

Princess Online

Featured Stories and Letters from the
Princess Productions Website

No. 31



*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 partywaist 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

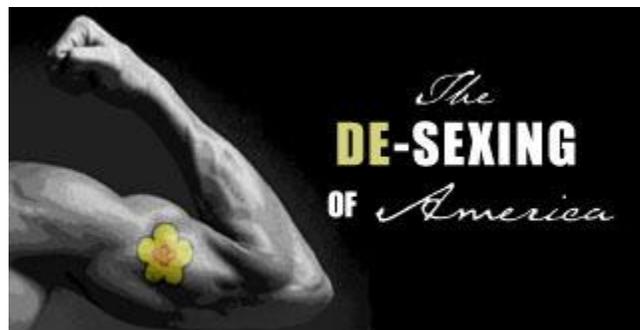


Boys in Bras!

It looks like these boys are having fun trying on their mothers' brassieres. The picture is from the 2000 children's film "Lloyd." We received this photo from Watchdoggie! For more information about the film, you can try the Amazon.com location below. They are selling it on DVD.

http://www.amazon.com/exec/obidos/ASIN/B00005B1ZQ/ref=pd_sim_dv/103-0720234-2016641

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By Sean McMeekin

Have you ever met anyone who launched a dating service? Chances are, it's because they couldn't get a date on their own. Such, at any rate, was my conclusion after hearing about the entrepreneurial endeavors of a onetime classmate of mine who recently dropped out of the History program at UC Berkeley. He formed a website called "MyShiksa.com" devoted to setting up Jewish men like himself with gentile women. Now, without getting too nasty about it, let's just say that this fellow ... was not exactly famous around these parts as a ladies' man. Clearly his "dotcom" venture is aimed at more than attracting investment capital.

If you scour the Internet these days, you will find literally hundreds of similar companies, a fact which, to my mind, reflects not just unrealistic "dotcom" start-up euphoria, but also a disturbing degree of romantic desperation in our society. And if you actually read the bizarre mission statements on these sites, the underlying cause behind this desperation is not hard to fathom: millions and millions of Americans have simply become romantic illiterates.

What does my former colleague, for example, propose to accomplish with his match-making service, aside from helping himself meet women? "While most other dating websites either ignore cultural and ethnic differences or exist exclusively for one particular group of people," he writes in the latest idiom of politically correct "diversity" speak, "MyShiksa.com embraces these differences. Our goal is to create an engaging, stimulating environment for all to enjoy." Are you melting with desire yet?

To be fair to the Internet's legions of romantic hopefuls, they are not the only ones who are clueless these days in matters of the heart. Take this ad for a conventional Chicago-based national dating service, called "It's Just Lunch!", which I recently came across while visiting Washington, DC. Launched by a frustrated feminist named Ms. Andrea McGinty, "It's Just Lunch" takes a clinical approach to matching up romantically frustrated yuppies.

Not men and women, mind you — in fact, these words scarcely appear in the entire full-page ad. No, Ms. McGinty's business tries to fix up "'normal,' well-educated professionals," also known as "busy and successful individual[s]" who choose to become "clients" of "the service." So pained is Ms. McGinty to avoid using the dreaded terminology of sexual differentiation that she resorts frequently to indeterminate third-person pronouns, as in the following watered down come-on which, I presume, is meant to sound appealing to singles looking for dates:

While both people will know a lot about each other, last names and phone numbers are not given. It's up to the clients to do so after they have met — and most of them do exchange phone numbers and

make plans to get together again. Then, they each check in with the company and give feedback on the date.

Anyone paying the slightest attention, incidentally, will already be somewhat suspicious about the efficacy of such a bland approach to dating. Company founder Ms. McGinty, after all, is apparently still single — all we learn about her in the ad (aside from her attachment to the "Ms." title) is that she was jilted "weeks before [her wedding]," tried a bunch of blind dates and personal ads, and then launched her lunchtime dating service. Which apparently hasn't done the job.

When exactly was the moment in American history when men stopped being men and women stopped being women? In one form or another, this question has been vexing me ever since I started spending time in Europe in the early 1990s. As any American woman who has traveled abroad knows only all too well, men are different elsewhere, especially in southern European or Latin American countries — they are more chivalrous and "manly" but also more lewd, in every way more aggressive. And women, too, are different elsewhere: more blatant in displaying their sexuality, more submissive to authority, more coy and manipulative, less independent.

Now I'd be the first to admit that there are numerous advantages to the more egalitarian way of doing things in America. Long before contemporary feminists declared war on men, American women displayed an independent streak visible to any European visiting the New World. On the nineteenth century frontier, Tocqueville noted an admirable strength in American women, a selfless work ethic without which this vast country would never have been settled and civilized. The brash, outspoken American city woman, too, has always been a great fixture in English literature. A recent example of this is Charlie, the sexy New York-based journalist in Robert Harris' *Fatherland*, whose refusal to back down to all manner of male intimidation ultimately saves the world from Nazi tyranny.

Lately, though, I have begun to wonder how far this all can go. Feminism, greater economic equality, and the creeping legal regulation of male-female interaction in the schools and the workplace that ostensibly helps "level the playing field" — all these developments were perhaps inevitable in a country that so prizes the individual's right to enrich himself or herself, at the expense of family or communal values. Because such trends are so rooted in fundamental political values that all Americans share, it seems there is no end to the disruption they will cause to our social fabric, from traditional family structure (already all but obliterated in much of the country) to dating patterns and the most elemental human interactions between the sexes.

Take, for another illustrative example, the late swing-dancing craze. When I first got wind of this retro revival a few years ago, I was intrigued. Not only have I always loved big band swing music, but I loved the clothes too. Any period movie from the 1940s drives me wild with this incomprehensible nostalgia, as if in some prior life I had lived through the drama of wartime and got out my frustrations with the evils of the world on the dance floor. And it all looked so hot! The men were manly, the women were alluring, and there wasn't a feminist or socialist bureaucrat in sight. Surely, I thought, this Lindy hop thing would serve as a remedy to the romantically-deadened aspects of contemporary American society

that depress me.

But then I actually signed up for a swing-dancing class. And well, it was a little disappointing. It's not merely that any retro phenomenon must inevitably fail to live up to the "real thing," because the social energies which gave rise to it in the first place no longer exist. Swing dancing, so far as I can guess, must have drawn its erotic charge in the 1940s largely from being rebellious or "forbidden" by parents — it was as close to sex as many teenagers and even twentysomethings would get, short of marriage. And as anyone who has churned through a contemporary high school knows, for most young Americans these days, nothing is forbidden.

No, a more fundamental problem is that, in many "enlightened" cities in the U.S. today, the entire premise of single dancing between eligible men and women, excited by and yet also wary of one another, has simply vanished.

Take the gender-neutral terminology of your average swing-dancing class. The participants are not "men" and "women," but rather "leaders" and "followers." And men can be followers as well as leaders, just as women can. Of course most men choose to be leaders, and most women choose to be followers, but merely by allowing everyone to choose their "role," these classes force a "progressive" feminist agenda down everyone's throat that punctures the erotic allure of the dancing.

In one class I entered recently in Berkeley, Calif., the male-female ratio was so lopsided (about 12 to 7) that there were nearly as many men "following" as women. This raised several questions, aside from the obvious problem of whether I wanted to partner-dance with guys ... First of all, why were there so many more men than women taking the class? Since there were, so far as I could see, no actual couples present, my first guess was that these men were all looking to meet women. If so, they were to be sorely disappointed — not only was the ratio stacked against them, but most of the women didn't seem particularly interested in the men.

I can't say I blame them. Aside from the rather unmasculine behavior of those men who agreed, incomprehensibly to me, to be "followers," there was the fact that few of the men (I won't speak for myself) were even recognizably "men." Most were swing-dancing regulars, and they bantered casually with everyone in the room in that gender-neutral way which is hard to describe if you've never encountered it, meaning their voices were not recognizably deeper than the women's, and most of them laughed and giggled in the way girls usually do when they flirt with men. For the most part, the women laughed loudly and giggled back, but then they didn't seem to be flirting when they did this, rather they were just responding neutrally to the men, who were behaving almost identically.

So far as I could determine, none of these people was homosexual. In fact, I'd be willing to guess that, since not a single one of them appeared to have a boyfriend or girlfriend (why would they be taking a dance class alone if they did?), most, if not all of them, had entered the swing dancing scene precisely in the hope of meeting an opposite number. But after observing these men and women interacting together for weeks, I feel confident in saying that this is not likely to happen anytime soon.

How did it become possible that a coed dance class, devoted to the Lindy — one of the most sexually charged partner dances ever invented — could be entirely devoid of erotic energy? I mean, not even a spark. Dead. Not like a morgue, but rather like a trip to the dentist's office, where you get sprayed with laughing gas to distract you from the root canal. How, exactly, did American men and women morph into harmless clones of one another, with no recognizable difference between them?

Now I know this desexing has not happened everywhere in America. It just often seems that way, especially in the kind of "progressive" environments — university campus towns like Berkeley, or urban coastal centers like New York, Washington and L.A. — I always seem to get stuck in. I won't speak for the mid-West or Rocky Mountain regions, where I have spent comparatively little time.

Every time I return stateside from abroad, though, I notice this phenomenon. And there are infinite variations: the dress down casualness of corporate America, where men's and women's fashions are no longer easily distinguishable; the timidity of educated men in the liberal Northeast (where I come from), trained to be maestros in the arts of sensitivity but rather lacking in either ruggedness or chivalry; and the brashness of many women in the Southwest, whose assertiveness often puts those liberal men to shame.

There seems to be no end to the desexing of America. Check out the latest TV shows aimed at "young America" on Fox and MTV, and you will be bombarded with loud, sexually aggressive women, who invariably upstage the bland, sensitive leading men who inexplicably seem to win their affections. With Hollywood teaming up with the Northeastern liberal establishment media and the universities to promote such counter-intuitive gender-neutral behavior and fashions, to mock traditional family values, and to erode every last vestige of traditional notions of manliness and womanliness, I worry that all Americans will soon resemble the desexed clones of my progressive Berkeley swing-dancing class, desperately in search of romantic companionship but clueless as to why they can't find it. Pretty soon, we'll all have our own dating services like that launched by my former Berkeley classmate — which will inevitably go bottom-up just like the Internet economy, since everyone will be too busy selling their own defective products to buy anyone else's.

There simply must be a better way. The best advice I can think of for young singles hoping to reverse the ubiquitous gender-neutral momentum is to tune out as much contemporary cultural junk as possible, listen more to parents and grandparents than to pundits and celebrities, and seek out college mentors who emphasize discipline, character and hard work over those who put a premium on gender-neutral politics and feminist feelings.

Take a swing-dancing class if you like, but make sure also to watch plenty of old movies actually made in the swing-dancing era, back when men still aspired to be strong, chivalrous and worldly (and would never be caught dead giggling, or letting a woman lead them on the dance floor), and women knew that elegant modesty, teased with a coy hint of erotic suggestion, is far more alluring to men than either feminist androgyny or brazen sexual aggression. And by all means, avoid Internet dating services!

It takes time to sort through the mixed messages of American pop culture and figure out what men, and women, really want and desire in the other. And romance, as the Kasses' helpful compilation *Wing to Wing, Oar to Oar* suggests, is hard work. But I think it's worth the effort to try to reverse the tide, to learn from our ancestors what it means to be worthy and desirable men, and women, to climb out of the morass of romantic confusion that currently seems to plague so many of us.

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-Watchdoggie!

Watchdoggie!

It's a conspiracy! Right-wingers tout `family values' and left-wingers decry inequality toward females, yet both groups often agree on one thing: errant males are the enemy. Males start wars and are responsible for most of the carnage throughout history. More specifically, male hormones are the culprit and must be contained and constantly monitored. Radical conservatives believe in petticoat punishment and panty training like Watchdoggie! underwent at the hands of nuns while he was attending fifth grade in a Catholic elementary school during the 1950s.

He still vividly recalls every aspect of that punishment, a thoroughly humiliating experience that forever changed him. Yet it taught him our society looks down on females as inferior to males; that is why petticoat punishment is so effective in humiliating young boys.

The picture collage on the next page is therapy for dear old Watchdoggie!, a way for him to exorcise those demons that still haunt him. After almost 50 years, the rigors of petticoat punishment still cause him pain! The laughing nuns and teasing kids, the sign around his neck and the frilly dress and panties are enough to make a boy or a grown man cry!

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Barbie for Boys!

Q: OK, so little girls and Barbies are a no-no. I can handle that. I always knew how I would raise my daughter a feminist. But now I find out that I am 7 months, carrying a BOY! Should I give him a Barbie doll??? How do we raise our boys to be sensitive, feminist men?"

A: Congratulations on your pregnancy! I am the mother of a son, too. When he was born and I gazed into his perfect little face I couldn't help but think in amazement that here I was, mother of a white male! And with that came my concern: How do I raise him with all the privileges that his sex and skin color automatically give him and let him know that those privileges haven't been fairly shared among us? And the not-so-big but still relevant concern: how do I get his grandparents to stop buying him clothes with footballs sewn on the chest?

I think the author of *The Courage to Raise Good Men* makes an important point when she reminds us that our goal is not to raise good men and women so much as it is to raise good people. When we start thinking of our children as people and not just the sum of their genitals, our choices become much easier. So if your belief system is such that you think that people who are children should have the opportunity to play with a Barbie, and if your person who is a child wants a Barbie, then by all means get him one. And if your person who is a child wants a truck, get him one of those, too. When we stop thinking of things as "boy" toys or "girl" toys then we



become free to pick the most appropriate toys based on our values, expectations and the taste of our children.

Of course, our children are boys or girls, and we shouldn't ignore that. But it's really not as important as who they are as small human beings. An example: My son (like most toddlers) has an intense fascination with trucks, especially noisy bulldozers and dump trucks. His grandfather proudly tells me that this is proof that he's "all boy." Sure, maybe, whatever. I don't really care why he likes trucks, I'm just willing to celebrate his love of them. We visit construction sites, point them out while driving and he has a nice collection of toy trucks. He also has several dolls and a kid-sized sling but he's just not that interested in them right now. Is this because he's a boy? I don't know; get me a grant and maybe I'll do a study on it. Meanwhile, I try to give my son opportunities to be whomever he wants to be and then follow his lead when he tells me who that is. (An aside: much to his grandfather's chagrin, my son also enjoys having his fingernails painted by his aunts. Interestingly, my father doesn't see this as a sign of my son being less-than-macho, thus repudiating his "truck" theory, rather he credits it to our liberal approach to parenting.)

There are certain "boy" things that I don't allow my son to have: guns and camouflage clothing. I mean, what is up with dressing our children like little mercenaries?!

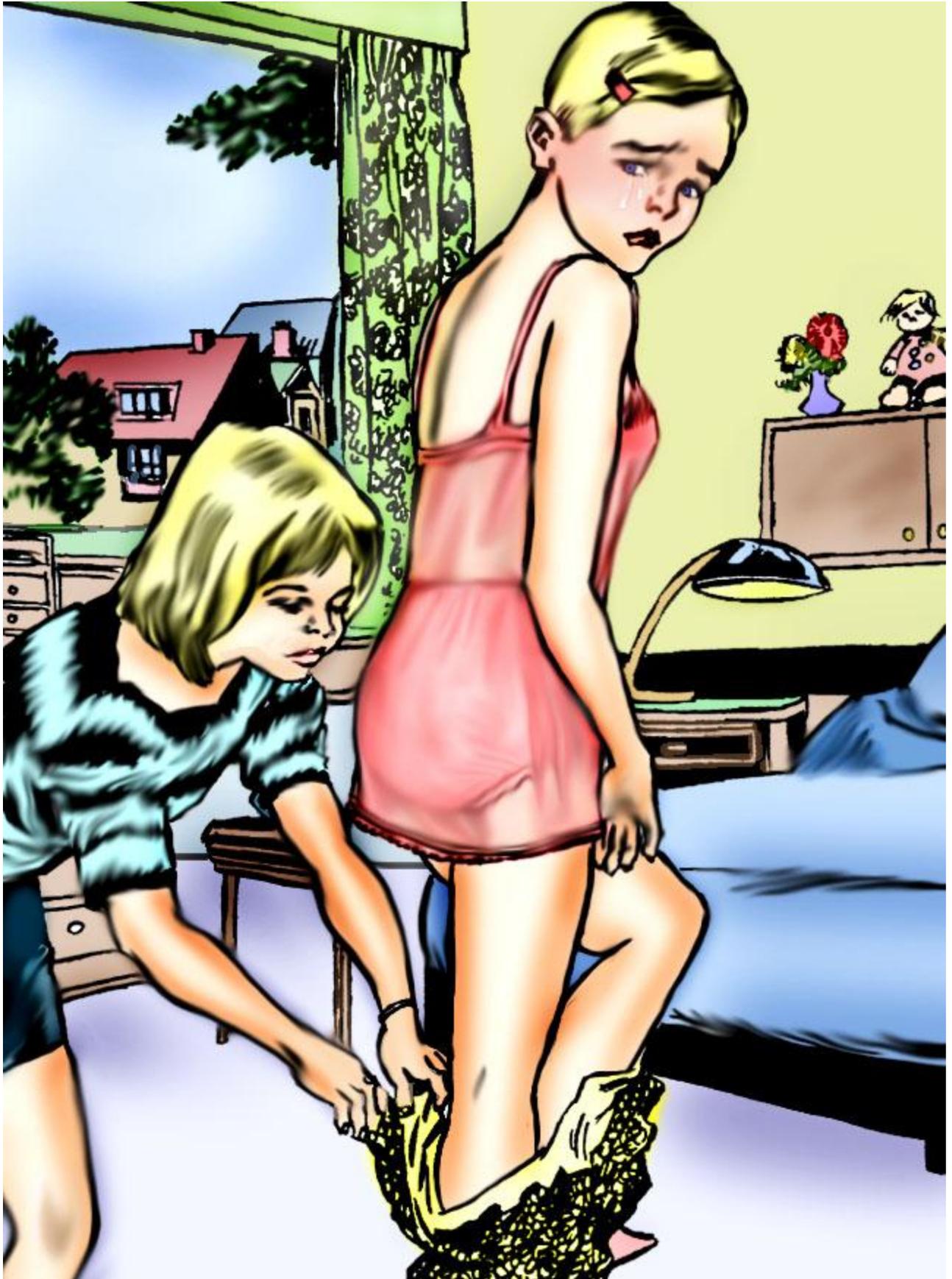
So, for me, the toy issue has been a fairly easy and straightforward one. As to the matter of white, male privilege--well, I'll be tackling that as he grows.

I am sure that your son and mine will be sensitive males and that they will have respect for women because they've been blessed with fabulous, sensitive, feminist mothers.

Conscious, thoughtful parenting may not be easy, but it's incredibly rewarding. And I'll tell you, being a mother has meant confronting my own sexism and hypocrisy; I have grown tremendously as a result. I may have a long way to go yet, but everyday as I help my son grow to be the person that he wants to be, he is helping me become who I want to be, too.

From weresthebaby.com

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Carole Jean

Carole Jean, a good friend and popular author of forced crossdressing stories, has given us permission to colorize and publish each month a select drawing from one her various publications. All of Carole Jean's stories focus upon the humiliation of the poor protagonists as they are coerced into wearing sissified outfits and girls' clothes and then forced to appear in public so shamefully outfitted. Every other page of Carole Jean's booklets is illustrated with a beautiful drawing by the famous Spanish artist Juan Sole, a.k.a. Juan Puyal.

This month we feature a drawing from volume #3 of "Schooled with Girls." At this point in the story Peter finds himself forced into wearing girls' clothes on a daily basis. For fun, his girlfriend talks him into trying on an assortment of her clothes. He's embarrassed to be stripped down to his slip because his pink bra and frilly panties can be seen through the sheer slip.

In addition to "Schooled with Girls," Carole Jean has published books both under her own name and under the name "Bill." Those books include "Bill's Humiliation in Panties"; "Henry's Vacation in Panties"; "Darwin's Womanhood"; "Jeff's Humiliation"; and her most recent, "Beautified Bullies." You can purchase all her books directly from her website:

<http://www.petticoatpunishmentart.com/>

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Masquerade

When his Boy Scout troop put on a Halloween costume contest, Rudy Ishika's mother, who is an expert seamstress, coerced him into appearing in this adorable little outfit that she had made for him. He looked cute enough but walked pigeon-toed and with a decidedly boyish gate. And his blushing cheeks could be seen right through his makeup! In the contest, he took second place, but got more laughs, catcalls and whistles than any other boy in the show!

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[Take special note of paragraph 4.]

Article: 8/25/01

By Thomas Sowell

Drugging children

<http://www.jewishworldreview.com>



THE motto used to be: "Boys will be boys." Today, the motto seems to be: "Boys will be medicated."

Of nearly 20 million prescriptions written last year for drugs to treat "attention deficit hyperactivity disorder," most were for children and most of those children were boys. This is part of a growing tendency to treat boyhood as a pathological condition that requires a new three R's - repression, reeducation and Ritalin.

Some schools have gone to such extremes as banning recess, since boys tend to be boisterous at recess. Competitive sports are likewise banned or made noncompetitive, sometimes by banning winning and losing. An aptly titled book, "The War Against Boys" by Christina Hoff Sommers, catalogs the amazing array of things that schools do to keep boys from being boys.

Some of this is being pushed by propaganda from radical feminists who want boys to be like girls. Their dogmas declare that the behavior usually seen in boys is a result of society's indoctrinating them with a male role stereotype. The answer? "We need to raise boys like we raise girls," according to Gloria Steinem. Gloria Allred is more specific, "we need to socialize boys at an earlier age, perhaps to be playing with dolls." Some schools have followed such advice, even to the point of encouraging boys to wear dresses.

Despite the radical feminist dogma that sex differences are created by society, and that maleness in particular needs to be changed by society, a growing body of scientific evidence shows that boys and girls differ from day one, beginning in the womb, before society has had anything to do with them. The radical feminist response to such evidence? They say such research should be banned! Even without such bans, their mindless dogmas prevail over scientific evidence and

pervade the education establishment.

Meanwhile, there are drug companies making well over a hundred million dollars a year each by selling drugs for "attention deficit hyperactivity disorder." Knowing a good thing, they are now not only advertising these drugs to doctors and school officials, but are also trying to gain more widespread acceptance from parents by running ads aimed at mothers through such outlets as the Ladies Home Journal and 30-second TV commercials.

Yet how does "attention deficit hyperactivity disorder" differ from just being bored and restless with the mindless stuff being served up in school? The question is not simply how does it differ in principle when diagnosed by high-level specialists, but how does it differ in practice when the term is applied by lower-level people in the local schools?

A large body of research shows that high-IQ students are often bored and alienated from school. These include Einstein and India's self-taught mathematical genius Ramanujan. Fortunately, there was no Ritalin around when they were children, to drug them into passivity -- and perhaps into mediocrity.

No doubt life is easier for teachers when everyone sits around quietly, not making any waves. But schools do not exist to make teaching easy. Moreover, some of the brightest youngsters have some of the strongest reactions to what they see and hear.

According to a study of gifted children by Professor Ellen Winner of Boston College: "These children have been reported to show unusually intense reactions to noise, pain, and frustration." Biographies of some famous people show the same pattern. Einstein, for example, had tantrums until he was seven years old. In one outburst, he threw a stool at his tutor, who fled and was never seen again. According to a biography of the great pianist Arthur Rubinstein, he became fixated on his family's piano as a toddler and, whenever he was asked to leave the room where it was kept, he screamed and wept. When his father bought him a violin to play, he reacted by smashing it.

Too many parents have gone along when schools have wanted their children drugged. When some parents have objected, they have been threatened with charges of child neglect for not letting drugs be used to control their youngster's behavior.

Belatedly, in response to many revelations of the widespread use of Ritalin and other drugs in schools, some states have begun to pass laws restricting what school personnel and social workers can push parents to do. A new law in Connecticut will limit such medical advice to doctors. It's about time. That common sense restriction should be nationwide. Schools have too many busybodies posing as "experts."

JWR contributor Thomas Sowell, a fellow at the Hoover Institution, is author of several books, including his latest, [*Basic Economics: A Citizen's Guide to the Economy*](#).

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Raised as a Girl

Dear Princess,

I was born in 1935 and dressed as a girl most of the time at home and frequently outside until age six. My mother wanted a daughter, whom she could dress up and play girlish games with, a miniature version of her idealized childhood self. Out in public, people thought I was a girl and mother did nothing to dissuade them.

When I was two, Mom had my hair cut, but that was the only time it was cut until I went to kindergarten. Mom loved to wash my hair frequently, and she was always fussing with it. She was especially partial to ringlet curls, braids and ponytails. I loved being fussed over and having people say how pretty my hair looked. Also, I really enjoyed the feeling of my long hair on my back and shoulders.

Even though this was the 1930s and long hair on boys was unheard of, I wore it long all the time. Even when I wore boys' clothes, I think most people just assumed I was a girl. I did wear boys'

clothes while playing with kids in the neighborhood, and they all knew I was a boy. But I played mostly with girls, and they had no problem with it. They liked to try different hairstyles on me and paint my nails. Sometimes they made me up like magazine pictures of child movie stars (like Shirley Temple). And I did the same with them. We also liked to dress up in old clothes and play hopscotch and board games.

Of course boys teased me because of my long hair and girlish ways. However, I did have one boyfriend, who lived next door. He called me a sissy (which I was), but he played with me anyway. We were very close.

My dad worked long hours and I didn't see him very much. He didn't object to the way my mother was raising me, and if he did, I wasn't aware of it. Sometimes he would play games with me, and I would sit on his lap. He called me "Dickie," like my mother. (I didn't have a feminine nickname.) Dad pretty well ignored how I looked.

I also wore boys' clothes while attending preschool and when we went on some trips. Periodically, Mother dressed me up in a lavishly pretty dress and makeup and took me to a studio to have professional photos taken. I'm enclosing one of those photos. In it I'm wearing what my mother called my "princess dress." Some of those photos she had framed and kept displayed on her dresser. She also had wallet-sized prints made that she'd carry with her to show her friends.

Our extended family, made up mostly of aunts and female cousins, knew I was a boy, but they thought I was cute and did nothing to discourage Mom from how she was raising me. Most of them thought it was fun, though quaint, that Mom dressed me like a girl. Still, they encouraged her and me. And many of the gifts they gave me on my birthday and at Christmas were girls' gifts. Among my relatives were several "old maids," and they were happy to have a little girl to dress up and play with. I had a large wardrobe of dresses and frilly girls' clothes. My panties were always the most girlish available, all pretty pastel colors and decorated with lace and frills.

Just before entering first grade, Mom had my hair cut. It wasn't traumatic for me, but I think it was for Mom. I think Dad forced her into it. By the way, my grandmother was reared in a Victorian household and it was popular for upper-class boys to have long hair and wear fancy Little Lord Fauntleroy suits. Boys were usually "breeched" (outfitted in long trousers for the first time) around age five or six. My grandmother had a lot of influence over my mom, so maybe she had persuaded Mom to have my hair cut. After I started school, occasionally, Mom would still dress me up at home, but she didn't do it much after the first grade. However, at times, I did wear pretty panties and girls' stocking under my boys' clothes until about the fourth grade.

Notes on the photos:

Photo #1 – Studio photo of me in my "princess dress"

Photo #2 - I'm sitting on my mother's lap. Her two sisters are sitting on the lawn chairs. My father and cousin are in the background.

Photo #3 - With a baby-sitter. Mom was very social and went out a lot.

Photo #4 - Mother putting anew dress on me.

Photo #5 - Leaning on a tree in our front yard. Age 2 1/2.

Photo #6 - Mom's favorite style for my hair: side ponytails.
Photo #7 - In an especially frilly dress.
Photo #8 - Dressed in my best for a birthday party. Age 4.

Sincerely,

Dickie

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Punished for Being a Coward

Part 1

“Wait for me,” I said to
hiding place behind the
I ran.”

Tears were streaking down
chicken, and I was afraid
with me. There was a little
the corner of his mouth.
“I took care of them,” he

fifteen-year-olds who
ran, but Barry stood his
them. He shrugged his



Barry as I came out from my
dumpster. “I’m sorry . . . sorry

my cheeks because I was a
Barry was going to be angry
trail of blood trickling out of

said.

We had been attacked by two
thought they were tough shit. I
ground and took on both of
shoulders like it was nothing,

but I knew he was disappointed in me.

When we got to his house, I couldn't hold back the tears. I was ashamed because I was a coward. Now Barry knew it, and soon everyone would know it. Until then, I had been good at avoiding trouble and keeping my cowardice secret, but now my secret was out. Barry put his hand on my shoulder and squeezed it.

"It's OK, Bobby. I'm OK. Those guys were punks."

Still sobbing, I wiped my eyes and sobbed and said, "Everyone will know I chickened."

"No, they won't, Bobby. I won't say a thing to anybody."

I whimpered and said, "Those guys know me. They'll tell."

Barry sat beside me on the bed and put his arm around me.

"Don't worry, kiddo. I know who they are. I'll catch up with them tomorrow and make sure they keep their mouths shut."

"Wash your face off and get us some Cokes. Let's watch TV and forget about it," he said as he grinned and tousled my hair.

I did as he asked, but didn't feel like watching TV, so I went home. By the time I got there, I was feeling better.

The next day I was still worried about my neighborhood reputation. That afternoon I met up with Barry as he was making collections on his paper route. He teased me, saying I had better watch out for those boys because they might catch me this time. He got me scared, but then he calmed me down. He told me he had seen them in the same place as yesterday.

"It's all taken care of. Those punks will keep quiet. I 'gave 'em an offer they can't refuse,'" he said with a laugh quoting the Godfather movie.

After he finished his collections, we went to his house. His mother was going out to do some errands as we went in. Barry started laughing a lot and acting strangely. He had me fix us some Cokes again and bring them to the living room.

"You'd make a good waitress," he laughed.

When I told him to stop teasing me, he laughed even harder, pulled me onto his lap and asked me what I was going to do about it if he didn't stop teasing me.

"I won't come over anymore," I said as I struggled to get away from him.

With one hand he held me securely on his lap. Then the tone in his voice changed. He grabbed

my hair and pulled my head up so I had to look directly into his piercing, cold eyes. "You'll come over whenever I want, and you'll do whatever I say, or I'll tell everyone how you chickened. Understand me, Bobby?"

I was scared and nodded, "Yes."

"Now you be nice and no one will hurt you."

He pulled my shirt up. I started to struggle. I didn't know what he was trying to do. He smacked my bare thigh below my shorts, and I cried out, "Ow!"

"Stay still. I'm not going to hurt you."

I let him pull my T-shirt up and off. He tossed it on the floor and pointed toward the coffee table.

"Hand me that dress. I want to see what to see what you look like in my little sister's dress."

Neatly laid out on the coffee table was a puffy sleeved, frilly white dress, made up of layers of thin see-through fabric and tons of ribbons and lace. Until that moment, I hadn't noticed it.

"No!" I cried out and tried to get away from him again.

But he held me fast and smacked my legs again -- this time even harder. I cried out, "O-o-o-w!"

"Put the dress on, Bobby. You're going to wear it for me."

With him still holding me firmly on his lap, he raised his free hand and threatened to hit me again. I grabbed the dress. When I picked it up, I saw there was a lacy white slip underneath.

"Oh, yeah, put the slip on first."

My hand shook as I picked up the slinky slip. He pulled me up higher onto his lap, then took the slip from me and gathered it together in a lacy little ring. I moaned as he had me put my hands out, so he could thread them through the slip and its thin satin straps. He guided the soft fabric over my head and then let it slide down over my shoulders and body. I had to stand up to let the slinky slip fall into place. My face burned. I wasn't audibly crying (YET!), but tears covered my cheeks.

"Don't even think about trying to run out of here. Just cooperate, Bobby, and I won't hurt you. And I won't tell."

I began to cry hard as he stood up, took the multilayered chiffon dress and forced me to put my arms through the short puffy sleeves. He sneered at me and chuckled as he tugged the dress into position and then buttoned up the back. As he tied the white satin sash into a big bow in back, waves of shame ran through me.

Barry whispered in my ear, "You look pretty, Bobby. No one's going to know; just cooperate, don't make me hurt you."

I felt his hands go under the dress. He undid my shorts and pulled them off along with my underwear. He had me kick off my running shoes. I sobbed harder, but I didn't try to stop him as he pulled all my clothes down and off.

"Now the panties, get me the panties, sweetie."

I sobbed. The panties had been on the table all the time, but I had chosen not to see them. Now, I opened my eyes to them and could hardly breathe as I looked at the heavily beribboned, lacy pink party panties. I had hoped he'd spare me this indignity. But I knew he wouldn't.

I begged him, "Barry, please, oh please, don't make me put on panties. Please, don't!"

He took the panties and held them up to my eyes to make sure I fully appreciated for their excessively girlish design. The panties were the most embarrassingly rich shade of pink I had ever seen with bows and white lace around the legs and covering the backside and pink bows over the lace. Then I recalled seeing those panties before, on his sister Tammy. They were panties she wears under her tennis dress.

"You have to wear panties, Bobby. You can't wear a pretty dress without pretty panties." He held the panties open down by my feet. "Put your feet through the holes, sugar. Do it, or I'll paddle you silly!"

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Punished for Being a Coward

Part 2

I moaned as I felt my masculinity slipping away – ‘slipping’ WOW! What made me use that word! Well, it was slipping away from me faster than masturbating fingers on a slip-covered cock. My maleness oozed out of me with every teardrop -- and my tears were flowing profusely as I obeyed and stuck one foot and then the other through the frilly lace-trimmed panty leg holes. Shame ran through my body as he hissed at me and pulled the panties up around my slender waist. He let the waist elastic go with a loud snap against my stomach and then handed me a little doll, sat me down and made me pose girlishly. He took out a camera and took my picture. I knew

it was no use to protest. He'd just punch me in the mouth and make me do it anyway.

He whispered in my ear, "Bobby, you're officially a pantywaist now, sissy boy -- MY sissy boy! Just cooperate, and no one else will have to know." He shoved me down on the couch, knelt before me, he said, "It's almost over," and then he put white stay-up nylons on my legs and then had to work hard to force Tammy's tight ballet slippers on my feet.

"Get up and prance around for me, little girl. Show off for me. Prance around like a fairy. That's what you are, you know," he said as he smacked my bare legs again. "Do a little sissy dance for me."

I jumped up off the couch before he could hit me again. Sobbing, I wiggled around for him, shook my ass and twirled around.

He laughed, "That's it. Shake your sissy ass. Prance like a fag and twirl again."

The shoes were slippery on the hardwood floor. I tripped over my own feet and fell. As I tried to get up, Barry held out his hands, but instead of helping me up, he forced me into a kneeling position. A weird thought of what he might want me to do crossed my mind, but I forced it out of my head as fast as I could. I just wanted to get out of those stupid clothes, go home and never see him again. But he pulled up my chin so I had to look up at him and the wild sneer on his face.

"No one will know, Bobby. Just do what I tell you, honey. Be a good little girl for me now, and no one will know."

I watched him unzip his fly and moaned loudly as he eased his long cock out of his pants. With one hand he directed it at my face. With his other hand, he roughly grabbed my hair and pulled me forward until his hot penis was touching my lips.

I jerked my head back, turned my face away and cried out, "No-o-o-o-o! Barry, I can't do that -- not that! PLEASE!"

But he yanked my head back into position saying, "No one will know, Bobby. Now, be a good little girl. Don't make me tell, just do as you're told, sugar." His penis touched my lips again. I tried to jerk away again, but this time he was ready, and he firmly held my head still while he rubbed his thick hard dick against my lips. "Kiss it. Kiss it, Bobby; give it a kiss, sugar. Just a nice little kiss."

I sobbed and kissed his dickhead, hoping that would be the end of it, hoping he'd just laugh at me, tell me it was all a joke.

But it wasn't the end.

"Good girl, now, kiss it again, honey."

We were approaching the point of no return, and I knew it wasn't a demented game. I had to kiss

it or be beaten up worse than I had even been beaten up before. I kissed it again.

With a bawdy laugh, Barry coaxed me, "That's a girl! Again, sugar. Now part your lips, girl, and french it! . . . Do it now, you little sissy shit!

My nonstop sobbing increased -- if that was even possible at this point. I kissed his big dick and slid my tongue out to lick the head. He moaned and pulled my head forward, and the very moment I opened my mouth to take in some air between defeated sobs, he slid his penis head in.

"Suck on it. Suck my dick, Bobby. Suck it, or I'll tell everybody."

Tears sheeted down my cheeks as I began to suck on his penis head. But he didn't stop there. He pushed forward and the length of his penis went into my mouth. He kept pulling my head closer to him to get as much of his cock into my mouth as he could. Shame's inner tears flowed down my throat and choked me even more than his fat penis.

"O-o-o-o! That's a girl. Keep sucking me real nice, Bobby," he said as he held my head in place and began bucking his hips, fucking my sucking mouth.

The shame was overwhelming. My mind went crazy as the frilly dress and slip and panties tickled my entire body. The shoes pinched and the firm grip Barry had on my hair hurt terribly. I was sure I'd end up with a handful of hair yanked out by the roots. His big dick fucked my mouth and the word COCKSUCKER filled my head. I was a cocksucker. My tears continued nonstop, but they almost turned to tears of relief as I felt the end was near, a thoroughly disgusting end, but thank goodness the end! Tears of horror took over as his cock reared up and began spurting his gooey juice into my mouth. No matter how ready I was for it, I wasn't ready. I wasn't ready for the quantity or the putrid, salty taste. Still, the one part of me that was relieved told me that this was finally the end. But every other part of me raged with shame. His cum clogged up my throat, gushed backward out of my mouth and oozed out of my bruised lips. The spurts were over, but with his drooling dick still in my mouth, all I could think of was, "I want to die."

"Shit! Swallow it, bitch! Don't you know you're supposed to swallow it! Don't let it drip down on my sister's dress or I'll have to tell her how it got there!" He held my head in place and pushed his still hard penis to the back of my throat and demanded, "Swallow it queer! Swallow it now, or I'll tell!"

In even further fear, I began to choke down his slimy hot sperm.

"That's a good girl! Now you're almost a girl."

When I finished, he shoved me back onto the floor. I rolled onto my stomach and sobbed uncontrollably as the word COCKSUCKER repeatedly ran through my head. I was a cocksucker, a queer! I was sure people would be able to just look at me and tell. People would be able to pick me out of a crowd. "There's the cocksucker," I could hear them say. I knew that forever after there would be nowhere to go, nowhere to hide.

Barry told me not to move, so I lay there on the floor whimpering for some time. Finally, I felt Barry's hands. He turned me over and pulled me up from the floor. I couldn't look at him in the face after what I had been forced to do, but I could see he had taken off all his clothes. His half erect penis bobbed. He smelled soapy clean. He must have taken a shower. I thought to myself that he tried to wash me off of himself, wash off every place where a sissy like me had even touched him. He pulled me along to his room, where he opened the back of the dress and untied the sash. Thank goodness, I thought. It was finally over.

He took a wet cloth and told me to wipe off my face as he said, "You better not have gotten any cum on my sister's dress!"

After I had wiped my face and chin clean, he pulled the dress over my head and neatly placed it on a hanger. I thought it was weird how gently and neatly he handled the dress after being so rough with me.

"You'll get used to it, Bobby; just cooperate and no one will know, just do like you're told, be a good girl for me and know one will know."

"There was more?" I thought in anger and fear.

I was still whimpering as he pushed me down to sit on his bed so he could take his sister's shoes and ankle socks off me. It was a relief to be out of those tight shoes. I couldn't figure out what he was doing as he told me to lie back on the bed and roll over on my stomach. He had me arch up so he could shove a couple of pillows under my hips.

"Just cooperate. Pretend you're a girl, Bobby. Relax and enjoy!"

"He wouldn't!" I thought but began to cry as he peeled back his little sister's ruffled panties from my ass. My mind was racing. Why was he doing this? Was he going to do what I thought he was going to do? Why would he do this to me? Was he queer? Did he like fucking boys in the butt? No, I realized, he liked girls that's why he had me dress up like a girl, so he could look down at me while I sucked his cock and pretend I was a girl sucking his cock, so he could look down at me in that slip and panties and pretend he was fucking a girl in the ass, not a boy in the ass. I was the pervert. Barry wasn't a queer. I was. He was just using me as a girl to teach me a lesson. My wild thoughts came to a sudden halt as I felt him pry apart my butt crease. His finger was lubricated with something slippery and sticky. It was weird how he gently stroked my slip and bunched up panties as he tried to calm me for what was about to happen.

"Just relax, baby," he said in a quiet voice as he pressed his greased finger into me. "Pretend you're a girl, Bobby. It'll help."

A million thoughts flashed through my head as I squirmed on the bed with his finger wiggling around in my butt hole. The panties still covered my cock and balls in front. I panted wildly and twisted in response to his fingerfucking. I felt my penis erecting! The silky slip and panties binding up against it just teased it to an ever-maddening level. I was getting hard in girls'

panties? His finger felt so huge in my butt. I had no idea he had such thick fingers. I wondered how he knew so much about fucking. I knew all about fucking, you know how guys talk, but I was still a virgin. Then I remembered. Barry was very popular; everybody liked him. I'm sure he had sex with a lot of girls, even though he never talked about it. But he went out on a lot of dates, he told me that much. And the kids at school were always teasing him about how much pussy he was getting. Teasing? Teasing Barry? Yeah, that's the kind of teasing a real boy got. It only made me feel worse. Maybe I was a faggot all along and . . . God, NO! What kind of shit was I thinking!

He pulled his finger out with a plop and then climbed on the bed and on top of me. I cried out, "No, oh God, Barry! "No ple-a-a-s-s-s-e-e," my words trailed off into a frightened painful groan as he slid his slimy, lubricated cock between my buttocks. Inaudible groans and moans beyond my control flowed out of my mouth as his big cock was perched at the entrance of my virgin asshole and pressing to get in. It was too big. It would never fit! My asshole was slowly being pried open. Then with a violent shove he went part way in! Another shove and it went in further. He didn't back off; he just shoved again, this time harder. This time we went all the way in! I could feel him deep inside me. A rush of blood filled my head, sweat seemed to squirt out of every pore in my body. I stiffened to the ultimate in weird sensations. His cock was bone hard and hot -- and then it started, the fucking started. His hands slipped around me and he found my little nipples. He pinched them as he pumped his thick hard dick in and out of my little ass. I was being fucked, cornholed, buggered. I had sucked a dick, and now I was being fucked in the ass. I sobbed and begged, "Please, stop, please, please, I'm a boy! Don't fuck me, I'm a boy!"

He twisted my little nipples hard and I screamed out.

"You're a girl now, say it! Say you're a girl! Tell me!"

He twisted my nipples again and I screamed again. "I'm a girl," I muttered. He reached down and grabbed my cock in the silky panties. He pinched it "Tell me, girly boy!" Then he cupped my entire cock and balls in his one hand and crushed them like a little rubber ball. I immediately thought of him using his springy hand exerciser. He carried it with him most of the time, and he was always squeezing it. On most days, he did it hundreds of times. He had really strong hands. I tried it a few times when he had set it down and wasn't looking. I couldn't even squeeze the handles together once! If he so wanted, I knew he could rip my cock and balls right off my body.

"I'm a girl," I said louder. But I instinctively knew he wanted me to say it even louder. "I'm a girl!" I yelled.

He started cumming in my ass with wild moans and shouts of his own. When he finished he rolled off of me and stood along side the bed. He grabbed me by my hair and pulled my head sideways to face his limp, slimy dick. "Here, girl, lick it clean, girl."

I sobbed as he yanked on my hair hard. I stuck out my tongue and began licking his dirty dick as he laughed and said, "As long as you're a good girl, Bobby, no one will know." I licked his dick clean because I knew he wouldn't settle for anything less. I was broken. Shame consumed me. When I was finished, he pulled his cock out of my mouth. "Good girl," was all he said.

He let me lay there crying for a few minutes, then he came back and I saw he was dressed. "That's enough for now, Bobby. Get dressed and go home. I've got to go to church tonight. Be there. And be there early; you can suck me off in the bathroom before services start." He was laughing wickedly as he pulled the silk panties up to cover my cum-loaded ass. He adjusted the panties in almost a loving kind of way. He was very gentle. That's when I first noticed that his cum was leaking out of me. It had probably been leaking out ever since he had fucked me. It was collecting in the crotch of the panties, but I just didn't notice since my mind was in such torment. But now I felt it. It was very cold against my ass cheeks. Every little move he did to smooth out the nylon and straighten the frilled elastics caused me to feel his cold slime against me one more time.

He grabbed my cheeks in a vice grip. "Don't even think about not coming to church. And I want you to wear a pair of my little sister's panties. Wear these home, but they're dirty with your queer shit! Here's another pair. Sis doesn't play tennis anymore since she's all consumed with boys. She won't miss a couple pairs of her tennis panties. She's got a bunch of them.

He threw a pair of panties into my tear-coated face. They were a lot like the pink ones I was wearing, but they were blue with white lace and bows. The perfume on them was strong. It made me blink. I came to from this disgusting, murky underworld. I tried not to think about all that had happened. For my sanity I had to try my best to keep it out of my head. Barry started walking out of the room.

"Get out of here, little girl!"

I eased myself up off the bed and limped to the living room to get into my clothes and go home. He followed me. When I started to take off the slip, he told me to keep that on too and to wear it tonight. When I pulled my shorts on, the heavily ruffled panties made them bulge out. I could swear people would be able to see the panties right through my loose-fitting shorts. When I put my T-shirt back on, he laughed because he could see the top of the slip clearly outlined beneath it.

"Tonight, wear a white T-shirt. I want to see that slip showing!"

He picked up my underpants and said, "I'll just keep these here for a souvenir. You never know when I might need them for a little evidence. Besides, you won't be needing underwear like this anymore."

I wasn't expecting it as he grabbed me and kissed me hard on the mouth. He shoved his tongue in my mouth. It was almost as disgusting as his cock! He shoved his hand down the elastic waistband of my shorts and massaged my penis through the silky panties. I started to get hard! It was a complete shock to me. Barry just kept looking in my eyes as he frenched me and jerked my penis within those sissy panties. A smile came over his lips as he continued the kiss. Then he started laughing at me so hard he had to break off the kiss and pull back from my face.

"I guessed right. You're a queer boy. Shit! You're getting hard in your panties! How did I miss it

all this time?" He shook his head in mock disbelief. "Get your pantied ass home, queer."

I ran out the door in tears. As I headed home I couldn't stop crying. I was devastated. I had been dressed like a girl, sucked a dick and been fucked in the ass. I was consumed with shame and humiliation. I was thirteen, a year older than his sister. Until this day, I thought I was pretty grown up, and especially felt that way since I started hanging around with Barry. He was a year older than me, and to me, he was almost a fully-grown man. I spurned little girls like Tammy. They were so giggly and stupid. Yet here I was, running home in terror from what I had done, running down the street wearing a dumb twelve-year-old girl's slip and ruffled panties under my clothes. I was broken.

I managed to get to my room unseen and lie on my bed. Sobbing heavily, I knew I couldn't ever let anyone find out; I would rather die. Starting immediately, I knew I would do whatever Barry told me to do. I knew then that I was going to his church that night. Barry's father was the minister there, and Barry got sucked (sucked!) into going to almost every service. And I knew I was going to give him another blowjob. I was going to do whatever he said. I fell asleep on my bed.

I went to church that evening wearing Barry's little sisters' frilly blue panties. When I saw him, I blushed and he grinned. "Com'n, we got enough time before church starts." He led me down the steps to the basement, where the rest room was. I started to cry before we were even in the door. I begged him, "Please, Barry, don't make me. I'm not queer. I'm not!" I sobbed and he just grinned as he undid my good suit pants and pushed them down around my knees. He made me step out of my pants and then he pulled my T-shirt off over my head. Slowly, he hoisted the slip upward and stood there grinning wildly as he admired my hips covered with his little sister's blue nylon panties covered with lace and frills.

"Nice, faggot! Now get on your knees and suck me, Bobby, or I won't let you have your shirt and pants. I'll make you go upstairs and let everybody see how cute you look in Tammy's pretty slip and panties. Go down on me, queer."

I sobbed and fell to my knees. I was just as much horrified, as I was the first time I saw him unzip his pants and pull out his massive cock. I had to look away; I stared down at the floor and tried to put my mind elsewhere.

"Beg for it, queer. Beg me to let you suck it. Beg or I'll drag you upstairs without your pants."

I cried and through my tears, I said, "Please Barry, don't make me do this again! Please!"

He grabbed my arm and said, "OK, upstairs you go, pantywaist!"

Terror ran through me. I cried, ran my fingers through my hair, grimaced and begged, "No, please, please, let me suck it! Please, Barry, please, let me suck your big dick, please!"

He laughed, took me by the hair and pulled me to his penis. "Lick it, queer. Lick it nice all over. Then take it all in your mouth and make me feel good, just like a trampy little girl."

I began to lick his big dick. He pointed it in one direction and then another until he was sure my tongue had washed every inch of it clean.

"Now, suck it like a Popsicle, bitch. And jerk yourself off in your panties while you do it!"

I opened my mouth and sucked his big cockhead in as tears rolled down my cheeks. I wanted it to be over as fast as possible. What if someone came in? Here I was sucking cock in the middle of the church's rest room, like a nympho in heat that couldn't wait to get her guy to some private place. I rubbed my own little penis through the two layers of panty and slip nylon. I hadn't jerked off in days. It felt good. I didn't attribute any of the pleasure to the silky clothes. I just told myself that I hadn't cum in so long and that was why my cock was getting hard. I sucked his cock aggressively. I wanted him to shoot off and end this craziness. I got dizzy bobbing my head up and down as I sucked his cock, but I wasn't going to stop until he shot his juice. I was using one hand to hold his cock in position and my other hand to stroke myself. I wasn't going to cum, I was just doing it because he was making me do it. He moaned and started jerking his hips wildly, banging himself against my face. I bruised easily and I knew I was going to be black and blue. What would I say when people asked me how I bruised my face? As his slimy cum was pouring into my mouth, I swallowed and swallowed as fast as I could. I didn't want to give him the pleasure of further humiliating me because cum was leaking out of my lips. I'd show him. I'd show him that I could handle the humiliation he was dealing out to me!

When he finished, he didn't pull his penis out of my mouth. He just let it gradually deflate and slide out, trailing cum down my chin. I hung my head in shame; I couldn't even keep my face clean of his cock juice.

"Good job, queer."

Then I heard loud peals of laughter. I turned to see Don and Bill, the two boys who had originally tried to beat us up. They were behind me, sitting in two of the stalls, sitting on the toilets with the doors open.

"Damn," Bill said, "keeping quiet while that cocksucking sissy did his business on you was the toughest thing I ever did!"

Both boys were now howling with laughter and almost in tears, now that they were able to let themselves go and fully release their reactions to what they had seen me do. Barry explained to me that he had made a deal with them that day they tried to beat us up. After I ran away from the fight, Barry knew immediately I was not only a coward, but a sissy too. He was really pissed off. Single-handedly he beat back Don and Bill, but he needed more from them. He didn't want everyone in the neighborhood to know that I was a sissy, so he made a deal with the guys. He was going to make me into his 'girl,' and if Don and Bill kept quiet about it, he'd let them watch me suck cock.

"Barry, we'll keep your secret," Bill said. "Man, it must be nice to have a sissy like that so you can unload your balls whenever you get horny. Can I get some of that action?"

Don nodded his head and said, "Same for me. I could use it right now! That little cocksucker is hot! His nice slip and panties make him look r-e-a-l hot! Wow!"

"Sure, guys, you can use him all you want. You just have to keep it as our secret. Cocksucking this good isn't easy to come by! But the service will be starting soon, so there's no time tonight. Let's all get together at my place Wednesday night. My folks are taking my kid sister to a fucking ice show or something. They'll be gone all night. We can dress him up real pretty. He fits well into my sister's clothes."

"But I gotta have some now!" Don complained.

"Well, all right," Barry said. "We can come back down here after services, and sissy boy here can take care of both of you." Turning to me he said, "Now get yourself dressed. We need to get upstairs. I can't wait to see the expressions on people's faces as they notice the slip showing through your T-shirt. And, hey, tuck your shirt into your panties. I want the waist elastic right up to the top of your pants. If I don't like how you're acting, I'll pull a bit of those blue panties out of your pants and let them stay there. That should get some interesting looks from everybody."

They all laughed. Barry put his penis in his pants. I struggled to get up off my knees and back into my clothes. I was crying. When I went to wash off my face. Barry stopped me.

"Leave my cum on your chin, girly boy. Let everybody know that you're nothing but a simpering cocksucker."

Thinking about his cum in my stomach made me retch and sob like a pansy. I had a hard time trying to stop myself from crying anymore. People did notice the slip through my T-shirt. I heard comments, laughter and coughing sounds as people reacted to what they saw. I ignored it all. I put everything out of my mind. Thank goodness this wasn't my church. I don't think anyone there knew me. After the services I had to suck off both Bill and Don. I think Barry would have had another go at me if it wasn't getting so late. We could hear his father going around shutting down the lights and everything else in the church for the night.

I couldn't find a way out of going to his place on Wednesday night. Barry had commanded me to wear panties every day. No argument from me. I did what he said. I showed up with his sister's pink panties on under my shorts.

Barry answered the door with, "Hi, sissy! Ready to suck dick?"

My stomach turned and my face got red. "Look, Barry, this has to stop. I did what you asked, and I can't do it anymore. OK?"

He just laughed and said, "You don't have to Bobby. It's OK. Just go on home. I'll show my mom your underwear and those cum stains on my sister's dress. I'll tell her I caught you masturbating in Tammy's good clothes. Of course, they'll tell your parents. How are you going to explain that to your mom and dad? Are you going to tell them that's you're not a queer and a pervert?"

I hung my head. I couldn't answer him.

"Do you have panties on, sissy?"

I nodded.

"Get your pants off; right here, get your pants off, NOW, sissy!"

I cried harder. I kept my head down, undid my pants, looked up at him and said, "Please, let me inside first! Please, Barry."

He chuckled and asked, "Are you going to be a good girl and suck all of our dicks real nice?"

I hung my head and sobbed . . . and nodded.

"Are you ready to suck cock? Tell me!"

I mumbled, "Yes."

"Well, we got three hot cocks here and fully loaded balls to back them up. Are you ready to start doing that thing that sissy faggot girly boys do for real men? Tell me! Tell me out loud."

"Stop it!" I yelled as tears ran down my face. I moaned, "Stop it, please. I'll suck your cocks. I'll do whatever you want."

"That's more like it. Get your ass in here, strip down to your panties, sissy, and be quick."

I quickly did as he asked and stood there in nothing but his little sister's panties. The sight of me standing before them in those fancy pink panties made them laugh so hard that they fell back on the long couch.

"Tell me again you want to suck my cock, queer."

I sobbed and said the words, and they laughed so more.

Bill's dick was long but smaller around than Barry's, but Don's was even a little bigger than Barry's. Wow! I was so distraught that night at the church I didn't even remember that. But now I was staring at it and knowing I was going to have to down it again. And maybe even be butt fucked with it. The thought of that ripping me apart scared me like no other thing in my life.

Barry went first, "Good, girl," he moaned like I was his dog or something. When he was finished, he tousled my hair and passed me onto the other two guys. After they had all had a quick cum, they took me upstairs to Tammy's bedroom and made me dress up in one outfit after another. They tried to find things to make me like a little girl or to make me look as slutty as possible. Finally Barry brought out a very short pink party dress. "Get your dress on little girl,

hurry up. The guys here can't wait to see you in Tammy's best girly-girly dress."

I picked it up, and as more tears ran down my face, I pulled his little sister's dress over my head and put my arms through the short puffed sleeves. It slid down my slim body with ease. I was skinner than his sister. It was so short I'd have a hard time keeping my embarrassing panties covered up. It made me look like a little girl even more than it made Tammy look like one.

Bill wanted the honor of fastening it up the back. I hung my head in shame and cried. Once he finished buttoning me up and tying the sash, I felt his big hand reach under my skirt and squeeze my pantied bottom. Barry tried to force my feet into some of Tammy's shoes, but my feet were too big for them. He looked around for the ballet slippers that I had worn the last time I was there, but he couldn't find them. He settled for me wearing a pair of his mother's high heels, which were way too big for me. The three of them rolled around the bed in laughter as I clip-clopped around trying to keep my balance as they made me walk back and forth.

"On the bed," Bill said in a sexy voice like he was seducing me. "On your tummy, little girl. I'm first this time!"

I got on the bed and the dress puffed up and exposed my pink panties. I sobbed as Barry pulled my panty leg to the side and lubricated my butt hole while Bill masturbated himself to get hard enough to penetrate me. My sobs filled the room as Bill mounted me. Without pulling my panties down he pushed his long dick under the legband and leaned forward. I felt his cock enter me, and I squirmed underneath him as it filled my ass. He lay heavily on me while he slowly fucked me, kissing my neck and ears all the while shame tears rolled down my red cheeks.

"Tell us, Bobby," Bill whispered. "Tell us what you are."

I sobbed out the words, "I'm a girl. I'm a girl." At his urging, I kept saying it over and over again as he fucked my pantied ass. When he was finished. Don took his place. I feared his big cock. Within moments, he was banging on my door. My butt hole opened in great pain to accept his monster cock. It was the worse pain I had ever felt in my life. I knew I was bleeding. I could feel it tricking down between my legs. It felt different than boy cum. It was thinner and ran down my crotch much faster. My crying was nonstop.

"You might as well quit your bawling, little girl, and get used to sucking and fucking because you're going to be sucking us off and getting fucked by us a lot."

The taste of their cum commingling in my mouth stayed with me for the night. I reeked with shame as they kept teasing me, "I had a big load for you, didn't I, queer." I could only hang my head in shame. "Did you like that Bobby, was it good cum?" Tears of shame ran down my cheeks when Bill took his finger and wiped some of his cum from my chin and said, "Here you missed a little," and then put his finger to my lips. I felt sick as I let him shove his finger into my mouth. At his command, I made loud slurping sounds as I sucked the cum off it.

Barry said, "Oh, I didn't tell you, panty boy; you can spend the night. My folks and Tammy are staying over at my aunt's house after the show. We've got a lot of fun things planned for you!"

I complained that my Mom would worry, so I'd have to get back home, but Barry told me he had called my mom and had gotten her permission before I had showed up.

The end of Princess Online #31

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