

The **Denmale Society**

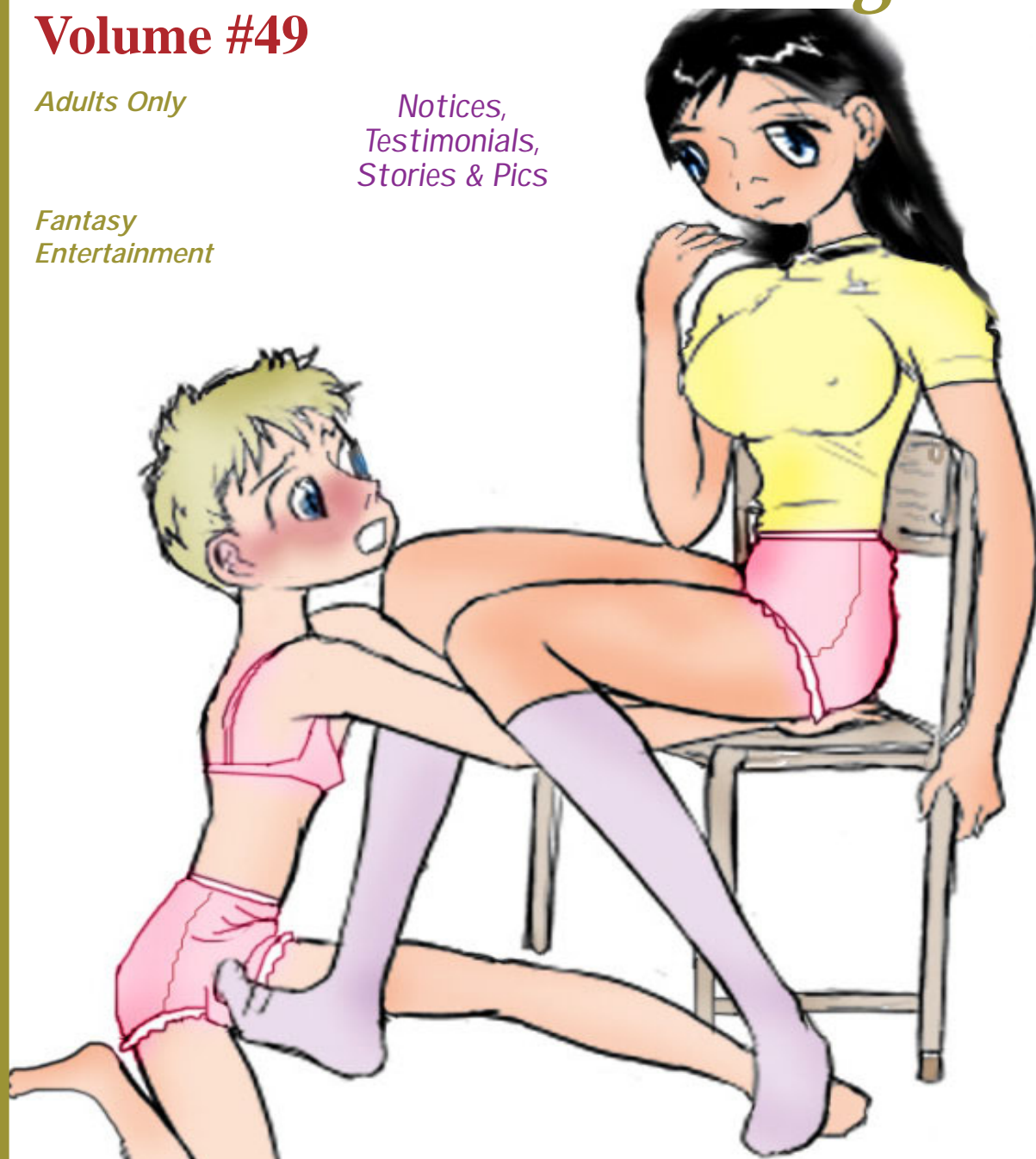
Training Manual

Volume #49

Adults Only

Notices,
Testimonials,
Stories & Pics

*Fantasy
Entertainment*



Lenny's wasn't able to grow his hair long because of his school's policy, but now he will be able to at his new school -- he's going as a girl.

Lenny's tits are now too big to hide and his boy toys barely make a bulge in his panties anymore.

February 2010

*Demale Society
Poster Boy*

www.Demale.com





The Demale Society Manual

Testimonials, Notices, Stories & Pictures

Testimonials Added 7/25/09

*From: Tony, The South Jersey Chapter
Subject: Feminizing Males with Hormones*

The following is further information about the progress one of our members is making demaling her son.

Billy's Complete Transformation

We described Billy's progress in Demale #48. Now, we are ready to report further developments. Like most boys, he resisted, but with the power of suggestion, sexual torments and the liberal use of bullshit, his transformation was speedy and thorough. Many lessons can be learned by studying the road he was forced to travel on his way to becoming a faux girl. Ms. Tracy, Billy's mother, now adds to her narrative:

The big moment arrived during the summer; Billy was barely Billy any more. Thanks to the Demale Society and my friends, we had transformed a very cute but excessively boyish brat into a sugary sweet sissy boy with a limp malfunctioning penis, tiny testicles and ripening breasts. As his genitals decreased in size, his hips widened, making for a fetching display in his always heavily frilled panties. Both his body and behavior gradually but drastically changed for the better. I realized just how much of change on the trip to Dr. Lucy's office that was to seal his fate. As I sat in the waiting room, I glanced toward Billy standing up looking at the tropical fish tank. I noticed his butt is rounder and firmer and his hips more curvaceous. Before his demaling, he had a nice boyish bulge in his snug fitting jeans, but now he is quite flat between his legs. His chest was another story. It really bothered him that he was sprouting breasts and they were really

showing. He was and still is on high potency female hormones and male hormone blockers. Every mom should consider administering these potent drugs to their sons (and husbands), so they too can enjoy the side effects. In my Billy, they helped to calm him down and give me a loving child.

I secretly hated seeing him in such cheap ratty sneakers that I bought him at the suggestion of several Demale members, but they worked wonders, breaking down his macho attitude. He looked so beaten and weak. I did relent a bit and bought him a sleek pair of girls' style Adidas shell tops with white and pink stripes, and whenever I let him dress as a girl, he begs to wear them. He does look cute in them.

In the examination room at Dr. Lucy's office, she greeted us heartily and commented on his eight-pound weight gain. "Your getting fat little boy, better watch what you eat," she said as she drew a small vial of blood and gave it to her assistant to analyze. She had him lift up his pastel blue T-shirt, and upon seeing his little titties, she teased, "Well, Mister, it looks like you should start wearing training bras soon." She listened to his heart and then brought out the results from his previous blood test. She smiled at me and nodded as she delivered the final blow to his ever-shrinking boyish genitals.

"Billy, I have some troubling news. Your testicles are not producing testosterone like they should be doing, and that is why you have these, as she gently pulled on his little girly nipples." He shuttered at her touch. "You are producing the female hormone estrogen at an alarming rate; you have a rare disorder called gynecomastia. In other words, your body is changing into a girls' body, but you have boy parts between your legs. Drop your shorts and let me examine them." With some hesitation he did, as I had him wearing a fancy pair of Ambrielle panties, a nice pair of lace-trimmed briefs that I had Billy sew a lacy appliqué onto the left hip as well as embroider them with his

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name. I've had him take up hand sewing and embroidery as a hobby, and he's become quite good at it since now I make him decorate all his panties — and he has dozens of them! Store bought panties, regardless of how nice they are, just aren't fancy enough for my little sissy. I would encourage all mothers to have their boys learn to sew, especially to get them to decorate their own lingerie; it's such a feminizing pastime. Dr. Lucy grinned upon seeing his pink panties. She put her hands on his pantied hips and massaged the sleek nylon panties as she said, "Nice panties, boy. Your mother tells me you added the frills to make these nice panties so much prettier." (It was her suggestion that I teach him how to sew.) By this time, Billy certainly did love his panties, but to stand before the doctor in such girlishly decorated and shameful panties did make him blush deeply and cause his eyes to well up with tears. Adding to Billy's embarrassment was the doctor's nurse standing to the side with her arms folded and smiling almost to the point of laughing as she stared at him.

As Dr. Lucy eased his silky panties down until they are around his thighs, she said, "Now, let me examine your penis and testicles." She rolled his tiny nuts in her fingers and told him, "These have shrunk since your last exam; they are causing you to be feminized. Your days being a real boy are getting fewer and fewer. We have two choices, young man: Either way, we should remove your malfunctioning testicles as soon as possible. Then I can give you oral testosterone in hopes of reversing your abnormal estrogen production, or we can give you high, pure does of estrogen to help you transition into being a girl full time." Billy's mouth was open like a flytrap. She went on, "You are never going to have children, and I can see by your tiny penis that it doesn't work as a sexual tool, anyway." She asked him when he last had an erection. He shrugged his shoulders and whispered, "A few months ago." He then took in a deep breath and whimpered, "Am I going to die, doctor?" I then realized that we had him more scared than I wanted. "No, no, young man, you will not die, but your testicles have to be removed within a week or two, before they can do anymore harm to your body. Afterwards, you can live as a sexless eunuch boy with a useless penis and no balls, or you can increase the feminine appearance of your body and become even more completely a cute little girl. I have spoken with your mom, and with the pictures she has shown me of you in dresses, I admit you make a fabulously cute little girl. If you decide to become a girl, you can go to a new school this fall, and no one will ever know you were once a boy. You have a big decision, but I can tell by how you were posing in those photos that you do like to dress as a girl. Your mom says you were developing poorly as a boy and picking up all the typical bad habits boys are want to do. However, as a girl, she tells me you are so much of a better person. Just the same, let's try one last time to see if you should pursue staying a boy. I'm going to give you some oral testosterone; take two tablets when you get home and two more before bed. If you get a severe upset stomach, stop taking them at once as you probably can't tolerate male testosterone and should seriously consider life as a girl."

So there he was — my boy backed into a corner with only one good way out: SRS. Dr Lucy did not give him testosterone pills

but a harmless medication guaranteed to give him one of the worst upset tummies he could ever have. As we drove home, I bolstered my case. "Now, we know why your chest is growing tits, Billy, and why you like dressing up girlie so much — you're turning into a girl. Isn't that cool?" With sadness in his voice he said, "It's scary to think about having an operation to make me into a full-time girl. I like doing girls' things and pretty clothes, even flirting with boys, but I like being a boy, too, mom. I hope the pills Dr. Lucy gave me will help."

We went home and he quickly took two of the pills. An hour later, I knew the results. He came screaming from the bathroom, "Mommy, I can't take these pills my whole body hurts!" he said through tears of pain. "So I guess you have a choice: become a sexless panty-wearing eunuch or more thoroughly enjoy life as a pretty girl with all the benefits of being a girl. Let's sleep on it; it's a big decision." We went to bed together with him in a nice purple lace satin babydoll set with matching panties and me in my long white nylon nightie. We cuddled in bed, and I played with his limp penis within his panties as I often do. He loves me touching him, but since he doesn't get an erection anymore, his penis gets sore quickly while being rubbed though panty nylon. Even though he loves me doing it, he can only take so much before he's begging me to stop and let him go to sleep.

In the morning, I heard the words I was working on him for months to hear. "Mom, I have made up my mind, considering everything, I think it would be better if I became a girl all the time since I can't be a real boy any more, right?" I picked him up in my arms and hugged him; this was one of the happiest days of my life. I had demaled my cute son and got him to ask me to let him become a girl — even though I had professional help and some tricks — he was going to be a girl! Ten days later, I had him scheduled for his testicle removal at Dr Lucy's office August 21, and that allowed enough recovery time so he could then attend a new school in the fall session.

I love my Demale Society members; they have made my life so much more rewarding. My daughter-to-be, Brittany (nee Billy), and I found a nice Christian school in Cherry Hill for him to go to as a girl, and for all they know, he is a girl as I have had all the legal papers drawn up in preparation for this moment. I can't wait until his testicles are officially removed forever. I will celebrate his castration because then I will have demaled my first male and have made our other members proud, plus the bi-product is so nice, MY daughter Brittany is already so nice and polite and quite the dresser, and she almost doesn't remember the bad boy stuff. I have his nine-year-old cousin, Ashley, coming over to the house every two or three days. She takes him up to his now completely feminine bedroom and butt fucks him with her dildo, as I described in the Demale Society Manual #48. She has convinced him it will help him transition into girlhood for when he has a pussy so boys can fuck him in front. Of course, I watch on the secret baby cam I had installed in his room.

Ms. Tracy, Billy/Brittany's Mom

Dear Ms. Linda,

I'm glad Billy's demaling went so well. He looks so darling when he's dressed up. He is looking forward to losing his balls (what normal boy would want that!). I saw him at a Demale Society swim party, and, oh, man, did he look so feminine. His titties are more developed than the breasts of most girls his age, and his hips are nicely rounded out. I tossed him around in the pool; his skin is so soft and his body so girlish — it was nice. He was in a one-piece pink and blue girls' bathing suit. However, I did detect he was wearing a pair of pink panties under his suit — oh, well, that's typical of demaled girlie boys, they so love their panties; they just can stand to ever be without them! Such a great group, we need to demale more boys!

Tony

Special Report Added 7/25/09

Subject: Medical Progress with Hormone Therapy for Transgendered Boys

A recent medical innovation holds promise that the current generation of transsexuals may be the first who can live inconspicuously. About three years ago, physicians in the U.S. started treating transgender children with puberty blockers, drugs originally intended to halt precocious puberty -- stopping boys from developing secondary sex characteristics at an unusually early age. The blockers suspended masculine changes from occurring, or on the verge of occurring, in teen and preteen boys -- preventing them from developing an Adam's apple, a deep voice and a typically masculine, muscled body as well as stopping or preventing the growth of facial and body hair and the typical changes of a boy's maturing sexual apparatus.

By identifying male-to-female transsexual boys at an early age and giving them male hormone blockers, they are relieved of the stress they usually feel with the onset of standard masculine physical changes. In years past, male-to-female transsexuals typically have spent tens of thousands of dollars to reverse the unwanted male changes to their bodies once they have occurred. The male hormone blockers allow these boys to grow taller while not affecting any other area of their development. By delaying male development, the child and parents of such a child are given more time to evaluate their decision whether or not the child is a good candidate for SRS -- sexual reassignment surgery, which typically is done at the age of 18 or later. However, SRS is now done frequently on boys under the age of 18, especially in those clear-cut cases that the child, parents and doctors conclude it would be for the overall benefit of the child. The male hormone blockers only delay the onset of masculine sex characteristics and won't cause the child to develop any female sex characteristics unless the blockers are combined with female hormones.

At the conference, blockers were the hot topic. One mother who had found out about them too late cried, "The guilt I feel is overwhelming." Many of the boy-to-girl teens and preteens at the event were more than willing to show off their progress on the drugs. The preteens loved sizing each other up for signs of the magic drug, the way other teens might look for the latest in expensive jeans. A 16-year-old boy and a 15-year-old boy, he had just met, had removed their shirts and were comparing bodies. It was such a cute sight to see these two boys feeling each other's breasts and tweaking each other's nipples to make them erect. The 16 year old had been on blockers and female hormones for only three months and displayed obvious, but modest, development of breast tissue and nipple enlargement, while the 15 year old had been on the regimen for over two years and had beautifully formed B-cup breasts with large nipples. Since he could no longer hide his breasts under loose clothing, he has been living full time as a girl since last summer and last fall started attending an all-girls' school, where no one but the principal knows. At the school, he has been fully accepted as a girl by the faculty and other girls without question.

Dr. Nick Gorton, a physician and trans-man from California, addressing a room full of older transsexuals asked, "Is there anyone here who wouldn't have taken a male hormone blocker if it had been offered to you as a child?" No one raised a hand.

Testimonials Added 7/25/09 through 8/2/09

From: Tony, The South Jersey Chapter Subject: Feminizing Males with Hormones

Dear Ms. Linda.

I will be sending more on the story of Taylor's demaling as I have witnessed much of his progress first hand. It is amazing how well male hormone blockers work together with potent female hormones. He is so cute as a boy or a girl, but I see so much more potential with him being totally demaled. His nieces are taking a huge role in breaking down his stereotypical male thinking and actions. I will be talking with his mom over the weekend and then relay to you news of his further development.

I also have exciting information for you about another soccer-loving boy in the story Lenny to Lynn, which follows. By the way, the other soccer boy, Billy, is now quite happy as Brittany. He/she is now a cheerleader for the girls' basketball team as well as a star player on the soccer team at his/her all-girls' school.

All the best and thanks, Tony
Secretary, The Demale Society of South Jersey

The Demaling of Lenny

Dear Ms. Linda

I just spent time with 13-year-old onetime soccer star, Lenny, being demaled by his mom, Peggy, who tricked him into thinking his testicles no longer work and got him to agree to live as a girl.

He looks so cute with his widening hips and growing tits, not noticeable unless you know what is going on inside his body. To an average person he appears to have large nipples and some breast development, but people accept it once it's explained to them that he simply has a bad case of gynecomastia, a glandular condition that often affects teen boys and causes them to grow breasts; it's temporary and goes away over time.

However, Lenny doesn't have this ailment; his development is by design since he is on a heavy hormone regimen, and not because of a freakish medical condition. With his breasts not going away and continuing to develop, he is accepting his fate, and soon, others will have to accept it too and realize he is turning into a girl! He just started living full-time as a girl last summer and began at a new school in September where he is attending as a girl. He isn't completely happy as a girl, especially since he still has short hair because the school he attended last year did not allow boys to have long hair. His hair is now growing out but still quite short. However, he is simply accepted as a girl with short hair, and that will pass as it grows. He has resigned himself to his fate and he's wisely making the best of it. However, his personality has greatly changed for the better; he is meek and no longer starts fights and no longer gets into trouble like he used to do as a macho boy.

His dick and testicles are limp all the time now and very small for a boy of thirteen. After months of expensive, high-potency hormone treatments, he's exciting to see. A thirteen-year-old boy with a flawless set of knockers is a thrill to behold. With a flash peek up his skirt, I bet Lenny could give a ninety-year-old man an erection — unless the old foggy detected the modest bulge in his panties! Of course, Lenny is clueless and thinks his body is changing all by itself and nothing can be done about it. Young boys are so gullible, even extremely intelligent boys like Lenny. They usually trust their all-powerful mothers, who have unbelievable control of their impressionable young minds!

Sincerely, Tony



Lenny to Lynn: Demaled by Mom

Soccer boy turned into a sissy girl by lesbian Mommy

Lenny is a thirteen-year-old boy quickly becoming a girl, and his name is being changed to Lynn, all possible because he was made to believe he has a rare disease causing his body to produce female hormones instead of the male hormones typical for boys going through puberty. Lenny has been convinced the process can't be stopped or reversed. He has grown to accept it, as he himself explained to me when I interviewed him. With a tear in his eye, he said, "I'm not developing like a boy anymore; I'm turning into a girl. Dr. Lucy says my testicles don't work right and they are making the wrong kind of hormones, called estrogen, which I learned is a female hormone, and that is why my body is developing like a girls' body."

At 5'1 inches and 96 pounds, Lenny is tall and very slim for his age. He has always worn his blonde hair in a short spiked style adopted by many skater boys, but now he's allowing his hair to grow longer, and his mother now adds a little curl and style to it at times, or even put it in short little pigtails that

stick out on each side of his head. Lenny has always gotten good grades in school, but most of all, he loves soccer, and he is very good at it. Of course, his prowess is changing along with his body. His mom doesn't want to tell him that he can no longer keep up with the boys on the field, but she's sure he already knows and will have to be satisfied playing soccer on the girls' team. For him to realize that has to be the ultimate blow to his quickly vanishing masculinity.

Lenny has always had all he could hope for of (boys') Adidas clothing and prestigious sneakers, so popular with boys who play soccer. He was fortunate to have a mom who could afford to keep him in the height of teen boy fashion, and made him the once proud owner of six pairs of highly prized sneakers, several pairs of expensive jeans from Hollister and expensive, coordinated outfits from Abercrombie & Fitch.

With his obsession for soccer, he played every minute of every day that he could, playing both indoors and outdoors, but that was always very challenging for Peggy, his mom, who would have to drive him around to all the games. She was always begging and conniving others to help her get him to his various

games and practice sessions whenever their schedules conflicted. Lenny didn't appreciate just how much of a strain it was on his mother until one day when he saw her in the locker room on her knees in front of his coach, giving him a blowjob (despite her being a lesbian!) in return for ferrying him around to all the games and practices that conflicted with her schedule and many of the things she wanted to do, like attending her all-important, bimonthly Demale Society meetings.

Lenny knows his mother is a lesbian — 'a dyke' as she likes to say to him and anyone else whom she decides to tell. Dana, her lover, is also a very nice woman. She too loves Lenny, and they have a nice doctor friend, Dr. Lucy, who has been guiding them through Lenny's demaling.

During the early years of her marriage, Peggy became turned off to her husband and his macho ways that for her developed into a dislike for most men as she saw through the facade they put on, realizing that her husband, and most men, are very selfish, immature and insecure. As their marriage declined, she started going out more frequently with her girlfriends, and one of them, Dana, lured her into the lesbian lifestyle. Her husband was horrified when she no longer wanted to have any kind of sex with him, and just to rub it in, she admitted that she had become a lesbian and had a lover! Of course, after that, she and her husband quickly grew apart, and as soon as he realized there was no going back to what they had, he left her and Lenny. He was upset with how the boy was turning out and that made it easy to forsake him and leave the boy as well as his wife. The breaking point came one day when she refused to get the boy's hair cut, which he considered too long even though it wasn't. Her husband accused her of trying to make their son into a girl, something he said she had been trying to do for years. She hadn't, but the fact that her husband accused her of trying to do it, just proved to her how insecure he was with his own masculinity.

Over the years, Peggy had resisted feminizing her son, outside of dressing him up like a girl one time in 2004 for Halloween (see attached photo). Lenny's father had blown his stack when he saw his then eight-year-old son decked out in a his mother's long wig with makeup on and wearing a peasant-style girls' dress borrowed from Sally, his spoiled, devilish, slightly younger girl cousin. That costume caused his father to accuse Peggy of trying to make a sissy out of their son. She wasn't; she — like many mothers without a daughter — just had an innocent wish: She wanted to see what he would look like had been born a girl. Besides, even if she had really wanted to feminize him, she wouldn't have had any idea how to go about it, and despite his father's suspicions, Peggy didn't encourage him to be girlish. Actually, she allowed their son to be as boyish as he wanted to be. She was perfectly fine with Lenny being all boy even after her husband had given up and deserted them. However, with the onset of puberty, Lenny began changing; he began talking back to her, swearing, getting into fights, tormenting girls, and doing other things much to his mother's horror, who began wondering what had happened to the sweet little boy he always used to be.

Even before his father left them, Lenny took an early interest in soccer, and she was fine with that, but his father thought soccer was not masculine enough of a sport. He wanted his boy to go out for football, or at least baseball. However, Lenny liked soccer and became very good at it and eventually developed into a local star as his team's 'sweeper' — the last defender in their game plan. However, on that day when Lenny saw his mother giving his coach that blowjob, he realized just how much his mom loved him and wanted to make him happy by making sure he got to all his games on time. Yet, even with that knowledge, it did little to change his increasingly bad behavior.

One day, Peggy sighed and said she wished Lenny had been a girl instead of a boy to her lesbian lover. Dana then told her about Dr. Lucy, one of her longtime friends, also a lesbian, and the consulting physician for the local Demale Society. Dana laughed as she explained that Dr. Lucy's specialty was changing boys and men into girls and women. Peggy was aware that some children are gender conflicted and needed help, but Dana explained that the doctor mostly worked on boys who had no desire to become girls! Peggy had never heard of the Demale Society, and Dana didn't know much about it either, but she did know it was through contacts made at the Society's meetings that the doctor helped women with problem boys.

Peggy was fascinated thinking about turning masculine little boys into the sweetest of sweet little girls. She had a longtime wish for a daughter that increased with time as she became more and more fed up with Lenny's soccer-boy lifestyle that seemed to bring out the worst in him as well as left her little time for herself and little joy outside of her relationship with Dana. So Dana called Dr. Lucy arranged for them to attend an open meeting of the Demale Society's nearby chapter. At that first meeting, Peggy and Dana were impressed with what they learned and even saw a man dressed as a maid serving snacks to the gathering. Two of the women had also brought along their crossdressed sons, and the two boys were a picture of perfect girlishness. Peggy could barely believe that both of them had a history of trouble stemming from their boyish behavior, but that was in the past, and these boys were now anything but bad boys. Peggy and Dana signed up to start the process of becoming members, and they attended every meeting possible that followed as they learned what to do to feminize Lenny.

From the coaching she had been getting at the Demale Society meetings, Peggy was prepared to take advantage of the right opportunity whenever it happened, and it wasn't long before it did happen. From what they had learned, the two women had already been doing the usual things like leaving lingerie around the house, purposely in Lenny's way, giving him glimpses of them partially undressed, having him help put away their lingerie after being laundered, and letting him see them kissing and being more blatantly sexual with each other.

Lenny did appear to have a fascination with their lingerie; they did catch him peeking at them when they flashed him and did find him discreetly fingering a bit of nylon lingerie purposely

left in his way. They were sure he hadn't been trying on their lingerie nor doing other things that would have tipped them off to a burgeoning interest in female things. He didn't seem to be overly interested in the lingerie or peeking at them, and from what they had learned, that wasn't particularly unusual, but they hoped to change that soon! Some boys had to be shocked into developing a fetishistic interest in girly clothes, a key factor that is a great help in getting a boy to accept feminization. In addition, especially with his very close relationship with his best friend, Buzz, they realized that the two boys might be going through a latent homosexual period, a developmental time that also presented a wealth of opportunities to feminize a boy, and one of those situations happened right while they watched!

One Sunday afternoon while at home, Peggy and Dana were walking down the hallway between their bedroom and the kitchen when they happened to look into the den and see Lenny and Buzz dressed as usual in their 'net ripper uniforms' and having a great time playing with Lenny's Playstation 3. However, they were surprised and stopped in their tracks when Buzz won a Tony Hawk game, and Lenny playfully leaned over and kissed him on the cheek! The boys didn't know the two women just happened to be there and watching. In response to the kiss, Buzz wrestled with Lenny, tickled him, flipped him over and pinned him down on the carpet. Lenny then lifted his head up, and with a 'fun grin' on his face, kissed his friend on the lips as if he was trying to make him angrier. But Buzz surprised Lenny (and his mom and Dana) when he didn't immediately pull away, but instead kissed Lenny back, forcing his head back down to the floor, and then he let the kiss linger longer than most any 'normal' boy would have tolerated!

Peggy, Lenny's mom, interrupted them, saying, "OK, boys — or should I say lovers! It's time for Buzz to go home." Both boys were smiling and laughing, and as Buzz was bending over to put on his Adidas blue and white sneakers, Lenny wiggled his hips as he went over to him and kissed his friend on the forehead! Giggling like a girl, he said, "See you, big boy!" Buzz just shook his head, laughed and winked at his friend before going home.

Peggy had her opportunity! She had seen the boys nose to nose before, even hugging and quietly whispering to each other on occasion, and from what she now knew about their sexual development, Lenny and Buzz, like most boys, were probably going through a latent homosexual period, an ideal time to feminize them, something Peggy wanted to do now more than ever. As the two women had been learning about the process of feminization, Peggy had been buying girly clothes for her son in his size and waiting for the right moment to introduce him to life as a girl. Also at the meetings, there was always a table full of female clothes in all sizes donated to the club from and for members to share because boys growing into girls needed plenty of clothes to excite their interest in girly things and to keep up with as their ever-changing bodies developing girlish curves.

The little kissing episode between the two boys was what the demaling moms call a 'punishable naughty moment' - a great

opportunity to take charge of a young boy's often-confused mind. Peggy pretended to be very upset with the boys as she yelled at them. Buzz tried to apologize and tell her that both of them had been just joking around, as he even admitted they had done it a couple of times before. That was welcome news to the two ladies! So, this wasn't a onetime happening!

Buzz quickly realized he shouldn't have said that and decided to make a quick exit since Peggy had told him it was time for him to go home. The women let the boys know that what they had been caught doing was wrong. They were much too young to think about perverted sexual things with another boy, and they made the boys feel guilty when they told them they should be interested in kissing girls and not other boys! This approach is a proven method to mentally terrorize and seduce young boys. By telling the boys what they had been doing was 'naughty' and wrong, Lenny's mother knew their tender minds would soon look back at their kissing as being even more exciting than it had been when they first did it and make them want to do it again!

Once Buzz was gone, Peggy threatened to make her son stop seeing his soccer friend, but Lenny broke down and cried at that! "So you like boys, huh? Well, let's go upstairs. I have a surprise for you!" She led him into the bathroom and told Dana to help him undress for a shower. He was slow taking off his clothes in front of Dana, so Peggy steeped out of the bathroom and returned a moment later. She handed Dana the Ping-Pong paddle she always kept ready and told her lover to lambast her son's butt if he didn't hurry up. She also brought with her a pair of neon pink ruffled panties. She draped them over the edge of the sink, and said, "You wanna act like a girl and have a boyfriend, well, OK, here, you can start dressing like one then. Put these nice panties on after you shower." Lenny was shocked but knew his mom was in no mood for backtalk; he only hoped she wasn't serious. She then pretended to sniff in his direction and said, "Yuck, I can smell your filthy dick. I want you to start douching that smelly little noodle of yours. You stink like pee!"

In the weeks before, Peggy had started her mental bombardment in preparation of feminizing him. She had been complaining to him that his penis was smelling like stale pee all the time and that he should wash better to stop the smell. She had told him that if it got bad enough, she was going to have to instruct him in how to douche his dick. She asked him if he was masturbating and squirting boy juice yet from his penis. The shamefaced boy admitted that he had frequently tried jacking off but nothing was coming out of his penis as he had heard other boys talk about happening. That news didn't surprise Peggy since attending her first Demale Society meeting she had been giving him a mild male hormone blocker under guise of feeding him his daily vitamins and as a way to make him more cooperative in preparation for feminization. [This chapter, like many Society chapters, has sample packets of male hormone blockers available at the door, and members who are considering demaling a man or a boy are encouraged to get them started with these gentle, introductory pills to slow their masculine development before going to their resident doctor for more powerful prescriptions.]

His admission that he was late in his sexual development gave his mother a chance to stab at his masculinity, and she made him feel bad when she surprising asserted that any boy his age should be shooting cum and maybe something was wrong with him — and was he a girlie boy? He didn't know what she meant by that, and he didn't want to know, but it did make him feel inadequate, perfectly fitting into her scheme to confuse the boy as much as possible. From her Society meetings, Peggy knew that if he wasn't shooting juice yet, his secondary male characteristics were also delayed, but she knew she had to act fast, because he was at that age, and once that did happen, all kinds of typical male changes would take place in his body and they would be hard to reverse to make him into her daughter. She credited the mild male blockers for helping her, but they were only temporary to 'soften' him up, and she had to move soon to seal the moment. Peggy had been well rehearsed in how to handle him, talk to him and lay on the bullshit, like telling him about the [bogus] practice of douching his penis!

Lenny had remembered what his mom had said about douching his penis and didn't like the idea or the sight of those awful sissy panties. Now, freshly emboldened, he told her, "You're crazy and nobody is going to wash out the inside of my penis. And I'm not wearing any dumb panties or other girls' shit, either!"

Well, that was the wrong thing to say. Peggy, with Dana's help, immediately tossed Lenny over her lap and started to smack the daylight out of the sassy boy's butt with the paddle, delivering one of the harshest spankings she had ever given him. "You will do what I say and never talk back to me like that again, or I will beat your ass black and blue until you promise me you'll wear the panties — and nothing else — for a trip to the mall to buy you more panties! With all I give up for you, you owe me. I demand respect, and you will do whatever I tell you to do, you little sissy!" He tried to hold back the tears, but she kept beating his bare ass until he let loose crying, making him feel like a little child. "Now, get up and take your shower. Dana will make sure you wash all the filth off your body as I get everything ready, and she'll paddle your girlish bottom if you don't do a good job. Then I'll be back to show you how to douche like a little girl. I can't stand the way you smell like pee."

The nervous, well-spanked boy went quickly into the shower, his butt on fire with Dana watching him wash himself. As he was finishing, his mom barged in and drew back the curtain, saying, "From now on, whenever I smell pee on you, you will use this douche kit on your little sissy dick to keep you smelling clean. Girls and sissified boys need to smell nice, not like the pee and other disgusting boyish fluids that drip from your dick. Since you have difficulty erecting and you still can't shoot cum, all that dirt collects under your foreskin and all up inside you. Now, turn around and I'll teach you how to do it." Afraid of another beating, he turned to face her and tried to hide his shame.

She opened up the Fleet enema box and took out the flexible bottle with a round, stubby nozzle. She poured the contents

down the sink, rinsed it and then filled it up with sweet smelling rose water, and as he stood there in awe, she took hold of his limp penis and slid the tube right into his pee hole. She then backed it out a bit and began to squeeze the liquid into his dick until it started backing up and coming out around the sides of the nozzle. She repeated the process two more times. "Now, this ugly dick of yours smells much better. Finish your shower, but leave the curtain open as Dana will watch to make sure you don't play with your dick!"

With all the attention to his penis, he did have the urge to touch himself. He knew he couldn't get away doing it with Dana watching, but he couldn't resist, so he turned away from her and gave himself several good wanks. When his mother returned, Dana told her what he had done. His mother double slapped his small penis and said, "Didn't I tell you to leave that nasty little thing alone? Now, you're in more trouble. I have everything almost ready for you, sissy boy. So rinse off, and then I'll come in and take you into your bedroom."

Dana handed him a large, fluffy, blue Adidas bath towel. He dried himself, and then he wrinkled his nose and wanted to sneeze as she dusted him with a flowery bath powder. His mother reentered, picked up the pink panties that he had been staring at on and off, thinking of his fate as they lay dangling over the edge of the sink like a sissy monster ready to attack him. His mom handed them to him. "Now, my little sissy, you will wear panties like these every day unless I say otherwise. Since you like kissing Buzz, I want you to feel what it is like to be a girl, so put the panties on, now, Lenny. I'd help you, but a sissy boy should always be the one to put on his first very own pair of panties." They were the most girlishly looking pink and white lace panties he had ever seen, but he was even more taken aback when his mother produced a matching, frilly pink training bra.

Lenny rebelled, "I told you, I'm not wearing this crap. I'm not a girl!" He was about to throw the panties on the floor and protest anew, but before he could, he was thrown back over his mother's knee and got another bare-assed spanking. However, just after three smacks of his mother's paddle, he pleaded, "OK, mom, I'll do it, but no more spanking, please!"

Luckily, for him, she stopped, but then quickly led him into his bedroom with Dana following. She sat on his bed and said, "Come here, boy." He stepped closer, fearing what was next. She held up a garter belt and quickly fastened it around his waist before telling him, "Now, put your panties on, boy. Cover up your ugly boy parts with pretty lacy panties. I can't stand looking at your baby-sized little penis and your miniature balls. Your ruffled panties will make you look a lot nicer. Put on this brand new pair of panties that I bought for you, pansy. I bought them because I knew you would need them. You're such a pussy!"

Once his panties were up and cupping his diminishing boyhood, she spent time checking the fit, carefully examining how they hugged his butt, small dick and tight little balls. It was unnerving for him, but not as unnerving as when she followed with the pink

training bra. He felt silly as she put it on him, but he stared down at it, amazed how the bra cupped his pectorals and pushed together the flesh on his chest into little mounds that filled the flat cups. She adjusted the tight straps, and there he stood in a garter belt, training brassiere and sissy panties with his mother and lesbian lover looking on gleefully! Surely, he would never forget this moment.

With all the fussing over his bra and straightening the elastics and smoothing out the lace and ruffles of his panties, Lenny's wiener was coming to life. The starter dose of male hormone blockers weren't strong enough to kill off his masculinity; they just helped delay it and possibly made him more liable to do such things as wanting to kiss his friend.

Lenny hadn't had a good, strong erection in weeks even when he tugged on it in the mornings as he did every day after waking up. It did give him some concern, but he tried to ignore it, but now, under this strange and stressful situation, he felt his dick thickening, and he looked at himself in his full-length mirror to confirm it.

He was embarrassed with his penis rising up in the femmy nylon panties in front of his mom and Dana, who was the first to notice. She didn't say anything, just giggled, poked his mom in the side and pointed at it. "Oh, my dear," his mom said, "you are one confused, sick little boy. You know I look in on you every morning before you wake up, and over the last couple of weeks, I have noticed you often don't have one of your ugly morning erections, anymore; yet, now, twice today, your little worm of a dick is awake and standing at attention. First in the shower as I was teaching you how to douche your wiener and now in your pink ruffled panty and bra set, making you look quite silly."

She was shaking her head as if to say 'you're a mixed up little boy' as she continued to dress him, now having him sit on the edge of the bed as she drew sheer beige nylon stockings up his long skinny legs. The snug-fitting training bra outlined his chest where his tits would be if he were a girl; but just imagining such a thing made him look down at the flat cups with concern. 'In some strange way were they going to grow?' he wondered, remembering his mother had already planted the seeds in his mind that he wasn't all boy, and some boys had hormones that screwed up their bodies and changed them into girls. She even told him he appeared to be becoming more girlish lately. She said she suspected he might have hormonal problems since he often wasn't having a morning erection and he seemed to be falling behind the masculine development of other boys his age. Lenny had laughed when she suggested such a thing was happening, but looking down at the femmy little girl bra molded to his chest caused him many unsettling thoughts.

As if such troubling images were bad enough, Peggy pushed him back and down onto the bed. The stockings she had put on him dazzled his mind with their silkiness teasing the whole length of both his legs. His lesbian mom pushed him back and then ran her fingers through his short blonde hair. "My, Lenny, you look so

cute in your panties, even if you do have this baby dick of yours standing up inside them. I guess you like your panties, huh? Or are you getting hard thinking about how much you love boys; how much you love Buzz? How much you love kissing him? How much you love him, huh? I saw how much you enjoyed swishing your butt at him and kissing him, and I could tell he liked kissing you. If I hadn't been there would you have been sucking on his cock next? Does Buzz have a big dick? I'm sure it's a lot bigger than this little thing you have, huh, panty boy?"

Lenny moaned in protest. He began, "Oh, uh, no, mom! NO!" He wanted to tell her she was wrong, but his little mind was overloaded with strange thoughts and feelings. No, he didn't like wearing silly sissy panties, why should he? He was a boy. Yes, the panties did feel nice, but they were made of soft nylon, so why wouldn't they feel nice? The lace and ruffles on the bra and panties and the nylon stockings teased his body in strange ways. He had never worn stockings before, even years before when he had gone out trick-or-treating that time dressed as a girl. However, wearing nylon stockings now, he realized they were particularly devilish in how they made him feel. He wanted to tell her he wasn't having an erection because he loved wearing girls' underwear or because he was turning queer. Finally, in frustration, Lenny had enough of her mental and physical torment and he found his voice. He didn't want his mom and Dana to think he was turning queer. Thoughts like that used to turn his stomach, but now for some strange reason, they didn't upset him so much anymore, but he did know that he didn't want to grow up to be a frivolous little cocksucking queer.

"Mom, I was just joking around with Buzz. I'm not like that. So I kissed him while we were goofing off, so what? You and Dana kiss all the time." Then Peggy slid her hand down to his panties and began a slow massage of his semi-hard pantied dick. "But you did like kissing him, didn't you?" she softly asked.

He had been thinking about kissing him ever since he had done it and why he had done it not just once but three times that day, even when his mom was watching! He didn't know why he had done it, he just did. To Peggy, she was sure the male hormone blockers had something to do with it, and she couldn't wait until she had him on a powerful combination of hormones and blockers to get the process into high gear. She had been waiting for this opportunity, and now that she had it, it was time to take him to see Dr. Judy and have his days as a boy numbered!

His mother wrapped the loose-fitting ruffled panties around the sides of his dick and stroked it long and slow, a tactic that acted on him as if he had been given a truth serum. Lenny surprised himself when through his sexually stimulated fog and with her prompting, he uttered, "I like Buzz, mommy. I've always liked him. Was it bad to want to kiss him, mommy?"

Saying that, and saying it aloud, embarrassed him. He didn't know where it came from, but as she kept stroking his pole, he sensed feelings he never before had experienced. He was thinking about dressing like a girl, kissing boys, kissing Buzz —

oh, my! She assured him, "It's OK — you kissing Buzz. It's not wrong to kiss people we love; it's just a little strange for a young boy to feel that way about another little boy! You know what a queer boy is — well, that's what queer boys like to do. However, I can understand why you are attracted to him. Buzz is rather cute, and you really like him — that's so sweet. I bet thoughts about loving and kissing Buzz really make you feel like a sissy, huh?" She kept teasing, taunting and sweet-talking him until he couldn't hold back and she brought him to an orgasm, just like a dry orgasm, and a really intense, thrilling one, but it was different this time. He bucked and humped himself against his mother's panty-jacking hand. His balls tightened unbelievably and he felt a slight pain in them as well as intense relief as they emptied themselves for the first time in his life!

For weeks, he had been slow to erect and have one of his usual dry cums, but now he was went over the edge while dressed like a girl and thinking about kissing Buzz while his mother was jacking on his cock — oh, no! Oh, yes! He felt something wet and warm shoot out of his dick! Now, for the first time in his life, white creamy white stuff had boiled up out of his tight balls and shot out, just like his friends told him would happen — but what a way for it to happen with his mother wanking him in lacy panties and talking about being a gay boy! Lenny could smell his cum; he had never smelled cum before but he knew what it was.

Once it was over, he was breathing heavily as he inched down from his sexual high. His mom quickly slid his fancy panties down and off and held them to his mouth. With a mix of highs and lows, weak yet still wallowing in his orgasmic bliss, he didn't resist as she forced him to open his mouth and lick his spunk from his new panties. He suddenly realized what he was doing and tried to shut his mouth and resist, but his mom shoved the wet part of the panties into his mouth and commanded him to keep sucking on them until they were clean. She said, it's almost 100% protein, honey, it's good for you."

With the cummy panties dangling from his lips, he stared at her as she got up, went to his dresser and took out a fresh pair of panties. She hummed a cheery tune as she put his feet through the lacy leg holes and pulled them up.

"Boy cum tastes nice, huh? You should get used to the taste. I have a feeling you'll be eating a lot of cum from men and boys in your life, starting with Buzz. It's time for you to go to sleep now for a while. You can dream about sucking on your little boyfriend's big dick. You can think out a plan in your mind, think about how you are going to get him alone and do it to him."

There were tears in his eyes, his confused mind both excited and horrified at what was happening. With a final and decisive snap of his tight panty waist elastic, she pulled up his covers, kissed him on his forehead and told him, "Sweet dreams, panty boy."

Despite the troubling thoughts bouncing around in his head, he was delighted, finally, to have his first mature orgasm. He then had a fitful night's sleep. He awoke in the morning to see the

rumped panties he had cum into the night before affixed to his wall with stickpins like a trophy. His mother must have done that during the night! Ugh!

His first reaction was to feel himself up, touch the tight bra around his chest, run his hands over the sleek little girl panties on his hips and marvel at the snug-fitting garter belt and the slinky nylon stockings coating his legs. Before he got up, his mother came in, took him to the bathroom for a shower and another lesson in cleaning his nasty penis, 'boy douching' as she called it. Then when he went to get dressed, his mom met him with another set of bra and panties. "Lenny, honey, I want you to wear these under your school clothes as punishment for yesterday; they will remind you of how I want you to behave."

However, Lenny's apprehensiveness about doing such a thing rallied his emotions. He freaked. "No way mom, that's weird. The guys will find out and make fun of me. I'm not queer and you can't make me." But he was wrong. She grabbed him and had him over her knee in no time and she lit up his butt again. He was amazed that she had her Ping-Pong paddle ready and didn't hesitate to use it, but he was also surprised that he had such a low tolerance for pain. He used to laugh off his mom's spankings — but no more. It hurt! "You are you gonna do as your told, young man, or do you need more?" she asked waving the paddle at him between swats to his ass. "No, NO, MOMMY, I'll be good. I wear them if I have to." He said it because he knew it was the only way she would stop the bombardment of his tender ass.

"OK, get dressed and put on this nice new pink set of your bra and panties. Knowing that you have them on will remind you to stay out of trouble. The panties go high on your waist, so wear a heavy shirt and keep it pulled down over your jeans and no one will know you have them on. Now, don't give me more trouble over this, or I'll add the garter belt and nylons too, and the stockings on your ankles instead of athletic socks won't be easy to hide. Now, hurry up, so you aren't late. Your new lingerie will help you be good. I know you want to be good."

He put on the panties and Peggy showed him how to hook the bra around his waist and then slid it up and around his body as he put his arms through the shoulder straps. Then he quickly dressed in his heavy blue, silver and black Adidas shirt, light blue jeans and new Adidas Samba black and white indoor style soccer shoes. He looked in the mirror and made sure his shirt was heavy enough and long enough to cover his training bra and panties.

On the bus to school, he sat next to Buzz, who asked him, "Did you get in trouble yesterday, dude?" Lenny blushed and answered, "Yeah, mom freaked when she saw me kiss you. I don't think she believed me when I told her I was just kidding around. You know I was only joking, right?" Buzz shook his head with a grin and playfully punched him in the arm causing Lenny's book bag to fall into the middle aisle. Without thinking, Lenny bent over and stretched from his sitting position to reach far out to pick it up. However, what he didn't realize until it was too late was that his shirt rode way up in back and the guys sitting immediately

behind him got a good look at the thin feminine elastic and wide stripe of pink nylon panties peeking out below the bottom edge of his sweatshirt and above the top of his low-rise jeans.

Big Stan was the first to see them. He pointed at the hot pink panties and yelled out, "Gees, look, guys! Lenny, the soccer boy, IS a queer. Look, he's wearing girls' pink panties like a cocksucking faggot!" Before Lenny could react, Big Stan kicked Lenny in the butt, and in his bent over position, the kick sent him falling forward. He ended up sprawled out in the aisle of the bus with his shirt way up, exposing to the kids nearby the top of his pink panties. The boys erupted in laughter and started shouting about it as they spread the news to everyone on the bus.

Lenny yelled back at Stan, "I'll show you who is a queer as soon as we get off the bus, you fucking asshole!" Once they were off the bus, Lenny dropped his book bag and lit into Stan and beat the hell out of him but not before Stan got in a few good punches, tore Lenny's new Adidas shirt and almost revealed his bra.

That earned them a trip to the principal's office and a weeklong suspension for fighting. Lenny was immediately sent home and wondered what kind of trouble he would be in with his mom, who had to leave work early to meet him at home. When he arrived, she grabbed him by the ear and pulled him into the house. "Lenny, I'm sick of your violent ways. Just look at your clothes. I spent good money on that shirt, and it's ruined — no more nice soccer clothes for you." Lenny protested, "But, mom, he called me a queer, and that never would have happened if you hadn't made me wear this stupid bra and panties because he saw the panties stick out of the back of my jeans. I'm not a queer!" As he was screaming at his mother, he ripped off all his clothes including the bra and panties and threw them down on the floor. "There, I'm never wearing that crap again."

Peggy freaked out and slapped his mouth so hard he began spitting blood. She then grabbed him and put him over her knee. Even though he tried his best to get up and stop her, she was stronger than he was and she beat the hell out of his ass and upper thighs with one of her bedroom slippers. "I will not have my son disrespect me like this. You'll listen, or I'll beat you into submission. Now, things have changed. No longer are you going to be a spoiled little boy." He was crying ferociously until she finally stopped and dragged him up the stairs by his ear. She sat on his bed and handed him a trash bag. "Empty your underwear drawer. All of your under shorts and undershirts go into the bag, you ungrateful little brat. Do it now, or I'll beat you some more."

Lenny moved quickly and tossed into the bag his boxers and undershirts. Then Peggy upended onto his bed three bags full of things she had recently purchased to be ready for when he misbehaved and put himself at such a huge disadvantage. "Now, fold these new bras and panties nicely and put them away in your underwear drawer. You will be wearing these from now on — you are not boy enough to wear big boys' underwear, and if you don't improve, you won't be wearing boys' outer clothes anymore either." On the bed were over a dozen pairs of high-

waisted nylon panties and four small boxes containing sexy little training bras for her son. She delighted in picking up each item and oohing over the lacy frills before handing it to her son to fold neatly and put away. She also surprised him with two more garter belts, four packages of nylon stockings and three pairs of lace-topped ankle socks. "But, mom," Lenny started to say, but she cut him off. "Don't even think about talking back to me. You will be a sweet, panty-wearing gentleman, no matter what, or you'll be very, very sorry. Like it or not, you are not much of a boy. Your coach told me you haven't made any decent plays in recent weeks; he's considering benching you, and sexually, even by your own admission, you haven't been functioning very well lately. I think you are having developmental problems and we need to take you to a doctor. Your dick and balls aren't working properly. Yes, you did cum for the first time today, but that was with you in girls' panties and your mother masturbating you — how weird is that! Your body seems to be quickly changing in strange ways. Maybe that's what caused you to lose it today and start fighting. Frankly, I'm worried. Now, do as you're told. Finish putting your nice new lingerie away, then I'll be back to help you dress for the day. I have plans for you."

However, Lenny had fight left in him; he put up his fists, and said, "You are crazy, mom! I'm not doing this ..." but his protest was cut off as his mother backhanded him across his face. "How dare you raise your fists to me! I'll show you if you want to fight." Before he could hit her, she again had taken her slipper off her foot and started beating the hell out of him, knocking him down on the carpet. "You ungrateful brat! I give you the best of everything and this is how you repay me. You just messed up your own future. You will wear bras and panties every day now, and you'll wear any other girls' clothes I tell you to wear too, and you will wear them no matter who knows or who sees you wearing them. Now, start acting like a nice, civil, respectful little boy or I will send you to school completely dressed like a girl. I'm sure the boys will have a lot of fun with you in a dress!"

Lenny was sure his mother would never do that, but since she was so unpredictable these days, he didn't want to push his luck. He got the message. He cowered on the floor and covered his face and body as best as possible from his mother's blows, which didn't stop until he screamed out, "OK, OK, mom, I'm sorry! I'm sorry! I'll wear the damn clothes! Please, stop beating me; it hurts." Finally, she relented and let him get up. "Now, go back to folding your things nicely. Then I'll be back to inspect your work and help you get dressed in what you will wear for the rest of the day," she said as she pointed toward the clothes hung over the chair in the far corner of his room.

After the principal had called her about Lenny fighting and that he was being expelled for the rest of the week, Peggy brought out the lingerie and girls' clothes Demale Society members had advised her to buy and stockpile in preparation for this moment.

Peggy walked out of the room, and Lenny, in pain from his beating, struggled to get up off the floor. He was astounded as he then looked in the corner at the clothes on the chair — a frilly

pink and white party dress with a cancan slip, another pair of saucy pink rhumba panties, stretchy white satin training bra and shiny white Mary Janes with ankle socks with pink frilly lace at the top. She even had set out her long dark brown wig. Lenny's own hair wasn't long enough to put into a girls' style, and Peggy knew that the addition of the long straight wig would make him look like a pretty girl and thoroughly shock him into seeing himself like that. From the hallway, he heard. "Take a shower, douche your penis and then meet me back in your room to get you dressed. We have somewhere to go. Make it quick!"

He thought about opening his window, climbing down the nearby tree and running away but without any money or a plan, it would be useless. After his shower, Peggy shocked him again as she inspected him and then leaned down and took his penis into her mouth to assess how well he had douched himself. He shuttered as his mother sucked on him, but then she abruptly spat out his penis and declared that he had done a satisfactory job.

She then helped him into the dress and other clothes. He couldn't believe how easily he was following her orders. The ridiculous pink rhumba panties unnerved him, and the big petticoat was

something new for him. It teased his legs nonstop; it possessed his thoughts and gave him chills. He was upset and confused; he said nothing, fearing his wild mom would beat him even more. However, for some reason, some of the girlish sensations he was experiencing didn't feel so strange, but he didn't want to think about that. In the mirror, he looked and lo and behold, he was a girl! In the long, dark wig, his Italian heritage showed through and reminded him of his grade school in their predominantly Italian part of the city, and how all those Italian mothers used to go wild with frilly clothes and party dresses for their little girls, and now he looked just like one of those precocious little girls looked when they were dressed up for Sunday Mass!

"You look so cute, Lenny. I want you like this all the time, you're so pretty," she cooed. Then she led him into her bedroom where she made him sit at her vanity. As she opened her cosmetics, he complained, "No, mom, please, no makeup." She spat out, "You should have thought of that when you got into that fight at school. I lost a half a day's pay at the law office because of you, so quit whining and take your punishment." She plucked his eyebrows, put blue eye shadow on his eyelids, added a bit of rouge to his cheeks and eyeliner to his eyes. Then she made him

Lenny's lesbian mom putting him in a wig and his first punishment dress.



pucker up for a heavy coat of hot pink lipstick. Lenny sucked in his breath. The lipstick was awesome; he could taste it. For a moment, all he could think of was what it would have been like to kiss his friend Buzz wearing this lipstick!

Before he had time to digest these events and all his confused thoughts, she finished dressing him and led him out to their car. They soon arrived at a small office in Moorestown. Much to his shame, Lenny had to walk outside for almost a block, finding it difficult to walk in his slippery-soled new Mary Janes. He also had problems holding his dress down as a gentle wind complicated his efforts. He kept his head down and tried to be invisible.

Inside, he found she had taken him to a doctor's office. As he sat in the waiting room, he noticed a mom and her two sons, several years younger than he was. The boys were about seven and nine, he guessed, and they had curly hair, but then he noticed they had little pink bows in their short hair and red polish on their fingernails, then he thought that they couldn't be boys and that they must be girls. The two girls, or whatever they were, giggled at the sight of Lenny. He had seen himself in his mirror and he knew he looked like a girl, so he was sure these two little kids couldn't guess that he really was a boy. To bolster his impersonation, Lenny imitated his mom, sitting like she was sitting with his legs kept tightly together and crossed at the ankles. He picked up a women's magazine to hide behind as well as use to peek around to take additional looks at those two kids to figure out for sure if they were girls. However, his little investigation was interrupted as Lenny and his mom were called into the exam room. A nurse with a big, intimidating smile took his weight and vital signs, and then startled Lenny when she said, "Mrs. Colbert, your sissy son is really cute; he can pass for a girl right now, but with time, we can improve his feminine appearance even more." She then took two vials of his blood and told him to take off all his clothes except his underwear and put on the hospital gown she handed him.

The doctor entered and introduced herself as Dr. Lucy. She quickly divested him of the gown, leaving him in just his bra and panties and remarked with a bold laugh, "Oh, my, what a cute little training bra and sweet ruffled baby girl panties you're wearing, but aren't you a bit old to wear such little girl lingerie?"

He was too dumbfounded to answer, so he just stood still as she lowered his panties to mid thigh and used a ruler like device to measure his flaccid penis, both length and width. Then Lenny jumped back but not out of her grasp as she jacked on his cock. With a few expert strokes, she tried to make him erect, but when he remained soft, she pulled up his panties. Then she put a hand under the back leg elastic of his panties, shoved a greased finger up his butt and then once again jacked on his penis, but this time jacked on it through the panties. Almost instantly, she had him hard as a rock, causing both his mom and her to laugh. She then measured his hard penis and said, "Well, God did give you most everything — good looks, a nice body, and from what your mom has told me, a great degree of intelligence, but She did slight you in the penis department. Just look at this tiny little noodle

between your legs. What a shame. No girl would be satisfied with this pathetic thing. Your nuts are very undersized too." Lenny hung his head in shame, not wanting to keep on looking at his grinning mother and the emasculating woman doctor. Dr. Lucy went back to masturbating him in his panties. "I need a sample of your semen; I understand you shot cum for the first time yesterday. Well, that's good, but I do need a sample while you are still able to produce it." She quickly had him wobbly kneed and ready to shoot. She turned to her nurse and said, "He's ready." The nurse had a small dish and she peeled down the front of Lenny's sissy panties and caught his spurts of jism as the doctor still jacked on him, her fingers cloaked with the teasing nylon panties she was massaging them into the sides of his boy stick with just the tip of his penis peeking out above the panties so they could get the needed sample. The nurse caught every spurt and every drop of his seed, and then backed off, letting his humiliating panties snap back against his tight tummy with a loud, boy-killing crack. She expertly transferred a sample of his cum to a microscope slide and then handed the dish to the doctor. Dr. Lucy held the small plate up to Lenny's face. "OK, good, we got the sample. I don't need the rest of this, so go ahead and lick it up. It's good for you. It's almost 100% protein." (Repeating the same lie his mother had told him.) She continued, "Do you know that boy semen is practically a miracle drug? It can cure all kinds of ailments from the common cold to many forms of cancer. It would be great if everyone could have a daily dose of boy cum. Well, let's not waste this. Slurp it up, boy. And if you're smart, you learn to love the taste and drink down as much of it as you can get."

The bullshit just kept coming; the poor boy didn't have a chance against these scheming women. The tears in his eyes leisurely dripped down his cheeks as he licked the plate clean of his slimy, now cold cum. He didn't want to do it, but the doctor ordered!

Dr. Lucy then unhooked and removed his training bra, felt around his nipples and then pinched them to see them erect. He squealed, even though it didn't hurt that much. Then she said, "Lenny, this will only hurt for a moment," as she took a big hypodermic needle and injected something into his lower abdomen, but it did hurt! She then directed her nurse to take a photo of Lenny with his bra off and his panties at mid-thigh. The doctor helped him back on with his lingerie and then had the nurse take a picture of him in his bra and panties. The nurse then helped him back into his garter belt, nylons, petticoat, shoes and childish party dress. Dr. Lucy gave his mom two bottles of 'vitamins' with directions and told her to schedule an appointment with the nurse before they left.

As they came out of the exam room, they heard the nurse at the front desk call out to the mom waiting with her two children, "Mrs. Cassidy, you can bring Davy and Danny in now. We are ready for them." Lenny then realized that they really were boys! He stared at the two sissy kids as they joyfully jumped up and happily ran into the next exam room, gibbering and giggling like a couple of silly little girls.

As soon as they got home, Peggy had Lenny take three of the small round pills and one of the large oval pills. He wanted to get out of the dress, but she ignored his request and told him to set the table because she was going into the den to order a pizza and make a couple of other calls. A few minutes later, she came back into the dining room and said, "Lenny, you looked great and handled yourself beautifully while outside today. It shows you that you can easily pass as a girl already. You look terrific. Oh, I took the liberty of inviting a friend to come over to see you."

"Like this?" Lenny screamed and almost choked and started to run, but before he could, Peggy had a firm grip on him as the back door opened and his friend, Buzz walked in and then stood there with his mouth agape as he stared at Lenny.

"Holy shit, Lenny, you look great!" Peggy was delighted that Buzz wasn't put off at seeing his buddy in a dress. Soon after that, the pizza arrived, and his mother took care of it rather than subject her feminized son to the ogling of the deliveryman. With Lenny nervous as a baby bunny, they sat down and had the pizza, even though he had too many butterflies in his stomach to have much of an appetite.

He had been shamed more than ever before. He whimpered to his mom, "Why did you have Buzz come over? I hate that he is seeing me like this. You just keep embarrassing me more and more. I can't take it!" He was now in tears. Buzz stood up and said, "Oh, I'm sorry, Lenny. Mrs. Colbert, I'll leave if you want, but I don't mind seeing Lenny in a dress. I think he really looks cool as a girl. Lenny, if I didn't know you, I never would be able to guess you to be a boy under all those frilly things."

Peggy said, "See, Buzz doesn't think it's any big deal for you to be in a dress and panties. He really is a good friend, isn't he?"

Lenny looked at both of them like they were nuts and just shook his head as a new tears washed down his cheeks. To show that he wasn't just trying to be nice, Buzz came over to his friend in the party dress and hugged him. Lenny cried on his shoulder, but eventually his tears slowed and he mumbled, "Thanks, Buzz." Then Buzz asked, "But why are you dressed up like this?"

Peggy answered, "Buzz, this is a punishment. Since Lenny got booted out of school for the rest of the week for fighting, I needed to do something to take him down a peg and make him stop acting like a bad little boy, so I decided he should spend some time as a girl, and that might make him think twice about doing bad boy things like fighting."

Buzz then sheepishly added, "Oh, and you still have panties on too? That's so cool. When that asshole Big Stan and the other guys saw your panties on the bus, they laughed, but I thought it was neat. I always thought girls were so lucky to be able to wear such pretty panties and wondered why boys couldn't wear cool panties like that too? I tried my mom's panties on a couple of times, and they felt great."

Lenny did a double take, but Peggy was quick to seize the opening he presented. "Buzz," she said, "I think, and I guess you think too, that Lenny looks fabulous as a girl, but he's feeling so bad about it. Would you like to help me make him feel a little bit better about it?"

"Sure, Mrs. Colbert, what can I do?" She eyed him with a sexy grin. "Well, why don't you let me take you upstairs and put a nice dress and fancy panties on you too so Lenny won't feel so strange and lonely in his girlie clothes?"

Lenny was even more surprised than Buzz at the suggestion, but Buzz thought about it for a moment and then just nodded his head in agreement. With Lenny staring at the two of them, Peggy led Buzz upstairs to her son's room and soon had him dressed up in another outfit from the girlie clothes she had stockpiled for Lenny's transformation. Buzz reappeared in a simple, sleeveless plaid dress, pink Converse All Star sneakers and of course, a little training bra and satin panties underneath, the bra and panties in a faggy shade of lavender. Buzz was enjoying being dressed like a girl. Peggy didn't put any makeup or nail polish on him, and didn't have a wig for him to wear. She guessed Lenny was attracted to him as a boy not as a girl, and she wanted him looking simply like what he was, his best friend in a dress.

Peggy had both boys pose for pictures. Lenny vehemently protested, but she reminded him that he was being punished and had both her slipper and her Ping-Pong paddle ready if he kept making a fuss. He knew he had to let her do it; she already had plenty of incriminating photos of him. Then, things got weird! They heard the front door open and the boys were shocked to see a little girl walk in. It was Sally, Lenny's eleven-year-old cousin. Peggy announced, "Oh, yes, I forgot to tell you, I invited Sally over to see how nice you look."

"Mom, please!" Lenny pleaded, "Why are you embarrassing me like this? Can I please change back into my normal clothes?" "My dear son, you are wearing your 'normal' clothes. Now, don't look so stressed out and greet your cousin with a kiss."

Lenny wanted to rebel, but his mom held up the camera and said, "Quiet down, little one. I've got proof now, and unless you want me to put these pictures on the bulletin board at your school ..." She didn't have to say anything more, Lenny put on a forced smile and gave his bitchy little cousin a welcoming nip on the cheek. Peggy added, "I called Dana too. She'll be home from work soon and can't wait to see you, but we don't have to wait for her to get the show started. Since you two boys had been kissing that got this whole thing started, pose for me again, but this time kissing."

Lenny gave his mom a dirty look, but Buzz just closed his eyes and licked his lips, as if waiting impatiently for a kiss!

"Oh, goodie! I never saw boys kissing," Sally cooed. From behind, she put her hands on both sides of Lenny's head and aligned his lips with his friend's mouth and said, "C'mon, do it!"

*Dana loved it when Buzz
was put into one of
Lenny's dresses.*



Buzz took the initiative! He only had to think about it for a second, and then he did it. He puckered up and kissed Lenny on the lips. Buzz did it in spite of how crazy he felt inside, feeling weird but excited standing there in a dress for the first time in his life. To Lenny this wasn't goofing off like before; they were making fools of themselves. He couldn't believe he had actually held still for a moment while Buzz leaned in and kissed him as Sally giggled and his mother snapped a picture of them doing it!

Oddly enough, except for being on display like in a freak show, it wasn't an unpleasant thing to do for either boy. Somehow, they found themselves holding hands for the smooch, and Buzz let his lips linger for several seconds before pulling back. Lenny started fussing and moaning like crazy when he realized what they had done. If his mom hadn't cornered him and little Sally hadn't been holding his head in place, he would have bolted. Still, he turned and struggled to escape.

Buzz had enjoyed kissing his buddy, and his penis was hard inside his nylon panties and pushing out the front of his dress. However, for trying to get away, Mrs. Colbert wasn't going to put up with any disobedience from her son, and Buzz sadly watched as his kissing partner went over his mother's lap for a another paddling over his dress. She held him with his arm twisted up his back as she pounded away on his butt. A moment later, to everyone's delight, she whipped up his dress and revealed his pink rhumba panties and continued to spank him, now on just the heavily ruffled but thin nylon panties.

Many little girls have a devilish streak in them and an almost natural ability to cut a boy down with a piercing giggle and snotty teasing comments. Sally was a master of those skills! "Oh, goodie, goodie! Pretty party panties!" Sally screeched. "Oh, auntie, I love Lenny's pretty pink party panties!" As if the battered and beaten Lenny needed anymore terrorizing!

Just then, Dana came home from work. She tossed down her coat and got right into the action, clapping her hands as she watched Lenny being spanked, and his mother saying, "Are you gonna do what I say? Or you gonna give me more trouble?"

"But, mom, it isn't right! I don't wanna kiss a boy like a queer. I'm not like that! I'm a man."

Peggy slapped her son's pink pantied butt hard with her hand and laughingly said, "Man? You aren't a man; you're barely thirteen years old! You're just a little kid, and you'll do what I tell you to do, or else! Now, I want a kiss out of you, and don't just brush your lips together. If I tell you to kiss a boy, you're gonna do it and like it! If you don't, I'll paddle you and make you really cry. Now get back over there and kiss your little boyfriend!"

After a few more smacks and whacks his complaining stopped, replaced by the familiar sound of muffled sobs. Buzz tried not to watch his friend being paddled, concentrating instead on trying to keep down his erection that seemed to be in love with

the soft panties he had on and that were making it so hard it was painful as it pushed away at the front of his dress.

Dana now had to comment about saw Buzz looking like a girl too. "Oh, my, Buzz, you look cute in that dress. That's one of Lenny's new dresses, isn't it? Did your queer little boyfriend lend it to you?" she teased. Then she noticed his erection. "Well, well, lookie at the front of your dress. I wonder what's making it stick out like that," she said as she brushed her hand against it. As soon as she said it, all eyes switched their attention to Buzz, and they all laughed at his boner excitedly on display.

Once again, the boys were shoved together, face to face. Peggy told them to kiss, "...and make it a real kiss, like lovers do," she insisted. Sally asked her feminized cousin if he was going to do as he was told. He nodded, but kept his head hung low, refusing to look any of them in the eye. "It doesn't really mean anything," he complained. "Just 'cause you make me kiss him doesn't mean I gotta like it."

"Oh, what's the matter, li'l cuz? Afraid of being called a faggot? But you are, Lenny, you are," Sally teased. "Auntie told me she caught you two kissing completely on your own with nobody making you do it! You're a fag, Lenny, a faggy, faggy fag!"

Dana added, "Yeah, just take a look at you. You're standing there in a dress with your friend in one of your dresses, what do you think you look like? Mr. America? No way, Jose! You're a fag. Get used to it. Now, boys, kiss like you really mean it."

Only a few days before, these boys were typical T-shirt and jeans all-American soccer boys, running all over the place in their expensive sneakers, doing all sorts of boyish things with never a sissyish thought in their heads. And now ... well, let's see, standing there in dresses and getting ready to share a hot lover's kiss! And Buzz with his untamed dick, sticking out like a tail wagging out of the wrong side of his body!

Pointing to the erection still tenting up the dress Buzz had on, Peggy said, "That's what makes you fags instead of girls," she teased them. Then she came up to the boys with a tube of lipstick, a hot pink shade almost red. Both boys stared in awe as she twisted the bottom of the tube and the sissy pink lipstick snaked upward. She held each boy's chin as she applied it to his lips. Lenny first. He thought back to when she had put it on him before and how he had a fleeting thought of kissing Buzz with lipstick on, and now he was standing there with a heavy coat of it on his lips and he was about to find out! Buzz was next. He smiled. He seemed to be enjoying this! He had never worn lipstick, but it was obvious that he liked it!

"See how pretty our little sissy boys are?" Sally said tauntingly.

Dana commented, "Aren't they just the sweetest things? It's all right if you don't want to kiss a boy, Lenny, but with the way you two are dressed, it should be easy to pretend you are kissing a girl. Go on, and do it. We've already seen you two do it as boys,

so now let's see you do it as two girls. Go ahead. You know we won't stop bugging you until you do it."

However, just to fuck with their minds some more, Peggy said, "Well, maybe my son and his best friend really don't like kissing girls and instead they love kissing boys."

Sally gleefully said, "Lenny, you really do love kissing boys, don't you? Especially your little lover, Buzz."

Then he felt a sudden PINCH on his ass through his panties! He knew his mother wanted an answer. "Answer her, right now! You really do like kissing boys, right? That's what you told me before, isn't it? C'mon, don't fib. Tell us the truth, li'l boy."

Lenny felt sickly as he nodded. "I guess", he said hoarsely. To do anything else surely would have gotten him a trip across her lap for more of the paddle. Sally reacted with a triumphant "A-ha! He admits it!" Dana then said, "So, now that's settled. Get together boys and show us how you love to kiss."

It took a little more coaxing by his mother, but Lenny finally did as she directed. He didn't like it, but he did it anyway, fearing more of her paddle as well as the creepy feeling that she just might post girly pictures of him on the bulletin board at his school. Buzz wasn't so apprehensive. He leaned forward and the boys let their mouths touch. The cheering females commanded them to keep their lips pressed together, and they did for over a minute, but then Sally said she thought Lenny needed a touch up to his makeup. She said it would be nice if Buzz wore makeup too. Peggy thought it was good idea so they gussied both boys up with a lot of make up and then put them back to kissing. Devilish little Sally then said, "But this time, french kiss. I want to see you boys do it with your mouths open!" Lenny recoiled in disgust; however, Buzz already had his lips parted.

"Oh, yeah," Dana laughed, "let's see some deep tongue action, boys." Peggy gave Lenny a quick smack with the paddle over his dress and panties, and it was enough to propel him forward and the boys had their lips together again, but this time tears were rolling down Lenny's blushing face. Just like in the movies, the females watched the two boys with their lips locked, mouths open and their tongues doing the dance of love. Peggy demanded that they keep it up. She'd tell them when to stop, and when she finally did, she said, "That wasn't too bad for a couple of little sissy boys. Now, once more, but this time, let's make it a little more interesting. Boys, reach under each other's dress and hold onto your lover's penis through his panties while you kiss."

The two boys looked at each other, shrugged their shoulders and just resigned themselves to it. They both knew they didn't have much choice; they had to do whatever they were told or suffer the consequences since they were very mindful that pictures were being taken of them, and they wanted to make sure no one else ever saw those pictures. Slowly, awkwardly, they fumbled under each other's dress before hesitantly grasping each other's penis within his nylon panties. With warm pantied dicks in their

cool, shaking hands, they inched closer together and bumped noses before pressing their trembling lips together. Lenny tried to complain, but he felt hands on the back of his head pushing him forward and his words were squashed as his mouth was smashed against his friend's lips. Someone else was pushing on his boyfriend's head. Rather than fight it, they gave in, opened their mouths and french kissed again. "Start jacking on those penises, boys. You two are expert wankers, so let's see some panty wanking action. You boys are gotta love being jacked off in sissy panties by your best friend — and newfound lover!"

"Open up your mouth wider, Lenny," Sally hissed. "It's not a real kiss if you don't open wide and swap spit!"

He did as he was commanded, and a wave of excitement shook his entire body as he reacted to Buzz jacking on his cock, pushing and pulling on it through the softness of ruffled panties.

"Yay! They're french kissing! Lenny and Buzz are actually french kissing! Woohoo!" Sally screamed; she was in heaven.

However, beautiful Dana was scathing in her review. "I can't believe what I'm seeing. The two of you look like you actually enjoy kissing each other! Lenny, look at you kissing another a boy like that! And you're using your tongues, yet! Gees, what sissy faggots you boys are!"

The ensuing laughter and teasing only made their predicament that much more shameful. Lenny felt sick inside and wondered if Dana was right. Maybe they were fags. However, defensively, he told himself they were being forced into kissing. They were just regular boys, soccer boys, not stupid little sissy fags, but then the girls decided to elevate their little game to a new level. "Let's see what happens when their wieners touch each other," somebody said.

The boys were so involved in their kissing that they barely heard what was said, and instead, they simply felt themselves being shoved closer together. Without letting them break their kiss, the females positioned the boys in an embrace and got them to hump their hips on each other. Then, a strong, feminine hand was placed on each boy's bottom and they felt their bodies being pushed ever closer together until each of them felt something poke him in the belly. Something hard ... and warm and their pantied penises touched. That got the boys' attention! Yeah, they knew what they were feeling. Both boys had an erection now and their penises were doing a dance between their hips just as the boy's tongues were doing between their mouths. Lenny didn't want to think about the panty belly of his best friend invading his space, but he was forced to think about what was happening as suddenly everything felt wet, warm and very slippery. Horrified at the thought that Buzz had ejaculated on him, Lenny tried to pull away, almost causing them to fall down!

"You better NOT stop your gay little panty fuck, boys," warned Peggy. "Stop kissing, and I'll start making pain in you butt, son."

The sensation of feeling his friend spurt cum all over his tummy, wetting both of their panty fronts stunned Lenny, but he was hard now too and he felt himself ready to burst. He realized there was no reason to hold back, that little bit of relief he deserved. Besides, if he did cum, maybe the terrible females would let up and bring this forced fag session to an end. Therefore, Lenny let go, and he bucked his hips and grunted and groaned louder than he wanted to do in front of the screaming females. Shivering from head to toe, he felt the electric charge of his orgasm as a jet of slimy jism erupted from his thirteen-year-old penis. Never before yesterday did he shoot cum, but now he had already done it for the third time! Warm and wet, it felt like the boys had peed all over each other's belly! It was an experience between ecstasy and horror! "Ew," Buzz complained. "Something's really wet!"

"Did you little gay boys just have a bit of fun?" Dana whispered in a sexy voice. "I bet you boys enjoyed making a little mess?"

The three females made a big deal about the mess the boys had made. Lenny got all the blame, of course, even as his penis subsided. However, Buzz's erection throbbing in his wet panties was still going strong. Both boys were weak with shame, clearly exhausted and trying to catch their breath. The reality of what they had done was setting in, as they wondered what was next. The females, of course, wouldn't stop, and they said many ugly, teasing things, especially focusing on how much Lenny and Buzz loved each other, and how this little exhibition proved that they were sissy, panty wearing, girlie gay boys. They kept saying that the two boys were obviously in love with each other.

"I can't believe they actually spit sloppy french kissed each other and made each other shoot his boy juice, and shoot into his girlie panties at that!" Sally said excitedly.

Lenny didn't want to hear it, but he wasn't surprised when the discussion turned to what should be done about the erection still pushing away wildly at the front of the dress Buzz had on. Peggy said, "Well, since my sissy son got his little 'girlfriend' so hot, it's only right that he does something about it. I think he should kiss away his friend's big problem. Get down on your knees and take a good look at the big problem you gave him."

"You're gonna make HIM suck on Buzz? Wow! That's so cool! I can't wait to see that! I never saw a boy suck cock!" Sally was jumping around excitedly and about to pee her panties.

Peggy added, "Not 'make' ... 'LET' is more like it, huh, Lenny. You love sucking off boys. Don't you, son?"

"No, I don't! I've never done it and I never will. That IS queer."

"Well, son, maybe you have never actually done it before, but I know you have thought about sucking on your boyfriend's penis, haven't you?"

"No!" he yelled defiantly. However, the crack of his mother's paddle on his butt made him pause, and next he tried his best to

answer in way to capacitate her. "Well, I maybe I did think about it after you said I should do it, but I won't do it. It's disgusting!"

"You've, kissed him. We all saw that. And jerked him off in his panties. That's what faggy boys do. A fag is a fag, so why not go all the way and suck on that boy's penis that you love so much?"

"I'm not a fag," he protested. "Honestly, I'm not."

But as he said it, his mom was pushing down hard on his shoulders and his knees buckled and he was forced to kneel before Buzz, who was grinning and seemingly enjoying the moment. Was he looking forward to getting a blowjob from his feminized soccer buddy?

As Dana reached around Buzz and pulled his plaid dress up, unveiling his panties and the hard dick inside them, Peggy's strong hands then pushed her son's head forward until he was staring directly at his buddy's panty-covered erection with a translucent slime smeared across of the front of the nylon panties, making them semitransparent. Lenny could plainly see Buzz's dick. It was much bigger than his own penis. Buzz had a proper boy's penis not a timid little worm like Lenny's dick that had to be heavily coaxed before it showed any sign of acting like a real cock.

The boy's stiff penis was sticking straight up at him, practically staring at him in the eye. It was the first time Lenny had ever seen another boy's penis up close. Lenny admitted that it was a nice penis for a boy his age to have, a boy in the seventh grade. He wished his own penis were as big and as strong looking.

There was a lot of giggling and whispering behind him as he tried to figure out what they wanted him to do next. He had a good idea what they wanted, but he wasn't moving a muscle to do it. "Come on, Lenny, give your little boy lover a hand. You like touching him; we now know that."

Maybe he could get away with simply jerking off his friend again, Lenny thought, but he had no such luck. His mom pushed his head toward Buzz's belly, causing his lips to bump the tip of the wiener bobbing up and down before him. Lenny could smell the spunk clinging to his friend's lavender panties. "Now, quit acting like you don't want to do this; we all know you want to. This is what gay sissy boys do," his mom said with the three females huddled around him blocking any avenue of escape.

Blam! Lenny's head was shoved up to the hard cock. Peggy slapped his face and let him get a look at her paddle, unless he wanted another spanking, he knew what she wanted him to do, and without wanting to, he did open his lips. Then his head was shoved forward again and this time Buzz's panty-covered cock leaped into his mouth. It already was leaking a fresh batch of jism, Lenny could tell it was fresh because these drops were warm, not like the cold slime coating the outside of his panties.

"Mmmmp!" Buzz said. "Don't stop! I love it!"



Lenny & Buzz
kissy, kissy in makeup!

Sally cooed at Buzz's admission of love. "Oh, come on, Lenny. Just open up wide and put it all in your mouth. We're not letting you up until you do. All ya gotta do it suck on it like you would a Popsicle. Easy as pie."

Not knowing what else to do, he slowly parted his lips in defeat and took in his friend's penis. Buzz squirmed a little and then tried to thrust his penis in deeper, but Lenny pulled away, closed his eyes and cried, embarrassed that he allowed himself to do even that much. Of course, that wasn't good enough for the females, who were screaming like cheerleaders at the crucial point of a game. Dana told him to try again. Lenny licked his lips, opened his mouth wide ... and took more of Buzz's firm cock into his mouth until he completely engulfed it. He kept telling himself it wasn't so bad and that it would soon be over. He felt sick and wanted to gag, but that would only delay the inevitable, he actually began sucking on his friend's cock in earnest to speed up this disgusting act to its obvious conclusion. He did tolerate the salty, bitter taste, but aside from feeling like a complete dumb ass, he couldn't figure out why having him do this was such a big deal to the females urging him on. "Yeah, go to it, cousin," Sally said, "Make him squirt again, sissy!"

Suddenly, Lenny could feel Buzz become tense, and his big penis grew even larger, filling his mouth and pressing against the back of his throat. Buzz was now firmly holding onto Lenny's head, fucking his face and not letting go. Buzz released his cum, shooting off into Lenny's mouth and just about drowning him with semen. The boy had no choice but to swallow. It was either that or choke to death giving a blowjob! How embarrassing! Dana laughed. "I knew he could do it. I knew it! He really is a very good little fairy, isn't he?"

"Eww!" Sally squealed. "Lenny is drooling smelly, slimy white stuff! It's even coming out his nose! Yuck!"

Coughing and choking, he spit some of the semen out onto the floor. Bad move. He screeched in pain as his mother hit his tenderized butt with her paddle. "Don't you dare spit! Swallow every drop, do you hear me? Swallow it all! That's rule! Don't spit, swallow! Now bend down on the floor and lick up what you spat out! Remember how the doctor said it is good for you."

With tearstains on his cheeks and semen on his chin and dripping down the sides of his mouth, Lenny licked up his spit and the jism on the floor, and only after more crying and begging, did his mom let him get up and go to upstairs to clean himself up. ♦