

INSIDE

Girls Panties

Mommy's Big Surprise

What will be her bigger surprise: Her brand new dishwasher or Daddy dressing up their son, Bobby, like a little girl?

No. 13



Adults Only

If you like guys in old-fashioned panties and dresses, you'll love these pictures and stories from unpublished sources, out-of-print publications, and homemade items our pantywaist readers sent to us when we asked them for copies of their favorite jerkoff materials.

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Puzzle of the Panties Mystery: *Thousands of pairs of panties found by the road and in trees*

MailOnline

By Rachel Quigley UPDATED:
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When thousands of pairs of women's panties were dumped along the side of the road, authorities wondered if it was a stitch up. On Wednesday residents in central Ohio discovered the almost 3,000 pairs strewn along the side of the road and stuck up trees and no one knows how they got there.



Investigators are 'baffled' as to where the panties came from and are looking for anyone with any clue to come forward.

A concerned citizen of the sleepy town of Lancaster said: 'I don't know who did it, but they have to be brought to justice. I couldn't believe what I was seeing, but we need to find out who did it.'

They were of all sizes and colors, some were children's with Disney characters on them, others plain without decoration and some of the sexy, lacy lingerie variety.

Fairfield County Deputy Gary Hummel said some of the panties were still folded the way they would come in packaging, while others appeared to have been worn.

Deputy Hummel said when the panties were all collected, they filled ten large trash bags.



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"My Son Doesn't Act Like a Boy"

From an early age, Robert Samuels, now eight, has choreographed dance routines and performed them at home. When he was four, he loved to wear red, sparkly shoes at school; he still loves girls' shoes and enjoys playing with dolls. He wears girls' nylon panties and lace-edged camisoles all the time for underwear; his mother buys them for him because he insisted upon it and refused to wear boys' underwear no matter how much his parents tried to bribe him or urge him not to wear girls' clothes.

"In preschool, everyone accepted his behavior," says his mother, Annabeth Samuels, of San Jose, CA. "But in kindergarten, the school counselor advised us to talk to a psychologist about his gender issues. Robert, or 'Roberta' as he likes to be called, is pictured here in a still photo taken from a closed circuit video of that session with the counselor. He's crying as he is being interviewed and questioned about his desire to be a girl.

The video was shown to the boy's parents with the recommendation he get professional counseling, but the parents refused and said nothing was wrong with Robert and nothing was wrong with his

wish to be a girl. "If that's what he wants; then we want it for him too," his father said and then added, "Take a really good look at Robert — he's a happy, confident child — and realize that taking such a step may make him feel abnormal." Even though the parents vetoed professional help, they could still see that, in class, their son "was becoming a poster child for boys who were different," as Mrs. Samuels said.

What does this type of behavior really mean — if anything? Parents, psychologists, and even kids themselves are struggling with this question. Through feminism and the burgeoning men's movement, we've blurred what used to be recognized as the line between male and female roles. Today, few adults would question a girl who would rather play with a soccer ball than with Barbie. But it isn't as simple for boys.

While we may cheer for the young hero of the film *Billy Elliot* in his struggle to become a ballet dancer, some of us wouldn't eagerly applaud our own sons if they chose such a traditionally feminine pursuit.

Criticism can come from family too. "My father is very conservative and had tremendous difficulty accepting that Robert played with Barbies," says Samuels, who recalls that the turning point came when her son matter-of-factly explained to his grandfather that he played with dolls because he liked them.

According to William S. Pollack, Ph.D., assistant clinical professor of psychiatry at Harvard Medical School and author of *Real Boys: Rescuing Our Sons From the Myths of Boyhood*, this type of exploration is healthy and even necessary-though that doesn't make it any less puzzling to parents. Being forthright with family while continuing to support the child is a smart approach, says Pollack. "To shame the grandparents for their feelings doesn't help. There needs to be less blaming and more listening to what the child really wants in order to move in a positive direction for change."

The Samuels's make a point of allowing Robert to pursue his interests. "What matters is that I haven't lost my connection with my son," explains his mom. She and his dad have also joined Supporting Our Sons (www.supportingoursons.org), a group dedicated to "helping boys break out of the gender straitjacket," according to Pollack, who is on the board of directors.

"The real challenge for me," says Samuels, "is to make sure Robert knows — that whatever he does — I'm going to support and love him without reservation. And that's not just about sexuality. It's about being a parent."

Cinderella Boy

At age three, Timmy Moore refused to respond to anyone unless people called him Cinderella. "Even the boy's pediatrician had to say, 'Okay, Cinderella, you're next,' or Timmy wouldn't go into the examination room," says his mom, Carol Moore, of Seattle. Timmy is pictured here in one of his many Cinderella gowns.

But "pretending to be a character of the opposite sex is not necessarily a sign of gender confusion," explains Gayle Peterson, Ph.D., a family therapist in Berkeley, CA, and author of *Making Healthy Families*. To a child, Cinderella could represent kindness, nurturing, gentleness or just plain goodness — qualities worth encouraging.

While it's easy to say "boys will be boys," typical male (or female) behavior isn't as biologically determined as many of us think. Gender identity is far from fully formed at birth, and it continues to develop throughout early childhood.

Starting around age five, most kids experience an intense period of identification with their own sex. "Boys usually become supermacho and girls superfeminine," explains Ellen Galinsky, author of *The Preschool Years*. "They can be very unforgiving of a child who hasn't reached that point."

When the Teasing Begins

Many parents first realize there's a problem when a gender challenged kid who doesn't conform starts to be taunted. "Timmy came home crying because another boy told him that only girls play with Barbies, and we didn't know how to respond," says Moore. "My heart breaks because all he wants to do is be himself. I wish he wasn't into dolls, but I don't want him to think there's



anything wrong with him. So I just said, 'Well, that's not true. You're a boy and you can play with Barbies; it's OK.'"

Sometimes it's not just classmates who pass harsh judgment, but also adults, which leads to more parental anxiety and confusion. "We thought the school psychologist wanted to talk about some adjustment issues Julian was having," says Steve Shore, a dad from West Hartford, CT. "But when I called her, all she wanted to discuss was why Julian sometimes dressed up in girls' costumes

during free playtime and that she had heard reports that everyone knew he wore frilly little girls' panties for underwear. When I admitted my wife and I bought him lacy panties like his girl cousin in addition to some girls' dresses for him to wear at home, the psychologist said it was a big mistake. She made me feel like we were encouraging aberrant behavior. I was upset. I felt ambushed by the school."

Things are better now. Julian is eight and accepted fairly well by other students even though he always wears girls' clothes, including at school and that is usually girls' slacks and blouses but sometimes he does attend classes in a dress. Julian is pictured here from a still photo from a video of him in the school's medical office being tended to for a minor injury not related to his gender issues. As you can see the school requires him to have a short haircut, but his dresses are OK -- who can figure?



Where Gender Identity Starts

Lisa Stromberg, the president of a parental advisory group, explains, "Girls can be anything they want to be, but we still need to expand the code of acceptable male behavior, whether it's allowing boys to be more emotional or to take up dance." Her crusade grew out of personal experience: When her son was three his favorite dress-up costume was a princess gown. "His dress raised eyebrows, but no one batted an eye when my daughter went through her truck phase," she says. "I'm glad for that, but it's a sad double standard."

My daughter then started playing baseball and got into a Little League Tykes program. And I have a funny photo of my son in one of his fairy dresses at the ball field. Anyone looking at him and her and knowing me might have been wondering what was going on in our family, but no one said anything."



bat, we gave it to her. So I felt he should get whatever he wanted too. We did buy him a baby doll and three pairs of those ruffly nylon panties that little girls love to wear. My husband had some misgivings, but supported my decision. Aidan, of course, loved them."

Parents Tend to Blame Themselves

Even when the situation isn't so desperate, parents have all sorts of upsetting questions when raising a child who does not conform to typical gender roles, like: Did I do something wrong with my child?

"When my Aidan's girlish behavior — dressing up and playing with dolls — didn't stop, I had to ask myself: Was I too smothering? Was my husband not home enough?" says Grace Shickler, a mother of five from Boulder, CO, whose son is now ten. "The guilt was awful."

A child psychologist reassured her that she wasn't responsible for Aidan's likes and dislikes, but that wasn't the end of it. "He wanted dolls and lacy underwear for Christmas. If his sister asked for a baseball bat, we gave it to her. So I felt he should get whatever he wanted too. We did buy him a baby doll and three pairs of those ruffly nylon panties that little girls love to wear. My husband had some misgivings, but supported my decision. Aidan, of course, loved them."



Shickler did the right thing, says Peterson. "Aidan playing with dolls won't have any effect on his masculinity beyond perhaps making him a more sensitive, nurturing man," she explains. "Even a boy who likes to wear girls' panties will usually be OK as it tends to be a temporary thing once other boys at school find out. They will surely tease him about the panties, maybe even shun him or in some rare cases physically abuse him, so such a boy has to be watched, warned and taught to be cautious.

However, ultimately, it will probably be the teasing by his peers that will get a boy to lose his love for the silky fun of wearing nylon panties. Parents need to be ready when the teasing starts because it can have lifelong adverse effects on a boy.

Parents need to be watchful and supportive and work closely with the teachers of a gender-mixed son, but they shouldn't distort the meaning of something so innocent and should support their child's needs. Otherwise, he may feel he has to choose between his gender and his natural inclinations. The result: A boy who's macho on the outside but has low self-esteem and continues to display cross-gender behavior behind your back."

When a kid is being picked on, reassurance that he is OK is key. Say, "It's OK to be who you are and we backup the choices you make as long as you don't hurt anyone else. You are unique, and we love you." Then, assuming your child isn't in danger, work to stop the teasing.

Why Parents Really Worry

Still, there's another question that some parents are even too uncomfortable to voice: Does this mean my son will be gay? And am I truly open-minded and ready to make a stand for my child — or do I wish I didn't have to?

Even though her then five-year-old son, William, hadn't shown any interest in typical boy stuff, Isabelle McGinley, a mom in Pittsburgh, was still thrown when he wanted to be Dorothy from *The Wizard of Oz* for Halloween. She felt this request crossed a line. "I worried that it meant he would be gay," she says. "My



husband and I are quite liberal but it's still difficult to accept when this is your kid — we're concerned about our culture's prejudice. As awful as it is to say, I don't want to have to deal with it as a parent. Raising a straight kid is hard enough."

Still, McGinley allowed William to wear the costume. "I hoped this phase would pass, and it did," she explains. A few months later, William discovered Pokémon, and he quickly forged a bond with the other boys in his class. "Now he goes around growling all the time and being supermacho," reports McGinley. "And though I know it's no proof that he's straight, I'm embarrassed to say that I'm relieved."

In fact, there are conflicting opinions as to whether cross-gender behavior in childhood means a kid will be homosexual. It's also possible for either a macho-acting eight-year-old boy or a superfeminine girl to grow up to be gay, says Pollack. "We need a broader view of what gender can be," he insists.

How the Issue Intensifies

For older boys who enjoy pursuits labeled girlish, the situation gets tougher. Shame and fear of their parents' reactions can drive them to battle their tormentors on their own — sometimes with disastrous results.

"Rich has always preferred acting to sports," says his mom, Roberta Folkers, of Gary, IN. Her son is active in local theater and school plays, and takes both voice and dance classes. "But football and basketball are big here, and when Rich started middle school, the other kids got on his case for not playing. They wrote 'sissy' on his locker and tripped him in class when he went to the blackboard."

She says that the kids in school have been pretty rough on him, but he does have a circle of friends who fend for him, and he seems to be able to handle whatever the bad kids try doing to him. Rich Folkers's parents have experienced some eye-opening personal growth. "My husband always said, 'Let Rich be who he is.' But I just couldn't. His younger sister is athletic and popular, and I wanted him to fit in that way, too, so he wouldn't be teased," Roberta says. "The reality is that he just doesn't fit in. Now, he dresses completely as a girl at home, and wears girls' lingerie 24/7; he has more training bras and panties than his sister -- and his panties are even fancier and more colorful than hers. I've had to consider that he might be gay. It's not what we concentrate on, but if he is queer, I'm going to have to accept it."

Nancy Salish lives in Manhattan with her husband and daughter.

Names have been changed to protect privacy.



The Cuckolding of a Sissy Baby

By Sissy Baby Jenny

It all started from a phone call from my wife Susie, "Where the hell are you? You should have been home an hour ago. You need to get home right away."

"What in the hell is all this about?" I thought. Susie could be quite assertive when she wanted. At 41, she was still very attractive, with a slim figure, ample breasts, and long straight dark brown hair that matched her eyes. She still turned many heads and was always getting chatted up. On the other hand, I was slim, blonde haired, not very muscular, and the same height as Susie, 5 ft. 7". We had met several years before and eventually got together after a lot of flirting. It was a few months into our relationship that we finally went to bed together. The main reason it took so long was that although I was a year older my sexual experiences were very limited -- only a handful of conquests and they usually didn't usually last very long, while Susie had many previous boyfriends before we met and was much more sexually aware.

Actually, I was very nervous about her seeing me naked for the first time because on several previous occasions this had ended up with the girl looking at me with great disappointment. I have always been teased about my penis size especially when I was in my mid-teens at school. I measure, fully erect, just 3 inches and my penis is quite a lot thinner than average. Some girls I dated actually laughed when seeing me naked for the first time. Most of those relationships ended due to my lack of size and poor lovemaking ability. One girlfriend told me the truth and simply put it "you don't measure up sweetie ... sorry."

At first, Susie didn't appear to mind that I was so small but, as our relationship developed I could tell it was frustrating for her, especially when I would slip out of her during intercourse and that happened a lot. She would speak in exasperated terms and be unnecessarily brutally honest telling she couldn't even feel my dick inside her pussy. To compensate, much to my shame, she'd push me off her, take out her huge vibrating dildo and fuck herself to a repeated screaming orgasm; I would feel bad and woefully inadequate, however, in all other respects, I knew she did love me and I certainly loved her to bits.

As I entered the house she came right up to me and slapped me across the face.

"What the fuck is all this?" she said, holding the suitcase containing all my baby fetish items ... my frilly clothing and large collection of baby and sissy magazines.

'Shit,' I thought, 'how the hell do I get out of this one?'

"I ... I ... er" I mumbled with my face turning red as I began to shake.

"So, tell me, you actually like to dress up like a baby ... no just a baby, but a little baby girl?" she said holding up a pair of my favorite pink satin rhumba panties with big satin bows and matching lace trim on the front and back.

I nodded and mumbled, "Yes ... yes. I ... I can't help it."

Susie stood there for a moment and then her face turned from one of anger to a broad smile. Now, almost laughing, she told me, "After I found this stuff, I needed some support so I had Marion come over. She brought Cindy along and the two of them were here all morning looking through your secret stash ... frillies ... books ... baby bottle, all this junk. Also Cindy was able to access some the files on your computer, and that explained a lot!"

Marion lived down the block. She would often go out clubbing with my wife on Fridays. She is an attractive woman with long blonde hair and a couple of years younger than Susie. Cindy was Marion's niece and was staying with her for the summer. The girl is a very cute blonde with a sexy little figure and only 15 years old. To have my innermost sex secrets exposed to such a young girl made me want to die of shame.

"Nearly all your pervert computer files contain stories of husbands turned into baby girls by their wives ... and one of your baby magazines goes on and on about the wives of these guys going out and sleeping with other men ... real manly men. In fact, one story you bookmarked as one of your favorites ... it is all about this guy who is forced by his wife to spend the rest of his life dressed as a baby girl while she sees other men ... does that turn you on dear?" she said grinning.

"It's just a fantasy... nothing more," I said.

"Well, Marion and Cindy think this is what you really want. They think I should go out with other men. They are well aware of your 'small' problem ... since you had put some interesting photos of yourself on your computer, the ones of you dressed up in your frilly baby stuff ... diapers, saucy panties, bibs and dresses ... and some of them with your little penis stiffer than I have ever seen it! They found all your fetish stuff highly amusing ... especially little Cindy. She was laughing so hard she complained that her sides ached. And Marion has known for years about your little dinky dick. I joke with her about it all the time. She thinks I should start going out with other men ... men with big hard cocks ... and enjoy a real fuck whenever I want. What do you think?"

I was stunned into silence. I couldn't believe that she had told her friends about my tiny penis and exposed my baby fetish to them. How could I look them in the eye ever again?

That night in bed Susie was much calmer and began by asking if I would dress up for her. I sheepishly agreed, hoping she then might accept my baby fetish. Soon I had on my babydoll nightie, diaper, rubber panties and a pair of white satin baby panties covered in frills and satin bows. Susie cracked up laughing when I came out of the bathroom and then with a nervous laugh, said,

"Ah, you look very cute ... just like a baby girl ... what shall we call you, now? Do you have a girly name?"

"Jenny," I said blushing.

"Oh, how sweet. Come 'on over to me, sweet little Jenny," my wife said, still using that mocking tone and shaming grin. We began hugging and kissing. I was supremely turned on; I pulled aside my diaper and panties, rubbed by little penis against her panties covering her pussy. She urged me to suck her breasts 'like a real baby,' and told me that from now on I had to call her 'mommy' and she would call me by my sissy name, Jenny.

I whimpered as I tried to drive my penis as deep as I could into her slippery vagina. She cradled me to her large tits as she encouraged me to tell her my secret desires so she could fulfill my little baby dreams.

"Come on, my sweet little baby Jenny, tell me what you want."

I moaned with pleasure. "Oh, mommy ... mommy, forever and ever, I want to be your little baby girl ... I ... I ... er ... want you ... to dress me up in tons of frilly baby clothes and treat me like a real baby girl." I revealed myself completely to her as I cried out that I was

'her baby girl' and swore I would do anything she asked. Mommy stroked my head and whispered to me that she now understood and everything would be all right, saying, "My little girl will always be safe and loved." Oh, what joy I felt as I pumped my puny penis against her warm panty front with wild abandon. "But, Jonathan ... sorry, I mean, Jenny ... now that you are my baby ... mommy will need a boyfriend ... because a mommy likes to feel sexy and loved on an adult level, so obviously, I will require some attention from a real man from time to time ... and since you said you will do anything for me, I know you won't object to me taking a lover if you want to be a baby girl," she said in a matter of fact tone. With soft whimpering groans, I knew she was right. My desires contained a need for humiliation.



"Oh, mommy, please don't date men; I don't want a big, rough man fucking you with his huge penis ... no, please ... no," I whimpered to her.

She just smiled and whispered back, "Sh-h-h, baby Jenny, sh-h-h. No, don't fret, but I want you to know that I have already made a date with Tim tomorrow; you know Tim ... the big, handsome guy from my office. He's always chatting me up and I have known for a long time he has been wanting to get into my panties ... no, he doesn't want to wear my panties like you, ya little fruit ... no, he wants to slide my panties aside and then shove his big cock pant my panties and into my pussy ... I know he has a big cock because he's often hard in his trousers just while taking to me.

"This morning, after I found all your fetish stuff, I called Marion and told her. She had to come over right away and see for herself. Of course, she brought along her sexy little niece Cindy, and it was Marion's idea for me to call Tim. She knows how he's been after me for a long time. She told me to tell him all about your secret sissy baby life and make a date with him. I loved the idea, so I called him and had lunch with him today; he's coming over tomorrow night. He wants to see just how big of a sissy wimp you are. He wants to see you dressed up in all your baby clothes."

I was very excited rubbing my penis against her panty front and I wanted to enter her pussy but she said, "No, sissy Jenny, I don't want you to try and fuck me. I'm not a lesbian, but you can keep rubbing your little girly dick on my panties. I know you like to do that. I'm saving my pussy for a real man with a big cock."

"And, yes, Tim wants to make love to me ... and I want to make love to him ... I've been excited thinking about him for ages, and your baby fetish and your lack of ability to satisfy me sexually are my ticket. He's fully aware of your silly baby desires. I showed him some of the photos of you that Marion printed off your computer. He snickered like crazy when he saw you in that girly pink outfit with you sitting there taking a photo of yourself in the mirror and he laughed out loud when he saw the one of you with your little willie poking out of your diaper and lacy panties ... and then he went wild with laughter at the picture of you sucking your penis-shaped dummy while fucking yourself with my big vibrating dildo. He said he wants you to be in your baby clothes while you watch us fuck. He also said a beautiful woman like I am needs a real man. I agreed and told him how useless you are in bed."

It was all so crazy and exciting to hear her talk like that ... and scary ... what I had I gotten myself into? It was all too much for me and I finally exploded onto mommy's silky panties. "Yes, mommy, yes, mommy, yes ... yes, I do want to watch him fuck you. I'm your baby girl and I'll do whatever you want." I could barely believe I was actually saying those things!

"Poor baby ... you're just too small for mommy ... or for any woman, aren't you?" she softly spoke in a maternal voice. I nodded. Then she added, "Do me a favor, Jenny. Go down there between my legs and lick your cum up off my panties. Then take my panties off and you wear them to bed tonight. Of course, I did exactly as she instructed."

The next day, Saturday, Susie was busy getting things ready for her date with Tim. Marion and Cindy were upstairs in our room choosing an outfit for my wife on this very special occasion ... they selected a short black satin dress with a split up one side, and underneath she wore some sexy lingerie they had bought that morning, consisting of a white silky bra with lace panels and matching panties and a satin garter belt and light tan stockings with lacy tops. I lay on our bed while she dried herself from her shower and put on her new bra and panties. I told her she looked great as she fastened the stockings to the garter belt and then I helped her zip up the back of her dress.

It was a strange helping my wife get ready to meet another man. While Marion and Cindy helped with her makeup and hair and finishing touches they kept looking over at me giggling and commenting about what a failure I am as a man. When they were finished, my wife looked sexy as hell and I was feeling so jealous that she was doing it all for another man."

"You look so pretty," little Cindy gushed. "Tim is so lucky."

"Come on, Jenny ... time to get you ready," my wife said ... and self-consciously they slowly undressed me until I lay there completely naked and totally embarrassed before the three giggling females, especially the tiny teenage Cindy with her male-killing laugh. She couldn't hold back from laughing like a crazed little girl when she first saw my little dimple dick. Sue told me to go ahead and touch it ... and she did! She stroked it a few times, and it immediately stood up hard as a fountain pen. "It really is very small ... I've changed the diapers on little toddler boys with penises much bigger than this funny little thing. But, of course, a baby is supposed to have a little dick."

Marion commented, "Gees, Susie ... he's so-o-o tiny; how does he ever fuck you? I've never seen a penis so small on a grown man. No wonder that he doesn't just want to be a baby but a baby girl -- it all does make a lot of sense now!"

My hairless body ... including my genitals ... was sponged down, my tight little testicles and small penis given maximum attention as one of them commented, "All little baby girls need to be kept very clean." They kept mocking me as they transformed me, pulling out all my baby clothes that they had hung up in my wardrobe where I had once kept my male clothes ... dresses in soft pale pink satin and white lace, some in white satin, also baby doll nighties in pink chiffon and pale pink satin, matching satin panties in pink, white, and cream ... dozens of diapers ... lots and lots of nylon panties in pink and clear, frilly ankle socks ... and finally Susie produced a blonde wig with a pony tail complete with pink satin ribbons that she had bought that day." They explained to me that my wife had given Marion and Cindy my charge card and sent them out shopping last night a fetish gear shop and the Houghton Mall to assemble all these girly and sissy baby things. They must have charged up quite a large tab! But what could I say? I couldn't say anything but lay back, let them tease and taunt me and dive head first into my fantasy sissy baby life now being fulfilled like I had never expected.

"He has got more panties than I do," Cindy said. That girl never stopped giggling! They took turns trying different outfits on me until they got the combination they wanted. Marion put my diaper on with a new pair of crinkly clear plastic panties that were tinted pink. Cindy followed up, choosing my favorite panties ... my pale pink satin rhumba panties with yards and yards of pink and white lace on the front and rear with a huge pink satin bow on the back. She drew the panties up my legs and settled them over my diaper and plastic panties. She couldn't resist teasing me as she snapped the snug panty elastics on my waist and legs.

"There you go precious" she said. Next came my pink satin babydoll nightie which came almost to the bottom of the panties. It had lots and lots of white lace on the chest, shoulder straps and hem with lots of pink and white satin bows. My wife then rolled on the white ankle socks with pink lace and then finally placed the new wig on me, sitting me now at her dressing table to fix it in place. I felt like such a fool. Standing facing the full-length mirror, my reflection was one of a grown man dressed as a baby girl, a sissy baby girl. My wife and her two friends clapped and cheered. I turned bright red but my little penis was now rock hard in its fluffy diaper and panties.

At 7 PM, Tim arrived. Susie came upstairs and gave me a kiss on the cheek. "See you soon, darling ... be a good girl for Cindy while mommy is out with her new boyfriend, and ... DON'T go playing with your little winkie now; not until were back, OK?"

"Yeth, mommy," I replied. Her perfume lingered in the bedroom as she turned on her high heels and walked out to meet her lover. I thought about getting out of the single bed in the spare room where I had been put for the night to get a look at this Tim but decided against it. Cindy was downstairs now on the phone to Marion excitedly telling her that Tim had arrived and she described him as "gorgeous -- a real hunk with a great body."

They came back sooner than I thought. I heard the deep voice of a man and my wife talking and laughing with Cindy and Marion, who had arrived just before they came in. I don't know what was so funny but I bet they were having a laugh at my expense is what I thought to myself. Then I heard my wife say "He's upstairs ... come and meet him ... he's all dressed up for our big date."

My heart began to beat faster ... I had let myself be put into this situation and now I couldn't escape from it. I heard them climbing the stairs ... I so scared and anxious at what the night would bring. Too late now to change anything ... then they appeared at my open bedroom door. All four of them were there and then gathered around my bed with Susie and Tim holding hands.

"There she is ... my pretty baby girly husband," Susie laughed. She snatched the duvet away from me ... she wanted Tim to see me in my baby clothes ... "Oh, my god, now I've seen everything! Fancy a wimp of a guy all dressed up like a little baby, he said snickering. "A BABY GIRL!" My wife corrected and they all blurted out laughing.

I tried to cover up my frilly panties with my hands but Susie pushed them away and lifted my nightie up over my belly exposing my frilly pink satin baby panties all the way up to my bare midriff. "I don't think he wants you to see his frilly panties," she told him. "He's so ashamed of all the ribbons, lace and frills on his panties because only a weird pervert would ever wear something like them. No girl of any age would be caught dead wearing such sissy frills. We better check her diaper," she said as she placed a finger into the leg openings on my frilly nylon panties. "Oh, yes, I thought so ... he's wet them."

She grabbed both pairs of panties and yanked them down my legs to the ankles, my diaper was unpinned and there I was ... naked before her new boyfriend, my tiny penis fully on show for him to see. They all laughed together. In my brain I was excited but also so scared and my tiny penis had shriveled up even smaller and looked like a mushroom cap.

"Poor bastard ... that really is small ... it looks smaller even than in the photos," he said with a huge grin.

"Even when it's hard; it's not much bigger," Susie giggled.

The two of them began to kiss, his large hands exploring her curvy figure. I'm ashamed to say that seeing how passionately she responded to his touch made my penis begin to erect. As it started to stick up in the air. Cindy's tinny teenage voice triumphantly announced, "HE'S GOT AN HARD- ON."

I tried in vain to hide what little dignity I had as the two lovers broke free to look down at me, smiling. My wife cooed, "Awwww, does it turn you on baby ... to see mommy and Uncle Tim kissing ... does baby Jenny want to watch us make love, now?" she teased and they laughed some more.

Marion asked, "He's so damn small ... have you ever measured him, Susie?"

"I think he's about 3 inches fully erect. Cindy will you grab my tape measure for me? It's in the closet in my sewing kit. In fact, why don't you do the measuring ... I'm sure he will like that."

She placed the tape measure alongside my now painfully erect manhood, her small soft hands touching the head of my cock as she read out the measurement ... "M-m-m ... oh, dear, it's even a bit shy of three inches ... not even a decent toddler-size penis." Cindy said with a little girl frown and a pretended expression of complete sorrow. Marion mocked that she would never have stayed with any man with a penis so small.

"How about yours, Tim? I'll bet it's a lot bigger than this puny little thing," my wife said, turning to him. He didn't object and I was soon to find out why. Susie unbuckled his trousers and they fell to the floor, his white boxers weren't doing a good job of hiding at what lay beneath. With her hands trembling, my wife carefully peeled down his shorts and his erection sprang out, all very long, thick and veiny oozing pre cum on the tip of a very swollen purple head.

"OH-H-H ... MY... GOD ... YOU'RE ENORMOUS," my wife said in absolute delight. Marion and Cindy stood there staring open mouthed in total shock at his huge penis. "IT'S A MONSTER," Cindy shouted in wonder. My dear Susie placed the tape measure alongside the massive shaft ... "almost 9 inches" she finally stated, after sucking in air in disbelief with her eyes firmly fixed on his erect manhood; her fingers could barely meet around the girth it was so thick.

"Now that's a real man's penis!" she gleefully stated.

I couldn't take my eyes off it. "NO ... NO ... NO ... MOMMY ... HE'S TOO BIG ... HE WILL HURT YOU ... PLEASE-E-ESE DON'T LET HIM FUCK YOU! PLEASE-E-E ... MOMMY, HE'S TOO BIG!"

My pathetic attempts to change her mind were futile. In fact, my fears irritated her and she answered my pleadings by saying, "Do me a favor, Tim ... I would like you to put my sissy husband across your knees ... and give him a good spanking ... it's time he learns there' gonna be some changes around here and his opinion doesn't count."

"NO ... NO ... PLEASE, DON'T," I yelled, but to no avail. I was taken out of bed and placed on the floor. Tim did not want me to pee on his legs he told Susie to put a fresh diaper on me and to dress me back up into my nylons and frillies. The big strong muscular man then hauled me over his lap, pulled my diaper and panties to the side exposing one of my bottom cheeks and gave me a powerful spanking while my wife and her friends looked on -- and laughed. I had never been spanked in my life up to that point and it hurt unbelievably! I began to really cry!

WHACK ... WHACK ... WHACK.

"Tell everyone what you are," my wife said.

WHACK.

"I'm ... I'm ... a sissy baby girl ... mommy."

WHACK.

"Please, tell him to stop, mommy."

WHACK ... WHACK.

"No, you big baby! Tim won't stop until you've learned your lesson. Until you've learned that Tim and I will fuck any damn time we please and you have absolutely nothing to say about it! And if you do try to interfere, I'll have Tim spank you again but even harder than this time," she hissed as she encouraged Tim to continue with the punishment.

When the spanking was finally over, I was crying harder than I had ever cried in my life and my butt was raw stinging red. Then they made crawl into mommy's bedroom and told to wait as



Marion said it was time she and Cindy left them to their lovemaking privacy. But before leaving, I heard her whisper into mommy's ear, "You, lucky devil! I want you to call me with all the juicy details tomorrow!"

Susie and her lover escorted them out and then finally came into the bedroom with me standing there waiting for their instruction. They began to frantically tear at each other's clothes until Susie was just standing there in just her expensive new bra and panties. Tim's hands caressed her bottom and pussy through her panties making her wet, the gusset clearly showing a damp patch in the white silky fabric, her nipples erect through her soft cup bra, his penis tenting out his shorts, marked with droplets of pre-cum.

They were locked in a passionate open-mouthed kiss, and then broke apart and directed me to kneel down beside them close to the bed. Soon they were naked and he picked her up in his powerful arms and laid her on the bed. He went down on her making her moan loudly flicking at her swollen clitoris with his tongue. She returned the favor taking his long thick shaft into her mouth but barely getting much more than the head of his penis into her mouth as she greedily sucked him, her hands gripping his cock like the handle of a sledge hammer.

Wanting to be nearer to my wife, I picked up her silky nylon panties and held them to my face breathing in her moist love juice. They looked at me and my wife, with a wicked smile, took her panties from me and stretched them over my head so that they were positioned with the wet crotch over my mouth and nose. Taking the penis shaped dummy that was fastened around my neck with a pink ribbon, she pushed it into my mouth and told me to suck on it "quietly." The aroma of her panties was intoxicating. I became increasingly turned-on, despite the humiliation.

Tim then lay between Susie's long, lightly tanned legs and placed them over his broad shoulders. My wife then guided his oversized penis to the entrance of her wet pussy.

"Be careful ... you're very big ... I'm not used to anything this size," my wife said as he slowly rocked back and forth and fuck sank his man meat into my darling, squealing wife. Her face contorted in pain, then pleasure as he slowly humped her, long deep penetrating strokes until he was finally grinding his pubic bone against hers. She began to sob as she felt years of sexual frustration disappear. She whimpered. I was less than a foot away, witnessing this epitome of a great fuck.

"Take out your little dicklet, Jenny," Susie ordered in an almost out of breath voice, "and wank it for mommy and Uncle Tim like a good little girl."

Pulling my erection free from the side of my diaper and panties I did as I was told and slowly masturbated my cock with finger and thumb. I was in total awe at the sexual display before me. Just as I was on the verge, I could hear Susie yelling in a way I had never heard her scream out before. "OH-H, ... YES ... YES ... A-G-G-R-R-R-H-H ... YES ... YES ... YES ... I'M CUMMING ...

I'M CUMMING ... M-M-M-M-M-M-M-M!" Her face now flushed red; she dug her nails into Tim's flesh encouraging him to keep fucking her until she had every last drop of him. I felt completely broken at what I had just witnessed but strangely excited and totally humiliated knowing I could never compete with Tim in the bedroom.

I was sent back to my own bed, and after a few minutes passed, mommy came in to tuck me in. I still had her panties on my head but I could see she had put on a fresh pair of panties. "Everything is gonna be fine, Johnna ... I mean, Jenny." She looked so sexy, her long dark brown hair now disheveled and with a radiant glow about her pretty face. I looked at her breasts through the opening of her dressing gown then between her legs at the sodden patch of her panty gusset where their juices were leaking into the panties, a lovely pale yellow pair with white lace inserts. She saw me looking and laughed and explained that she had put on the panties to soak up their juices because she knew I would want to suck them out. She then replaced the panties over my head with the wet spunky ones, peeling them off and stretching them over my head and carefully positioning them into place over my mouth and nose. It was scary. I had never tasted another man's cum --- but I knew I was about to! "You want mommy's soaking wet panties ... don't you? Well ... here you are, baby."

I awoke the next morning very early to the sound of my wife being fucked again, her moans and the bed squeaking sounds making it very clear what was going on. I just lay there and sucked on my dummy while they finished their lovemaking. Then Suzie called me into the bedroom.

"I know you enjoyed sucking my panties out last night after we made love, so this will be even better. Get down here and suck my juices and Tim's slime out of my pussy." It was a command, not a request. I approached her slowly and crawled up onto the bed. As I lowered my head between her legs, Tim shoved my face right into her twat. "Go to it, you little sissy cum licker," he laughed. I did it; it was good to be this close to my lovely wife.

Tim then pulled me off and said, "That's enough. Now, clean off my cock." He had my head in his hands and his cock was pointed right at my lips. His hold on my hair hurt like he was about to pull my hair out by the roots. Tears rolled down my cheeks. I submitted. I closed my eyes, opened my mouth and then I felt his hot cock forcing its way past my lips. I coughed and gagged and did as best I could. I so feared he was going to hurt me if I didn't do a good job. "Nick me with your teeth and I'll knock every god damn tooth out of your head so you'll never hurt me again. I was crying, licking, sucking, and constantly trying to catch my breath. My jaws ached and I feared for everything. Then, I heard my wife say, "Holy shit, the little sissy son of a bitch is a god damn cocksucker! I should have known." She laughed and Tim said, "The little fairy isn't bad. With a little more practice, we could make some money with him sucking cocks for \$5 a crack!" They both laughed at that. That marked the end of my one life and the beginning of a new life.

School for Sissies

“Andy, hurry up! I told you I was in a rush. We have a lot of shopping to do today before your appointment at three,” Janice urged her nephew, Andrew.

Janice Townsend never wanted to get married or have children. She was a hardworking and demanding entrepreneur who owned a successful real estate agency. Janice’s younger sister, however, was a complete opposite. She had a drug problem, was separated from her third husband and by court order had to give up her son, Andrew, because she was unable to take care of him.

Begrudgingly, Janice took him; otherwise, he would have been forced to live in a foster home. But the 11-year-old slowed down her lifestyle, so she decided to send him off to a boarding school. Problem solved! She could afford a top school, so with more than two months to go before the start of the new school year, she investigated various private middle schools. She also took some time off her work to get to know her nephew as well as decide which school she would like to have him attend.

Sadly, though, soon after Andrew arrived, his mother suddenly died of a drug overdose. Most people considered her sister Janice to be a coldhearted businesswoman, and that was a fairly good description of her, but even to her own surprise, right from the beginning, Janice liked the boy and actually began to enjoy being his surrogate mother. He liked her too and soon he was calling her “mom.” Janice filed papers to adopt the boy. Still, with her professional life, she had limited time to spend with him and having the woman next door watch him while she was at the office wasn’t working out well and that just reinforced her decision to send him away to school.

Then things declined, the boy was giving his sitter fits, he was becoming increasingly slovenly in his appearance and had no interest in keeping his room clean. And when it was reported to her that he was repeatedly nasty to girls in the neighborhood, she confronted him and he told her all girls were dumb and their gushy, girly ways made him want to throw up.

The boy loved living with Janice; with all her money; he had every toy and privilege he had ever wanted, but he also knew she had a short temper, so he did his best to be good but his natural inclinations led to many incidents that displeased her, and on those occasions he felt the pain of her looks of displeasure and disappointment, and increasingly, she resorted to spanking him with her hand and then with vintage wooden-handled hairbrush. The spankings got his attention but he kept falling back into his old bad habits. She was now ready to bring out her old sorority paddle. She was sure that would help her accomplish whatever she was about to decide what to do with him.

Janice still liked the boy, but he needed a major overhaul, especially when it came to reforming his views on females. And Janice knew the answer: Mrs. Amanda Johnston, her former

sorority mother, was now heavily involved in the burgeoning 1964 women's liberation movement. She had a theory about raising boys and was now openly encouraging mothers to treat their sons more like girls. Janice contacted her; they had several long discussions that opened Janice's eyes to a totally new world and resulted in her committing to send Andrew to Johnston's special school set up to prove her theory about feminizing boys.

“I’m hurrying as fast as I can,” Andy called down, as he tied his shoes. He did not want to keep her waiting. He was getting a lot of spankings lately. As he reached the bottom of the stairs, he asked, “Where we going?”

“I told you before, Andrew, we’re going shopping and then to an appointment at three. We’ll be meeting with an old friend of mine who is an expert with children; she’ll help us turn you into a much nicer child so I won’t have to spank you so much anymore.”

Andy wasn’t sure what that all meant, and his confusion made him a bit anxious, but he knew better than to question his aunt. In the car, they drove in silence to the mall where she took him by the hand into Wagner's Department Store. Janice grabbed a shopping cart and then led the boy to the girls' clothing section. He had never been surrounded by such an array of feminine items and he clung to Janice as she went directly to a table piled high with neat stacks of fancy girls’ panties. Mrs. Townsend looked through the panties, looked down toward Andrew, and then back again to the panties as she selected a number of pairs in a variety of colors and styles. As Janice repeatedly looked back and forth between Andrew and each pair of panties she was examining, the boy asked, “Who ... who are these for?” He truly had no idea what they were doing there.

“Oh, you’ll find out soon. Now hush up. I don’t want any more questions, understood? I’ve a lot to buy, and not much time.”

Andy apologized and then stood quietly beside her until, to his utter surprise, she held up three pairs of panties and asked him which pair he liked the most. The boy wasn’t sure what to say, and certainly wasn’t sure why he was being asked. “They ... they’re all nice, I guess. For a girl, but, um, who are they for?”

“Andrew! I told you I no more questions. Now, quickly – I simply want your help. Give me your opinion on some of the clothes I’ll be buying. Which of these panties do you think are the prettiest?”

Andy looked quickly at the three pairs she was holding up for him; he pointed to the pink nylon panties with frilly leg bands and red hearts and little bows on the front. When she asked him why he picked them, he blushingly said that he thought a girl would think they were the prettiest ones. Janice scooped up two more pairs of similar panties along with all the other panties that she had selected, put them in her basket and then led him over to another table and selected an assortment of girls' socks: anklets, bobby socks, and knee socks. Next she walked to a display of full and half-slips, and with each selection she solicited Andy's opinion. Next they moved to a rack of blouses. Again, she gave

her nephew a long look then selected one, took it off the hanger and held it up in front of him to check on the size.

“Auntie!” Andrew said in a loud whisper. “What you doing? People are looking. Please.”

“ANDREW,” Janice responded, rather angrily. “I need to check the size. Don’t worry about other people. Nobody is looking and if they are; they certainly don’t care, so quit being silly.”

Again, he apologized and stood motionless as she held three blouses of different sizes up against him. He was getting very nervous, so he had to ask her, “Auntie, is the girl you’re buying these for the same size as me?”

“YES, ANDREW,” she said sternly. “Now that is enough. Or do you want to me to spank you with my hairbrush as soon as we get home? Or are you going to behave?”

“I ... I’ll behave,” he replied. “I’m sorry.” And for the remainder of their time in the department store, he didn’t say a word.

After selecting several blouses, Mrs. Townsend selected skirts and dresses. Again, much to his shame, she held items up against him to check on size and appearance. He wanted to shrink away each time she did it, especially when other people were around, but he obediently stayed silent except for when she asked his opinion. The worst moment for him came when they were in the section with schoolgirls’ uniforms, and she selected one, held it up against him and kept holding it up to him for the longest time, and then, to his horror, she told him, “Andrew, I really can’t get a good sense of what this uniform looks like being worn just by holding it up. I need you to put it on for me.”

He was speechless as she trotted him over to a changing room and said, “Just go in there, take off your shirt and pull the uniform over your head and then let me see how it fits.” He stood beside her for a long moment, not moving until Janice saw he had been so stunned at her command that he was frozen in place. Leaning over, she gave him a little kiss on the forehead and pat on the rear. “Run along and get changed, honey; we don’t have a lot of time.”

Like a robot, Andrew took baby steps into the changing room. He removed his shirt but then took a long time pulling the uniform over his head. In a daze, he had new and strange sensations as the dress-like garment slid down over his body. Janice was loudly knocking on the door wondering why he was taking so long. He then poked his head out the door and mumbled, “I ... I’m ready.”

Janice reached in, grabbed his arm and pulled him out into the store so she could see how it fit him. Andrew’s eyes grew wide, tears quietly rolled down his cheeks. He couldn’t believe what she was making him do, but he knew it would be a mistake not to obey her. Taking a deep breath, he stood for her as she checked the fit, but then, to his horror, just beyond her, he saw three girls near his own age who had noticed him and were staring with wide-open-mouths and looks of surprise followed by giggles and

shrieks of laughter. Janice saw his shocked look, followed his stare and looked behind herself and saw the girls. She just shook her head, “Andrew, stand up straight. I need your help with this uniform; ignore those silly little girls. Don’t let them bother you.”

His face was burning up red. He kept his head down to avoid the girls’ stares as his aunt fussed with the skirt of the uniform and looked at him from several angles. “Yes – yes, I think this will do nicely,” was all she said before motioning for him to go back in to change back into his shirt.

Totally unnerved, Andrew was now extremely apprehensive about the meeting they were scheduled to have with the ‘child development expert’ -- a mysterious-sounding title. Of course, he still had no idea that the shopping expedition and the meeting were connected. And he had no idea that the meeting was with a woman who specialized in feminizing boys. As they drove in silence, Andy could see his aunt was deep in thought and he knew better than to interrupt her by asking questions about what to expect at this meeting. Then, after several minutes, Mrs. Townsend broke the silence and said in a firm voice, “Andrew, we are going to be at our appointment in about fifteen minutes, and what I want you to do now -- without complaint -- is – I want you to remove your pants and underpants and then take that pairs of pink panties that you liked out of the small bag beside you and put them on. You may then put your pants back on.”

Andy wasn’t sure what he had expected his aunt to say, but it certainly wasn’t THIS! He started to protest, but as the first bit of a sound escaped from his lips, Janice turned her head, picked up something on the seat beside her and said in commanding voice, “Do as I say, Andrew. I don’t want a peep out of you, other than a ‘yes, ma’am.’ Is that understood? If you don’t immediately do what I just told you to do, I’ll stop the car, take you outside with your pants down and beat the hell out of your skinny little bottom with this new paddle I’ve been saving just in case I needed it.”

Andrew then saw the wooden paddle she held up as she continued to steer the car with her other hand and knew that when his aunt spoke like that she wanted no backtalk, only action. He had felt her firm hand and hard hairbrush on his butt many times and they had hurt terribly, and now the sight of that paddle looked like it would be even more painful than any of his previous spankings.

He gave the only correct response available to him. “Yes, ma’am,” he said with in defeat. Then, as his aunt continued driving, her tearfully nervous nephew removed that pair of pink panties from the bag, pulled his trousers and underwear down and off and obediently donned the slinky panties. Then, as quickly as he could, he yanked his trousers back up over them.

Andy watched intently as they drove along a country road, ending at a large old house set back on a sprawling estate. Janice parked her beside three other cars. To Andy, it just looked like an ordinary house -- a big, beautiful house -- but like a house, not like an office or some place of business. Following his aunt, he got out of the car. As she took his hand in hers, she could feel his

nervousness. Bending down, she gave him a little kiss and hug. "Don't worry, dear, everything is going to be fine. I just want you to do one thing here: Do as you are told. Do EXACTLY as you are told. If you do, this meeting will go well. If you don't – you will greatly disappoint me; and I know you don't want to do that."

They walked up to the front door and rang the bell. A moment later, an attractive young woman in a traditional maids' uniform ushered them inside. "The others are all here already," she said. "Please follow me to Madame's office."

When they entered the office, Andy saw three other women with boys about his age. Each boy looked nervous, one was crying, and each was clinging to one of the women. Standing at a desk at the front of the room was this small woman, much older than his aunt, wearing a neatly pressed black skirt and crisp white blouse. Her gray hair was in a bun, and she wore dark stockings and black high heels. Andy was distressed to see that in her well-manicured hands she held a small cane. "Welcome to my home," she said warmly to Mrs. Townsend. "So, this must be Andrew. Andrew – my name is Madame Johnston. This is the school that perhaps your aunt has told you about."

"P ... pleased to meet you," Andy said, in as polite a manner as he knew how. Just then he was interrupted by his aunt. "Hello, Amanda," she said to the woman. "I haven't mentioned anything about the school to Andy. As you know I just had my adoption papers approved, I didn't have much time, but we did do the required shopping for his new wardrobe. Concerning the school, I thought it might be better if it were a bit of a surprise."

"Well, yes, certainly, that is fine," Madame said. "No problem at all, in fact. So, I'll start things off." Then turning her attention to the group, she said, "OK, boys, take your clothes off, now. Everything that is, except for your panties. Keep those on."

Andy clung tightly to his aunt's skirt and looked at her with a distressed expression. He noticed, though, that she didn't seem surprised by Madame's request. Instead, she said, quietly but firmly, "Do as Madame said, Andy. Take off everything except your pretty pink panties. Do it right, NOW!"

"But the other boys ..." he whimpered with tears starting to flow.

Just then, his aunt pulled from her large purse the paddle she had showed him in the car, and he suddenly felt an intense pain rip into his butt as she gave him one hard swat. His mouth opened wide to emit a yell, but it was immediately covered by her hand. Madame was now advancing toward him brandishing her cane. "You will do as you are told when you are here, young man."

To avoid feeling her cane he knew he had to act and act fast; he dropped his trousers and then ripped off the rest of his clothes, leaving him in just his frilly new panties. He peeked around at the other boys and they were quickly undressing too and wearing colorful panties too! Soon a small pile of clothes sat alongside each boy, and each boy was hanging onto a woman that Andy

guessed was his mother. Each nearly naked, panty-clad boy was trying to modestly cover his condition hiding himself with his hands and behind his mother's skirts like a little toddler. Andy didn't want to look at the others and tried to avoid eye contact, but with quick glances he saw that the other boys, were wearing fancy girls' panties just as shameful as his own: all full-cut, brief-style panties in shiny nylon with lace and frills like little girls love to wear. One boy wore bright yellow panties with flowers on the sides, another wore purple panties with white lace on the front and around the legs, and the third boy wore a pair of white rhumba-style panties loaded with lace back and front, and the white lace had a bit of pink edging. Through his tear-clouded vision, Andy could see that the other boys were crying too. One of the boys, the one in the white rhumba panties, had hair much longer than what most boys wore in 1964, even though Beatle haircuts were just starting to become popular with older boys. Andy had to take a closer look at that boy because, for a moment, he wondered if it was a girl and not a boy after all.

Madame repeatedly tapped her cane against the palm of her hand as she then addressed them all as 'boys' so then Andy knew for sure that the kid in white panties was a boy, as she said, "OK, boys, I see we are already starting to learn a lesson in obedience. Step over here. You four are going to be spending a lot of time together and will be going through your transformation, here, together. When I am finished with you, you will be very different from the way you are now – much improved I dare say, and in a manner that will, I'm certain, please your mothers immensely. But for now, it is simply time to say hello and be introduced. Stand here facing each other in a circle and introduce yourselves."

As the mothers looked on and chatted amongst themselves, the boys stood tearfully in a tight circle in front of Madame and, one by one, they said their names: Paul (white panties), Chris (yellow panties), Eric (purple panties), and Andy in his pink panties.

"Very good, dears. It's nice that each of you has on a different color of panties, so until we all get to know each other, you can call each other by your panty color for the day. Now – how many of you know why you are here?"

Andy looked at the others and saw that two of them looked as confused as he was. Paul (the boy with the long girlish hair), however, slowly raised his hand and quietly said, "Um, I ... I do, Madame. Mother told me what will happen to me here."

Madame smiled at Paul, and the other boys looked at him as well. "Well, dear, what is it. Tell the others. I can see they are quite desperate to know what fate awaits them in my house."

Paul looked at the others and started to cry, so much so that he was unable to speak. Instead, he suddenly ran from the circle, over to his mother and buried his face in her full breasts. His mother, however, was not receptive to him. Instead, she took him by the ear, walked him briskly back to the circle of other panty boys in front of Madame and gave his ruffle-pantied rear a hard swat as she told him to stay put. Paul stood for a moment rubbing

his eyes and trying to compose himself. Andy could see Madame was not pleased – she was hitting the cane against her hand more briskly now, and then with a series of quick motions brought it down quickly two times against Paul’s pantied rear. “If you continue this crying and disobedience,” she said firmly, “I will pull down those fancy panties you have on with all that lace to protect you from my cane and give you a severe whipping on your naked bottom. I’ll really give you something to cry about. Such a sissy you are. No wonder your mother brought you to me.”

Paul reached around to rub his stinging backside, but Madame intervened and took hold of both his hands. “NO – and this goes for all of you. When you are caned you will not – I repeat NOT – rub your rears afterwards unless you want an even harder beating. You will find that my cane is your friend here. It is used to help you learn your lessons, and in order it to help you do your work most effectively, you will not be permitted to rub away the pain. Is that understood?”

All the smiling women were now looking at their sons as the boys responded in unison, a submissive, “Yes, Madame.”

“Now, Paul,” Madame continued, “let’s start again, shall we? Please tell the others the purpose of your stay here.”

Looking down, rather than at the others, Paul replied quietly “We’re ... we’re here to be changed into girls.”

Andy’s mouth dropped open in awe. Even after all that had happened, he couldn’t believe what he was hearing. “Yes, dear, that’s right,” smiled Madame. “That is what we do at this school – we teach boys how to be girls. And, now, Paul, tell us all why are you here for such a treatment?”

“My ... my mother said it’s what she wants ... th ... that she didn’t want a boy, anymore, because I was too rude and cause her too many problems, so now she wants me to be a girl.”

“So you are here because you were not well behaved, and that is the case with all of you boys. You are all miscreants, troublemakers and sometimes downright nasty, especially to women and girls. The world doesn’t need any more boys like you -- we have far too many of them already. But there is always more room in the world for sweet, innocent, obedient little girls -- so that is what your mothers have decided you will become and I am the one who can do that for them. Isn’t that right, Paul?” He nodded.

“Paul knows because I transformed a boy from his neighborhood into the sweetest little girl anyone could ever imagine. So Paul has long known full well what I can do. His mommy had threatened to send him here, but that wasn’t warning enough. He still misbehaved. I guess he didn’t believe she would make good on her threat, but here he is now, right, Paul?”

“Y ... yes, Madame,” Paul said, and then, looking back at his mother he said, “I’m sorry, mommy. Please. I said I was sorry and I promise to be good. Please. Please, can we go home, now?” He

wanted desperately to run again to his mother, but he knew what would happen if he did. Instead he just stood there and cried.

“OK, boys,” Madame said, “now, you may join your mothers and they will come with us to your room to help you get settled, dress you in one of your new outfits and ready you for the day; then it will be time to say goodbye to them and you won’t see them again for two months, and next time you do, they will have the pleasure of welcoming you as their little girls rather than as their naughty little boys.”

Andy ran back to his aunt. He, like the others, was crying. He was confused. He didn’t understand what was happening, or why. He didn’t think he had ever done anything so bad as to merit this kind of punishment.

“Sh-h-h-h,” purred Mrs. Townsend, as she gave him a kiss. “Stop that crying. There really is nothing to cry about, sweetie. I’m sure you’ll do well here.”

“B ... but,” he moaned, “do I really have to stay here? Please don’t do this to me. Please don’t let her turn me into an icky girl.”

Janice just smiled. “Don’t worry. This is what I want. Even when you were a baby you were much too pretty to be a boy and I thought you make a lovely girl, but your mother tried to raise you like the lousy man who was your father. I told her he was no one to model you after, but she listen to me. But that is all in the past now. Now I’m your mother. Yes, I haven’t given you the news yet, but two days ago the court finally notified me that they had certified the adoption. I am now officially your new mother, and it is my right to raise you as I please, and I intend for you to be my daughter. I spoke with two other women who had sent their boys here, and they were both extremely pleased with Madame’s training program – and so are their boys, who were just like you when they first arrived here, but now they are happy that they have been turned into girls — and I’m sure in just a couple of months you will be too.” She then wiped her boy’s face, took his hand, and followed Madame into the large bedroom that the four boys would be sharing during their two month training period at the institute.

As they entered the common bedroom, Andy noticed how girly it looked. The walls were pink and the four beds, lined up side-by-side along one wall, had matching Barbie bedspreads. Across from each bed was a dresser and a room to the side was a huge walkin closet. On top of each bed was a stuffed animal. Madame directed Andy and his new mother to the second bed in line.

“OK, girls,” Madame said, once all the bed assignments had been made, “you better get used to me calling you girls -- it’s time to get unpacked. My daughter Kristen should be home in about a half hour to help with the belling ceremony.”

Andy and the other boys looked at each other – but then quickly broke eye contact. It certainly had never occurred to any of them that Madame might have daughter who would be helping with

their training and transformation. And they had no idea what Madame meant by subjecting them to a “belling ceremony.”

Mrs. Townsend helped her new son unpack the bags and boxes from their shopping expedition and together, they put his panties, socks, dresses, slippers, skirts and other new clothes in his dresser and the huge closet that had been sectioned off for each boy. Andy then noticed that the bedroom didn't have any doors on it; it simply opened up into the closet and into the rest of the house that was now his new home as well as doubling as his sissy girl training academy. There wasn't a door on the bathroom either that was located just outside the bedroom.

Madame smiled as she noticed where Andy was looking. “Well, well,” she laughed, “it seems that one young sissy has noticed the absence of doors in this section of the house. That's right. Everything you do while you are here will be open to being watched by me, and by my daughter, and by the other sissies. Privacy of any kind is a privilege, and it is something that you will have to earn by showing me what good girls you can all be.” Then, tapping her cane against her palm, she continued, “Now, then -- when you are done putting your things away, you will put on the school uniforms that your mothers have provided, and then it will be time to meet back in my office and say goodbye to your mommies.”

Just then, all the boys and moms heard a voice calling from the front of the house. “Hi, mom, I'm home. Are you with all our new sissies in their room?”

Madame smiled. “That, as you may have guessed, is my daughter, Kristen. She's a first-year nursing student -- something that comes in handy with some of our treatments, like the belling ceremony, and she's a big help getting doctors to prescribe all the vitamins you boy-girls will be need as you evolve into your new selves.” Then, turning toward the open bedroom door she called out, “Yes, dear, we're in the sissies' bedroom. Why don't you meet us in my study after the boys say goodbye to their mommies? Then you can bell them.”

“OK,” Kristen called back. “Oh, I hope it's OK, but I brought Susan home with me from school. She is anxious to help out in any way she can.”

Madame returned her attention to the boys and their moms. All the unpacking was almost finished, and the mothers were helping their boys into their new schoolgirl uniforms: dark blue tunics, skirts, blazers and Mary Jane shoes, white ankle socks, crisp white blouses, and a matching blue cap. As Janice smoothed out her boy's uniform, she made him turn around for a quick inspection and then brushed his short hair into as feminine of a style as she could. The other women were doing the same with their boys. Janice looked over at Paul and his mom and saw her putting his hair into two braids and neatly combed his girlish bangs. “I really



wished I had let Andy's hair grow out when I first considered doing this, she said loud for the others to hear. The other moms of boys with short hair agreed with her, saying it would have been lovely to have nice long hair on their boys when they arrived.

"Oh, don't worry," said Paul's mom. "By the time you see your boys again, all of them will have longer hair, long enough to make them look quite girly, and I'm sure all other traces of their boyishness will be completely gone."

It was time for the mom's to say their good-byes. The thought of being separated from their mothers and sentenced to a stay at this transformation school was more than the poor distressed boys could take, and all four began to cry and cling to their moms with all their might. Andrew's new mom let him hug her for a moment, noticing that all the other moms were now struggling to escape their desperate sons. "Andrew," she whispered sternly into his ear, "that's enough. It's time for me to go. All this crying just makes me more convinced that I'm doing the right thing in bringing you here."

"Oh, please ... please, don't leave me," he whimpered. "She ... she's going to make me into a girl. Please, don't let her! Please!"

Janice smiled at one of the other moms who was looking her way, and rolled her eyes with an "I guess he doesn't quite understand yet" kind of an expression. "Andrew dear," she said, giving him one last kiss on the cheek as she pushed him away, "you must understand, sweetie. This is what I want. And there is no chance that I will change my mind. I want you to be my little girl, not my little boy. And that is that." She then pried him loose and walked out quickly as Madame told the boys that they would earn severe beatings if they even tried to chase after their mothers. Then the four mothers were gone.

Back in their room, the four sissies were wiping away their tears as they tried to understand their new situation. Just then Madame entered the room with two attractive girls, both dressed in the nursing school uniforms – all in white -- stockings, shoes and crisp white nursing uniform dresses.

"Sissies," said Madame, "I want to introduce you to my daughter, Kristen, and her friend, Susan. Girls, this attractive sissy boy on the end is Paul." Paul stood awkwardly for a moment, and then made a nice polite curtsy. "P ... pleased to meet you, Kristen and Susan," he said. The other boys took notice that Madame smiled at Paul's attempt at good behavior. Then, in turn, the girls were introduced to the other three boys, and each boy did his best to do a curtsy and say a polite hello as Paul had done; they knew the threat of a caning was an ever present option.

Susan giggled as she met each boy. "Oh, Kristen, they are simply so sweet. I don't know what I was expecting, but they are definitely prettier and more girlish than I thought they'd be."

Madame then stood in front of the four sissies and tapped her cane against her open palm. "Sissies, you are starting off well. If

you continue to try to do your very best at being obedient and help us transform you into the kind of proper little girls that your mothers desire you to be, then all will go well. Part of being obedient will involve obeying Kristen. She will be helping with your training, and you must respect her and mind her just the same as you respect and mind me."

At that moment Kristen walked over next to her mother, looked down the line of sissies, and told them "OK – it is time for your first panty inspection. Hold up your skirts."

The boys looked briefly at each other, but seeing the stern look on Madame's and Kristen's faces, each of them quickly reached down and pulled their skirts up until they were high above their waists, to fully reveal their panties to the females. "Keep holding them up," commanded Kristen, "while you listen carefully to what I have to say. One of the rules you have to follow while you are here is that you may not play with yourselves. Not ever. You may touch your willies only when necessary, that is for relieving yourself and washing. And to make sure that you don't touch yourself in a naughty way, you are going to be belled."

Kristen then opened her palm and showed the boys four small bells. "With these attached," she said, while swinging one bell to demonstrate the distinctive tinkling sound it made, "it will be obvious if you break this rule. Do I make myself clear?"

The found sissies nodded together in agreement.

"OK then" said Madame. "Kristen and Sandra are going to go into the bathroom to set up for the belling. Don't be concerned. What they do will only hurt you for a moment. And of course – it is, like everything else we will be doing here, for your own good. Now, I'll pin your skirts up in front to keep them up with your panties exposed so you are ready for this little operation."

One-by-one the boys were led into the bathroom, Andrew was first. "OK, pink panties, get yourself in here." Once he was in the bathroom, Sandra under Kristen's direction, lowered his new panties in front until his penis was exposed but left the panties cupping his balls and still up in back covering his tight buns. Then as Sandra held up his penis, Kristen inserted a little sterling silver bar through Andy's frenum, linked it to one of the bells and then sealed the other end of the metal bar, making it impossible to remove the bell without cutting the bar. Kristen then jiggled his penis to hear the bell ring; both girls then laughed having successfully completed their task. Sandy pulled up his panties and said, "Those are really nice panties you have, boy. You are so lucky." Kristen then manipulated his penis within his panties, the bell tingled and the girls began giggling all over again.

"Yes, you boys are lucky. Who wants to be a stinky, dirty little boy, anyway? You'll love being a girl and especially love it when my mother or one of us girls plays with your belled penis in your panties, but you have to be a really good little girl if you want one of us to give you such a nice reward. Now, get back out there and send in the next boy. Let me see purple panty boy next."



Some children are so spoiled that their parents cannot refuse them anything, and the child basically runs the whole family! Claudette Simone is such a girl. If she doesn't get her way, she makes life miserable for her parents and anyone else in her way. She desperately wanted a little sister, and when her parents weren't able to have another baby, she demanded that they make her little brother, Conrad, pretend to be her little sister whenever she wanted. So much to Conrad's dismay, their parents took him out and bought him a full wardrobe of fancy girls' clothes with many outfits matching his big sister's.