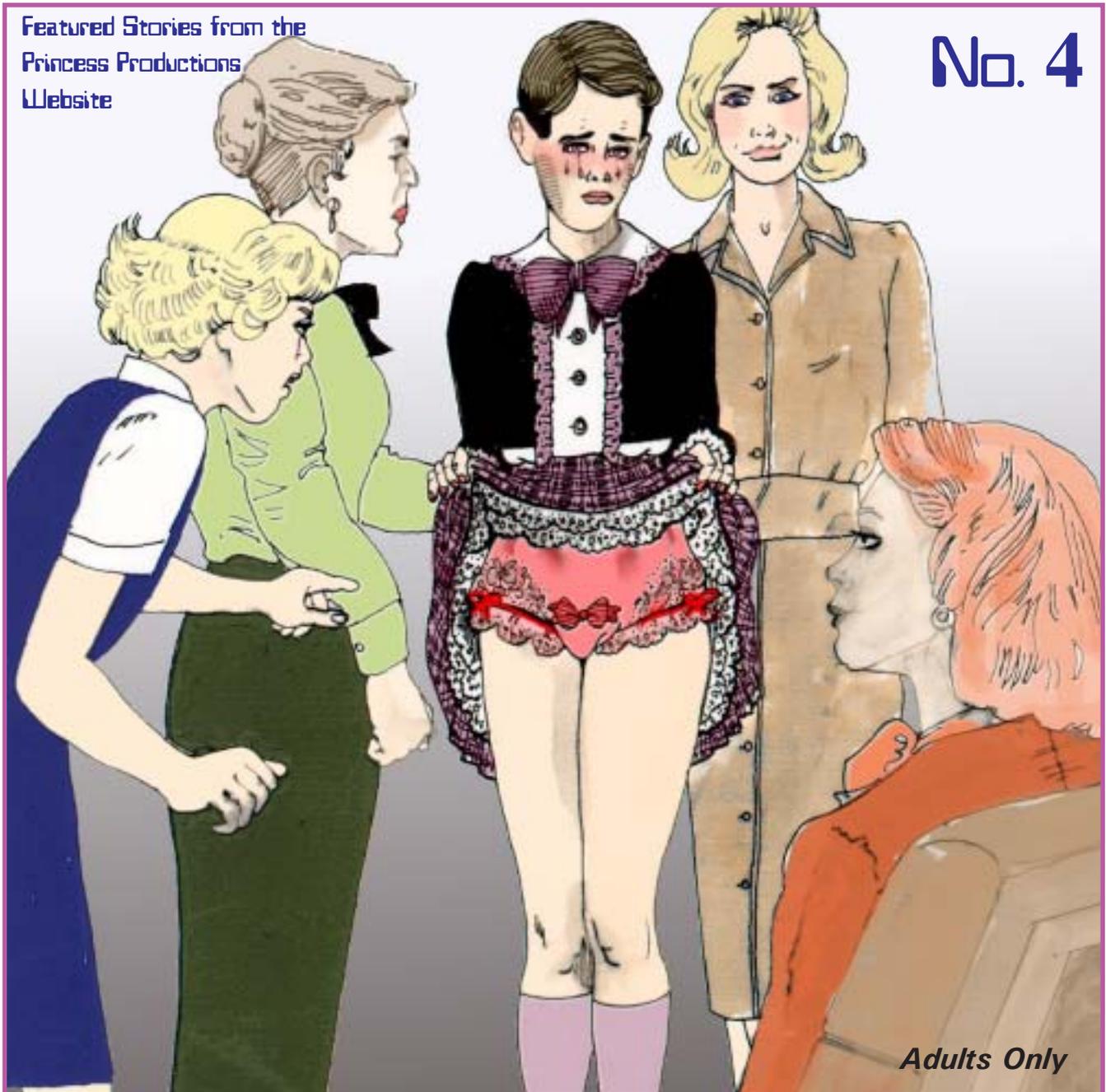


# Princess Online

Featured Stories from the  
Princess Productions  
Website

No. 4



*Adults Only*

Originally featured on our Internet website, these are our best "stories of the month" and "letters of the month" about pantywaist sissies. Stories often include spanking, feminization, humiliation and both straight and forced gay themes.

Since 1981

**A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION**

## *A Message from Princess Lacey*

### *Men: Your days are numbered!*

Dear Sissies,

January 2000: For me, the past year has one of incredible highs and lows. Both of my parents passed away, and most anyone would probably agree that losing your parents ranks as one of the lowest times of your life. But a high for me was the fact that I made Princess Productions into a full-time business and introduced myself to thousands of new people by developing our website on the Internet. And one of my year's best highs: We took a much needed vacation: a cross-country drive (I don't like airplanes) to Las Vegas to see Barbra Streisand's New Year's Eve concert.

Barbra has since announced that it was the last concert of her career. It was a wonderful three-hour show. HBO was there filming it. When they televise it in a few months, you just might see me (the blonde sitting on the right-hand side in the twelfth row)! Barbra was looking as beautiful as ever and performing at a magnificent peak, complete with tons of confetti and flashing lights at that magical moment that marked the beginning of the year 2000.

Two thousand! It sounds so unusual to say and weird to write. We're so used to writing 19 something or another. But we're just talking words here. Nothing really changed at that stroke of midnight. After all, do you realize that over half the world uses a different calendar than we do? And they don't even have the same date for the start of a year. And the year 2000 is very debatable. The calendar has gone through changes over the centuries, and if measuring from the time of Christ's birth, it is definitely off. Scholars generally agree that Christ was born around 4 B.C.

So all this year 2000 stuff is symbol and not substance. We won't even get into the argument that the millennium starts in 2001 and not in 2000. With what I've already said, that's about the world's most unimportant debate. And the Y2K bug? People should be ashamed of themselves if they gave much heed to the fear mongers and became caught up in all that crap. The best thing to come out of it: Many aging computers and programs were updated or completely replaced. Like in times of war, some real progress can result when a society reacts to a universal fear.

What's my point? Very simply: If we as a people can get that excited over the Y2K hoopla, why don't we get genuinely upset over some really horrific things, like man's inhumanity to man? Y2K put a lot of fear into many people, enough fear for them to react and do something about it (even if it was mostly imagined). Why can't we unite and become upset enough to work together to overcome the crime, poverty and hatred that we see every day on the news. If we really wanted to do something and we did it together, we could do great things. There is no lack of things needed to be done. But thinking that way makes me angry at a Congress that can't pass strong gun legislation, corruption in all levels of government, politicians who sell their souls for votes and money. If we're the greatest country in the world, why can't we supply the world's best health care to every citizen, feed and house the needy, and make our schools unparalleled institutions of learning? Mark my word, the days of war, macho men, governments controlled by bullies and naughty little boys is ending. As people become more and more fed up with how men do (and ruin) things, female rule will be the only logical alternative.

Love,

*Princess Lacey*



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*"Princess Lacey, what about your love life? Are you married or do you have a steady boyfriend?"*

During high school and college, dating for me was fairly typical. Then I married a 'macho' type of man, thinking he was the kind of man who was supposed to make me happy. Well, my years with him were the low point of my life. Following my divorce, I met and immediately fell in love with a wonderful man by the name of Jim.

On our very first date as we were doing some hot and heavy necking, he told me not to be shocked but that he always wore women's panties. He even showed me! I wasn't shocked or offended. Even though I had never been out with a man who wore women's panties (that I knew of), I only had to think about it only for a moment. I let him know it didn't make any difference to me!

I had been strongly attracted to this man from the moment I had met him. He was so different from my ex-husband. This guy was kind and gentle, but not overtly effeminate. When he told me about his fetish for panties, I related to everything he said. It made me think about my own lifelong love affair with panties. It was really wild. Here was a guy who loved silky panties more than I did! We were both very turned-on; we would have consummated our love at that very moment if my carriage weren't about to be changed back into a pumpkin. However, we were able to get together again just two nights later, and we did make wonderful love together, of course, with both of us in pretty panties! We've been together ever since.

From the start, it was obvious that Jim had a great need for acceptance and understanding. I was glad to oblige. I put him at ease about his need to wear panties. I told him how much I loved them too! He was thrilled, and our lives have been heaven together ever since. Almost immediately, I began calling him 'Sissy' or 'Sissyboy Jimmie.' This I shortened to 'SJ' for whenever we were in public. If you want to read his wonderfully exciting life story, I've published it as an ongoing series in my publication "Panty Lines." The series is entitled, "The Making of a Sissy."

### **Now, let me hear about you!**

After reading all about me, it's your turn. Write to me and tell me all about yourself! Remember you can confide in me. If you can't resist putting on your femmy panties, I know how you feel. I love you for loving panties. I understand you, and I'll help you in any way I can. For years now, I have been searching out and helping sissy boys just like you. So write to me today. Tell me about your love for panties. Describe your panties to me; tell me about your first experiences with panties, how you became hooked on them, and how you can't live without them.

Yours in Panties,

*Princess Lacey*

### **A Visit to Our Website**

For those of you who don't have a computer and therefore can't visit us on the Internet, on this page, we're showing you some of the information you would see if you could access our website.

At our site, we have hundreds of different 'web pages' with photos, drawings, letters, stories, articles and general information. And many of them are available free. Here we show you three of our free Internet pages in which I answer some FAQ (frequently asked questions).

*"Why as a woman, are you interested in panty-wearing sissyboys?"*

I had a gay uncle who used to baby-sit for me. Our entire family knew he was gay, but no one talked about it. Whenever he took care of me, I would always have a lot of fun with him and his friends. Many times while staying with him, after I had gone to bed, a number of his gay friends would show up and they would have a quiet little party. Frequently, some of those men came dressed in drag.

I used to pretend I was asleep, and then I would peek at them through my half-open bedroom door. With a child's natural instincts, I wasn't fooled. I could tell they weren't really women but just men all dressed up. It was okay with me. In fact, I was quite fascinated. My uncle's parties weren't orgies. The men all acted quite proper; however, many of them danced with each other and some of them even liked to kiss. That would make me giggle.

Ever since then, I loved to see males dressed in feminine clothes. They were exciting and fun to be with. Throughout school and college, I retained my special appreciation for sissyboys, even though I never met any straight men who liked to dress up until I grew up.

STORY OF THE  
MONTH

MARCH 1999

# Tom Cruise



**While growing up,  
movie star Tom Cruise  
liked to dress up  
like a girl!**

*(See article next page.)*

What you didn't know about America's No. 1 vampire

PLUS

## Hollywood's hottest hunk like you've never seen him before — dressed as a girl!



TERRIFYING Tom in the monster movie "Interview With the Vampire."

eral months. Cher was obsessed with Tom.

"She'd prepare home-cooked meals for him after work — and she'd pamper and fan him the whole time he was eating."

The sexy singer hoped for a permanent relationship, said the author.

"However, things began coming to an end for Tom and Cher after they spent an evening kissing at a party hosted by Paul Newman.

"Some people were annoyed by Tom's behavior, and he suddenly realized it wasn't good for his image to be seen smooching an 'older woman.' Shortly afterward he ended the romance."

Tom married actress Mimi Rogers in 1987.

He divorced her in 1990 and wed Nicole Kidman, his "Days of Thunder" co-star.

That same year Tom was hit by homosexual rumors after a New York gay magazine pleaded for him to "come out of the closet."

The actor has never spoken out about the rumors, Clarkson explained.

"Tom has a number of influential gay

### Teenage Tom was out of control after his dad abandoned him

friends and feels it's better not to respond.

"But his 'Top Gun' costar John Stockwell, who chased girls with him during Tom's early stardom, told me: 'Tom is definitely NOT gay!'"

Although Nicole is the most important woman in Tom's life, she's not the most influential. That honor belongs to his ex-agent Paula Wagner, who now runs Tom's movie production company, said Clarkson.

"Tom never makes a decision without first consulting Paula."

But Tom's heart belongs strictly to his beautiful wife, said Clarkson.

"Nicole describes him as 'the best lover I've ever had.'"

— DIANE ALBRIGHT

Macho Tom Cruise pilots jet fighters, drives race cars and romances beautiful women on-screen — yet amazingly, as a youngster he loved to dress as a girl!

Dolling up gave 12-year-old Tom a chance to cut loose, says close boyhood pal Tommy Puckett, who grew up just a few houses from the star.

"Everyone always said Tom was in control of every aspect of his life — that he was predictable." To counter that image, he'd startle people by dressing as a woman for costume parties.

"Even when we just got together to goof around, he'd put on makeup and a dress just to shock everyone," added Puckett.

"My dad took pictures of Tom, joking that otherwise, no one would ever believe it!"

Tom moved into the Louisville, Ky., neighborhood in the '70s with his mom and three sisters after his parents' divorce.

Despite his clowning around in dresses, Tom was definitely all boy, says Puckett.

"The very first time I met him, he was roller-skating down our street holding a hockey stick."

"To the neighborhood kids he became the leader of the pack."

"And he would reward our loyalty by either buying or stealing cigarettes from the corner store for all of us to smoke."

"One of our hobbies back then was to take my BB gun out back and kill 'critters' such as rabbits, squirrels, mice and birds."

"Tom was a pretty good shot!"

Cruise — who was born Thomas Mapother — moved out of the area after a couple of years and he and Puckett fell out of touch.

"It's hard to look at his films as 'Tom Cruise' movies now," said Puckett, 29, "because we'll always remember him as little Tommy Mapother from Kentucky."

— DONNA BARR



WHY YOUNG TOM loved to wear makeup and dresses for Halloween — or anytime!



The above article appeared in a 1994 supermarket tabloid and tells about movie star Tom Cruise and the fun he had as a child dressing up as a girl.

## STORY OF THE MONTH - APRIL 1999

# Panty Training in the Devers Family

### Chapter 1 *He'll Do Anything for Panties*

"But you wouldn't really piss into a boy's mouth, would you?" Lee Ann screeched.

Cathy flashed a wild grin as she simply nodded, "yes."

Then squeals of delight filled the air as both Lee Ann and Cathy stared at each other and started laughing so hard that their legs flew up into the air and they slid off the living room couch. Now nestled together on the floor with their skirts twisted up high around their thighs, they continued their whispers, giggles and heated conversation.

But from the darkened hallway, a pair of eyes peeked at them intensely and went wide with excitement at the sight of Lee Ann's exposed lacy yellow slip. Those peeking eyes hungrily opened even wider as Cathy, who was still in the throws of laughter, rolled on the floor and kicked her legs up again. In the process, her short pleated skirt and pale pink slip slid all the way up around her hips.

"I haven't done it yet. But I will, mind you!" she said as she struggled to sit upright and regain control of herself. Since they hadn't bothered to modestly tug down their skirts, that pair of staring eyes flitted back and forth between the two girls, excitedly taking in every bit of their upskirt magic show.

"But Kenny's stronger than you. How will you get him to . . ." Lee Ann couldn't even say it again without breaking out into a fresh fit of laughter.

"Like I told you. You don't have to be stronger than a boy to get him to do most anything."

"But your brother! And in his mouth!" Cathy asked, still having a hard time believing. She had heard bizarre stories about mothers and sisters

taking control of the males in their families, but she thought such stories were just fantasies.

"Mom and I got Kenny hooked on panties really easy. I couldn't believe how easy it was."

"You keep mentioning 'getting him hooked on panties.' What do you mean?"

"Panties. Pretty girls' panties. They drive him crazy. He gets half hypnotized just looking at them, even in newspaper ads. He's so embarrassed about it, doesn't want people to know, but he's collected a whole scrapbook full of panty advertisements. He stays up all night looking at his panty pictures, playing with panties, looking for them in the dirty clothes hamper, our dressers, our closets . . . and, when he does finally fall asleep, Mom says she's even heard him talking about panties in his sleep!"

"So he's like brainwashed?" Lee Ann asked in disbelief.

"Oh, yeah, real powerful like. He can't go to sleep at night unless he's holding onto a silky pair in his fingers and sucking his thumb."

"Like a baby?"

"Oh, god, yes. Mom gets a kick out of rewarding him with panties. She finds it amusing to pick the dirtiest pair out of the laundry hamper and tease him with them. She can control him like leading a horse with a carrot on a stick. When she does that, he turns into a blubbering idiot . . . moaning, kissing them and whispering to them like they are alive."

"I can't believe that of the Kenny I know. What changed? How did he get that way?" Lee Ann wanted to know.

"Mom did it. She had gotten literature from this organization about making guys into pussy slaves. I don't think she really believed half the things she read in those brochures, but she started trying some of the stuff on

Kenny, more as a joke than anything. She let me in on what she was doing. I joined in on the fun. At first, we'd let him catch us running around in just our lingerie all the time. I'd take a pair of my panties, real dirty ones, and if they weren't dirty enough I'd rub the crotch of them in my pussy and ass and leave them on his pillow just before bedtime. Mom would come in later and accuse him of taking the panties, make him put them on for punishment, call him a sissy, and pinch his penis and balls through the panties until he was screaming. She'd make him keep them on even though he complained that the piss and dirt in them chafed him and irritated his crotch like crazy.

"We did that and a hundred other things, all stuff from the book that Mom got from that church. Oh, yeah, can you believe this is actually a church group! Well anyway, that book has some of the weirdest things ever. Like one time we tried a recipe from the book. We boiled up a pot full of dirty panties and made panty tea for him! He made a face at first, but he didn't seem to mind the taste too much. Of course, we made him drink it all up!

"Then one day we heard a big thump from upstairs. Mom had been collecting more than a week's worth of our dirty panties. She had been keeping them in a little wicker basket which she put on top the bathroom radiator, and she kept the radiator in that bathroom turned up very hot. Mom said she wanted that joint smelling like a whorehouse full of hot pussy! And it sure did smell wicked! Well, when we went upstairs to investigate the noise, Kenny was lying on the bathroom floor wearing a virgin white pair of my lace panties and more than a dozen pairs of the dirty panties over his head! Probably from a lack of air, he had blacked out! Mom got all those panties off his head, and he woke up as she



**Whenever Mrs. Evers found that Kenny had shot off in a pair of her panties, she's put the panties on and go around the house with nothing else on. If any of her friends stopped in, she'd point out Kenny's fresh cum stains.**

helped him to his bedroom, but it was scary. On his bed were more than — and I'm not exaggerating — more than a hundred pictures he had drawn of panties and pictures of girls in panties he had cut from newspapers and magazines. That made Mom realize just how effective her panty training had been.

"You'd have thought after being caught like that, he would have been all embarrassed, but he wasn't! He pleaded with Mom to have the dirty panties back!

"At that moment, we knew that enslaving a boy to panties wasn't a joke. It was very real!

"Now, it's almost gotten out of hand. Mom has to lock up all our lingerie, especially the dirty laundry and ration them out to him. Poor Kenny is a sight. For a while there, we'd wake up in the morning and he'd be curled up by the closet door where Mom keeps them locked away.

"Mom finally felt sorry for him. Now, as long as he's been completely obedient and does his homework, she gives him a ripe pair of panties to play with each night. And whenever Mom finds a pair of her panties that he shot his load into, she puts them on and nothing else! She loves to lie around the house like that. Not only that, she loves to phone her new church girlfriends and tell them all about it. I tell you, the women Mom met at this church place are really something! When she calls them like that, some of them drive right over, and they usually bring their kids. She lets the kids see, smell and touch the icky cum stains and then makes Kenny explain to them how those stains got on her panties! The girls always laugh and shame Kenny. The boys get very embarrassed and nervous. I know she has many of those boys fully panty trained. Even when they are totally embarrassed

to see Kenny like that, some of those boys have a hard-on in their pants and a sickly look on their faces, but they can't take their eyes off of Mom in her soiled panties."

## **Chapter 2** ***Sissyboy*** ***Show-and-Tell***

"I don't believe . . ." Lee Ann questioned. "I mean, Kenny's not like that. You're joking! Kenny is so crazy about baseball; everything is baseball to him. Baseball morning, noon and night. He's just like all the other jerky boys around here: baseball, baseball, and more baseball. No. You're just kidding me."

"No, I'm not, Lee Ann. Kenny used to be crazy about baseball. Now, he's forgotten all about it. He's ten times crazier about cute, dinky, little panties than he ever was about being a pitcher. He quit the team last week. Well, more like he was kicked off the team because he kept missing practice and showing up late for games."

"Sure, I can understand that he likes to look at panties," Lee Ann insisted. "Most boys do. My brother is always trying to peek up my skirt too. God, how I hate that!"

"You hate it because you're not in control. But take it from me; if you are in control, there is nothing more exciting than getting a boy to look up your skirt! But, it's more than that. We've gotten Kenny totally addicted to panties. I'm not kidding you. After we hooked him, I started experimenting with guys in the park. It's so-o-o-o easy. Mom lets me read

that book and the pamphlets she has. I loved the part about hooking strangers . . . it explains how to do it, step-by-step."

"Gee! Cathy, can I see that book?"

"Sure, I'll get it."

A few moments later, Cathy came back from her mother's bedroom flagging the book in her hand. It was a thin pink booklet, entitled "Controlling the Male - Manual #3 Panty Training and Fetish Development." The two girls got back up on the couch and huddled as Lee Ann looked at the pictures and Cathy read select bits of text.

"Hooking a young boy on panties is easier than hooking him on candy!"

"Where did you say your mom got this book?" Lee Ann asked.

"She got it from a woman she knew years ago. They ran into each other last summer . . . at their twenty-fifth high school reunion. Anyway, conversation led from one thing to the next, you know how it goes . . . well, as it turns out, this woman, Rita . . . Rita, uh, Rita something . . . I forgot her last name. Anyway, this Rita belongs to a church that is dedicated to women taking over, controlling men and things like that."

"Really? Are you sure this isn't just some kind of story she's making up?"

"No, Lee Ann. Look here. Look in the book. See. It says printed by the 'Women in God Church - Dedicated to Honoring the Female Supreme Being.'"

"Wow! What do they do?"

"Well, just like I was showing you in the book. Mom and I have been practicing on Kenny."

While the girls continued to be engrossed in the book, the pair of eyes from down the hallway kept staring at them, trying to peek up their skirts. The things Cathy was saying and showing Lee Ann in the book were making the girl's head spin. She was getting excited. These ideas made her virgin pussy hot, and she could feel moisture spreading through the crotch band of her ticklishly soft nylon panties.

"Like I told you, I've tried a lot of this stuff already," Cathy bragged. "In the park, I've flashed my panties to a lot of boys, even some men. There was one boy in particular ..."

"Your panties really got him, huh?"

Lee Ann asked.

"Did they ever," Cathy said as she stretched one leg up as high as she could and then twisted herself into a sexy pose.

"How old was he?" Lee Ann asked as the two of them again slid off the sofa, bringing their skirts and slips up to their waists in the process.

"Oh, about the same age as your brother."

"That young? What did you do? Could I do it too?" Lee Ann eagerly wanted to know as she leaned back against the sofa and dug her elbows deep into the seat cushions. But she was unable to sit still with all this exciting talk. She waved her legs back and forth as she tried to circulate some cool air up her skirt and over her steaming hot panty crotch.

Cathy jumped up and sat down in a large chair as she explained, "First, find a secluded place near some boys. I sat, just like this, on a bench overlooking the lake. You know those benches near the hot dog stand at Dalton Park, just down from the baseball diamond."

"Then pick your victim. Wait for a boy who is alone and walking or looking toward you. It's best to pick a shy, passive one to learn on. That's what the book says. Sit casually. Part your legs a little. Keep crossing and uncrossing them, and as he approaches, give him a little peek . . . like this." Cathy shook her skirt toward an imaginary boy walking toward her.

"Make it look like you are absentmindedly fluffing up and straightening out your skirt. Don't look directly at him. Keep your head down and occasionally peek at him quickly with the corner of your eye to make sure he's looking and you have him interested. You can tell he's sneaking peeks at you even if you don't immediately catch him. If he's peeking, he'll slow down walking; he may even come to a complete stop. Then when you feel his eyes on you, look him right in the eye, wink at him and smile. He'll feel your stare and have to peek up at you to see if you've noticed him staring."

"Motion to him with your hand an invitation to sit down, but as he gets

ready to sit beside you, tell him to sit on the ground, right in front of your feet."

Cathy repositioned herself on the chair and directed Lee Ann to stay on the floor and play the part of the boy.

"Talk really friendly to him. Talk slowly because he'll have a hard time concentrating on your words while you raise your skirt a few inches above your knees. Then part your legs slightly as you cross them. Just like this."

"Then swing your foot."

"You're just kicking your foot. I don't see any panties," Lee Ann told her.

"You're not supposed to see them yet! You have to get him going first."

"Get a bump in his pants?"

"Sure," Cathy said then uncrossed her legs and let them part a bit more.

"Now can you see my panties?"

"Yeah, uh huh! Pink! But is that enough for a bump?"

Cathy laughed, "You aren't a boy. It doesn't take a lot. Watch . . . very slowly, casually sit back . . . Do a sexy little squirm. Play with the lace hem of your slip. Rub the soft nylon with your fingers."

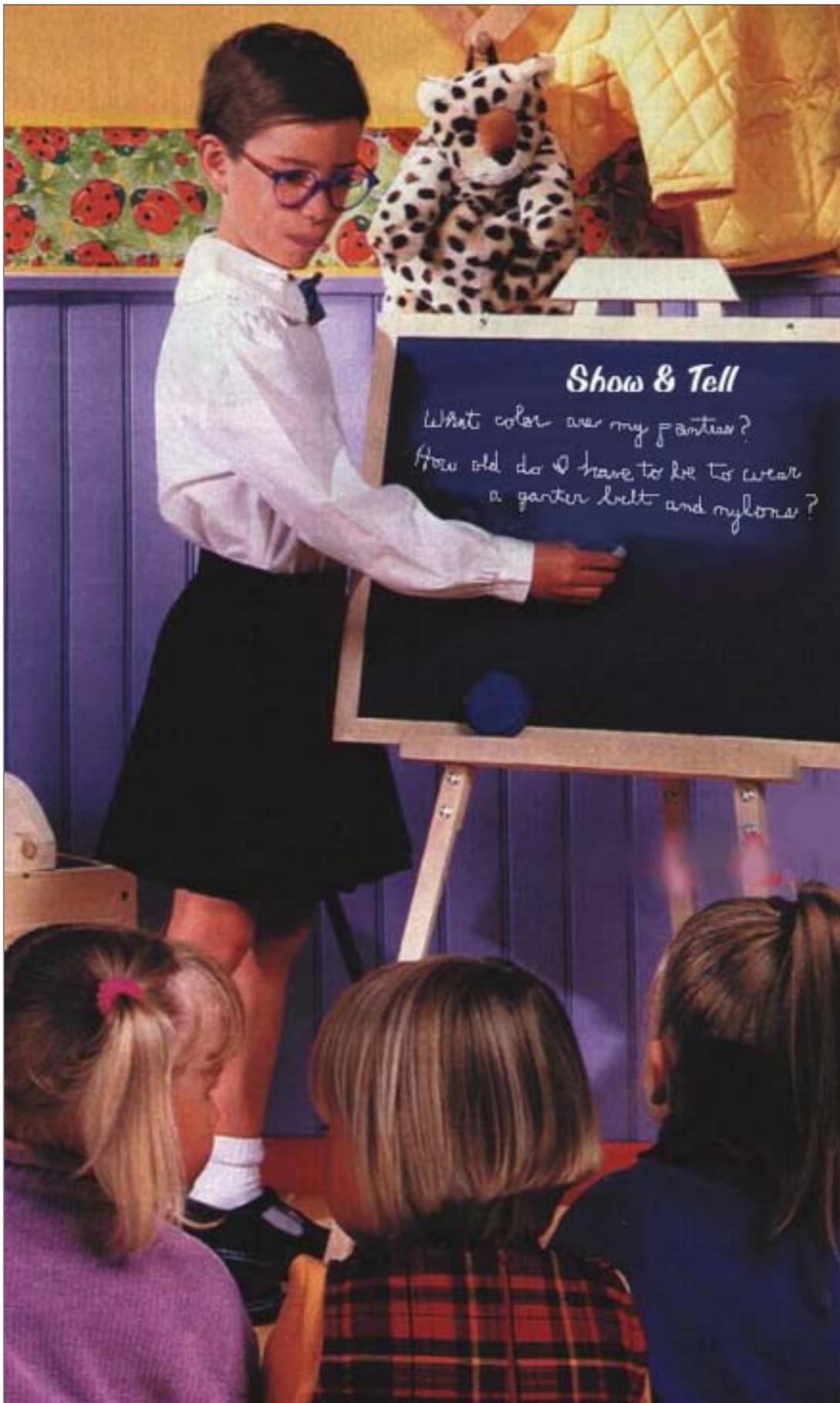
"He's got a bump now?"

"If he hasn't, you do more," Cathy said. She proceeded to illustrate what she meant by repeatedly running her fingers along the hem of her skirt, threatening to lift it, only to drop the hem back into a more modest position, but each time coming back with her fingers to raise her skirt and slip a bit more.

"Okay, so he's really lookin.' How do you make him cum?"

"You don't want him to cum! At least not then! You want to charge up his balls not unload them. Once he cums, he'll lose interest and want to leave you. Get those balls of his boiling, but don't let them overflow! After you hook a boy, you'll have him cumming a lot during the training process. Then once he's fully trained, you pull back; you only let him cum when you want. You use cumming as a reward, a reward for him doing the most outlandish, disgusting, degrading and humiliating things. That's power!"

"Okay, let me try sitting like that. You be the boy."



Cathy got up and exchanged places with Lee Ann, who immediately began shaking her skirt. "But you want him real excited, don't you?"

"Sure, but he'll think a lot more about you if he doesn't get relief. Watch," Cathy said as she took a more aggressive position on the couch directly across from Lee Ann.

"Watch his eyes. And pay attention to his breathing. You'll get to learn how to judge when a boy is really close to blowing his wad. If you have enough privacy, continue. If not, take the boy to a more secluded place that you had already picked out. Then you can do things like this," Cathy said as she let her fingers wander over one thigh then absentmindedly travel toward her now exposed panty crotch.

"What are you going to do, Cathy?"

"You'll see in a minute."

Cathy's fingers played with her panty leg elastic, pulling it out and pretending like she was going to lift the panty crotch to the side and expose herself. After more playing and teasing, her thumb and forefinger pulled the panties aside for a quick peek at her pussy.

Lee Ann giggled, "Let me try!"

Just as Lee Ann was starting to stroke her yawning, nylon-covered pussy, Mrs. Devers came into the room, making her rounds watering the plants.

"Cathy, what on earth are you two doing?"

"I'm instructing her in how to panty train a boy, Mother. I told her how we've been learning and experimenting."

Mrs. Devers put down the water can then shifted one plant so it would get more sunlight, "Well, once you've got a boy interested, you want to get your hand into his pants as soon as possible. Making him look is fine, but try experimenting with your brother first the way Cathy does. You got to get your hands on his cock, and then you can take control."

"I've never shown a boy my panties. Just the idea of it makes me all hot. The book says you can even get a boy to wear girls' panties. Are they serious?"

"Well, of course, my dear," Mrs. Devers told her. "Cathy and I got

Kenny to wear them all the time now. Even to school."

"No! You're kidding?" Lee Ann insisted.

"No. I'm not kidding. I'll show you later. I wish I knew about such things while Mr. Devers was still around. Damn him anyway. It would have made my life a lot easier . . ."

"All of this talk made me remember something," Cathy said. "When Peter was in the third grade, we still lived in Lakeside then, anyway, Peter had been making a pest of himself in school by pulling up the girls' skirts. Well, his teacher called Mom and they decided to punish him by making him dress like a girl and letting the girls pull up on his skirt. Can you believe it? I almost totally forgot about it, but with all your talk . . . Anyway, Mom made Peter dress up in one of my skirt and blouse combinations complete with a slip and panties underneath. He even wore some of my shoes and ankle socks. Well, she took him like that to school, took him right into his class. While she watched, the teacher pulled out the 'Show and Tell' board and had him give a report to the class about what it was like being dressed as a girl. Of course the girls were vicious and tried to really embarrass him. He had to write their questions on the blackboard and then answer them. They asked him things like 'When should a boy be old enough to wear a garter belt and nylons?'

'Which one of the boys in class do you most want to kiss?' And 'What color panties are you wearing?' When he wouldn't answer that question, the teacher used it as an opportunity for the girls to surround him and pull up his skirt like he had done to them. Peter was pretty good after that, and we teased him about it for years."

## Chapter 3

### *Threatened with Exposure*

Just then, the sound of little footsteps could be heard running down the hallway away from them. Mrs. Devers didn't have to look up. She knew all along that Kenny had been

peeking at the girls' lingerie show as they carelessly sat around in their upturned skirts. She figured that Kenny got upset when he heard that story about his friend Peter being dressed up like a girl for punishment.

"Mother! Was that Kenny? Was he . . .?"

"Now, don't worry about Kenny. He's probably just going up to his room to look at his pictures."

"Was it Kenny?" Lee Ann wanted to know. "Did he hear us talking about him? And me talking about Peter?"

"Probably," Mrs. Devers said. "I'll tend to him in a minute. Probably time to put him in a dress for a while."

"But doesn't he fight you. I mean, that time with Peter, he really fought my mom."

"Of course, he resists," Cathy continued, "at least he did at first, but Mom's stronger than him, and she threatens to piss in his mouth if he doesn't do what we want."

"Have you ever done that, Mrs. Devers? I mean, done stuff in his mouth like Cathy was saying."

"Well, maybe we're going a little fast here. Cathy and I have been studying and practicing for several weeks now. You're getting a crash course in one afternoon."

"But Mom," Cathy interjected, "Lee Ann's my best friend. She can handle it."

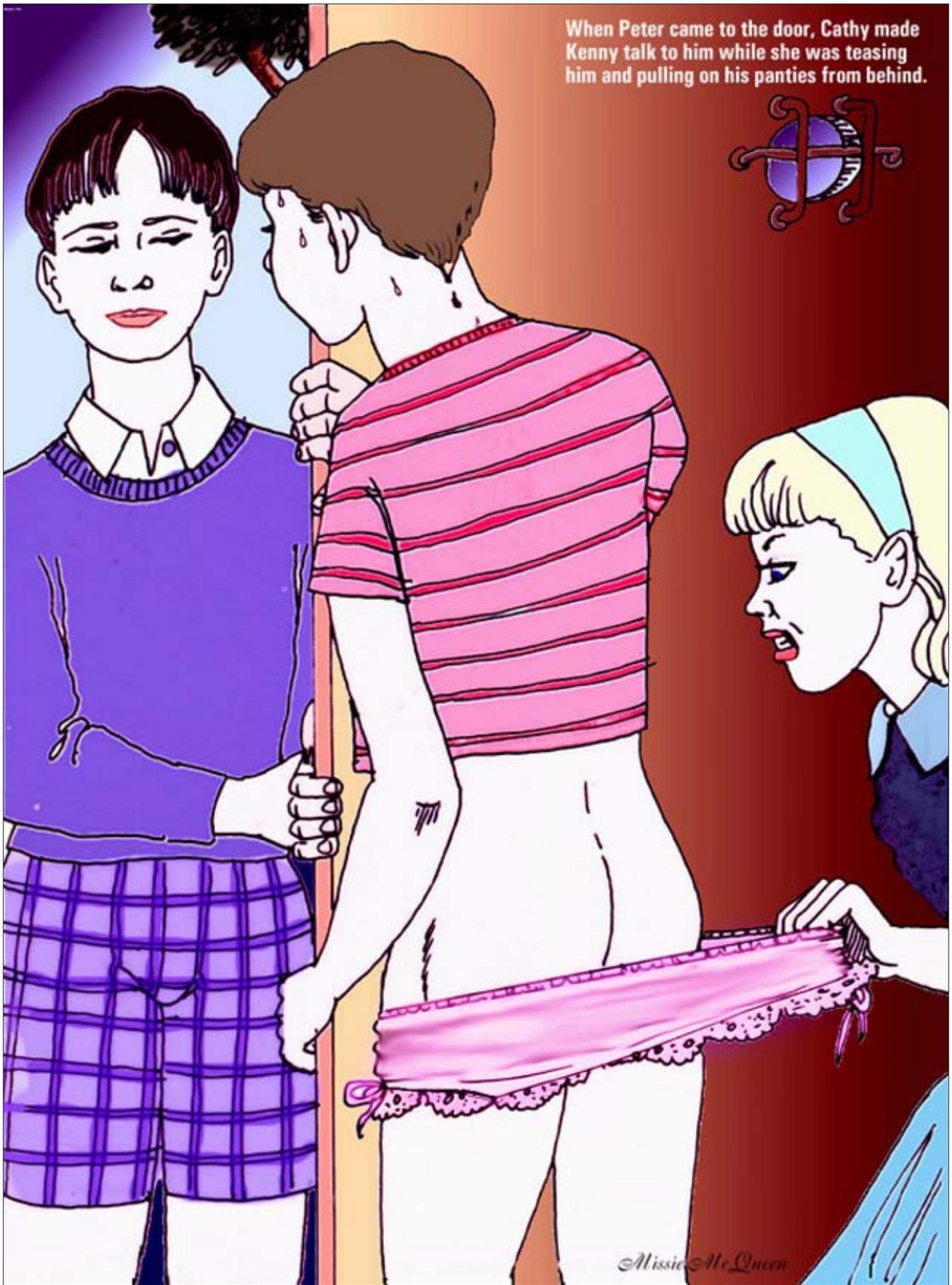
"Well, some of these things are rather drastic, but I do have to admit they work very well! Let me put it this way. Young boys are very impressionable. You have to be careful with the stuff in that book. You can easily wreck a boy for life! Now, your father! If ever a man needed to be wrecked . . ."

"Well, I'd like to wreck my little brother . . ." Lee Ann said.

"I'm sure you would, but your mother might have something to say about you panty training Peter. I don't know how open she'd be to letting you experiment on him. But he would be a good one to practice on."

"Like getting him to wear my panties, like you do to Kenny?" Lee Ann wondered. "I still have a hard time believing that . . ."

When Peter came to the door, Cathy made Kenny talk to him while she was teasing him and pulling on his panties from behind.



*Missie McQueen*

"Sure. That and many other things." Mrs. Devers said as she held her finger up to her lips indicating to be quiet. Then she dashed down the hall and after a brief scuffle, returned dragging little Kenny by the ear. He had been trying to spy on them again.

"What should we do with this naughty little boy who has been peeking at you because you were showing off so much of your pretty slips and panties?"

Lee Ann was a bit embarrassed and started to tug down her raised skirt, but Cathy left her skirt where it was.

"No Lee Ann. Leave your skirt up," Mrs. Devers told her. "Giving a boy a good look up your skirt is a powerful thing. You might as well learn now. This kid's ready to do anything for you. And he won't even fight me when I show you his pretty panties!" she said as she reached into his pants and pulled out a handful of the nice shiny purple nylon panties he was wearing. Lee Ann could even see they were decorated with some lace and embroidered flowers. Mrs. Devers boldly ran her hand up and down the bulge in the front of Kenny's trousers. The bump in his pants pulsed. Tears came to his eyes as he mumbled something about being sore. He moaned and groaned with a mixture of pain and pleasure, but Mrs. Devers ignored his complaints, opened his pants and made him step out of them so Lee Ann could get a good look at his pretty purple panties. She made him turn around, then pluck up the sides of his panties and do a little curtsy to Lee Ann. He started to whimper and cry. Lee Ann blushed and started to laugh.

Just then there was a knock at the door. Cathy peeked out and saw that it was Peter. She made Kenny open the door and talk to him. Kenny hid his pantied condition behind the heavy oak door as he looked around the open door to talk to Peter. As they talked, the females giggled in the background. Cathy came up behind Kenny and kept poking at his butt hole, pulling on his panties and whispering to him how pretty he was. Peter asked Kenny if he wanted to go with him to the movies the following night. Cathy poked Kenny

and whispered to him to say 'yes.'

At that he closed the door. In total humiliation, he picked up his trousers and ran down the hallway to his room.

## Chapter 4

### *Kenny Models a New Dress*

Lee Ann was laughing and still in shock from what she had just seen.

"That's nothing," Cathy laughed. "Sometimes Mom makes him beat off for me. He does it all the time, but on some nights, Mom wants me to see how he does it. I really love it when she makes him jack off until his little pencil dick shoots out a bunch of sticky cum right through his pretty panties. Boy, that's a sight!"

"I bet. But I couldn't do that to Peter. I mean, my mom would sure like to control him, but she's is so old-fashioned. She'd never. And my dad! He'd have a fit."

"You're bigger than your brother. Lead up to it, chase him, and tell him you're going to piss in his mouth. I bet you could handle him without any help. Your mother! I know she's a real churchgoing type, but I also know she'd like to have the upper hand when it comes to men and boys. And your dad! He won't be any real problem. Big bad truck driver, huh! I know you already have him wrapped around your finger. When you smile at him, he blushes like a schoolgirl."

"Well, I don't know. With Dad, I get most of what I want, but, but . . . all this is very different. And with my brother!"

Well, we haven't had a fight, I mean like punching and kicking, no fight like that for a long time, and last time, god it was awful. I chipped a tooth, and . . ."

Mrs. Devers intervened, "You need some psychological dominance over both him and your father. I don't think you'll have any real problem. And now that Cathy and I are getting all kinds of experience, we could help you do it in no time! Why not go home tonight, get your brother alone for a minute and simply tell him that you're stronger than he is and that one day soon, you're

going to hold him down and make him drink the piss right out of your pussy! And as soon as you say it, pull up your skirt and give him a good long look at your panties. Then start giving your pantied pussy a nice long, sexy rub. That will get him thinking!

"Then while he's getting ready for bed, take off those panties -- make sure you've rubbed them well into your cunt so they have a lot of pussy stains and juices on them. Then leave the panties on his pillow all nice and juicy."

Cathy added, "Mom and I do stuff like that all the time to Kenny. When we first started, we would take off our dirty panties and leave them all over the place, especially on door knobs, over the towel rack, and places where we knew Kenny would have to see them and touch them to move them out of his way."

"You can't tell your daddy you're going to piss in his mouth, at least I wouldn't recommend it right away," Mrs. Devers said. "Older men, get the idea a lot more quickly. They know when things start going in a sexual direction, and the wise ones know how to ward off making a stupid decision. But that's exactly what you want him to do to get him under your thumb. You want him to desire you so badly that he'll cross over that 'naughty-naughty-no-no' line. Do that and you'll have him pussy trained forever after. When some men realize they are being teased, they think it's a game, and they can play rough! No! Be very innocent about it all with your dad. Do little panty things around the house so he thinks about them. Show him the new panties you bought whenever you stock up on lingerie. Ask him to help you fold your laundry because you're too tired. Sit with your legs loosely crossed and let your skirt get rucked up, exposing a lot of lace. Under thin white cotton blouses and other sheer clothes wear pastel-colored bras. Ask him if he thinks you're old enough to wear black silk panties. Then regardless of his answer show him that you're wearing a pair!"

"Leave your door open slightly while you are changing clothes. Let him 'accidentally' run into you walking to the bathroom in just your lingerie. He'll

start hungering for you, and that's good," Cathy added.

"With your brother," Mrs. Devers continued, "keep reminding him about your threat to piss in his mouth. You're beautiful, and he knows it. He brags to everyone about how pretty you are. He might scrunch up his face like you said something horrible to him, but the idea will play around in the back of his mind. His disgust will turn into fear and those fears will get his curiosity going. That's just what you want.

"Tomorrow morning, ask him right out if you can see and touch his penis. Believe me; you probably won't have to ask twice. When he does show it to you, touch it, laugh a bit and tell him it's a nice 'little penis!' Tease him that you might like to kiss it sometime. Let him think and agonize about that! Every boy is wildly curious about what that a blowjob like. Every time you're alone with him, run your tongue over your lips and tell him how much you want to suck on his dickie. It'll drive him crazy just thinking about it!

"Also, start suggesting to Peter that he'd look good in girls' clothes. Don't be afraid to come right out and ask him if he'd put on a dress, bra and panties to entertain you. Tell him one of these days, he'll beg you to dress him in your panties and things.

"At first, you might have a problem getting him to wear panties and girls' clothes, especially in front of your macho father, but don't worry. Once you have him and your father solidly under your control, your bother will be giving your daddy a blowjob every time he needs money to buy himself some new panties."

"That will be the day," Lee Ann laughed.

"With your good looks, I could see half the neighborhood men and boys falling all over each other to be your pantywaist slaves."

"I'm all for that."

"Now, if I recall, Peter likes the Sabatini girl down the street, right?"

"Yes, Mrs. Devers."

"Well, Lee Ann, get a pair of her panties and tease him with them. Convince him that wearing those panties will be like fucking her. I think

you can do it. And when you finally put him into panties, you have to do it right. It might seem like a game, but it's a powerful thing to do. A boy properly trained to panties will be your slave for life!"

Mrs. Devers picked up her water can and started back to the door of the living room.

"Could you show me how to do it, Mrs. Devers?"

"You mean on your brother, Peter?"

"Yes."

"Sure, I'll do it, but don't you want to take your time . . ."

"Oh, no! I want to do it as soon as possible. Why take a lot of time? Let's do it! Why don't we do it when Peter comes over tomorrow night to go to the movies with Kenny? Then when he gets here we can corner him and start with the panty training. That should give us plenty of time to do whatever we want, right?"

"So you're sure you want to do this? I mean, give him a crash course in female domination?"

"Yes!"

"What will your mom say?"

"Leave her to me. She puts up the big Christian mother front, but I know her. She'll be thanking me and you for helping me do this."

Kenny had crawled back once again to peek at them and listen to them from the hallway. He felt overwhelmed by females, pretty panties and all their feminine things. Females were smothering him and dominating his whole life, and now those scheming females were planning to take control of another boy – his former best friend. He went to his room to lie down on the bed and look at his panty pictures as he tried to get these horrible thoughts out of his mind.

With tears in his eyes, he took out his scrapbook and turned the pages while he looked at his collection of lingerie pictures he had cut out of newspapers, catalogs and magazines. That scrapbook had given him a lot of pleasure but also a lot of grief, like the week before when his mother found it hidden in his closet. She made him take it to school for show-and-tell in front of the whole class.

He cried because he was helpless to refuse her. He knows he has to do whatever his mother and even his sister tell him, no matter how humiliating. Not to do their bidding was even scarier.

At school, he lied and told everyone that he was studying women's fashions, but the fact that they were all lingerie ads caused all the other children to laugh at him and call him things like a sissy and a faggot. Even Miss Hombertson, his teacher, was embarrassed for him and called the session to a quick close, but she couldn't hold back her laughter either, wondering if someone had put him up to it as a joke or had dared him to do it.

Kenny snaked his hand down past the waistband of his trousers. He felt the pretty panties he was wearing underneath. They were so soft, so comfortable, so sexy feeling. They belonged to his sister, just like the whole stack of them resting in his dresser drawer where his boys' briefs used to be. His hand wondered over the soft silken fabric and ticklish lace trim. He rubbed them all over, eventually settling on his panty-covered little cock. The image of his mother and sister and their panties danced in his mind. He tried to fight it. He tried to think of his father, his manly father. But he kept losing sight of his father as his mind was drawn to think only about panties and other female things.

His father was getting to be a vague, distant person. He hadn't seen him in over a year, when his father stormed out of the house disowning them all including Kenny because he had sided with his mother and sister during a fight in which he had severely beat the three of them. He still loved his father, but he wondered how much his mind had already been destroyed by his mother's panty training. He hated himself because the panties did feel good and he loved them so much. He knew real boys didn't do such things. He wished he could go back to his old life. Why was he so consumed with panties? What was wrong with him? He knew he'd have to run away to get away from all this female stuff that was threatening to completely destroy his hopes of

Kenny cried when he was forced to wear a dress with his slip peeking out in front of his bossy sister, Cathy, and her pretty friend, Lee Ann.



being a strong and powerful man.

It scared him to think about the other boys Cathy was starting to experiment on. She was doing some very scary things and turning some of the neighborhood boys into complete idiots. She loved to boast to him about what she did to them. She made it sound like they were powerless to fight back, and he was beginning to believe her. Males, of all ages, not just young boys, one after another, she was drawing under her spell. Two days before, one of them had been hanging around the outside of their house calling for her, he knocked on the door, but Cathy wouldn't see him. Kenny didn't know what his name was. Cathy just kept referring to him as "number twelve." She had explained that she gave males a number once she had them hooked on her panties. This "number twelve" even tried to peek in her window, but Cathy just opened it and laughed in his face. She made him scream loud enough for the whole neighborhood to hear that he loved her and that he was a panty-wearing faggot. Then she threw him a pair of her dirty panties, told him to put them over his head and go to the park to ask boys if they wanted to fuck him in the mouth. She told him he could come back when his belly was full of boy cum.

Kenny feared what he would be forced to do next. He was already so embarrassed about wearing panties and doing the things that Cathy and his mother made him to do. When two days before they sent him to the mall to buy himself panties, he ended up making an ass of himself. He turned into a bumbling mess, crying in the store and pleading with the saleslady to help him because he didn't know what size he needed. But the bitchy clerk just kept laughing at him and giving him a hard time.

He wished his dad or some other man was around to confide in. If he could relate to some other male, maybe that would help him, but the more he thought about it, the more he was sure there wasn't anyone who could help him. He had considered trying to ask Peter for help, but now these conniving females were planning to entrap Peter

too, and he couldn't do anything to stop it. He thought about warning Peter, but that would mean being subjected to some awful punishment if his mother ever found out. He told himself it wasn't worth it.

Funny how he was thinking about that! Just at that moment his mother came into his room with a bag in her hand. She barely said a word to him as she undressed him down to his purple panties then opened the bag and took out a full-length pink satin slip and a simple cotton dress, a very girlish dress with little puff sleeves which she pulled over his head.

Then she took him into Cathy's room and put him in a pair of his sister's lacy ankle socks and some dress shoes. The next thing he knew, she had him out in the living room sitting on the sofa in front of Cathy and Lee Ann. The girls made a big fuss over his pretty dress, even though Lee Ann couldn't stop laughing and telling him he looked better in a dress than Peter looked when he had to wear her old skirt and blouse.

## Chapter 5

### *Peter Cums Out*

At six o'clock the next night, Kenny was doing what he was often trying to do these days. He was trying to put panties out of his mind long enough to do his homework. His mother had decided to dress him in little velvet shorts and a lace-trimmed pink blouse. That sissified outfit combined with his sky blue panties underneath upset him to no end. He wanted to complain but knew it was no use. He thought about Peter coming over since they were supposed to go out to the movies together, but with the way he was dressed, he wasn't about to go anywhere. He hadn't heard Peter knock at their door, so he thought his friend had changed his mind. Good for Peter, he thought, and for himself too, he realized. For he surely didn't want Peter to see him in the faggoty outfit that he had been forced to wear. He wondered if the girls were serious about their plan to panty train Peter.

When Kenny took a break from his homework to go to the bathroom, he noticed the door to Cathy's room was closed. From behind it, he heard a familiar voice. He was shocked to realize it was Peter talking, and he seemed to be pleading for his life.

"Don't! Please. No! Please, don't! Don't do it!"

Kenny knew he couldn't help Peter much if the girls had him in their grips. Then the next voice he heard through the door was his mother's. That caused him to kneel down and try to peek at what was going on through the keyhole.

"Girls, hold Peter still so I can fit him properly with these panties," Mrs. Devers said as Kenny could clearly see her pulling a pair of pink satin panties up the crying boy's struggling legs.

"Don't, please! Mrs. Devers, I can't wear them! They're, they're for girls!"

"Peter, really! Of course, you can wear them. They're just panties. Real pretty ones I might add. Aren't they? I'm just showing your sister how silky girls' panties should fit around a young boy's hips, and how funny a penis looks in the stretchy satin.

"See how the satin panties stick to his knob when it leaks a little?" she pointed out as she flicked the side of his bouncy penis.

Kenny couldn't see very well because Peter kept struggling and all of them were constantly moving about blocking his view, but what he could see made his penis fully erect in his sister's blue panties that he was wearing at that moment.

They forced Peter to lie to the bed. Cathy held his ankles and his mother was holding the boy's arms still as Lee Ann came into view with her skirt raised above her waist, exposing her glistening white satinette panties with pink ribbon bows trimming the sides. Kenny recognized them. She must have borrowed them from his sister. Suddenly, Lee Ann got up on the bed and sat on her brother's chest. She kept her dress raised so he could study close-up her pretty panties.

"Now, Lee Ann," Mrs. Devers said, "when you sit on a boy, get close enough to his face so no matter where he looks, all he can see is your panties.

Kenny had to endure the hairbrush spanking, but why is his mother now putting on her heavy rubber gloves?



*Missie McQueen*

Your pussy should be moist by now, and it should be only a couple of inches away from his nose and mouth so he can smell your girlhood. As he stares, reach behind yourself, get a firm grip on his penis in his soft panties and wank him very slowly.

"Ah, that's it!

"Long, firm strokes!

"A little longer strokes. Let the panties slide up and down his tiny dick.

"Good. Real good!

"Just build him up, then back off.

Don't let him cum. Then bring him right back to the brink. Do this over and over as you talk to him and tell him that you love him in girls' panties and want him to come to you everyday and ask you for another pair of panties to wear."

Kenny's heart was pounding so hard in his ears he could hardly hear his mother through the door. She had rich-looking, pale blue panties on with little pink flowers all over them and a bra to match. She loved to wear big panties that went up high on her waist and fitted loosely around her womanly wide hips and round tummy. With every movement of her body, her big panties rippled and stretched in exciting and entrancing ways. Kenny strained to hear more of what she was saying.

"Now, get even closer to his nose and mouth . . . that's it. Teasingly touch his chin with the full crotch of your moist panties. Keep on making his prick go up and down. Pay attention to how hard he is and how much he is pulsating, and you'll learn how to judge when he's ready to shoot. Every few minutes check his balls through his panties. Weight them in your hand. Feel to see if they are tightening up and drawing themselves up into his body. When they go all the way up, he's ready to shoot. Now, let me help you off with your little bra. Let him see your developing little titties."

As soon as Lee Ann's training brassiere was off, Mrs. Devers turned and walked quickly and directly to the door. When Kenny saw her reaching for the knob, he got up as fast as he could, pulled up his velvet shorts, ran to his bedroom and scrambled into bed. He hurriedly pulled up the covers but still had his shorts wide open with his

pantied penis sticking up and erect. Mrs. Devers must have suspected him of peeking because she came directly to his room and opened the door.

"Don't pretend you're asleep. I know you've been naughty."

Embarrassed at being caught, Kenny shyly opened his eyes. He tried not looking at his mother's angry looking face. His eyes were drawn to her sexy, full body in her 1950's style pointy sky blue bra and big, full-fashioned panties. As she sat on the edge of his bed, she pinched a bit of her panty waist elastic and let it snap against her soft tummy. The loud crack struck fear in him. When she slipped her hand down under the covers, he started breathing harder. Mrs. Devers was not surprised to find that his shorts were undone and his penis was hard inside his panties. With one quick motion she climbed on the bed and shoved her pantied pussy into her son's mouth. He coughed and then a gurgling sound could be heard as she let out a few spurts of piss right through her panties and into her son's mouth. He knew what was expected of him, and he slurped it up as fast and as best as he could. Now becoming familiar with the routine, he was able to guzzle up most of it. The rest dribbled down the sides of his tear-streaked face. Acting like nothing she had done was unusual, she climbed off him and checked his penis. It was still hard, still throbbing. She smiled. That was a good sign. She toyed with his dick for a few moments then announced he had earned himself a spanking for peeking at the girls, and she was going to give it to him shortly. However, first she had to go to her room for a few minutes, make a few phone calls and get dressed because they were going to have company.

About twenty minutes later, Mrs. Devers reentered his room wearing a conservative, long skirt and tailored blouse. In a businesslike manner, she checked him under the blankets. He was still hard and his velvet shorts were still rumpled and twisted around his thighs. He stared at her wantonly, and without compunction he fingered his throbbing dick.

"Mother, please, can I cum? Ca-a-

ah, ca-a-an I touch and ah, ah, look at your panties and ah, ah, ah!

"Take your hands off yourself, now! Don't you dare cum, you naughty little boy! And no, you can't see my panties. It's time for your spanking."

Just then Kenny could hear the girls laughing and talking in shrill, cheerful voices like they were getting ready for a big date or something. He could hear Peter moaning and groaning. The sounds that they were making were getting louder. They were approaching his room! A moment later, they came dancing through the door. Kenny pulled up the blankets to hide his penis and panties.

Lee Ann entered first. Backing her way in, her big but firm and beautiful ass encased in frilly white and pink panties was the first thing he saw. He almost blew his wad on the spot. She was leading her brother along. He was naked except for the garishly fancy pink satin panties he had been forced to wear. Before, Kenny couldn't see those panties very well through the keyhole. Now, he saw just how sissified they were, a solid mass of ribbons, bows, lace and ruffles on his butt and all around. They were fancy enough to make Shirley Temple do a double take.

With one hand, Lee Ann was yanking on his waist elastic and with the other hand she was gripping his penis through the silky panties and tugging him along. Cathy was behind him. She kept goosing him through the stretchy panties. Every time she thrust her finger into his bottom crack, he'd let out a yelp and jump a few steps forward. Peter was whining and crying but not seriously resisting. More than anything, he seemed to be thoroughly confused or in shock, but when he saw Kenny he came to his senses and became even more embarrassed as he crossed his hands in front of himself to cover his sissy pink panties.

Mrs. Devers didn't say anything. She just pulled down the covers and showed Peter how Kenny looked with his shorts wide-open and his twitching penis tenting up his gaily feminine light blue panties. She gave his dick a few strokes then cupped his pantied balls to test his readiness. Moans came out of

Kenny's quivering lips and whimpering animal-like sounds gurgled from Peter's throat. Blushing profusely and with their hearts pounding, the emasculated boys could barely muster the courage to even glimpse at each other.

"You're just in time, girls," Mrs. Devers said. "You can watch while I punish Kenny for peeking at us through the keyhole. When we are done here, you can help me get ready for my guests. Did you tell Lee Ann that I have some women friends from my church arriving in about a half an hour?"

Peter perked up at that news. A 'church group' he reasoned surely meant that all this craziness with girls' clothes and torture would soon end. He was confident that he'd be back in his own clothes and on his way home any moment.

In her simple skirt and blouse, Mrs. Devers was overdressed compared to everyone else in the room. She sat down on the edge of the bed and with ease pulled Kenny over her lap.

Smack! "Kenny, you know better than to peek through keyholes at girls in their lingerie!"

Smack! "If you don't straighten up, I'll make you lick Peter's asshole!"

Both Kenny and Peter jumped in shock at that comment.

Smack! "Aren't you ashamed of yourself for being spanked like a baby in your frilly panties?"

Smack! "And getting spanked in front of the girls and your best friend?"

Smack! "Well, I think you've already had enough sex for a lifetime. I think I'll buy a chastity belt so you'll never cum again."

Mrs. Devers noticed the questioning expression on Lee Ann's face so she explained, "A chastity belt is like a little cage that locks over a boy's penis so he can't touch himself."

The hairbrushing resumed. Smack! Smack! Smack! Kenny lost count. Everybody lost count. Peter stared in horror. This was no simple little spanking. This was a wallop like he had never dreamed possible. As he saw his friend's tight ass light up like a five-alarm fire, he decided to himself that he wasn't going to do anything to earn himself a beating like that. He was just a spectator but he could feel the pain every time that hairbrush came thundering down on his baseball buddy's butt.

Kenny was crying so hard he didn't notice his mother opening a jar of cream and pulling on her long, heavy duty, yellow rubber gloves. He only screamed in more pain as she dragged down the back of his pretty blue nylon briefs over his burning bottom to expose his asshole. She told the girls that she had already made him drink about a pint of her piss and said she was sorry she couldn't have held it until they could join them to watch, but they'd be able to see her do it often in the future.

Peter moaned at that. The girls sensed his terror and told him they'd pee into his mouth too if he didn't become a total slave to them. Spanking or not, he called them "crazy ass holes" and tried to bolt, but they had a secure hold on him. By pulling on his hair and crushed his balls through his sissy panties, he capitulated.

They guided him to the floor.

"We're going to have to do this sooner than we expected," Cathy announced as she mounted his face.

A short time later, she let him up, but Peter was crying, spitting piss out of his mouth and trying to wipe the wetness from his face. Having now officially christened him into the world of female domination, they let him get up and run out the door. The two laughing girls chased after him. Back in Cathy's room he desperately searched for his boys' clothes as he started to get out of the horrible panties. But the girls had other ideas.

Alone again with her son, Mrs. Devers told Kenny that as soon as they were finished, he needed to clean himself up and put on a fresh pair of panties. Then, wearing only his panties, he was to come downstairs when the ladies arrived. But first, she greased up her gloved finger and told him she needed to check the condition of his overworked prostate gland.

As she thrust her finger up his battered ass, "Ye-e-e-e-o-o-o-o-ow-e-e-e-e!" was the only word out of his mouth.

## Chapter 6

### *Model Brother*

Mrs. Devers let Kenny get up. He slowly pulled himself together and tried to balance on his wobbly legs. He was in great pain but his penis ached for more attention. It was fully erect. His mother stripped out of the fresh pair of shiny black panties she had put on, dangled them in front of him and told him to play with himself while he studied them, but she demanded that he not spurt cum for thirty minutes. She set his alarm clock for thirty minutes then rubbed her warm panties in his face. As she told him she'd decide after that time whether he was deserving of a spurt, she imparted a vicious pinch to his penis through his baby blue panties. Kenny screamed out. She partially closed his bedroom door and left him alone to struggle.

Kenny tried to ease the pain in his penis by very gently stroking it through the sleek nylon. He could smell his mother's piss aroma on his lips and on her panties. He was excited about the opportunity to closely examine this pair of his mother's freshly removed panties, big black panties with saucy pink rows of lace around the hems and pink bows on each hip. He sat them on his pillow then buried his face in them, kissing them and talking to them. Peter was no longer his best friend. Now, panties were his best friend! He continued to play with his silk-encased penis, being very careful not to blow his jism. His heart refused to stop thumping. He knew that eventually Cathy was going to piss in his mouth just like his mother did. His mother was one thing, but his icky sister was something else. He hated being subservient to his sister.

But for some reason he did not understand, the thought of his sister pissing on him and in his mouth kept him fully excited. Suddenly there was a faint sound of someone coming down the hallway. His door opened. It was his mother; she had changed clothes again. She radiated with motherly charm

**Lee Ann and Cathy brought Peter very quickly under full panty domination. Less than three hours after his indoctrination, he was wearing skirts and modeling his fancy panties for Mrs. Devers church group!**



and beauty in a simple white summer dress. She was carrying an armful of clean clothes to his dresser.

"Don't mind me. The ladies will be here soon, but you still have a few minutes left. You should continue to concentrate on your slow sissyboy anti-masturbation ritual, Kenny. I just came in to put these things away.

"Oh, by the way, you never did tell me how much you loved that nice new dress I got for you yesterday," she said as she set the down the rainbow-colored pile of clothes, then took them one by one, folded them and put them away in his drawer.

Kenny dutifully kept stroking himself, only mumbling a weak "okay" to his mother's question about the dress, knowing better than to disagree with her.

"Oh, it's more than 'okay!' It's simply delightful! You looked lovely in it! That's why I got another dress for you here," she said.

He glanced at her to see her holding up a red and white checked sundress.

"It's Cathy's from a few years ago. It doesn't fit her anymore so she's giving it to you."

With that, Kenny did a full turn and stared at the dress. Being humiliated and panty trained was one thing, but now being expected to wear his sister's castoff dresses everyday was more than he wanted to deal with at this time.

"You'll just love it. And look here," she said as she turned the dress around. "It's open all down the back. Your cute nylon panties will be constantly on view!"

As she turned to hang the dress up in his closet, Kenny looked at his mother's back. Details of her figure and her silky bra and panties glowed through her thin, polished white cotton dress. He had absolutely no resistance in her presence. He wanted to scream out that he would never wear a dress again, but he had no voice with which to tell her.

After Mrs. Devers put the rest of his pretty clothes away and closed the dresser drawer, she sat on his old toy chest with her legs aimed perfectly in his direct line of view.

Kenny wanted to protest about the

sundress. He was hoping that she was just teasing him some more. He fumbled for words again, but he was distracted. His eyes could not keep from looking up his mother's slightly separated legs. He could see bare thighs above her stockings and a garter strap tugging at her one stocking. He leaned a bit to the side. He knew his mother had put on a fresh pair of panties because he could see glimpses of pink and beige up her dress. Quickly growing within him was a burning desire to see those panties.

Mrs. Devers just laughed when she saw him leaning. She knew what he wanted.

"Get back to whacking on that miserable penis of yours!" she commanded with a laugh.

He started to yank up and down faster on his pantied penis, breathing harder and harder. Mrs. Devers stood up and bent over to kiss him.

"Kenny, I understand. If you promise to be a nice little panty boy and wear your nice little sun dress when I tell you to, I'll let you see my panties. And I'll let you cum! Okay?"

Kenny had no control over his response, he moaned "okay" without giving it a second thought. He stared with his eyes wide open as his mother moved closer to him, lifting her dress as she walked. Higher and higher it traveled until it was turned inside out. Her glistening, beige nylon panties were fully in view. The pristine, high-waisted briefs were decorated with pastel colored flowers and wide bands of pink lace around the leg openings. Her knee came up. She rested her foot on the edge of his bed. Her panty crotch looked huge over his eyes, and he could imagine every detail of her fleshy pussy pursed open at him from behind the double thickness of the sheer moist nylon anointed with droplets of her womanhood.

"No' Mom please! Please! More! More! Let me touch . . ."

But Mrs. Devers only laughed at his misery as she used the full length of her hand to rub her hot pussy through the sensuous, slippery nylon. It ended quickly. She simply let go of her dress, and it fell back into place. She told

Kenny not to become too worked up just yet because he had almost ten minutes to go before he was scheduled to cum. As she strutted toward the door laughing, she repeatedly snapped the elastic waistband of her panties through the thin fabric of her dress.

At the doorway, she turned and looked him in the eye, "If you look real cute in your little sundress, I'll teach you how to suck a boy's cock! . . . Or do you already know how?"

"I'll be back in ten minutes to see you spurt. Now get whacking!"

Back in Cathy's bedroom, the girls had tackled Peter and cleaned him up before redressing him in a new outfit. Laughing all the way, they ignored his pleas and continued their own conversation.

"Pissing in his mouth! That's how you make sure a boy belongs to you," Cathy told Lee Ann as they struggled to hold down her brother.

"But I couldn't do that. It's, it's . . ."

"I know. It's disgusting," Cathy added. "Big deal! But it works. The humiliation of drinking a girl's piss is so horrifying to most boys that they can never forget it.

"And they can't get IT--or the girl--out of their mind—EVER!"

Peter had agreed to cooperate so they let him sit up. Very demoralized, he only sobbed as they put him in fully frilled pink panties, a long white taffeta slip, a pleated skirt, fancy blouse, knee-highs and strap shoes. To him, it seemed to take forever. They fussed with everything, even putting him in makeup and painting his fingernails. When they brought him out into the living room, half a dozen ladies from Mrs. Devers' church group were there to greet them. They ushered him onto a little pedestal in the center of the room and took great delight in carefully inspecting his outfit, tweaking his nipples and fingering his privates hidden within his fine lingerie.

Peter's hope for salvation wasn't going to come from this church group!

**THE END**