

Pussy Boy Pages

Reader's Stories & Pics

Volume 16

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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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The Boys of St. Dominic's

Father Duncan clapped his hands to get the boys into position for the next dance. He motioned to his assistant, Sister Agnes, who then switched on the music. They were so proud of their ballroom dance program. As the music filled the hall, the boys began whirling around. Johnny Grover floated across the dance floor, wearing a pink satin two-piece gown, a shell top and a flowing skirt with a bouffant petticoat worn over his skirt instead of under it! His skirt flared out to reveal even more crinolines underneath, and his slithering petticoats danced all over his soft nylon panties that rubbed sensuously against his stiff penis. In just a short year he had become a lovely young sissy, in every way. His partner, Timmy Grange, held him close as they glided across the dance floor. Both smiled; knowing a wonderful evening was ahead.

Johnny had been placed in St. Dominic's School for Boys because he had been a habitual run-away from foster homes. Father Duncan took one look at the small framed boy with the smooth complexion and delicate features and knew he was just right to be one of the "girls." Since St. Dominic's was strictly a school for boys, the prettier ones were dressed as girls for the ballroom dance competitions. Johnny quickly learned that one did not refuse any orders given by Father Duncan or Sister Agnes.

After the dance, the boys and "girls" gathered for a social. They had been paired off as dance partners, but Sister Agnes also saw this as an opportunity to teach the boys other social graces. She observed Timmy getting a glass of punch for his date as well as himself and was pleased he was doing so well. Johnny smiled a cute girlish smile and thanked him.

"Oh, how lovely." the nun said to Father Duncan, who agreed.

"You and Timmy did very well tonight," Father Duncan said to the couple since they had won the competition. "You may want to come to the rectory after the social."

"Thank you, Father," the boys replied. They had been granted this privilege before and looked forward to another beautiful night. Timmy kissed his dance partner on the lips and whispered, "You even taste like a girl."

Johnny returned the kiss and thanked him.

It was after ten o'clock when they arrived at the rectory. Father Duncan said they could use the back bedroom for the rest of the night. He offered them a glass of wine to celebrate their victory, but they said they were anxious to retire.

As they entered the bedroom, Timmy again kissed Johnny full on the lips; this time inserting his tongue deep into the girlie-boy's mouth. Johnny sucked the boy's tongue hard and reached down to rub his erection through his many layers of cancan petticoats and soft, silky panties. It didn't take them long to begin to help each other out of their clothes. Johnny let his gown, slip and crinolines drop to the floor. He stood in front of Timmy wearing only his filmy, pink nylon panties, garter belt and hose. Sister Agnes

had selected all of the clothes for the “girls” and made sure they had only the loveliest lingerie, gowns and accessories.

Timmy was down to his white nylon panties. All of the boys at this special reform school for boys wore panties. Father Duncan and Sister Agnes knew the taming effect silky panties had on young boys; they also knew the boys couldn't resist masturbating in their silky panties, one sure way to reduce the boys' aggressiveness and keep them out of trouble.

Timmy was revealing a five inch erection encased in his nylon panties. Since he was the “boy,” his panties had only a narrow band of lace around the legs and just two little white satin bows on the hips. Whereas Johnny's panties were pink and elaborately decorated with lace and ruffles and ribbons since he was the “girl.”

Johnny, in his gloriously feminine panties, knelt on the floor, rolled down Timmy's white satin panties and took the head of his boy lover's cock into his mouth. He sucked the head for a few seconds and then took it all in. Just recently he had mastered overcoming his gag reflex and now could easily take up to seven inches, which of course pleased Father Duncan from time to time. But tonight, he and Timmy would have each other, all to themselves. The boys moved to the bed without breaking their kiss and then twisted themselves around and kissed downward on each other's body until they were lying on the bed in the classic sixty-nine position. It did not take long for the two hot young lovers to climax into each other's mouth and swallow their slimy spend. Since both boys had just recently started to ejaculate, they easily and eagerly swallowed each others love juices without wasting a drop.

Father Duncan sat behind a one way mirror, filming the entire lovemaking session. He would get a small fortune for this video from a fellow priest and pervert who had the ability to discreetly market it around the world.

While Father monitored the action, young Dennis Lamone stroked the priest's cock and sucked on it until he got a flood of cum in his mouth. Some of it spilled down the side of the priest's cock but Dennis quickly licked it up. The cute little six-year-old boy, in a babyish frilly pink party dress and matching nylon rhumba panties, would one day become a dance partner for a young boy, but for now he was Father Duncan's little girlfriend. The priest patted the girlish boy on the head and sat up to continue monitoring his videotaping. Even though he had just shot his load down the baby boy's throat, Father's cock twitched and started to come to life again as he watched Timmy who was now licking Johnny's ass. Then he pulled aside the girlie-boy's pink panty leg elastic and mounted him, fucking him like an old pro. The priest knew this video would become even more valuable with each additional scene. His new erection did not go unnoticed by little Dennis who quickly dove to his task of licking and sucking on Father's rigid pole.

Sister Agnes came bursting in through the door without knocking. She was an ugly woman and a frown on her face could scare the devil himself. She came into the room dragging nine-year-old Jack behind her. He was still in the red dress he had worn for his part in the dance competition. Sister was scowling

and looking like she was about to unload her anger the moment she saw baby boy Dennis in the pink party dress sucking Father Duncan's bog cock.

Instead, she just said, "Why didn't you have them wait until I could get here?"

"I offered them a glass of wine to get them to wait, but they didn't want it. There's no stopping a couple of silk pantied sissy boys in heat!"

Sister Agnes just grumbled as she pulled up a chair to join Father watching the action through the two-way mirror. She took a well-greased fat black dildo the size of a pop can out of a baggie before pulling young Jack over her lap and upending his red dress and white crinoline petticoats. Then she pulled down his red nylon panties in back and shoved the big black dildo up the kid's ass. He wanted to scream but instead just gasped and whimpered as tears gushed from his eyes from the pain of the fat dildo being rammed up his butt. Then Sister pulled up his tight panties to hold in the dildo before pushing him down before her. She pulled up the skirt of her habit and told him to get busy eating her sloppy wet pussy. Sister, Father Duncan and their sissy boys didn't have to wait to go to heaven; they were already there!

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Made into a Sissy by Mama

Though I am a male, my mother wanted a daughter, so she named me Edith. Most people know me as "Ed" and only when I have to fill out some official document, do I blushingly own up to the name Edith. I am a masochist, so I love the embarrassment of being called Edith by people, but one has to survive in the outside world, and that's why I've gone by Ed ever since I started school. Mother didn't like me being known as Ed, but she was practical enough to realize I wouldn't survive very long, going around as Edith.

I was married for sixteen years. My wife didn't accept Edith, so that side of me I had to keep in secret for all that time. Then two years ago, my wife passed away. I mourned long and deeply but also found myself quickly returning to the girlish ways to which my mother had trained me. I was raised as a girl, but mother never made a secret (to me or anyone else) of the fact that I was a boy. She would just say that I was a very special boy, worthy of being treated like a girl.

Today, I am a hopeless sissy, a real girly-boy who can't escape the sweet tyranny of panties and



petticoats. And I love it!

Mama was from Germany, and she moved to the US after her husband was killed in 1944 at the end of World War II. I had just been born, so I grew up without a father figure and raised by a mother who hated war. She was beautiful, and I adored her. She had some money from her family plus my father's insurance, and once she arrived here, she found work as a seamstress, something she had a talent for doing.

Being from the old country, she had some ideas about things that aren't typical for Americans. For example, nudity was no big thing, and she and I regularly went around the house naked or just in our underwear and thought nothing of it. We even bathed together, and some of her German immigrant friends were of similar mind and would often undress down to little or nothing "to be comfortable," especially during very hot days in New York City, where we lived. Furthermore, sexuality was simply a function of the body and nothing to be ashamed of. From an early age, I learned that my mother was bisexual. She would have sex with both males and females, often while I was in a little silk nightie and panties in the same bed with them because I used to love to crawl into Mama's bed to be near her at night. She also breast fed me until I was ten years old. In later years, there wasn't much milk in her breasts anymore, but I still suckled because both of us loved the closeness.

Mama made it clear to me (and everyone else) that when I was born, she had wanted a little girl and encouraged me to be one as much as possible. I just about didn't survive my first day in kindergarten because Mama dressed me in a blue velvet Eton suit, ruffled blouse and black patent leather Mary Janes. Some of the boys beat me up. I had never been allowed to play with "hooligans" as my mother called the boys that lived in our neighborhood, so roughneck boys were a whole new thing to me.

At my teacher's suggestion, Mama bought me some regular boys' clothes to wear to school, but she thought regular boys' underwear was too rough for me, so for three years I continued to wear my girls' camisoles and panties, made of rayon or silk, under my boys' clothes. Since the other boys had immediately recognized me as a sissy, I had a minimum of problems even after they discovered I wore little girls' lingerie for underwear. At the beginning, they teased me a lot, but eventually they tired of harassing me and just ignored me. Many of them called me "sissy" from time to time, and even a couple of teachers called me that when they were being mean to me! But a few of the boys did like to sneakily take me off into an alley to inspect my panties since they never got a chance to see real girls' underwear up close because in those days, all females kept their lingerie well hidden and far out of sight of boys. During the third grade, the school gave mama an ultimatum to dress me in boys' underwear or I would be expelled. So that's when I first started wearing boys' underwear. Of course, I hated them because I was so used to soft panties.

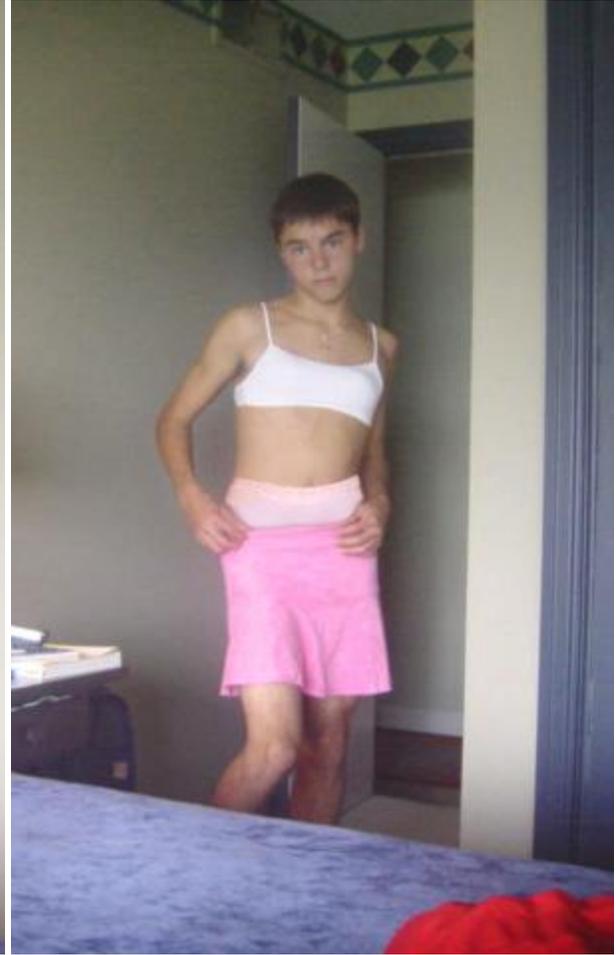
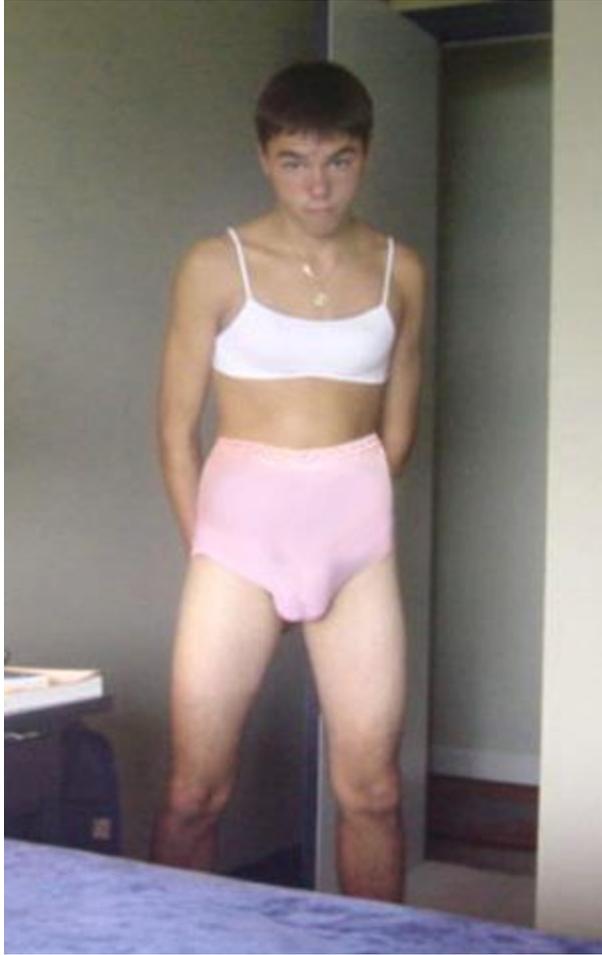
However, mama's good humor pulled me through. And as soon as I got home each day, mother insisted that I revert to my female persona. And with mama's expertise at sewing, she made most of my outfits.

What was the effect of growing up like that? I do admit it was a little confusing, but mother always had

an answer for everything, and I just learned to accept what she wanted of me. Away from mother, I did enjoy mixing with other boys and imitating their actions, like roughhousing and doing sports, but needless to say, I was very poor at doing those things. Growing up in the 1940s and 50s was a very macho time, and being a sissy was not tolerated by many people, and I did want to get along. So when I was fourteen years old, I announced to my mother that I didn't want to wear panties anymore, even at home. In response, Mom slapped my face repeatedly until I agreed to wear panties at least while at home, and then she masturbated me into the pink panties I was wearing, and that opened me up to the delightful world of panty wanking. After that, she encouraged me to do it daily. She either did it to me, made me do it to myself, or let one of her old friends jack me off in my panties. Mom and the other ladies always accompanied my panty jack-off sessions with a lot of laughter and teasing comments.

I quickly learned to love cumming in my panties, and started to wear them secretly to school again. And at school, there were always a few boys who were curious about a sissy like me and liked to get me off in a private place. One guy in particular loved to restrain me and then forcibly masturbate me in my panties. I loved it, and he knew it, even though he abused me and made fun of me the whole time, he would massage my pantied penis until I shot my spunk. The wetness flooding my panties never failed to make him laugh like the devil.

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Mitch in Shame Clothing

My stepmother is a pretty brunette in her mid-thirties who was dad's secretary until they married five years ago. Although she is quite attractive and modern in many respects, she is quite old-fashioned on the subject of discipline as I quickly found out as soon as she moved in with us. Despite my protests that I was too old for such punishment, she insisted on spanking me soundly whenever, in her opinion, I deserved it.

I made the mistake of rebelling against her discipline; she didn't argue with me but I could see that she was thoroughly annoyed. Of course, my allowance was cut off.

I thought that I could hold out, but it wasn't long before I was missing the generous allowance she had been handing out to me every week. After a couple of weeks of being penniless, I humbly told her I would take the spanking I had coming if she would resume giving me my allowance. I was expecting the blistering of my life, but then it would be over with, but she told me that I couldn't reasonably expect to

get off that easily after rebelling against her authority.

She told me that since I had rebelled for two weeks, I had a two-week penance coming and was warned the time would be extended if I dared to disobey an order, no matter what it was. She said my punishment would be a daily spanking during that time, plus I would have to wear a punishment outfit. During the next two weeks I served my sentence and, believe me, I really learned my lesson. Had I even the vaguest notion of what was in store for me, I would never have even considered rebelling in the first place.

Every afternoon after school for the next two weeks, I had to wear a punishment outfit that consisted of a very short pink skirt and a tight, padded bra belonging to my thirteen-year-old cousin, Missy, who despised me. The worst part of the outfit was the pink panties I had to wear underneath the skirt.

They were my stepmother's silky panties, and she thoroughly enjoyed dressing me in them herself. She'd coo and laugh as she'd slowly pull them up my legs each day, and as a further punishment, I was required to have her go with me to the bathroom to lower the panties whenever I had to use the toilet.

She told me that she knew boys were excited by wearing silky women's panties, so she wanted to make sure I didn't play with myself in her panties, so she'd lower my panties and watch over me while I used the toilet. Then she'd dab the end of my penis to dry up any stray droplets of my pee and pull the pink panties back up into place, always taking a lot of time carefully adjusting the elastics of the panties so they fit me to her satisfaction. I always got an erection while she played around with the soft panties like that, and that would cause her to say that it proved she was right about having to stand guard over me while I did my duty to make sure I didn't play with my penis and defile her pretty panties with my "penis snot" as she used to call it.

The horribly embarrassing outfit also had to be worn all day on Saturday and after church on Sunday. The humiliation of having to wear that costume was devastating, and my stepmother made the most of it. I was not permitted to forget my punishment outfit for one instant. At times she pinned up the hem of the short skirt and made me go around with the panties completely on display. At other times she would make me hold the dress up over the panties, and walk around modeling them for her while she chided me unmercifully. She continually reminded me that I was wearing her panties, and always had a number of cutting remarks about panties being much more suitable as underwear for a naughty boy.

During this period, I was required to perform various household chores under her close supervision. She deliberately made me perform quite embarrassing tasks. For example, each day I had to hand wash and rinse her lingerie and stockings.

Each evening there was a spanking session, given with ceremonies that were intended to humiliate me completely. I had to enter for my spanking carrying her hairbrush and holding my skirt up above my panties. Scarlet with shame, I had to request her to lower my panties and spank me. The panties would be turned down inside out and I would be put over her knee for a crisp spanking. Getting spanked while

wearing girls' clothes was thoroughly embarrassing but what made it unbearably humiliating is that on weekends, Missy, my young cousin, and my father were usually present to witness my punishment. That never failed to make me cry just from the embarrassment, and then the spanking that followed would leave me totally broken. Of course, Missy couldn't stop laughing. She'd constantly make me raise up my top and show off her bra that I was required to wear. She delighted in squeezing the padded breasts and complimenting me on my "big titties." My father had no problem with his new wife punishing me like this. He actually was an avid spectator, and to heighten the humiliation, my stepmother would have either my father or Missy lower my panties or pull them back up after my spanking.

Following the spanking I had to stand in the corner, panties still down and skirt up to expose my red bottom. I always had to stand there for at least half an hour, but at the time, it always seemed twice that long. Afterwards, I had to kneel and thank her for the spanking. I thought those two weeks would never end, and I thought that some of the humiliations would kill me.

When the two weeks finally came to an end, I promised my stepmother that I would never rebel against her authority again, but she said I needed close supervision, so her list of rules for me to follow were greatly increased, and I had to go to my room to be dressed in my punishment skirt, bra and panties and prepare for a spanking anytime I broke even the smallest of any of her rules.

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Office Lingerie Party

When Peter arrived at the office, Pam, one of the ladies he worked with was already there. The morning sun streaming in from the skylight made her black stockings shine, like only real silk stockings can. He knew they were silk and knew they were held up with a garter belt because during the past year since he had started working there, he had gotten many casual glimpses of her stocking tops and the impression her garter tabs made in her tight miniskirts. Today, Pam was wearing a cream-colored nylon blouse, which clearly showed off her full breasts, supported by a lacy white bra and lace-topped pink petticoat. The sight of Pam sitting across from him would keep him excited all day long, and surely

inspire a lengthy wanking session that night at home with sexy thoughts of him and Pam having sex.

Next to arrive was Mrs Brown, the manager of the office. She was attractively dressed in a black business suit, and Peter was quick to notice her seamed stockings. She had her own separate office, so Peter did not get to discreetly stare at her throughout the day, like he did at Pam and Vivian and Ann, the other two women who worked in their small accounting office. All four of the women had knack for fashion and were usually beautifully turned out; just getting to look at them every day was a great job perk for Peter, who was a secret crossdresser, who regularly wore lingerie under his pastel-colored shirt and tie and dark trousers. The straps of his flat training bra and camisole or mini full-length slip, he kept well-hidden with a partially buttoned up cardigan sweater. Vivian and Ann had just arrived for work, and Peter noticed how nicely they were dressed on this day. Peter realized all four of the women were more attractively dressed than on most other days. He looked forward to this day, but wondering if he'd get much work done with the constant parade of beauty these four women would provide as they waltzed around the office from 9 to 5.

Throughout the morning, Peter was delighted as all four women strutted their stuff before him. A lot more than usual, he got glimpses of slips and stocking tops; and when they needed to ask him a question, they seemed to find an excuse to huddle close and even rub up against him. At that close range, their perfume overpowered his senses and transported him even deeper into his lingerie fantasyland.

At lunchtime, Mrs Brown asked Peter to come into her office. He was a bit concerned and wondered if he had done something wrong, but she quickly put him at ease by saying she was very pleased with his work. Then said to him, "Peter, every since you started work here it has been apparent to me and the girls that you wear lingerie. I'd like you to take off your men's clothes and show me."

Peter was taken aback and was at a loss for words. Getting very red in the face, he looked around like he wanted to disappear, but something in Mrs Brown's tone compelled him to do as she wished. Shaking a bit and blinking with embarrassment, he stood up, removed his sweater and undid the buttons of his pink dress shirt to reveal the top half of his pink lace-trimmed petticoat. Next he pulled off his socks and shoes revealing his beige nylons stockings underneath and then undid his trousers and pulled them down and off. Standing there in front of her in his thigh-length mini slip, he blushed but was strangely not ashamed. She smiled her approval and flicked her finger to let him know that she wanted to see what he had on under his slip. As he slipped it off, Peter excitement in his pink panties was obvious. Mrs Brown eased her chair back from the desk. Peter was able to see she had her skirt pulled up around her waist to reveal her stocking tops and a wide expanse of her sheer white old-fashioned briefs.

"Come around here Peter," she said. "Good. You look lovely in lingerie, Peter. Do a pirouette for me so I can see you all around." Her breathing was becoming audible as she stared at him while brazenly fingering her pussy lips through her panties. "I love how you look from the back, very girlish. Turn around and let me have a good look at your cute pantywaist ass."

With his back to Mrs Brown, he heard the rustle of clothing as she quickly slid out of her blouse and skirt. Then he felt her hands; starting at his shoulders, she slid them down his back, pausing to toy with the straps of his bra and then on down to massage his silky pantied butt. Her touch made Peter's cock very hard. Her perfume added to the sensuousness of the moment. Through his panties, she traced the suspenders of his garter belt. He felt her breath on his shoulders as she hugged him from behind.

“Peter, I love touching you through your lingerie. I've never known a man who loved to wear women's clothes, and ever since you've come to work here, I've wondered what it would be like to have sex with you in your pretty frilly bra and panties.”

Peter reached behind himself to touch Mrs Brown through her slip and panties. He had to take deep breaths to calm himself. She gently rubbed his penis and felt it leaping to her touch within his nylon panties. He was ready to explode.

“Be careful, Peter. I don't want you flooding your pretty panties just yet. I'm in need of some attention right now. Turn around and tell me what you think of my lingerie.”

The sight that greeted him was like a scene from his wanking fantasies. She was clad in a short black satiny petticoat and stockings. She had lifted the front of her short slip to show off her garter belt straps that travelled up her thighs and then went under her waist-high see-through panties.

“You're absolutely beautiful, Mrs Brown.” He managed to say.

She smiled and then sat on the edge of her office chair, leaned back and instructed Peter to kneel before her. She guided his head into her crotch so that his face was against her panties and under her petticoat. A delightful womanly aroma coming from her panties mixed with her sexy perfume. He caressed her stockings, thighs and garters, further exciting both of them. After thoroughly kissing her panties all over and then licking her pussy juices through her exciting sheer panties, Peter slid her panties aside and she directed him how to gently massage her clit and lick her pussy lips. Peter was a virgin, a lingerie-addicted loner because he wasn't gay. He loved women – and their clothes, especially their lingerie. He had always dreamed of making love to a woman with both of them in beautiful lingerie and now it was actually happening.

She soon exploded with a series of multiple orgasms, almost showering Peter with her cum. After licking up her plentiful juices, he raised himself and kissed Mrs Brown, who seemed very pleased to lick her own cum off his lips. With his throbbing cock still encased in his lovely nylon panties, he pressed it against her panties. She slid off her chair and onto the floor and guided him down on top of her. She kissed Peter sensuously whilst all the time letting her hands wander all over his bra and panties.

“You feel so soft and silky, Peter, I think I could get used to this. And your cock is so hard! I love it! Let me look at it in your panties. O-o-o-o! Slide it out of the leg of your panties so I can kiss it.”

He had a great degree of difficulty holding back from what surely would be the most intense orgasm of his life, but he loved the struggle, knowing it would be even better if he could wait a bit longer.

Mrs Brown kissed his cock all the way up one side and then down the other and ended up taking it all into her mouth as she massaged his tight balls still covered by his pink panties. She wanted his cum in her pussy and not her mouth, so when she sensed he was close to going over the edge, she backed off and said, "Peter, for the rest of my life, I want to vividly remember making love to you. So I think I'll sit on top of you so I can look down upon your beautiful sissy body in your bra and panties and feel the full length of your cock inside me."

With that, she pulled aside the crotch of her panties, positioned herself over the head of his cock and sank down with a moan of utter pleasure. Peter also gave out a moan of intense pleasure, not only to be losing his virginity with such a beautiful woman, but for the both of them to be wearing such erotic lingerie while they fucked! He caressed Mrs Brown's through her black slip and sheer white panties, and when he reached up for her breasts, which he hadn't noticed until then, were only encased in her black satin petticoat. They felt so soft and smooth through the nylon as he fondled and kissed them. She moaned with intense pleasure; it was even better than she imagined it would be like to make love to this sissy boy in his bra and panties. Floating together in panty dreamland they had a mutual orgasm that left both of them shaking with relief.

"Oh, Peter, that was the best fuck I have ever had."

"Thank you, Mrs Brown; I loved it too, especially since it was the first time I have ever made love to a woman!"

"Oh, you darling boy, that makes me feel so good to be your first, but I will certainly not be your last. I should tell you that the other three women who work with us have been dreaming of making it with you too, with you while you are wearing your pretty girlie lingerie. Take a look behind you."

He was a bit perplexed, but then looked over his shoulder. There, quietly standing in the doorway to the office, were Ann, Pam and Vivian. Once they knew that he noticed them, they broke out into a round of applause. All three were dressed just in their bras and panties and looking quite excited themselves.

"Now, ladies," said Mrs Brown, "my cunt and Peter's cock both need a good cleaning. Pam, you can see to my pussy, and Ann & Viv can look after his drooling hot cock."

The three ladies didn't hesitate as they got busy slurping up all that spunk and pussy juice from Peter's first fuck, a royal panty fuck with his boss! Peter's cock had wilted a bit after being drained of his spunk but with Vivian sucking on his cock and Ann licking his pantied balls and both of them rubbing his panties all over and even occasionally slipping a finger up his asshole, he soon was once again fully erect. And he wasn't just lying back and enjoying the oral love, he had his hands busy roaming over the ladies in their bras and silky nylon panties.

As they tended to him, Ann and Viv were also kissing each other. Then, Viv, with her now thoroughly wet pussy, climbed onto Peter's fresh erection while Ann sat on his face and lowered her hot pussy onto his mouth. As he lapped her cunt, with his peripheral vision, he was further stimulated as he watched Pam busying licking his spunk out of Mrs Brown's juicy cunt. With one hand, Pam was also flailing away on her own pussy; her two fingers frantically pumping in and out. And with her other hand she was gently flicking her clit. With all this sucking and fucking going on, Peter soon was unable to hold back any longer and he shot his load in Viv.

Exhausted from their crazed lovemaking, they were slow to calm down, easing themselves down from the pinnacle of pleasure as they lightly massaged each other through their exquisite lingerie. And as they teased each other through nylon and lace, they talked about having Peter from her on out come to work each day dressed like a young lady, a young lady that would be regularly ravished during lunchtime! All of this exciting talk was getting Peter excited all over again! The women loved it, but first, Mrs. Brown went to a small dresser she kept in her office, which she opened to display drawers full of lingerie, and she gave them all fresh pairs of fancy, full-cut nylon panties, and then she took out two strap-on dildos, and the three women were going to draw straws to see which two of them would get the strap-on so they could fuck the other woman as well as break Peter's panty covered virgin asshole!

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Mom's Spanking Petticoat Discipline

My mother keeps an eagle eye on my brother, Teddy, who is ten years old. She punishes him with a spanking even for small infractions of her rules. She was a sergeant in the Army, so she knows how to dish out discipline. Whenever Teddy gets spanked, she always dresses him in girls' clothes -- lace—panties, padded bras, garter belts, nylon hose, slippers and short dresses. She has even trained him to walk in high heels. And all of these clothes are his. Mom specifically buys very fancy clothes for his punishment outfits. You can imagine how he hates being put into girls' clothes. There are always a lot of frantic pleas and sometimes even a few tears long before he gets spanked when mother decides to dress him up. She always dresses him herself and usually adds lipstick and makeup.

Naturally, Teddy is thoroughly embarrassed when he has to go around the house dressed like that, and my sister and I can't resist teasing him. Although he is not shown off to visitors generally, a couple of mother's close friends and his teacher have been permitted to see him in his dresses and allowed to witness his skirts up and panties down for his spanking. Needless to say, they find it quite amusing to see a typical boy dressed completely as a girl. They can't help teasing him like my sister and I do.

Dad fully approves of Mom using petticoat punishment and spanking. Afterwards, Teddy has to keep his girlie outfit on for the rest of the day, and sometimes, for really bad offences, he has to be a girl for an entire weekend. During those times, Dad pretends that Teddy is a real little girl, and he calls him Tina and gives him real sloppy goodnight kisses. Mom always makes him dress up at least an hour before his spanking, and then makes him stand in the corner until the appointed time. Teddy is never spanked in private. Mother always does it right in the family room and doesn't mind if my sister and I watch. Dad generally has the job of taking down Teddy's panties for the spanking and then he holds Teddy still over Mom's lap during his spanking.

“Mother always makes the culprit bring her the hairbrush while she sits on the middle of the leather couch. The boy must then stretch out face down over her lap and the couch, and mother pulls his dress and slip up in back to the waist to expose his panties. Naturally the boy finds it thoroughly embarrassing, but my sister and I can't help snickering when his panties are pulled down below the tops of his stockings while mother lectures him about his misconduct and makes pointed remarks about his feminine clothes.

As part of his punishment routine, Mother always makes Teddy get her hairbrush or paddle. My silly little brother so wants to be like a little man and be able to take his spankings, but although Mom isn't a big woman, she can sure dish out his punishment. And as his bottom and upper thighs begin to turn a noticeable shade of pink, he's gasping and squirming. Mother never takes time out and keeps putting that brush to him good and hard. It isn't long before his bottom gets good and red, and he simply breaks down crying and pleading with mother to stop.

But before the spanking comes to a halt, he's completely dissolved into tears and is kicking his stockinged legs back and forth. When mother finally sets the hairbrush aside, his butt is as red as fire right down to his stocking tops, and it's obvious it will be quite awhile before he can sit comfortably. Afterwards, he rubs his bottom furiously as he is allowed to replace his panties and go back to the corner with his skirt up for at least half an hour.

Since he has to keep his girls' clothes on until bedtime after he's been spanked, mother makes him do girls' chores around the house such as doing the laundry, making beds, dusting and so on. If he doesn't show the right attitude and do exactly what mother says, he may be required to sleep in a girls' satin nightie or maybe even get another spanking in the family room at bedtime.

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We present this adorable sweetie from an old catalog illustration as we fondly remember the "Days of the Week" panties so popular in the 1950s and 60s.



Spanking Good Time

When I was nine, my father died, and in order to be free to run the family business, my mother sent me to boarding school. Within a short time I broke one of the rules and was introduced to the spanking strap and petticoat punishment. One of the teachers ordered me to her room. When she arrived she removed my pants and shorts and made me put on an entire outfit of girls' clothes including a skirt, blouse, little training bra and elaborately frilled panties. Then she placed me across her lap, pulled up the back of my skirt and proceeded to give me a very severe spanking across the panties. Despite the severeness, for some reason I realized I had enjoyed wearing the panties.

My desire to experience wearing feminine panties again led me to break the rules again, knowing the punishment to follow. I was willing to put up with the spanking to be able to have the excitement of wearing girls' panties. I repeatedly got myself into trouble to satisfy my panty need, and my desires were not missed by my teacher during my two years at the school. In fact, it got so that I would freely admit to her that I had done some wrong and needed punishment, and she would smile and tell me at what time to be in her room.

After two years at the boarding school, mother brought me home to attend a local school. But she was still heavily involved in the business, so since I was only eleven, she hired a young girl to take care of me. Betty, who was just nineteen, and I got along very well. I told Betty about my punishments at boarding school, but she did not approve of spanking. However, one day she walked into her room and unexpectedly found me wearing a pair of her panties. She promptly placed me on her lap and without removing the panties gave me a hand spanking. When it was over, she started to remove the panties but noticed I was aroused. She wanked me into the panties, but laughed at me the entire time she did it. Afterwards, with me in the pink panties dripping with my cum, she made me give her \$5 for the panties so she could buy a new pair of panties to replace the ones I had ruined. She said I could keep them to use whenever I needed to satisfy my juvenile habit of playing with myself.

Within a few days, she again spanked me for breaking a rule, and when she took my trousers down, she saw I was wearing her panties again and again noticed I was aroused. From then on it became a regular practice for her to spank me in a pair of her panties (I had to buy them from here!) and she followed that up by wanking me into the panties. I know she enjoyed doing it because I was getting spankings and wankings from her with increasing regularity.

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Some boys, like Andy here, get to wear dresses that are even prettier than their sister's!



*Now let auntie
dress you in her
pretty panties.*









Spanked Like a Schoolgirl



We regularly force Jason, our fourteen-year-old son, to submit to petticoat punishment. At these times, he typically wears an abbreviated schoolgirl outfit of dark blue pleated skirt with a white blouse and pink nylon rhumba panties with frills across the bottom. In fact, right at this moment, our thoroughly embarrassed young boy is standing in the corner awaiting a spanking

from his father while attired in his girls' outfit! Yes, my husband thoroughly supports putting our son through such girlish treatment.

It might seem surprising that such measures would be employed on a boy of this age. However, I have found that such humiliating punishments are just the thing to keep him in line. Whenever he disobeys my husband or me or violates one of our rules, we make him put on his girly clothes and submit to

discipline. Of course, he hates it, especially the training bra and ruffled panties he has to wear underneath. He always pleads to be spared. But no matter how much he pleads, he always has to put on his sissy clothes, parade himself before my husband and me, and then take his spanking and any other punishments we impose. Afterwards, he must remain petticoated until we release him.

We don't always spare him simply because guests happen to be present. Instead, if we order him to do so, he must appear before them attired so shamefully attired. Needless to say, some of my lady friends find it thoroughly amusing to see a boy his age being put through his paces. He, of course, is simply scarlet with shame on such occasions, but he knows better than to lose his temper. Instead, he must swallow hard and take the inevitable teasing in good grace.

He usually isn't spanked or given other punishments in front of guests. Instead, after a period of time standing in the corner, he is removed to the study for the spanking. Although guests can't see him getting spanked, they can hear everything - my humiliating little commands as well as his outcries. Afterwards, to add to his mortification with him still red-eyed and smarting, he must suffer the indignity of going out and facing them. And if overhearing his cries weren't evidence enough, they can tell from my pleased expression and wrinkled skirt and his flushed and teary face what I have subjected him to.

I have several close lady friends whom I permit to watch my actual punishment sessions. Needless to say, this increases my son's shame considerably. The most usual visitor is a young widow who lives next door. Others who have seen him punished are his music teacher, one of his schoolteachers and all three members of my bridge club. They all find our discipline methods highly interesting. A couple of them have even let me know that they would be glad to take over if my husband and I had to go out of town for a while.

I administer his spankings either with him lying facedown on his bed or in the old-fashioned, over-the-knee style. Before sitting down, I lift my skirt up around my hips and then sit down with my legs apart. I usually wear a garter belt and nylons for one of his punishment sessions. My husband loves seeing me in garters and silk stockings, and I know it has a strong effect on our son too. He always stares nervously and gets a big erection seeing my garter straps and the gap between my stocking tops and lace-edged panties.

At my command, Jason must endure the humiliation of gathering his little school frock up to the waist while I skim down his panties to just below his rump while keeping the panties bunched up over his penis in front. He then stands between my legs and bends over my left thigh. I then clamp my right leg around him, leaving his bare hips jackknifed upward over my lap in exactly the right position. His randy little pecker is always quite hard as I lock him in the grip of my legs, trapping his penis against my nyloned thigh, so while I am spanking him, his squirming around jerks off his penis!

I then go to work with the hairbrush, supplementing each stroke with scolding, shaming comments. I don't count the spansks. In short order, I have a red bottomed and tearful young boy-girl. As the hairbrushing continues and each stroke adds more color to his already stinging bottom, he yelps and

cries and pleads with me to stop.

I finally pause with the hairbrush and ask him to describe just exactly what he will do if I do stop spanking him. He knows what I mean, too! He has to lick my pussy lips through my panties until I've had several orgasms. Even when we're alone, he has difficulty actually saying it. When one or two of my friends is watching, I sometimes have to keep putting the hairbrush to him until he says what I want to hear. His spankings get him very excited, and it's quite funny to watch him as he tries not to shoot his sticky seed but he usually does spurt jets of jism as he scream in ecstasy.

He finds it especially embarrassing to shoot off in his panties while his dad is watching because his father makes fun of him for being a sissy. Afterwards, I make him lick the scum off the bed or off my legs. Then I make him get way up between my legs to lick up every single drop of his mess with his tongue. Then it's onto my pussy to give me some relief! It's doubly humiliating for him if one or more of my lady friends are standing there smirking and tittering. He must wear his girly outfit until bedtime and, he looks thoroughly shamefaced and penitent during this time.

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Picture Gallery: Jackie-Off Drawings #1

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