

Princess Online

Featured Stories and Letters from the Princess Productions Website



Adults Only

Originally featured on our Internet website, these are our best letters, stories, articles and other items of interest for the fantasy fulfillment of adult pantywaist sissies. Stories range for "G" to "X" rated and include crossdressing, humiliation and both straight and forced gay themes.

Since 1981

A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION

A Message from Princess Lacey

How to Set Our Giant Book Catalog

Dear Sissies,

The major story in this issue, "Panty Torment by the Terrible Twins" was adapted from "Lunchtime," a short story by Byron T. Lord from "Adult Short Stories," (Oasis Publishing, 1969). This is one of our favorite vintage stories from our private library. After more than forty years of buying, borrowing and trading, we have one of the largest collections of sissyboy material ever assembled, and we love to share this collection with others who have similar interests. We have books, magazines, videos, articles, and letters as well as unpublished and privately circulated manuscripts and photos. We sell many of our publications as well as trade and buy from other collectors.

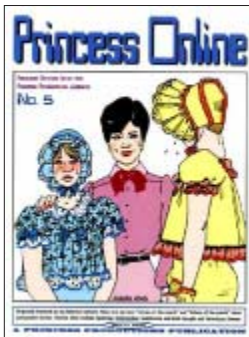
Our over 7,000 items are mostly crossdressing stories and publications with both heterosexual and homosexual story lines, and they encompass every imaginable scenario both forced and consensual, including petticoat punishment, boys being raised as girls, boys being sent to girls' schools, etc. Since we collected most everything we could find on crossdressing, a lot of our material deals with related fetishes and sexual situations, including spanking, infantilism and lingerie fetishism, as well as female dominance, queening (facesitting), interracial domination, toilet sex, female hormones (administered both willingly and unwillingly), castration, etc.

In addition, we have a particular interest in 1950's silky, brief-style panties, so another major part of our collection deals with panty fetishism, and we have plenty of panty stories and pictures of both males and females wearing pretty brief-style panties, everything from Betty Page classic pics to custom-made photos and stories. If you don't have one of our catalogs, you can email us at laceyppp@comcast.net, write to us at Princess Productions, PO Box 1184, Des Plaines, IL 60017-1184, USA, or call us at (847) 376-8781, and if you are a new mail-order customer, we'll send you our private library book catalog for FREE!

Princess Lacey
Love,



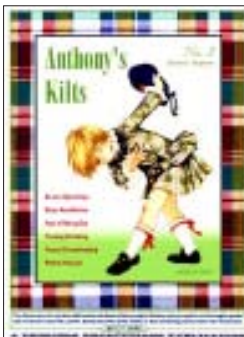
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Princess Online #5



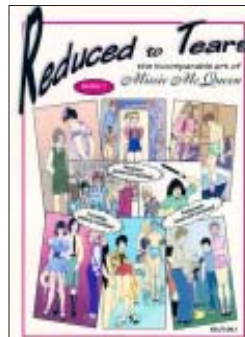
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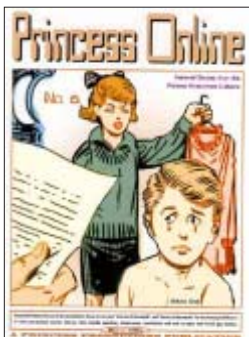
Anthony's Kilts #2



Happiness Is . . . #3



Reduced to Tears #1



Princess Online #6

A Visit to Our Website

If you don't have a computer, and therefore can't visit us on the Internet, on this page, we show you some of the things you would see if you could access us online.

At our website, we have hundreds of different "web pages" where we feature photos, drawings, letters, stories, articles and general information. Many of these items are available for free. One of these free "pages" is our "Gallery of Cover Art," which is simply a collection of thumbnail-size pictures of the cover art from all of our 35+ publications.

The Gallery of Cover Art

Here is part of our Gallery of Cover Art. These pictures are identical to the cover art on the "hard copy" publications that we sell by mail-order. We also offer a purchase option for anyone who would like full-page-size versions of the pictures to download and print out on his own printer.

Purchasing Publications "Online"

There is also the option of being able to purchase the entire contents of any of these publications and have them immediately available on your own home computer.

Within a few seconds of ordering (you pay for them with your credit card through our secure banking service), the entire contents (text and pictures just like the hard copy paper editions) are immediately made available to you to open up, view and read. Furthermore, you can print out any of the articles, stories and letters you find of interest as well as enlarged versions of the full-color drawings and photographs.

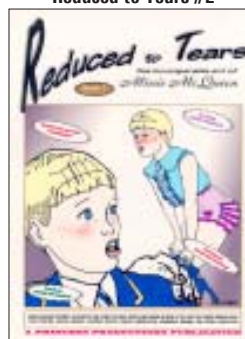
If you don't have a computer and access to the Internet, do it now! It's never too late. Computers are so easy to use and you'll love the thousands of pictures and stories on the transgender websites that will become available to you.



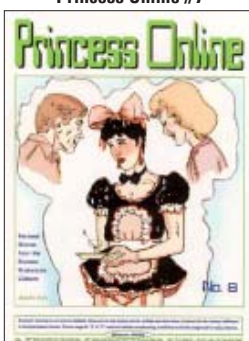
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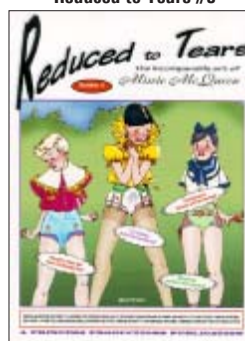
Princess Online #7



Reduced to Tears #3



Princess Online #8



Reduced to Tears #4



Raised to Be a Wimp #1



Shameless Mothers #1



Shameless Mothers #2

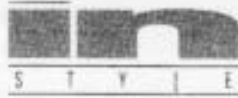


Shameless Mothers #3



Reduced to Tears #5

STORIES OF THE MONTH FROM JULY, SEPTEMBER & OCTOBER 1999



Chicago Tribune, Wednesday, June 24, 1992

Oh, brother

It wasn't a very pretty sight the day the boys from St. Ignatius decided they wouldn't wear pants to school.



Vladimir Hrkac (left), Scott Terry and 51 of their buddies say there's nothing in St. Ignatius' dress code that says boys can't wear skirts to class.

Text by Hugh Hart
Photo by Chris Walker

Guns N' Roses had boy Axel Rose may have started something earlier this year when he began performing in a tartan skirt.

Testing the patience of St. Ignatius College Prep school administrators, 53 young men who attend the Near West Side high school banded together to make their own collective fashion statement.

They showed up for class in skirts.

"There's always been a senior prank in the spring, just before graduation," explains 17-year-old Vladimir Hrkac, a 1992 St. Ignatius graduate who is college-bound this fall.

Hrkac and co-conspirator Scott Terry, 17, urged their male classmates at the coed school to go along with the stunt by circulating a petition, which Terry says went something like: "If you don't do this, we'll pummel you with eggs."

A popular hangout

By 9 a.m. on a designated May morning, the principal's office was jammed with offenders sporting hairy legs and all lengths of skirts.

"I was on my way to physics, the dean [of students] walked up to me, and said 'You've got JUGs' [Justice Under God—St. Ignatius slang for detention]," Terry says. Hrkac didn't even wait for his inevitable rap on the shoulder—he headed straight to the principal's office, where, he says, "I had to stand in line to get my JUGs."

Basically Donald Nekrosius, one of the school's two deans of students, wasn't amused—even if the "St. Ignatius 53" didn't explicitly violate the school dress code.

"I had no idea they were going to do this. I did not care for it," says Nekrosius. While the dress code advises what to wear and doesn't specify what not to wear (with the exception of a no-gym-shoes rule), Nekrosius says the kids violated the spirit of the law.

But the ring leaders, who someday might consider legal careers, clearly know a loophole that's ready to be exploited when they see one.

So many options

And so it was on with the show in borrowed skirts from female family members and off with the usual jeans, sweatshirts and running shoes. Hrkac squeezed into a mini-skirt lent by his sister. Terry accepted his mother's A-line skirt, but rejected her offer to accessorize his outfit. "She put me in a blouse and pearls, but it just didn't work," says a sheepish Terry.

A few seniors dragged themselves through the whole nine yards, donning wigs, high heels, earrings and makeup, according to Hrkac.

Besides having to do JUG time, the biggest drawback to the cross-dress fest was not knowing how to sit modestly in a skirt. "It's hard to get used to," explains Terry. "All the girls kept telling us to keep our legs closer together." ●

A girl with a toy horse — or is it?

YOU MIGHT think you are looking at the portrait of an unknown girl with a toy horse when you view one of

At Bayou Bend

the paintings at Bayou Bend, the American decorative arts collection of the Museum of

Fine Arts, Houston.

The former estate of the late Houston philanthropist Ima Hogg — home to collections of colonial furniture, paintings, metals, ceramics, glass and textiles — was given to the MFA in 1957 and was dedicated as a house museum in 1966.

Boy with a Toy Horse, painted by Charles Willson Peale in London in 1768, was long thought to portray a girl because the child is wearing a pink dress. Recent research has revealed, says Bayou Bend director David Warren, that the child is a boy and it was customary in the 18th century for boys to wear skirts until they were toilet trained. The idea of pink clothing for girls and blue for boys is said to be a 20th-century American invention.

If you look carefully, you can see a bit of Peale's humor in the painting. In the room, over the little boy's shoulder — above the



Photo courtesy of the Museum of Fine Arts, Houston

mantelpiece — is hanging the same portrait. A sort of two-for-the-price-of-one painting.

Bayou Bend is located at No. 1 Westcott off Memorial. Hours: 10 a.m.-2:45 p.m. Tuesday-Friday;

10 a.m.-1:15 p.m. Saturday; closed Sunday, Monday and the month of August. Admission: \$4, minimum age 14; senior citizens \$3. Reservations required: 529-8773.

— PAMELA LEWIS

SALLY FORTH



Last of China's Eunuchs Looks Back on an Era

By Valerie Strauss
Washington Post

BEIJING—Once a victim of the whims and intrigues of a cruel emperor, 91-year-old Sun Yaoting is peacefully living out his final years in an old Buddhist temple, under the protection of the communist government. Authorities here say he is China's last surviving eunuch.

Driven to his fate by his impoverished family's thirst for riches, Sun recalled a life marked by fear and pain during his eight years within the red walls of the Forbidden City and thereafter, when he was forced into a society that regarded eunuchs as less than men.

"It was a bitter life in the Ching Dynasty," he said, his sparkling dark eyes filling with tears and his steady voice collapsing into a whimper. "And when we left, it was difficult for a eunuch to get a job. Nobody wanted us."

Sun spoke in a sunny room of the temple, where city authorities who have cared for the remaining eunuchs for decades confirmed that he was the last.

"That is why he is under such great protection," said Nan Chanqqi, secretary-general of the Beijing Association of Religion.

Sun also reminisced with humor about a life that has witnessed some of the century's more dramatic upheavals.

Sun learned when he was 10 that he would enter the feudal eunuch servant class—which had served Chinese emperors since the Han Dynasty (206 B.C. to A.D. 220)—and underwent a painful castration by his father. Because some eunuchs became wealthy, many peasant families sought appointments for their sons.

"I wasn't angry at my father. We were so poor," Sun said, although he was too young to understand the effect the procedure would have on his life and thought he was being punished.

He couldn't walk for two months afterward.

The concept was devised by rulers who wanted men to attend them and maintain the government but would tolerate no source of rivalry. To accomplish both, and to protect their concubines,



Washington Post photo/Valerie Strauss
Sun Yaoting, 91, is China's last surviving eunuch, officials say.

the emperors saw to it that they were the only fully functioning males in the court.

Eunuchs attained their greatest power during the Ming Dynasty (1368-1644), when there were as many as 100,000 in court. Some became fabulously wealthy and powerful, handling the emperor's finances and even raising armies. One eunuch was said to have amassed 60 storerooms of silver and gold.

Sun entered the Forbidden City—the vast imperial court in the heart of Beijing—in 1916. Five years earlier, the Ching Dynasty had fallen and a new republic had been declared, but authorities allowed the emperor, who was considered the son of heaven, to maintain a symbolic role and maintain his lifestyle.

So as China rushed toward anarchy, the eunuchs continued their time-honored traditions: serving young Emperor Pu Yi hundreds of dishes whenever he was hungry, tying his shoes, carrying him in huge chairs, feeding his animals, emptying his chamber pot, guarding—and often stealing—his treasures. The eunuchs were forced to perform many of these tasks on their knees, Sun said.

Sun initially performed cleaning chores in the Forbidden City and attended the chief eunuch, learning the rituals of his trade.

"It was a hard job, and everyone looked down upon me," he said. "I only could have one dish [of food] and one [cup of] soup for dinner."

But his fortunes changed when

Pu Yi married in 1922, bringing Empress Wan Rong to court. Because Sun had some education and was clever and young, he was selected to be one of a dozen eunuchs who attended the temperamental empress. He quickly became her favorite, he said.

"The empress was a very kind woman. . . . I was never beaten up by her," he said.

Sun said he earned 20 taels of silver—each weighing 31 grams—a month to pour her tea, wash her hands and play games with her. Sometimes she gave him extra silver and hand-me-down clothing. When invited to eat with her, he was required first to perform three kowtows, the ritual bending of the head to the ground.

In 1924, a warlord gave the occupants of the Forbidden City 30 minutes to pack their bags and leave. "We only had time to take our personal things," Sun said. "The emperor just gave us our salary and nothing else. . . . We didn't know what to do, what would become of us."

Some eunuchs took to begging on the street, where they were taunted as sexless freaks. Sun said he and some other eunuchs pooled their money and built a monastery in western Beijing, where they grew vegetables and lived in abject poverty, many rejected by their families.

After the Communists gained power in 1949, the government took the remaining eunuchs under its protection and sent them to school to learn the teachings of Marx and Mao. No longer viewed as deformed members of a strange "third sex," the eunuchs were seen by communist society as victims of the corrupt imperial days.

Sun passes his days talking with other residents of the temple, waiting eagerly for his three meals and reading books and newspapers. "He has a color TV and knows everything that is going on outside," Nan said.

In 1985, Nan said he took Sun in a wheelchair on a return visit to the Forbidden City, showing him the buildings and courtyards the eunuch once had coursed on his knees.

"He wasn't nervous when we went back," Nan said. "His comment was: 'Nothing's changed.'"



"Talent Show" an adorable drawing from a 1995 calendar, showing three boys dressed as girls and singing in a school talent show.

STORY OF THE MONTH - MAY 1999

Panty Torment by the Terrible Twins

Chapter 1 Pantied by Twins

After school on sunny days, Owen delayed going home. Instead, he'd stroll the downtown streets and study the passing parade. From old broads, tightly girdled, clicking along on their high heels, their tits bouncing to young girls, dressed in flitty little skirts or skimpy shorts, dancing along, excitedly talking to their companions: they were all there – all fodder for his lively imagination. He loved them all! Owen was sure any of them would enjoy him in bed if he could only get up the nerve to approach one of them. The best he could do was to convey his willingness with small smiles at them as they passed.

Queers, too. These were rampant in the city. Men of all ages dressed brightly and tightly, mincing along, hoping for an encounter that would lead to their idea of romance. Owen had countless opportunities for these, but they disgusted him. He sneered at them convinced that these fairies with their weird life-style had an existence even more meager than his own.

While he would have settled for most any female, young or old, it was the young girls close to his own age that he most admired on his excursions. He had actually talked to a few of them from time to time and got to know some of them in passing, especially in the park where many of them congregated regularly. He was OK at superficial two- or three-word exchanges, but a real conversation with one of those he idolized was next to impossible. His mind would either go blank or have an emotional overload. Either way, he would be left speechless and looking very stupid. He had few illusions about really making the grade with any of them. Making the grade with a real beauty was reserved for sports heroes or at least boys with money or a car, not wimpy insignificant boys like himself. He had the most difficult time even getting up the nerve to ask girls to waltz with him at school dances. He was sure that he wasn't worthy of any serious attention from any female. Still Owen watched them narrowly, greedily from near and afar, and he coveted them, dreaming forward to the time when he'd be a successful businessman, who could pick and choose and have any chick he wanted.

He liked to observe them, especially at bus stops. Any bus

stop would do. He changed bus stops regularly, establishing a sort of a route where he wasn't seen too frequently at any one place. He'd sit and watch, check out the cute young chicks and sexy older broads.

He'd watch them mincing, clicking along on their high heels, nyloned legs flashing, tits bouncing in their urgency, and he'd almost drool. He'd undress them with his eyes, ticking off what kind of lingerie he imagined they were wearing. He'd smile or even surprise himself with his boldness as he winked at the best of them, even though none of them ever answered his signals. He was too obscure for that. Still he'd sit at one bus stop or another and hunger for them, dream about them, look at their tits and legs and faces and asses, and then walk home and dream of the time he could have them all.

And so it was, on a Thursday, when he was at a familiar bus stop, that he saw them as they stepped off the bus. Two young girls who made the matrons shopping look frumpy and made other young girls look boring.

Both had pale blonde hair, swirling in shiny waves. They were twins. It was obvious. All of their features matched perfectly. One beautiful girl was something; twin beauties were awe-inspiring. They must have been schoolgirls. They wore a standard schoolgirl uniform of light purple skirts and white blouses with a narrow matching purple ruffle trim. Owen thought he was familiar with all the schools in the area and the type of uniforms the girls wore. He never saw uniforms quite like these. The twins wore a lot of eye makeup, making their glistening blue eyes look deep-set and haunting. All the schools he knew about didn't let their girls wear that much makeup. Those heavily made-up eyes gave them a sinister look. Their innocent but naughty little faces were surrounded by a cascading mass of lush blonde hair, their large, dark eyes peeping from beneath their heavy bangs. Equally prominent were their pouty full lips, painted a bright contrasting red and looking moist and warm. Their slim young bodies were refreshingly displayed in crisp, clean blouses and perfectly ironed pleated skirts, mini skirts that came down to mid-thigh, accenting their dimpled knees. The deep pleats of their skirts fanned out as they bounced down the stairs of the bus and jumped off the last step directly in front of him. The first girl landed with a good show of thigh above the tops of her nylon stockings. Nylon stockings and a garter

belt on a schoolgirl? Owen was sure he just imagined it. Then the second one hit the pavement with a little more decorum; however, she dropped her purse with her little jump to the sidewalk. Dropping it caused her to look at the first girl and let out with a slight giggle. Then she bent from the waist to pick it up. At that very moment a mild gust of wind ballooned up her skirt and gave Owen a full view of the tops of her dark nylon stockings, scarlet garter belt and rich pink lace panties. He froze in position. It was all too real, too amazing to be a dream. Something so sought after, so often dreamt about,

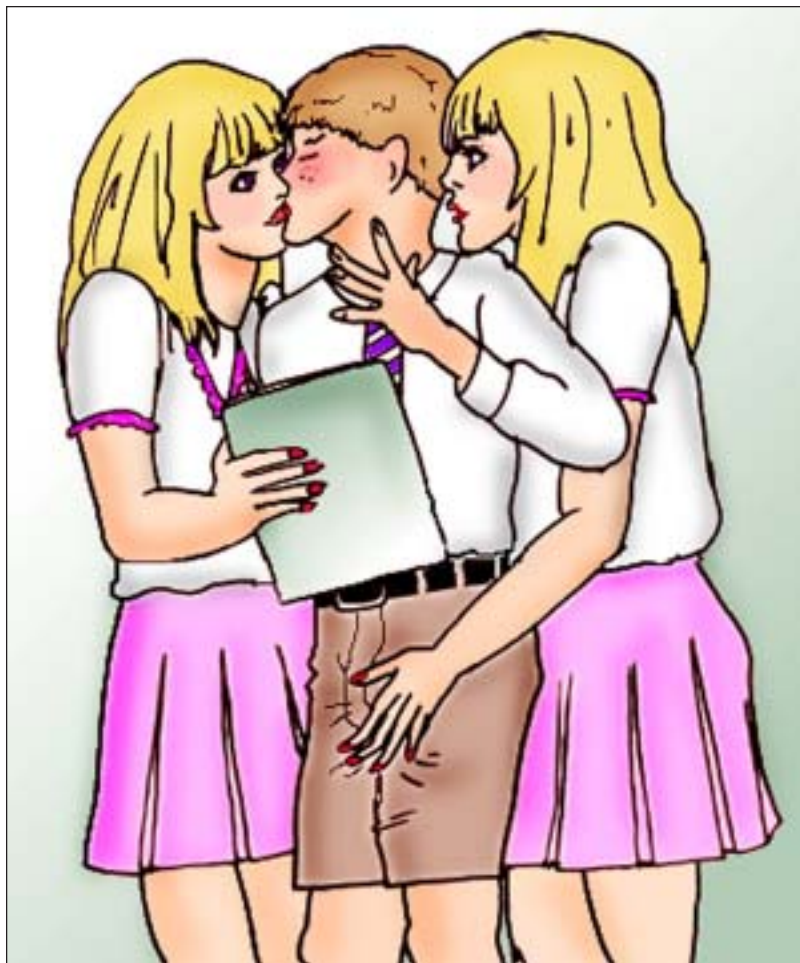
couldn't be really happening, but he knew it was. And it wasn't just a quick flash. That skirt seemed to stay fanned out and upturned for the longest time, and the girl did nothing to push it back down.

As he gaped, he became dizzy from the entrancing sight. The skirt fell back into place, covering those creamy white thighs and forbidden frills. Still staring, he realized that the girl was staring back at him with a blushing smile on her face. He looked up at the first girl and saw that she had been staring at him too, but her expression was a little more piercing, a



scolding look like a mother would give a naughty child. The bus roared away and still he gawked. It was a peek into paradise, especially erotic because of the elegant nylon stockings and garter belts that they wore. Very few women wore such exciting items of lingerie, much less schoolgirls. He thought that only women in men's magazines ever wore anything like that. No schoolgirls he knew wore old-fashioned garter belts and nylons. They still stood there on the curb not more than ten feet in front of him, staring at him. Owen sighed and looked at their little waists and the saucy swell of their developing breasts. He couldn't look away. Higher his gaze traveled until he was looking again at their dynamically beautiful faces. He blushed scarlet because they continued to stare directly back at him, smiling at his consternation, and now, to complete his embarrassment, one nudged the other and they both winked at him.

They turned and walked down the street off into the passing crowd as he stood cement footed, staring at their retreating forms, looking hungrily at them from their trim legs to their bobbing, swinging hair, aching to have been able to answer their wink with action, knowing it was far too late. Then, not breaking step, they turned in unison and gave him two of the sexiest smiles he'd ever seen. He threw one foot in front of the other and headed after them, shifting his growing peter into a less noticeable position in his trousers.



They looked back again, and he grinned back like a fool. His heart soared when they winked at him again. He hurried to catch up, then fell back, not knowing what he'd say once he was at their side. As much as he wanted to speak to them, he knew from experience how tongue-tied he got whenever he tried to say anything to a beautiful girl. He hung back, gazing raptly at their jiggling buttocks accented by the undulating pleats in their short skirts. Each time one of them turned to look back at him, he felt his grin seemed more foolish, and the warmth in his trousers continued to grow.

Chapter 2 The Bookstore

As Owen hurried to catch up with them, he bumped into a sailor who had stopped dead in his tracks to stare at the sexy twins walking briskly down the street. Owen looked around and realized they were leading him into an unsavory section of downtown, where the peep shows and the pickup bars were, an area he had been warned to avoid.

They abruptly turned and ducked into a two-by-four store. He followed them inside only to realize that it was an adult bookstore. He was too young to be in such a place. He was sure those two girls were too young to be in there too.

At any moment, he expected someone to come along and physically throw him out, but no one did. The two girls were the only females in the store, and Owen felt terribly embarrassed for them. Men were leering at them with sidelong glances as they nonchalantly flipped through the kind of magazines that made Owen blush. He had seen such magazines a few times before when some of the guys would sneak them into school. He was getting very nervous and was going to leave when their heels clicked over to him and there they were, one on each side of him, intoxicating him with their perfume and warm proximity. The one girl held up a magazine before his bugging eyes, on the cover a nude woman was spread-eagled with a seductive sneer on her face. On the other side of him, the other girl held up another magazine, one with a grinning young woman dressed very girlishly in sexy pink lingerie.

"Which do you go for?" the one asked in the throatiest, sexiest voice he'd ever heard.

He blinked and pointed at the girl in lingerie. He didn't even know why he pointed at that one; both of the pictures were amazingly erotic, perhaps the nude was too blatant. It embarrassed him in their presence and made him blush.

The other girl said, "Good. Buy it."

He did so in a daze as they hovered by his

elbow, meeting each of his looks at them with a warm smile. He walked out clutching the magazine, blushing furiously, amazed that the man behind the counter didn't even ask him for his ID. Without saying anything to him, they clutched his arms and led him down the street. They were incredibly warm, wonderfully soft and quite strong, and at that moment, Owen was completely in love with them.

Chapter 3 - The Peep Show

With a squeeze of his arm, the one turned to him and said, "Let's see what kind of girlies they have here."

It was a peep show, one of those places he'd never been in before because he was too young. He hadn't even tried to sneak into a place like that because he had a fear that the place would be raided while he was inside. How would he explain that to his parents? And school? But now he was inside with a dirty book in one hand and, of all things, two gorgeous girls ushering him toward the line of dingy booths. Once again, he felt his time there would come to a quick end as soon as someone noticed how young he was. At least it was dark amid the booths. No one could see his embarrassment. He wondered why those girls had taken him in there. Weren't they ashamed to be in such a place, amongst the lowlifes loitering in the entranceway? He saw how those sickos stared at the girls in disbelief, shuffling their hands in their pockets to rearrange their genitals in their bulging trousers. The girls pushed him into one of the little cubicles and crowded in with him. The booth had a cushioned loveseat big enough for two, set about three feet away from a screen.

"Put a quarter in," the one said, and he dumbly obeyed.

Huddled close together, he felt their cool hands on the nape of his neck, his cheeks, his shoulders and back. They drew him near, and cheek-to-cheek, they watched the screen as a perky, red haired girl unzipped and unbuttoned herself and slid out of her clothes. Her lingerie was all white with bits of lace and flowers. She twisted and turned to show off her lithe young body as she rubbed her hands over her breasts and between her legs. It was a vintage reel, an old film of an aging beauty queen dancing around in her old-fashioned lingerie. But to Owen, it was amazing to watch because he had never seen a stag film before. He was stunned and staring, but the girls on each side of him only giggled and edged ever closer to him. He knew he should get up and get out of there, for he knew the twins were insane – they had to be! But he couldn't leave because it was the most amazing thing that had ever happened in his young life.

He felt their massaging hands move down both his front and back until they were vigorously rubbing his hips and ass.

"Touch us, too," the one whispered, and he did, trembling with excitement as he pressed his hand against their glorious hips and buttocks, the fabric of their skirts clinging to his hands like a glove as he stroked, sliding his hands over their

pantied bottoms. One pinched his bottom and pulled him closer then reached over with her other hand and cupped his genitals. He thought he'd faint with the sudden good feelings surging through him. Moving his hands from the hips of one girl to her thighs, he tremulously touched the flesh above the top of their nylons. She grabbed his wrist and thrust his hand up her skirt, then returned to close her hand about his throbbing cock.

"M-m-m," the other one purred as she took his other hand and encouraged him to massage her soft, smooth breasts. Her blouse had magically become undone and her thin bra held her tits up to his dilated eyes like a sacred offering. He was emboldened to go on, looking at one then the other and back again. He could look at the striptease girl on the screen with his vision perfectly framed by the faces of the two beauties that now owned his every breath.

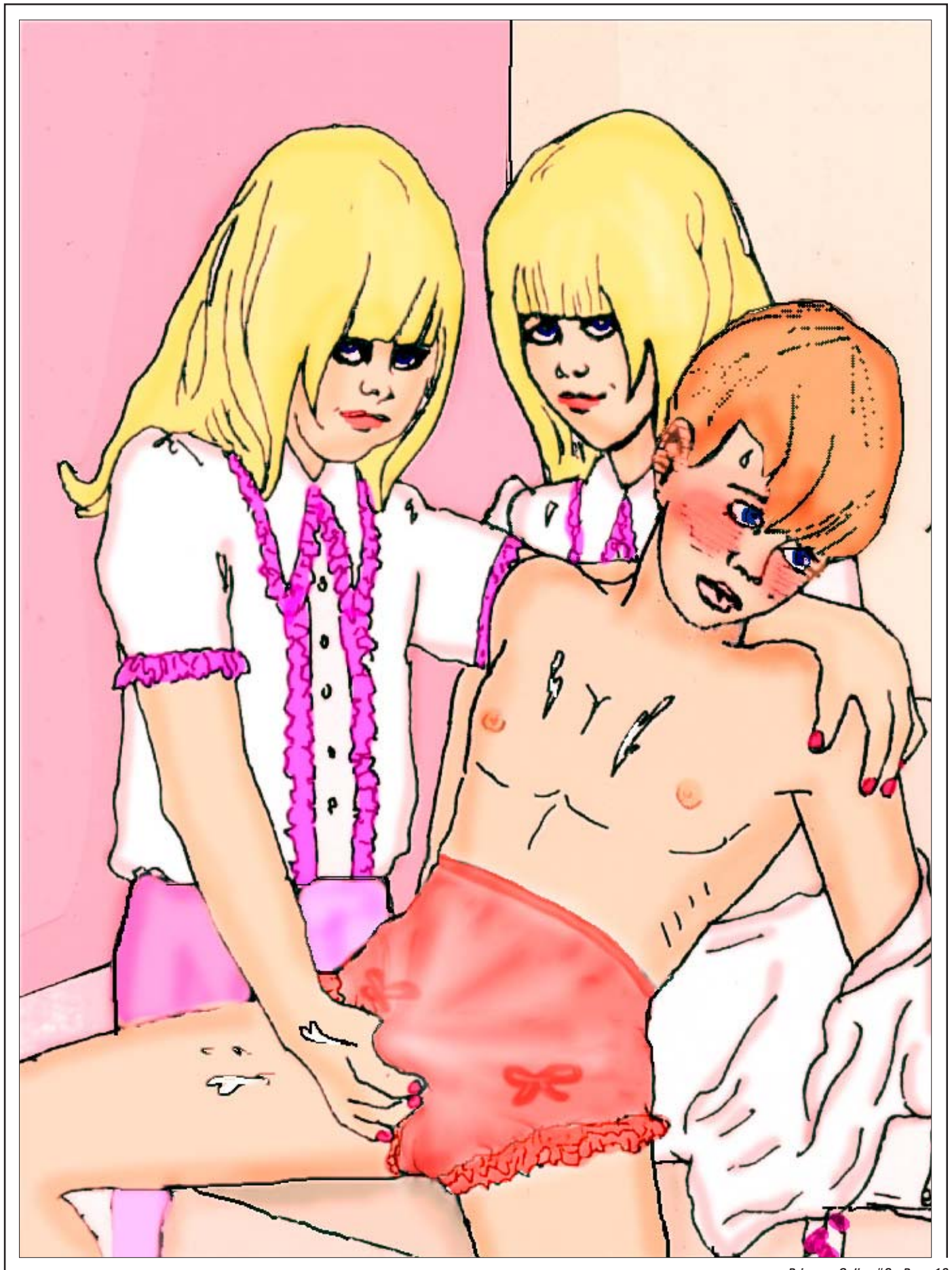
Time ran out. The machine clicked and clanked to a quick halt. He heard a coin being dropped in the slot and the screen quickly came back to life. The girl in the virgin white lingerie was now down to her fresh clean panties, old-fashioned panties fully encompassing her hips and pulled high on her waist. The girl kept tugging up on her panties, grinding them into her crotch. She bumped her hips to and fro as she seemed to love the feeling that the tautly pulled-up panties imparted to her cunt. Her fingers explored the tight folds of silky fabric pulled up between her legs.

Owen found himself doing things he had only dreamed of doing. He touched the girls, their hair, their bodies. Both of them opened their legs. He touched their cunts, warm and very wet; he was thrilled to hear them sigh ecstatically as he touched them. He took instruction from the screen, the girl playing with her clitoris and lush mound through those shiny panties. Immediately he was using that knowledge. As he saw how that girl turned herself on, he imitated her and moved his fingers in the same way as he explored the depths of the pink panties of the excited girls crushed up against him. He loved touching them almost as much as he loved how they were touching him.

Magically, his zipper opened, their hands snaked into his shorts, and he was shivering with delight as they stroked his cock in warm, smooth palms. He felt weak all over, much too weak to stop what was happening to him.

He turned his head side-to-side, gobbling up hot, wet kisses. As he kissed them he could see beyond them and get a glimpse of the screen. The girl was writhing in ecstasy, her glistening fingers audibly flying in and out of her sopping wet cunt still covered by her saturated panties, now stretched to their limit as they delved in and out of dripping sex hole.

One of the girls let go of his cock for a moment, tugged up her skirt and skinned down her pink panties. Stepping out of them, she used both her hands to form them into a silken nest that she used to fully encompass his penis and balls. Through the warm, exotic silk she milked the swollen head of his penis and tickled his balls. Her tongue once again moved in and around his ear, making him seem to dissolve inside. The girl



on the screen kept shoving her fingers up her cunt through the very wet crotch of her shiny panties. The camera zoomed in on the livid, palpitating flesh about her oozing hole. Owen strained every muscle to contain himself, to delay the inevitable. The girls sensed his impending discharge and let up on their touching, switching to long, light touches instead of rapid, deep massaging.

Owen was too far-gone. They had taken him over. He tried to return their loving ministrations, but found himself in such a state of ecstasy that he was like a live wire in their hands. He had no ability to do anything except layback and enjoy what was building into an amazing crescendo.

Now, the other girl stood up, lifted her skirt and skinned down her pink panties. Drenched with her juices, she playfully rubbed them on his chest. It wasn't until that moment that he had realized his shirt was wide open, his trousers and under shorts were completely off. The wet nylon panties she used to tease his nipples and instantly harden them. She then trailed the panties up his neck and shoved them in his face. The wettest part of the panties she rubbed on his lips and nose.

One of the girls was now at his feet. He didn't know what she was doing until he felt something being pulled up his legs. Both girls had him ease his hips up off the bench so they could slide the garment into place around his hips. Of course, they had put him into a pair of their panties. Girls' panties with lace and frills and everything! He felt them. They were silky. They were frilled with lace. He didn't want to admit to himself that he was wearing them, wearing something so unmanly. Owen was not very muscular or strong, but he wasn't a sissy! He didn't go in for putting on clothes that belonged to girls! He didn't want to stop this amazing encounter with these fabulous girls, but this was getting too weird for him. He swallowed hard and started to push the panties down off his hips.

"Oh, I . . . I, I can't wear these!" he complained. But before he could say another word, the second pair of panties was being worked into his groaning mouth.

"Sh-h-h!" the one girl whispered. "You're very lucky, sweetie. You're sucking on my sister's panties and wearing mine. Don't they feel wonderful? I know you love them. Just relax and let us make you feel good!"

"What the hell!" Owen said to himself. Yes, it was the most amazing experience of his life. These girls were obviously very experienced. He decided to sit back and relax and go along with them. "What's the big deal?" he thought. "I'll take them off as soon as this is all over."

"Whew!" he groaned and almost jumped out of his seat when out of nowhere, he felt movement up his ass crease, and with an "umph!" a finger penetrated his butt and worked itself around and around.

"Come!" the girls commanded in unison. They were no longer kissing him and whispering, but shouting into each ear. He moaned and was overcome with the glorious feeling of his sperm jetting forth into their silky panties all the while the girl on screen was now fucking herself with a huge dildo, fucking herself right through her fabulously pretty feminine panties.

The girls milked him until he was dry, drained and sore, so sensitized that he pushed their hands away and pleaded with them to stop.

"My, my, my!" the one girl cooed. "You've made a mess of yourself and our panties. We'll have to get you cleaned up. They helped him pull himself together. However, instead of having him take off the panties, they had him put on his trousers over them. They zipped and belted him up, entrapping his tapped-out penis. The panties that had been in his mouth they stuck into his pocket. Then they whirled him about and propelled him toward the curtained door. A moment later, dazzled by the bright sunlight outside, he became even more confused and disoriented.

"Look what you did," the one said.

Owen groaned as she held up her hand for him to see that some of his shiny sperm had coated her palm. As they walked along in broad daylight, she grinned wickedly and licked it off. He was vividly aware of the throngs of passing people who surely must know of his awful sin.

"You've got it all over our panties too," she said. "We'll all have to get some new ones."

Chapter 4 – The Lingerie Shop

Owen almost stumbled and fell as they quickly wheeled him about and marched him down the street, gripping his arms firmly and leading him as if he were a little boy being taken somewhere for something he didn't understand. Satiated, he wanted to flee from them. He had had his fun, but with them in control, he almost feared what might happen next. He didn't know what time it was, but he was sure that his mother would be wondering where he had been so long after school. Still, the thrills they had shown him only moments before made him keep pace with these dream girls no matter what time it was, no matter where they wanted to take him.

As they steered him into a lingerie shop, he could feel the wet spots on the panties beneath his trousers grow cold and sticky against his hips and deflated penis. Wearing those panties made it particularly unnerving to be in a lingerie store, the ultimate female sanctuary. He blushed at the thought of being in this place so dressed. He had no idea why they were there. He shrank from the saleswoman who approached them. She smiled and exchanged greetings with the two girls. He thought he detected the smallest wink from the saleslady, but he wasn't sure. He couldn't be sure of anything any more.

"We'd like three pairs of panties, pink, something very fancy. Two in size six . . . The other pair in, . . . let's see," she hummed as she looked him over. "Um, too small for women's sizes, hum-m-m-m-m, I guess a girls' size eleven . . . no make it twelve. That should do it."

Owen was still in a daze. He hadn't put two and two together. He didn't know what they were planning on doing.

"Yes, ma'am," the lady smiled. "I have what you need."

Owen tried to sidle away as the clerk offered the sexy little girls several different styles of pink lace panties to choose from. The girls turned the garments this way and that, and examined them critically.

"These will do just fine," the one girl said.

"Come along, dear," the other one said to Owen.

Again they were leading Owen firmly along, this time past the smugly smiling saleslady, past the gauntlet of soft pastel-colored bras and panties and through a door into a small room.

He looked wildly around him and said, "This is a dressing room. I can't be in here."

"You already are," the one twin said and closed the door from the inside.

"Take off all your clothes. Everything," the other one said.

"What! I can't. I . . ."

A small hand shot out and slapped him with surprising intensity. His hand went to his face and tears threatened to well up in his eyes as he gazed at them, stunned. They were still smiling, still as beautiful as ever, but somehow, they looked much taller, much more powerful. He wanted to say something, but another hand appeared out of nowhere and shoved a pacifier in his mouth, a large-size version of a baby's pacifier. Looking down his nose, he could see it was pink. He was humiliated. He opened his mouth and began complaining, but the hand shoved the pacifier right back into his mouth and they told him to "shut up" in unison. They began to quickly unbutton his shirt.

"Help us, you ninny," the one said. "Or don't you want us to make you feel good again?"

His fingers felt like wooden sticks as he opened his shirt and started to draw it off. With his arms imprisoned, the other one leaned forward to encircle his nipple with her lips. Although he'd just ejaculated minutes before, he felt the warmth and tingle of the kiss suffusing down to his loins. He'd never been kissed that way before – in fact, he'd never really been kissed by any girl before. The sudden knowledge of the extreme sensitivity in his nipples amazed him. He had to lean back against the wall while he looked down at her and she continued to kiss him, leaving streaks of her bright lipstick around his nipples. He was barely aware of the other girl's hands working on his trousers until they dropped around his knees.

He groped down for them, but she commanded, "Get out of these pants and get rid of those dirty panties of yours."

His penis was coming up again, and in the bright light of the dressing room, he tried to hide it in a crouch as he got his dropped trousers and stained panties caught on his shoes. They laughed softly down at him in his plight and he felt totally in their power, struggling with his shoes and clothes. In the bright light, he longed to gaze directly at their panty-less loins hidden under their short skirts, but their gleaming eyes held his as if they were hypnotists and he a defenseless subject.

The one reached down and took his face in her hands. She turned his head so he could stare at the other one as she took

a pair of the new panties and daintily stepped into them. In the soundless room, the crisp, silky material hissed against her nylon stockings as she sensuously drew them up her long legs.

Her skirt went up and the panties took their place to cover her sex as she pulled them gently but snugly all the way up and over her girlish tummy. The moment she was finished, the first girl took a pair of the panties and did the same sort of dance as she sexily put them on herself. The third pair, the smallest pair of the new pink panties, they held between them in their slim fingers and advanced toward him. They smoothed the panties against his cheek, their faces inches from his. Their mouths opened and their lips reached out for him, and then he was experiencing the deepest, most erotic kiss he'd ever known. The three-way kiss had their tongues moving in lazy strokes about his, drawing his into the dance, making him follow their tongues as they teased him with in-and-out motions. While one gently closed her teeth and lips on his tongue and sucked it, the other girl took the panties and moved her hands down over his body, slithering the satiny panties down and down. His hands were drawn to the breasts of the girl who was kissing him. He was intoxicated with this first real opportunity to thoroughly explore a girl's breasts. He squeezed and kneaded them adoringly. His penis was fully hard and fitted snugly against the warm hollow of her groin. His body was trembling all over when she smoothed her hands over his bare buttocks. At that moment, he realized that her skirt was pushed up and out of the way and his penis was now throbbing as it lovingly rested against her pink-pantied abdomen.

The end of the kiss left him feeling as if he were made of warm jelly. She pulled back and said, "We're going to put these panties on you now, darling."

He nodded and stared into the face of an angel, as the other girl got on her knees, so close that her silky blonde hair brushed his rigidly upright cock. He was panting, beside himself with desire for the further touches from these wonderfully masterful girls. Almost anything would send him over the edge. He felt his feet, one at a time, being lifted. He felt the cool nylon panties being put over each foot and drawn upward. He felt the gentle bite of the elastic leg holes of the forbidden pink panties. He couldn't suppress a moan as they drew the panties up his legs. He longed for their hands on his cock again but did not have the ability to ask them anything. He felt both pairs of hands roaming over his panties as the twin girls settled them properly about his hips and butt. While smoothing their hands over his pink-clad loins, they were now standing close-up and face-to-face; they stared deeply into his eyes, each smiling wickedly with a wide, toothy grin.

Owen's mind was afloat in a sea of confusion, but he knew he had to react. He had to protest.

"Girls!" he said. "Girls! I can't wear these. Let's go somewhere so I can get some men's shorts! Please!"

"Men's shorts!" the one twin almost shouted. "You're never going to wear men's shorts again. From now on, it's only pretty panties or you. Right?"



"Buh . . . but no! I . . . I, I can't!"

In response, the one girl pushed him over the lap of the other girl who was sitting on a small stool. Then a quick tattoo of slapping hands came flying down on his pantied butt. Owen had never been spanked in his entire life, even in school. For all their daintiness and complete femininity, he had sensed that these girls were physically quite strong. Still, he was shocked that they could get him into position for a spanking so quickly and effortlessly and hit him so powerfully with their thoroughly feminine hands.

The next thing he knew his shirttail had been pushed out of the way and he was being beaten with about a dozen rapid blows from a school cane that seemed to have appeared out of nowhere. He moaned and groaned from both shock and pain.

"Where in the hell did they come up with a school cane?" His thoughts were running wild. "In a public dressing room? He knew they hadn't brought one with them. He hadn't seen it in the dressing room. Had all of this been somehow prearranged? Was this all a dream?" The pain in his butt told him that this was no dream. The sting was intense, but he was not going to allow himself to cry no matter how much it hurt! But the pain was too intense, he did start to cry. He felt defenseless against these two little feminine terrors. His juices had been drained, his mind thrust into a new dimension; he had to admit that he was just a puppet in their hands and he had no power or will to fight back.

One said, "Promise, you'll be a good boy now. Promise, you'll always wear pretty panties."

Hoping to end the embarrassment as well as the stinging pain, he hastily agreed.

"Oh, that's beautiful, baby. Absolutely beautiful," the other twin said. "We want you to always wear frilly pink panties, sweetie. That way, you'll always remember us."

He didn't answer, for he had no breath to answer.

"Remember them?" he thought. "Are they going somewhere? Does that mean I'm never going to see them again?" His mind was getting more screwed up by the minute.

Still standing, one engaged him in an intense kiss while the other got to her knees and locked her mouth over his cock in his panties, her eyes barely open as she ran her tongue up and down the length of it, making

the pink nylon cling wetly to his meat.

The one broke away from the kiss to ask, "Promise us again you'll always wear them, darling."

"Yes, promise us that you'll always wear pretty pink panties and think of us!"

"I promise," he panted, and he was rewarded with another intense kiss from the one twin while the tongue of the second twin traveled down his bulging pink panties to seek his nylon-covered testicles. He felt weak.

They set him on the stool and leaned him back with his legs spread as the one hungrily kissed him and the other licked his nylon-covered balls slowly and very thoroughly through the silky panties, only to once again return to minister to his penis. They pulled him to the floor, then the one twin pulled aside the panties to free his penis, and the other crawled up and mounted him. Somehow the one was able to crawl between his legs and lick his pantied balls while the other one rode his cock up and down, up and down, up and down. It didn't take long. He was spurting. As he spurted, it drained back out of the girl's cunt and into the waiting lips of her twin, whose head was buried deep into their exploding sex organs. The one dismounted and the other cleaned up the mess with long loving oral strokes to his overworked penis. He groaned when she slid her mouth off his burning dick, which was still pulsating. Very meticulously then, they snugged the panties up about him once more, lingering to insure that not a wrinkle showed on the garment. They stood up and kissed him again, sucking his tongue like they had sucked on his penis.

They ended it with a sigh and murmur against his lips, "You're going to kiss us as we've kissed you, and then we're going to make you feel simply marvelous, baby."

He couldn't imagine what more they could do to him. He repeatedly clenched his fists as he watched them open their blouses. They pulled aside their bras. With their breasts bared, he didn't know why they needed bras. Their breasts were proudly upright, the undersides perfect hemispheres, the upper mounds soft swells, small by most accounts, girlish and sweet, but the coral-tipped nipples pointed straight at him, and to him they were more perfect than any set of breasts he had ever seen in any magazine. He kissed those breasts with deep reverence, allowing them to move his head from one to the other with their hands on his cheeks. He adored the softness and warmth, the smell of their perfume and the faint but delicious taste of their flesh. They purred words and undulated their bodies under his light touch.

It took only a light pressure from their hands on his shoulders to make him quit their breasts and go to his knees. They stopped him for a moment and let him watch as they opened the side zipper of their skirts and let them drop to expose their fully-fashioned brand new pink panties. He had a pretty good idea what they wanted him to do, a type of love that to him had been only a matter to joke about, never to seriously consider.

From his kneeling position, they trapped his head between them. Above him they kissed each other and fondled each

other's perfect titties, while down below Owen went back and forth eating pussy like it was the only food left in the world. Each girl pulled her panties aside. They directed him to use his fingers to go deep into one while using his tongue on the other. Then they'd have him switch, go back and forth to simultaneously pleasure them. With gentle touches, low moans and shifting bodies they taught him how to please them, how to make them cum in their panties.

The one girl cried, "Oh baby, if you could only see yourself in your pretty pink panties, eating my cunt. Beautiful! Stay with me now. Stay with me while I cum. Oh! Oh, you adorable little doll with your . . . uh-h-h-h! . . . with your cock all bound up in your fancy pink panties. Oh! Oh, oh, oh! Oh-h-h-h-h-h!"

The other one soon followed, "Oh, yes, darling! I'm cumming . . . I'm cumming for my little pantywaist boy! I love you in your pink panties. I love your cock in your fancy pink panties. I love . . . Uurgh! Nnng! Mmmf!"

They dragged him up by the hair and mashed their mouths against his, sucking and nibbling madly at his lips and tongue, covered as they were with their delicious juices. At the same time they were equally frantic with their hands at his loins, on his buttocks, in and out of the panties, groping madly at his flesh, tearing at his panties.

"You've fucked my sister, now I want you to fuck me in your pretty pink panties!" the one said. He doubted that he could cum a third time. He wasn't all that hard and wondered if he was at his end, but his own body amazed him as his erection came rushing back to full strength. The girl shoved him back down to the floor, pulled aside the crotch of her panties and quickly mounted him, breathing so terribly fast he thought she was having a heart attack.

Her words came out in sobs so that he couldn't understand them at first as he was driven to kiss and fondle her. The first girl now spread his legs, positioned herself between their four legs and found the room to suck his pantied balls as he drove himself up and down on the lovely girl's dripping, pantied cunt.

"Beautiful! Beautiful pink panties with your beautiful cock in them, fucking us. It's delicious, sweet boy! Little pink bows on the hips and the frilliest fucking lace in the whole world on the sides. These panties have your balls all bound up. You're fucking me while you were wearing them. Wonderful! Your cock fucked my sister, now your beautiful pink panties are fucking me. Now, fuck me, my little panty boy. Fuck me, sissy! Ah! Oh, god damn!"

The other twin was madly sucking his balls through his panties, and she was raking her sharp fingernails across his pantied hips.

As the girl being fucked felt his hardness, her soft little tits bounced crazily and her lovely face contorted grotesquely as another enormous orgasm overcame her, dragging him along with its intensity. For a while it seemed that he might go on coming with her forever, suspended in time, the girl between their legs had to back off as the pink panties became a pink

blur of motion between the pantied boy and her sister.

When it was over, with a great sigh she relaxed and finally released him. He groaned, completely spent, totally exhausted. He felt terribly drowsy. He knew enough about girls that it was at these moments that they liked to be held in a boy's arms and cuddled as a fitting conclusion to their lovemaking. But, selfishly, he wanted nothing more than to sleep and relive it all in a lovely dream. He started to rise when he felt them get up, but they stopped him.

"Stay right there," the one said sternly.

He relaxed again, closing his eyes: He might have dozed briefly then, and he still felt groggy when he felt her mouth on his. He looked and saw they had their hair in place, lipstick freshened and their clothes in order.

He reached out for them.

"Bye-bye baby," they said in one voice.

"Maybe we'll see you again someday," the one twin said.

"Make sure you're wearing your pink panties so you're ready for us," the other one said as they left.

He was on his feet and half way out the door before he realized that all he had on was those frilly pink panties. He backed up and hung behind the door, only leaving it open a crack while he watched the girls speaking with the saleslady, counting money into her hand at the same time. The only words he could hear were, "... don't think we'll be back. We need a room with some mirrors . . ."

Owen dressed in a daze, pulling his trousers on over the pink panties, torn and sodden now, and having to rouse himself several times from the confused wanderings of his mind. He grabbed up the magazine, which was spread out on the floor and was about to throw it into a wastebasket but decided instead to stick it under his shirt to hide it. Then he waited until the saleslady's back was turned to run out of the lingerie shop and hurry home. He was amazed that it had all happened to him in less than an hour.

Chapter 5

Finding a Friend

When he got home, his mother was there. He complained to her that he didn't feel good and wanted to skip dinner and simply get some rest. Once in his room, he stripped off his clothes and yanked off the panties, tearing them more as he displayed his anger to himself. Those girls must have been crazy. Girls didn't act like that. Thoroughly drained of his juices, he was thinking clearer than he had ever thought about anything before. It was like he had been living in a dream world his entire life and this crazy experience with these two nymphomaniacs tore apart most everything he knew about girls, sex and life itself! Disgusted with himself for allowing them to put him into panties, he took the tattered panties along with the wet panties they had put in his pocket and savagely tore them to bits then cut them into smaller bits with scissors and flushed them down the toilet. He was panting when he

watched them swirl away.

Happy that he had disposed of this evidence that so threatened his manhood, he walked back to his room. As he lay on his bed the first thought that came to his mind was, "God! I don't even know their names!"

For the next two weeks Owen experienced a change in himself. He found himself more confident around girls; he found it a lot easier to talk to them. He was getting close to asking one of them out for a date. He was sure she'd accept a date with him. He told himself over and over that the experience would be every bit as physically thrilling as that weird day in the back of the lingerie shop. But then it all fell apart.

He couldn't get those twins out of his mind. He realized that he was thinking about them all the time! Every girl he saw he compared to them. Every girl he saw he knew couldn't measure up to those twins in any way. One night he climbed into bed and pulled out that magazine he had bought in that store, and before he knew it, he'd torn open his pajamas and was masturbating fiercely, but it wasn't enough. He needed something more. He went to the laundry hamper and found four pairs of panties belonging to his mother and sister, one pair of his sister's were pink. He took them to his room. Like a robot, he stepped into the panties. Immediately, he started pounding on his pantied penis, sobbing out his joy as he did it with his mind filled with thoughts of the twins savagely overtaking his body. It was an intense cum that brought back all the memories of those wonderfully exotic twin sisters. Moments after he shot his load, he became disgusted with himself once again. He tore off the panties, cut them up and flushed them down the toilet, hoping his sister wouldn't miss them.

The next day he went into the girls' lingerie section of a department store at the mall and found some pink panties on sale, all very lacy with bows on the sides. He remembered that the twins had bought him a girls' size twelve. He quickly found the bin marked size twelve, picked up three pairs and stealthily took them up to the counter. As the young salesgirl giggled, she rang up the sale. He almost ran out of the store. In a public rest room, he changed into the panties and went hurriedly to the bus stop where he'd met them that day. With his pantied penis hard and aching, he sat and waited, but there was no sign of them.

The day after that, he conquered his embarrassment and went back to the lingerie shop. The saleslady smiled sweetly but said that she didn't remember any twin girls, but she did remember him leaving the store blushing heavily. He went to the dirty bookstore and asked if they'd remembered the twin girls. No one there remembered anything. He went back to the peep show. Now that he looked at the booths, he was amazed at how small they were. How could three people fit into one of those booths, much less do everything he had done with those girls in a room that size. He watched three different movies before he found the panty cunt show he'd seen that day. He studied the girl hard, hoping for a clue and got so

excited he had to masturbate through his pocket, ejaculating into the tight pink panties. As he was about to leave, the man behind the counter noticed him and asked to see his ID. Owen ran out with the man yelling after him to stay out until he was old enough to be there. He bought three more pairs of panties on the way home, this time from a friendly matronly type woman in a small lingerie shop. As soon as he got home to his room, he changed into a fresh pair of panties and masturbated as he pored over the pictures in the girlie magazine that he now treasured.

Every succeeding day found him at another bus stop, looking, looking. He no longer was interested in dating girls from his school and didn't care about looking at other girls and women strutting their stuff around the city. He bought a door mirror for his room and spent hours before it, wearing only a pair of his pink panties, turning this way and that, looking from every angle for what there was about pink lace panties covering a stiff cock that might have excited the girls he adored. Numerous times, his mother, father and sister almost caught him as they unexpectedly came up to his room to see why he was spending so much time in there.

Seven weeks later while Owen was sitting on a park bench and feeling quite discouraged, he noticed a boy about his same age also wearing pink panties under his clothes. At least it looked like pink panties. The boy's T-shirt had pulled loose of his trousers when he bent over to tie his shoelace, exposing a shiny strip of pink nylon and delicate lingerie elastic. Owen couldn't help but lean forward a little for a closer look, and when he saw the pink and knew what he was looking at, he felt his prick uncontrollably begin to erect.

The young man noticed Owen's stare, and he straightened up. Tucking his shirt back into his pants, he started to rise.

"Wait!" said Owen desperately, and grabbed his arm. "Look!" he said, and jerked his own shirt open to show the edge of his own panties. The young man's handsome face turned crimson and he sat down again.

"How long have you been looking for them?" Owen asked.

"The twins?"

"Yes, the twins! I had begun to think it was all a dream."

"Months, I've been looking. At times it seems like years. Do you know their name?"

"No. Do you know why they dig boys in pink panties?"

"I've racked my brain over that. Do you dig pink panties?"

"Not . . . not on myself," said Owen, his cock fully up.

Both their faces were as pink as their panties.

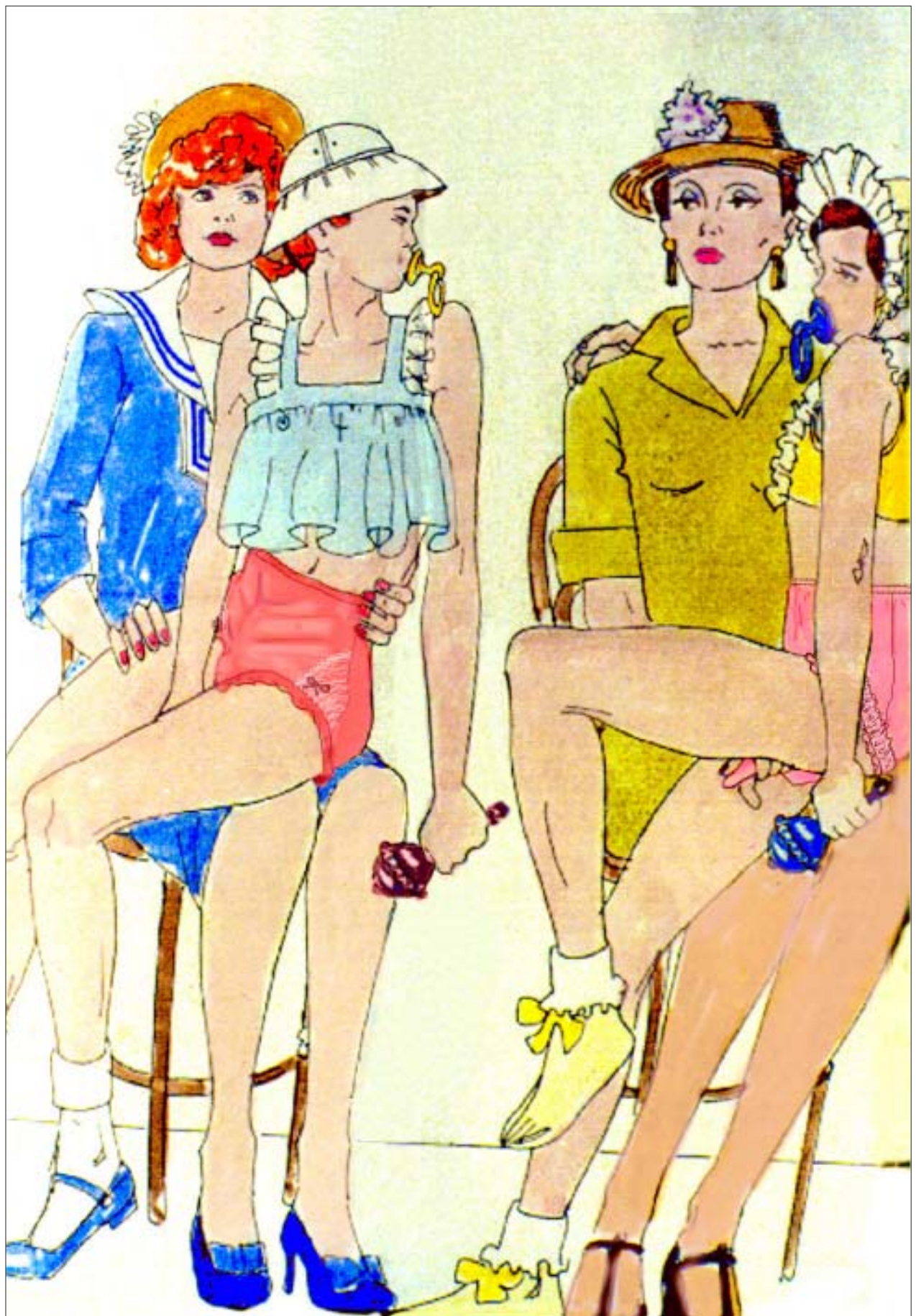
"Look. I don't live far from here," Owen said. "Why don't you come . . . why don't you . . . come over . . . and we'll talk about it . . ."



Chapter 6 - The Cure

Together they planned how to help each other out while searching for the twins. In an organized way, they divided the downtown area into sections and took turns rotating positions. At night they'd call one another and discuss their results. Twice Owen saw or at least thought he saw the twins, but they were too far away, and he lost them in the crowded streets before he was able to catch up with them.

Then toward the end of summer, one night the other boy called Owen. He excitedly explained how he had seen the twins on a bus, as bewitchingly lovely as ever. He tried to chase it, to intercept it at the next stop, but the crowded sidewalks made it impossible. Having lost them, he was crestfallen for a time, but then he looked up to see them standing directly in front of him. They simply gave him an address and told him to be there the next day, Saturday at 2 P.M. The boy was in rapture but still enough in control of himself to ask if he could bring along, Owen, his friend, whom



they had also initiated. With a laugh they agreed.

Owen didn't sleep that night. Instead he gave himself a long refreshing bath, washed and ironed his clothes (including his nicest and fanciest pair of pink panties) and awaited his fate. The next day the two boys met and went to the address, an old brownstone on a fairly busy street at the edge of downtown. They knocked. The door opened, a pair of sweet little femininely made up eyes peeking around the edge. Once inside, they saw that the door had been opened by a little boy in a highly feminized state. Blushing and walking shakily on high-heeled shoes, the boy was dressed only in a pink bra, panties, garter belt and nylons. They asked him about the twins.

"Do you have your pink panties on?" the boy asked with a lisp.

Both Owen and his friend nodded.

"Take off everything except your panties."

As soon as they were stripped down to their panties, the boy gave each of them a pacifier to suck on. Then he handed each a baby's rattle as he said, "You're not allowed to talk without permission. The pacifiers will remind you to keep your mouth shut. If you forget and start to speak and the pacifier falls out, you'll be spanked."

"The rattles," he continued, "will provide you with all the communication you will need. Shake the rattle once to say 'yes,' twice to say 'no,' and three times if you want to remove your pacifier and ask a question. However, any question better be a good one, worthy of the ladies' time or you'll be punished. A frivolous question will earn you an immediate caning. A foolish or inappropriate question will earn you far worse."

Then he added, "But you will enjoy the benefits. You'll be with your dream girls. You'll be the play toy of beautiful girls and women. You'll be jerked off in your panties or made to shoot your spunk in dozens of other ways. You'll be in sex heaven."

"All the women want from you," he explained, "is your absolute submission and your cum. They don't want your talk. They only want your company so they can play with you and you can service them, however they desire. This is a special club for women and girls who know how to treat boys. You will be systematically milked of your spunk. The women have it processed and used in beauty creams. That's how they make money to run this place. Here's a condom for each of you. Put them on."

Owen and his friend had seen condoms before but weren't very skilled in putting them on. Each boy had his panties pulled down far enough to liberate his penis, but they struggled getting the condoms out of the wrappers.

With a huff, alluding to their inexperience, the little boy (who couldn't have been more than eight or nine) knelt down before them, took the condoms and expertly sheathed one over each boy's penis before helping them up with their panties

"Well, I've told you all you need to know. So follow me to

the main parlor."

The feminine little boy paused before opening the large double doors.

"Oh, yes, you asked about the twins. They're the official recruiters. They have prepared many boys like yourselves, who have been identified, evaluated and initiated. After they have lined up such boys, they work with the recruiting staff to keep tabs on where those boys live and what they do. Whenever, there are openings for more boys here at the club, the twins know exactly how to find those boys and get them here. Just like you were invited to come here today." The boy laughed at his little joke, the pun about being "invited to come." Then he opened the doors and directed them inside.

As Owen and his friend entered the main room, they were astounded to see a roomful of women, girls and sissyboys. The devilish twins, as lovely as ever in slinky little mini dresses, were sitting on thrones, each with a boy's head buried under her skirt. The twins were in the throws of orgasm and didn't take notice of their entrance. But in addition to them, there were almost a dozen other sexy young girls and elegantly dressed women in the big double-sized room. Within moments, Owen and his friend were put in flouncy little babydoll tops and girlish shoes and found themselves sitting on the laps of two aristocratic looking ladies. Like several other women and girls with pantied boys on their laps, each female was leisurely teasing her boy's pantied dick but otherwise ignoring the boys as they carried on conversations with each other. Other girls were being fucking or orally serviced by other sissyboys.

If Owen had been in his own mind, he might have been forewarned because a close look at the pacifier-sucking boys revealed that they all had a stupid, blank expression on their faces. Milked to the point of exhaustion, they languished about in a trancelike state. Any sign of resistance was met with a quick slap across the face or a spanking. That was usually followed with a stern talking-to then a sea of hands massaged the boys' pantied genitals until they were groaning in pleasure and spurting more cum.

Owen gawked as he looked around, amazed, but he didn't even flinch when he saw one sissified boy bent over a bench giving oral sex to a second sissyboy while a third panty boy fucked him in the ass, each wearing condoms so their cum could be salvaged. To top it off, two little girls were beating the boys with wispy little canes. Owen wondered what naughty things the boys had done to deserve such a punishment.

From behind them, Owen and his friend heard two sweet voices say, "Hello."

They turned around and saw the twins with their skirts held up to their chins, their pink panties with glistening wet crotches fully on display.

The boys cried. They were finally home! □

The End