

Pussy Boy Pager

Reader's Stories & Pics

Volume 71

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Wife forces him to be her sissy male maid, makes him take female hormones, and when he grows titties, she shows him off to her girlfriends!

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Plus a lot more!

Adults Only



A collection of fascinating and exciting stories, letters and pictures sent to us by visitors to our Internet website. Both true stories and fiction about both forced and consensual crossdressing. Fantasy entertainment for adult pussy boys. Ratings range for "G" to "X"

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Sneaky Little Sissy

This is my story and it's absolutely true. My love for lingerie and panties began when I four and my mom would have me wear my older sister's panties when all of mine were in the laundry. Even at that early age, I knew they were for girls, but I didn't care. I loved the smooth feel of the nylon tricot on my penis. I didn't understand why my penis got hard every time mom would put the silky little panties on me.

I remember playing house many times with my sister and girl cousin, and we'd get dressed up. Generally, they just put a long silk slip over my regular boys' clothes. I loved it, and mom would giggle at me. But already my love for lingerie was very serious.

Often I stayed with my auntie while mom went shopping, and I'd take those opportunities to explore the hamper in the bathroom and search for a pair of sleek panties to look at and rub on my penis. If I found a pair of



panties I would put them on and usually get caught by my auntie who would laugh and tell me to take them off before my mom got home. I'd also go into her garage and fondle her big panties hanging on the clothesline.

At eleven I began stealing panties from my aunties and ladies in my neighborhood. I usually get them from their clothes bin, dryer or clothesline, take them home and hide them between my mattresses and put them on after everyone was asleep. I would then return them after a week or so for another pair. This went on all during all my grade school years. Every minute I was awake, I was consumed with my passion for women and girls' panties. I'd take department store catalogs and my aunt's mail-order lingerie catalogs, hide behind the sofa and stare at all the ladies in their pretty slips, bras and panties. I'd take my penis out and rub it. I got caught a few times but luckily never with my little hard peter out.

One evening while home alone I went over to my friend's house to feed the rabbits that he and I raised together. My friend's mom was a very pretty lady with a nice figure. After feeding the rabbits I was planning to take a look in their old laundry bin in their garage for a pair of panties belonging to my friend's mom to take home. But I didn't find any, so I thought about sneaking into their house to look for panties because my friend and his family were gone for the evening.

My heart began beating very fast as I wrestled with the thought. If I got caught, how would I explain being in the house? So I knocked on the door repeatedly with no answer. I then tried the door and to my amazement it was unlocked. I entered and checked every room just to make sure I was alone and then ran to the master bedroom and searched the dresser drawers.

It didn't take me long to locate the lingerie drawer. My heart began to pound fast and hard as I slowly opened it all the way and looked inside. There in front of me was a sea of her pretty lingerie. I closely examined everything, the fancy slips, the silken panties and the lacy bras all neatly folded. A particular item that caught my attention was a bright red babydoll nightie. I was shaking as I gently lifted it out of the drawer to examine it, and as I did the matching panties fell out onto the floor. I was so excited that I just had to put on this beautiful nightie and panties.

It was summer so all I had on was a pair of shorts and sandals. I quickly stripped and stood there trying to figure out how to put the nightie on. I had never worn a babydoll nightgown so I just stepped into it and pulled the lacy straps up over my shoulders. The feeling was exquisite as the fluffy sheer overskirt tickled my genitals as I walked around the room. Next I put the huge matching panties on and my very hard penis seemed to disappear into the rich, silky folds. I immediately lay back on the bed and began to masturbate myself, rubbing myself up and down until I had a dry orgasm. I wasn't old enough to cum yet, so I just clutched my throbbing penis as I breathed heavily and shook as waves of a warm feeling shot through my body.

Afterwards I simply folded everything back as best I could and left the house. I did return many more times after that when they would go out for a while, and I also started to invade the homes and lingerie-filled dressers of other women and girls in the neighborhood when they weren't home.

Queer College Party

By Delilah Magne



I was a sissy kid into dressing up in girls' clothes every chance I got. I even dreamed of being a real girl and going on dates with guys but had never really done anything like that. They were just my fantasies. Sherry, my big sister, was in college, and she invited me up to stay with her for a few days, so I could get a sample of college life since I'd probably be attending that college in a few years. I arrived on a Thursday, and that night, the kids considered Thursdays a "weekday party night," but I wasn't old enough to get into the bars, so I stayed in the dorm room while my sister and her roommate went out for the night.

I didn't mind being left alone. In fact, I loved it because it gave me a chance to explore Kristi and Sherry's dresser drawers. As soon as they left, I was playing with their lingerie and dressed myself in a pair of Kristi's beige silk panties, a matching bra, and some black pantyhose.

I went to their little fridge, grabbed a beer and proceeded to drink beer after beer as I lounged around and luxuriating in the feel of the sexy bra, panties and pantyhose. I stuffed the bra with several pairs of their panties, put on a blouse from the closet, and then looked at myself in the mirror. I thought I was quite attractive as a girl. I felt myself rising up in my panties.

I walked over to the bottom bunk, lay back, and let the full effect of the alcohol kick in. Slowly, I started touching my already stiff cock through the sexy nylon. I was in ecstasy, feeling the bra straps rub on my back and the pantyhose sliding all over my silken panties. I was stroking myself feverishly and barely heard the door click open.

I shot out of bed, and nearly tripped over myself as I pulled back the bedspread and made a dive to get under the covers to hide from my sister and her roommate. There I was, cowering to hide myself. They both looked at me, and then slowly looked at each other. I was completely terrorized and had no idea of what to do. I pulled the covers up over my head, feeling like I was dying from embarrassment.

I heard them talking quietly for a few moments, and then my sister said, "Justin, or should I say, Justine, why don't you come out here for a second..."

She repeatedly coaxed me to come out until I eased down the blankets and looked up. My sister and her roommate were standing over my bed, looking at me.

"Please, don't laugh at me?" I said.

"No, we want to talk to you for a second, dear," Sherry replied.

"And we won't tell anyone about this if you do what we want," Kristi offered with a broad smile.

"Like what?" I asked.

"Well, we've wanted to find a boy to play dress up with for a long time. Sherry told me what a sissy you are and how you were always sneaking into her room and trying on her clothes, and that's why we invited you up for a visit. And you've come through in flying colors. We weren't out of the room for more than an hour and you're already getting drunk on our beer and jacking off in our lingerie. So if you let us give you a makeover and have a little fun with you, we won't tell anyone about your little secret. Okay?"

I wasn't sure about it, because I didn't know what they meant, but I really had no choice. "All right! Whatever! But, please, just don't tell anyone!"

It's amazing how clear my head was even though I was still a little drunk.

Sherry said, "Now, get out of that bunk, and we'll start fixing you up." She smiled and turned to her closet.

I pleadingly looked at Kristi, but she just motioned for me to do as I was told, and I did. As I stood in front of these two older girls in Kristi's cream-colored silk panties, my erection started to come back.

"O-o-o-oh! You like this, don't you, Justine?" Sherry asked. "I knew you would."

I tried to cover my penis up, but Kristi told me to put my hands down as she was taking the things Sherry was handing to her from out of the closet: a pair of modestly high two-inch heels, a pink minidress, a string of pearls and an old-fashioned pink satin waist chincer she said she had worn as part of a costume in a show she was in, saying, "This corset will give you a nice girlie shape."

"We'll do your makeup in a little bit. Here, Sherry, help me get little Justine into this stuff."

"Makeup?" I asked, but neither one replied.

They helped me into the corset and then forcibly cinched me up. It was extremely tight, and I could barely breathe. Sherry slipped the minidress over my head. It was lacy and ruffled, extremely soft, and caressed my arms and shoulders. I felt myself getting hard again but couldn't do anything about it. She then helped me into some pink thigh-high nylons and secured them with ruffled garters, and Kristi crammed my feet into the shoes, which were tight. She had me get up. I had to struggle to keep my balance, let alone try to walk in them.

"Sherry, where is that wig you wore to the Halloween party?" Kristi inquired.

"I'll get it; you start on Justine's nail polish and makeup."

Kristi sat me in the chair at her desk and began applying makeup to me. I had fooled around with my mom's makeup when I was a kid and put little dabs of it on, but Kristi was giving me a full makeover, plucking my eyebrows, applying foundation, eye-liner, mascara, blush, eye shadow, and bright red lipstick. She even glued on bright red artificial nails.

"Wow!" she exclaimed as she finished.

As she came out of the closet with the wig, Sherry looked at me and agreed, "Wow! You're right! Look at how beautiful he is! Kristi, do show my sissy brother how pretty she is."

Kristi turned me to look in their full-length mirror. I couldn't believe my reflection, my beautiful, thick eyelashes. I was skinny but the corset pulled in my waist a lot more and gave me a girlish shape. I was pretty! Very pretty! I even thought I looked hot! And I was instantly hard again, my cock strained against the tight panties that held it prisoner between my legs.

"Look what we have here," Sherry yelled triumphantly as she stroked my penis through the bulge it was making in the skirt. "Being a girl is really turning you on, isn't it?"

She held up the dark curly wig, and I watched in the mirror as she brought it down over my head, put it into position and combed it to settle it in place. The simple addition of the wig really transformed me into a beautiful girl! I couldn't believe what I was seeing in the mirror. And I was getting even more excited my own reflection.

"O-oh," Kristi moaned, "you're so gorgeous! You'll probably get more attention from the guys tonight than we will."

"What guys? I can't let anybody see me like this! You're not planning to take me out like this, are you?" I was flustered and stood up quickly and nearly toppled over in my heels.

"Well, we can't very well let such a beautiful thing stay home on a night like this. There are way too many horny college guys at the bars for that! Besides, what did you think all of this work was for, fun?"

"I didn't know you were going to take me out! I can't!"

"Now, now, Justine, don't get your pretty little self all worked up. We're taking you out, and that's all there is to it. We'll tell everyone that you're our friend from high school, up visiting, and you'll have a great time. That is unless you want us to show everyone the pictures of you like this--" she said as she pointed toward Kristi.

"Pictures, what pictures?" I turned and as I asked, I was almost blinded with three successive flashes of light and the familiar clicks of a camera. Kristi was holding a camera and had a big smile on her face.

"These pictures, Justine, will go to the Scarborough High News if you don't go out with us."

I felt my stomach drop and my throat suddenly got dry as I slowly nodded "okay." I didn't doubt for a minute that they'd send those pictures to my school newspaper.

Twenty minutes later we were standing in line at one of the local dance clubs waiting to get our IDs checked. Sherry stood in front of me and Kristi behind me, probably to make sure I wouldn't try to run, but I only would have fallen down anyway. I was trying to get used to walking in high heels and was happy to simply stand still again. Kristi tapped me on the shoulder and whispered, "Now don't worry about not being old enough and not having an ID, dear; Sherry gives the bouncer here a blowjob every once in a while, and she can get whomever she wants into this place."

A few minutes later Sherry told the bouncer I was with her and old enough, but I had forgotten my ID. He nodded his okay as he told Kristi to call him soon because he needed to see her again. He gave me a creepy dirty old man look as he gazed at my flat chest and then scanned my entire body until his eyes landed back on my face. I shyly looked away, more out of fear of being found out than being ogled. But he must have been happy with what he saw because he waved me in and rubbed his hand across my ass as I walked by, causing my minidress to slide across my silky panties and send a shiver up my spine.

I didn't look back but hurriedly entered the crowded bar filled with drunk and horny college guys. Terror a rose in my veins as Sherry screamed out over the blaring music, "I want to introduce you to some people."

I tried to protest, but she dragged me toward a table full of guys. I tried to pull away, but she had already started introducing me as her high school friend, Justine. Both Sherry and Kristi's boyfriends were in the group.

A chorus of, "Hi, Justine," came up from the table. I tried to look away, but noticed the look on my sister's face. I was so afraid of being recognized as a boy, but the four horny boys didn't appear to have a

clue. All four of them looked at me like they wanted to fuck me! One of the guys stood up and, with his drunken courage, asked me to dance. I looked pleadingly at Sherry, but this only made her smile wider as she pushed me toward the dance floor, "Go on, Justine. Dance with him."

I walked slowly behind him as he pushed his way through the crowd to a spot in the corner. We danced to two fast songs, and I prayed that they wouldn't play a slow one. Just then Kristi bumped into me hip to hip, and asked, "Are you enjoying yourself, Justine?"

I managed a meek, "Yes," and she slapped me playfully on the butt. I loved it. This was so close to my lifelong fantasy of being a girl and dating a guy. I wanted it to be good, but I so feared being discovered. I tried my best to act girlishly and enjoy the moment.

Kristi whispered to me, "We're gonna have an after-hours party, so we'll be leaving in a few minutes, dear."

"I can't..."

She cut me off with a finger on my bright red lips, whispered, "Well, if you want your photos in your high school paper, describing your visit to our campus--" and walked away. I followed her back to the table where we put our coats on, as did the guy I had been dancing with.

Sherry's boyfriend brought his two friends and Kristi's boyfriend came back to the girls' room as well. Sherry and Kristi started whispering as the guys all flopped down on the furniture, one on each bed, one on the chair and one on a beanbag. I stood near the door, wanting desperately for the night to be over, and to be able to take off my heels.

"Well, we have a special treat for everyone. We know how you boys love getting blowjobs, and I have to admit the three of us love to suck on penises. Sherry and I each have our boyfriend, but since Justine doesn't have a boyfriend, she gets to suck you other two guys. Is that okay with everyone?"

My jaw dropped and I almost fainted, and Sherry and Kristi both saw my shock and knew I wanted to protest, but they caught my eye and simply pointed to the desk with the camera on it. The guys were too boozed up and too consumed with trying to reposition their growing cocks within their pants to pick up on any reluctance on my part. I almost didn't care about the pictures, but I didn't think I could do what the girls were telling me to do. Yes, I did have this fantasy of having sex with a guy, but this was reality, and already everything was totally different than what I had always envisioned what it would be like. Admittedly, I was getting into my role. I did feel like a girl, and from how the boys were acting, they certainly thought I was a real girl. That made me feel very good and very sexy.

Then Sherry and Kristi walked over to their boyfriends and dropped to their knees.

"Okay, Justine, start with Carl," Sherry said, as she pointed to the tall, well-built brown-haired guy sitting

on the chair — the guy I had been dancing with. "Now, Carl and Jesse, the rules are simple, Justine is a cum lover and she'll give you the blowjob of a lifetime, but she doesn't like to be touched while she does it, so sit on your hands if you have to, but don't touch her. If you do, she'll stop, and you'll go home with blue balls. Got it?"

Both the guys nodded like the rules were no problem.

She turned and started to unzip her guy's pants.

I looked over to the guy I was supposed to blow and he looked back at me, and started to undo his pants. I walked over, got down on my knees, and looked at Carl's cock. It was semi-hard, but I could tell it was going to get pretty big. I touched another boy's cock for the first time in my life, and found my fears dwindling as I pulled its silky smoothness toward my mouth. He put his hands underneath his butt and his cock grew to its full size. I stared at it for a few seconds, and looked over to Kristi and Sherry. Each of them was sucking on her guy, but looking in my direction and urging me on with their eyes.

I pulled Carl's cock to my lips and ran my tongue over its reddening tip. He let out a sigh as I wrapped my lipsticked lips around it and sucked it into my mouth. I had read so many stories about sucking cock, and dreamed about it so often, that I knew exactly what to do. My own cock was throbbing in my beige silk panties, and I was sure that the skirt I had on was full enough to hide it as it fully erected and pushed out the front of my panties. As I began to bob up and down on his rod, I wrapped one hand around the shaft and stroked it as I sucked, making sure to keep it moist with saliva. With my other hand I secretly massaged my own penis within my lace panties beneath my full skirt. I pumped his cock harder and harder, sucking harder also, and finally felt his balls clench up. I knew what was next, but I could never have been prepared for the feeling of his hot load as it erupted into my mouth and throat. The first two shots were the hardest, both hit the back of my throat and made me gag a little. I started coughing and had to pull my head back and off his cock that was now shooting off into the air, spraying the rest of his load all over my lips and cheeks.

As he let out a moan while squirting his last streams of cum, I could see Kristi and Sherry, who had stopped blowing their guys to watch me. They both gave me a surprised look that turned into a deep smile as they saw the cum dripping down my face.

"It tastes good, doesn't it, Justine?" Sherry asked me. All I could do was nod in agreement.

I squeezed his cock one last time to get the last drops of cum out and licked them off. In appreciation, he shivered and squirmed. Then I turned to the other guy who had pulled down his pants and was slowly stroking his cock.

I licked the thick salty liquid off of my lips and tried to swallow it, only succeeding in making myself choke again. Sherry and Kristi both chuckled and Kristi said, "The trick is to deep throat it as he shoots it, dear. It makes it a lot easier to swallow."

Jesse's cock wasn't as long as Carl's but a little thicker. I had to really open my mouth to get it past my lips, and even then I could only take about half of it. I again reached up and stroked it as I started to bob up and down on it, sucking. With my left hand I gently grabbed his balls and squeezed, hearing him moan in appreciation.

My bright red lipstick -- or what remained of it -- after my first blowjob, left smear marks about halfway down the shaft of his cock. I continued sucking and slurping, occasionally pulling my mouth off and flicking the tip with my tongue. I felt the telltale clenching of his nuts and heard him gasp, "I gonna cum!" right before he began to blow his hot load into my mouth.

This time I put my mouth as far down on his cock as I could and prepared myself for his load. I closed my eyes, and just then, I felt two hands on my head, pushing me even farther down onto his cock, and he shot his huge load. I was able to swallow the first two shots; however, he blew four big spurts after that, which filled my mouth and spilt out of my lips and dripped onto his thigh. I started to panic, as my mouth filled with his thick salty cream, because he had broken the rules and was forcing my head down deep on his cock meat. If he pulled much harder, I feared he'd pull my wig off. Then I looked up and saw it wasn't him pushing down on my head. He had his head arched back and his hands down at his sides.

As I let his cock slide out of my mouth with his cum dripping out of the corners of my lips, I realized it was Kristi holding my head. She was grabbing it in such a way that the wig would not be pulled off, and as I looked up at her, she grinned, "I wanted to help you swallow his big load, dear."

At a loss for words, my mind reeling from having just given two blowjobs while dressed like a sexy girl, all I could mutter was "Thanks," as a little more cum dribbled down my chin. I was somewhat confused at the fact that I was thoroughly enjoying myself, once I had gotten into the role and stopped worrying about being found out. My jaw was sore, my lipstick smeared, my mouth filled with a salty taste, and my face glowed with a thick coating of semen. Kristi gently let go of my head and helped me to my feet, which was a difficult because my knees were sore from kneeling for so long.

She gave me a light kiss on the lips, and whispered, "You liked all of this, didn't you, Justine?"

I could only nod, feeling somewhat ashamed, but very happy for the experience. My cock was throbbing in my soft, silky panties, straining to be free. Even though I had a full skirt on, I had to remain slightly hunched over to fully disguise my hard cock thrusting up inside my panties under that girly-girly skirt.

"Well, guys, it's time for you to go. We girls have to get our beauty sleep," Kristi said to them. They offered no resistance as they got up and left.

After they had gone and Kristi closed the door, and Sherry asked, "Have you ever given a guy head before, Justine?"

I shook my head and they both giggled. Kristi walked back over to me, "You look a mess, my dear, with all that cum on your face." She grabbed under my skirt and felt my hard penis in my silky panties. "It looks like you need a little bit of attention down there," she squealed. "Come on, honey, let me help you." Then she bent down and gave me one of the greatest blowjobs of my life as she sucked me off right through the silky nylon of my panties!

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1964-65 Experiment!

In 1964 and 65, Springfield's Reading Heights Elementary School conducted an experiment with boys wearing girls' clothes! Abbot Carlyle, the school's new psychologist, wanted to study the effect of dressing boys in all pink sissy boys' clothing as well as dressing them in various types of girls' clothes, including the girls' school uniform, to see if clothing changes alone would create any noticeable change in the boys' behavior as he was examining ways of decreasing violence, improving study habits and

increasing test scores.

He used boys from the second, third and fourth grades, and the boys had to wear the various types of proscribed clothing during each six-week period during the school year. By most accounts the experiment was a great success, but during the second year, the program was abruptly stopped because many of the boys' parents complained that their sons were becoming too effeminate. In essence they said, "We don't want to make our boys nicer, gentler and better able to achieve high test scores if it means turning them into pantywaists, wimps and homosexuals!"

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Look, Ladies, His Boobies!

By Ian (Brianna)

How did this happen to me? My wife using me as a serving maid at her bridge party! It started six months ago when she began turning me into her personal maid! I should have seen it coming. Before we were married, Janet laughed at me the first time she saw me at the beach without my shirt on.

"Wow! You have unusually large nipples for a man," she giggled and immediately started caressing and sucking on them. She kept at it until my nipples got sore and distended, but she paid no attention to my complaints and went right on gnawing them. It was painful but also supremely exciting. I was in a sexual frenzy; I even scooped up some of her spit dripping from my swollen nipples and rubbed it across my nose, lips, and tongue. She noticed and chuckled, knowing she had a new hold over me. In bed that night, she opened my mouth and drooled into it, laughing uproariously as I lapped it up.

Then, a few days later, I got fired from my job. When I worked up the nerve to tell Janet the news, she



laughed and said it didn't matter because she had been advancing at her job and now earned more than enough to support both of us.

She had been considering hiring a maid but wondered, "I don't know if I can trust you at home all day long with a pretty maid in the house?"

I assured her that I had no interest in any other women and promised my faithfulness, but she ignored what I was saying.

As she led me into our bedroom, she said, "I've got it! I can have a maid for free and not have to worry about my husband being unfaithful!"

I wondered what she meant by that comment as she hummed a happy tune and hurriedly undressed me. I sensed she was starting one of our kinky sex scenes, so I went along with her as she then made me follow her on my hands and knees to her laundry hamper. Still humming, she reached in and scooped out a pair of lacy pink nylon panties.

"You gave me these last Christmas," she said, "so I know you like them. Now I'm making a present of them to you, and I want you to wear them."

"Me wear your panties? No way!"

I wriggled uncomfortably and was nervous as she rubbed the crotch of her panties across my mouth and nose.

"Oh, no?" My wife said as she stared directly into my eyes. "I put these panties into the wash two days ago, and yesterday, I did the wash. And now today, low and behold, they're in the hamper again. So I know you've been playing with them, ya little fruit."

"But, but I can explain?"

"Oh, really? I'd like to hear this."

I hemmed and hawed as she rubbed the flavor-filled panty crotch across my nostrils and lips; I knew the flavor -- it was my own cum! With a shudder I breathed in the heady aroma, and blushed probably a darker red than anytime before in my life.

"Spare me any explanation! You're a panty faggot, pure and simple," she said with a mixture of laughter and disgust as she anointed my cheeks, ears and eyes with her panties, then ordered me to my feet.

"Step into my panties, sissyboy!"

In a businesslike manner, she pulled the panties up my legs. I covered my eyes with my hands. I couldn't look her in the face.

She then fished a lacy pink bra out of the hamper, put it around my chest and adjusted the straps to fit me.

"I don't know how long your little panty fetish has been going on, but like most men, things like that probably started back in your childhood with your mother's panties or something like that, but I really don't care. It does explain a lot of things, like you always buying me lingerie for presents, like how you only want to make love to me when I'm dressed up in some of those whorny lingerie outfits, and it probably explains why you haven't been able to find a job. While I'm working my ass off every day, you probably spend the whole day jacking off with my panties. You know we haven't made love – if that's what we call you trying to hump me while I'm dressed up like a hooker – anyway, we haven't made love for over three months, ever since you got fired! And your cock is nothing special. When I was twelve I had my eleven-year-old cousin show me his penis. Even then, it was bigger than yours is today. It all makes so much sense now. With a little dick like you have, no wonder you like women's panties. I'm sure you wear them every chance you get, you little panty wanker. Lately, I've noticed some of my best panties stretched out of shape."

"Oh, no, honey, I don't wear..."

"Shut up, panty boy, I'm talking! I don't give a fuck if you wear them or not. But now since I'm the breadwinner, I'll be wearing the pants around here – and you will be wearing the panties! This isn't what I had in mind when we got married, but this is what we now have for a relationship, and that relationship is with you as my sissyboy personal maid. It's that or divorce, you little pansy!"

She took a half-slip and a camisole out of her lingerie drawer and put them on me along with a bra that she had fully padded out with several pairs of her panties. I quietly sobbed and protested, but she ignored me and just kept telling me to shut up. She added some pink, thigh-high stockings and tried several skirts and dresses on me until she decided on my final outfit, a dark blue mini dress that stretched a bit and fitted me well. She squeezed my feet into a pair of her medium-heeled pumps. From the back of the closet, she got a filmy purple apron that she had gotten as a gag gift at our wedding and put it on me.

I submitted to being cross-dressed as her maid, only to be further shocked when her friend Sally walked into the room and began taking Polaroid pictures of me in my sissy maids' outfit.

Janet thanked her for coming in on cue. I cried and protested, but my tears meant nothing to them. They dried my face and then made me up heavily and like a clown. Sally didn't stay for long, but even one second of her presence was too much for me. How could I ever live down how she had seen me? She laughed at me. In fact her laugh was nonstop the whole time she was there, and it was the teasing kind of laugh that makes you feel totally worthless and completely emasculated. She finally left and took

the pictures with her! I asked what she was going to do with them, but my wife simply told me that it was none of my business.

For bed that night, Janet dressed me as a slut in the laciest, sheerest lingerie. It was frilly, gaudy lingerie (some more of the things I had bought for her over the years), and it was obviously exciting her to humiliate me because I saw her repeatedly dip her hand down into her panty crotch and give herself loving rubs. She went to work on my nipples, sucking them vigorously and rubbing them, tweaking them, even putting little bull clips on them. I was always aware of them now, often painfully so!

Over the next three months, she kept me in her clothes and doing all the housework. When she got home from work each day, she'd inspect what I had done and made me redo anything that wasn't up to her standards.

Within days of turning me into her maid, she started feeding me hormone pills. She didn't disguise what they were or tried to hide them in my food. She just came right out and told me.

"This is a new day for you, Ian," she said as she opened two pill bottles and extracted a pill from each. One pill was small and purple, and the other larger, round and white. "This little pill is Provera," she said, "and the larger one is Premarin. They're what I'll be giving you every day from now on. You see, your nipples are about as large as I can make them by sucking and torture. The time has come for you to grow breasts. These little pills will do that and more - they'll round out your hips and fanny too, and they'll make your skin smooth and glowing, and make your hair soft and luxurious. They'll make a real girl out of you. You'll take them every day, and don't you dare miss a dose. I'm going to take regular blood samples and have them processed. If I ever find your female hormone levels decreasing, I'll throw you right out on the street. You see, I have no use for a pansy in my bed. I need to get fucked by real men. You can now jack off in panties all you want, but to stay in this house with me, you have to be my maid and wait on me, my girlfriends, and yes, wait on the guys I plan on fucking too!"

She went out several times each week. I know she was getting fucked by other men, but I didn't want to know about it. Except for Sally, no one else knew about my slave maid status and the change in our relationship. That lasted seven months, during which time she totally feminized me and continued her aggressive hormone therapy until I was growing gentle little mounds on my chest. Then she announced one morning that she was giving a party for some of her female executive friends. "And you will be the serving maid and keep us supplied with appetizers and drinks."

I panicked, but Janet assured me that if I modulated my voice as she had taught me and carefully controlled my movements, no one would know I was man.

"You should be able to pull it off," she said. "Anyway, I'm having the party and you're serving at it, and that's that! And if you fuck it up and are discovered as a male, you'll just have to deal with it."

What could I do? Just try my best to pass and hope no one noticed I was really a feminized man! During

all those months, Janet had taken me out in my female clothes, once to a movie, three times shopping and six times to see her doctor. The shopping and doctor visits were humiliations beyond belief. On those shopping expeditions, I was sure the salesladies knew I was a man. I think my wife was fucking our doctor, and each time I went in for a check up, he'd feel my developing breasts, call me a girly-man and laugh at me right in my face. He'd take my blood to check the hormone levels and give me a booster shot of female hormones that he'd administer by pulling up my skirt and massaging my ass in my pink panties before pulling them down and giving me my hormone shot in the rear.

But this executive party would be in close proximity of several women over several hours. How would I be able to be so closely scrutinized and not blow my cover?

On the afternoon of the party, six women showed up, and one of them brought her six-year-old daughter, a little priss named Marjorie. She had explained to my wife that it was her nanny's night off and didn't have anyone to watch the girl, so my wife told her to bring her along to the party.

As the evening went along, I thought I was doing fairly well, but then my hopes were dashed when a trim, middle-aged woman congratulated me on my outfit. (By this time Janet had purchased several "official" french maids' outfits. I wore them on weekends and now for this special occasion.)

A sultry redhead sitting next to her said it was wonderful how domesticated husbands were becoming, and that they actually didn't mind serving their wives and company as maids! Then I knew my secret was out. I looked up at Janet who had heard the comments too. She just smiled and ordered me to go sit on the redhead's lap.

She was quite a big woman, a regular Amazon, and I was not much more than half her size.

"My, oh, my, what have we here?" she exclaimed, and began feeling my new breasts.

Through the soft fabric of my lacy training bra, my nipples, crowning the two fleshy mounds on my chest, swelled, hardened and became painfully sensitive with her rough massaging. She deftly unbuttoned my thin white blouse exposing my see-through bra! Several voices in the room exclaimed in surprise. Little Marjorie was wide-eyed and totally interested!

Janet laughed. "All right, ladies, you've guessed our little secret. This is Brianna - that's my husband's name now. He used to be known as Ian, but not anymore. Six months ago, I changed his name. You can't call a sissy boy with real breasts Ian; so now it's Brianna."

She undid the top of my maids' dress and unsnapped my bra. In one swoop, she pulled away the cups of my silk chiffon bra. "Look Ladies! His boobies!" she shouted triumphantly, and left me sitting on the amazon's lap naked to the waist.

The women reacted with glee as they stared at my B-cup titties, capped by huge, thoroughly abused

reddish brown bruised nipples as a result of my wife's continually rough treatment.

Little Marjorie was confused. She asked if I was really a man, and if I was, why I had boobies like a high school girl. My wife explained about my hormone program and invited the little girl to touch my tits. The girl did, and with encouragement from the nasty old broad holding me, little Marjorie delighted in twisting and pulling on my pain-racked nipples.

One woman asked what I had in my panties. Did I still have a penis or had it been cut off. Before Janet could respond, the redhead shoved her hand up my skirt and into my silky panties. She announced to the crowd that my male equipment was very small and completely limp. The months of heavy hormone therapy had taken its toll.

They made me stand and hold up my skirt as they invited the little girl to pull down my pink panties. "Oh, my! His boy stuff is awfully little, isn't it?" she cooed. After the howling women egged her on, she fingered my shrunken balls and limp penis. It was even more humiliating when she pulled my panties back up, and gave my penis a sweet little rub through my panties as she said, "It fits really nice in panties, you naughty big sissy."

Every woman in the room was highly amused, looking at me, a ruined male, who had been turned into feminized slave for life!

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Sister's Punishment

By Candy

"Chris, I got a call from your principal today," I started. "He wanted to talk to mom or dad, but I explained to him that I'm in charge of you now because they're on vacation. It seems you've been piling up a lot of detention time lately with all your troublemaking at school. He said with this latest incident, he'd expel you unless I could give him an assurance that you'd stay out of trouble. I told him to give me the weekend and assured him I could handle it. I've got to call him Monday, and only a positive report from me will prevent you from losing credit for the entire year."

"Yeah? Old piggy face is a jerk. Heavens only knows what he told

you. And besides, just what are you going to do about it? You're just my creepy big sister. You can't tell me what to do."

"Before they left, you know Dad told you that you had to mind me completely."

"Get off my back; I didn't do anything so bad. It's no big deal."

"No big deal? Well, Chris, can you tell me why you broke into the girls' locker room?" I was peering intently at him, now. Gwen, my college roommate was staying with us while Mom and Dad were gone.

"Yeah, Chris, why?" Gwen asked.

"It's none of your business. What's it to you? You're not part of my family."

"No, but she's my best friend and here to help me watch you while Mom and Dad are away. And since what I say goes, I say she has just as much right to ask you as I do," I told him. "So, my dear brother, can you tell me why you had three pairs of panties stuffed in your pocket when the girls' gym teacher caught you?"

His faced blushed red as a stoplight. He stammered, "That old lezzie has it out for me; that's all. She and old piggy face got it all wrong."

"So how do you explain the panties? Were you going to wear them and play with yourself like the nasty little pervert that you are?"

"Freakin', no! I ain't no fruit! I just thought it'd be cool to steal them and show 'em off to Dave and Skip."

"Very interesting, little bro. You used a double negative, so that means you are a fruit."

"Are you fucking loony? Didn't you hear me? I said, I ain't no fucking fruit! Don't they teach you nothing in that creepy college of yours?"

"Well, in my English class, they teach us how to say what we mean when we speak, and in my psych class they teach us about little freaks like you. You've been digging around in my panty drawer for years. Yeah, you didn't think I knew. Well, I do. So, it wouldn't surprise me at all that you planned to wear those panties. What do you think we should do with him, Gwen?"

Chris blushed heavily when I mentioned how I had caught him during his previous excursions into my panty drawer, but he gave Gwen an ugly face at the mention of her name.

"I'd say we should dress him up like a girl and take him out on the town. Show him a little bit of what it's like to be a girl since he seems to want to wear girls' panties so badly."

“What, the fuck.... Sarah, she's nuts and freakin' me out! Tell her it's none of her fuckin....”

“Chris, stop swearing. You're just going to make it harder on yourself. You know, Mom would wash out your mouth with soap if she heard you talk like that. In fact that's a good idea. We'll start there, and then we'll turn you into my darling little thirteen-year-old sister.”

“You're not going to do that to me,” he flatly told me.

“Oh, yes, we will,” I replied, “unless you want me to tell your principal on Monday to go ahead and expel you because I couldn't discipline you. You already had one stint in juvenile hall, I would have thought you learned your lesson, but if the school presses charges and you go to court, the kids in juvie will mark you for a queer and give you a REALLY HARD time once they find out you're in there for stealing panties.”

Chris stayed quiet, but he was flashing me belligerent looks. I knew he didn't want to go back to juvenile hall. I could tell he was ready to take whatever I was going to dish out.

“Are you ready for your punishment, Chris?” I asked. He stayed silent, trying to bore a hole through my head with his burning eyes. Gwen giggled again, and he gave her a mean look.

I nodded to Gwen who got up and ran up the stairs. I grabbed my brother by the upper arm and guiding him up the stairs. He didn't resist much, probably trying to decide whether this was a joke or not.

I stopped us in front of the partially closed door to my room. He had this slightly dazed and bewildered look as if wondering just why we were going into my bedroom. I gave the door a light shove, and as it swung open, we saw Gwen standing to one side of the bed, her arms outstretched like some game show girl with a stupid grin lighting up her face. Following the direction of her arms, Chris saw one of my old mini dresses and some of my lingerie on the bed.

“Oh, Chris,” Gwen said with an unrestrained giggle, “you're gonna love this outfit! Very cute, very girlish. Very much the real you, you lucky little pantywaist sissy boy!”

He spun in my grasp, eyes wide.

“I thought you were joking, sis! You're not going to make me do this!”

“I'm not joking in the slightest! But I'm not going to make you look like a girl. I'm going to make you look like a boy in a dress. No bra and no wig! And when we go out, everyone will know that you're just a panty-wearing sissy boy! But if you are really nice and do everything we tell you – without complaint – we'll let you wear one of my old wigs, and then if you act real girlish, maybe people will just ignore you and write you off as some stupid, overly sissyish little girl.”

He was shaking, and his eyes were glazed over with a mix of fear and hate. I expected a fight from him, but I think he was so shocked at what was happening he couldn't fight back.

I nodded to Gwen and said, "OK, let's get him changed."

He didn't really acknowledge me, just stood mutely staring at the clothes on my bed.

"I think you're going to look so adorable, Chris!" Gwen said breathily.

"C'mon, Chris, get your clothes off," I said as I nudged him.

He was slow taking off his T-shirt. Gwen helped him out of his shirt and then started to pull his shorts down. Chris snapped out of his daze and grabbed at her hands as he shook his head and kept saying, "No-no-no-no-no!"

But Gwen was much bigger and stronger than him, and with me holding his arms, she was able to tug down his shorts and underwear in one.

There were tears of embarrassment in his eyes.

"It's OK, Chris. It'll be OK," I said. "Here, slip on my – I mean -- your panties first. I know you probably can't wait to put these panties on. They used to be one of my best pairs of pink panties – but now they're yours!"

I had danced the shimmering pink panties before his startled eyes and then held the ultra feminine satin panties open for him to step into.

"Sarah," Gwen said, still a bit breathily, "Little Chris in silky panties! This is so-o-o cool."

The panties were full-cut briefs with an abundance of white lace around the legs and some very sissy bows on each side. He looked down with blushing embarrassment at his nakedness and opened his mouth to say something; his disgust was obvious, like he was in a dilemma and trying to decide the lesser of two evils. He lifted one foot and then other and placed them into the humiliating panties. He probably didn't resist too much because at least the panties would cover his nakedness.

Gwen helped me slowly slide the slippery nylon panties up his legs until they encased him high around his waist. With meticulous and malicious attention to detail, she straightened the waistband and legs so the elastics and lace were neat, smooth and flat against his body. Her eyes glared with a devilish grin as they lingered on the un-girlish bulge in the front of his shiny pink panties. She moved on of her hands towards his groin in lazy, stroking little circles, rubbing the soft nylon panties but stopped just shy of his penis.

"I knew you'd look adorable. A cute little sissy boy," she said, the smile gone from her lips, but still dancing in her mischievous green eyes.

For his part, Chris must have had a real jumble of emotions going through him. The bulge in his panties was growing bigger! But he still had an intense look of terror on his face.

"Yes, Chris, a cute sissy boy in pretty pink panties," I said, my words dripping honey. "But, we have even more sweet things for our little boy-girl to wear." I motioned toward the other items on the bed.

I took a lacy black half-slip off the bed and slid it on him over the panties. He was probably thankful for the additional covering over his increasing excitement that was becoming more and more obvious in his panties.

Then no bra – I wanted him to look like a boy in a dress! The dress was next, a flimsy nylon leopard print minidress. It was so short that it left a good two inches of the lace of his half slip sticking out. Very sexy! The straps of the dress were about an inch wide, with a low scooped front that would have shown cleavage on a real girl but only emphasized his lack of breasts.

We stood back a moment to look at Chris, who was now sniffing at the full realization this was definitely no joke.

He was absolutely cute, in a sissyish sort of way. There was no denying he was a boy with his short hair, flat chest, straight lines, and, of course, the boyish bulge that pushed out the front of his thin panties, slip and dress.

Woodenly, Chris followed our prompts and was soon standing in front of my full-length mirror and looking at the girlishly clad boy staring back at him. He was slightly trembling, and his eyes were roving back and forth from his image to our own reflections as we stood close behind and on each side of him.

"Don't you think you look great? You're not just cute; you're down right beautiful!" I asked softly. His gaze shifted to mine and hardened.

"OK, I did this for you, now let me get changed," he said in softer tone than I would have expected.

"This is punishment, my dear boy, I mean girl, I mean ... whatever! You'll be dressed in girls' clothes for all of next week. Since you wanted to steal girls' panties so badly, I think a week living the full girlie experience will be a good lesson for you."

Fine," he heaved a deep sigh. "I'll put on whatever sissy stuff you say each day after school." His lips twisted in bitter acceptance of his supposed fate.

He still didn't understand.

“Not quite, my sissy boy,” I chuckled with a preposterous tone. “You see, I’m going to call your principal on Monday and tell him about how I am punishing you, and I’m sure he’ll agree to let you attend school this way! I’m sure that he’ll reconsider expelling you. Of course, you’ll have to deal with the snickers, laughs, and humiliation, but that’s the deal, panty boy!”

Chris’ eyes widened and his jaw dropped.

“I ... I’ll get creamed! They guys will beat the shit out of me if I have to go to school like this!” he stammered.

“I’m sure your principal won’t let the other boys beat you up. He’ll see to it that you’re protected,” I said smugly. “And don’t even think about skipping classes. We’ll be driving you to school each day and picking you up. Playing hooky to evade your punishment I’m sure will get you immediately expelled for the rest of the year.”

Chris gulped and looked like he was about to faint.

“Hey, I’m famished. How about some food?” I asked brightly.

Gwen nodded enthusiastically, and even Chris nodded. It had been a very trying afternoon.

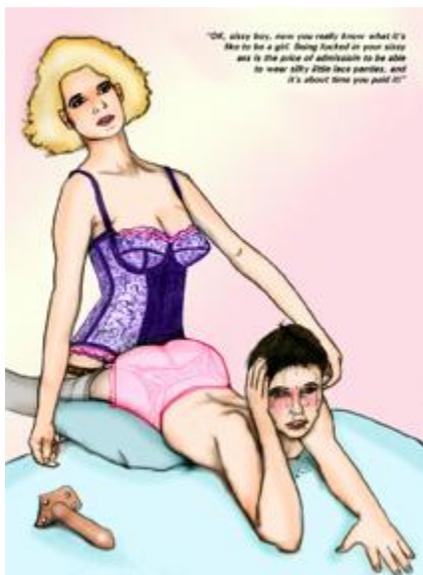
“Great!” I said, “Let’s go for pizza.”

Chris’ shocked expression said it all, but I ignored him. He was about to protest, but I simply said, “You might as well get used to being around other people. Now, if you ask me real nice, I’ll let you wear my wig to the pizza joint, but if you hesitate or give us any trouble, you’ll still be going out with us for pizza, but we’ll leave the wig at home. Your choice!”

“Great.” Gwen almost shouted. “And I have the perfect shade of lipstick to go with his outfit, too!”

And with him begging and pleading to be spared the embarrassment, we giggled as we led him down the stairs and out the front door.

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Hopelessly Perverted Panty Wanker Writes a Letter of Confession to His Wife

Dear Loretta,

In your lingerie drawer, you'll find the panties that I had stolen from you over the weekend. Yes, I'm sorry to admit that I'm a sissy, and always have been, and I used your panties to masturbate myself silly, three times! I had kept them hidden in my underwear drawer, but keeping my perverted actions a secret from you has caused me great anguish since I know you believe we should have no secrets from each other. I thoroughly washed

and even ironed the panties before replacing them. I hope they are totally unharmed and suitable for you to wear once again since seeing you in this particular pair of panties is always a treat for me.

I expect to be punished for stealing your panties, the punishment is for you to determine. I'm so sorry, but I have to admit that I am so darned enthralled with your panties that I can't stop stealing them and filling them with my nasty spunk. In the past, you have laughed at me, ignored me, or called me humiliating names like "sissy" and "pansy" whenever you have caught me indulging in my panty sex life.

I'm sure by now you are fed up with my perversion, and I fully expect to have you punish me however you see fit. Maybe you can punish me in a way that will stop this crazy panty obsession I have and make me be totally honest with you when these weird desires possess me and make me unfaithful to you.

Maybe you should just make me wear panties at all times under my regular clothes. Maybe you should tell your girlfriends about my uncontrollable panty fetish. Or perhaps you should humiliate me in public, like taking me to the mall and forcing me to buy myself a stock of panties from a laughing young salesgirl or a witchy old clerk.

I left you this note before going on this business trip, so you'd have a few days to think over what you should do with me. Perhaps, call some of your friends, male and female, and ask them their ideas for a suitable punishment for a naughty little panty wanker. I'm hoping you'll have time to figure it all out before I get home from the airport on Thursday.

One more thing: I'm sorry, really, really sorry, but as I was leaving and after I left you this note, in fact just five minutes before walking out the door, I went into your panty drawer and stole another pair of your panties, your pale yellow full-cut brief panties with the gorgeous pastel flowers decorating each side. They're another one of my favorites. I bought them for you for our ninth anniversary. You don't wear them often enough for me. I so love to see you in them. Yes, I'm sorry to say, I will probably be masturbating into them throughout the trip. I probably won't even be able to make it to the plane before I have to go to the men's room, put them on and jack-off until I'm crazy with my jism shooting out all over the place.

For a long time, I have thought about owning up to you regarding this most embarrassing part of my life. You always seem so disappointed in me when you discover I've been into your panties again. It makes me feel so low and so angry with myself when you give me one of your irritated looks and then make fun of me for being such a poor excuse of a man.

How should you punish me? You can terrorize me and make me feel totally inadequate, which I know I am. Other men don't run around jacking off in their wife's panties. I know I'm a failure as a husband. It's my fault that we make love so rarely. It's a shameful thing for a husband to say, but I have to admit that I prefer pulling my peter in your panties to making love to you. Believe me, it's not you. I have no desire to make love to any woman. It's just that I have this panty obsession that is totally getting out of control. I know you'd laugh your head off at me if you could see me jacking off in your panties as I spasm and go

through contortions as I spurt my cum. I'm sure I'd look like the pathetic little panty wanker that I know I am.

I am out of control and I need your tough love. Here are some suggestions on how you can punish me and take control of me.

Upon arriving home from the airport, you may want to make me take off all my clothes, hand over the yellow panties I have with me now, and then take me to our bedroom where you have all your panties spread out across the our king-size bed. Then maybe make me put on a pair of your panties, especially one of your most feminine pairs of panties possibly in a pale yellow or soft pink. Panties with a lot of lace and frills, so they are unmistakably thoroughly feminine to maximize their effect as you embarrass, humble and emasculate me. You can make me kneel before you wearing panties and holding numerous pairs of your sexy panties as you make me confess to you out loud and in the middle of our brightly lit bedroom that I am a hopelessly lost panty freak. You can make me admit that I have taken your panties for years and years for use in my ritualistic panty wanking ceremonies. (It's like a religion for me!) You can make me tell you why I take your panties and make me recount my entire life and how I have always had a fascination for panties. You can make me explain to you in great detail how exciting they feel against my skin, how they make me feel like a wimp and a sissy when I wear them, and how hard they make my "little dickie," as you like to call it.

You can call me every disgusting and belittling name you can think of, call me a SISSY, your pussy boy, or anything else, and tell me you are going to punish me by training me to be your sissy panty boy. You can tell me you're going to teach me to be a completely obedient sissy and take control of my orgasms as you train me to cum only on your command.

I have never worn a bra or any other female clothes, but you can make me put on one of your bras along with your panties as you take charge of me and turn me into your personal sissy. If you order me to do so, I will wear panties and bras all day, every day and like it.

You can tease my nipples too to add to my discomfort. You can smile and say things like, "Time to tease your nipples, panty wanker! Time to tease my panty-wearing sissy husband." You can train me only to get hard in my panties at your command, and I'll try my hardest to obey, and if I get hard at other times, you can punish me severely as you remind me that I have a lot more to learn about what it means to be your sissy. When you put a bra on me, you can fill the cups with pairs of dirty panties, so your female aroma constantly drifts upward and fills my sense of smell. And you can squeeze my big panty titties and tell me I am such a miserable little sissy.

I'll surely have a hard-on while wearing a pair of panties and a bra for you. I'm your sissy, and I'll promise to try to behave from now on and plead with you that I have learned my lesson and beg you to stop humiliating me. But knowing you, I know you won't stop. With that tone in your voice that you use when I am a disappointment to you, you won't let me forget why I am being turned into your sissy. You tell me I need to be punished. I need to learn lessons to change my ways for being a lifelong panty thief and

panty boy masturbator.

You'll probably conclude that I need to be taught to be even more of a sissy. You'll probably take your dildo out of the nightstand and fuck me in the ass with it. I'm embarrassed to admit that my lack of having sex with you has led you to buying several dildos and vibrators that you use to relieve your tension. I'm sorry for not being there for you and giving you the sexual pleasure any woman deserves from her husband, but I'm a hopeless panty nut in need to control, your control. You can make me beg you to fuck me like a little girl. I'll follow your orders because you now have complete control over me. You can also teach me to lick and suck on the dildo like a faggot panty boy. You may smile and tell me I have a lot to learn as your sissy, and you'll expect me to immediately and completely obey your every order, even if you decide to take on lovers and make me serve them as much as I serve you, even if you make me dance for them, do a striptease for them, and suck their cocks to hardness before they fuck you or before they pull aside my panty legband and fuck me in my pantywaist ass. And as either you fuck me with your dildo or your lover fucks me with his big cock, you'll probably laugh at me and say, "OK, sissy boy, now you really know what it's like to be a girl. Being fucked in your sissy ass is the price of admission to be able to wear silky little lace panties, and it's about time you paid it!"

As you make me admit to my lifetime of panty masturbating sins, you can make me confess to you like you are my priest and get me to admit I am completely hooked on cumming in frilly panties because they feel better than anything else I have ever felt in my life. As you make me confess that I love panties more than anything in the world, you can be rubbing pair of your dirty panties over my cock and over my face, a pair in each hand so I am totally immersed in their silkiness and lost in your aromas so I don't hold back any of my confession.



Teasing me with your panties will make me spill all my innermost secrets. I wouldn't be able to hold anything back.

Secrets? You probably wonder what kind of secrets I have beyond being a prissy panty wanker. Well, for starters, I have been stealing our daughter's panties too! Lilly's panties are so adorable! Yes, it does make me feel perverting doing it, but I can't stop. That's why I need your help and need you to tease, taunt, embarrass, shame and humiliate me out of my disgusting panty perversion. NO, no, no, I have never touched our daughter in a sexual way. Her panties excite me, not her body, even though I do love

seeing her running around the house in just her bra and panties as she does sometimes.

Here's a confession I'm sure you'll find astounding: Last January, on Lilly's birthday, do you remember

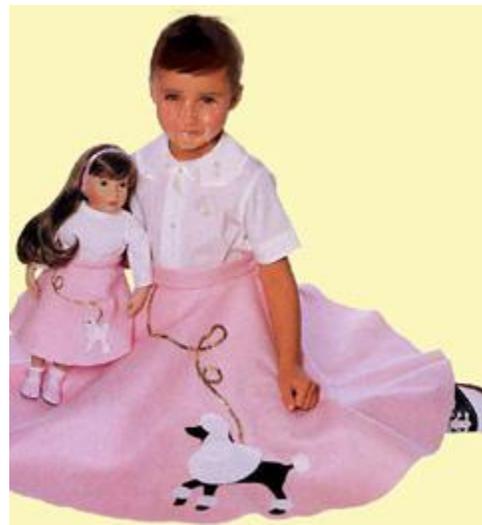
the dozen pairs of frilly panties she got from Aunt Gail? Well, they weren't from Aunt Gail; I sent them to

Lilly and put Auntie's address on the package. I took a real chance doing that, especially when you called Auntie to thank her and she didn't know what you were talking about, but my plan worked and you chalked it up to her senility and habit of forgetting things.

And when Lilly sat at the dinner table that night and opened that package, if you recall, she held each pair up and laughed because they were so frilly and old-fashioned, the kind of ruffled and lace-decorated full-cut brief-style rhumba panties with rows and rows of lace all over them like I love. She paraded around with those panties and even came over to me and kept flipping them in front of me, making them dance like little puppets, asking me my opinion of them. I couldn't resist, I touched them and told her she'd look great wearing them. Under the table, I had to squeeze my penis through my trousers. Yes, I was wearing a pair of your pale green panties at the time. I had to squeeze my penis because I was exploding in those panties. I was glad you were busy over at the stove cooking and getting things ready to serve for dinner, but Lilly looked at me funny as I vigorously spurted in my pale green panties. She even asked if I was feeling sick, but I gave her some bullshit excuse and wallowed in my panty love as I sat there shamelessly sitting there in my cum-soaked panties. I'm glad you were cooking that spicy chicken dish you like to make. If it wasn't for all those herbs and spices filling the air, I'm sure you would have been able to smell my cum from across the room!

Lilly laughed and talked about those panties for days! And thoroughly excited by her comments, I was inspired to shoot off in at least a half dozen pairs of your panties over the next day or two. And about ten days later, as I was walking towards the bathroom, she came walking out wearing a lavender pair of those gift panties. I thought she didn't like them and would never wear them, so I was amazed to see she had a pair of them on. She saw me staring -- I couldn't help it! She pulled out the panty elastic and let it snap with a loud crack against her stomach as she spun around and asked me how I liked the panties she got from Aunt Gail. They were a bit large on her, a little bloused and billowy and she had them pulled up almost up to her training bra. Wow! I choked on my words as I tried to compliment her. I mumbled something about how beautiful she looked, and she thought that was funny. She went spinning down the hallway like she was having a ball wearing those big sissy panties, and all the way toward her room, she kept snapping the leg bands. Just the sound was driving me crazy! I had to turn away from her because my penis immediately tented up the front of my trousers -- yes, once again, I was wearing a pair of your panties under my pants, your white panties with pink lace and red bows -- you see, I have been wearing your panties a lot over the last year. Anyway, Lilly looked so sexy, I was barely able to get into the bathroom and close the door before shooting off in my panties one of my biggest ever loads of slime! So, you see, I have a lot of deep, dark secrets, but one thing you can be rest assured of is that I have never directly done anything sexual with our lovely little daughter, and believe me I would never do anything to harm Lilly -- beyond looking!

But I have even darker secrets. Like I want you to find a lover, a big strong man, who will get you pregnant, and I hope you



have a cute little boy whom I can dress up like a sweet little girl. And more than that, I dream of standing in front of him in my panties with him beautifully attired in a very girly outfit, something like girls used to wear back in the 1950s, and then I jack-off in my panties and at the last minute pull down my panties and spray my cum all over his adorable little face! Yes, I know I'm sick, please forgive me, but this letter is a call for help. Please take charge of me and train me to a good pantywaist sissy slave for you and our daughter.

Perhaps you would like to bring Lilly into my punishment sessions. Being paraded in front of our darling daughter with me in a bra and panties would be the supreme humiliation for me. I can't think of anyone who would make me feel more embarrassed and humiliated. Lilly has a lightning fast wit and a cynical, caustic way of talking to and treating people whom she considers beneath her. She would humiliate me beyond words. And if she'd wear those pretty high-waisted panties I got for her while she dominated me, she'd see just how pathetic her candy ass father is because around her in those ruffled panties I know I couldn't control my erections and stop from spurting buckets of cum into my panties. She'd surely laugh like the devil at me standing there like a pansy idiot with gobs of smelly cum dripping out the front of my tented up prissy panties! Loretta, please, please, help me, and do consider bringing Lilly in to help you train me to be your totally perverted panty slave.

Emmet, your sissy husband, Emma

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"OK, sissy boy, now you really know what it's like to be a girl. Being fucked in your sissy ass is the price of admission to be able to wear silky little lace panties, and it's about time you paid it!"



*My crazy fantasy of what a cute
little sissy boy should look like.*

