

Pussy Boy Pages

Reader's Stories & Pics

Volume 8

My Stash is Found!

In his room, Mom finds her slip and panties loaded with his cum.

Tales of a Merry Boy

A boy has the opportunity to wear tights and panties when his class puts on a play about Robin Hood.

Ashamed to Be Panty Trained

His aunt and her maid had panty trained him and now he was wearing makeup and appearing before them for the first time fully dressed. He hated it, but his stiffie said otherwise!

Unwanted Betrothal

A wealthy, eccentric woman buys a boy to prepare him to marry and be the wife of her dominant seven-year-old daughter.

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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Ashamed to Be Panty Trained!

Yvette finished his makeup and then led him downstairs to greet his auntie for the first time fully dressed in girlie-boy splendor. Tammy had to scramble to keep up with her, and as he moved, he could hear the soft swish-swish of his lacy taffeta petticoat as it rubbed against his dress and panties. He wanted to deny that there was anything good about dressing in girls' clothes, but his auntie and her

maid had hooked him on silky panties, then sissy slips and now makeup and dresses. His feminine feelings were overwhelming. He had to admit that his nifty little dress made him feel very girly and pretty. The slip gently rubbed against the front of his panties and slid against the ruffles of lace across his rear arousing him with their sweet caress as he walked. By the time he and Yvette reached Auntie waiting at the bottom of the stairs, he was fully erect under all that silkiness.

"You look so precious, princess," Auntie Jacqueline said as she led him into the drawing room and stood him in front of her for inspection.

"Thank you, Auntie," the sissified boy softly replied using his best falsetto voice.

"Auntie wants to see your panties, my sweet little sissy princess. Lift your dress for me," she said as if talking to a small child.

Tammy's face flushed pink with shame, knowing that he was fully aroused underneath his dress and slip. He didn't want his auntie or Yvette to know. However, Auntie's request was as good as an order; he was her panty slave, so he had to obey. He reached down to the hem of his dress, gathered up his skirt and silky slip and lifted them high to show his auntie the lacy white panties he wore. He pulled his skirt up

high enough to cover his blushing face because beneath his delicate panties his erect sissy penis was making a brazen display of itself.

Jacqueline smiled when she saw the teen's erection tenting out the front of his frilly white panties, and she smiled as she read the words Tammy's Sissy Panties embroidered on the front. What a horny little sissy slut he was, she thought, satisfied that she had him completely under her control. Yvette had been instructed not to touch him or excite him in any way, and here he was fully erect just from wearing makeup, a dress, a taffeta slip and panties. She could hardly wait to see his reaction when she corseted him for the first time. A wig, pretty party dresses, his first bra, hormones, big dildos up his butt, and even dates with cute little boys were all things Auntie was looking forward to.

"My, my those look so pretty on you, Tammy; you make such a prissy little girl. But I think Yvette better do something about that unfeminine boner ruining the lines of your sweet lacy panties. Tell me now, how does my pretty little Tammy feel all dress up like a proper sissy panty slave in his frilly panties and sexy teen dress?"

"Uh, I love being a sissy for you, Auntie Jacqueline," the confused boy obediently replied, not knowing what else to say.

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Back to the Good Old Days for Panties?

HAVE YOU NOTICED...

big undies are back

Mummy pants, bloomers, passion killers, mega daks... While none of these sound arousing, there's no dousing the flames of our current passion. We're having a hot affair with big, comfy, sensible undies. It's surprising, because fashion is rarely comfortable, or sensible.

So why welcome big knickers back so heartily? There's a few reasons, starting with the G-string. These tiny lycra slingshots came as a backlash against the dreaded visible pantyline (VPL). For years we happily flossed our bottoms, pleased that dreaded, leg-shortening undies wouldn't cross our thighs. Aside from the occasional sighting under white pants, a groove carved into generous hips or a cellulite-studded celebrity bottom in St Tropez, the G went incident free.

That is until low-riding hipster pants came along with a fashion faux pas worse than a VPL – the terrible T-bar. Too many sightings of stars sporting Gs hoicked above low-riding denim resulted in a chorus of cries to "bring back the VPL".

On cue, Kylie Minogue showed us the light at the end of the tunnel as she pranced about in saucy knickers that covered her perky posterior perfectly, yet left nothing to the imagination. A bit of lace here, a carefully placed ribbon there, and, hey presto, the nanna pant is hot stuff. Women want them on, men want them off. Everyone's a winner. Comfortable meets flirtatiously coy and, finally, subtle seduction proves more powerful than letting it all hang out. Peachy. **Jody Scott**



A BULGING belly spilling out over a pair of snug hipsters with a skimpy G-string on display has been labelled the biggest fashion faux pas of the decade.

If that is not enough of a deterrent, girls tempted to wear these low-slung pants and let their midriff hang out are being likened to a muffin and the way it rises and spills out over a baking tin.

June Dally-Watkins Modeling and Deportment School director Jodie Bache-McLean said the muffin tag could not be more accurate.

"It's a terrible look. It's not feminine or appealing and women simply aren't meant to have the big Aussie beer gut hanging over their pants," she said.

Her advice to those who insist on wearing hipsters with a G-string is to get a mirror and see what it looks like when they move.

"There is absolutely nothing worse than having the belly hanging over the front and the G-string poking out at the back."

It is a look considered so offensive it may soon be a crime punishable by jail.

Lawmakers in New Orleans in the US want to make it a criminal offence to display your knickers in public.

Louisiana Democrat Derrick Shepherd wants to crack down on women who flash

ROBYN RILEY and CATHERINE LAMBERT

their underwear. He would like to fine them \$500 or perhaps even jail repeat offenders for six months.

Shepherd is not discriminating against the fairer sex, he is also after blokes who wear baggy pants that expose their boxer shorts.

Actor Gina Riley may do it for a laugh on *Kath & Kim*, but if you don't want to be the butt of jokes, Ms Bache-McLean suggests girls aim a little higher with their waistbands.

The manager of Camerons Models, Jacqui Morris, warns that though many hipsters looked cheap and too similar to the styles worn on *Kath & Kim*, they were here to stay.

"No one wants to go back to Harry High Pants either because fashion goes in cycles and at the moment it's the low-cut jean," Ms Morris said.

"It all depends on the shape of the girl wearing the hipsters and some look terrible on a bigger girl, especially when she sits down and you can see her G-string. But a well-cut pair can look great."

Dietitian Kate Diphroma said the muffin look was also a health risk.

"Carrying this excess weight can place added strain on the heart, which can lead to problems later in life," she said.



Tales of a Merry Boy

For as long as I can remember, I've been fascinated with boys in tights and pantyhose. I first saw them on pageboys in weddings, dancers in stage shows, and trapeze artists in the circus.

Tights for both males and females have been around for centuries. Originally, they were formfitting trousers made of a rather substantial fabric, but over time thinner and more stretchable fabrics were used for a tighter fit. During the 1800s, tights were generally replaced by stockings for women: thigh-high stockings held up by garters. And for men: knee-high stockings held up by garters that fitted around the calves. Tights were usually only worn by stage performers, and leggings -- a close relative of tights either of a heavy knit or made of very heavy fabric -- were worn by children of both sexes, especially during cold weather.

During the first half of the 20th century, ankle and knee-high stockings were being made of very stretchable fabrics that could stay up without garters. Men gave up the lower-leg garters, and children no longer had to wear various types of harnesses, straps and garters to hold up their stockings. And for women, the garters that went around their

thighs were generally replaced by garter belts.

Then during the 1960s, nylon stockings evolved into pantyhose and became popular because miniskirts

exposed women's thighs above the tops of their nylons, and that was considered indecent. And in many

instances, males (like stage performers) began using pantyhose in situations where they used to wear

the heavier-weight old-fashioned tights. Quickly, the terms tights and pantyhose became

interchangeable.

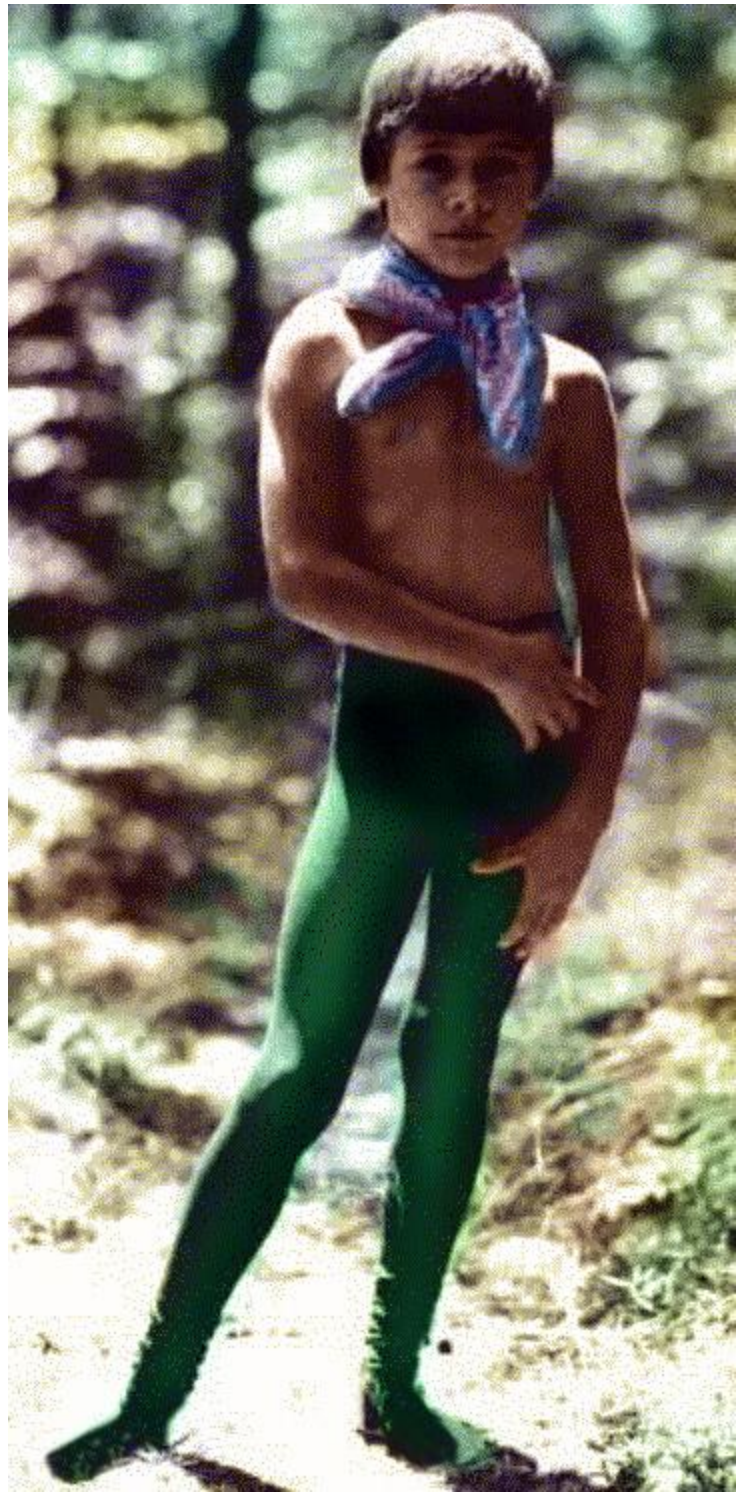
Yes, pantyhose were generally considered a female garment, and 99% of the time they were only worn

by females, but in the examples I named, men and boys who used to wear tights were now wearing pantyhose. In addition to acrobats and other male performers, most noticeably, tights – and now pantyhose – were worn by Superman, Batman and Robin and a lot of the superheroes – and these were the epitome of manly role models. Even though only women and girls usually wore pantyhose, in a few instances, men and boys wore them too and it was acceptable, tolerated (or in the case of superheroes never really acknowledged). And even though Superman and many of the other superheroes wore pantyhose, most guys still thought wearing pantyhose in any situation was a sissy or faggy thing to do.

So guys wearing pantyhose was not common, and I suppose that's why I noticed it when I did see a male in tights, whether it was on TV, in a show or a boy in a wedding party. I wondered what it felt like to wear pantyhose. Numerous times I had looked at and felt a pair of pantyhose belonging to my mommy, and I was tempted to try them on, but I always chickened out because I was always afraid I'd ruin them and get into trouble. Besides, I knew they'd be too big for me since I was less than half the size of my mommy.

So when our sixth grade teacher, Miss Terri, announced we would be performing a play about Robin Hood for a school assembly, I got excited and immediately had visions of all the boys in my class (including me!) clad in snug green pantyhose. Since I was daydreaming, I wasn't paying attention when she gave us instructions about what we should wear for costumes. It didn't even occur to me that there could be a costume different from the one I had instantly created in my mind's eye. Here was a situation in which I'd be able to wear pantyhose, and it would be OK because all the other boys would be wearing them too!

I raced home after school and excitedly



told my mommy I needed some green tights, a white shirt with big full sleeves, a green vest and a wide black belt for our class play.

My dad looked at me strangely, and my mommy said tights and blouses were girls' clothes and asked if I really wanted to wear such girlish clothes, especially on stage in front of the whole school, but my enthusiasm overrode any doubts. And I assured all the other boys didn't complain about the costumes they'd be wearing.

My parents were pleased I was so excited about a school project since they knew I didn't like school very much because a lot of the other kids didn't like me, and they knew I was considered an outsider and usually didn't want to participate a lot most school activities.

It wasn't until we were walking into the girls' section of the Hilldale Department Store to buy my costume that I realized we were actually shopping for girls' clothes for me. I was a little reluctant to be in this area, surrounded by fancy and frilly girls' clothes but was able to dash my doubts with the excitement of getting a really neat costume and being able to actually wear a real pair of pantyhose in my own size! As an outsider in this strange land of lace and bows, I was embarrassed, and that feeling increased as my mommy held up to me (what seemed like) more than a hundred blouses as she tried to determine the right size and the right look.

I was cringing and blushing a lot, especially because three girls saw mommy holding those blouses up to me, and those girls were laughing hysterically and pointing at me. I recovered from their teasing once we settled on one blouse and my mommy took me over to a full-length mirror and held it against me so I could see how it would look on me. I was a bit numb and didn't say much as she asked my input, but surprisingly, she got it exactly right – a lovely satiny white blouse with big billowy sleeves and a ruffle around the collar and cuffs. It buttoned up the back and now when I think about it, it was very girly-girly, but all I saw was myself as one of Robin Hood's merry men. I was practicably speechless; all I could muster was a whisper of “I like it, Mommy.” But inside, I LOVED IT! And I didn't care if some stupid girls thought it was weird or funny. Under her breath, mommy did mention something about being quite feminine, so she got a scarf with a greenish pattern on it and tied it around my neck to hide the ruffled collar.

My heart was racing with a mixture of happiness and the strange emotions boiling up within me. But my heart accelerated to an even higher level, and I became even more apprehensive as we went into the lingerie department to buy me some tights. It was embarrassing just being there. Deep down, I was thrilled to be walking alongside all those racks and displays of silky slips and filmy nightgowns and naughty looking brassieres and panties. My skin tingled as mommy pulled me along. I accidentally brushed up against a full-length white nylon slip on a manikin. As I became a little more comfortable with the strange surroundings, a thin, pale blue nightgown caught my attention. When my mother wasn't looking, I discreetly reached out and touched it. I shivered from the touch. I wanted to hold it up to myself to see how I would look in it. Thoughts were exploding in my head. I knew boys weren't supposed to be interested in such things. Boys didn't wear girls' clothes, and I knew all too well that if a

boy did ANYTHING like a girl, much less wear girls' clothes, all the other boys would just about kill him.

As my mommy went off to find a sales clerk, I quickly fondled the nightie. Then I noticed some lacy bras with matching panties on a counter. I even surprised myself when I picked up a pink bra and panty set with white lace and held it up to myself. I never had such an urge before, but all of a sudden I wondered what it would feel like to wear such silky panties and what I would look like with pointy breasts like my mommy.

I was brought back to reality by those same two girls who were nearby us once again. They were giggling louder than ever as they stared and pointed at me. I told myself I didn't care what they thought. But when the one girl called me a "sissy," I called her a bitch, walked away and tried to ignore them, but I walked right into my mother who had a packaged pair of green pantyhose in her hand. She was closely followed by a saleslady.

"Boys don't wear bras and panties!" Mommy hissed at me. "Do you want people to think you're a sissy or something?" She yanked the bra and panties away from me and threw them in one of the display bins.

She had heard me call the girl a bitch, and she told me to apologize to the girl. I tried to explain that the girl was calling me names first, but mommy wasn't about to listen to my excuses. From the depths of humiliation I sank ever lower as I mumbled an "I'm sorry" to the girl.

The girl laughed at me and then shocked me as she reached out, slapped me across the face, and said to my mother, "He is a sissy, lady." She looked at me and with a prissy grin said, "If you want a nice little bra and panties, why don't you beg your mommy for them. It's OK for queers and sissies like you to wear girls' bras and panties."

I wanted to snap back at her, but my mommy was standing right there.

Forcing herself to stop in the middle of a thunderous laugh, the other girl added, "Go ahead, lady, and get the little sissy a bra and panties. The pink set he picked out was nice. I bet he's already wearing a pink bra and panties and just can't resist wanting another set of pretties!"

I burst into tears, and weird as it may seem, I got a painfully hard erection!

My mommy noticed the bulge in my pants. Her eyes were bugging out; I knew she was amazed at my reaction to being humiliated by those girls. She quickly pulled me away from them, pushed me into an out-of-the-way corner and shielded me with her bent over body as she talked to me. We were alongside a counter full of panties, and she picked up a pale green pair and used them to wipe away my tears, telling me to stop crying so the whole world wouldn't know I was a sissy. She had an odd expression on her face as she looked down at my swollen crotch. I thought she was going to tuck in my shirt that was all pulled out of my pants, but instead she quickly undid my belt and zipper and pulled my penis out of

my underwear. She still had those light green panties in her hand and she used them to cover my throbbing penis. As she massaged me lovingly with one panty-lined hand, she used her other hand to smooth out my hair and tilt my head up so she could stare directly into my eyes.

I should explain that my mommy was a very avant-garde modern woman. In our family, seeing each other nude and even using the toilet was common practice, so she wasn't one to shy away from the normal functioning of the human body.

"Henry, what have you become? I always knew you were a gentle boy, but I had no idea it is this serious. I think those girls may be right, maybe you are a queer boy – well, at least you're a sissy. That's for sure! Any boy who plays with girls' bras and panties is definitely a sissy, especially a boy who gets a stiffie in his pants when he gets teased about it!"

I tried to protest that I wasn't a queer, and I wasn't a sissy.

But mommy just said, "Well, we'll see. I can tell you really like the feel of these silky panties on your little penis. Tell me how much you like me rubbing panties on your penis."

I was breathing erratically. Gently but firmly she stroked my penis in the silken panties.

"Tell, me, sissy boy! Tell me you love girls' panties rubbing on your penis!"

I couldn't talk. I couldn't look her in the eyes. I bowed my head. Tears of humiliation and pleasure flowed down my cheeks.

Her skilled hand just kept jacking me off in those panties. She was calling me a sissy and a pantywaist, a queer and all kinds of names. I began bucking my hips in response to her stroking, and then all of a sudden she stopped and just held me there as I rocked myself back and forth into her pantied palm for a few seconds (which felt like a century) as I trembled to my first orgasm.

I was in a daze. I barely remember leaving the store, but I do recall the humiliation I felt as we went to the cashier. She loudly stated "for my son's pantyhose and blouse." She also mentioned, "And he accidentally soiled a pair of panties that I had to throw away. They were \$1.49, so charge me for them too."

Afterwards, mommy didn't say anything to me about what had taken place at the store, and I was too embarrassed to say anything to her. It was the most amazing experience of my young life, but it had happened under such strange circumstances that it left me stunned and confused. For my age, I knew a fair amount about sex, so I had a pretty good idea what had happened, but it was all so different from what I did know. The whole experience weighted down my mind. I could only think about it for so long and then I had to force myself to think about other things. I got myself even more wrapped up in the play.

There weren't many lines to memorize, but Mommy soon realized there was a problem with another kind of lines. My tighty whiteys (boys' briefs) were clearly visible through the thin tights. This was in days when all boys' underwear was white and made of heavy cotton fabric, and they were obvious when worn under the kelly green pantyhose. This necessitated another excursion to the girls' department to purchase a pair of green panties for me to wear under the tights.

"I never thought I'd be doing such a thing," my mommy said as she dragged me along to another trip to the department store. "But I suppose you'll be delighted because I'm going to buy you a nice pair of girls' green panties for you to wear under your tights. You're boys' underwear just won't do."

I was a ball of emotions as we neared the girls' lingerie department. I felt excited with great anticipation as well as a profound dread; confident and bold yet scared, embarrassed, timid – and scared! This was the scene of my earlier humiliation – and my first cum! I kept replaying ever second of that experience in my mind with every step I took. I held Mommy's hand tightly as we walked over to the counters filled with stacks of panties in every color imaginable.

"Go ahead, Henry. Pick out for yourself a nice pair of green panties."

I saw a saleslady a few feet away quickly turn and look at us as my mommy said that. Open-mouthed, the lady stared menacingly at us over the top of her low slung glasses. Her one arched eyebrow said it all. I looked away from her and sheepishly fingered through a stack of panties that my mommy said was in my size. I picked a pale green pair that was a little lighter shade of green than my tights. They had a black waist elastic and a row of lighter green lace going down each side.

Mommy pulled out a plain pair of panties that were a very dark green, darker than my tights. "Do you want these, Henry? They might be better under your pantyhose. But if you want those with the lace on them, those are OK too. Pick which ones you want."

I pointed.

"I kind of guessed you'd pick the lacy ones; you are a sissy boy, aren't you," she said with a laugh in a loud voice as she took the lacy pale green panties out of my hands and then bent over, smiled, rubbed my head, and kissed me on the lips.

As we walked away, I peeked to the side, and that nosey old saleslady was still standing there, and now with a strange look on her face that was a mixture of a smirk and a sneer. She was creepy. I thought at any moment she was going to scream at me, laugh at me or do something to really embarrass me. I was glad to get away from her.

On the way to the cashier, we passed a rack of nightgowns. Mommy stopped, took one off the rack and asked if it was the one I had been looking at when we were in the store before. I had no idea she had

noticed me when I did that! It was the same nightgown. At that moment I wasn't even able to answer

her, but I felt so much love for Mommy and such astonishment and happiness that I guess it showed in

my expression. She smiled knowingly and took it along with the panties to the cashier.

She bent over as we walked and told me, "You can wear this pretty new nightie when Daddy is away on business trips."

This time at the cashier, three girls got in line just behind us. I knew them from school, so I was nervous when Mommy again announced loudly that "these are for my son". The girls didn't seem to notice, though. I breathed a sigh of relief.



Mommy was right again; the tights looked much better with the green nylon panties than with my old tighty whiteys. Mommy took me out in the backyard. She took a couple of pictures of me in just my green pantyhose (with my panties on underneath). She had me put the scarf around my neck too. She didn't have me wear the blouse because she said she was going to exchange it for one that was a size smaller.

She let me keep the tights and panties on "to get used to wearing them." And they felt great to wear! All that silky nylon material excited me and I got a hard on, but I was careful not to let my mommy notice my boner. But Boy; was I aware of it!

Preparation for the play wasn't easy because our class was behind in our schoolwork, so it left little time for rehearsals. And on the Friday, the day for our dress rehearsal, it snowed heavily and school was closed. The assembly was scheduled for the following Monday. But I felt confident knowing my lines and smug about having such a perfect costume.

So I felt nothing but delighted

excitement as I flew to school Monday morning and kept up my giddiness as show time approached. My hyper-joy wasn't appreciated by Miss Terri. She was agonizing about every little thing, going a bit crazy over every little detail as we had a cast meeting just before the show. Then she sent us boys to the boys' restroom to change into our costumes; the moment I'd been waiting for.

I was too shy to change in front of the other boys because during that past summer, I'd become aware at the public pool locker room how puny my peepee was in comparison to other boys even younger than I was. So I ducked into a stall and changed quickly into my panties, pantyhose, and blouse, and then came out so eager to see the other boys in their outfits.

But I was stunned to see them all wearing green sweatpants and green T-shirts. Even Robin Hood! I couldn't believe it and stood there with my mouth agape, totally in shock. And they were astonished to see me in my costume. I knew right away that I was going to be ridiculed, but didn't come close to imagining how derisive their actions would be.

Immediately the insults came; they called me sissy, fairy, faggot and words I had never heard before. My head buzzed with the obvious enormity of my mistake and the accompanying crushing of my newfound self-esteem.

Realizing my predicament, I hurriedly tried to back into the stall to put my pants back on. But Steve, a bully in my class, grabbed me and pulled me into the center of the lavatory and led me around for everyone to laugh at. I squirmed and struggled but he held me in a painful, neck-wrenching headlock. With me bent over at the waist, these typical sixth graders took the opportunity spank my thinly clad nylon. Some of them even kicked me in the butt.

Another one of the bullies in my class, Sal had everyone back off so he could run his finger up the crack of my butt. "Hey, guys, Henry's got a sweet little ass just like a girl! I can't tell the difference! I think I'll fuck him in the ass!"

All the guys laughed, and they quickly fell into the crowd mentality and kept urging him to fuck me in the ass!

With Steve still holding me in a headlock, Sal came up behind me and pretended to hump me from behind. Others caught on and took turns doing it. Then skinny little Jim came up behind me. He was almost as much of a sissy as I was, but he was a dirty prankster too. He thought it would be funny to pull my tights down – and he did.

As all the boys caught sight of my pale green lacy panties, complete silence filled the room. It lasted only a second or two, but the pain of that moment would last me a lifetime, as well as the insults and abuse that followed. In that instant, I was quickly and forever more branded the class sissy slut.

With all the noise coming from the boys' rest room, Miss Terri came in to find out what was going on. All

the boys quickly turned their attention to her. They let me go and there I stood with my pantyhose down about my things and my pale green lacy panties in full view.

What a picture I must have presented to this already half-crazed woman who couldn't deal with anything going wrong just minutes before the start of our show!

She had an extended loss of composure. As everyone whispered insults, snickered and wolf whistled, she called me a faggot and a pervert! Then she told us all to get out on stage and be ready the show had to go on!

Despite my overwhelming confusion and fear, not to mention looking completely out of place and thus being a distraction, she decided I had to go on because we were already short handed since the snow still had kept a lot of the other kids home.

With tears till in my eyes, I was pushed onto the stage with the other Merry Boys just as the curtain opened. Immediately, I was the object of catcalls, laughter, and scorn.

The play was a disaster, and I was mostly to blame. The teachers were unable to control the laughing, screaming audience. At one crucial point, I forgot my lines, and the girl playing Maid Marion slapped me sharply across the face. Stunned by being hit, I was totally in shambles and broke down crying. I was so discombobulated that I lost control and began peeing in my pantyhose and panties in front of the school audience! At first, the auditorium went practically silent, but then the place erupted, as if the winning touchdown had just been scored in the Super Bowl in the last second. And it was all targeted at me, and any pretense of putting on a play ceased at that time, and the curtain came flying down.

At home, I cried in my mother's arms as I told her all about the experience. She put me in my pale blue nightie and a new pair of panties she had for me – she revealed to me that she had bought me a half dozen pairs of panties, two bras and two more pairs of pantyhose as a present. I'm also enclosing a picture mommy took of me a few years later in a pair of purple pantyhose and lacy purple panties.

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Madame's Panty Boy in Training



Unwanted Betrothal

By Dennis

As Carol sat at the lunch counter sipping coffee and waiting for her stepson to return from buying a model airplane, a woman next to her said, "You have a very handsome boy there. May I ask how old he is?"

"Virgil is seven; he's my stepson. I married his father three years ago but unfortunately he passed away leaving me with his son to raise."

"Oh, I'm sorry to hear about your husband. I lost mine too," Ruth said.

"Thanks, but it's OK. I'm getting used to handing a little boy on my own. He's really very good, not a rough kid like so many are today. And I'm sorry to hear about your husband."

"Oh, that was a long time ago – five years already. He was a decent fellow, but worked himself to death. He didn't have to work, but I never could figure out what drives some men – the joy they get out of something as impersonal as a corporation – and how they become more devoted to it than to their family."

"Anyway, I did notice that your son is a little gentleman. He's so polite, and he's almost too cute to be a boy. I'm sure you're doing a good job of raising him despite the loss of his father. By the way, I have a daughter his same age."

"Well, he's pretty good most of the time, but he's not perfect. He can be a real challenge at times."

Just then Virgil came running and interrupted his stepmother, "Mommy, Mommy, look! I got a jet plane. Thank you, Mommy. And I had some pennies left over, so I got you a piece of peppermint candy. I know you like this kind."



"Oh, that's nice. Thank you, honey," Carol said as she had him sit down to eat his grilled cheese. Turning to the woman, she said, "See, I told you he's a sweetie."

"Yes, you did, and he certainly is! I'm impressed!"

The two ladies got along famously and were deep in conversation when two girls, their arms loaded with bags, sat down next to Ruth. "Boy, it looks like the two of you bought the store out!" she said. The girls laughed, as she directed her attention back to her new lady friend, "Oh, Carol, I want you to meet my daughters. This is my oldest, Ann. She's fifteen, and the one on the end is my youngest, Lisa. She's seven just like your Virgil.

After the introductions, Ruth got up, "Sorry to end our conversation, but we have to go. Get your things together, girls. Carol, you are a fabulously interesting person. It's been fun."

"Indeed! It's been great fun for me too," Carol said as she pushed Virgil back down on the stool as he was about to get up. "We're not ready to leave, yet, honey. I want to finish my tea."

"Carol, I had such a great time talking with you. I hope you don't mind my boldness – I mean, after all we just met, and met by accident, but, uh, would you and Virgil like to come over to our house tomorrow for lunch? We don't live far from here. We could continue talking there. And I'm sure the girls could entertain your son. We have a lot of toys and games to play."

"Well, I did have a hair appointment, but, well, I can change that. Sure! Of course! Why not?" Turning toward Virgil, Mrs. White asked, "Would you like to have lunch with Mrs. Huntington and her two daughters?"

"Sure, Mommy. Whatever you want"

"I can't get over how nice he is," Ruth said. "So, it's settled. Is around noon OK?"

"Yes, that's fine. Just give me the address."

"Are you familiar with block of old brownstones along Astor Street? At the end of the street is a large house with big wrought iron gates in front. Do you know it?"

"Oh, yes. That's a mansion! You live there? Isn't that the old Huntington estate?"

"Yes. Joseph Huntington was my great-grandfather. He built it in 1883, and our family has lived there ever since. I'll write down my phone number just in case."

"Great! I'm sure it will be fun. I've always wanted to see the inside of that house; pardon me, but I'm just curious after knowing about that place all my life."

"I understand."

Oh, by the way, my last name is White. Here's my business card. I'm a real estate agent, well, working while studying to become one, trying to find my own pot of gold! My phone number on the card -- like you said, 'Just in case.'"

The next day, looking like she was ready for a big business meeting, Carol and Virgil arrived. They were both overdressed for a casual lunch. She wore a conservative skirted business suit, and Virgil wore his churchgoing suit, looking like a fine little gentleman. He brought along with him the model airplane his stepmother had bought for him the day before. After lunch Ruth sent the kids to play outside, and she had a maid serve coffee as the two of them talked.

"Carol, have you ever heard of being betrothed?"

"Sure. You mean like in promising to marry someone, right?"

Ruth smiled confidently, "Yes, you see, Carol, I believe parents should choose their child's mate at an early age, so they can learn to get along from an early age and be trained to understand their proper roles, so their marriage will work."

Appearing a bit puzzled, wondering what this had to do with her or her son, Carol said, "I'm not sure what you are getting at, but are you in some way saying, I should be thinking about my little Virgil, thinking about whom he should marry, and working toward that goal?"

"Absolutely! And seven is not too young to start planning. I think Virgil may have the perfect disposition to be a fine mate for my daughter."

"You're kidding, of course?"

"On the contrary, marriage is nothing to leave to chance, and you can't start too soon."

"Don't get me wrong; I'm flattered you consider my son worthy of being your daughter's husband even though you barely know him. And they're so young!"

"Carol," she said with a dramatic pause, then sipping her tea, she set the cup down and continued, "there's more to this. You see, Lisa and Virgil wouldn't get married until they are twenty-one."

"Well, that's a relief," Carol laughed. "For a moment there, it sounded like you wanted them to get married next week!"

"Of course not, but I believe it is a long process. In fact I believe in it so much that I'm willing to put my money where my mouth is.... You see, I believe it's the responsibility of the bride's parents to train their

daughter's future husband. And my personal position, I will cover the all the costs of training the future husband and that includes a fifty thousand dollar dowry to the boy's parents.

"I pride myself in being a quick and accurate judge of personality and character, and from just the little I've seen of you and the few minutes I've spent with Virgil have convinced me that he is the one for my little Lisa. Are you interested?" she said as she placed a legal document on the table along with a \$50,000 cashier's check made payable to Mrs. Carol White.

In shock, but remaining cool with the check staring her in the face, Carol sat quietly and examined the contract.

Ruth continued to talk about the conditions of the agreement. "Even though they won't be married until he's twenty-one, you won't be able to see him until then. And, no, I want Virgil for Lisa; I made other arrangements for Ann. The reason I want to start training Virgil now is that he is still innocent and malleable. It will be easy to teach him the right ways. I promise Virgil will be happy, in fact, happier than he could ever be if left to develop on his own, as I have the money to provide the finest of everything for his training."

Carol wasn't a money-grubbing irresponsible woman, but she had never been tempted to do something with so much money! Except for Virgil, she was alone in the world without enough income to properly raise the boy, and he was a stepson, it wasn't as if he was of her own flesh and blood. She reasoned that he would undoubtedly be in good hands in the Huntington household, and Lisa did seem like an idea little girl. Surely, they would grow up to love each other and make a great married couple.

She signed the paper!

And as she penned her name, she felt a need to explain. "I really love Virgil. He's so sweet, especially for a boy. I'm doing this for him because I know you can provide for him much better than I can. He had a good father, and he deserves so much more than I can give him."

"Of course, my dear."

With the check now in her hands, Carol looked up and asked, "And when does this all start?"

"Why, immediately, my dear."

"Oh, in that case, I'll bring his clothes over this evening."

"Don't bother, he won't need them. Like I said, I'll take care of all expenses involved in training him and that includes his clothes, which I assure you will be nothing but the best quality. Now, why don't you say your good-bye to him? You do understand you are not allowed to see or call or write him at any time until after they are married."

Carol nodded that she understood and then took Virgil aside and explained that he was going to have a great life in this big beautiful house with these nice people, and he wouldn't see her for a long time, but when he was older, she'd see him. She was leaving him here because it was the best way she knew to make him happy and give him a good life. With a few tears in her eyes, she got him to promise to be a good boy and she told him she loved him as she walked out the door.

Once the door closed, Ruth called out to her daughters, "Girls, come inside and follow us."

Leading Virgil by the hand, Ruth took him to a large guest bedroom and had him sit on the bed. "Virgil, darling, when you get older, Lisa here is going to be your husband."

The boy laughed. "You mean my wife."

Ruth laughed, "No, I mean your husband. You are going to be Lisa's wife. As you can see this is a girl's room, and this is now your room where you will be sleeping -- that is you will be sleeping with Ann. She will teach you a lot of important things you will need to know. Lisa has her own room and will stay in it until the two of you are married."

Turning toward Lisa, "Sweetie, you must go to your own room now. You are not allowed to see your wife naked before you're married."

Lisa smiled and left, closing the door behind her.

As Ruth and her oldest daughter removed all Virgil's clothes, Ruth said, "You have to get dressed so you can help with dinner."

He was confused and remained totally quiet until he saw Ann advancing toward him with a pair of bright pink lacy panties and a matching satin training bra.

"Oh, no! I'm not going to wear girls' stuff! No way!"

He tried to run toward the door and his clothes, but Ruth easily grabbed him up and forced him to sit back down on the bed.

"Virgil, honey, these panties would be Lisa's if she were going to be your wife, but that's not what's going to happen. You are going to be trained to be HER WIFE -- so pretty panties are what you will be wearing from now on!"

Wiping tears from his eyes, he complained, "But I'm a boy -- not a girl! Why can't I be the husband? Then I could wear my own clothes."

Clearing her throat, Ruth said, "But these are your clothes, now, honey. The reason Lisa is the husband is because girls are better leaders than boys and someday, all boys will be trained to be wives to girls. As time goes on you will learn what I say is right and you will grow to love and respect all girls and women.

"Virgil," she continued, "I'm sure you know you are a sissy – not a real boy! I bet the kids at school call you a sissy all the time, don't they?"

He hung his head and did not indicate an answer.

"I thought as much. Children can be so mean to other children, especially sweet little boys like you. But being a sissy is not a bad thing. You'll find out that it's a very good thing."

Ruth and Ann put the pink panties and pink training bra on Virgil, and then showed him how to put on a garter belt and nylon stockings. "Hold up your arms up, honey?" Ruth said, as they slid a full-length pink slip over his head and tugged it into place. He pouted but did not resist the two strong females. "Put your arms up once again, sweetie," she said, as they threaded his arms through a black velvet dress and then dropped it over his head.

Ann buttoned up the back of the dress. It had a big white Victorian collar and a black satin sash that tied in the back. Virgil just stood there crying, feeling like he had been put into a straightjacket with no means of escape.

"Please," he begged, "I want to go home. I don't want to play wife to Lisa any more!"

There was a knock at the bedroom door, Mrs. Huntington opened it, and Lisa stood in the doorway wearing jeans and a white T-shirt. The little girl whom he played with just a short while before had changed.

Seeing Virgil for the first time in a dress, she exclaimed her delight at seeing him looking like a girl. "Oh, mother, he's darling!"

Seeing Lisa, Virgil felt humbled. He complained, "She's wearing jeans! She should be wearing a dress, and I should be wearing jeans! Make her wear a dress!"

Ruth said, "Lisa gets to wear jeans right now, but for dinner, she'll have to change into a nice dress too, just like you."

The boy kept on complaining and trying to reason with them, but his arguments fell on deaf ears. Sobbing in despair, he pulled at the dress and tried to wiggle out of it, but it held him in a grip like an Iron Maiden.

Ruth held him tightly to prevent him from tearing the dress. "Now, Virgil, honey, clam down." Turning

toward Lisa, she said, "Lisa, sweetie, go put on a dress, please.

"Now, Virgil, Lisa is going to be wearing a dress tonight while she helps you learn how to serve us dinner along with our maid -- but she'll wear a dress only for tonight. Watch her and learn. She's doing this to teach you how to move and handle yourself in a dress. We expect you to learn quickly."

When Lisa returned, she was in a truly old-fashioned dress with a pinafore front and a full skirt like an outfit worn by little girls in Victorian times. She spun around in a circle and lifted her skirt up to make it twirl about her and expose her floor-length slip, as she said, "See, Virgil, I'm wearing a dress and a pretty slip too. It's fun to wear dresses, and you'll learn to love them."

As Lisa danced around in her dress, Virgil asked, "Can I start putting my model airplane together, please?"

"Can I watch, and maybe help a little?" Lisa said as she was still dancing and brushing her skirt and slips up against his legs.

Recognizing that he was having a rough time adjusting to girls' clothes, Ruth wanted to capacitate the boy a bit, so she said, "Sure, you can show Ann and Lisa how you put a model together, and maybe they can even help you. But first, come with me."

Leading him back to their room, Ruth surprised him by handing him a shirt and a pair of trousers as Ann unbuttoned the back of his dress and freed him of it. He didn't know the shirt and trousers were actually a tailored blouse and a pair of plain girls' slacks.

"Glue and dresses don't go well together," Ruth said, "so all of us will wear trousers tonight."

Virgil was happy to hear that, and as soon as she pulled the slip over his head, he tried to remove the panties and training bra.

"Oh, no! Your pretty panties and the beginner bra stay on; there's no reason to take them off."

Each of them changed and then the four of them went to the playroom and enjoyed working with Virgil on his model airplane. When the evening ended, Ruth led him back to the room he shared with Ann, and laid out on the bed were a long lavender satin nightgown and a matching housecoat.

"Remove your trousers and shirt and put on this lovely gown. It's lavender, and I think it will go nicely with your complexion."

Ruth helped him with the nightie, and after tucking him in bed, she kissed him good night.

The next morning Virgil was lying in bed thinking of how he wanted so bad to see his mother.

"Good morning, Virgil. I hope you had a good night's sleep?" Ann said as she opened the curtains and let the sunlight in. "Come, let's get you bathed and into some clean clothes. The tub was full of suds as he stepped in and sat down. "Now, wash your hair and every part of your body thoroughly. I'll be back in twenty minutes."

The scented soap filled the air with the smell of lilacs. As he washed himself, tears ran down his cheeks, hoping he could wear boys' clothes today and not those weird sissy clothes girls wear. Ann entered the bathroom and set down on the countertop a petticoat, lacy anklets and a pair of girls' panties as she giggled and then ran back out the door. He knew Lisa hadn't had her bath yet, so he was sure the clothes were for her and not for him.

Ruth entered the bathroom.

As she dried him off, he asked, "Mrs. Huntington, Lisa hasn't taken her bath yet, has she?"

"Why do you ask?"

He pointed at the pile of lingerie.

"What are you trying to say, sweetie? If you want to know, Lisa and Ann both had a bath before Ann came in to wake you up."

Fresh tears ran down his cheek.

"Virgil, dear, why are you crying?"

"Please, Mrs. Huntington, please tell me that those girls' clothes aren't for me?"

Ruth hugged him once she realized he was shaking with fear. "Oh, my poor little darling." Holding him close to her, she spoke softly in his ear, "You really are scared of wearing lingerie, aren't you?"

Energetically nodding his head up and down, he pleaded, "Oh, please, I don't want to be Lisa's wife. I want my mother, and I want to go home, please!"

Well, let me see what I can do about that. I'll be back in a few minutes.

"Is this Mrs. Carol White?"

"Yes. Who is this?"

"This is Ruth Huntington. I said we wouldn't have any contact, so I'm sorry for calling you, but it is

important. Virgil hates it here and wants to come home.”

“I thought he'd love living with you and your daughters. So why does he already want to come back and live with me?”

“I thought he'd like it here too. When I first saw him with you in the store, he seemed so tractable and so girlish for a boy. That's why I was so interested in him for my daughter. Can you come over as soon as possible? I need to talk to you about him. Perhaps you can persuade him to stay.”

Carol said she was already making plans to leave town. With the money that she got for Virgil, she wanted to go to southern California and start a new life. Ruth asked if she still had all the money. Carol said she did.

“Carol, maybe I can make you a deal. In those papers you signed, there is a provision whereby the money isn't officially yours for 48 hours. Perhaps I can make a deal with you. If you can talk him into staying here, I'll give you an additional \$10,000. But if after you visit with him, he still insists that he wants to go home, I'd be happy if you returned just half of the money and I wouldn't invoke my right to the return of all the money. Can you come over as soon as possible so we can try to resolve this?”

Carol told her she'd be over within the hour, but first she was going to drop off to a lawyer friend those papers she had signed just to verify what Ruth was saying was detailed in the agreement. Ruth told her she had no problem with that.

While Ruth was on the phone with Carol, Ann went into the bathroom and saw Virgil sitting on the commode wrapped only in a towel.

“What's this?” she said. “Why aren't you dressed, yet?”

Virgil explained that her mother had dried him off and then left him alone, saying she was going to do something about him not wanting to wear girls' clothes.

“I can hardly believe that! You're to be Lisa's wife, and a wife wears pretty clothes, so I'll get you dressed,” she said as she bent before him holding the elaborately ribbon and lace-decorated panties at his feet waiting for him to insert his feet so she could pull them up.

Tears flowed from his eyes as he slowly put his feet into the panties. Ann then whisked the towel off him and pulled him up into a standing position so she could draw the luxuriously soft panties up his skinny little legs. The bouffant white petticoat and lacy white ankle socks followed before she led him out of the bathroom and into their shared bedroom.

Unaware that her mother was having a change of heart, Ann put a training bra on him and followed that with a yellow party dress and white patent leather Mary Jane shoes that pinched his feet since they

were new and hadn't been broken-in.

Ruth momentarily forgot about Virgil in the bathroom, and when she did think about him, she knew Ann would take care of him, but she didn't think about telling Ann NOT to dress him in girly clothes for the moment because she was thinking about Mrs. White who was coming over shortly. And just to make sure she correctly recalled the terms of the agreement, she went to the den, took out her copy of the document and started to read through the legalize regarding what happens if the boy had to be returned.

Before she was finished reading, Mrs. White was at her front door. Ruth let her in and offered her coffee, but Carol refused and wanted to see Virgil as soon as possible. But before Ruth brought down the boy, she had Carol sit and listen to everything that had gone on since Virgil had been dropped off. Ruth explained her philosophy in detail about female domination and her belief in betrothing from an early age, including the years of training needed to convert an agreeable boy into a girl's "wife." She told Carol everything, how they dressed him in girls' clothes and why, how they had started training him to be submissive and feminine, etc.

"You see, I already have selected Justine – a remarkable boy of fourteen to be my oldest daughter's wife. I personally trained him over the past seven years. He just finished an eight-month course at an exclusive charm school. He was back here for one month, and now he's in training to be a beautician. He's younger than they normally take students, but since I'm one of the school's chief benefactors, they changed the rules for me and admitted my little Justin.

"Now back to your stepson. As I said, I found him to be so sweet and gentle when I saw him in the store. I thought he was already quite feminine and would love the opportunity to be a wife and dress in pretty clothes and have every wonderful feminine thing any girl could wish for. I know from experience that it does require a bit of force at times to get even a sissy boy into girls' clothes and get him to act girlishly, but that soon changes and the boy learns to love it! But unless you can change his mind, Virgil is most resistant, and I don't have the heart to become violent with him and make him go through with it. I was sure he'd be one of those boys who would love dressing up and acting like a girl."

Carol took everything that she heard in stride. She didn't seem shocked that Ruth was dressing her stepson as a girl. Of course, when they signed the agreement, Carol had no idea how Ruth was planning to train her stepson, but she realized that any woman who paid \$50,000 for a boy was not only very wealthy but also quite eccentric and probably going to do some rather bizarre things to the boy. But Carol's concern for the welfare of her stepson lost out to her newfound greed. She hadn't asked what Ruth was going to do with him, and in fact she really didn't want to know. Carol wanted the money, and her selfishness superseded her love for her stepson. She felt this was a once-in-a-lifetime offer, and she was going to take it and start a new life.

"Carol, would you like me to get your son, now?"

“Sure, in just a moment, but first let me explain my position. You see, I love Virgil and all that, but your deal is the best thing that has ever happened for him as well as me. He'll just have to get used to wearing dresses. Now with what you have told me, I believe I hold the trump card in this deal. I think you'd have a tough time getting any of that money back from me. Besides, I'm sure you don't want a court case that would make public your doings – buying boys, forcing them to be little girls, all of your betrothal hogwash, etc. – but I don't care. I don't mean to threaten you or be nasty; it's just that I think a deal is a deal. But to make you feel better, I will do this, I'll do my best to get Virgil to change his mind, but then I'll be on my way, and if you still don't want him, I'll take him back, after all I feel it is my responsibility to see to it that he grows up in the best of circumstances. And I do believe you have his interests at heart – it shows in the fact that you called me here. He would certainly have a good life with you – much more so than what I could provide for him. And if that means you want him to be a girl, I think that's a fair trade for having unbelievable wealth and everything money can buy. But I assure you I am not giving back any of the money you paid me without a fight. My friend the lawyer makes his living off of suing rich people like you. I don't think you want to tangle with him. He fights dirty.”

“Fair enough, Carol. It's my fault things have gone this way. I guess I rushed into it. When I saw Vigil, I thought he was just such an ideal candidate,” Ruth said. “Now, I'll bring him in.”

Ruth started up the stairs but was met halfway by Ann and Lisa with Virgil in tow. He was fully dressed in a gleaming yellow party dress puffed out with a huge cancan petticoat. And the boy was crying. Just then Ruth realized her mistake. She hadn't wanted to force him into girls' clothes again. Her heart went out to him. She wanted to correct her daughters and explain to them that she didn't want them to dress him up again, but before she could say anything, she heard Carol, who was now standing at the bottom of the staircase gazing up at her stepson fully decked out in feminine fiery.

“Well, who do we have here?” she said in a surprised but cheerful voice.

Virgil broke loose of Ann's grip on his arm and half tripping down the stairs ran to his stepmother crying. He hugged her tighter than he had ever hugged her before. He looked up at her. Carol was smiling brightly. He thought she was delighted to see him, like he was dying to see her. But she was grinning because she loved how he looked in a dress!

“Please, Mommy, I want to go home with you, please? They do bad things to me. They make me wear girls' dresses and pink underwear and hurt me and I don't like it! Please, take me home?”



Carol looked at Virgil, "Let me take a good look at what you have on, sweetie."

She had him turn around to look him over. He was still pouting and begging to go home, but she was looking at the clothes and not listening to him. She could easily tell that the clothes he wore were from the finest stores. His little outfit probably cost more than what she was able to spend on herself for clothes in a year. He looked at her with a frown when she told him to hold up his skirt and slip so she could take a look at what he was wearing underneath.

Totally humiliated to be seen like this by his stepmother, he struggled to hold back his tears, but his belief that his escape from this place might be at hand gave him the courage to humble himself even further. He obeyed and raised his yellow full-skirted party dress and bouffant petticoat up to expose his lingerie.

"Up! Up! Get your dress up," his stepmother said, "and give me a good look at what you're wearing."

He obeyed and pulled the dress and slip up as high as it could go, high enough to hide the tears of shame dripping down his face.

"My, oh, my!" she said in a cheery voice. "What nice yellow panties they gave you to wear. Those panties are very expensive. They're real silk. They must really feel nice on your little thingie."

He was surprised that she was taking such interest in the clothes he hated, but more than surprised, he was startled because as she talked to him about how pretty his clothes were, she was casually massaging her hand over his little penis through the yellow nylon panties. Her intimate touch made his head spin and he teetered back and forth. It was a strange but very pleasurable feeling. He grabbed onto the arm of a chair to steady himself. She had never touched him down there before, but she was desperate to keep the money and not have to worry about him complicating her life. In her opinion, she wasn't touching him in a sexual way; she was just trying to show him how thrilling it was to be able to wear such wonderfully silky and exciting clothes, and she told him he could keep on wearing nice dresses and silky panties that made him feel real good only if he stayed with the Huntingtons.

"Now, Virgil, what's all this about them doing bad things to you? I don't see any cuts or bruises or signs of abuse. You say they are trying to turn you into a girl, but I see your penis is still there – and working properly!" Carol laughed as she held it in her hand and pulled on it, stretching his cockie and the panties way out from his body. "So what does wearing a girls' dress and panties do to you that's so bad? There's nothing wrong with wearing girls' clothes. I wear them every day!" She laughed at her own joke.

The boy stepped backwards, shocked that she wasn't there to rescue him.

"I'll tell you what. You can come home with me on one condition."

"Yes, Mommy," he said in anticipation.

Ruth looked on with interest.

“I like you in dresses and panties. If you come home with me, you'll still have to wear girls' clothes, but you'll be my maid, wash all the dishes, do the cleaning and laundry and a lot of other chores. I'll make you work to earn your keep around the house because I can't afford to keep you anymore. You won't be allowed to wear one stitch of boys' clothing ever again. With you as a girl, I'll teach you how to do all the work around the house. If you come home with me, I'll make you my maid. I'm tired of waiting on you and cleaning up after you for all these years. You're old enough to take care of me from now on.

“Now, is that what you want? Or do you want to stay here where you have servants and other people to do all the chores in this house, and all you have to do is be a sweet and gentle little girl. So what do you want to do? Be a girl with me and be my hard-working maid, or be a nice little rich girl here with the Huntingtons?”

Virgil looked at her in terror. His stepmother had just sexually excited him – a new sensation that threw his thinking into a whirl, and now she was giving him a choice between a bad thing and something even worse. He was humiliated and confused. His stepmother made it clear that being a boy in any way was not an option. He turned and put his back to his stepmother. He fell on the couch and buried his face in a pillow and cried.

Carol promptly got up to leave. Ruth handed her a check for \$10,000.

As she was walking out the door, she said, “Ruth, I will not be anywhere you or my stepson can reach me. If you need to get a hold of me you can go through my lawyer but you'll have no guarantee that I'll respond to any inquiry you make. Here's his card. Perhaps, I'll see Virgil and all of you in about fifteen years, when our kids get married, your Lisa with my stepson as his wife. I like the idea. I think I'll come back for the ceremony.

Turning to Virgil, she said, “Always remember I love you, Virgil, but believe me, the life you will have here will be far better than any life you would have with me. So, good-bye, and be a good girl!” she giggled a bit under her breath and then walked out.

Virgil cried for a while, but then realized the back of his dress and slip were sticking up and giving Ruth and her daughters a good look at his yellow panties as they jiggled prettily across his bottom with his every pout and moan that shook his little body. He reached back, and with his hand confirmed that his panties were in full view. He quickly sat up and modestly pulled down his skirt and slip, such weird clothes girls wore, he thought, as he struggled to get them under control.

Once he was able to halt his crying, he got up and walked quietly to Ruth. Standing before her with head bowed, he asked, “May I call you, Mommy, Mrs. Huntington? I'll try to be a good little girl for you and train hard to be a good wife for Lisa. Thank you for the pretty dress and expensive panties you let me

wear.”

Smiling, she answered, “Yes, of course, my dear, you may call me Mommy and I'm delighted that you made a good decision. I have the perfect dress for you to wear tonight. I bought it in anticipation of a great occasion. And this is it!”

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My Stash is Found

By Phreddie

"Honey, I need to ask you a question?" Mom said to me while she was serving my sister and me milk and a dish of fresh baked cookies one day after school.

"Sure, Mom, what is it?"

"Well, I was in your room today and I saw one of my half-slips and a pair of my good panties on the floor. What are they doing in your room?"

My sister giggled with her eyes as much as with her voice, her mouth wide open in amazement.

My heart was pounding, what could I say? "Uh, well, you see.... uh, they were caught up in my sheets I got out of the dryer last night when I made my bed. I just hadn't gotten around to putting them back." (Whew!)

"Oh sure, THAT's what happened", said my sister, shrieking and giggling some more.

Mother gave her a stern look and said to me, "Hmm, OK. I see how that could have happened. So when you get done eating, get them and bring them into my room."

"Sure, Mom."

When I went up to my room I felt relieved that I had narrowly missed getting caught. Luckily, I hadn't shot my cum into them -- yet! As I bent down to pick up the matching white half-slip and panties, I peeked under the bed to check on a few other things I had currently stashed under there. I froze. My box was gone! It contained a pair of pantyhose and a beige satin nightgown belonging to my mom, and an old training bra and a pair yellow panties belonging to my sister. It was missing! And those WERE stained with my jism! Immediately, my heart started pounding hard and fast once again. Did she find them too? She must have. So why didn't she mention them? Did she take them? Did she tell my sister?

My legs where shaking as I walked to my mother's room. I knocked on the door, and she said, "Come in."

As I entered I got quite nervous, scared ... and in a very weird way -- turned on! My mother was sitting on her bed and beside her was my box of stolen lingerie! I was speechless.

She silently took the slip and panties from me and laid them next to her on the bed. "Sit down, Johnny," she said indicating a chair next to the bed. She handed me the box. "Open it."

I didn't open it. I didn't want to open it. I knew what was inside. Instead I sat there with the box on my lap sniffing and pouting.

My hair was long, like all the guys wore it. Mom grabbed a handful of my hair, yanked my head back half raising me to my feet, and hollered, "I said, 'Open it!' Now, open it!" In the struggle, the box opened and the contents cascaded to the floor.

She shoved me back down on the chair and then picked up the black pantyhose and a pair of my sister's pale green panties and said, "Care to explain why I found these under your bed?"

"Uh..."

"I'd like you to explain these stains", she said as she pointed to the crotch of the pantyhose and the front of the panties.

I was silently crying, ready for the slightest thing that would send me over the edge and cause me to totally break down.

"It's obvious you've been wearing them." Then she smirked and said, "I bet you're really cute in this training bra and these green panties along with my pantyhose?"

I blushed, tears silently streaming down my cheeks.

"Why did you wear them? Do you like being a...fairy?"

"I'm not a fairy! I'm not gay," I protested. The accusation stopped my flow of tears, but I knew I was blushing a deeper shade of red than ever before in my life. "I like girls. It's just, I don't know," I said lamely. "I didn't do it much. I guess I just wanted to know how they felt, you know, how it felt to wear them."

"Well, with your smelly goo all over them, I can tell you thought they felt pretty good," she grinned and then scrunched up her nose as she examined the nightgown and pointed to my stains on it too. "Well, lets get this over with. Let's see how you look in YOUR bra and panties."

"Wha-a-a?"

"Hey, if you're going to steal lingerie from your sister and me for your perverted little sex games, as your mother, I think I have a right to see how cute you look in them! Now take your clothes off!"

I was mortified! To be naked in front of my mother ... she hadn't seen me naked in many years, and now she wanted to see me in girls' clothes!

"C'mon! Get on with it!"

So, knowing I deserved to be punished, even humiliated, what else could I do? Sniffing, I nervously took off my clothes. But most amazing, at the same time, Mom took off her clothes too until she was standing before me in just her light blue bra, black pantyhose and blue panties. And I was hard! I couldn't control it!

Mother looked down at my penis and said, "Well, you really are a 'little' boy, aren't you! Is that all the bigger it gets?" She laughed but held her hand over her mouth and pretended like she was trying not to laugh.

Noting that I was erect, Mom stood up and slowly turned around, still smirking, she said, "Do you like looking at your Mommy in her lingerie? Are you stiff because of me or ... or because of your girlie clothes?" She said as she picked up the training bra and handed it to me. "Go ahead. I know you want to put it on, sissy boy. So put your little bra on!" she teased.

Still sniffing I took the bra, turned away from her and struggled to get it on.

"Oh, my, how cute! What a sweet swishy little boy you are! You DO like wearing a bra, don't you? DON'T YOU!"

"Yes," I mumbled.

"Johnny wears a bra! Johnny wears a bra! Johnny wears a bra!" she thoroughly humiliated me saying those words over and over again in a sing-song voice like a snotty little six year old. "OK, Johnny in a bra, here, you choose. Do you want to wear my panties that you stole or this filthy pair of pantyhose?"

"No, mom, I don't any..."

"Oh, don't be silly! You OBVIOUSLY like my nylon pantyhose; and I assume you stole my panties for the same reason, huh? C'mon say it. Tell me what you want."

I figured the panties were quicker to get on and they'd help me hide my naked embarrassment. "The panties... I guess"

"Hmm, what was that? What -exactly- are you asking me, Johnny?"

"Can I wear... your panties.....please?"

She leaned over and put her face right up to mine. I could smell her perfumed body close to me. Her bra encased breasts were right in front of my face. I was enthralled!

"Come on, sissy. You can do better than that," she said directly into my ear.

I caved.

"Please, Mommy ... please, let me wear your pretty panties! Please!!!"

Laughing, she tossed the white panties to me. They had cream-colored lace and some little flowers on each side. The panties floated in the air and landed on my lap. Desperate to cover myself, I hurriedly pulled them on. They were loose enough so my little hard-on tented out the front of them.

"Ha, ha, ha! I can see my little girlie-boy really does like my panties! No wonder you've stained all these things!

"Now, just one more thing," she said as she picked up the cream-colored satin nightgown and said, "Come here little girl. I have something else pretty for you to wear."

Confused, embarrassed, humiliated and yet strangely turned on, I slowly moved toward my mother. She grabbed me and pulled me to herself as she put the nightgown on me and then directed me to stand in front of her full-length mirror.

"What do you see? I see a silly little FAIRY! A little, perverted faggy boy-girl!"

"I'm not a fag!!" I insisted.

"Oh, really? Look at the mirror, Johnny. You're not fooling me. Don't you like your pretty clothes? Don't you like the way a bra, panties and a nightgown feel on your sissy little body? Tell me you do."

With tears freely running down my face, I just wanted this all to end. I figured the more I cooperated, the sooner it would be over. I answered quietly, "Yes, I like them."

"Well, I'm glad that's settled. Everybody needs to know what turns them on in this world, and I guess we've firmly established what turns you on, girlie-boy. So now that we know that, I bet you can't wait to touch that little sissy in the mirror, huh? Go ahead, rub your hands over your silky lingerie."

I started feeling the bra through the nightgown. The soft fabric of the nightgown contrasted nicely with the tightness of the bra. And even with my mom standing right there and laughing at me, the thought

me - a little BOY - wearing my sister's bra and my mom's panties and a nightgown got me very excited.

"Lift up the hem of your nightie, sissy. Look at that little thing sticking up in the middle of my soft, smooth panties. You want to rub it, don't you?"

I moved my hand down to the front of the white panties.

"Stop right there!"

I stopped my hand from sliding down any further and just let it rest on the top of the panties by the high waistband. Idly and barely without a thought, I let my fingers tickle the silky panty fabric and the panty fabric tickled the tips of my fingers.

"What is that tiny little thing sticking up in your nice panties, Johnny? Huh?"

"My, uh...uh, penis," I said throatily.

"Do you want to rub it? Do you want to rub the little bump in the panties of the swishy fairy girlie-boy in the mirror? Say it. Tell HER what you want to do."

"I, uh...I...I want to rub HER penis through HER mommy's panties."

"You want to feel HER penis through the pretty panties," she egged me on.

"Yes, I want to touch the panties and feel HER penis in the panties."

"Look at it. Look at HER penis in satin. Do you want to touch it?"

"Yes!"

"OK, Johnny, go ahead and touch yourself in my panties, and you'll be touching the girlie-boy in the mirror. Don't take your eyes off her panties."

"Uh, OK." I was quivering with the desire to stroke my pantied penis. I desperately needed to get off. The satiny bulge in my panties ached for relief!

"All right, you can jerk off in your panties. Now! Do it NOW!"

I was humiliated but unbelievably horny. I rubbed my little cockie through the soft white panties. It was so good!

"What are you thinking about, Johnny?"

Breathlessly I answered, "Her penis. The girl in the mirror and how good it feels to touch her penis in panties. It feels so-o good, Mommy!"

"You like the way it feels in your hand?"

"Oh, yes! So hard under the soft panties...I like it in my hand!"

"Oh, now we know, Johnny. Now, we know all about you!"

("We?" I thought. I couldn't keep my thoughts straight. "We?" Whoever "we" was. But I really didn't care. I was totally consumed with thinking about to get off!)

"Oh-oh-oh! Oh! Oh! Oh, Mommy, it feels so good! Uh! Uh! UH! Uhhhhhh!!!!!" I milked my slime into mommy's pure white panties. Then I heard giggling. My sister was in the room!!

"Mo-o-o-om!" I half screamed with a breathless voice as I struggled to crouch down and hide behind my mom.

Laughing, Mom said, "Oh come on! You didn't think I'd keep your sister out of the fun, did you?!"

"She looks so cute in her pansy jack-off outfit with her panties now all wet in front..." my sister laughed.

"Oh, yeah, that reminds me", my mother said, turning to me. "Take off your panties, sissy. Carefully! Don't you dare spill a drop on my nice clean floor."

The panties were very full of my hot cum that was instantly turning cold! The cold jism was leaving little trails down my legs as I carefully pulled off the wet panties and handed them over to my mother.

She held the panties and knelt down in front of me. "Now, Johnny, do you remember what you said when I called you a fairy?"

"I'm not a fairy."

"Or so you think. Tell me, what you were thinking about while you jacking off?"

"Uh... I was thinking about.... the panties, my penis, and the penis of the boy, I mean girl in the mirror."

"And what about the penis?"

"Uh...how it felt...in my hand"

"Yes, well, you see, Johnny, only a fairy boy likes to hold a penis. So tell me Johnny, are you a fairy?"

"I don't think so, I mean, I don't know...maybe...if that's what a fairy thinks about and likes to do," I sniffled.

My sister started laughing again.

"Go on Johnny. Tell your sister and mother what you are."

Nearly drained of all my tears, I cleared my throat and did my best to look up into their smirking faces as I said, "I'm a fairy. I'm a fairy, Mommy."

"Yes, yes. We kind of suspected as much!" she laughed. My mother had folded the panties inside out so the big spot of my gooey cum was right on top. "There's something else little girly-boy fairies like to do. In fact, I bet you have already done it before. Tell me, Johnny, and tell me loud enough for your sister to hear. Tell me...how do you clean up the messes you make in your sissy panties, huh? Tell us!"

I was broken. I don't know how they knew it, but they knew it!

"I, huh...I lick it up." It was true. The first time I had just tried it out of curiosity. I didn't like the taste all that much, and I don't know why I did it, but I got into a habit of eating my own cum every time after I jacked off. I never thought of that as being gay or a fairy or anything like that. After all it was from my own body. It wasn't like I was eating another boy's cum. But if my mother said that was being fairy, I guess I was a fairy. What more did I have to lose that I hadn't lost already? So I admitted to eating my own cum.

My sister broke out into hysterical laughter. "I can't believe he said that! I can't believe he DOES that! You're such a disgusting pervert!"

My mother was still holding the panties with my globs of cum shining in the room's bright light. Her hands brought the panties up and inching them ever closer to my face. She looked at me with a mocking, stern look, waved the wet panties toward me. "Ask me, Johnny," she said barely louder than a whisper. "Tell me what you want to do with these panties," she said in a louder voice.

My sister's incessant laughter was like bad background music that you can't avoid listening to. I tried to ignore it. I knew I was in the worst trouble of my life, and I knew what I had to do.

I took a deep breath, and then said, "Please, Mommy. Please, may I ... I ... lick up the mess I made in your panties?"

I didn't think it was possible, but my sister burst out into even louder shouts of laughter before controlling herself long enough to ask, "OK, sissy little brother, tell us exactly what you want?"

"Please, sis, please, Mommy, uh, may I may I eat my cum from your pretty white panties?"

Both Mom and my sister were laughing in shrieks now. Mother raised the panties up to my face and I started licking.

"Oh my god," my sister hollered, "he's actually doing it! He is a fairy!"

Even though I had eaten most of my cum, Mother pulled the panties away from my face and rubbed the rest of it on my lips and cheeks, and then said, "Don't move."

With the cum glistening on my face, I sat still. She went to her nightstand and took out her Polaroid.

"Oh no!" I shouted, but I was met with a hard slap across my cum-sticky face.

"I told you stay still, sissy! We need a picture of this moment, so we'll always know what our little, fairy girly-boy, panty thief looked like on the day he came out of the closet!"

With that picture, my fate was sealed.

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*Cheesecake Wannabe:
Gordon the Girlie-Boy
flashes his panties.*



*Teddy, we always knew you were a sissy, but mom told me you've been wetting the bed again lately, and you know what that means: It's nighttime diapers for you!
Come on in, girls, you can help me diaper my sissy baby brother!*