

Princess Productions Lollipop Mothers Magazine #1

Teddy's Story

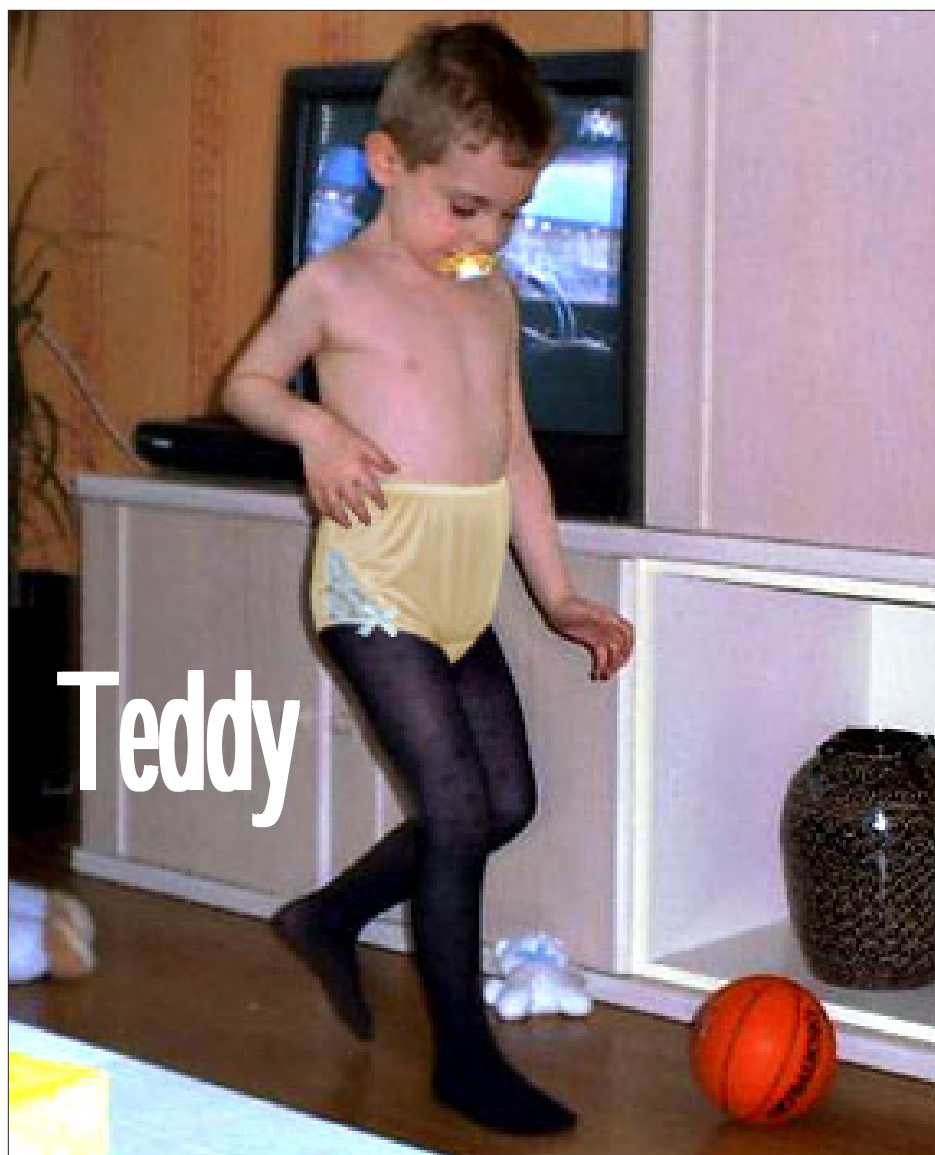
The original Lollipop Mother's Magazine was published during the late 1960s and early 1970s. Old copies of this rare magazine still influence how mothers raise their boys to this day. As a tribute to the lasting influence of the original publication, we are printing the story of Teddy, one of the modern breed of boys being raised by his mother, Olivia, to be an outrageous panty-loving sissy.

ADULTS ONLY

Since 1981

A P R I N C E S S P R O D U C T I O N S P U B L I C A T I O N

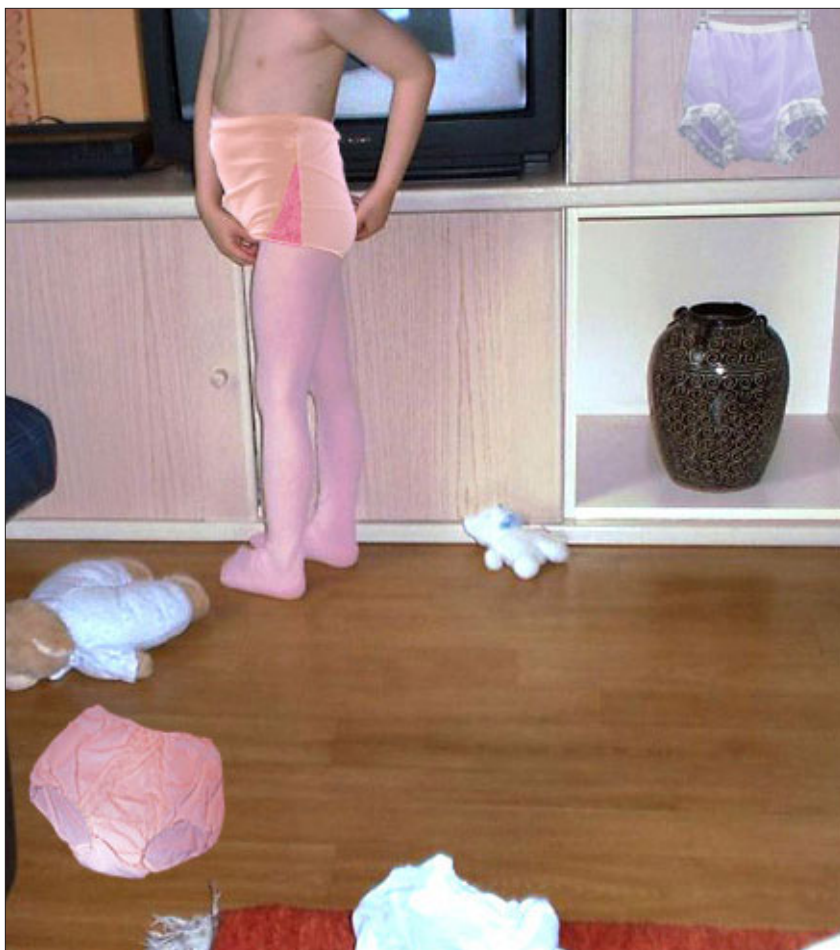
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The Story of Teddy

The original Lollipop Mother's Magazine was published during the late 1960s and early 1970s. Old copies of this rare magazine are occasionally rediscovered, and even in today's world, they strongly influence how mothers raise their boys. In our new version of Lollipop Mothers Magazine, we will reproduce stories from the original periodical as well as stories of mothers currently raising boys using methods described in those old issues.

In this publication's first new issue, as a tribute to the forward-looking original, we present the story of Teddy. His mother is one of these modern women who has taken these old ideas and is using them as a guide to raising her son to be an outrageous panty-loving sissy. Spurned by her ex-husband for a younger woman, Olivia has little use for males and was set to raise their son to be an embarrassment to his father. However, he died before she could subject him to all the vengeance she had hoped to inflict upon him. But his death has not halted the feminization of their son; in fact, Olivia has accelerated her efforts to make Teddy into a pantywaist sissy because she now will have no interference from her ex-husband.



raid the garbage room in the basement to find all these 'treasures' others tossed out. Well, one day shortly after her divorce, one of the things she found in the trash was a collection of Lollipop Mothers Magazine.

The picture of a boy in a dress on the cover of an issue of the magazine is what had first caught her attention. She dug it out and studied it. Right away, it consumed her. She giggled at the pictures of girly boys and delighted in the letters and stories of moms making sissies of their sons.

This old-fashioned, privately circulated publication was crudely produced by today's standards, created on a rickety old typewriter and reproduced on an old photocopy machine and the print quite faded with time. The meager quality of the publication didn't put her off; however, the content excited her and made her giddy with ideas for her own boy, Teddy! She immediately started digging through that trash bin and didn't finish until she had gone through the entire dumpster. She was rewarded with fourteen issues, a priceless collection of nostalgia jam-packed with ideas that made her feel like she had found the Holy Grail.

LOLLIPOP MOTHERS MAGAZINE #1

The Story of Teddy

On this chilly summer evening, Teddy sat by the fireplace deep in thought, mesmerized by the flickering flames. His mother noticed her son's nervousness and left him to his thoughts while she cleared away the dinner plates and put away the leftovers. She wanted him to become used to his sissy regime, and left him to acclimate himself as best he could. Finished in the kitchen, Olivia put another log on the fire, sat in her rocking chair beside Teddy and started sorting through her sewing basket. She took up a pair of pink panties and a length of ribbon that she fashioned into bows and then began stitching those bows onto the panties.

As she did her stitching, she carried on a conversation with her son sitting on the floor on a satin pillow. It was pretty much a one-sided conversation with Olivia doing most of the talking. She knew Teddy was at a delicate point in his development and she wanted to do things just right.

Olivia had a new, upscale condo, and a benefit of living there was all the things the other residents threw away! Being a hoarder and someone who had difficulty throwing anything away, she became a dedicated dumpster diver, and nightly she'd



After that rare find, Olivia began feminizing Teddy. Using the knowledge she gained from those old issues of Lollipop Mothers, she gradually implemented what she was learning. Then nearly a year later, his father (and her ex-husband) died. Olivia had been advancing his sissification step-by-step, but now she was going to be much more aggressive; in fact, she had already started, and of all places, she started at the funeral for Teddy's father.

Our story starts with Olivia and Teddy safely ensconced in their seaside summer cottage; the idea for renting the cottage she got from reading an article in Lollipop Mothers about one boy whose feminization had been so successfully and rapidly advanced during a summer he and his mother spent at a coastal summer cottage away from familiar influences.

Olivia sat sewing the bows on the panties; Teddy was well aware of what she was doing. He kept giving her sidelong glances; the boy loved his panties, months of his mother's panty-love brainwashing made him an intensely passionate panty fetishist at the tender age of five. Nightly, as she tucked him into bed, his mother teased his penis through fancy nylon panties. Yes, he was too young to shoot boy cream, but he was able to have dry orgasms. His mother knew she was

making progress as she made him shiver and shake as his sexual excitement would bubble over. She'd giggle and tease him, calling him a sissy and a panty boy as he moaned with mental and physical sensations that polluted his mind with sensations no boy should ever experience; yet, she made him experience them every single night!

As she decorated the panties, she spoke to him in a soothing voice, hinting at things to come, mentioning the strict sissy and baby treatments she had in store for him as well as the spankings she would be delivering to his pantied butt at the least sign of resistance. Teddy thought about the spankings he had received in the past. She didn't spank hard, but still, he hated them. At those times, she would make him feel like a silly little toddler when he so desperately wanted to think of himself as 'a big boy.' But she had been destroying his self image as a boy over the months; even a boy of his tender age knew he wasn't a boy anymore. He already liked girly things, especially fancy girls' panties, much too much. Thoughts of the things his mother was doing to him agonized him with a heady mixture of dread and excitement. Just her sitting there stitching bows on pairs of panties grabbed his attention. She didn't have to say it, but he knew those were new panties destined for him to wear. He didn't want to look at her, but he

couldn't help it. He was hopelessly hooked on panties; she knew it and he knew it too. At bedtime, Olivia escorted him to his tiny room. It was their first night in the cottage. He was glad his room was close to his mommy's. She rightly guessed he was a little nervous. "If you need me in the night, just call out like a little toddler," she said as she took a sweet white nylon and chiffon babydoll nightie top from the second drawer of his dresser. "Do you like it, honey?" she said with a wide grin. It was pretty, of course, way too pretty for a boy, but he was no normal boy. He nodded that he did like it, and she laughed and quickly pulled it over his head and let it float down around his lithe little body. He couldn't resist touching the nightie; he grasped handfuls of the slinky fabric and rubbed it against his panties. When he sneakily massaged the nightie over his pantied penis, his mommy slapped away his hands. "Uh, uh, uh! That's for mommy to do. Little sissy boys are only allowed to excite themselves when mommy says OK."

That was part of his training. Only mommy could excite his penis or give him permission to tease himself for her benefit. Nightly, she let him wear his





sweet panties to bed, seeing how fond he was of them, but on this night, with the new addition of the babydoll nightie, he was overwhelmed with tingly sensations. She then plunged her hands down between his legs, dragging the nylon nightie down to cover his pink pantied penis and balls. She aggressively jerked on his dinky dick and tiny, tight balls. She handled him roughly, and it didn't take long to send him into ecstasy; he humped her hands and begged her for more and more as he screamed out his love for her and his desire to be her little panty girl.

The great thing about a boy not old enough to cum is that he almost instantly recovers from his dry cums and wants more, and Teddy, so soon after exploding into her hands, was quick to harden again, even more than usual. But Olivia denied him more wanks and just pulled off his pink panties and replaced them with a pair of white panties to match the nightie, panties she warned him that she expected to be kept clean and not wrenched out of shape by a masturbating panty boy. She demanded he not play with himself thorough the soft panties and chiffon nightie because she would be able to tell in the morning, and that would earn him a punishment.

In truth, Teddy often excited himself in his panties, especially in bed at night when his mommy was in her own room. He

couldn't help it; she had addicted him to the pleasures of panty nylon much too thoroughly. Although he was just a little preschool boy, he was already wise with the knowledge of how to carefully excite himself without distorting his panties too much so he could pass his morning inspections. He knew he had to pass because if he failed, it meant a spanking or one of his mother's trademark humiliating punishments.

The next morning, the shrieking of sea gulls outside his open window awoke Teddy to a ray of sunshine glistening through a gap in the curtains and the smell of frying bacon wafting up the stairs. He glanced at the clock; it was twenty to nine. Trying to get out of bed he found that his legs seemed to be trapped. As he tried to wriggle free something gave a moan and stirred at the bottom of the bed. Lifting his head he could see Rebel, who was lying on his legs. "Reb, you're heavy," he said wriggling his toes to wake his dog as well as try to get rid of the 'pins and needles' aching in his feet. Reb stretched, gave a grunt and moved off the boy's legs. He heard his mother's footsteps on the stairs. "Teddy," she called, "are you awake yet? Breakfast is nearly ready."

"Yes, Mommy."

"I've filled the tub. But first, get yourself downstairs for your inspection; keep on your new nightie and nighttime panties."

He leapt out of bed and opened the curtains. "It's a great day," he thought. Then he remembered with shame and fascination that he was wearing the babydoll and little girls' panties his mommy had dressed him in the night before. The bright sunlight added to his shame in his girly clothes. The truth of daylight was harsh, an in-your-face thrust into reality that was easier to digest in the evening after a long day of emotions battered with suffering humiliations; plus the dark of night made naughty feelings easier to tolerate. But it was morning now, and his mother directing him to appear before her in his new nightie and nighttime panties for inspection was another duty made more difficult by the light of day. He descended the stairs as quietly as he could, feeling so alien with just his thin panties to cover his boy parts and the strange new sensation of the babydoll top floating upward about his skinny boyish body as he glided down the steps one by one.

It was so absurd sitting in the nightie with his baby bib about his neck as he ate in mincing little bites -- like a girl as his mother had taught him -- the hearty breakfast of grilled bacon, home fried spuds with onions and peppers, grapefruit juice and whole wheat toast. Olivia poured two glasses of freshly squeezed juice as she said, "I have to do my cooking and preparing the vegetables for dinner. I want to get them out of the way so I can free up our time to enjoy as much as possible our first full day at the cottage."

Teddy thought it was a good idea, but wondered what he could do, dressed so girlishly to help her -- he wanted to do

anything to get his mind off her leering at his girlie-boy duds. But her plans in the kitchen didn't include him. Feeling a bit brave and quite full after his breakfast, Teddy asked if he could take Rebel for a walk along the cliffs.

"In just those dainty little panties and your new nightie? You like them, huh. You already want to show them off to the world. Now, wouldn't that be a sight?"

"Oh, uh, Mommy, I thought I could change?" he ventured.

"I'll change you when I feel it's necessary, and I'll change you into anything I please as well."

"But I thought since as Rebel needs his walk."

"I walked him long before you woke up. Besides, it's very dangerous on the rocks that drop off into that deep ravine. In fact, except for playing in the rear garden, I don't want you going outside here at all unless I accompany you. Now, you seem to be forgetting about your place. I thought I made it clear that from now on you are not permitted to speak unless I ask you something, or unless it's very urgent. Even then, you have to wait until I give you permission to speak -- or do anything, including going to the toilet, eating, drinking, etc." All of a sudden, his mother's stern side was jumping out at him and making itself known.



"Yes, Mommy," he said compliantly. Rebel then began jumping up on Teddy and barking frantically. Trying to calm him down, the boy stroked his head. "No, Rebel, not now."

"Walkies later, Rebel," Olivia said to the dog. "We can all go for a walk later," she told Teddy. So Teddy stayed in the kitchen at the table for the next 90 minutes while his mother worked cheerily. He was very bored, but he didn't fancy suffering the consequences of disobeying her. At one point, he raised his hand like a timid schoolgirl for a stern teacher. "Yes, Teddy," she said firmly.

"I - I want to help you, if I can?" he asked. "I think I have everything under control," she said calmly, as she turned on her small portable radio and listened to "Today's Top Buys," a program for women. Teddy then added, "May I please take Rebel out in the garden?"

"I told you I already gave him his walk. Maybe I'll let you out in the garden a little later. Now, can't you just sit there quietly until I'm ready? You need something to concentrate on." She then left the kitchen and ascended the stairs. He listened for her to return and hoped he hadn't angered her. She remained calm as she approached him with a pair of pale blue nylon panties in her hand. "Here you go," she said.

"Give me the ones you have on, and after I inspect them, they can go in the basket. I have a new supply of panties for you.

You surely noticed me adding more bows and frills to them as we sat by the fire last night. Now you will have plenty of nice new panties to get through our stay."

The new pair she handed to him was of the flimsiest nylon with embroidered white frills around the tight waist and leg elastics. A lot of his panties she had specially made, and tight elastics were a part of the design she insisted upon with these custom-made panties. When he removed his nighttime panties, she could see his naked body was heavily marked from the panties' snug waist and leg bands that left deep indentations in his skin. It excited her to see how they left an outline of his panties after he had taken them off -- just one of the many suggestions she had followed from Lollipop Mothers. He then stepped into the pale blue panties, but as he pulled them up, she leaned her head close to his naked penis and took over, teasingly drawing the soft panties up his

skinny bare legs. Often times when she did this, she was so close to him that her hair 'accidentally' brushed over his dickie. That didn't happen on this occasion, but memories of it happening put a red glow on his face.

Then she picked up the panties he had removed and made him sit and stare at her while she closely examined every inch of the white, bow decorated nylon panties. She cleared her throat like she might have been dissatisfied but didn't say anything before opening the crotch of his warm, worn panties and pressing it against her nose. She inhaled deeply; he could see her tongue flicking in and out before taking the crotch of the panties into her mouth and sucking on it. After the torturous ordeal of having to watch the spectacle of his boy-crushing mommy inspecting his nighttime panties, she took them out of her mouth and handed them to him. "You appear to have been a good boy last night. I did smell and taste your nasty boy presence in your girlie panties, but no nasty drips and they weren't excessively wrinkled -- that you are probably glad to hear. So you passed your first 'good boy' test of the day, now put these panties in the wash basket and then take your bath. I have a flowery bubble bath ready for you. Then put on the lavender panties I have set out for you in the bathroom and come back here for me to dress you for the day."



Hurriedly, he washed himself in the warm, lilac-scented bath water and then dressed himself in the sweet, sparking new panties she had so lovingly put out for him. Throughout his bath, he had stared at the thrilling panties so fetchingly displayed hanging over the towel rack. He couldn't help himself; he really was mind-warped panty boy!

Upon his return to the kitchen, in a cool, businesslike manner she grabbed the taut waist elastic of his purple panties and let it go with a sharp snap to his tummy as she checked the new panties for fit. Olivia then tossed over his head a very short white and pink halter top like a half blouse with puffed sleeves and fussy lace designs. It was made for a very little girl, of course, but it just barely fit him, leaving a large expanse of his naked tummy fully visible above his high-waisted faggot purple panties. She put lace-topped ankle socks and black Mary Janes on his feet, adding to his toddler-like appearance that she so favored. Teddy felt giddy thinking this outfit might be all she'd have him wear for the day. There is something very special about the sizing in crisp, new, never-before-washed panties that was particularly exciting to feel. He was very aware of the restless little bulge his penis and tight balls made inside his panties, surely he knew they

were quite noticeable, but thankfully his boy parts were not as excited as often happened with the intimate touching she subjected him to during the typical process of dressing him.

Olivia produced another little item designed to keep her son quiet. "This will keep your prattling down," she mused as she popped a colorful baby pacifier into his mouth. It was small but humiliating. "Suck it properly," she ordered. "Don't just leave it sticking out of your mouth. I want to see it moving up and down ... and I want to hear you sucking. ... That's it. Keep it up, and if you're a good boy, I'll let you have your daily allowance of mommy's milk. But if you're not a proper boy, I'll suction the milk out of my breasts and pour it over your head or down into your panties and make you stay that way in the wet stickiness all day. Be a proper little baby for me now and you'll earn your titty treat!"

"Now if I decide to keep you like this for the day, you'll sit here quietly. I don't care how difficult it is for you. I'm sure the first thing you thought when you woke up was 'what a beautiful day,' I'll take Rebel out for a walk down by the beach, and I'll play out in the garden. Well, I'm sorry, dear, but those kinds of things over these next few months are going to be treat for good behavior, not the carefree time you envisioned before your miserable, cheating father passed away -- that

changed everything and made this is an important time for your training. Of course, for a long time, I have had no regard for your father's feelings or his ideas about how you should be raised. He understood there was little he could do to interfere with my wants. Still, I did not flaunt your sissiness at him too much. He was in a position to make trouble for us or withhold money if I angered him too much, but now we'll have a big portion of his estate since it is set out in our divorce decree, and probably never again will we have much to do with his side of the family. Now, I'm sure that mousy little twerp he married guessed what I was up to with you long ago even if your egotistical father chose to ignore how I dressed you in his presence. I know Margo noticed the simple but plain blouses I put you in -- I saw her stares, and one time she did comment to me about your coat buttoning on the wrong side -- she knew it was a girls' coat. But at the funeral ..."

Teddy cringed as he remembered...

"Oh, yes, last Friday at your daddy's funeral. You performed royally, my boy, and you do deserve a reward for that, as I told you. I'm not sure just yet what kind of a reward, but it will be something you will love. You were a very brave soul to put up with the snickers from the ladies and your little cousins pointing at you and whispering about you. That extra big pair of nice pink panties I put on you -- as I told you, I bought them special for the occasion. They were two sizes too large for you, and the lacy leg hems peeked out so fetchingly beneath the bottom of your shorts, and then, remember, just before we left, just to make sure they had a good show, I tucked your little blouse into the waist elastic of your briefs and let several inches of your high-waisted panties peek out all around the top of your shorts. Your stepmother and her daughters made a big deal of hugging and kissing you when we said goodbye. They didn't fool me; I know they don't like you all that much since you're getting a big share of your daddy's money, but she and her two little witches just had to feel you up and tease you in your panties. I don't know what they said to you; I wasn't close enough to hear, but I know they whispered things in your ear. What did they say to you?"

Teddy blushed and said, "Um, my stepmom told me I looked nice, pretty enough to be a girl. She liked my lipstick too."

"Oh, yes, the lipstick; a nice last minute touch, wasn't it?"

Teddy bashfully nodded, and then went on, "Janet asked me if I had any dollies at home to play with."

"Well, did you tell her about your little pink doll baby?"

"Yes, I told her. Molly then told me I could come over and play dollies with her and her girlfriends anytime."

"You know they were just being mean and teasing you. You know that, don't you?"



He nodded, shamefaced, remembering how they kept running their hands over the exposed waist of his pink panties. Molly even ran her fingers up the leg of his shorts, snapped his leg elastic, pulled on the lace edging and then went way up and gave his penis a pinch through his panties. His mommy hadn't seen that, and he wasn't about to relay to her anymore of the embarrassing details.

"Well, that was fun," his mommy added, "but I don't think we'll be seeing much of them anymore. I showed them just what a little sissy your daddy had for a son, but that's not a bad thing is it? Actually, it's a good thing, a very good thing that you are a sissy boy and that I'm working on making you a complete sissy. You'll be my baby, my sissy, my daughter, anything I want you to be. Some days I'll have you be my girl and some days my naughty boy being petticoat punished and on other days you'll be my bad little girlie-boy toddler who can't stop peeing in his panties and diapers. You must always obey me. Listen to me. Don't make me spank you because I will hurt you and you won't like it. Turning you into a girlie-boy isn't a little sissy game anymore, Teddy. You must be good at all times. ... Now, just nod your head to answer me, instead of taking out your pacifier and doing that babyish prattling like you do all the time. OK? We can take Rebel out later ... that will be a little bit of a treat for you."

He nodded.

She continued. "It will NOT be a difficult summer for you if you just focus on all the good things we can do while we're here at our summer cottage. Reading that story in one of the Lollipop magazines I found -- the story about how that mother made so much progress with her boy during their summer getaway gave me the idea. This is going to be great for both of us. No one is around here that we know, so you, my little sissy, and I can have a lot of fun outside showing you off to strangers, a good initiation for you to learn how to be a good little girl and a quiet baby whenever I want it."

He sucked noisily like a hungry, clueless infant on the baby pacifier. Olivia pulled the other kitchen chair out to sit down facing him as she brought him over to her. "First things first. Every day, I'm going to make sure you have at least one regular spanking. This will keep your mind focused and keep you aware of your discipline. Now don't be scared. I will spank you long, but I won't spank you very hard."

As she was saying this she pulled him down over her lap, his crop-top blouse fell way up about his shoulders, leaving the focus on his upturned bottom covered in his crisp, new pale purple panties. As she adored the sight, she squeezed his small butt cheeks, massaging his nylon panties into his heart and soul. She spent several minutes patting his soft, fleshy butt through his panties as she settled him over her skirted lap. Then wanting to feel his pantied boy parts on her nylon stockinged legs, she swiftly worked her skirt and slip up so he rested only on her thighs with her taut garter straps, sure to teasingly poke at his silken pantied loins, making it difficult for him to get comfortable. Already, he was fidgeting, but a smart SPLAT on his nylon panty cheeks quieted him; then she began to gradually distribute spanks all over his pert bottom. She loved slapping his butt. She knew the effect she was having on him; even her relatively mild smacks were stinging his bum and teasing his nerves through the nylon of his panties. She wanted him to forever associate his sleek panties with her tough style of maternal love, sissy discipline, and feeling humbled and girlie. Her spanks were love taps, but the accumulated effect of those smacks began to affect him. After a good five minutes, she changed to a faster, stronger pace. It wasn't long before they were no longer pats but actual spanks and he was howling. He tried to remain still, knowing she'd double his paddling if he tried moved around too much. It took all his will to keep himself in position.



"Don't tense your bum like that or I'll just start all over again!" she warned.

"Y-yeath, Mommy..." he spluttered breathlessly. She beat on his bottom for five more minutes before deciding she had given him enough for his first 'Regular Spanking.' He tried to fight the urge to rub his burning bottom, and since his new panties had sagged during the ordeal, she briskly and painfully hoisted them up as high as they would go. Then she massaged his pantied bottom for him, but to him, she inflicted as much pain as she eased while her hands ran roughshod over his tender, pale purple pantied bottom. Suddenly, she pulled out the back of his panties and looked down over his red and smarting buttocks and seemed satisfied with the pinkish glow. She smartly pulled his panties back up and arranged them smoothly over his twitching hips and pain-throbbing butt. He had no relief as she began repeatedly snapping his waist and leg elastics, the tight leg bands in particular were maddening

as they bit into the backs of his well-spanked upper thighs.

He was not completely surprised by her post-spanking ritual. She had carried out similar spanking sessions at home to his utter shame and delight, but now she was instituting it as a daily punishment. Despite his pain, his penis stiffened and made an ugly boyish display poking up in the front of his panties. He tried to crouch and not turn properly when she asked because he knew she didn't like him having an erection that she didn't initiate, but his efforts to hide it, merely drew attention to his problem - his panty crotch. Beyond the shame, it was a thrill for him to wear girls' panties. He loved them but had a difficult time admitting it. Of course, Olivia knew it, and in the house, she would often make him openly profess to her his love for lacy panties, make him yell out at the top of his voice things like, 'Mommy, I love my girlie panties' and 'Please, buy me more and more panties' as she'd make him prance around like a crazy little pansy. She loved using his panties to shame him too, and situations like what she made him do at the funeral in front of other people were now becoming more embarrassing and more frequent.

Teddy knew little girls' lacy panties were a shameful garment for a boy to wear and he should not be wearing them. But his mother had been training him to panties over the past year, beginning just after she had divorced his father, following the bastard's running off with the bitchy woman he soon married, the cunt with the two smart aleck preteen daughters. But now he was dead, a fatality of his own making as a drunken driver.

He never had been very close to his son, so Teddy didn't really miss him.

The boy did know that if he was living with any other family, he would have been scolded for doing anything like a girl and forbidden to wear panties and other girls' clothes, but here, with his loving mommy, he felt safe. Yes, she did train him to be girlie and he has learned to love it despite being constantly filled with guilt and shame. She so lovingly encourages his sissiness. It excites her to exhibit him as the shameful little pantywaist he has become, and this summer at the cottage would give her many opportunities to do it! Olivia convinced him he is a sissy boy and aggressively developed his love of panties and other girlie clothes, instilling in one so young a fetish for feminine things that is just as intense as one would find in a lifelong panty slave. Now, her son's every thought is centered on her, panties, and his sissy lifestyle; there is no room in his psyche for anything boyish because his mind is filled with a desire for fancy panties that makes his every other thought a meaningless distraction.

Olivia then led him into the living room and had him stand up close to the ceiling to floor picture window. It was a sunny, bright day, but surprisingly brisk and chilly, and in his skimpy

outfit of tank top blouse and frilly panties, the heat from the burning logs in the nearby fireplace had dwindled but still felt good to him.

Olivia positioned him by spreading his legs two feet apart. He was glad his small genitals were turned away from her, but not so happy about being on display in front of the big window. Anyone walking by would surely see his sissified condition. He was happy to see no one in sight. She made him pose with limp wrists, chest thrust forward and his pantied loins pushed out brazenly and told him to remain that way. As he tried to maintain this awkward pose, he wished she would make him turn around instead and display his pantied boner to her. He felt like one of those sissy models she often showed him in Lollipop Magazine; those boys looked like they really did enjoy posing like glamour girls, but he also noticed that many of those feminized boys had spank marks that showed on their thighs beneath the lacy legs of their fancy panties. Obviously, many of those boys had been forced to smile under threat of receiving another spanking or perhaps some other boy-busting punishment.

"Very good," she said, as she reached to his butt to smooth out the stretchy nylon material of his bow-covered, purple

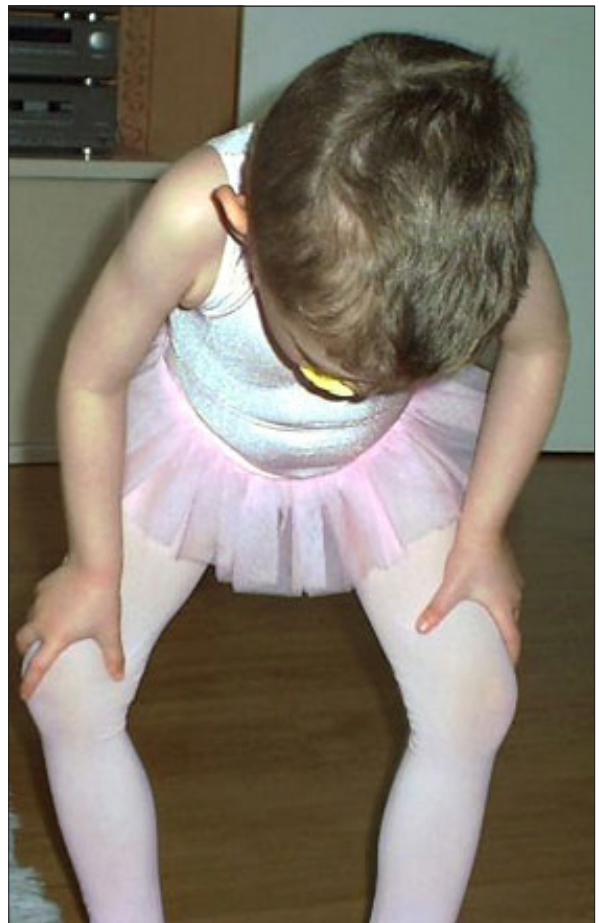


panties. "I declare, your bottom is becoming more girlish everyday. I bet you would give those two nasty stepsisters of yours a run for their money if you all entered a cutest bum contest. Very good, pose, my boy. Stay there for now."

She then left him alone posing in the window with the pacifier in his mouth and his fresh, crisp panties fitting quite properly. Conscious of the tingling fresh air teasing his bare legs on one side and the heat from the fireplace warming his body from the other side, he couldn't get over the acute shame he felt and the fear that anything could happen to him in this state. Someone could pass by, see him and laugh at him. Or worse, someone could come to the door, his mother would let them in and they would really get a good look at his shame.

But they were located in a quiet resort area with few cottages on the lane where they were at, and as ridiculous as he felt posed for the world to see, he soon guessed he could probably stay there for a long time before anyone came by, even then, maybe they wouldn't even look in his direction and notice him. His real problem was boredom. He would do anything to be able to massage and soothe his aching ass cheeks. He felt so vulnerable. At times he knew his mother was watching him. He couldn't turn to look toward her out in the kitchen as she continued her food prep and cooking, but he was able to see a faint reflection of her in the window he faced. Though completely imprisoned by her whims and suffocated by the shameful girlie clothing he both loved and hated. The minutes passed slowly. He heard when his mother would go outside or ascend the creaky stairs, sometimes she was gone for long spans of time. Periodically, she would come into the living room, sometimes she didn't say a word to him, but just take a relaxing break in her favorite winged high-back chair. He could feel her eyes on him as she watched him. It was difficult for him to remain still in his bizarre pose; he wiggled and bobbed a lot, but did his best. Olivia would turn on the radio for one of her regular shows, and he would see a flash of light from time to time as she took pictures of him. In the cottage, she always had her camera nearby and ready to shoot, and when they went out, it was in her purse. She regularly flashed pictures of him, telling him she was assembling a collection of his sissy pictures like those in Lollipop Mothers. Teddy didn't understand that the old periodical had ceased publication decades ago, so he wondered if she was going to send them his girlie-boy photos. Just the thought of his pictures in girls' clothes appearing alongside those other sissified boys made him very nervous. He was sure everyone he had ever known would see them, and it would make his life miserable. Of course, if the magazine was still in production, his mother would have sent in the pictures, but Teddy didn't know that was not possible.

Whenever he shifted position, which was fairly constant, he created little noises. Occasionally, his frustrated mother became unnerved and would approach him and smack him hard across his irresistibly cute panty bottom. Finally, she relented. She removed his pacifier. He looked exhausted from straining to hold his pose. She released him from the quiet of the main room, and since no one had gone by and saw him as the sorry little girlie-boy he was, he felt optimistic at the thought of some outdoor activity. He couldn't bear to see the day go by cooped up inside in his panty-girlie outfit. Every so often he was reminded of his ridiculous attire: the half-baked excuse of his



flimsy short blouse and slinky nylon panties, pretty girls' shoes and lacy baby-like ankle socks. Wallowing in his sissyhood had depressed him, but he looked up in delight when his mother indicated they were due for an outing. He half expected her to give him a pair of shorts to wear, or even a short frock. Then, at least he wouldn't be seen as a half dressed fruity boy, but no shorts or other outer clothes were forthcoming. He had wanted to go exploring those dangerous rocks lining the ravine and angling down to the seashore, but she informed him his outside adventure was going to be limited to their backyard garden to stroll around with Rebel in tow. Well, anything was better than posing like a candy ass for what had seemed like hours!

"Look, I did promise you a reward for doing your duty at the funeral. Your posing at the window was barely adequate; you need a lot more practice standing still and making yourself look properly humbled. But I will reward you with a walk around the cliffs when I've finished this," she said to him from the cluttered kitchen as she pointed to the kettle on the stove and the table strewn with the ingredients for a rhubarb crumble she was making for dessert. "Now go on, take Rebel out back, but stay in the garden. You both need some fresh air. I'll be out later."



Teddy's heart sank, but at least it was some freedom, and she did promise to take him to the cliffs later. "Thanks, Mommy," he said but stayed there, pacing the floor awkwardly. Olivia wondered what the matter was. "Should I ... I can't really go out in just my panties, Mommy?"

Olivia wiped her fruit stained hands with a dish towel, then called out, "Reb! Come on boy!" The dog jumped up wagging his tail frantically. As she removed the dog's leash from the hook on the cupboard she ordered Teddy to stand beside her. "There is nothing wrong with going out into the garden in just your panty outfit. It's quite impossible for anyone to see you, unless they happen to be walking along the lane on the side, and in that case, you would see them first and can hide in the bushes if you are embarrassed. You do need to get over being spotted as a sissy; you can't change that, so eventually, you'll have to let people see you and just have to grin and bear it if a stranger accidentally happens to see you; it has happened before, and nothing horrible came of it. So get going outside."

Memories of Aunt Melissa seeing him in his little lavender ballet outfit with his purple tights came back to him. They were back at home and she had walked in unannounced. At the time it was probably more embarrassing for Melissa than anyone else. Olivia had just laughed it off in her own unique way, and she made it look like Teddy had dressed himself like that, and for so doing he merited a punishment. The moment she saw Melissa, Olivia pretended to just then see Teddy in his ballet clothes and said, "Oh, dear, Teddy, what are you doing in your old Halloween costume?" She then turned to Melissa with a worried expression on her face. I just don't know what to do with my boy. He gets himself dressed up in

girlie clothes all the time." Then she turned to Teddy, "Come here, boy, what do you think you're doing? Do you want to grow up to be a sissy or something? Did you put on the whole lot? Come here you naughty boy and let me have a look." She pulled him close, his head hung low in shame, she pulled down and then completely removed his leotard, exposing his lavender tights and his pink panties underneath. "Just as I suspected, you've got the panties on too. Aren't you ashamed of yourself? You're supposed to be a boy, not a creepy little pantywaist playing dressup like pansy. What do you suppose your Aunt Melissa thinks of you now?"

Melissa was awestruck, but mumbled something pretending it was no big deal despite the shock she felt. "Oh, he's just playing dressup; little kids do that all the time. I don't think he meant any harm."

His mother said, "Oh, but it is a problem. He's doing it more and more often. Maybe for punishment, I'll make him keep on the outfit and panties and send him outside to play with his friends at the park. Then she lowered his panties. "I think I'll have these ... down..." She pulled his saucy pink panties down to below his small hanging penis and bare scrotum, exposing his nakedness to Aunt Melissa. His vulnerable little genitals were dangling there quite pitifully.

Melissa had never seen such a weird sight -- a boy in girlie clothes having his panties downed to expose his babyish small penis and testicles. Olivia made a pouting, frightened little girl face as her son gasped at being exposed. "Come on, over my lap; it's not as though you haven't spent a day like this before. You know you deserve spankies on your pretty panties when you make a sissy of yourself. How am I ever going to cure you of this?"

Feeling she would be best to be elsewhere and leave her sister and nephew alone to sort out this strange incident in private, Melissa attempted to leave, but Olivia told her to stay and be witness to his punishment. The boy's mother told her that her presence would add to his shame, and he needed to be shamed to get him to stop dressing up like a sissy -- something no normal boy should do. In front of her sister, Olivia belittled Teddy as she spanked him; she even coerced Melissa into taking the boy over her lap too for her to spank him on his thin nylon panties. It certainly was a strange thing for her to do, something she never would have imagined, but she did get into it and give him quite a brisk spanking, and that added to his mother's smacks left him crying. Olivia then made him stand in front of his aunt and tell her he was a sissy with a tiny penis that made him more like a girl than a boy. Melissa was embarrassed for him but her big sister urged her to touch the boy in his panties to see for herself just how poorly equipped he was inside his panties. His aunt did feel him up through his panties, and at his mother's urging, the girl played with him through his panties until he got a baby hard-on; she finally took them down a bit to inspect his measly boy bits.

Olivia had turned this accidental exposure to his auntie into a shame discipline; the boy felt every nuance of his mommy's play acting, but to him, it was a very real and humbling situation. No boy would willingly parade his undeveloped penis in front of anyone, much less his pretty auntie.

Flashing back to the present, Teddy felt very naked and prone to ridicule going outside in only lacy bits of girls' clothing, but he knew he no longer had any choice in things, so he simply attached the leash to Rebel's collar. Unphased by Teddy's girlishness and sissy clothing, the frisky German shepherd eyed his boy master's lowered panties and exposed penis. Teddy's pantied bottom felt the cold air as he opened the kitchen door leading to the garden and greenhouse. Olivia made a cursory inspection of the surroundings before letting him exhibit himself. "Off you go," she said, before abruptly smacking his purple pantied bottom.

The little boy was terrified of exposure to total strangers. Little Rebel wanted to run around, but as Teddy checked his mother's face in the window behind him, he wanted nothing more than the earth to open up and swallow him. At least it was only his mother who could see him like this; he tried not to think of the horror he would experience if people spotted

him from a passing car, or perchance a young couple taking a romantic stroll would gawk at him in his girlish attire. Teddy did his best to pace gingerly and stay behind the row of freshly washed clothes and bed sheets hanging on the line that his mother had pinned up while he had been doing his painful posing. From here he formed a good escape route in case anyone did approach from the little lane that was alongside their backyard garden, a threat that was intimidating close. Teddy knew he could get to the cliffs from the lane, and he longed to go there but he knew better than to venture that far in his little girl lingerie outfit. So he was content to traipse around the garden, hiding himself amongst the flapping, drying clothes and linens. Reb wanted to play, but Teddy's desire to spare himself any humiliating exposure killed his usual playful enthusiasm. In his smart Mary Janes, the boy made his way through the garden, strewn with fallen branches and leaves that crackled underfoot. Winding his way past the greenhouse, Teddy realized he was out of sight of his mother. She couldn't see him now. Perhaps he could quickly touch himself through his silky panties, something he had been aching to do every since he had awakened that morning. But his sense of shame was charged with a childish desire that was typically associated with such naughty situations. He realized his penis, now dancing around joyfully in his panties, was





"What about Rebel? What is he doing there?" she asked.

"Rebel? Nothing, Mommy..." he knew she could see right through him. He hung his head in shame and just wished her retribution would be quick, at least.

"Rebel was licking your weewee," she said casually. "There's still some of his slobber dripping from the tip of your penis obscenely thrusting up in the front of your nice, new panties." She grasped his erect penis, manipulating it through his soft panties as she pointed out the wet areas. Rebel didn't know any better; he thought it was panty penis playtime and he vied with Olivia's hand as he too wanted to have part of Teddy's dickie. She pushed Reb's wet nose and lapping tongue away with her hand, as she said, "Teddy, you've been very naughty, haven't you? I knew I couldn't let you out of my sight. Get back into the house; get yourself into the corner again while I think about how to deal with your impertinence."

becoming excited, engorging itself to its fullest extent. He was surprised at his strong reaction and felt the danger and tension that had created this frisson in him. He felt there was nothing to do but risk a naughty 'feel of his little willy.' The thrill of a few forbidden touches was enticing. He rubbed the nylon panties over his cockette and enjoyed the intense tingling surging throughout his body. He longed to make himself feel good like his mother made him feel every night as she tucked him into bed. He needed that pleasure -- now!

Rebel was curious, and he naturally raised his snout to sniff and then lick the boy's pantied dickie. A jolt of electricity raced through Teddy. The touch of Reb's wet tongue was like magic. Determined to experience this sweet sensation again he intentionally thrust his hips out and waved his panty-covered member towards Rebel's mouth. The dog willingly licked him again, as if it were quite natural to do so.

He had chosen to ignore his mother's orders to immediately report any hardening of his penis because he felt safely out of her view behind the laundry on the clothesline. Then, all of a sudden, he froze in fear as he heard downed twigs snapping as someone walked toward him from the opposite side of the greenhouse. It was his mother, stealthily approaching. She crouched over him and looked sternly into his eyes. Teddy was offering explanations before she could speak. "I got a hard weewee, Mommy, and I didn't want you to see it!"

"I'm so sorry, Mommy," he said weakly. But she didn't even answer. She just called Rebel and had him follow her and her woebegone panty boy back into the cottage. The foolish youth still sported a semierect penis as if it were leading him back to his dreaded fate indoors. Olivia wasted no time in fetching the dreaded black riding crop that was reserved just for Teddy's most serious offenses. She took it from the display cabinet. "I'm sorry, Teddy; I had hoped you wouldn't merit this kind of whipping so soon, but what you were doing with Rebel was very naughty."

He nodded his head without offering a defense. His panties were still distorted by his swollen dick as she positioned him over the back of the armchair. Her strokes with the awesome crop were precise and mercifully fast. Teddy was never very brave when it came to a whipping and he tried to beg off the remaining strokes. "Please, Mommy. It's so sore..." he cried.

Olivia had delivered five vicious strokes and raised huge welts on his nylon-covered bottom. "One more is coming, sissy boy. Come on, you know it's six..." Before he could answer, she delivered the final blow. His shrill scream filled the room. Olivia wondered if anyone in the neighborhood could hear it; she was thankful for their remote location. She knew that some mothers, like those from that old publication, Lollipop Mothers, would surely continue beating him until his bottom was striped and bloody. However, Olivia was not a sadist; she did find pleasure in spanking him, but deep down, her thrills came from the loving attention, caressing and

closeness that were part of spanking him. She didn't have to physically abuse him to achieve her satisfaction, but serious offenses like the one he had just committed, demanded a severe response to let him know he cannot go against her explicit commands. She pulled back the waistband of his delicate lace panties, peered downward and judged that the stripes on his bottom looked agonizing enough before having him to return to his corner as she let his panties go with a stinging snap to his little boy body.

She wanted to discipline him for disobedience, but she didn't want him to feel ashamed of his sexual needs. She wanted him to experiment if he needed to, and finding him with Rebel was not as unexpected as she'd pretended. She did want him to have a strong sexual attraction to his panties, and Rebel getting in on the act was fine in her view, but she wanted all his sexual stimulation to take place at her direction. She wanted to drill home the idea that his penis was hers to control. Her masochistic sissy son was clearly aroused by his current predicament, however shaming he found it.



After another long session on display in the corner with his inflamed bottom tingling, Olivia finally told him to come over to her. She had him step into a tiny pair of girlishly pink shorts. They made his reddened bottom seem all the more plump and childish. He disliked the shorts almost as much as the panties but didn't say so, feeling very contrite and well punished. Olivia admired the taut material and felt his punished bum frequently as she talked to him. His shorts did not little to conceal his noticeable little bulge in front.

"We can go for that walk now," she told him. "I'll keep Rebel on his leash; it's not safe for him to roam around here, and I suppose I'll have to keep you two apart for a while just in case you want to push your silly little willy into his face again." She let the shaming words sink in and they were having the desired mortifying effect on the callow youngster. Olivia added to his distress by sighing and shaking her head at the thought of her son's "dirty little activities." She had this way of making him feel he was much less than a boy, not even a child, but a perverted little panty-loving boy-girl. Olivia donned a light cardigan and fetched his pink knit coat, and if the color didn't give it away, the buttons going up the girls' side made it obvious to any onlooker that it was a girls' coat. However, the coat was long enough to hide his pink shorts, but it left his long naked legs uncovered. People seeing him could only guess what he have on under that coat, especially after eyeing his black Mary Janes and lace-topped ankle socks.

Leaving the cottage, they passed an old, gnarled oak on their way to the woodland path that led to the cliff. Forgetting his shame, Teddy enjoyed the view. The cliff tops were covered in rough grass, weeds, brambles and wild flowers. Below them, the sea sparkled in the sunlight. It was exhilarating to walk down the winding road that led to the seashore, and when they got down there, Olivia found a private little alcove and spread out a blanket. "Teddy, lie down on your back," she said as she pointed to the blanket, "and I'll take those shorts off for you. They look awfully constraining. I want to see you in just your lovely panties. No one's around."

Teddy was feeling giddy at her command and immediately got down on the blanket. "Mother, I think showing myself to you will get me all hard again," he faithfully reported, wondering how she would take it. There was already a lump in his tight shorts, even Rebel noticed it. His loving dog pulled on the leash Olivia was holding and stretched to nuzzle his nose in Teddy's crotch, giving his front a good licking. "Oh, stop, Rebel!" he giggled.

"Put your mouth to his and give him a kiss back, Teddy," his mother said.

Teddy gave his dog a kiss. Rebel slobbered on his face, ticking him in the process. His mother said, "Now, stick out your tongue when you kiss him, lick him like he licks you; show him you love him. When Teddy did, it made him feel unusual and naughty. By now, Olivia had unbuttoned his coat and then started to pull down his shorts. She positioned him beneath her and had him raise his hips slightly so she could completely pull his shorts off. He recoiled. "My panties, Mommy! People will see!" She assuaged his fears; it's still very early in the season and not many people have arrived yet to vacation. Perhaps by this coming weekend quite a few people will populate the place, but right now, very few people are here and this is a very secluded spot; I don't think you have anything to fear about being seen.

She gazed down at his penis that was now fairly erect, making itself obvious in his panties. "O-o-oh, Mommy..." he moaned.



"Do you know what, Teddy," she said, "these hard little weewees that you so easily develop must mean something. Every time I do anything with you in just your panties, your dickie comes to life and springs up at me!"

Reb pushed his way in and put his nose close to Teddy's crotch and naturally felt inclined to first sniff then run his lapping tongue over the boy's erect underside. The boy flinched as the dog's rasping tongue teased his tight foreskin battling to retract and let his naked penis feel the soft nylon of his panties. He knew he shouldn't be displaying his pleasure with his doggie in front of his mother like this, so he tried to brush Rebel off him. But she didn't stop him. Instead, she said, "Let him do what he wants, Teddy. He wants to lick you in your panties. Has Rebel developed a little fetish for you in your panties?" She watched in fascination as the dog continued to tilt its head over the boy's crotch area, eagerly lapping all over his panties and moistening them with his saliva. Teddy was mortified. "Go away Rebel, that's enough," he said unable to bear much more. He was also ashamed of his excited reaction in the eyes of his mother. This was a private matter for

him. Olivia was none too pleased. "No you don't. I'll tell him when to stop," she said before slapping Teddy's hands away from discouraging Rebel.

"O-o-oh... Mom-mie-e-e-e..." he moaned. This time he shut his eyes tightly as the animal's tongue flickered over his sensitive flesh stimulated him to greater heights. His mother sensed he was close to his youthful climax and decided it was best to stop at this point. She carefully pushed the dog aside, leaving her son writhing with his legs weaving crazily. Teddy's burgeoning erection strained against his panty covering, and she teasingly stroked the satiny fabric over his hips and bottom as Rebel came back and continued to tease him.

"Darling, you must feel very naughty," she said. "Maybe I shouldn't let Reb do that. I was just curious," she said to her son. "But I'm glad to see you in your panties as always. This is how I want you to spend your holiday with me." He looked very babyish in his little girl panties.

"Come and enjoy the view," she said to him. She meant for him to sit between her legs as they faced the sea. He could plainly see her lovely black panties with pink lace trim since her skirt had ridden up and her thighs were spread, giving him an unobstructed view between her legs. She knew he loved to huddle next to her while she wrapped her nylon-clad legs around him and they hugged. His pantied bottom was dampening slightly on the soft earth but he didn't mind at all. With his back to her and with her hugging him closely, this was a blissful state for him, so beautifully protected and sissified by his dominant loving mother. She hugged him even closer and tugged at the boyish mound in his panties, now displayed openly to her and the mighty sea wind. Her touch sent waves of ecstasy through him. She half covered him with her own coat to shield him from the chilly wind and felt him wriggle against her, his panty bottom to her panty front they hugged.

Reb wanted part of the action, but Teddy tried to push aside the dog's nose navigating between his legs. "Don't do that. I told you," he admonished Reb.

"But he's back again," she said. "Well, you have started something with him; you're the one who trained him to do that, and he seems addicted to it." Teddy protested, "Oh, no, mother," he just started doing it on his own." His mother gave him a knowing look and said, "Well, if he won't stop, you are just going to have to grin and bear it. This will teach you what happens when you are naughty."

So Teddy sat still, and Olivia let Rebel excite the boy. The feminized boy complied and felt foolish ludicrously exposing his bright panties to his mother and his dog. He lay there foolishly, as if he was waiting for something. Olivia was pleased with this turn of events. She was training the lad to accept exposure and humiliation yet again. She had him stand up with his legs apart and his moistened panties displayed for the world to see. Rebel and the boy stood there, perplexed for a moment or two. Teddy knew better than to complain. "Now, pull Rebel closer to you," Olivia said. "That's it. Now just lower your little weewee over Rebel ... That's it." He moved himself rudely towards Rebel. The dog idly nuzzled against the boy's panty crotch and made a few cursory licks before wondering what they wanted him to do next. "Go on, Rebel," Olivia urged. "That's a good boy. Teddy, let him lick your panties like that." She marveled at her son's foolish posture as he tried to follow her directions and encourage Rebel to nuzzle his panty crotch. The dog soon attended to the boy's baby boner and licked him all around his nylon-covered penis.

"Do you feel that when he licks you over your panties?" she asked to his shame.

"Oh, yes, Mommy..." He was enjoying the feeling, however shameful the situation was for him. He kept looking around to make sure no strangers were about to pass



them. His mother sensed his fear and repeatedly assured him all was clear. Then she commanded, "Let Rebel lick you some more. I'll let you enjoy I for now, but from now on, if I ever catch him lapping your pantied willy without my permission, I'll punish both of you severely. Is that clear, Teddy?"

"Yes, Mommy. I'm sorry I was naughty with Reb."

"Well, even though you get excited when Reb licks you, it can also be a humiliating punishment when I let him do it while I watch, isn't it? And when I order it, I'll have Reb lick your penis through your pretty panties and bottom even if you don't want it. That means, exciting your weewee until you have one of your thrilling little cums. I to train him to lick your bum hole too; I'll have you spread open your bottom cheeks so Reb can lick you there while I watch. Just think, we could be in the middle of tea, or we could be visiting Melissa, and I'll just say, 'Go on, Teddy, let Reb lick your bum!' After all, your auntie knows that you are addicted to girlie clothes, so I think it would be fun to bring her in on your secret life and show her what your loving dog does for you. Keep that thought in mind until the next time we see her. I think it's a good time to show her what a little sissy you really are."

She let the image sink into his brain. He wouldn't want to do that, but he knew if that was what his mother wanted, it would surely happen at her choosing. Rebel was greedily licking the underside of his small penis. Involuntarily, Teddy bucked his hips Rebel lapped at him slavishly.

"Wouldn't Melissa be surprised to know what you do in your girlie clothes and the sex you have with Reb? Since she found out about you, I told her you're a secret sissy boy and have been one for a long time. She didn't seem to mind at all; I think now is the time to tell her and show her a lot more."

This was big news for Teddy. His mother's attention was always quite enough for him; anyone one else seeing him so disposed made him nervous; and people he knew made it especially irksome. Bringing someone else into their lifestyle excited him, but it scared him even more. He had always imagined how his favorite relative, Aunt Melissa, would react to seeing him dressed up in his panties and frocks, and now that had happened, he hoped she wouldn't tease him too much or give him too hard of a time.

"Yes, she is very interested; I have to tell you, Teddy. I know you didn't want her to know and all that, and I did try to keep it a secret, but I'm afraid she just saw too much the last time when she visited. You can't hide from it after something like that; you are a sissy. That's that, and people will eventually find out no matter how secretive you would like to be." As she continued, he felt the extremely erotic tingling in his penis as Reb continued to lick him. "Turn around and let him lick your bottom too. You'll like that, I'm sure, or perhaps you've already tried it, huh? I know what a dirty little mind you have sometimes," she laughed.

Teddy turned hesitantly and began to crouch forward and present his bottom to Reb. His mother had him hold aside his panty leg elastic to allow the dog access to his butt hole. Reb did sense of what they wanted him to do and he complied! Teddy's expression changed to one of sheer pleasure. He





gasped and moved unsteadily with his panties still nestling his penis in front. It was such an unfamiliar delight. He almost forgot himself and squatted even more daringly to allow Reb's licking tongue more access.

"Now you'll want to do that all the time, I suppose," she said sarcastically. She found it to be an erotic scene, almost unable to stop herself from lifting her skirt to finger herself to her own panty climax. She had to admit she was entertained by the erotic spectacle of watching Reb lick Teddy's penis and bottom. She always wanted her son to experiment and enjoy sex, no matter how bizarre her ideas about discipline and training turned out to be. She decided Reb had licked the lad's arse long enough. Teddy was gasping and straining on his haunches. The look on his face told Olivia he really loved it and didn't want it to stop. But Olivia told him it was time to try something else. She had her son lie on his side on the blanket and then positioned Reb on his side next to him in the classic 69 position. She had the dog lick her son's penis as she had Teddy reach out and touch the dog's sheath of furry skin covering his animal cock. The dog responded quickly to being manipulated. Teddy blushed when his mother said, "It looks like you know how to do that. I bet you've played with Reb's cock before, huh?" She laughed and he blushed but didn't answer her. "Well, seeing how you are already queer for boy

dogs, put his penis in your mouth, panty boy. See how Reb's pink snaky penis is starting to peek out of its foreskin? Put it in your mouth and make him feel good." Olivia told her son.

"I don't want to. Do I have to, Mommy?"

"You see how hard his penis is getting and how the pink tip is peeking out of its hairy covering? Well, you made him hard and horny like that, so, YES, you do have to suck on it and finish him off."

Teddy positioned his head flush with the slimy dog dick.

"Open your mouth, gay boy. You have some work to do."

The boy looked up at her with pleading eyes. He didn't want to put that smelly thing in his mouth.

"Don't give me that look; if you want to wear panties, you have to learn all the things panty boys have to do, like sucking on boys' cocks. Reb will be good practice for you, so you better start sucking his doggie penis or you're in for one hell of a whipping."

A moment later the boy's small mouth opened and let Reb's

slimy, pink dog dick into his mouth. He began sucking and doing a pretty good job of it too.

"Lick his hairy balls too," his mother commanded. The kid let the dick slide out of his mouth and then licked the beast's tight, hairy balls and excited Reb even more. At Olivia's direction, Teddy went back to audibly sucking on Reb's thrusting cock. It didn't take the dog long to climax, and he shot forth a nice load of his hot, smelly cum

Olivia had to steady both Reb's bucking hips as well as Teddy's head to keep the two locked in position for her boy's intro into the dog facefucking him, and when Reb did tense up and start to shoot his juice, it shocked Teddy and he couldn't handle all the icky stuff being deposited in his mouth. The startled boy pulled away, but that merited the reward of hot, sticky dog semen being sprayed all over his angelic face.

"It was good that you got Reb to cum, but in the future you have to keep it all in your mouth and swallow it, or you'll make me angry. Now, wipe as much of his juice as you can off of your face with your fingers, then lick you fingers clean, and don't you dare wash off any of the juice left on your face, just leave it there as a reminder of what you did with your boy dog. Now, you're my little sticky faced panty boy."

For the rest of the day, even while at the dinner table, his mother insisted that whenever Reb felt like nuzzling Teddy again, he should ask her if he could let his loving dog lick him, and as often as it happened that day, Olivia permitted her son to oblige Rebel.

Just before they sat down for dinner, she showed her son a carrot about the size of her index finger. As he wondered what was next, he watched her grease it with butter and then had him crawl across her lap. He was pouting, thinking she was going to give him another spanking, but she quieted his fears and told him she had another surprise in store for him. However, his relief was short lived as he felt her pull down his panties in back;



then he jerked in surprise as she thrust the greased carrot up his tight asshole. Halfway in, she began pushing it in and out in a fucking motion. The carrot rubbed against his prostate and excited him in a strange new way. His mother carrot fucked him with one hand while manipulating his penis through the front of his panties with her other hand. She soon had him writhing in ecstasy until he had a dry orgasm. For several minutes, his mother left the carrot halfway in his butt hole as she massaged his still spanked tender ass cheeks. Then she took out the carrot, stood him up to straighten his panties and had him sit at the table for dinner -- the first thing she served him was the raw carrot she had just used to butt fuck him. Teddy didn't want to eat the carrot, but he had an even stronger desire not to go against his mother, so slowly, but dutifully, he picked it up and then ate it. Happily, spaghetti was the next course, and that he consumed with pleasure because he was quite hungry.

Just as Teddy helped himself to the last tasty forkful of pasta, Reb nuzzled his nose between the boy's bare legs, and then idly licked the length of Teddy's penis as he sat there in just his panties.

"Mommy?" he began quietly.

She looked up at him pleasantly, "Yes?"

Teddy felt his penis tingle and shifted forward on his thin panties to give the dog better access. He asked, "Mommy, can I let Rebel lick my panties, again, please?" Teddy went beet red instantly. Olivia couldn't help herself; she laughed out loud. Poor Teddy was mortified. He hung his head and almost wept. She saw his consternation and felt for him, going to his side she knelt beside him, hugging him fondly.

"I'm sorry, Teddy. But the way you said 'Can I let Rebel lick my panties again, please?' was so adorable. I'm sorry for laughing." He then felt less ashamed, and she nodded her head. "Go on, then, Teddy, just move forward in your seat and spread your legs apart so he can get to you." She returned to her seat but

leaned to the right to see this strange intimacy. Rebel was soon exploring Teddy's inner thighs, inching tantalizingly close to his panties. Dutifully, the boy kept his thighs wide apart, awaiting the dog's intrusive stimulation. True to form, Reb lapped at the boy's panty-clad scrotum. His tongue was working quickly. He covered the entire area eagerly. Olivia marveled at his fervor and watched intently. Teddy's penis was throbbing, outlined through the panties sodden with the dog's saliva. It stiffened rapidly. By his expression, she gathered he was more excited than ever, and soon after, he shook with a strong orgasm.

His mother smiled with a satisfied look, and then said, "Well, after that bit of excitement, you better get down on the floor and suck on Reb. Milk him of his doggie boy juice again until he fills your mouth with puppy-making cum. "You have to do for your loving doggie what he is doing for you." Teddy had not liked doing it the first time, and didn't want to do it again.

"Really, Mother? I don't think I like it." She put her one hand on the back of his head and guided his face right up to the dog's twitching, wet, bright veined cock. Teddy didn't like the rancid stale smell of it. "But, but," he tried to complain, but she simply told him, "Now, get your lips around his penis and suck; take it all in as it gets bigger. You will so love doing it; all panty-wearing boys learn how much fun it is. Suck on it

until he sprays your mouth with doggie juice. Then swallow it all. If you spill it, I'll have to punish you. Get sucking now, my little doggie cocksucking pantywaist gay boy!" With that, she held his head in place. Reb was excited, but it didn't stop the dog from continuing to aggressively lick Teddy's penis through his panties, and with the sexual excitement the boy felt and the power his mother exercised over him, he had no choice but to do exactly what she wanted him to do.

Once he cums, don't swallow it right away; just hold it in your mouth and let me see it before you swallow it, and you better get all of it in your mouth this time and not lose any of it, or I'll punish you. I'm training you to be a cocksucker of boys bigger and stronger than you, and Reb is a good start. You're going to be a faggot as well as a sissy -- a real cocksucking gay boy; won't that be nice, Teddy? We'll have to let Auntie Melissa know about that too. She always has a bunch of boys hanging around her; I'm sure she'll be able to get many of them to let you suck on their cocks for practice. You have an exciting life waiting for you, don't you my dear panty boy?"

It was obvious that he wanted to touch himself even though he so recently had a dry cum, but his mother guessed his desires and told him to keep his hands off his pantied front, but if he did do a good job sucking off Reb, she'd let him dance around like a sissy boy and have a panty-wanking session. ♦

