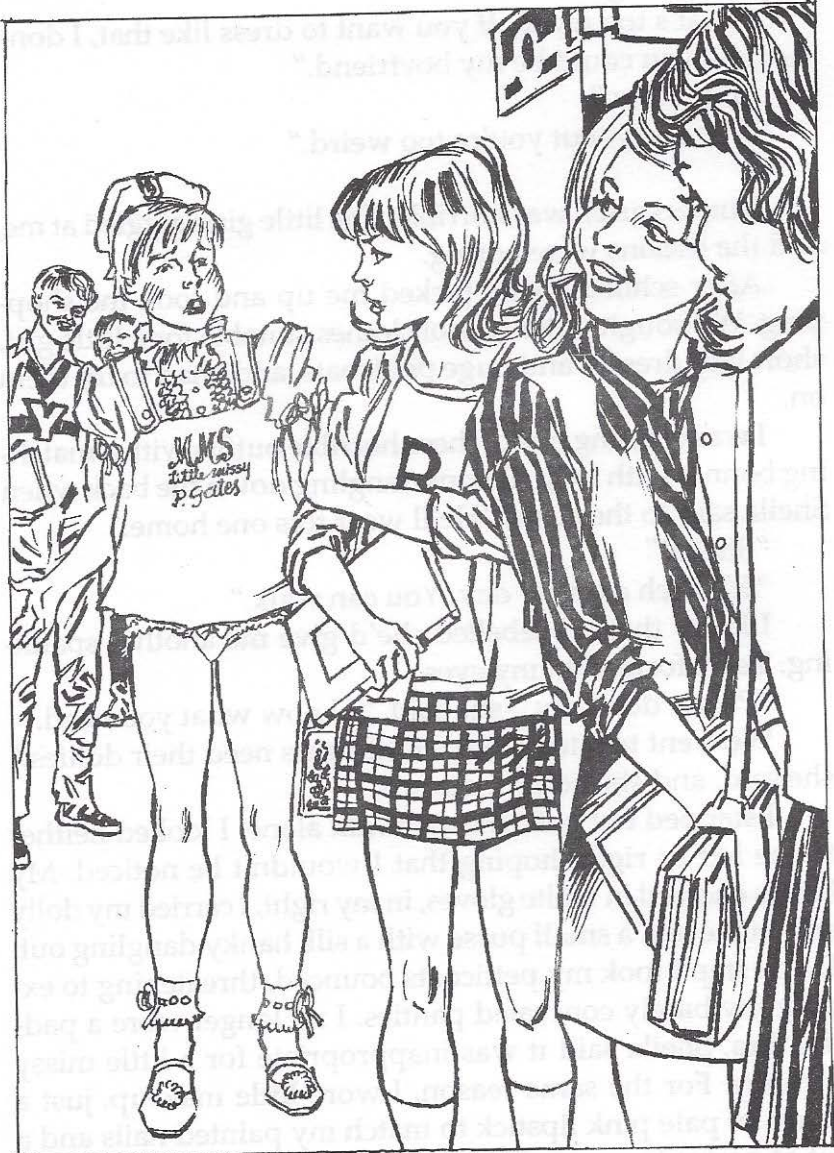
"It's my new uniform."

"You're going to wear that to school?"

"Can we still be friends?"

"I don't know. I was getting used to you dressing as a girl, but this . . ."

"It's not my fault."



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"That's not true," Sheila said. "I gave him a choice."

"Did she, Peter?"

I couldn't tell her the whole horrible truth about Mom and the police and being naked and all. I just sighed and said, "She's right."

"That's too much. If you want to dress like that, I don't see how you could be my boyfriend."

"But Betty."

"I'm sorry, but you're too weird."

Kindergarten was horrible. The little girls giggled at me, and the lessons were boring.

After school, Sheila picked me up and took me shopping. We bought after school clothes suitable for a little girl, short lacy dresses and huge petticoats, and I had to try them on.

I was wearing one of these horrible outfits with a matching bonnet with long ribbons dangling down the back when Sheila said to the clerk, "He'll wear this one home."

"Sheila!"

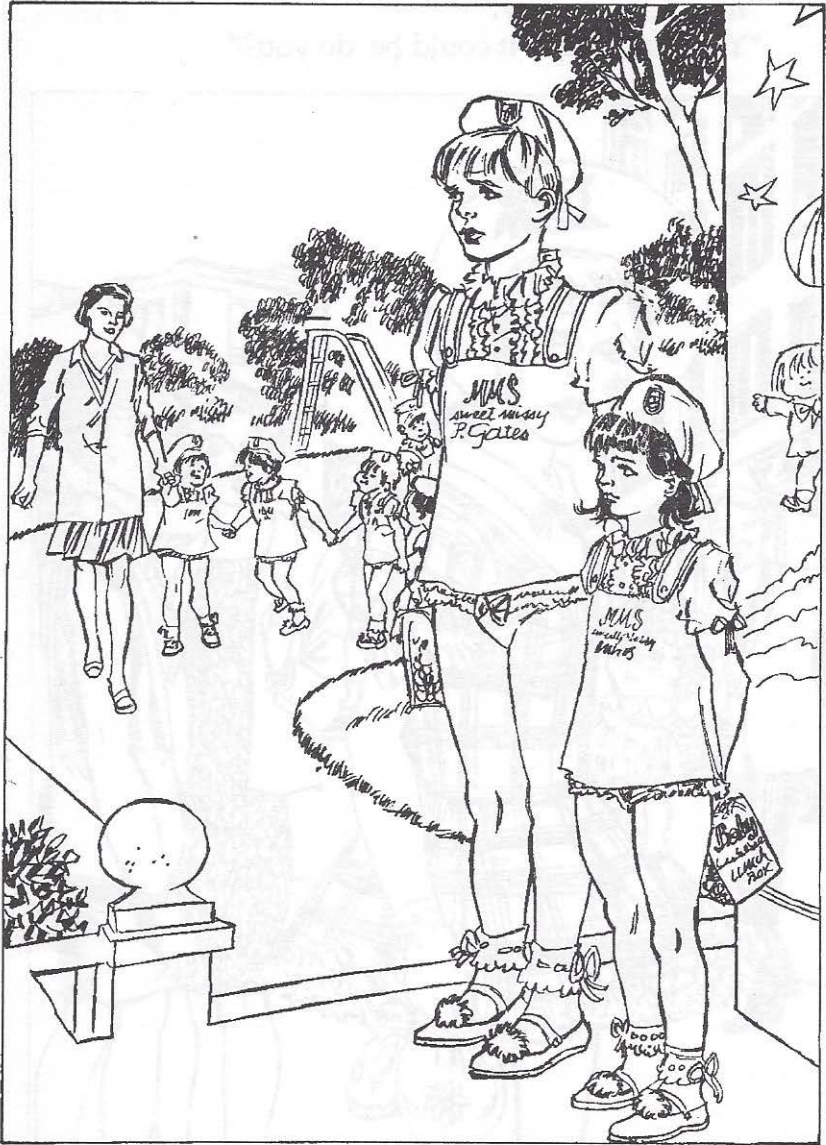
"It's such a lovely day. You can walk."

I knew that if I rebelled she'd give me another spanking. Tears formed in my eyes.

"Please don't cry," she said. "I know what you need."

We went to a toy store, "Little girls need their dollies," she said, and she bought me one.

I stepped out onto the sidewalk alone. I looked neither to the left or right, hoping that I wouldn't be noticed. My hands encased in white gloves, in my right, I carried my dolly and in the left, a small purse with a silk hanky dangling out. Every step I took my petticoats bounced, threatening to expose my barely concealed panties. I no longer wore a padded bra. Sheila said it was inappropriate for a little missy girl-boy. For the same reason, I wore little makeup, just a touch of pale pink lipstick to match my painted nails and a bit of perfume.

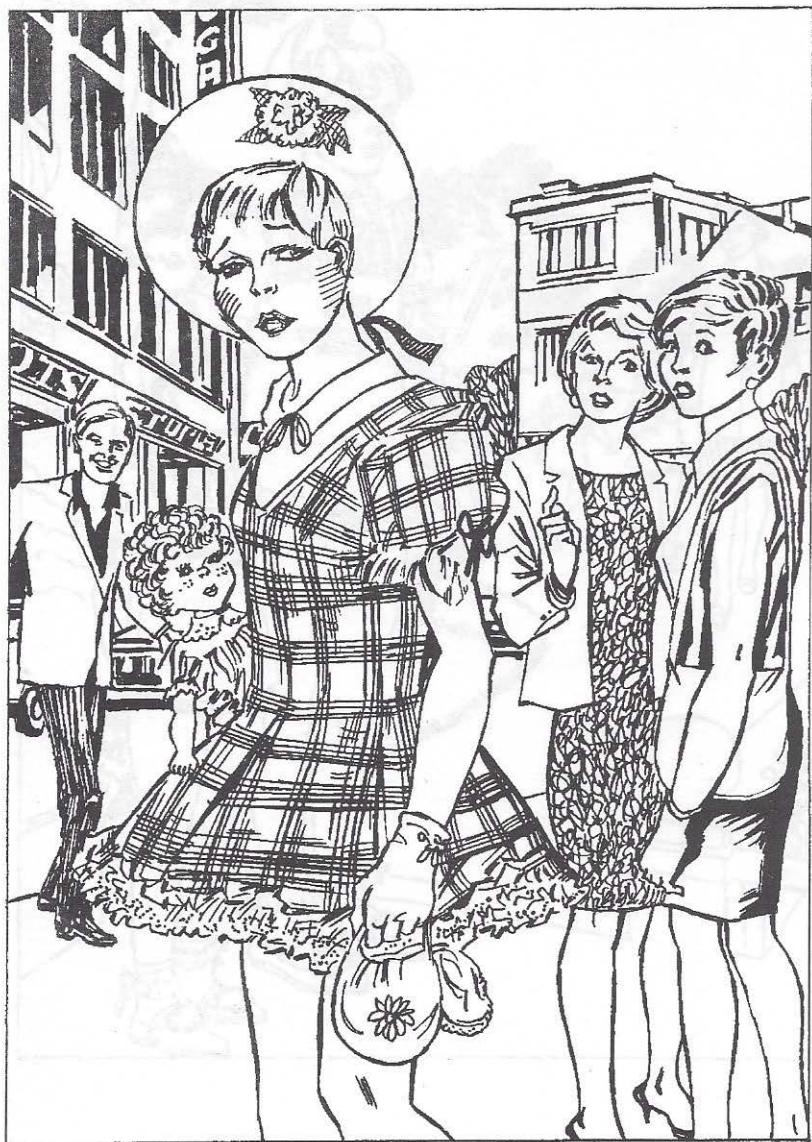


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I walked past a pair of ladies. One looked my way and her face was a picture of doubt. She turned to the other and nodded in my direction. I could hear their comments:

"It looks like a boy."

"You don't think it could be, do you?"



"Her hair is cut like a boy's."

"But the dress."

I heard giggling and looked over to see some little girls watching me, their hands over their mouths, enjoying the spectacle.

"Goodness, look at that girl. She's much too old for that dress," someone said.

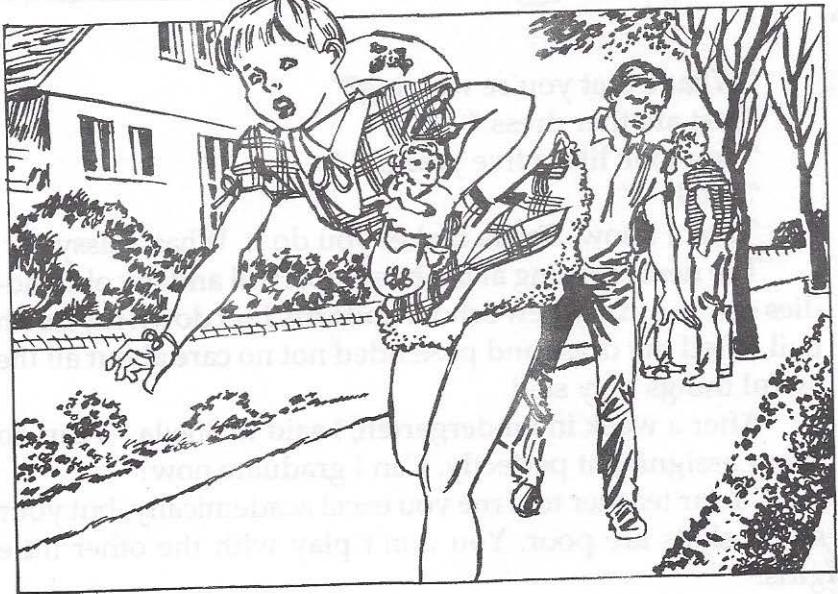
I blushed, then saw something that really terrified me. Paul - Paul was walking towards me. I couldn't, I just couldn't raise this dress to him.

I turned and ran.

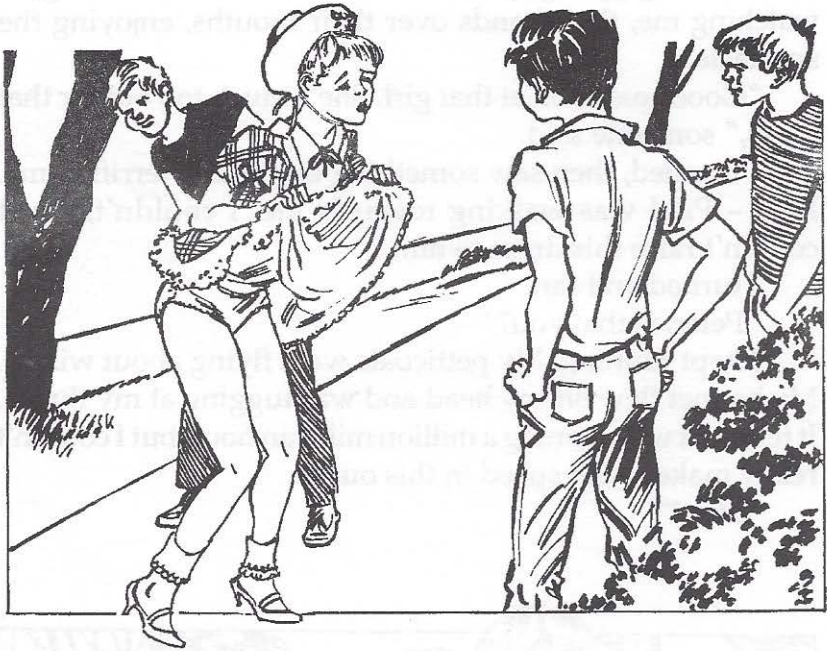
"Peter, is that you?"

I kept running. My petticoats were flying about wildly. My bonnet flew off my head and was tugging at my throat. It felt like I was running a million miles an hour, but I couldn't really make much speed in this outfit.

"Stop!"



Running would only make it worse. I stopped, turned and raised my skirts.



"What's that you're wearing?"

"Just another dress."

"You look like a five year old."

"Sheila -"

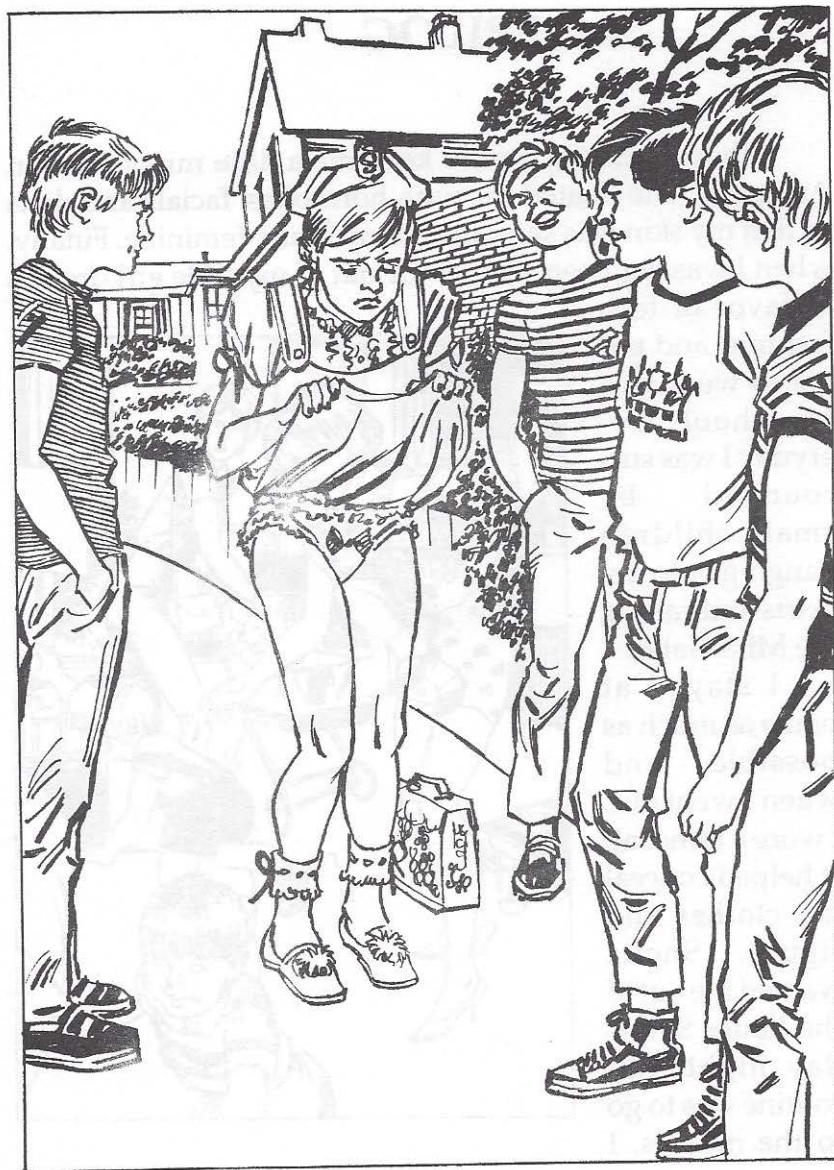
"Yea, I know. Sheila makes you do it. What a sissy."

The next morning at the bus stop, Paul and my old buddies saw me in my new school uniform. I set down my lunch pail, lifted my dress and pretended not to care about all the awful things they said.

After a week in kindergarten, I said to Sheila, "I can do every assignment perfectly. Can I graduate now?"

"Your teacher told me you excel academically, but your social skills are poor. You don't play with the other little girls."

"I'm not five, and I'm not a girl."



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"That's what's wrong. Until you fully accept that you're a little missy girl-boy you'll stay in kindergarten – even if it takes the rest of your life."

EPILOG

I thought Sheila would keep me a little missy forever. As I grew, she treated me with hormones, facials and diets so that my skin was smooth and my figure feminine. Finally, when I was eighteen, She let me out of my little girl dresses in favor of teen fashions and put me to work in a preschool. Every day I was surrounded by small children hanging onto my skirts and calling me Miss Gates.

I stayed at home as much as possible, and when I went out, I wore a raincoat. It helped conceal my clothes and figure. Sheila wanted me out of the house Saturday night. My routine was to go to the movies. I



bought my ticket at the last minute. I carried my own soda in my purse so I wouldn't have to stop in the bright lobby. I entered the darkened theater and sat on the side near the rear. When the movie ended, I rushed out ahead of the crowd.

That's what I had become, a man in woman's clothes who went to movies with his own soda.

Paul had gone away to college, much to my relief. Upon his return, he began dating Betty and soon they were engaged. Their wedding was going to be huge. Everyone I knew was going to be there, however I didn't expect or want an invitation.

When Sheila told me I was going to be their flower girl, I was so shocked I objected for the first time in years. "I won't! You can't make me wear one of those silly dresses."

"You're going to be their flower girl all right, and because of that outburst, you'll do it without bra or gaff.

When I arrived at the church and saw Paul and the ushers in their tuxedos, it caused my heart to lurch. How I wished I could dress like them. Instead, I was in a light peach gown whose low cut neckline revealed the fact that my breasts were all too real. My dress was cut high on both hips nearly exposing my panties. Flowers and ribbons adorned my hair and the basket from which I scattered rose petals. Around my neck, I wore the chain and pendant Sheila had given me so many years before, the pendant that proclaimed me to be Peter.



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As I walked down the aisle in front of Paul and Betty. The bouncing of my unrestrained breasts was uncomfortable and embarrassing, but the swaying short skirt was frightening. At every step it threatened to expose me as my male parts were quite obvious without a gaff.



Paul

Mom

Peter

Betty

Stepmother



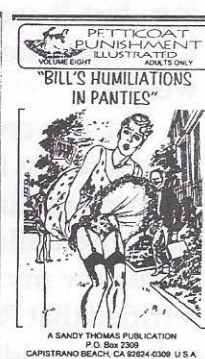
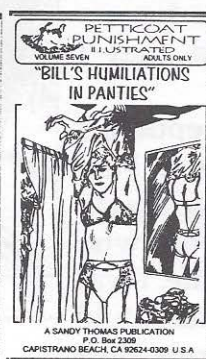
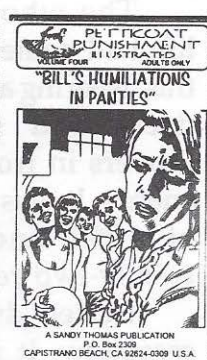
The whole of my life had come down to this, wearing a silly little dress and strewing flowers in front of my enemy, It was February of 1999 and I was twenty-two years old.

I cried during the ceremony. It was moving, but it was for my lost manhood that I weeped.

At the reception, I stayed away from Paul by surrounding myself with the children who were now my life. I was terrified that Paul would enforce his old rule. I just couldn't lift this dress. At least the children didn't know or care about my being a girl-boy, or now perhaps I should say lady-man.



THE END



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TV SERIALS
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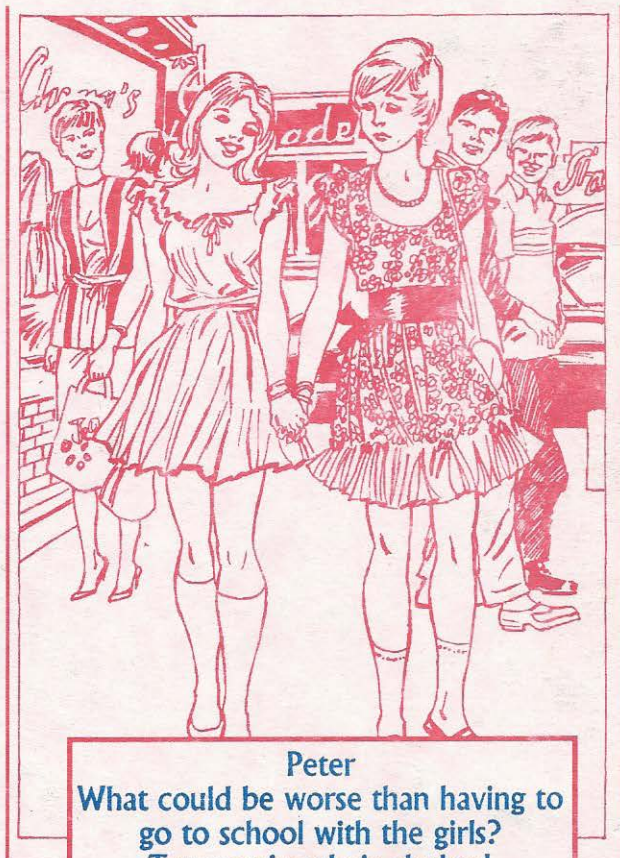


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