

EMPATHY TV FICTION

Baby Faced Bride
GROOM



BOOK ONE

Cecil is at the mercy of the women in his life.

A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION

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EMPATHY TV FICTION

Volume 1 of BFBG 5

BABY FACED
BRIDEGROOM

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BABY FACED
BRIDEGROOM 1

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QUOTE BOARD

Man invented lingerie to satisfy his
deep need to suffer.

BABY FACED BRIDEGROOM

THE BEGINNING LINGERIE SHOWER

“Oh, there he is!”

“Your Lover Boy is here, Trixie!”

“Wow, is he handsome!”

“Handsome! He's downright beautiful!”

Twenty-three modishly dressed women buzzed excitedly among themselves as they eyed the slender blond male who stood nervously at the hotel parlor door.

The woman-shy Cecil had been very reluctant to appear, but Trixie had coaxed her intended husband to call after the wedding shower to help her bring home the gifts. She ran up to him, arms outspread; he kissed her quickly but she clung to him with a long, lingering kiss for the benefit of all her enviously admiring friends.

They were a handsome pair. Trixie was not only a real beauty but was radiant in her new champagne dress that displayed the lush curves of her long, shapely figure.

Cecil absolutely thrilled the girls who hadn't met him before - and those who had - by the fresh, winning attractiveness of his fine, sensitive face and clear blue innocent eyes.



Twenty-three modishly dressed women buzzed excitedly among themselves as they eyed the slender blond male

He was as tall as Trixie - she was wearing low heels, and although she was fifteen pounds heavier, her weight was excellently distributed, with the aid of her maximum control corselette, to give her a full, beautiful bust line, deliciously slim waist, well rounded hips and lovely, curvaceous lower limbs.

Cecil's soft tenor voice was nearly inaudible as he bashfully acknowledged Trixie's introduction of her girl friends, most of them strangers. He was glad his beloved mother was there - he'd try to spend most of his time with her.

His eyes flitted anxiously across the beaming feminine faces - which one was Jacqueline Jones, nee Korsky or something like that, who was to be Trixie's matron of honor?

Surely, it couldn't be Jackie Korszko of his grade school days in Chicago, two hundred miles away? The very last person he wanted to meet, or have acquainted with his darling bride! No, that would be too much coincidence - he jerked in dismay as Trixie's voice cut through his reverie. "And honey, this is Jacqueline Jones..."

It was she! Much plumper and with red hair now, but he'd know that heavily freckled, square face, strong, pugnacious jaw and pale blue, almost colorless eyes anywhere.

Trixie added, "I understand you two are friends from 'way back, in Chicago." Cecil felt weak, almost as though threatened with some

undefined danger, as Jacqueline's cold eyes, like those of a serpent, looked him up and down appraisingly. Jackie shook his hand and drawled "Well Cecil! You've hardly changed at all, although we were both practically in rompers then."

She had aged much faster than he, and was trying to establish that they were close to the same age. Cecil was rattled and just said "thank you."

Trixie went on with the introductions. Thin girls, fat girls, a few real pretty ones, but most quite average until... Cecil's eyes opened wide as he was introduced to the most beautiful girl he'd ever seen. "This is Lila, who works with me," Trixie was saying as her fiancée gazed into the enchanting violet blue eyes resting carelessly on him. Oh, Mr. Goodwin. I've heard so many nice things about you!" murmured the brunette beauty, holding his hand in both of hers and pressing it warmly.

"I...er, I'm SO pleased to meet you!" Cecil responded with much more warmth than he had displayed thus far. Trixie, as if sensing that some unusual vibrations were passing between the two, added, "Lila will be married in September, and I hope she'll be as happy as I am."



Luncheon was over but the girls were in no hurry to leave, most of them eyeing the handsome groom-to-be at the reception desk and trying to draw him into conversation.

Luncheon was over but the girls were in no hurry to leave, most of them eyeing the handsome groom-to-be at the reception desk and trying to draw him into conversation. It had been a lingerie shower and Trixie brought her bashful beau to the pile of gifts she'd received - a beautiful array of slips, nightwear, camisole sets, peignoirs, and the like.

As Trixie held up several lovely unmentionables for his approval, he blushed deeply, feeling all those feminine eyes upon him. He stared with interest as a plain looking, loud-mouthed girl rasped out "Hey Cecil, some of these are for you, ya' know!"

Trixie noticed his utter confusion and reproached Ann for teasing, but several others chorused, "Yes, they are, the aprons!" More or less in fun, Trixie had received two sets of "His 'n Hers" aprons.

A tall woman came up to him and held a nicely embroidered "His" apron against his body, and might have tied its sashes about his slender waist had he not jumped back quickly.

"And look, darling," Trixie was saying. "I received two of these!" she held up a stunning bridal nightgown of floor-length white satin, then another equally beautiful. "I wish I were twins, they're both so gorgeous."

"Hey, you could have "His 'n Her" bridal gowns Trixie!" shrilled a middle-aged, rustic

relative. All the women laughed while Cecil crimsoned deeply.

“That's right Trixie! You and Cecil would take about the same size!” someone else added.

“Don't make my Sweetie Pie blush!” shouted Trixie.

Cecil's extremely handsome appearance, plus his painful shyness had emboldened most of the women, and they kept him blushing with remarks like “He'd look cute in this negligee.”

“I think lingerie is very appropriate on some men. “He'd probably take a size 36 slip.”

“No, he's petite - size 34!”

The distraught young male hardly knew which way to look, or what to do. “Jackie must have told them something!” he thought in panic.

Two pairs of girls were dancing to the stereo music, and plump Jackie stood nearby, swaying and snapping her fingers to the catchy tune. “Hey Cecil, dance with me” she called, not asking but telling him, just like the old days.

“No thanks!” he retorted, trying to conceal his loathing of this coarse woman. Evidently you've been saying things about me to these people and they don't know how adept you are at distorting the truth!” He spoke in low tones, but Trixie had just approached with his mother and both of them had overheard.

“Why Cecil, Jackie spoke very highly of you,” reproved Trixie, and his mother added, “Dear, I

think they're teasing you because some films were shown after lunch and someone had slipped in those three Halloween pictures of you in a girl's costume, taken on those three years when you won first prize. I did let Noreen borrow the pictures, but had no idea she'd show them here. They teased Trixie about them too, but she didn't mind."

Cecil felt foolish for having accused Jackie wrongly.

He began to apologize when the glowering woman sneered, "No, I didn't say anything about your interesting past but I could say plenty, to let Trixie know that kind of girl - er, I mean boy, you are!" Cecil quickly regretted having antagonized her and when she repeated, "Are you gonna dance?"

He went promptly, if reluctantly, into her pudgy arms. She lost no time in steering the handsome youth into an unoccupied corner of the parlor. They might have been termed 'Beauty and the Beast' only this time the boy was the beauty. After some small talk Jackie said, "too bad I've gotta tell Trixie what a sissy girl she's getting for a husband."

"Oh, no!" he gasped, horrified. "You would break up our marriage! Those things are all in the past! There hasn't been any of...of that since Mother and I moved here!"

“That's your story, Sister. I can tell by the way you walk and talk that you're still a little fairy at heart.”

“Please, Jackie! Trixie and I are deeply in love! This would ruin everything, my whole life!”

“I'm at the Kozy Komfort Motel, and I drive back to Chicago tomorrow. I want to see you there at ten-tomorrow morning. My room is 7B. Be there, or I'll tell Trixie everything.”

“I can't! I have to work!”

“Get yourself excused a few hours. Otherwise, Trixie hears about how your aunt used to dress you, about you and me at that wedding party, and what the Wabash Pussycats did to you...”

“Please, not so loud!” implored Cecil as two girls dancing nearby eyed them curiously.

“Okay, okay! I'll be there!”

Later, with most of the girls departed, beautiful Lila told Cecil and Trixie that her father would not be able to pick her up as planned, and asked if they could give her a ride.

Trixie was not ready to leave and asked Cecil to drive Lila home. Soon they were on Lincoln Parkway, Cecil's heart beating faster at the nearness of this ravishing beauty whose silken clad thigh lightly touched him, her heady fragrance sweet in his nostrils.

Lila murmured her hope that he didn't mind the girls teasing and said she greatly admired his

genteel manners. "There is something special about you. I felt it the moment we met."

"Oh, Lila, I...I never met anyone as...as utterly captivating as you! Except for Trixie, that is. I love Trixie but I wish we had just met sooner!"

"So do I Cecil. I never knew until today that a man could be so charming, sweet and refined. Even if a man is a little...uh...dainty in his looks and actions, that's a lot better than being boorish and uncouth like so many men!"

Cecil blushed but was delighted to hear this, as he'd always thought that his softness put him at a disadvantage. As they drove through the park Lila asked him to pull into a side lane for a moment, saying, "We won't have a chance to talk, just the two of us, perhaps not ever again."

Cecil stopped in a delightfully scenic area and Lila said softly, "You must drive carefully on the way back, Cecil. I'd hate to have a policeman stop you with your car full of lingerie, most of it in your size."

"See! You're just like the others!" accused Cecil. When Lila impulsively moved closer to deny this, their faces almost touched ... then their lips met in a long, delightful kiss - a kiss that set an electric tingling of ecstasy through every part of Cecil's body. As they separated he gulped as he noticed that Lila's skirt had somehow slipped upward to expose her beautiful thighs.

To Cecil, they were breathtakingly inviting! Impulsively, he lowered his head to gallantly kiss one of her lovely perfectly rounded knees, but the steering wheel prevented him from leaning forward that far. Instead, he kissed her very high on her luscious thigh, burying his lips for an ecstatic instant into her fragrant, yielding flesh.

“Oh, Cecil!” exclaimed the beautiful girl. Quickly he straightened up, avoiding her tender gaze, astonished at his boldness for committing such an impropriety. The thrilled, trembling youth did not attempt any further romancing and lost no time in driving his seductive companion home.

On parting, they both expressed heartfelt hopes of seeing one another after their marriages, as a foursome with their respective mates, of course.

Cecil drove back to the hotel in heavy, slow traffic to find Trixie all alone by now and looking more than a trifle exasperated. She did not ask the cause of his late return, but twice, he noticed her glancing at his lips and guiltily wondered if traces of Lila's lipstick showed on them. Only two innocent, unpremeditated kisses! Little did he realize how dearly he'd pay for them!



Cecil drove back to the hotel in heavy, slow traffic to find Trixie all alone by now and looking more than a trifle exasperated.

Cecil did not sleep well that night as visions tumbled through his head of luscious Lila, annoyed Trixie, and ominous Jackie. Should he keep the appointment he'd made with her? None of the escapades she'd mentioned had been intentional on his part, but they had occurred, and if relayed to Trixie, they might give her some doubts as to his character.

She might even cancel the wedding although announcements were already mailed and every preparation made. What an unthinkable disgrace! Should he tell Trixie himself, and defy Jackie to do her worst? That required more courage than he possessed at the moment. Besides, Jackie had promised not to tell, if he kept the appointment. How dastardly she was!

Cecil had transferred to another high school to escape her taunting and blackmailing, and indirectly through her tattling he left State U before obtaining his degree. He'd have to make up the necessary credits after marriage, and now, she threatened to poison his dear fiancée's mind against him! Seething with anger, but also shivering with apprehension, Cecil tapped on her door promptly at ten o'clock.

Jackie admitted the handsome slender male, a leer of sensuous anticipation on her coarse features. She wore a blouse and short full skirt that outlined her thighs as though she had nothing on beneath it. She offered Cecil a drink, which he stiffly refused. "Let's not engage in

superficial talk,” he told her. “I want your word that Trixie will never hear of those...uh... misadventures that befell me in Chicago.”

“Sit down and relax,” Jackie purred. When he did so, she sat beside him and tried to take his hand. “Gimme a kiss, for old times sake,” she urged.

He was shocked as she tried to unbutton his shirt. “Stop that! Get away from me, you...you vile thing! You're the last person I'd kiss, or permit to touch me!”

Jackie's eyes flashed with fury and she went at once to the phone, dialing it with swift, angry strokes. “Uh, who are you calling?” Cecil asked fearfully.

“Trixie, of course!” the spurned woman snapped.

“Jackie, wait, please! I...I'll do what you want!”

On his promise Jackie hung up, but her anger was rekindled a moment later when Cecil told her he would never remove his clothing for her. He had saved himself for Trixie, and Trixie alone. “Didn't you undress ever for any girl? You mean you're a real virgin?”

“Er...y-yes.”

“Hmmm. All right, take them off or I make that phone call.”

As she went toward the phone, Cecil ran in front of her, and as much as he despised the vulgar woman, he threw himself on his knees

before her. "Please don't break up our marriage Jackie! Please don't!"

His enemy walked up close to the kneeling youth, her eyes snapping with anger at being spurned and thwarted by him. For an instant he looked up imploringly at the coarse face looming above him; then the light was blotted out as she swiftly raised her skirt and enveloped his handsome head in it!

Cecil tried frantically to jerk away but she gripped his head in both hands and positioned it squarely where she wanted it. In the darkness she'd plunged him in but he struggled fiercely to avoid her warm, moist lips eagerly searching for his. Then, he realized the bitter necessity of pleasing this heartless female who held his hopes of happiness in her pudgy, strong hands.

A breathless moment of suspense was followed by his first timid, grudging kiss. Gradually, his struggles lessened. The only movement was of Jackie's full hips grinding rhythmically, urgently, against him.

Cecil had never been in such a position! The virtuous, shy youth had never dreamed this could happen to him. His brain numbed with shock, his senses stupefied by the heady odors of her cologne and her own, musky, pungent scent, he could only continue numbly, despairingly paying homage to the demanding shrew as she pointedly dictated.

II. CECIL'S HUMILIATION

Sometime later the bright daylight broke upon Cecil as Jackie unwrapped his captive head, but the respite was only temporary. As he floundered on his knees, weakly gasping for breath, fumbling for his hanky to wipe her strong flavored juices from his face, he felt her pull him to his feet. He staggered dizzily and fell across the bed.

This was just what the aggressive female wanted as she threw herself on top of him. Her limbs again imprisoned his head, but now she lay with her own body in reversed position to his, her head near his knees. His limbs thrashed about frantically but were ineffective. The slim youth was by no means athletic, and Jackie's powerful thighs held him tightly while her hands were now within easy reach of his belt buckle.

Cecil redoubled his struggles as he felt her hands working deftly at his trousers, and in a moment, they were unfastened with her hand inside, her talon-like fingers clutching, delving, and searching. Then a scream from Cecil signaled that she had reached her goal.

The conflict was ended. Clutching her handsome prize firmly by the most sensitive part of his body, Jackie compelled him to rise and remove his clothing.

She was only a woman and a plump, soft looking one at that. However, Cecil feared she

might ruin him permanently if she even slightly tightened her grip, so he made haste to obey her order.

As he reluctantly, despairingly removed his last garment, feeling as though this were all an awful dream, his conquestress took his soft, slender body in her arms, her hands roaming over his triumphantly, her fingers encircling his shaft of love.

“If you never loved a girl before, you won't know what to do with Trixie on your wedding night,” the coarse woman purred, “we'll pretend I'm Trixie and you're my lover. I'll show you how.”

“Oh, no, I can't!” gasped Cecil. “Please - oh, don't do that! Stop it! Ohhh...”

Jackie was stroking him temptingly, seductively and for the moment Cecil abandoned himself to her skillful petting, even though he turned his face away in abhorrence from his seducer's' lascivious gaze and put one hand up to modestly cover his face.

Entirely against his will, Cecil became turgid and Jackie sat astride him to couple herself to the wiggling Adonis. The youth, bashful and totally inexperienced in sexual affairs, was in a panic at the thought of his shortcomings being scorned by his critical foe. Not surprisingly, he was quite impotent. He lost his erection, had it coaxed into uprightness in Jackie's hands and miserably lost it again.

The aroused, man-hungry female repressed her anger and said, "Oh, I know what our girl-boy wants." She picked up her baby doll nightgown and despite Cecil's protest, slipped it over his head and into place on his satin-skinned body.

At once, his excitement was evident and Jackie tried again to deflower the panicky virgin, but it was not to be.

Whether because of his deep inborn shyness of women or his strong aversion to this particular one, he could not sustain any rigidity, even though the sight and feel of the dainty gown momentarily gave him a deceptively excited virile appearance.

Jackie bit her lips in anger, but managed to keep smiling. Still holding him to prevent his escape from bed, she reached over to his trousers and slid the leather belt out of its loops.

"Some men can't do it at first unless they're in bondage, with hands or feet tied," she told the innocent youth. She pushed him over face down in bed and Cecil foolishly let her draw his slender arms behind him and tie them together, his elbows almost touching each other.

He thought perhaps the act might be easier if nothing was expected of him, and she did it all herself. Maybe he could save face, be more potent if she took all the initiative. At any rate, it was a great blunder on his part to give her this opportunity, and he quickly regretted it.

Jackie picked up her hairbrush and dragged the wiggling dismayed boy across her lap, with his tender, plump white cheeks turned up to her in helpless invitation!

Smack! Smack! Smack! She lay on the brush vigorously. Cecil winced at the waspish sting and tried frantically to escape, but Jackie threw one of her legs on top of both of his and locked them in place. His slim body arched across her other plump thigh and his soft bottom thrust up to unwillingly greet every stroke of her flat-backed, hairbrush.

“Ow! Ouch! Oh no! Ouch!” he cried loudly and then, thinking of his disgrace if he were found thus naked and lying over a woman's knees in her hotel room. He buried his face in the bed sheet to muffle the cries he could not suppress. Jackie paused occasionally to run her hands triumphantly over his exposed surfaces, and to lecture him on his impotence, girlishness, and rudeness to her.

“You soft little sissy, you're no good in bed or anyplace else.” Smack! Smack! “I bet you play with yourself, don't you?” Smack! Smack!

Cecil at first denied it but as Jackie spanked him harder he desperately cried out, “Yes, I do, sometimes!”

“You baby-faced sissy, Trixie ought to keep you in diapers!” Smack! Smack! “How dare you pretend to be a man!” Smack! Smack!



Jackie was only a woman and a plump, soft looking one at that. However, Cecil feared she might ruin him permanently....

At last Jackie heard some suspicious sounds in the bed sheet and pushed her victim's head to one side. The sheet was wet with tears, and Cecil was trying hard to suppress the sobs that shook his soft white breast.

“Come on, I want to hear you cry! Let it all out! You'll feel better. I'm going to keep spanking till you cry like a baby.”

Poor Cecil tried not to, but his bound arms hurt so, and his soft tender buttocks were on fire. He'd been stripped and spanked by a woman, and he anguished at the thought that his old enemy had reappeared and threatened to ruin his dream of happiness. Suddenly, it was just too much to bear!

His chest began to heave uncontrollably, and as hard sobs shook his body, he broke down and cried openly. “Waaagh! Waaagh! Boo hoo hoo - hoo!” That was some relief, but once he started he bawled loudly between his outcries of, “Please stop! Ouch! Ow! I ca-ca-can't stand it! Please! Waasgh! Waaagh!”

Jackie's eyes glowed with malicious joy as she saw how easily she could control his frantic wriggling and keep his pretty white bottom, now turning to rosy pink, perched nicely high for her pleasure. In the past she had a lot of sport with this gentle, virtuous boy, but never until now had she given him a spanking. Now, she was really making up for the lost time!

She loved the feel of his soft satiny body, so girlish in her dainty gown, quivering in the grip of her limbs, and his sobbing was music in her ears.

True, he had never harmed her in any way, but she resented his prudish goody-goody manner. He was everything she was not, and if he thought he was better than her, she would show him a thing or two.

Right now he was showing her something, two inviting plump cheeks that seemed just made for spanking. Waaagh! Waaagh! Oh, boo hoo hoo! Waaagh! Waaagh! He bawled loudly, unable now to consider who might overhear.

Jackie's arm finally ceased flashing up and down, only because it was tired. She still held the soundly spanked youth in position, his flaming buttocks turned up tamely while she listened with relish to his uncontrolled sobbing as it resounded and echoed through the room.

After a while Cecil realized that the burning slashes were no longer whipping his poor posterior and that the only sounds in the room were his own tremulous, high-pitched wails. He blushed with the thought that Jackie was surely laughing at him! Finally, he managed to stop, but his chest continued to heave with the silent sobs.

His conqueress helped him to his feet, grinning with triumph at the woeful sight he presented in her baby doll gown. Tears streamed freely down his contorted face as he stood with

his arms still bound slavishly behind his back. She raised his gown, fondled him possessively, and mischievously pinched the raw, pain-filled globes that she had cooked to lobster redness.

Unable to run away and scarcely able to stand, Cecil quivered at her intimate handling and swayed weakly before her, his head bowed in shame at his unspeakable humiliation. As he whimpered and sniffled, Jackie wiped his tearstained face with her hanky and told him to blow his dripping nose, much as a mother would with a weeping baby.

As she eyed him with grim satisfaction, she scoffed, "There, you effeminate crybaby! I'll teach you to be sassy with me! Trixie should see her supposedly masculine lover now! I've a notion to put you in a dress and take you over to her place right now!" She saw his eyes widen with fright and thought, 'I'll bet I could do it, too!'

Somewhere, sometime, in the course of their earlier meetings, it is possible that if Cecil had been able to land a good hard punch in his tormentor's face she would have lost her appetite for bullying him. Instead, their every clash ended in disaster for the peace loving boy, and in later years his courage ebbed every time he encountered her hard face and cold, merciless eyes.

Jackie untied the belt binding his arms and drew her dolly gown off his cringing, slender body. Cecil was free, free to launch a fierce

counterattack, to exact a swift and just revenge on this despicable woman for the countless indignities she'd made him suffer. Alas! His arms and his posterior were throbbing with pain that thoroughly thrashed his body and spirit. All the nude and shaking Adonis could do was to shrink modestly from her lewd gaze and look around for his clothing.

“Stand up straight and face me!” she snapped. As he nervously did so, she mocked, “My, don't you have a smooth girlish body! No muscles, no hair.” Cecil did have a few fine hairs on his body, which were soft and white. He was not of an athletic nature and did not give his body much outdoor exposure.

“You're not manly enough to wear trousers, to say nothing of men's underwear,” she snarled cuttingly. “Here, little sissy, put these on,” she sneered while giving him a pair of lace trimmed peach petti-pants with elastic bottomed legs that could be worn above or below the knees. The still quivering youth was in no condition to argue, and he sheepishly stepped into the dainty feminine panties while his grinning conqueress watched.

Looking very subdued and girlish in his enemy's panties, Cecil pleaded in a faltering voice, “You won't say a WORD to Trixie about any of this, will you?”

Another person in Jackie's place might have agreed, but she loved to exploit her advantages to the limit. “That depends on whether you're a good

girl," she sneered with a teasing grin. "You look so cute in panties, I think you should wear them to the wedding rehearsal. I'll be back here for the occasion, and you'll have to prove to me that you're wearing them that night."

"Oh, Jackie!" Cecil remonstrated weakly. He was dismayed at this further complication, but fearing to refuse, he gave his promise.

"Also, wouldn't you like to give me a nice big goodbye kiss?"

"Yes, I certainly would!" Cecil replied eagerly, anxious to part from this hateful female.

"Then kneel down!" As the confused youth did so, Jackie stood close to him and raised her full skirt high and then turned her back fully upon the intimidated boy on his knees. Cecil recoiled in outraged modesty at the sight of those great, twin mounds of white flesh. Her cheeks were so grossly fat, so brazenly indecently thrust out in lewd invitation.

"Oh, no, not that! Never!" he thought. But then, anything, to get his nightmare over with!

Almost fainting with repugnance, he leaned forward and kissed one of her big hillocks. Gleefully she thrust her other fat globe against his scarlet face, and to her intense gratification, he kissed it also.

She gave him permission to dress while she sat and watched him triumphantly, her legs crossed to reveal her very plump but shapely

thighs. Suffused with shame, Cecil obeyed her order to place her bags in the trunk of her car.

“I'm sure you won't mind paying my motel bill dear, considering all the fun we had,” purred the victorious woman with an insolent confidence that brooked no refusal. Resentfully, Cecil walked to the motel office to take care of this final detail. How typical of this woman's arrogance, to sport with him and humiliate him and then, make him pay the bill!

Still in a daze, Cecil drove to his office. It was a balmy day. The sun shone brightly, the birds twittered, and nature seemed in tune. Had this catastrophe really occurred? How could he have permitted it? Had he actually cried for the very first time since his childhood and let his worst enemy hear him cry like a baby?

Until yesterday he'd almost forgotten that Jackie ever existed, but now, it was as though the years had been rolled back.

He felt the same tearful humiliation that he experienced at the wedding party so long ago when he unwisely joined the other children in teasing tomboy Jackie because of her sissy white lace dress. He was the one she caught in a secluded upstairs bedroom and slapped him until he cried. Being a year older and a lot tougher, she made him remove his frilly blouse and velvet knee pants and put on her petticoat and dainty white dress.

With him in her dress, she was free to romp and play in his clothes at the party. At that time, the mixed up child that he was, he had secretly wished that she'd given him her fancy bloomers as well! You finally got your wish, he told himself bitterly. He was in his enemy's bloomers now, but he was far from happy about it. Now, with his own wedding only a week away she had reappeared, domineering as ever, and actually spanked him, a grown man! She put him in her nightgown, tried to deprive him of his chastity, and needled him unmercifully when he was unable to rise to the occasion.

He flushed as he recalled her taunt that he should be in baby clothes. Heaven forbid that anyone should roll back the past that far! A grown man in rompers and diapers! He squirmed and tried to put the shameful thought out of his mind. He'd only see this odious woman twice more, at the rehearsal and the wedding. Trixie was not likely to hear of the innocent, but hard to explain, adventures of his early youth.

III. TRIXIE'S DISCOVERY

“Dawn bells are pealing, as night goes stealing, to its rest, lulled to rest within my heart,” Cecil's soft, high tenor voice blended sweetly with his mother's alto as he helped her tidy the kitchen after dinner. His heart felt a pang of sadness as he reflected that these joyous moments would no longer be possible after his

marriage. If only he could have his beloved mother at his side always, even on the honeymoon!

As the fateful day neared a mild sense of panic had begun to stir in Cecil's bosom. He realized that he knew nothing of husbandly duties and feared that he might be expected to prove his skill in such matters immediately.

The affectionate pair sang some more of their favorites, and Mrs. Goodwin remarked on the great number of friends Trixie had. Cecil feared that the groom's side of the church would be nearly empty.

"It's often that way, dearest" his mother said, "Trixie has lived here all her life, and we only moved here recently." She mentioned the lovely gifts at the lingerie shower, which Cecil recalled with very mixed emotions. "We have so very few friends here, and you seemed quite cool to that Jackie girl from Chicago. She's not very refined, but she was cordial to you. I want you to be real nice to her."

Cecil agreed, hoping that Mama wouldn't notice his agitation at mention of his enemy's name.

He had been too shy to ever discuss his wedding night with anyone, but now with an effort he said, "I hope I'll know, that is, I hope Trixie won't...er...expect too much... I mean...the first night."

“Don't worry about that darling,” his mother said, encouragingly. “Trixie is SUCH a nice girl, and you two are SO much in love. Just be gentle and considerate, and don't do anything unless you are sure she is ready and in a receptive mood.”

This did not resolve half of Cecil's worries but he did not have enough courage to pursue the delicate question. “Trixie is so good, and sensible,” his mother added, “I always hoped you would find a girl like her because you are not too sharp in business matters, while she is smart and practical. I'm sure she'll be able to help you. You have been both a son and a daughter to me.

Trixie is lucky to find a young man who is so handy in the kitchen, so skilled at ironing, sewing and housekeeping. Most men today know nothing of such matters, and that's a pity. I hope Trixie won't won't...er...take advantage of your exceptional abilities, and I'm sure she won't.” Mrs. Goodwin greatly admired her soon to be daughter-in-law who sang soprano in the church choir with Cecil. She seemed such a demure, quiet, modest girl, just the type for her bashful, unsophisticated boy.

Although Trixie was slightly taller and heavier than Cecil, this was true of most eligible girls. They seemed to grow so big these days, especially girls from the smaller towns, fresh country air type. And, of course, her darling boy was not as large as the average, but thank heaven, it is goodness and purity that count, and

not mere size. She had always taught Cecil to respect women and was proud that he was such a perfect gentlemen.

Cecil didn't have a sister, so from early childhood, he had been in awe (sometimes in fear) of girls, and he was inclined to put them on a pedestal high above him. He had always envied those boys who could be so casual with the opposite sex. Being extremely bashful in their presence, he had learned practically nothing of the fair sex and had only a vague idea of how a new husband should conduct himself.

"I'm glad you're so loving and considerate of Trixie and so willing to please her," observed his mother. "But, you must assert yourself at times dear. As head of your family, you must make your wishes known, and I'm sure she will respect them."

"Yes, mother." Cecil knew he must be firmer where Trixie was concerned and that he should lose no time in showing her that he was the master of the household. He would be loving and tender, to be sure, but master, nonetheless. What a pity that Jackie had unmanned and humiliated him so only a few days before his wedding! He tried so hard to be manly, but he was so naive in sexual matters and so woman shy. Adding to his dilemma, the vulgar Jackie had whipped most of his courage out of him, just when he needed it most!

Later at Trixie's she said, "No, Honey, we...we shouldn't! Stop, now! We...you know we must wait until after we're married!"

"Dearest, that will be this weekend! We practically ARE married! We should...er...know more about each other. Come on, don't be so goody-goody."

They were on Trixie's sofa; her parents would not be home for hours; and they had the cozy parlor all to themselves. Shapely Trixie wore a red peasant dress with a scoop neckline that revealed luscious glimpses of her full, firm breasts. Cecil couldn't help peeking at them frequently, then promptly turning his head away with prim modesty. Her skirt was short, and she occasionally raised one perfectly curved limb to reveal a large expanse of thigh. He looked, but he never touched her below her waist.

Taking her cue from Cecil's maidenly modesty, Trixie conducted herself with equally virtuous decorum, but to Cecil's disapproval, she had gotten bolder the last few days. As she boldly stroked her fiancée's thigh, he hastily crossed his legs tightly to thwart her advances. As she affectionately caressed him, he primly took her hand and put it in her lap, causing her to flush with embarrassment.

He was so handsome in his tropical flowered shirt and light summer trousers, and she longed to pet him, to express her deep fervent longing for him. At his prudish rebuff, she tried another tack.

“Wasn't that beautiful lingerie I received at the shower, dear? Don't say you didn't notice. I saw the way your eyes clung to my pretty scanties.”

“Honey, we shouldn't discuss such...er...intimate subjects.”

“May I model some of them, for my lord and master?” To tempt him, she stroked her sheer hose as if to smooth out some imaginary wrinkle in its seductive, cobwebby texture. Whenever Cecil saw a flash of plump bare flesh above the dark tops of her stockings, he gulped and quickly averted his gaze.

To the consternation of his intended bride, he was very diffident about touching, except to hold her hand or give her a chaste proper embrace. In a full year of courting, he had only summoned enough courage to lightly touch her bosom once or twice, with her fully clothed of course.

“Trixie! Of course not! I'm surprised at you!”

The shapely girl crimsoned at the stern reproach in his voice. But somehow, his very virtuous bearing intrigued her and gave her the courage to persist. “I know, darling!” she exclaimed coyly. “Remember those stunning white bridal gowns I received, and we said we'd wear on our wedding night? Let's try them on, right now!”

“Oh! Don't you dare!” exclaimed Cecil, his face turning scarlet. “Besides, I never said I'd wear one! Trixie! Where are you going?”

Despite his strong scathing disapproval, the eager girl ran off with a flash of red skirts and

shapely lower limbs. "Excuse me, dearest!" she called out over her shoulder. "I'll be right back!"

Cecil waited uneasily. He even considered leaving but decided he could scarcely run out without a word. Her new boldness was disconcerting, but she had called him her lord and master. This was good, and he must make sure to remain in charge of the situation. He heard a slight sound and turned to gaze in fascination at the lovely vision in the doorway.

Her head shyly bowed, the curvaceous Trixie stood like a beautiful statue in a white, shimmering, lace embellished, satin gown. Its graceful floor length skirt and her white pumps added even more height to her regal bearing.

"Oh, honey!" Cecil gasped, captivated by her chaste, immaculate beauty. Instinctively he stepped forward and embraced his lovely Snow Queen. After only a moment, he stepped back with shocked modesty, for wherever he touched her, it felt as though he touched her nude body. The sensation was heightened because she wore nothing beneath the dainty film of white satin. His hands flew away from her slim waist, but one of them brushed against the underside of her outthrust breast, adding to his confusion.

As he retreated, Trixie asked in hurt surprise, "What's the matter, dear? Don't you like it?"

She held out her arms, and Cecil gathered enough courage to embrace her again. Despite his

nervousness and uncertainty, they shared a long erotic kiss. He trembled to touch her, as the sensation was like touching a naked woman.

When she moved, a dark area showed through her gown at the apex of her thighs, and he desperately tried to keep his eyes averted.

In spite of himself, he eyed her beauty ardently, his mind a blur of fear, adoration, and guilt at the impropriety of their actions. "Oh Honey, you are so angelic. You are my glorious queen!" Like a true knight of old, Cecil knelt and respectfully, yet gallantly, lifted the hem of her dainty gown and pressed it to his lips.

Trixie felt a pleasant thrill at this courtly deed. It was nice, but she wanted him to touch her, not just her gown. Impulsively she moved forward and tried to embrace his handsome head, to press it against her body, but Cecil hastily drew away and scrambled to his feet.

Desperately, the love hungry girl threw herself on her knees before the handsome male, her arms embracing his thighs as she confessed how greatly she adored him.

Cecil let her grovel there for several moments, perhaps pleased at the sense of his power over her, but when she laid her head in his lap, he quickly arose and gently, but firmly, unhooked her arms which tried to cling to his knees. Finally, begging for "just one little kiss" Trixie got close enough to whisper, "Now it's your turn, darling."



A boyhood memory....

**Nearly every time he had ventured
into girls' clothing, it had been an
outright disaster!**

“What do you mean?”

“Honey, I laid out the other beautiful gown on the bed, for you.”

“Oh no! Don't you dare say such things! I would never do anything like that!”

Trixie cringed at his manly indignation. Little did she suspect what confused passions were raging in his breast at the thought of wearing that soft shimmering satin, of being nude otherwise and feeling that dainty satin caressing his flesh. He must not yield to such temptations, even after their marriage! He had been taken advantage of too often. Nearly every time he had ventured into girls' clothing, it had been an outright disaster! Only with great effort did he remain stern and inflexible.

Trixie, spurned and embarrassed, had to surrender. Her plan to pierce his armor of modesty, to draw closer to his chaste body, to come into loving communion with him had failed. She felt foolish at being clad in naught but her bridal nightgown with her intended fully clothed. She became angry with herself and with him for being so childishly prudish. She couldn't risk being seen thus unclad by her parents if they returned early, so she had to retire, pouting, and stung with defeat, to dress again.

After Cecil departed, the tears of frustration, resentment, and anger that she had fought to keep back, ran freely, hotly, down her face. “I hope he's not this shy or this bossy after our

marriage,” she told herself disconsolately. “If he is, what will I do?”

As the momentous day approached, Cecil's nervousness increased, and he wished it were not so near. Realizing how happy he was with his dear Mama, he wondered if he should have committed himself to the responsibilities of marriage. But, time would not stand still, and the evening of the wedding rehearsal arrived.

Knowing Jackie would be there, as Cecil dressed, he reluctantly stepped into her lace-trimmed petti-pants. He knew he must do her bidding if he was to prevent her tattling to Trixie. As always, the feel of dainty lingerie made him excited in a very conspicuous area, and he prayed that this would subside and not be noticed.

He dreaded meeting Jackie's cold eyes, but at the church, she greeted him quite naturally as though nothing had happened during their last meeting. To his absolute chagrin, at her earliest opportunity, she whispered in his ear, “Are you wearing my panties?”

“Yes,” he blushed.

“I want to see them later to make sure,” she teased triumphantly.

This did not calm Cecil's nervousness, but rehearsal went well. To his great relief, Trixie asked him to give her a ride home, thus thwarting Jackie's hopes of another romantic rendezvous with him.

The coarse woman seethed in anger as her plans for getting him alone were upset. Before she departed; however, she managed to have a few words with the soon to be bride that made Trixie's big brown eyes flash with hurt surprise, like those of a wounded doe.

Cecil drove Trixie home. At her door, he was still feeling acutely aware of his dainty petti-pants, so he told her he could not come in.

“Honey, I must insist that you do. I have something of extreme importance to discuss.”

Surprised at the urgency in her voice, he consented. Her parents had retired upstairs for the evening, so they had to talk softly. Our hero was shocked at his fiancée's first words. She had been told that he occasionally wore women's underclothing, and her informant had reason to think he was wearing lingerie at that moment, as his girlish manners at such times always betrayed him!

Cecil's heart jumped into his mouth with guilty alarm. He stammered a denial, but Trixie wasn't convinced. “If this charge is not true, you have no reason to object to proving your innocence. Lower your trousers, and show me,” she insisted.

“Oh no Honey!” he blubbered. “We...we said there would be nothing like that before our marriage!”

“Yes, but now, I must know if this charge is true. Come on, take those pants down, and show me!”

“I...I can't!”

“You will, or the wedding is off, and I won't mind telling everybody why!” she demanded. “I wouldn't mind so much your wearing lingerie, but I could never forgive your deceiving me!”

At this, Cecil hesitantly, reluctantly confessed that the accusation was 'partially true'. He hoped this would end the matter, but Trixie still insisted on being shown. He was stunned by her aggressiveness because, up to this point, she had always seemed so mild and manageable. “No, dear, don't ask that! I did admit...”

“Take down your pants this instant!” she snapped in an adamant tone. The rattled youth was intimidated by her fierce insistence, and his hands shakily moved toward his belt buckle and hovered there as if he was powerless to move. Impatiently, the usually demure girl stepped forward, and despite his faint resistance, she unbuckled his trousers and began to draw them down.

When he tried to pull away, she hissed, “Hold still! Don't you realize that I must know, and that you must reveal everything if we are to marry? There!” She pulled his trousers down to his knees and revealed his frilly petti-pants. To get a better view, she even unbuttoned the lower portion of his shirt!

“Oh no! You...you shouldn't have!” Cecil moaned as he shamefully hid his face in his hands.

“Are you wearing a bra, too?” she asked, opening his shirt further.

“A bra! No dear, honestly I'm not!” He tried to jerk away from her questioning fingers but his trousers, which were bunched around his ankles, tripped him, and he fell with a soft thud into a sitting position on the carpet. At this, the alert girl quickly grasped his trousers and pulled them all the way off, tossing them aside. “Oh no!” Cecil gasped frantically but in low tones, acutely aware that her parents were within earshot.

At once Trixie knelt beside the confused youth, finished unbuttoning his shirt, and slipped it off his slim shoulders. Cecil was in full agony from embarrassment as he scrambled up to his feet, facing his beloved in naught but undershirt and lace trimmed peach petti-pants.

Sensing his acute shame, she embraced him and murmured soothing words in his ear. For a moment, he struggled, but her arms were surprisingly strong, and she firmly held him in her embrace. Unable to face the amazement and curiosity in her eyes, he hid his head in mortification on her shoulder.



But Cecil had worn panties and even a bra before. He never wore such things “ordinarily.”

Her hands ran searchingly across his back and silk-clad buttocks. “Well, well, my darling likes to wear girls' panties! I must say they look pretty with your nice, white skin, Honey. What color would you call them?”

“I don't know. Peach, I guess.”

“Peach! I see that you are well versed on your lingerie colors! Are they your mother's? Does Mrs. Goodwin know her boy wears her panties?”

“No, she doesn't. I mean, they're not hers!”

“No? Do you buy your own panties Darling?”

“No...no, I don't! They aren't mine! This is most unusual! I never wear panties ordinarily. I...”

“If they aren't yours or your mother's, whose are they?”

“Uh...er...Honey, I just can't say! Now let go! I must get dressed!”

Despite his plea, Trixie clung resolutely to his scantily clad figure, and since he refused to explain, a slow anger began to burn within her. “How can you love me and wear another woman's panties?” she demanded. “To make matters worse, you won't even tell me who she is! Take them off right now, before I rip them off!”

“I can't. I don't have anything else to wear!”

“Yes you do, right here!” Trixie snapped as her hands reached under her skirt and drew down her own fancy baby blue panties. She stepped out of them and held them up to him commandingly. “If you wear any girl's panties, you'll wear mine! Now change at once!”

“Honey, not so loud! You'll wake your parents! They must not see me like this!”

“I don't care!” She scowled as she furiously stamped her foot on the floor. “I'll scream and bring them down here, if necessary, and I still won't allow you to dress without putting on my panties!”

Fearful that she'd carry out her threat, Cecil could only consent to her wishes.

“Okay, if I may do so in privacy,” he demurely acquiesced.

Trixie agreed, and the upset youth changed panties in the dark dining room. Without allowing him time to dress, she joined him as quickly as he drew on the baby blue panties. He quickly noticed that they were still warm from her luscious loins, and he tingled at the feel of them caressing his intimate parts. Saying he had no right to them, Trixie took possession of his peach petti-pants, and demanded, “What other lingerie do you have? Do you wear a girdle?”

“No dear, absolutely not!”

“Tell the truth! Who do these belong to?” She looked so convincing that he quickly said, “They're Jackie's! Jackie Korszko.”

Jackie's? Trixie was astonished and yet a bit relieved. She had suspected her beautiful friend Lila, who would have been more serious competition. "Well!" she exclaimed after recovering from her surprise. "This is not very complimentary to me, is it? So she's the type you really admire, huh?"

"Oh no, I - I hate her!"

"Then, why do you wear her bloomers?"

"I...I didn't want to! She made me!" Under cross-examination he unhappily admitted that, "She did something to me that...that paralyzed me."

Trixie made a mental note to find out more about this, but for now, she was content to pursue the main topic. "Do you love her? Do you have any other girlfriends that I know nothing about? Stand back and look me in the eye. I want to know the truth!" She released her embrace and eyed the scantily clad boy up and down, thinking how becoming silky panties were on him.

He hung his head like a naughty child, and sighed, "No dear, I love only you! You, and of course, my mother."

This answer did not entirely please his suddenly stern fiancée. "Well, I've seen you making goo-goo eyes at other girls, and I'm no longer convinced of your faithfulness. Do you still want to marry me?"

“Oh yes, please dear! You're the only girl in the world for me! I adore you! I love you, and more than anything, I want you to be my wife!”

“Then you'll consent to my wishes. As a reminder that you are my lover, and mine alone, you are to wear my panties without fail on our wedding day. Also, you must promise to never wear another woman's lingerie ever again.”

Eager to end this most upsetting and humiliating encounter, Cecil gave his promise. He went to dress, with Trixie first giving him a bold farewell caress on his thinly silken clad derriere. They kissed goodnight, and he departed with his mind in utter turmoil.

Where was the quiet docile Trixie of only two nights ago? What she had been unable to accomplish then, to his utter shame, she had done that, and even more, in a few bewildering moments this evening. He was trying so hard to live down his innocent, petticoated past, but thus, far he'd only succeeded in jumping from frying pan into the fire, or rather, from Jackie's panties into Trixie's.

IV. A NERVOUS FIANCEE

On the eve of the wedding, Victor, Cecil's best man, phoned and offered to stay overnight with him to help him turn out on time in the morning. “Cecil went out to have our car washed Victor,” Mrs. Goodwin told him. “I'll mention it to him when he returns. I think it's a good idea,

and you know you're very welcome, that is, if you don't mind sleeping with Cecil.”

However, when Cecil returned, his mother was at the hairdresser's, and thus, our hero was both surprised and pleased when his good friend walked in a bit later. Cecil went to fetch some lemonade while Victor went into Cecil's room to hang his wedding attire in the closet. When Victor entered the bedroom, he saw everything the bridegroom would wear the next morning. To his utter surprise, that included a lovely pair of silky pale blue panties trimmed with lace and decorated with tiny rosebuds and dainty lace.

Victor was holding them in his hand wonderingly as Cecil entered with cool drinks. The expectant groom turned all colors, and at first, he pretended not to know how they happened to be there. “They were right on this chair with your wedding clothes, Cecil. Perhaps your mother...”

“Oh, no, it wasn't her!” exclaimed the furiously blushing youth. It was useless to blame this on his mother, so Cecil reluctantly admitted that Trixie had asked him to wear the dainty garment.

“You're not going to, are you?”

“Er, no, that is...yes. I promised.” Cecil was so embarrassed that Victor came over and put a comforting arm around his shoulders. His guest was a head taller than Cecil, muscular and well tanned, with a deep yet gentle baritone voice.

“Whatever you say, pal,” soothed Victor. “I wouldn't mind if you even wore a nightgown to bed. Do you ever do that, you handsome creature?”

“No! Of course not!” exclaimed the blushing Cecil. “Now stop it, Victor!”

The subject was dropped, and they went to enjoy an excellently prepared dinner, the last one of his mother's that Cecil would taste for quite a while. The lovers would take a three-week Rocky Mountain honeymoon, and no one could have guessed what bizarre events would accompany it.

At bedtime, Victor retired first. Then, Cecil slipped into his nylon pajamas and went to kiss his Mama goodnight. “Just a moment dear,” she called out, quickly throwing a negligee over her bare shoulders for a few last words with her beloved boy. They sat on the edge of the bed and embraced warmly.

“At last I must lose my Angel Child,” Mrs. Goodwin said, trying to keep her voice cheerful. “Do you remember how often, especially when we had thunderstorms, that you came running into Mama's bedroom and jumped under the covers with her?”

“Oh yes, Mama! I only wish...” Cecil's voice broke a little.

He didn't dare finish, but his mother understood. “There, Honey” she patted his cheek tenderly, “Mama is not your best girl anymore, so don't go wishing anything you should not.

Tomorrow at this time you'll have your dear bride in your arms, and you will be pouring out all your love to her."

"Oh, but I... I don't know...what to do!"

"Don't worry, Babykins. I must confess that I had a little talk with Trixie, and she realizes that you are totally inexperienced in...er...such things, just as she is. You will both go hand in hand into this glorious adventure, discovering the joys of married life. You are such a lovely, unsullied young person, like Trixie is, and I'm sure she'll make every allowance for your innocence." Dear Mrs. Goodwin! She had practically asked Trixie to be gentle with her boy virgin!

"Mother, don't tell people at the wedding that I've been both a daughter and a son to you."

"Why not, dear? You should be proud of it! Anyhow, I don't recall telling anyone."

"You told Trixie."

"Well of course! We carry the same genes of the opposite sex in us, and she loves you because you have so many desirable traits, both male and female." Mother and son hugged and kissed a fond goodnight; both knew that someone else must henceforth share their love, that things would never be the same again.

Cecil went to his room and slipped into bed beside Victor. After a moment his big friend slid closer and whispered, "Cecil, my sister has said many times that you should have been born a girl."

Cecil squirmed, and Victor added, "Don't be offended. I mention it only because if she thinks that, maybe Trixie does, too. Maybe she has her own reasons for wanting an effeminate husband who wears her panties."

"But I'm not..."

Victor went on, "I hear some modern wives with good jobs are happy to turn over the household chores to their husbands, especially if they were effeminate like you. I mean, at the shower my sister overheard a woman say how skillful you are at cooking, ironing and sewing. Trixie replied that she was very lucky, as she does not care at all for housework."

Cecil felt uneasy at this, as he recalled that his fiancée had never shown much interest in domestic matters. He tried to make some excuse for her as Victor snuggled a little closer and gently stroked the expectant groom's hair. "Cecil, Trixie's friends all seem to feel that the husband should do a good deal of the housework, and Trixie was heard to say on an earlier occasion that she'd love to find a husband who would do all of it."

"Oh, I'm sure she wouldn't expect that."

"No? What if you were out of work? Your firm is laying off a lot of employees. If she were earning more than you and you were discharged she might want you to keep house for her and take care of the babies."

“Oh, that's nonsense!” exclaimed Cecil uneasily. Trixie did command a higher salary than he, but they had never discussed the various possibilities of this situation. Victor's mouth was close to his friend's ear as they whispered, and Cecil was startled to feel a tiny kiss planted on his ear. A moment later the big man leaned directly above his slender companion to hear his soft whispers, then he gently lowered his body atop Cecil's, nudging his lower limbs apart so that the best man lay squarely between the soft white thighs of the groom.

“Victor! What are you...?” murmured Cecil, quite crushed but not too unpleasantly so, by the solid weight of his friend.

“I just want to be close enough for you to hear me. I'm not hurting you, am I?”

“Er...no.”

“Cecil, you are my dearest friend, and I'd hate to see anyone take advantage of you. Did you promise Trixie that you would wear panties full time after the wedding?”

“No!” he exclaimed, becoming defensive. “Only on this one occasion!” He shyly added, “Victor, you are so muscular! I wish I had such powerful limbs!”

“I know, “Victor whispered proudly. “My father says I even have muscles in my head, but muscles would not be becoming on you. Cecil, your body is so attractive as it is, so soft and white and shapely.”

Victor's hand slipped under the prone groom's pajama top and lightly caressed his bare tummy and one of his sensitive little breasts.

“Oh, Victor! Ohhh...” Cecil squirmed and tried to move, but his big friend's weight had him pinned flat. It was not all disagreeable. Victor was gentle for all his massive strength, and despite himself, Cecil liked his masculine scent and deep soothing voice.

“You may have agreed to wear her panties only on this occasion, but a thing like that could lead to her sissifying you in other ways. If she can make you effeminate, gentle, passive and obedient, she'll have you in her power.”

“Oh no, I'd never permit that, and she'd never attempt it!” declared Cecil, trying to feel as confident as he sounded. He moved his thighs a bit farther apart to ease Victor's heavy weight on them, and he suddenly felt a great swelling pressed against him in an area where he himself was unconsciously shrinking in intimidation. “Oh! Oh, Victor...I...” came his faltering voice from underneath.

“Yes, dear,” Victor went on soothingly. “You have such a sweet, gentle personality, and some people might be tempted to take advantage of you.”

He lowered his face into the softness of Cecil's neck and the flattened bridegroom felt himself being kissed very lightly, very pleasantly.

He was embarrassed and confused, but above all, he realized how much he admired and needed this big strong friend, one of the precious few he possessed among all these comparative strangers who were solidly aligned at Trixie's side.

At last he promised that he'd exercise every precaution against Trixie trying to dominate him, shyly returned the little squeeze he'd received and the two handsome males, so different and yet so fond of each other, went off together to sleep.

On the edge of dreamland, Cecil drowsily thought of asking Victor's advice on what to do in bed with Trixie. But since Victor was single, he probably wouldn't be much help, even if he'd had the nerve to ask.

He thought, 'I can't believe I'll be married tomorrow! Do I really know Trixie? Maybe she's not the meek, submissive girl I counted on getting. Can I cope with all my new responsibilities? How can I leave dear Mother? If only I were little again! I'd steal into her bedroom right now and climb into her bed and pillow my head against her adorable breasts! I wish I could. Dear Mama, I...I need you!'

V. GROOM IN WHITE LACE

"What a perfect bride and groom!"

"Trixie's like a queen in that dazzling gown!"

"Cecil is like an angel, all in white just like the bride!"

“Yes, he's so refined and gentlemanly. That ruffled blouse and coat with the lace overlay are so appropriate, and those dainty little shoes are perfect on him!”

“I understand that Trixie selected the formals for the men.”

“Don't their suits fit beautifully? Especially Cecil's! Look, his waist is as slender as hers!”

“Don't they marry young nowadays? Cecil looks almost childish with his smooth pink cheeks and beautiful, clear blue eyes.”

“They're so young. You wonder if they'll know what it's all about, in the bridal chamber.”

“Well, that boy in the virgin white ensemble may not, but Trixie is a pretty smart cookie. What she doesn't know, she will find out in a hurry.”

“Isn't he much younger than Trixie?”

“A couple of years, I understand, but that's not a lot when you consider that women live longer.”

“Yes, but girls mature earlier. If a girl marries a boy two years younger than herself, he might be five years younger in worldliness, which could easily develop into a mother-child relationship.”

“That's not always undesirable. Mrs. Goodwin herself is happy her son has found such a sensible, girl with a head for business. I think she figures Trixie is capable of taking over as wife and mother.”

The wedding had been beautiful, and at the reception, the feminine guests, young and old alike, fairly drooled over the handsome groom. Remarks like, “Pretty baby face!” “So cute and dainty!” “So young!” and “He looks like a schoolboy!” were heard all about the room.

Trixie, however, was hurt to overhear, “Actually, the groom is almost prettier than the bride.” She shook it off with a determined smile. She had won this beautiful boy, and she was very happy. Trembling with anticipation, she envisioned the joys that would be hers in the bridal bed.

Cecil too was greatly thrilled, but he was too nervous to be really happy, which is not surprising in such an unsophisticated, girl-shy groom.

In the church, just before they had recited their wedding vows Trixie whispered, “Are you wearing my panties?” She smiled knowingly when she received a bashful, “Yes, Honey,” in return.

After the service, as Cecil and Trixie walked arm in arm down the aisle with camera flashbulbs popping on all sides, the bride had said softly, “I love you in white, dear. We'll have to get some more white things for you.”

Some photos taken at that moment portrayed a rather startled, confused looking groom. Perhaps he was thinking of a certain white satin bridal nightgown.

Although everything passed more or less in a daze for him, Trixie was remarkably poised, like most of today's worldly brides. She managed to find time for out of town relatives, childhood friends who she'd not seen in years, even an important talk with Jackie, her matron of honor.

The pair had been cool and wary of one another when Trixie announced that she knew the owner of Cecil's petti-pants. "I don't mind telling you he's in my panties now Jackie and I intend to keep it that way."

"Why, of course dear!" Jackie beamed. "I was hoping you'd find out! Did Cecil explain why he was wearing my bloomers?"

"No, but I phoned his office and found that he was absent until 1:00 P.M that day. Did you have sex with him?"

"Oh, no! Absolutely not! I never would do such a thing, when I think so highly of you, dear!"

She said Cecil had called at her motel to buy her silence about her past and that he had asked for her petti-pants as a memento of their old friendship. Trixie observed several flaws in her story, but she was more intent on learning about Cecil's background than of any affair he probably never had with this plump unattractive female.

"I promised I wouldn't tell if he dressed up like a woman for me, like he did quite often back in Chicago. I can reveal that much, because you probably know he's attracted to girls' clothing. Everyone at the lingerie shower seemed to sense

that, so it's no secret. Also, I can tell you that he acts very superior and haughty with anyone he considers inferior to him in refinement and delicacy, and that includes just about everyone!"

"Here, I'll prove that I'm strictly on your side by presenting you with the key to a happy married life with Cecil. If he acts coldly to you or tries to boss you, I think you are just the girl who can turn him over your knee and warm him up with this!" She dug into her oversize bag and handed a plastic backed hairbrush to an amazed Trixie.

"You actually spank him?"

"Exactly, and to tell the truth, that's what I did to him that morning at the hotel," Jackie smiled. "We quarreled about whether he would wear my panties, and when I finished with him, he was crying like a baby."

Trixie could scarcely believe her ears! She was greatly in love with her charming bridegroom, but rather than offend Jackie, she blushinglly accepted the hairbrush with her thanks.

She disliked Jackie, but feeling that she might be able to fill in some very important gaps in her new husband's past, she thought it best to avoid a scene in the luxurious room the hotel had provided for the wedding reception.

An hour later, Cecil approached Trixie and Lila, who were talking in low tones. "Come in,

Honey,” Trixie invited. “We were just saying how lucky I am to have such a sweet bridegroom.”

Cecil kissed his queenly bride and sat down to pull up his white knee socks.

“Your husband has such lovely small feet, and those shoes with the little rosettes are simply charming!” remarked Lila while thinking to herself, ‘His legs are so shapely! A lot of women would envy him.’

“Thank you and you certainly are a stunningly beautiful bridesmaid,” Cecil replied. It was an innocent remark, and he didn't notice the steely glint that flickered for a moment in Trixie's observant eyes.

Cecil stood up and pulled down his white vest and coat with its white lace overlay, both of which fit so snugly that they tended to gather a trifle at the waist.

“Lila, isn't it a shame that men don't wear corsets?” remarked Trixie as she thoughtfully studied her husband's face. “I mean, if my honey's waist were cinched in a little his coat and vest would fit smooth as silk, and at the same time, he could have long white hose gartered to his corset and not have to pull his socks up all the time.”

“That's a wonderful idea!” Lila gushed excitedly, her lovely violet eyes beamed caressingly upon the handsome groom. “Wouldn't that be nice? You're such a charming man. I'd love to see you fixed up like that. Of course, if you

were so attired, you'd have to wear silky panties instead of that tired old cotton underwear you guys wear!"

Cecil blushed as Trixie gave him a knowing smile indicating that she knew he was already wearing panties underneath his trousers. He tried to pass her words off lightly, but the number of similar remarks that had been made during the past few days, greatly alarmed him, especially since there had been no such talk during the whole first year of his courtship with Trixie.

When Cecil and Trixie returned to the banquet hall, Lila descended to the hotel lobby which adjoined a number of small, swanky shops. One was a ladies accessory shop where she had noticed a pair of white ballet hose displayed in the window. The considerate girl saw this as a practical answer to Cecil's droopy sock problem.

Asking to see garter belts, she was shown a very fancy theatrical type belt that was totally glamorous. She purchased it along with a pair of full-length white hose and a pair of bridal satin panties.

Admiring her bridesmaid's gown, the clerk asked pleasantly, "Some emergency repairs for the bride?"

"Er...yes," Lila told her while thinking; 'you should know who they're for, dearie!' At her first chance she presented the items to Trixie.

Trixie was delighted, but when Cecil was told of Lila's kindness he huffily refused to change into the dainty feminine articles, and neither girl could coax him to change his mind.

As the champagne flowed, the wedding jokes and comments grew a trifle bawdier. When Jackie danced with Cecil, she asked, "Did ya hear about the bridegroom who was very fond of desserts? So the bride served him hair pie every night?"

The virtuous Cecil was not sure he understood this, but he fortunately decided not to ask for an explanation. In keeping with tradition, Trixie's bridesmaids tied a dainty white apron on her to symbolize her new domesticity. Then Cecil knelt shyly before her, keenly aware of all the watching eyes.

As he averted his gaze, she lifted her billowing skirts to let him remove one of her fancy garters, which he'd later toss to the single males to see which would marry next.

One little prank occurred which was not on the program. Cecil was suddenly surrounded by a group of mischievous bridesmaids who tied a fluffy apron of white organdie on him! A big yell went up from the crowd as Cecil tried for several minutes to unfasten the apron, which had been knotted tightly at the back. The dainty apron, as everyone could see, was embroidered in big red letters HIS!

As the scarlet faced groom fumbled frantically with the knotted sashes behind his back, the flashbulbs popped merrily as they highlighted the virtuous groom in his frilly apron.

The embarrassing garment harmonized well with the ruffles and lace of his tuxedo, his full wavy hair, finely boned sensitive face, and slender figure. Finally, Victor ran to his rescue and untied the firm knot.



Cecil was suddenly surrounded by a group of mischievous bridesmaids who tied a fluffy apron of white organdie on him!

Later, as the loving couple stood together, a tipsy old gentleman came up and wheezed, "Hey! Have you two decided who'll wear the pants in the family?"

"I will, naturally," smiled Cecil. But then, he recalled the silky feminine panties he wore underneath his trousers and blushed rosily. He didn't dare look at his bride, fearful that she'd make some revealing remark.

The next time Trixie danced with her bashful husband, she whispered, "I nearly told him you're wearing lace on your panties, but since you're being a good boy, I didn't. Do, you like the feel of them?"

"Oh, Honey, please don't remind me of them!"

"Why not?"

"Because...they... er... it makes me so excited!"

"My lover-boy should be excited on his wedding night, but there's one thing that's just not right about your pretty panties. They should be white instead of blue because white is for virgins. Why don't you sneak into the little girl's room and slip into the lovely things Lila bought for you?"

"I can't do that!" he blushed.

"Do it, and do it now! Otherwise, I'll pass the word that you're wearing panties under your manly tux!"

Taking his new wife's threat as a promise, he sneaked away from the party and into the men's

room. Locking himself into a stall, he quickly removed his shoes, stockings, and silky blue panties.

Wasting no time, he stepped into the white satin panties Lila bought him. After carefully kneading the nylons over his legs, he secured the garter belt about his waist and fastened the garter straps to his nylons.

He had just replaced his pants and shoes when Victor came looking for him. In a virtual panic, he stored the blue panties and stockings in an inside pocket of his jacket and rejoined the party.

Cecil blushed as he had tried to forget he was wearing girls' panties, nylons, and garter belt, but it was a difficult task!

His voice was a little softer, his walk a trifle more mincing, and when he danced with the bridesmaids in their long full skirts that twirled about and half covered his legs, he almost felt as though he was wearing skirts.

All the women were eager to dance with the handsome groom. Most of them snuggled up and danced cheek-to-cheek with him and stole countless kisses. He was kissed much more than Trixie, who had to remind him several times to remove lipstick smears from his face.

The bride managed to retain her pleasant smile throughout, but her thoughts were not always as pleasant as she made mental notes of her pretty boy's popularity.

On this occasion, she could condone it, but she wondered if she'd have to continue sharing him with other girls who might turn his head with flattering attentions.

The wedding party whirled on merrily, but as the time neared for the happy couple to leave, Cecil's nervousness increased.

There was so much he was unsure of, that he might have learned about long ago if he hadn't been so prissy, such as, what to do in bed with a girl for the very first time. He almost wished this was all a dream and that he'd awaken in his dear mother's arms.

"Oh Cecil!" Trixie gasped when he removed his trousers in their wedding suite. "You're supposed to wear your panties OVER your garter straps! Otherwise, when you have to potty, you'll have to unfasten your nylons before you can lower your panties. Remember that next time!"

"What next time?" he scowled as he stepped into his pajamas. "I'm not wearing these awful feminine things ever again!"

Trixie let his comment pass without rebuttal and watched as he walked out onto the balcony. "Cecil, dear! Aren't you coming to bed?" she inquired in a lust filled voice.

"Not right away, Honey," he replied. "Mother said this would be the most beautiful night of my whole life, so I would like to sit out here and enjoy it for a while."

“But Darling, your mother wasn't referring to the moon or the weather. She meant it would be beautiful in bed, with your wife!”

“Oh no, I don't think she - hmmm.”

Trixie jumped out of bed, where she'd been waiting at least fifteen minutes, threw on her bridal peignoir, and went out to the balcony just as Cecil arose hesitatingly from his chair.

Her satin mules were high heeled and in her full-skirted flowing nightwear she seemed noticeably taller and more robust than her slender groom.

She restrained an unladylike impulse to grab the handsome boy's hand and snatch him inside. Instead, she simply held out her arms invitingly and cooed, “Come darling, this is our night, and we should be together, in here.”

Cecil went lovingly into her embrace, standing a little on tiptoe to reduce her height advantage. Trixie threw off her robe and waited to be sure her coy lover did likewise. She waited patiently while he carefully, with maddening slowness, hung his robe in the closet. At last, he was in bed with her.

We can imagine the ninety minutes that ensued, between the hot-blooded bride, eager to find fulfillment of her long pent up desires, and a bashful young groom who hoped fervently that he would not disappoint her.

However, his painful shyness made failure almost certain. How they thrilled to discover each

other's body in the darkness! They kissed and petted until Trixie finally lost patience and whispered, "Is my lord and master going to undress me?"

They knelt up in bed and, with shaking fingers Cecil helped his bride out of her slinky satin gown. The soft moonlight glinted on her bare shoulders, out thrust breasts, and full rounded hips. Cecil moaned, "Oh my glorious queen!"

He madly kissed her breasts while the nude beauty's hands worked swiftly at his pajama buttons and snaps. When he was also stripped to his birthday suit, he nearly expired with ecstasy as they fell back and rolled about in bed like two playful kittens, first one on top, then the other.

They reveled in the joyous contact of their flesh, discovering and caressing every exciting surface and crevice.

When Trixie encircled her young husband's waist with her plump thighs, she locked her ankles at his back, and impulsively gave him a good, affectionate squeeze. Only a moment later, his breath was shut off completely, and he was left with a vivid awareness of his mate's surprising strength.

Like most brides, she had planned to tease a little and play hard to get in order to inflame her husband's passions, but she soon realized that her shy lover would need plenty of

encouragement. "What is this?" she murmured, stroking his soft member.

"You know, Honey," he whispered, refusing to name it.

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Let you love it."

"How?" When he didn't reply she prompted, "Do you want to play sink the poker? Want to put it in here?" bringing his hand to her little Garden of Paradise.

His arousal seemed adequate, but twice, three times with Trixie's patient encouragement, he attempted to effect a penetration only to lose his virility at the critical moment.

Trixie's mother had told her that this might happen at the beginning, so she did not despair. She petted it into life again while telling him about the bride who, after her first wedded night, asked her mother what that was between her husband's legs. "That's to make babies with, dear."

"Oh, that awful man! He told me it was a lollipop! Is this your lollipop, dear?"

"Y...yes."

"Oh goody, I love to eat lollipops!" She did so at their mutual delight but at the height of Cecil's ardor they attempted, and again failed a consummation. "That's all right, my Baby is tired," Trixie told him soothingly.

In the dimness Cecil leaned over and kissed her smooth plump thigh a few times, each kiss

traveling slightly higher. Eagerly, she reached down and tried to catch his head in her hands while her other lower limb was lifted in readiness, but Cecil's head quickly drew away and the promising moment did not return. His face did find her breasts repeatedly and Trixie loved to feel his lips there.

As he drew on her firm nipples, her hand again worked him into an outstanding state, but this time she felt him quiver and work his hips rapidly up and down. Before she could react further, her hand was filled with the warm creaminess of his untimely discharge.

Understanding what was happening, she embraced him with her free arm while pouring provocative love phrases in his ear as he emptied himself wastefully in her hand.

They arose to sponge off, and when Trixie returned to bed Cecil was already sleeping peacefully. Filled with unsatisfied cravings, she momentarily considered giving herself what satisfaction she could, but the day's activities, a long week of strenuous activity, suddenly caught up with her and she too, fell into a heavy slumber.

**THE END OF THE BEGINNING....
END OF BOOK ONE**

Continued in Book Number Two

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