

Princess Online



Featured
Stories
from the
Princess
Productions
Website

Adults Only

No. 8

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

Masturbation: Is It a Sin?

Dear Sissies,

The featured letter contained in this issue may be one of the most unusual letters you will ever read. It's the story of how a boy became the victim of a man possessed by the devil! Some people believe in the devil and some don't. Nevertheless, this story is utterly fascinating. But this letter also opens up a much larger topic: good and evil.

Most crossdressers and fetishists get their sexual satisfaction from masturbating, and a lot of them suffer severe guilt because they believe that masturbation is wrong, or evil. Many organized religions classify masturbation as a sin and base their belief on a quote from the Bible that you should not "spill your seed on the ground." The inference is that your semen should not be wasted but used for procreation.

But even if you are convinced that masturbation is a sin; it certainly can't be a very big sin. If it were a major sin, it would surely merit more than one flimsy little quote in the entire Bible!

Our sex drive is a good thing, and it regularly builds up and needs to be released for us to retain our sanity! Just try to go without blowing your wad for a week or two. I guarantee you'll lose perspective of right and wrong and do some evil things (much worse than masturbating!) that you wouldn't have done if your sexual appetite had been recently satiated and you were in a "proper" frame of mind! I'm sure God wants us to do good or evil of our own volition, not because some chemical/physical change in our bodies causes us to change the way we think and act. That's not free will! Consequently, God must be tolerant if we try to retain our levelheadedness by regularly reducing the pressure caused by the buildup of sexual desire.

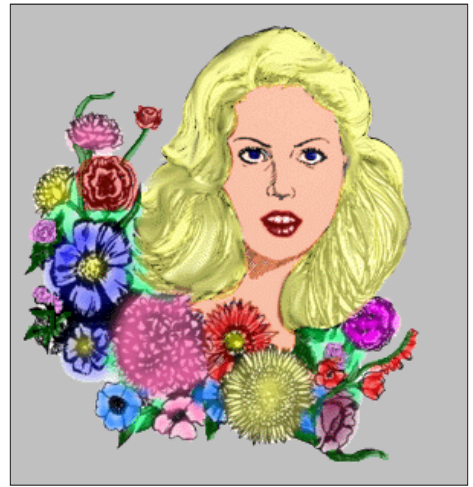
God wants us "horny" so we do go about the business of reproducing the human race. Sex is an animal instinct crucial to survival of the species. God made sex fun so that we'd enjoy ourselves as we went about Her business. But limiting our sex drive to producing babies is not practical! Satisfying our sex drive, like satisfying our need to eat and drink, is something that has to be done regularly from puberty to old age.

When's the last time that your friend's dog mounted your leg? All animals masturbate. Yes, I know that we should be above the animals and be able to "control" our animal instincts, but when it comes to sexual urges "manage" would be a better word. Managing your sex drive in a responsible way has to be preferable to doing bad things due to sexual frustration. You're going to masturbate no matter how much you do or don't want to do it, and believe me, you'll be a much better person if you do it regularly and enjoy it. Trying to fight off God-given natural instincts and feeling guilty about it is not logical or healthy.

There's an old saying that 99 out of 100 guys masturbate and the other guy is lying! Would God make a drive so powerful and so irresistible that it's nearly impossible for us not to satisfy it and then not be understanding in our need to deal with it? The hormone-pumped up thirteen-year-old, the old widower, the married man with a frigid wife, and the single man without a date (to name a few) are not in a position to father children and need to regularly release these urges if they want to be worthwhile members of society. I believe God is caring and all-good. I have serious doubts that masturbation is much of a sin at all. Besides, I'm convinced that God wants all of us to have a little harmless fun as we struggle through the vicissitudes of life on earth. Put on your panties, boys! Relax and enjoy a good wank!

Love,

Princess Lacey



Princess Online #8 is published by Princess Productions, P.O. Box 34-6106, Chicago, Illinois 60634-6106. Contributions are welcome, but the publisher does not assume responsibility for the loss of any materials and does not guarantee the return of any materials. Any letters and other materials sent to Princess Productions are considered intended for publication. With the exception of news items, all real names will be changed and identities will be kept confidential. All rights reserved. Copyright © 1999, © 2000 Princess Productions. The words used to describe these photographs are not meant to depict the actual conduct of the pictured subjects. Any similarity to real persons is purely coincidental. With the exception of original news items, most of the photographs contained herein have been artistically altered either by computer or in other ways to simulate certain activities as well as to conceal the identity of any real persons. Neither Princess Productions nor anyone connected with Princess Productions advocates violent or abusive behavior of any kind. While story lines may suggest violent or abusive behavior, these are just fantasy situations meant to enlighten and entertain adult individuals who would never wish those fantasies to become reality. This publication is a fantasy journal meant to comfort an oppressed minority of individuals who have been created by society, and then rejected by that same society. Transvestites, panty fetishists and submissive males are not welcome in most families or cultures. This publication is designed to soothe the souls of these often frustrated and lonely individuals by exploring situations similar to their own individual upbringing, personal experiences and fantasies. The intent is to make such individuals feel that their fantasies are just as legitimate as anyone else's as well as be an aid to masturbation, a safe alternative to risky sex practices. Printed in the U.S.A.

A STORY OF THE
MONTH FROM OUR
SEPTEMBER 1999
WEBSITE

The item to the right was published in Life magazine during the 1940s. We reproduced the photographs and colorized them for your further enjoyment. Note the panties peeking out from beneath the boy's shorts!

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

BABYHOOD TO BOYHOOD

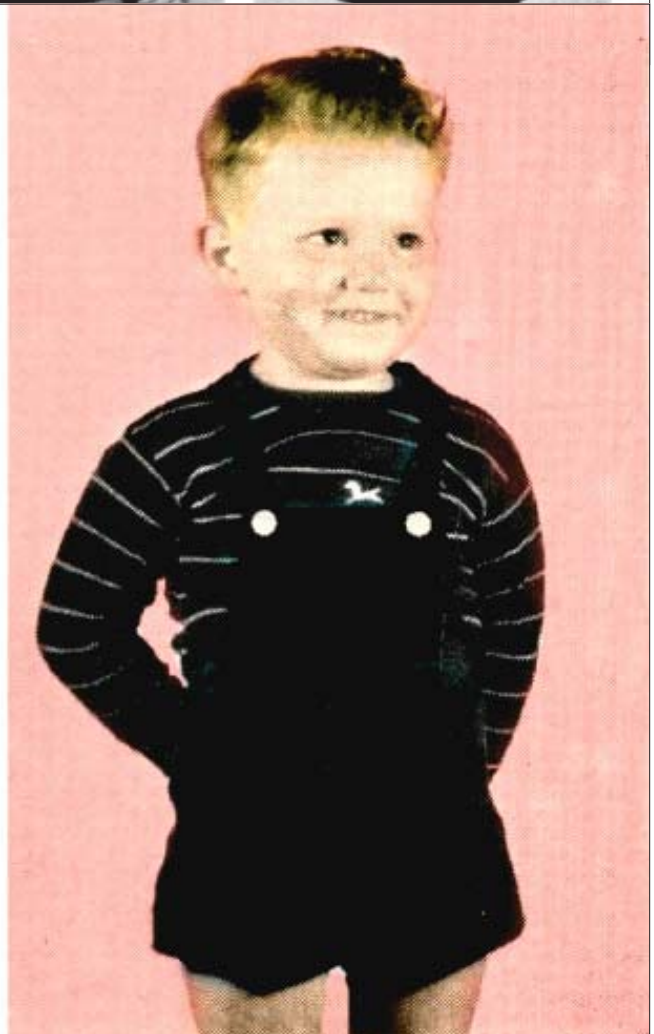
Sirs:

"Clothes make the man" and most parents will agree that a haircut can make the boy. In fact, we always hear how a first haircut completely alters a small child's appearance. Yet few of us think to get a before-and-after record of the transition.

When I learned that young Charles Gardner, a neighbor's boy, was to be shaven, I hastened to make a "last photograph" of him (before, left). Immediately after the ceremonies I made the follow-up picture at the right.

ALLISON V. SLAGLE

Chattanooga, Tenn.



LETTER OF THE MONTH - SEPTEMBER 1999

The Devil Made Me Do It

Introduction

Dear Princess,

Do you believe in the devil? If you believe in God, you must also believe in the devil because all things in the universe are in balance. Good cannot exist without evil.

Don't think I'm crazy, but I know for a fact that the devil does exist, and that a demon can "possess" a human being. I was a direct victim of his handiwork.

Because of his influence over my mother, I ended up being a sissy transvestite. I'm not complaining. I love my life the way I am today. I would have it no other way, but after my upbringing, I'm amazed at how good it all turned out for me.

I'm telling you all this because for a long time I've felt the need to explain it to somebody.

I was brought up in the 1950s and 60s, and in the late 1960s, I did tell my story to a writer of transvestite/spanking books. His story about me was one of the featured chapters in *Spanking '69 Vol. 1* (by Dr. Guenter Klow, Consolidated Publishing, 1970). He did a very good job describing my life even though he jazzed up some things and played down other parts of my life to make it a more interesting story (as he explained to me at the time). One thing though, he completely left out the fact that my mother's boyfriend was possessed by a demon! The writer had told me that it was a distraction, and the story would be better without it.

After his case history about me was published, I knew he was wrong. I am today what I am because of what my mother and her demonic boyfriend did to me over thirty years ago. That man was totally evil and for a period of time, he manipulated my mother into making my life a living hell. To know that this man

was genuinely controlled by a vile demon explains a lot about the power he was able to wield over people.

When I talk about being possessed by a devil, you probably think of the movie "The Exorcist" that was made back in the early 1970s. While that movie contains some facts about such phenomena, it also contains a lot of false information. Hollywood took the Catholic Church's rite of exorcism and used it as a basis for a very scary horror movie. That movie introduced a lot of people to demonic possession, but it was nothing new. Since the beginning of time, people have been possessed by demons. It's well documented not only in the Bible but in a wide range of literature.

What the writers of the movie didn't make up, supposedly they modeled after strange occurrences documented during actual exorcisms. What the moviemakers didn't explain is that the vast majority of people possessed by the devil do not act that way and have no desire to subject themselves to an exorcism.

Contrary to what you might think, most individuals who are possessed live peacefully with their demon and are very happy! Only when such a person regrets making a deal with the devil and wants to shed himself of his demon is there mental and physical conflict that can escalate to major problems. The individual promised his soul to Satan in return for some favor or measure of success; he got it and usually isn't doesn't want to go back.

Mark, the man that took control of my mother and me was such a man. He wasn't crazed nor did he exhibit superhuman powers. He looked and acted like most any person you would meet on the street. His brand of evil was inbred in his ideas and what he did. He was a sexual monster who was exceedingly clever at getting what he wanted and very skilled at

manipulating people. And that's what a demon does. He gives a person an incredible edge, some specialized talent so that he can get whatever he wants.

Another thing about demons, they never possess children, and I'm sure that's what spared me. Also, the demon did not possess my mother. It wasn't necessary! Her boyfriend had so much control over her that within days of meeting each other, she was doing things she never would have thought of doing before that time. After less than a year, during which time he totally mastered my mother and thoroughly abused me, the man abruptly left us. I supposed he had conquered us, lost interest and wanted to find someone else to fuck in mind and body.

At thirteen, even though I was a thoroughgoing boy and I had hated this man from the moment I met him, I am completely convinced that he was so clever and such a skilled manipulator that he could have simply talked me into becoming a sissy if he so desired! He was that clever. But he didn't care to do that. He got his joy from cornering me like a hungry snake corners a scared rabbit. He made sport of conquering me. By having me resist, it was all the more rewarding for him to overpower me both physically and mentally. He also took pleasure in getting my mother to love him more than she loved me and manipulating her to fully participate in terrorizing and feminizing me.

When he finally did leave us, my mother was totally devastated because she was so deeply in love with him. It took her over a year to get herself back together. She's the one who gave me a lot of the inside information about his demonic possession, which she only began to understand in retrospect.

During their relationship, Mark had opened up to her about it. She actually

Lila was first exposed to crossdressing at Mark's swingers' parties.



became quite familiar with the demon within him. She said it was not a scary experience during those times when the demon took over and manifested himself to her. On the contrary, Mark was at his finest when he let the demon have free run with his body. She was embarrassed to admit that she loved his demon! But she was even more embarrassed to admit to me some of the things they did together, and they did mind-blowing things when Mark's demon was in full control. For one, only days after they became involved, Mark persuaded her to regularly go with him to a special swingers' club.

What they called meetings were actually orgies, get-togethers of totally depraved individuals like himself. In a large room, the members would openly engage in every type of sex act, both heterosexual and homosexual, each person usually trading off partners several times during the "meeting." It's there, my mother told me, that she was first exposed to crossdressing. At those meetings single males who wanted to join had to submit to being made up as women, whipped and openly humiliated before the membership. For their initiation into the club, they were used as women for the rest of the night. It was how the club dealt with having more male than female members. If the men did well (doing everything from sucking cock to taking it up the ass), they were invited back! However, at each meeting, all single men were divided into two groups, half were allowed to remain men, while the other half were women for the night!

That's why, when Mark suggested feminizing me, my mother had been well primed to the idea!

Only after their relationship had ended did my mother look back and understand so much of what had happened. She had never been much of a churchgoer or very religious so she had little appreciation for the depravity of her actions. However for her, one good thing did come out of it: she became a religious person. She now goes to mass every Sunday and is very active in the church. She understands and accepts me as a sissy transvestite. She feels completely responsible and constantly has to be

reassured that I have forgiven her. These days, she is the best mother anyone could wish for even though I know that it's probably her guilt that drives her to be totally devoted to me. I have never married. Instead, I still live at home. My mother spoils me to the nth degree.

So keep all this all in mind as you read the following, which is my rewrite of the story Dr. Klow wrote about me thirty years ago. In rewriting, I did keep the narrative in the third person because, even though I am the protagonist in this story, it's about a part of my life long past, and it's much easier to tell it like it's about someone else. Today when I think back, it is like watching a movie rather than staring in it. I kept the parts of the story that were accurate and tried to improve everything else. In the story there is little to indicate that the man was possessed, but I thought it was important for you to know that the devil was the source of this man's evil power.

Nelson B.
Boston

Chapter 1 Life Without Father

"It's tough adjusting," Lila complained to a group of mourners at her husband's funeral.

"You've heard of the newly widowed woman who couldn't balance a checkbook? Well, that's me!"

"And the house. Should I get rid of it? Always was too big for us anyway. Now, with just Nelson and me . . . Nelson? Where in the hell has he run off too now? . . . He's more unmanageable than ever."

Since her marriage had not been a happy one, Lila felt little regret after Darrell, her husband, had died in an accident on an oilrig under construction in the North Sea. Darrell had worked a rotating schedule, four weeks on then two weeks off, during which time he usually flew home to be with his family. When he was home, he bossed around his wife and their son, Nelson, like the lowlife laborers he managed on the rig.

Initially, Lila had been attracted to

***Boys in
dresses . . .***

***Lila liked
the idea!***



Darrell's aggressive, take-charge way of doing everything, but during their fifteen years of marriage, she grew to hate such macho tactics. She didn't understand why he needed to control everything. Moreover, she wondered why he had to act like an asshole in the process. Desperate for some tenderness and attention from her man, her love for him turned into hate.

Increasingly over the years, Nelson made matters worse by exploiting the friction between his parents. He greatly feared his father, who didn't hesitate to punch him out with a devastating blow at the first sign of defiance. Whenever his father was in town, Nelson stayed in line, but when his father was away, he ran wild and spent all his time with a gang of young hoodlums.

But Lila stopped complaining about Nelson's behavior to his father because she feared he'd seriously injure their boy some day.

"Thank goodness Darrell had a decent amount of insurance. I've already given my notice at Alexander's. I have to straighten out my affairs and then take some time to try to whip that son of mine into shape. I just hope it's not too late," Lila said, revealing her fears to anyone who was listening.

Mark, a rather reclusive forty-one-year-old neighbor, was one of those who was listening. He offered to help in any way possible.

"I wasn't joking about the checkbook. I've never been good with numbers. Darrell always took care of it. Can you help me with that?"

"Most definitely!" Mark replied, "Before I found a market for my paintings, I worked for years as an accountant. That was a long time ago, but crunching numbers comes easy for me."

Two days later, he arrived to help her straighten out her checkbook.

It soon became apparent to Lila that Mark was a whiz with all kinds of financial matters. She talked him into staying for lunch.

He spent the afternoon helping her with her insurance and investments. As he was leaving, Nelson dashed by them as he ran into the house. Lila made him stop for a moment so she could introduce him to Mark.

"Yeah, Mom, I know him."

To Mark he said, "You're that artist guy. You live in the big brick house at the end of the block."

"Painter, to be more precise," Mark said. "Among other things, I do the covers for *Our Heritage*," Mark boasted to the uncaring boy.

"Oh, I've heard of that," Lila said. "It's all about the outdoors, mountains and . . ."

"Yes. Well, conservation actually. Matter of fact, it has the largest circulation of any conservation magazine . . ."

"Mom, can I go?" Nelson interrupted. "I just came home to get my basketball."

"Okay, but promise you'll be home by six. You always make me keep dinner waiting."

Nelson grumbled an agreement and ran off.

Over the next few days, Lila repeatedly sought Mark's help as she dealt with all the complex issues that had to be settled following her husband's death.

Mark refused to take any money for helping out, but several times he did accept Lila's offer for drinks and a home-cooked meal, a real treat for the never-married artist. In recent years, he had almost turned into a hermit, spending long periods of time at his cabin in the mountains.

Lila became more and more enamored with Mark, and he didn't shy away. She surprised herself with how quickly they had become romantically involved. Here they had been living within a few hundred feet of each other for over six years but had never really looked at each other as anything other than neighbors.

Nelson spent most of his time out with his friends. He really didn't care what his mother wanted or did. He barely noticed that Mark was spending more and more time at their place.

Now that the details following the funeral had been straightened out, Lila wanted to spend time with Nelson because he was becoming uncontrollable and she hoped to get him back on track. Nelson's behavior was a frequent topic of conversation between Lila and Mark. The need to do something quickly became obvious the night the police called and told them to pick up Nelson at the Addison Street station. He and his friends had been caught running throughout the downtown

area breaking store windows.

Upon returning home, Lila, with Mark beside her, told Nelson that things were going to change. He was grounded until the hearing. But despite that warning, Nelson would sneak out of the house to run with his gang. At the court proceedings, the boys narrowly missed being sent to a reformatory only because the parents pleaded with the judge to give the boys another chance and they pooled their money to pay for the broken windows. The boys were placed on probation with a warning that another brush with the law would mean automatic sentencing.

Lila reluctantly agreed to the judge's terms. She had been almost angry enough to let Nelson spend some time in a home for problem teenagers. But Mark cautioned her that those places make most kids worse instead of better. Besides, he told her that he'd try to come up with a plan to cut the boy off from his crime-prone friends and give them an opportunity to straighten him out.

Chapter 2 Into the Wild

As Mark became more and more a part of their lives, he tried to reason with Nelson in some man-to-boy type talks. He even made fatherly gestures toward the boy, like urging him to clean up his room and to do some things around the house.

Nelson objected to Mark taking charge, but Lila didn't mind. In fact, she was delighted. When Mark told her that the surest way to get the boy to obey would be to implement physical punishments like old-fashioned spankings, Lila didn't object in the least. She confessed that she thought Nelson was probably getting too big for her to put over her knee, but with Mark's help, she was willing to try whatever might work.

Mark also told her about his log cabin in the woods but assured her that it was not modest as log cabins go. It was well furnished, complete with most every modern convenience, deep in the mountains, yet less than a three-hour drive away. He explained that the cabin was a

retreat from the city surrounded by a wide variety of beautiful settings that were the inspiration for many of his signature "sunset in the wilderness" paintings.

He suggested to Lila that they should take Nelson there, away from his friends and the temptations of the city, until he was completely reformed.



***She knew frilly
country girl
fashions would
look adorable
on Nelson!***

Lila liked the idea.

From the start, Nelson resisted going, but Mark sternly informed him that his wants weren't important anymore. He was going to learn to obey them and show respect. During the long drive, Mark pointed out the fun they could have at the cabin, doing things like swimming, fishing and hiking.

But Nelson dismissed such things as "stupid stuff little kids like to do."

By the time they arrived, Nelson's sullen attitude grew into all-out anger. That evening, he fired the first salvo in what was to become his Waterloo when he started calling Mark and his mother every vile name he knew and demanded to be taken back to the city.

"All right, Nelson," Mark said as he grabbed the boy firmly, "I see it's time for your first lesson."

Lila and Mark had rehearsed this scenario and were ready. They quickly overpowered the boy and yanked down his pants and shorts. In trying to escape, Nelson kicked his mother hard in the back. In retaliation, Mark repeatedly used his steam shovel hands to soundly slap the boy's face until Nelson was subdued and brought to tears.

Shocked at being stripped in front of his mother, Nelson pleaded with her for mercy. But with a stern look, Mark warned Lila against feeling any sympathy. With one hand Mark grabbed the boy by the back of the neck. With the other hand, he twisted his arm behind his back like a piece of bread dough, and then threw the kid over his lap. Mark thoroughly spanked the boy's slim bare ass cheeks until they glowed red and hot. Then Mark pushed the crying boy to the floor.

"From now on, Nelson," he told him, "you will be expected to submit to spankings without protest. If you protest, the punishment will be doubled. Do you understand?"

Nelson was crying. He didn't say anything, but the moment Mark raised his hand, the boy nodded in agreement.

"Now go to your mother, lie across her lap. From now on you can expect to get spanked every time you cause trouble or don't do what your are told."

Nelson tried to cover his nakedness from his mother.

"While being spanked, you must remember to be perfectly still and submissive or we'll increase the punishment.

"See this!" Mark said as he picked up a wide brown leather cowboy belt from a nearby table. "If you resist in any way, I'll strap your bare bottom with it until you think you're going to die."

As Mark doubled up the belt in his tightly clenched fist, Nelson rushed to get over his mother's lap.

True, Lila didn't spank as hard as Mark, but her slaps were brisk and plenty hard enough to impart more pain to the boy's already burning hot ass.

After the spanking, Mark warned, "From now on, your mother will spank you like a little boy whenever she decides you need it, and if you are particularly bad, I'll spank you too, and a lot harder, and I won't hesitate to use my belt!

Mark also warned the boy to not even consider trying to run away because they were located in the deepest part of the woods and he surely would get lost. The roads in the area were rarely traveled and most led even deeper into the wilderness.

He warned the boy that he'd probably starve to death before he

could find a town or a search party could find him. Each year, Mark claimed, many people got lost out there, only to be found long after they had died from exposure. Like a scout master telling tales of woe over the campfire, Mark added that there was also a great danger from bears and mountain lions in addition to hidden beds of quicksand that were everywhere.

Almost everything Mark had told the kid wasn't true, but Nelson was a city boy with little knowledge of the outdoors. Mark and Lila were confident they had scared the boy sufficiently to dissuade him from any thoughts of escaping, but just to be safe, they locked him in his loft bedroom, which had only two little windows, and they were too small to crawl through.

The next day, Nelson continued in his sullen stupor until they took out Mark's twenty-two foot outboard and went fishing.

Surprisingly, the boy started to loosen up and even have a little fun. But that progress was short lived. After dinner, when Lila told her son to study some books she had gotten on politeness and etiquette, he lashed out.

"Go fuck yourself!" he screamed at her.

Mark jumped right into action and demanded that Nelson go to his mother for a spanking. The boy hesitated but then did as he was told when Mark picked up the belt.

When Lila bared Nelson's behind, he rushed to cover his penis from her view.

Whack!

Mark's belt sent a shock of pain and surprise through the boy as he was warned to keep his hands at his sides.

Lila took him over her lap and administered a thorough spanking. This time, after about fifty swats by hand, she finished the boy off by giving him ten smacks with her old sorority paddle that she had dug out and brought along just for this purpose.

Over the next few days, it was a pattern that was often repeated, but Nelson became even more sullen and withdrawn. Lila wasn't convinced that they were making any real progress, and she was even more troubled over her own emotional reaction to spanking Nelson.

One night after the boy was safely in

his bed for the night, Lila and Mark sat on the porch, talking and sipping Grand Marnier.

Deeply blushing, Lila admitted that she got sexually aroused whenever she spanked Nelson or watched Mark spank him.

"That's perfectly normal," Mark assured. "I suspect that anyone who spansks feels a measure of excitement. After all, just look at the dynamics of the whole scenario: the nudity, close proximity of the sex organs, emotionalism of the entire situation, dominance of the spanker and submissiveness of the spankee. Who wouldn't get a few twitches of excitement?"

Lila felt better especially when Mark assured her that even though he wasn't a homosexual, he too got excited while disciplining Nelson. Throughout their discussion they had been cuddling and sharing sweet, soft little kisses. Suddenly, they dropped their brandy snifters and rushed to the bedroom, undressing on the way. Throughout an intense lovemaking session, they discussed disciplining Nelson and the arousing effect it had on them. In their hearts, they knew that improving Nelson's behavior was quickly becoming a secondary benefit compared to the exciting new thrills they were experiencing. Mark knew Lila was ready to delve much deeper into this strange and exciting phenomenon. He knew that her love for him had strengthened to the point that she would let him abuse and ravish her only child. He knew she loved him so much that she couldn't see that he was nothing but a clever ogre, a patient molester who had used her to get to her cute, young son.

To get Lila over that final hurdle, Mark convinced her that it was important to bring the boy into complete subjugation. To do this, he recommended that they should spank him whenever they felt like it, not just when he did something wrong, and the spankings should become more severe and ritualistic. Most of all, Mark recommended humiliation be added to their spanking scenario.

Lila agreed.

Now, instead of merely lowering his trousers, Nelson was stripped totally naked and made to stand in the middle of the living room (often for an hour or more)

until the appointed time for his spanking. Then he was held across the lap of one while the other beat him with Mark's leather belt, the paddle, or a switch, which they made the boy himself cut fresh from a young birch tree.

The number of punishment sessions quickly escalated. If the boy just looked at them in the wrong way, they would severely beat him and stretch his punishment out for hours. And following a spanking, Nelson had to stay naked while Mark and his mother teased him about his small, undeveloped penis. They knew this got to Nelson, who always tried to act tough and ape his late macho father.

Although the added humiliations helped to embarrass him into being much quieter and more attentive and the spankings had made Nelson more obedient, it was still obvious that he had contempt for their authority. Mark warned Lila that her son was harboring a lot of resentment toward them and that was caused by the kid's emerging manhood. Nelson, he explained to her, was filled with the poison of rebellion that came from the male hormone levels building up in his body. If they wanted the boy to be totally broken to their will, they'd have to break through that barrier.

Lila audibly gasped when Mark first mentioned that the boy's clothes should be taken away from him and that he should be thoroughly humiliated and cut down to size by being made to dress up in frilly girls' clothing twenty-four hours a day. Lila had never thought of punishing her boy in that way and wondered if it would work, but Mark assured her that he had read about it in books on psychology. He said there are many cases in which such drastic treatment had been extremely effective. Lila didn't need a lot of persuading. Her love for Mark neutralized her sense of reason.

Mark said that to be effective, Nelson, as much as possible, had to be feminized. They'd make him act, talk and even swish around like a girl and clothe him in nothing but the fanciest silk and lace-trimmed panties and little training bras. As they talked on, Lila noticed a delightfully large bulge in Mark's pants. She teased Mark about it and jokingly asked him if he could be trusted around her son after he was all dressed up like a sexy little girl. A

million thoughts bounced around within Lila's head.

She thought her son would make a very pretty girl. She was both intrigued and surprised that Mark had gotten so sexually aroused over the whole idea, but she dismissed any negative implications. After all, she was getting very excited about feminizing Nelson too!

Chapter 3

"And say it with a lisp!"

The next morning, Mark directed Lila to take the car to Andersonville, a nearby town where she would find Schulman's General Store, the largest store for miles around. Surely, they would have whatever would be needed in the way of girls' clothing. He said he had a charge account at the store and had already registered her name on the account. He told her to buy Nelson 'the works'; it was his pleasure to pay for Nelson's transformation.

Schulman's was well stocked with everything from farm equipment to auto parts and medicines and groceries to clothing. The clothing section was sizable. And like the rest of the store, most of the bins, shelves and racks were filled to overflowing. Sale signs, many dog-eared and faded, peeked through the overstocked rows and stacks. Many of the sale signs announced the "latest style" or "just arrived from New York," but being in a backwoods area, most of the clothes were not very trendy. Many of the little girls' clothes were distinctly old-fashioned, overdone with enough lace, ribbons and frills to make the most sissified little swish of a girl do a double take.

Lila was glad that she wasn't shopping for herself because she wouldn't be caught wearing most of the country-style fashions they sold, but for humiliating Nelson, such outdated, overly feminine dresses and gaudy lingerie would be perfect.

Some second thoughts started to gnaw away at her as she looked through the stacks of ruffled ankle socks and rows of patent leather Maryjane dress shoes. She wondered how all of this was going to work. Would Nelson put up much of a fight? Would they be able to make him keep the clothes on? Would such a

treatment really work?

While wedged deep in thought and fingering through a rack filled with ruffled square dance-style dresses, Lila was brought back to reality when a saleswoman asked if she needed any help. Lila sized-up the woman. She tried to determine whether or not she could talk freely about the things she wanted to buy and why she wanted to buy them.

The woman appeared to be in her mid fifties, a full-figured matron with a big, down-home smile, wearing a pleated, pink jersey skirt and a white chiffon blouse with a lot of froufrou down the front. Through the blouse could be seen the bodice of her pink satin slip and large cupped brassiere. Hardly the type of clothing for working around in a crowded, dingy old store. Lila also noticed that the woman had a small pin attached to the breast pocket of her frilled blouse, which read "Jesus Saves."

"Holy shit!" Lila thought to herself as she guessed this woman to be an uptight, narrow-minded milkmaid and Jesus freak, not someone to whom she could speak openly.

Lila was about to wave the woman off, when she decided that perhaps she could be of assistance. Lila tried to be discreet as she asked about the dresses, shoes, lingerie, and all the accessories she was piling up to buy.

Once while the woman was helping her, Lila slipped and said she was buying these things for her son. She immediately corrected herself saying she meant her daughter. While Lila was stretching out the crotch of a pair of panties to see if they would adequately cover Nelson's boy parts, the shrewd old woman put two and two together.

"What's your daughter's name?" the saleswoman asked innocently.

Lila was generally fairly quick, but this unexpected question caught her off guard. She hemmed and hawed until she finally blurted out, "Ah, uh, Jah, J-Jane!" She was upset with herself because the name sounded hollow as it resounded in her ears. What a stupid name to come up with she told herself. It's so ordinary. She was convinced that it sounded like a lie!

"How old is your son?" the saleswoman asked.

"Thirteen," Lila jumped to answer

without a second thought.

"You are buying all these girls' things for him. Aren't you?"

Lila was a bit tongue-tied and couldn't immediately answer. While she wondered how the woman could have known, she decided to take a what-the-hell attitude.

"Yeah!" Lila found herself admitting. "It's for kind of a game. You know kids, and . . . How did you know?"

The woman said she suspected from the moment Lila mistakenly referred to her son instead of her nonexistent daughter. Then she became even more suspicious when she helped Lila select two training bras and two C-cup bras because Lila admitted they were for the same little girl. Then when she asked if they had any panties with an especially wide crotch piece, the woman said it all made sense.

Lila was surprised. She thought the woman would be some right-wing, narrow-minded bitch that would have a fit if she knew how these clothes were going to be used, but the woman seemed to handle it in stride. Lila saw her opening.

She asked, "You don't seem at all shocked or surprised. Have you ever had someone buy girls' clothes for a boy before?"

"Absolutely! Why every year, . . . Did you come into town from the north?"

"Why, yes."

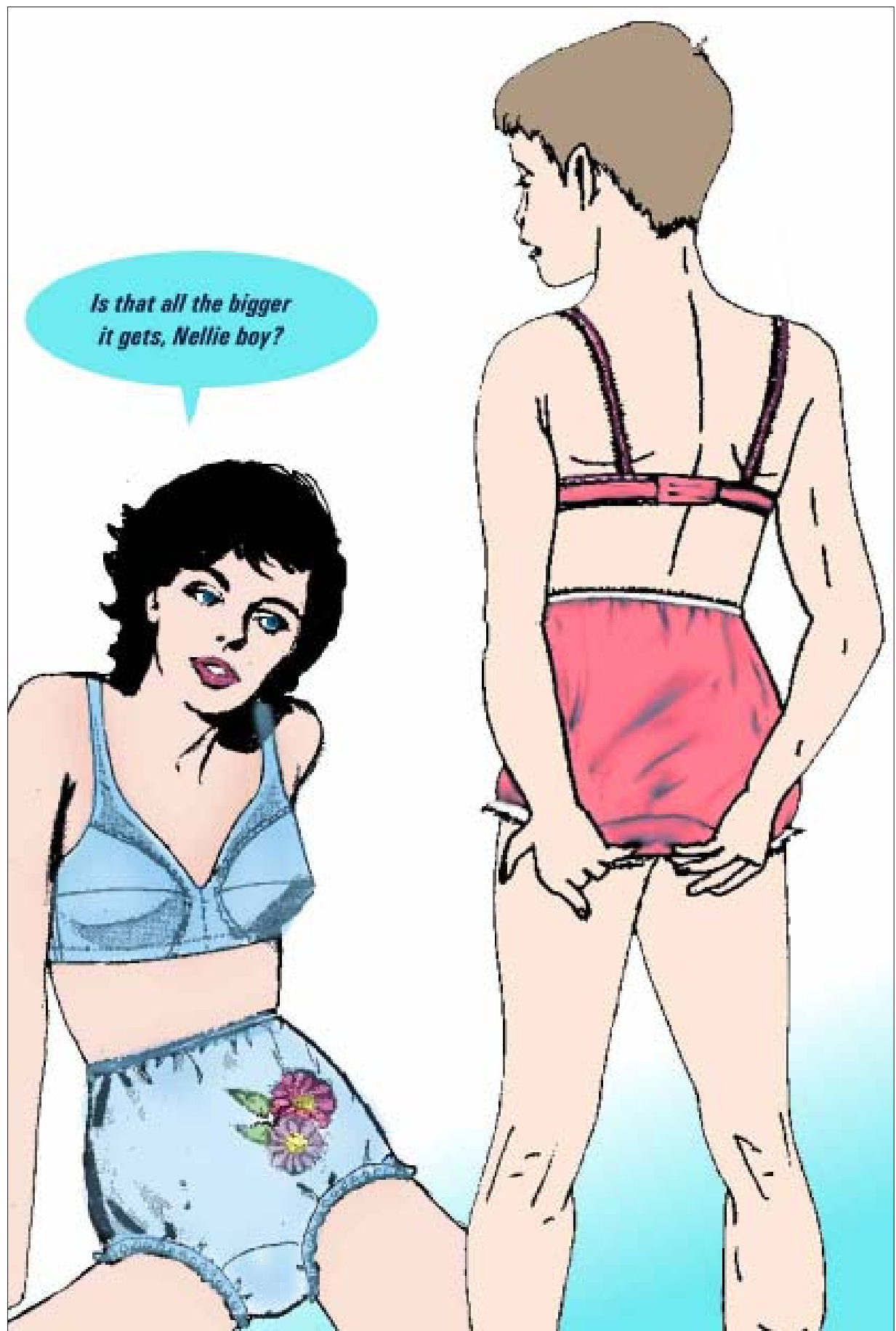
"Well then, you had to pass Hamilton elementary school on your way in. It's right by the fire station. Well, anyway, you see, they have this tradition.

"For one day each year, you see, all the eighth grade girls and boys have to dress up like each other. Is that a day to behold!" she laughed.

Lila smiled broadly as the woman explained.

"The boys wear everything, not just dresses. Nice slips and bras even lace panties! I mean, you should see them boys all decked out in skirts and dresses, and not just plain old stuff, but real nice fancy stuff like the pretty things you're pickin' out.

"And I know 'cause what they can't borrow from sisters or a neighbor, they come in here to buy. Some of them are a sight when their mothers bring 'em in and make 'em stand while we measure them up for dresses and stuff. Do them boys



ever get embarrassed!

"The mothers are all smiles, beamin' like a noonday sun.

"Just about all of them buy their panties here. I mean, I guess most folk don't think it right for girls to loan the boys their little panties. So they got to buy 'em.

"That's why I stock so many, especially pretty ones. Everybody in these parts knows we got the prettiest panties, slips and bras anywhere around.

"I often wonder what happens to all those panties and pretty things after that day. Knowin' how folks 'round here squeeze their dollars real tight, I mean, I 'spect most of 'em make those boys wear those panties out. Seein' one of those boys walkin' down the street, sometimes I wonder if he's wearin' 'em!"

"Interesting!" Lila giggled. "The school . . . why do you they . . . ?"

The woman guessed what Lila was trying to ask, "Why do they do it?"

"Some say it teaches the kids right proper respect for each other. You know, like finding out for yourself what the other side has got to go through.

"Sure is a good laugh for all of us.

"Your boy doin' somethin' like that?"

"Not exactly," Lila answered. "Well, maybe it is kind of like that. You see, my boy's been getting out of line. He's been in a lot of trouble. I don't know what to do. He thinks he's a man who can just run wild and do whatever he wants. I just thought we'd scare him a bit. Make him dress up like an obedient little girl. Take him down a peg or two."

Lila wondered if she was telling the woman too much. She studied the woman's face for her reaction. After hesitating for a moment like she was digesting that idea, the saleswoman broadened her grin and announced, "I bet that'll work! I can tell you when those boys 'round here get all gussied up, they sure are sweet. I mean, they don't just look nice; they act nice and polite like.

"I can see your point. That's a good idea you got there.

"I never really told nobody 'bout it, but I know my neighbor boy, Curtis Jennings, he's a sissy if I ever saw one. Lives alone with his old mama. But sweet as can be. I know he wears girls' panties. Real pretty ones like too. Fancy with lace and ribbons and stuff. I know 'cause I sell

'em to his mama. Every time she's in here buying them panties, she thinks she has to explain what she's doin'.' She knows I notice they're too small for her big hips. She makes excuses and claims she's buyin' 'em for a little girl cousin who likes our selection here. But I'm tellin' you, I never see no little girl visiting over to her place. Yet, every Monday morning a whole week's worth of them there fancy panties are hangin' out on their line.

"I can tell you one thing: If the Jennings' kid is any indication, your boy will turn out as nice and polite as can be.

"Is this the first time you dressin' your boy up?"

"Why, yes. See it's just an idea. My boyfriend . . . I mean, my husband, it was his idea. I'm ready to try anything with the little brat."

"You'll have to let me know what happens. I think you'll make it work. Just thinking about it makes me laugh, beg your pardon, but boys in girls' clothes are kind of funny, and cute too!" she giggled.

Lila had made a fast friend, and now that her secret was out, the woman went over all of her purchases suggesting various accessories and alternate selections. She even went into the stockroom and brought out a new shipment of girlish party dresses that hadn't been put on the rack yet.

Having openly discussed with the saleswoman Mark's idea to dress Nelson in girls' clothes as a disciplinary measure made Lila much more resigned to doing it, but she was still plagued with some second guesses, wondering if she was doing the right thing and wondering how everything would turn out. Despite her doubts, Lila ended up spending much more than she had anticipated since the woman had assured her that she could return whatever she couldn't use. Feeling better by the minute about her decision to girlyfy her misbehaving son, on a whim, Lila added to her purchases a selection of heavily frilled lingerie for herself.

The drive back to the cabin gave her time to think. She convinced herself that it was a good idea and that it would work. She did laugh a bit to herself as she thought about her masculine little boy all dressed in girlish finery. She was really cottoning up to the idea. By the time Lila returned and joined Mark in looking over

her purchases in their bedroom, she was extremely excited. Mark was delighted. He couldn't resist fingering the delicate fabrics and holding up various dresses and bits of lingerie as he tried to picture Nelson wearing them.

When Lila saw how thrilled Mark was about all the purchases, she had to tell him in detail about the long conversation she had with the saleswoman. Reacting to the display of sissy clothes draped across the bed and all the excited talk about Nelson's fate both Mark and Lila succumbed to an irresistible urge to make love. With fantasies dancing in their heads as they anticipated burying Nelson's boyhood in the tantalizing folds of feminine silks and satins, they pushed aside the clothes and got on the bed. As they firmly embraced and wildly kissed, Lila opened Marks pants and set free his bulging manhood, and she pulled her thin skirt and half-slip up around her waist to get them out of the way. She flipped around and pressed her pantied ass up against Mark's hot dick. His ready penis was caught between their entwined bodies as she moved up and down to make it slide back and forth over her teasingly sexy, soft yellow panties. Mark's eyes lit up as he looked down and rubbed his hot cock against those gaudy, old-fashioned, spanking new panties .

Mark was breathing uncontrollably. He was ready to explode.

"Mark!" she shouted. "Look down at your dick rubbing up against my pretty frilly panties. Pretend those panties are on Nelson. Pretend your big strong penis is rubbing up against his pretty yellow panties! Now fuck my little boy in his pretty sissy panties! Feel those soft lacy panties on your monster cock. Fuck Nelson's ass in his faggot yellow panties!"

"Shoot, baby. Shoot!"

Mark erupted. Lila caught his gushing spend in the folds of her bunched up skirt and slip. He held her tightly as he descended from his thrilling peak, then used her slip to wipe the cum off his shrinking, depleted tool.

Lila didn't know what had made her say all those sex-crazed things during the heat of passion. The words just came to her in her highly charged, playful state. She tried not to dwell on it. Mark looked at his watch and then mumbled to Lila that they better get themselves pulled together

because it was almost four o'clock, the time he had told Nelson to be back inside from swimming.

Mark and Lila were anxious to introduce Nelson to his new wardrobe, so when the boy returned from swimming, Lila had a light dinner ready and they sat right down to eat. Once dinner was over and Nelson had finished the dishes, Mark told him to take off his swimming trunks and meet them in their bedroom.

Nelson was a bit puzzled when he saw the stacks of lingerie, dresses and other girlish finery neatly stacked up on the bed. He became even more confused when Lila held in her outstretched fingers the top of a white chiffon baby doll nightie. The glimmering fabric danced as she offered the sexy garment for his wide-eyed inspection.

"Lookie this, Nelson," the bright-eyed Lila cooed. "See all the tiny little red hearts and pink bows? Pretty, isn't it?"

Nelson didn't answer. He just gave his mother an are-you-crazy look then looked toward Mark.

Mark was beaming wild too. His response to Nelson's querying gaze was, "Tell your mother how much you like the pretty little nightie."

"Pretty? What's all this junk? Why you both acting so kooky?"

"Oh, Nellie boy," his mother sang in sugary sweet tones, "these are all your new girlie clothes. We have decided to make you into a nice obedient little girl and all these sissy new things are yours. They're all so pretty. Aren't they, baby!"

Nelson's puzzled expression melted into a scowl. Rage and embarrassment were evident in his face as it turned bright red from the blood boiling in his veins.

"No way! You, you're, . . . you're crazy. No! NO! You'll never . . . I'm not," Nelson was tripping over his words. The naked boy turned and tried to make a run for it, but Mark stepped in front of him and blocked his way. Then he noticed the belt doubled up in Mark's right hand.

"Mom, you're joking. Right? You're just trying to scare me . . . Mom! I've been good since we been here. I'll be better . . ."

"I know you'll be better."

"Sure, I'll be real better. I'll be, I'll be whatever. But not those clothes, Mom! Don't make me put on girls' stuff. Mom,

please . . ."

"Of course, you're going to put on these pretty things because we're going to change you into a sweet, loving little girl."

"No, Mom. No! Please. Those are queer clothes! I'm no queer, Mom. Don't, please . . ."

WHACK!

Nelson's whining and pleading stopped in mid sentence as Mark's belt struck him across the backside like a streak of lightning. The single sharp blow made him cower and tears came to his terror-stricken eyes.

"I'm sorry, Mom! I'm sorry. I'll do anything. Please, don't make me look like a queer girl. Please don't . . ."

WHACK!

Another quick shot from Mark's belt made the boy crumble. His tears really started to flow. Two more strikes from the belt sent him to the ground, bawling and howling. After a few moments, his sobbing slowed.

"Now, Nellie," his mother cheerfully sang, "by the way, you're name isn't Nelson anymore. That's a boy's name, and since you're going to be our sugar-and-spice little girl we have decided to call you 'Nellie!' Pretty name, isn't it?"

Mark and Lila weren't sure if the slight renewal in the moans and gasps coming from the boy were from the continuing pain in his backside or his mother's mocking words.

"Now, Nellie," she continued, "it's time we got you dressed. For starters, I think we'll just get you dressed up in this beautiful baby doll nightie. Then you can go straight to bed, and tomorrow we'll start your complete transformation into the kind of girl that would be the pride and joy of any mother. Here, put your arms up so I can slide this on."

Nelson got up from the floor and moved slowly toward his mother, but when Mark took a step toward him with his belt-toting arm cocked and ready to strike, the boy jumped into position and held up his arms.

"Please," he moaned to his mother, "please, don't. I'm not a sissy."

"Now you just shut up. Or Mark will have to beat some more sense into you. Of course, you're a sissy. Maybe you've been pretending to be a tough little boy all

these years, but I got news for you. You're a sissy. Before you know it, you'll be thanking me for buying you all these pretty things. Any girl would be thrilled to have a wardrobe like this."

Mark laughed as he interjected, "And any sissyboy would think he had died and gone to heaven with all this fancy stuff."

"Believe me, honey, you'll learn to love all these beautiful things," Lila said as she smoothed the baby doll nightie over her son's slim boyish body.

"Nice, huh, baby?" she swooned as she continued to rub his body through the teasing fabric. The top was just the right length, just long enough to teasingly hide his little boy penis and balls.

Nelson let out a few moans as her stroking fingers brought the cool nylon in contact with his stinging backside still smarting from the bite of Mark's belt.

Now that the boy was wearing the feminizing baby doll nightie, Mark and Lila could fully appreciate its beauty and its feminizing effect.

The dinky virgin-white nightie was sleeveless. Little red satin spaghetti straps attached to tiny red bows went over each shoulder and matched the hundreds of tiny red hearts embroidered on the delicate layer of chiffon covering the nylon gown. Shiny pink bows highlighted a band of white lace across the bodice.

"Beautiful! It's beautiful!" Lila cheered. "Amazing how much just a dainty little nightgown can feminize a naughty little boy." Her voice went up in pitch as she trumpeted, "And now for the panties!"

Lila picked up the fragile, elegant panties from the bed. She held them with reverence, like an offering to a goddess, and then slowly raised them until they were within inches of Nelson's face. The wispy white panties were thoroughly feminine. Knowing that his mother had bought these panties just for him and realizing that she expected him to wear them so shocked the boy that it was like he had been scalded with water so hot that he couldn't even scream. Just a gasping, whining, terror-stricken groan punctuated his babyish pouting. Fresh tears flowed from his bloodshot eyes.

"Aren't these a treasure?" she cheered unable to restrain her excitement.

"Panties fit for a princess!" Mark interjected.

"No. Fit for a queen!" Lila corrected.

Then they both laughed at the pun.

Lila noticed the full-blown erection in Mark's trousers.

The panties nicely matched the baby doll top. They had a wide band of white lace around each leg opening and pink satin bows on each side. After teasing Nelson with the ultra feminine panties flaunted for his close-up view, Lila handed the panties to Mark and told him that it would be nice if he was the one to help her little boy put on his first pair of girls' panties.

Nelson had all of his fight beaten out of him. He knew better than to try to make a run for it when Mark put down the belt and took the fragile panties.

"It'll be my pleasure," Mark laughingly said as he sat on the edge of the bed near Nelson.

"Come on over here, girlie!"

As Nelson turned to face Mark and await his fate, he was somewhat shocked to see his mother grab ahold of Mark's penis though his pants and start to stroke it.

"Mark, show Nellie what a big strong penis looks like. Let her see what a real man has inside his pants."

Lila let go of Mark and held up the front of Nelson's baby doll top to expose his deflated little boy penis. With a laugh, Mark quickly stood up, undid his trousers and slid them down along with his shorts.

The boy's string of surprises continued when Lila grabbed her son's penis and announced, "Such a little baby cock! Not much boyhood to get rid of. Nellie, you're going to thank us for making you into a girl. You already have a sissy's tiny penis."

"Damn right," Mark chimed in. "Now that you'll be a girl, you won't have to worry about big boys making fun of your puny little penis when you try to fish it out of your pants to take a piss in the men's room." The snide remarks and cutting comments continued as Mark bent down and held open the snappy elastic waistband of the humiliating panties. Accepting defeat, the dejected boy stepped into them. Mark took his time gently pulling the stretchy panties up the quivering boy's slim legs. He even stopped midway up his thighs to delay the inevitable as he playfully plucked at the tiny bows.

"Now, these! These little bows are a

great touch. Very girlish, Lila!

"Tell us you think these bows are pretty, Nellie boy!"

Nelson sobbing increased, but he knew better than not to obey.

"The bows are real pretty," he parroted.

The boy's penis and balls were framed between the bottom edge of his baby doll nightie that Lila was still holding up and the frilled panties encircling his thighs.

"Watch!" Mark said. "Are you ready to make this miserable sissyboy's toys disappear forever into his pretty panties?"

"Yes. Yes! YES!" Lila shouted as she flicked her fingers at her son's penis then laughed as Mark dragged the billowing panties slowly up and over the boy's loins.

The panties went high around Nelson's waist. Mark kept pulling up hard on the dainty waistband, making the boy squirm as his boy parts were crushed into the crotch of the emasculating silken panties, a symbolic castration that would probably live forever in the boy's tender psyche.

"Model your new nightie and panties for us, Nellie," Lila said with a laugh.

Nelson stepped back and sauntered around before them.

"Put some enthusiasm into it! And act like the little girl you are!" Mark commanded.

Lila laughed when Nelson picked up the hem of the nightie and tried to hold himself in a feminine fashion as he clumsily twisted and turned for their approval.

"Now pull your top way up and show us your pretty panties," Lila commanded. Nelson tried to comply.

Lila could see Mark's log of a dick. She couldn't resist reaching over and stroking it a few times as her son danced before them like a swishy assed faggot.

"No! Higher. Get that top up higher. We want to see those panties all the way around, all the way up above the waistband.

Get that baby doll up this instant or I'll have Mark beat the shit out of you!"

Nelson immediately yanked the silky top up to his neck.

"That's more like it," Mark cheered. "Now describe your pretty panties for us and tell us how much you love them."

Nelson was audibly crying again, but he knew he had no choice but to try and

satisfy them.

"They're nice," he started. "Th-they have lace and stuff on 'em, and they feel real nice."

"Listen, you queer little bitch," Lila shouted at him, "I want you to really get into it. Don't call your panties 'them' or 'it.' They are panties. Panties! Panties! PANTIES! Every time you talk about your panties, use the word 'panties' or I'll have Mark add one more stroke to your next beating!"

"Now, let's hear it again. This is your last chance. Tell us all about your pretty panties and how much you love them or you'll have to sleep standing up tonight because your ass will be on fire like never before.

"Oh, yeah, and when you talk, lisp a little like a real swishy little baby girl."

"I wuv my pwetty panties because they are tho pretty. My panties are nice and white and got cute hearts and bows. The pretty lathe tickles me but feels real nice. I wuv my panties."

"Great," Lila said, "but not much of a lisp. I guess she still thinks she can talk like a boy. We'll have to work on that lisp. What do you think, honey?"

"Sounds like a queer boy to me! Don't worry. With my belt, he'll learn to lisp in no time!" Mark said as he stroked the strip of leather through his hands.

Throughout the session, Lila did note how her son had kept sneaking peeks at Mark's big erection, which stayed impressively hard. After they tucked the boy in and locked him in his room for the night, Lila and Mark spent most of the night awake as they repeatedly made love and kept expanding upon their ideas for training Nelson.

Chapter 4 Turning Him into a Country Girl

In the morning, Mark and Lila slept later than usual. When they got up, unlocked Nelson's door and entered, Lila was wearing a waltz-length pale yellow nightie festooned with childish large ribbons and bows. Through it could be seen a pretty pair of purple, brief-style

panties, some of the new lingerie she had gotten herself at Schulman's. Mark was wearing only his gray-striped pajama bottoms. With them, they carried an assortment of Nelson's new girlie clothes.

Nelson was wideawake with his covers pulled up high around his throat. When they pulled the blankets off him and saw that he had taken off the nightgown and put on some of his old pajamas, Mark and Lila didn't say a word to one another. Both of them simply turned the boy over, stripped off his pajamas, and started spanking his bouncing butt with their hands.

"Who in the hell told you that you take off your new baby dolls? This'll teach you," his mother screamed.

Following the beating, Lila announced that as punishment all of Nelson's boy clothes would be taken outside and burned.

Once again, Nelson was thrust into a situation that was almost impossible for him to comprehend. With a minimum of protest, Nelson stood by the bed and allowed his mother to teach him how to put on a pink garter belt and a pair of strange-feeling, sleek, long nylon stockings. Nelson fumbled with the suspenders as he followed his mother's step-by-step instructions until he was able to attach the garters and adjust them to keep the nylons taut on his boyish thighs. Once again, Lila saw that Nelson noticed the front of Mark's trousers tented up with his erection.

This time, it was Lila who held open the swishy panties for her boy to step into. These panties were another utterly girlish pair loaded with lace and frills. Lila was really beginning to love the fun in pantying her little boy. She too took her time hoisting them up his long legs and narrow hips. The kid's sigh was like an audible signal that his boyhood had left him. He surrendered to the intimidating softness of the humiliating party panties sleekly sliding up his nyloned legs.

Nelson needed a lot of help with the padded bra. It took him almost ten minutes and a half dozen smacks on his tenderized behind to finally learn how to hook it behind his back. Then, just as soon as he did it, his mother unsnapped it and made him do it again. This time he did it much faster and with only two more swats to his behind. The third time he did just like a

little girl well practiced in the art of putting on her own bra.

Then Lila led her son over to the full-length mirror, which was attached to the back of his bedroom door. Nelson's reddened eyes teared up again as his mother stood behind him and made him stare at his reflection as she pointed out the features of his pretty lingerie. Lila totally embarrassed him when she tried to hide his boyish bulge by reaching into the waistband of his pink panties to pull his penis and balls back down between his legs while she pulled up on his panties to scrunch his boy parts flat.

Mark laughed as he ran his hands over the defeated boy's body, stopping to toy with the cups of his pink bra and to test the snappiness of his panty legbands before boldly running his hands between the humiliated boy's legs to see how well his privates had been hidden.

"So nice and flat," Mark teased as he kept stroking back and forth. "Oops! What's this? Look! Her little thing pops up when you rub it. This little girl has a miniature penis tucked away in her panties. How cute. I think it's getting hard. Damn! I never!"

"Holy shit, Nellie!" Lila pretended surprise. "What in the fuck is going on here? You're getting hard in your girlie panties when a man touches you down there. Are you some kind of queer or something? What do you think, Mark?"

"Must be queer. The little faggot gets hard when I touch his sissy panties. Takes the cake! Let's get his dress, shoes and other things on him and see just how much of a girl he really is turning into."

Lila presented Nelson with a pair of high-heeled shoes. He had difficulty squeezing his feet into them and found almost impossible just to stand up in.

"Don't worry, Nellie," his mother told him gently, "you'll soon learn how to walk like a lady in heels."

Tears came to his eyes, but he remained silent. It was all too much to comprehend at once.

"Nellie, try walking now," Mark urged. "It might take some time so you might as well get started."

Looking pleadingly, the boy hesitated for a moment, then took one nervous step and almost fell. His next few tries were not much more rewarding.

"Lila, I think he needs an example," Mark told her. "He can't really study the motion of your walk while you are wearing your nightgown. Take it off and show him how a lady walks with grace and dignity."

For a moment, it was Lila's turn to be stunned, then the numbness passed and passion set in. As she got used to the idea, she realized it would be tremendously exciting to walk around in front of Mark and her son while wearing only her bra and panties.

With little hesitation, she calmly removed her gown and snugged her own dainty panties high around her body before telling her boy to watch closely as she sashayed slowly around the room.

Nelson was forced to try and imitate her walk. They continued the lesson for some time, but they became convinced that the boy wasn't really trying. Excusing himself, Mark went outside to cut a fresh switch. A moment later he returned.

"I'm sure walking elegantly in little Missy high heels is difficult for you, Nellie. We are prepared to make allowances. Still, you must show us you are trying. Now watch your mother one more time, then try to walk the way she does."

Lila was becoming very aroused. Her walk oozed sex, but when it was Nelson's turn, he didn't show any progress. He simply boyishly clumped across the floor.

Whack! Whack! WHACK!

The switch cut cruelly through Nelson's fine pink panties. Through the sheer nylon, Lila could even see the fresh welts appear.

"Try again, Nellie," Mark commanded as he towered over the cowering boy with the switch at the ready.

Nelson tried again. Mark rewarded him with four more harsh cuts.

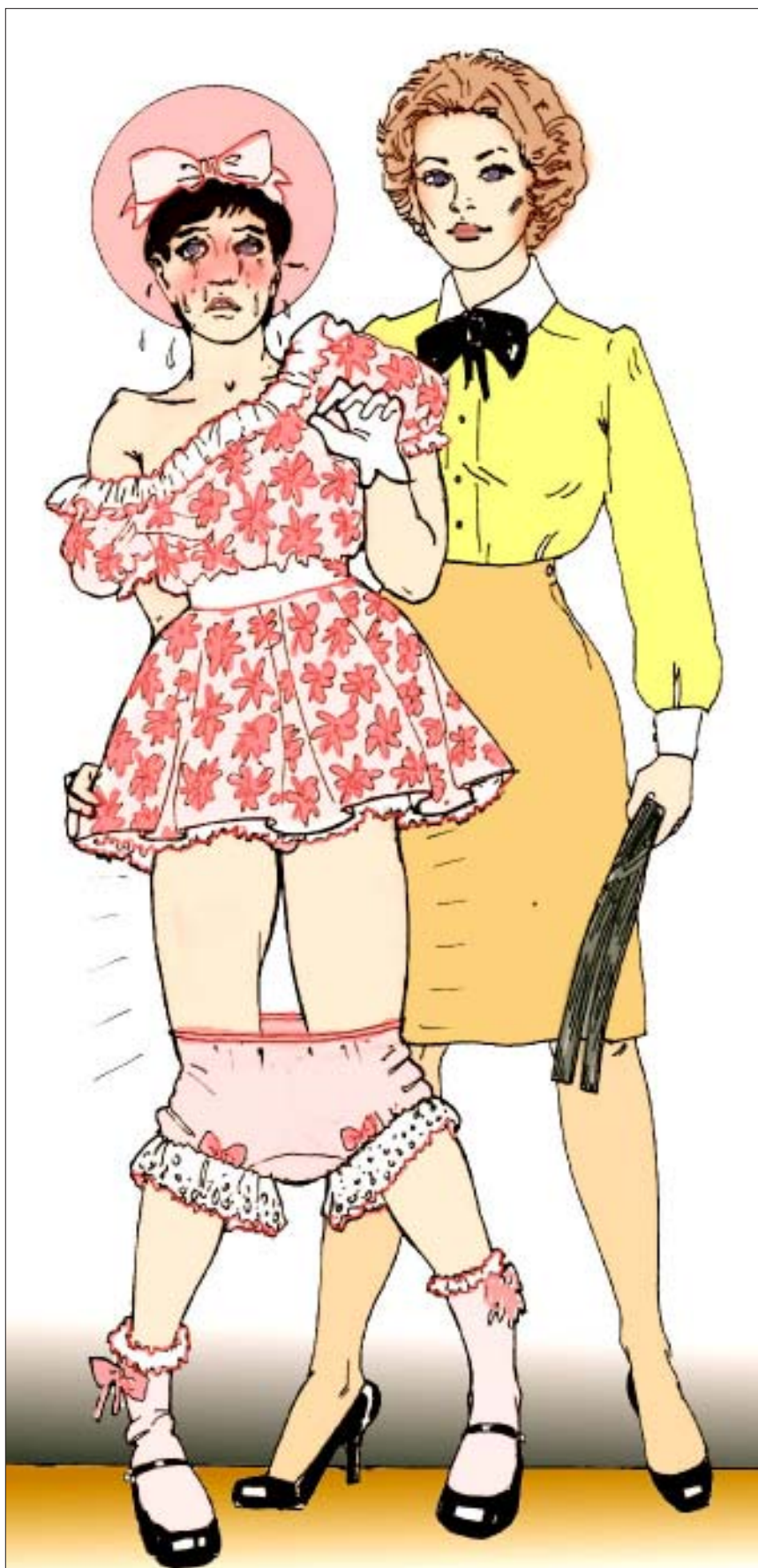
But within minutes, Nelson, fearing an even more severe beating, made amazing progress.

"Honey," Lila said, "you're doing very well. I think we should let you practice on your own now. Go to take a walk outside."

Go down to the lake and back. You need to get used to walking around in the open air in your pretty clothes."

Sensing what the woman had in mind and sharing her need, Mark repeated the request but made it sound much more like a command.

"Do I have to?" Nelson asked tearfully.



Those outfits from that country store were so frilly and embarrassing!

"No, Nellie," Mark told him, "if you prefer, you may stay here to receive a thorough switching with your panties down. The choice is yours."

Seeing no choice at all, Nelson started toward the door, but before he left the room, Mark stopped him and lowered his soft panties to check the welts left by the switch on his smooth, white buttocks. Pretending a little sympathy, Mark ran his hand over the kids' ass.

"There! Does that make it feel better? I'm sorry we have to heat up your little ass, but I'm afraid you'll probably be feeling the switch many more times before you become the complete little lady we want you to be. Run along now, Nellie, but don't forget to pull your prissy panties up first," Mark said with a laugh.

Blushing and trembling with embarrassment, Nelson hobbled out the door. As soon as the door closed, Lila and Mark hurried to their bedroom and jumped into bed. Seconds later, they were writhing in passion as they whispered words of love and urgency interlaced with comments about the fun they were having with their little pantywaist boy.

When they finished and regained their breath, they sat on the bed and talked about their now favorite subject: Nelson. Lila said she got very aroused prancing around in front of her son while she wore nothing but her new purple bra and panties. She blushed when she also admitted that it excited her to see her son forced to act like a submissive little girl.

Mark next suggested that as much as possible she should go around wearing only her lingerie and he should go around naked.

Her teasing outfits and his contrasting nakedness would make the boy more embarrassed about the sissy clothing he had to wear.

Despite the satisfaction they had just given each other, they began to become highly aroused all over again. Moments later, they decided it would be great fun to find Nelson outside and tease him some more. Lila changed into a fresh bra and panties before they left.

They found Nelson along the road sitting under a shade tree idly fingering the bits of nylon and lace that covered his boyish young body. When he saw them walking toward him, he pulled his hands away and just stared at his mother in lingerie and Mark's who was

nude. They told him to follow along as they walked to the nearby lake.

They all sat down in a lush grassy area. Mark and Lila teased and touched each other, both knowing that the boy was watching their every move. Mark began to boldly play with Lila's breasts, and she fondled his huge, upward-pointing penis.

When Mark's penis began to throb, he moved closer to her.

"Do we dare?" he whispered in her ear.

"Yes, yes," she panted as she slid down on their blanket and opened her legs wide.

With one hand, Mark grabbed ahold of Nelson and pulled him closer. With his other hand, he pulled aside the ruffled leg opening of Lila's bright shiny panties and said, "See! That's what a real woman has in her pretty panties."

Nelson looked from his mother's pussy to Mark's big, strong-looking penis. He stood motionless as the man moved between his mother's thighs, inserted his penis under the leg opening of her moist panties and pushed it up into her cunt. Then they began rocking together in sexual intercourse.

Nelson felt his own penis go completely stiff in his teasing panties. Embarrassed, he tried to hide it with his hands.

When they were finished, Mark and Lila noticed the boy's pencil-dick erection pushing out the front of his girlish panties.

Mark commanded Nelson to stand near them. They giggled as they took great liberties with the emasculated boy and closely examined the bulge of his penis through the stretched-out nylon of his panties. Mark reached his hand inside the legband of the boy's sissy panties and began to pull on the kid's throbbing meat. Lila's eyes were wide with excitement and Mark was grinning broadly as he masturbated the boy. Then he stopped suddenly and took his hand out of the kid's panties.

He made Nelson kneel beside them. Now Mark started gently stroking the boy's strong erection through the outside of those teasingly smooth ribbon-decorated panties.

"You're nothing but a faggot." Mark shouted at him like a marine drill sergeant. "Look at this hard-on you have in these

faggoty panties. Aren't you ashamed of yourself? A man touches you in your sissy panties and you getting all excited!

"You're not fooling anybody, queer boy. The first time I saw you, when you were just a little five-year-old kid, I knew you were a sissy. This hard little dick of yours... is this all the bigger it gets? What a pantywaist faggot. Only queer boys get excited in lace panties. Don't you have any pride? Are you ready to cum yet, faggot? I can tell. You're almost there. Aren't you, panty boy? Go ahead blow your wad. Show your mother that she should have put you in silk panties and party dresses years ago.

"See me! See my big prick pointing right at you? Now that's what a man's penis is supposed to look like. That little peepee of yours is so funny. It's so small. What good is it? And it ruins the smooth lines of your pretty panties. You better get rid of any boy cum in there so you can more completely be my little sissy. Come on, Nellie. Don't hold back. Big Mark will milk you free of your little boy juices. Shoot into your girlie panties. Show me and your mama what a big sissy boy you are."

Lila moved in closer. With her eyes wildly gleaming, she reached out and stroked her son's panty-clad ass. As she began to tickle her little boy's panty-covered balls, Nelson's spurting semen saturated Mark's hand right through the thin nylon. Without comment, Mark wiped his wet hand on the boy's blushing face. Nelson tried to turn away, but they held him securely while Mark made sure some of the cum was forced right onto the kid's mouth.

Chapter 5 Maid Gay

In bed that night, Lila and Mark discussed homosexual acts between males. Lila admitted that the thought of two males having sex together excited her. She asked many questions and Mark had ready answers. Convinced that she could handle such information, he told her that he had performed such acts as anal intercourse and fellatio with other men and boys, going all the way back to his

childhood. Even though he admitted enjoying doing such things from time to time, he convinced her that he only had love for her.

Knowing that Lila was ready for more action and wanting to give his penis a rest, Mark moved down in the bed and used his mouth to bring her to a string of thrilling climaxes. Pausing between giving her rapidly repeating orgasms, they talked. Lila had so many questions. Nelson was taking pretty well to the wild things that had been happening to him, but she was very interested in fully exploring the far reaches of debauchery. By that evening, Lila thought she was the one who had talked Mark into christening Nelson fully into his girlish role by anally raping him.

Nelson went almost a full day without earning another spanking, and then his luck ran out. Lila caught him swimming without his life jacket, something he had been warned never to do.

As he returned to the cabin, she told him to meet them in his bedroom after he had taken a shower.

When he arrived in his bedroom, he saw his mother in a pale blue bra and panties embroidered all over with pastel-colored butterflies. Underneath the beautiful panties was a white garter belt attached to long, dark nylons hugging her thighs. Mark was naked, his big penis unashamedly erect. Both Lila and Mark watched with great interest as Nelson dressed himself from panties to an Alice-in-Wonderland pinafore dress. Then they told him to sit on his mother's lap while Mark scolded him for not wearing a life jacket. As Mark berated the boy, Lila reached under his skirt and stroked his bright yellow nylon panties. She made him squirm as she teasingly toyed with the panels of lace running up each side, pulled on the pale pink satin bows on each hip and kept snapping loudly the tight elastic waist and legbands.

The scolding over, Lila had Nelson stand, she immediately noticed that he had an erection in his panties as a result of having his panties played with, seeing Mark's erection or both. Taking him over her lap, she began to spank his smooth white buttocks, which did not remain white for long as her experienced hand slapped briskly and soon brought him to tears.

"Now Nellie, I have spanked your

bum nice and pink. Pull your panties up high around your waist and go to Mark."

Obediently, he did so, walking gracefully on the high heels he was learning to master. Nelson's penis had shriveled as a result of the spanking.

Mark swiftly brought the boy to full erection again by reaching up under Nelson's short dress and fondling both the front and back of the kid's soft panties. Next, Nelson was forced to sit on Mark's lap, facing him with his skirts bunched up around his waist and his nylon pantied penis pushed up against Mark's stomach.

As Mark continued to stroke the boy all over through the ultra-feminine clothes, Nelson felt something warm and hard pushing up against his pantied ass. It only took him a moment to realize it was Mark's penis and it was hot and thrusting as it tickled him so close to his panty covered asshole.

Nelson was expecting to receive an additional spanking from Mark. That was the usual scenario, both adults taking turns during every spanking session. As he awaited further punishment, all Nelson could think about was Mark's big, thick hard penis trusting up and at his ass crack only separated by the thin silkiness of his sissy panties. Nelson shed tears from the embarrassment of the intimate male contact.

"You look so-o-o-o pretty today in your little girl panties, Nellie. Those panties must really feel nice and squishy soft on your baby-sized prick, huh, pantywaist? You goddamn faggot. Candy ass, pantywaist, fucking queer boy! I know what to do with panty wearing faggots like you. Get your tight little, lace-trimmed ass over there on the bed!"

As with any command from Mark, Nelson had learned not to hesitate. He ran to the bed and started to sit down.

"No, faggot. Kneel down on all fours. Now put your head down on the pillow so your sissy skirts and slips get out of the way and that satin-covered ass of yours points straight



up to heaven."

Thinking he was being put into position for Mark to continue his spanking, Nelson quickly obeyed. To the side he stared at his mother. She had a strange, wildly excited expression on her face. Nelson sensed that he might be in for more than just a spanking. Whatever was going to happen, he was sure that he was not going to like it.

Nelson watched his mother. For the first time, she took off her bra so he could stare at her beautifully developed full tits. He stared intently at her as she inserted her hand down the front of her panties and started to finger herself. Her teasing hand began jumping around wildly within the confines of her dainty panties. Despite the circumstances, he was thrilled to see her touch herself. While his eyes were on her, he didn't notice Mark getting a jar of Vaseline and using it to coat his ready penis.

Lila slowed her stroking to a teasing pace then sat on the edge of the bed so she'd have a ringside seat for what was going to happen next.

Nelson had been so well distracted that he had forgotten about Mark being there in the room. But Nelson gave a slight jump and was reminded of his presence when Mark began stroking the tight nylon panties across Nelson's slender ass cheeks.

With one hand, Mark lifted up the leg band of Nelson's frilly, faggot-yellow panties. With his other hand he applied a glob of Vaseline between the boy's ass cheeks. As he massaged it deep into the crack, Nelson let out a yelp and tired to pull away.

But Lila and Mark held him securely as Mark inserted the tip of his finger into the boy's tense asshole.

"Be still, girlie-boy," Mark said in a firm tone. "You're a girl now. You're going to love this."

Lila whispered to her sissified son, "We're going to help you feel real good. Just like a real girl."

Mark lifted up the legband and slid his erection inside the boy's baby soft panties. Momentarily, he let his boner nestle between the virgin boy's ass cheeks like a hot dog in a bun.

Nelson was horrified but did not fight. He had only heard rumors that such sex

acts existed. In fact, he didn't even really believe them. He thought such things were just made up stories amongst his friends. Lila was well aware of his fears. She tried to calm him and get him to relax so Mark could make his move.

Mark backed off, took some more Vaseline and worked it into Nelson's asshole. He kept rubbing it in and out, in and out, until he could feel the boy submitting and allowing his anal muscles to relax. Mark knew when the time was right, knew when Nelson had mentally and physically given himself over to being invaded.

And Mark was ready.

Lila watched in delight as her boyfriend eased his hot meat deep into Nelson's virgin bowels.

Nelson knew in his heart what was happening, but he couldn't believe it. The moment the head of Mark's hard dick tore its way into his asshole, Nelson's breath was taken away. Gasping for air, he moaned as he tried to protest, "Wha . . . wha . . . what are you doing? Mom! Please, . . . Mom, it, it hu-u-r-r-t-s-s-s!"

"Just be quiet, Nellie," Mark shouted.

Between gasps for breath and tremors from the release of long-awaited sexual thrills, Mark continued a verbal barrage as he started pumping in and out, slowly at first then with a quickening tempo. He fucked the kid silly.

"You're a pantywaist faggot . . . and you want to be a real girl. Well, here' your chance!

"You're getting fucked because real girls love to get fucked . . . real girls get it in their cunt, but since you're a sissy panty boy, you get fucked in your panty-covered ass."

"Please! It hurts!" Nelson sobbed.

"Silly girl, Nellie," the man scolded, slapping a silken buttock lightly, "you'll take it and love every second of it."

Nelson cried as he felt his asshole burn with pain as Mark kept thrusting in and out of him. The pain was already unbearable but the burning sensation just increased more and more until he was screaming and crying and pleading for his mother to make Mark stop.

But through his tears, he could see his mother. Her long brown hair was a mass of tangles. Her fingers were plunging in and out of her cunt at a superhuman pace.

She was in a trance. With labored breathing and eyes straining to focus, she watched her son get raped only looking away periodically as a wave of sexual bliss caused her eyes to roll up into her head.

Mark didn't let up. He kept pushing his penis in and out of Nelson's asshole.

Nelson kept gasping for air. Mark's massive dick was already shoved far up into Nelson's body, and it was going in deeper and deeper with every thrust.

Finally, Mark slowed the pace. He wanted to make this experience last as long as possible.

"There, Nellie," Mark panted, "you've got me all the way in you now, you pretty little pantywaist. I look at your sweet little panties, and from here, it looks like I'm fucking some sissy little grade school girl.

"You sure look fucking good in those lace-trimmed girlie panties. This is the best!

"I'll give it all to you now and make you feel even better. Okay, gay boy, go ahead and wriggle your sweet ass in those pretty panties. Feels good, huh, panty boy?"

Mark worked his penis until it was fully sensitized. Then he eased up some more on the stroking to maintain that peak of excitement without going over the edge.

When Mark could no longer tolerate toying with the fringes of heavenly ecstasy, Nelson felt an agonizing grip of pain and searing pleasure as Mark's penis swelled and then spurted jet after jet of hot semen deep into his bowels.

Not moving from his position, Mark rested for a moment as his penis began to slowly deflate throb by throb, each throb lessening in pain in Nelson's innards.

Mark finally withdrew his sloppy spent penis and rolled the boy over on the bed.

Nelson cried as he felt himself shitting cum, and probably blood too. He felt like he had been ripped open with a crowbar.

But Mark didn't leave the boy alone. He reached for the boy's cock and expertly brought the boy to erection by teasing his dick within his silky panties. When it was sufficiently hard, Mark pulled it out through the legband of his panties, closed his mouth around it and began sucking. Engorged in her own pleasure, Lila watched. She too wanted to be a part of it so she stroked her son's panty-covered

balls while Mark sucked him off like high-priced call girl.

Before long, all discomfort left the boy as he felt arousal building toward climax. He began panting and groaning, and then the man drew the full length of the boy's penis into his mouth.

Even as Nelson ejaculated and at the pinnacle of thrills from being fellated, he felt his mother's hands tearing Mark away from him. She was begging Mark to satisfy her.

Nelson could only stare in continued disbelief as he watched her lie down on her back, her buttocks on the edge of the bed, legs raised high above her while Mark knelt on the floor with his face in her crotch. She screamed and yelled as he flickered his tongue in her grove to bring her through a series of thunderous climaxes.

Nelson grew up to thoroughly adopt his forced petticoating. He wanted to quit school, grow his hair long and be a girl as much as possible twenty-four hours a day, but his mother insisted that he still be a boy during the day and finish his schooling.

The day Mark walked out to leave them for good, Lila was totally distraught. Only with Nelson's love and caring was she able to cope. With Mark and his friends gone, Nelson didn't miss sucking cock and getting fucked in the ass. His mother fulfilled all his needs. They formed an unusual mother-son bond that lasts to this day. Totally devoted to one another, a happier mother and son you could never find.

The End

Chapter 6

Living Within Your Means

After that orgy, Nelson fared much better. He was still spanked from time to time, but the couple accepted him in their bed as a sexual partner. He loved getting a blowjob from either Mark or his mother, but it took a long time for him to appreciate being fucked in the ass. Seduced into his new role, he had no need or interest in his old friends, and Mark and Lila knew it was safe to return to the city.

Upon their return, they got Nelson a stereotypical French maid's outfit and taught him to wait on them and their depraved friends, who regularly visited and involved the boy in every imaginable sex act. They got Nelson several fashionable wigs, and he was transformed into a sexy little teen bombshell, a roll he learned to play perfectly.

Nelson became thoroughly swept up in his new life-style. He even developed some unusual hobbies. He loved to sit in a way that would give strangers peeks up his short skirts. He got thrills from turning on men who would probably throw up if they knew he had a penis in his panties. He also enjoyed going into women's washrooms to watch women pull up their dresses and take care of their intimate duties.

His greatest joy came when he'd sit in one of the stalls and play with himself. He'd delight in fantasizing how they would react if they could see him stroking his erect penis only a few feet away. Usually, he couldn't resist doing it all the way until he'd spurt his semen on the inside of the cubicle door. Then he'd go out of the stall and stand at the mirror fiddling with his makeup until some unsuspecting woman entered that same cubicle and he could witness her horrified reaction as she discovered his dripping jism.

