

Pussy Boy Pager

Reader's Stories & Pics

Volume 6

Girlie Cheer Camp

Several boys put on girls' cheerleading outfits and go to a special summer camp for cheerleading girls, where they learn everything they need to know about being a cheerleader – and a girl!

Poor Tommy

A woman seduces her little nephew with pretty lingerie. Then when his parents die, he is sent to an orphanage because there are no family members to care for him since the family had lost ties with the aunt. But he gets to spend weekends with his school teacher who sympathizes with plight, learns of his fetish for lingerie and helps him try to locate his lost aunt.

Stroke & Sniff

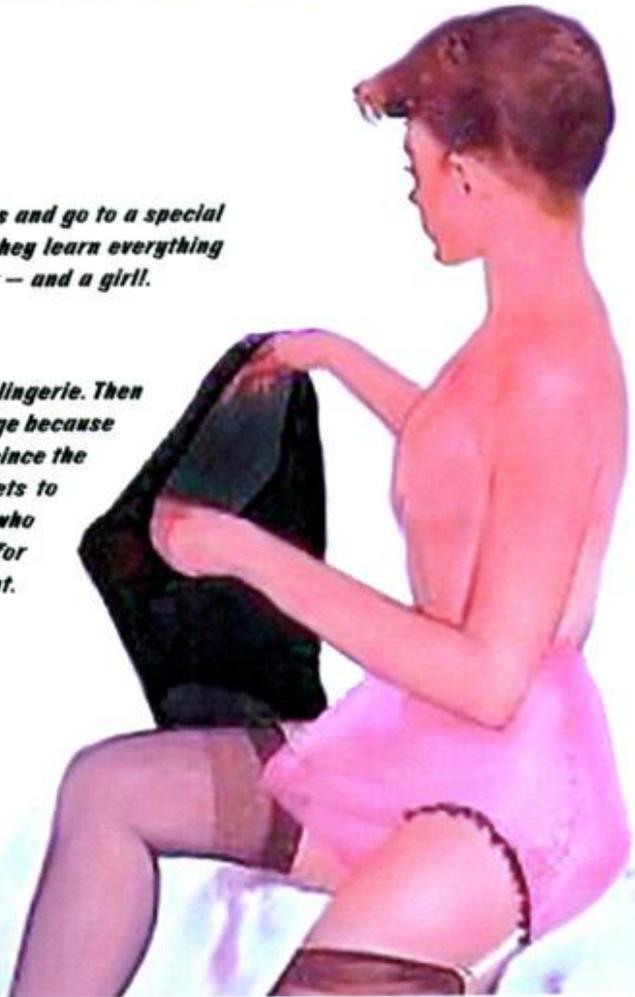
He always loved the aroma of dirty panties, and now his wife teases him and he has a panty-sniffing affair with her twin sister!

Caught by Uncle

A man catches this little sissy and then teaches him about sissy sex.

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"

Since 1981

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Pink Toes

By High Heel Boy

Every day I wake up, look down at my toes and wiggle them. They're my pride and joy, always painted with the sexiest pink I can find. Every day while I'm sucking my daddy's prick, he tells me how much he loves me, loves me from the top of my head all the way down to my pretty pink toes. He never fails to tell me that I'm the daughter he's always wanted. It all started when I was six.



One day, I woke up and found all of my dresser drawers empty. It was strange because my daddy did the laundry every few days, and I never ran out of clean clothes. So, I trotted down the hall in my PJs to see what was going on. When I opened the door to my daddy's room, I was surprised to see spread out on his bed a lot of frilly pink girls' clothes, a stack of pink panties with all kinds of lacy lingerie and black Mary Jane shoes like all the girls wore at school.

"Where are my clothes, daddy?" I asked as he stood there beaming.

"Guess what? We're moving."

"Huh? Why, daddy?"

"And you know what else? You don't have to go to school anymore. You don't have to do anything anymore, just be my little girl."

"Be...a...girl?" I was surprised that he said such a thing, but the idea of being a girl did appeal to me. The kids at school always called me a sissy. The boys never wanted to play with me, so I'd always end up playing with the girls. They played much nicer than the boys. He saw me looking at the pink frilly clothes.

"All these pretty clothes are for you," he said. "Come on, take off your pajamas and try them on. You'll like them, I promise."

He was already helping me undress, and he took off his own shirt as well. After he had me naked, he told me to pick out the clothes I wanted to put on from all of them neatly laid out before me. I picked up some lacy pink panties, a frilly pink dress and a pair sandals. He held the panties and helped me step into them. He pulled them up tight and laughed as I wiggled my hips luxuriating in their silkiness as they slid over my hips and butt. Daddy rubbed his hands all over the panties so I could appreciate how silky smooth they felt. With the palm of his hand he kept sliding down between my legs rubbing those brand

new sleek pink panties against my little penis and compact balls. I squirmed and giggled in delight. He knew I loved the panties. He showed me how to put the dress on over my head and then button up the back. He had to help me because that was hard to do. Before putting my sandals on he told me to sit on the bed. Opening the drawer to his nightstand he took out a little bottle.

"This is nail polish and it's very important to being a girl, Nicole. That's your name now too, okay?"

"I guess..."

He painted my toes with the pink nail polish and then my fingers. I looked at them in rather spellbound! They were so pretty; I wished I had known about nail polish before. As soon as my nails were dry, my daddy slipped the sandals on my feet. I grinned looking at my pink toe nails peeking out of my open sandals. My hair was pretty long, but daddy had a long, curly blond wig on me to really make me look like a girl.

"Wow, with that wig, you're so pretty. Pretty soon your own hair will grow out long and look even better than this wig and as great as any girl's."

"I like this daddy. Can I stay dressed like this all the time and be a real girl?"

"You can do it all the time from now on. We're going to move out to the woods, away from all these nosey people in the city. You'll never have to worry."

"About what?" I asked, confused.

"Nothing...are you ready?"

"For what?"

"Something new. Something we're going to do a lot from now on."

"Hmm...OK."

I had noticed his big thing sticking way up in front of his sweatpants, and now he took them down and let his dick wave around in front of me. It was huge!

"Wow..."

He grabbed my hand and put it around it. It felt warm and big in my hand, and he started moving it up and down, until he closed his eyes and started moaning.

"Daddy?"

"Open your mouth, Nicole...hurry, don't make daddy wait..."

I opened my mouth and he pushed his dick towards my face. I was nervous and backed away, but he grabbed my head and forced his cock into my mouth.

"Mmmf!"

I could barely breathe; it had a funny but good taste. As he held onto the back of my head, pumping in and out of my mouth, he started moaning louder and louder until he pulled his dick out with a pop, and started stroking it just inches in front of my face. I looked up at him wide eyed, and all of sudden white stuff started shooting right onto my face! Some of it dripped into my mouth, but most of it coated my head and pretty new hair. It tasted salty and icky at first, but once he caught his breath, he had me wiping gobs of it off my face and made me lick it off my hands.

"Oh Nicole, your the best daughter ever."

The whole experience was kind of weird, but since he was so loving to me and kept telling me how pretty and good and nice I was, I really got to liking being treated like a girl. He said cocksucking is what girls do for boys, so I wanted to do it too. I hated being a boy and daddy knew it. I realized it was a lot easier being a girl if all I had to do was suck my daddy's cock and dress in pretty clothes. So, after that, daddy had me suck him off every day. And most days, I sucked him off both morning and at night.

A few days later, we were moved into our new cabin, and one morning after we got settled, as usual, I went down on him for my breakfast portion of dick juice. After savoring a mouthful of his cream cum (that I was learning to love), he told me to dress up in my prettiest panties and girlie outfit because we were going to try something new. I ran to my wardrobe, got out my new pale blue slip, sexy little pink miniskirt and white knit top that daddy had gotten for me from a mail-order catalog and was waiting at the Post Office for us just after we moved in. It was the first gift daddy had given to me in our new cabin.

After I put all those pretty clothes on, Daddy added a fresh coat of polish to my finger and toe nails, and then had me slip into a little pair of open-toed heels like grown-up ladies wear. The heels made my pink toe nails look really neat.

Daddy watched me parade around in that outfit all day long. I could tell he was getting more and more excited; his cock kept pushing out the front of his pants. Repeatedly, he told me I looked like a "sexy little slut" in my miniskirt. I loved it when he talked dirty! That night, daddy told me to lie down and lift my skirt and lacy slip up all the way above the top of my panties. He bent down and licked around my exposed belly button while playing with my little dick in my silky pink panties. After I got very excited, he flipped me over and eased down the back of my panties. He put a glob of Vaseline on his finger and shoved it up my virgin asshole.

"Daddy, what are you doing?"

"Just relax, pretty little Nicole, if you relax, it won't hurt very much..."

He gently pushed his greasy finger in my asshole and kept shoving it in and out. I gasped in a little bit of pain, but soon it started to feel good, and kept feeling better the more he did it. Eventually, he stuck his whole finger up me and moved it around a lot, slowly pushing it in and out, in and out.

"Oh, uh! Oh, daddy,...don't stop...uh! It feels so good, daddy...uh!"

Just then my daddy rolled me on my side and kept his finger inside me as he lay down beside me, so I could suck on his dick while he continued to finger-fuck my asshole. Soon, he pressed another finger into me and was fucking me with two fingers at a time! I was in a little pain, but also in ecstasy as I orgasmed with a series of dry cums! He came in my mouth, and I hungrily swallowed down every drop.

"That was the best blowjob I've ever had, son, I mean, Nicole. We're going to play this game for a few days, and after I get you really loosened up, I have another new game for us to play!"

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Poor Tommy

In 1982, Tommy Peterson was sent to an orphanage after his parents were killed in a car accident because the South Carolina authorities couldn't find his only living relative, an aunt whom he dearly loved. She had moved just days before the accident and hadn't yet provided anyone with a forwarding address.

The orphanage provided food, shelter and the basics, but it was a miserable existence. The four adults in charge did their best for the twenty-five children living there but had limited resources. Fortunately, the orphanage was in the same district as his former home, so he was still able to attend the same school.

His teacher, Mrs. Thompson, was beautiful and always smelled nice and wore lovely clothes. She had known Tommy's parents, so after the accident, she took a special interest in him. She knew he was sad and often went to his desk and caressed his head and shoulders to show him she cared. Every weekend she invited him to stay with her and her family. Tommy couldn't wait for those weekends to come. They were his chance to be with friendly people in a beautiful home, eat good food and sleep in a comfortable bed.

Mrs. Thomson's husband was a pilot and was away a lot. They had a 15-year-old son, Doug, and a 19-year-old daughter, Silvia, who was away at college. When Tommy stayed over, he slept in Silvia's room. He loved the slippery soft feeling of her baby pink satin sheets, and the feminine surroundings reminded him of his sexy Aunt Marian.

Mrs. Thompson aggressively searched to help Tommy find his beloved aunt, but without a forwarding address, there were few clues to her whereabouts. The aunt wasn't even aware that her sister and brother-in-law had died and left Tommy an orphan. Mrs. Thompson kept telling Tommy to be optimistic, sooner or later his aunt would surely find out about the tragedy and come to his rescue.

On those weekends at the Thompson's, Tommy would peek into Silvia's closet and drawers. He liked touching her delicate, satiny lingerie. Mrs. Thompson's bedroom was right across the hallway, and sometimes in the evenings and mornings, Tommy could see her through her partially open bedroom door and get a glimpse of her in her shiny bra and panties. He'd stop, stare and discreetly admire her beauty at those times. In the mornings, the rising sun would shine through her window and reflect light off her satin panties and bra. They would glow and shimmer along with her lovely long blond hair. When she would notice him looking, Mrs. Thompson would greet him with a smile and close her door.

One day before getting ready for bed, as usual Tommy was investigating Silvia's pretty lingerie and daydreaming about his aunt and how she used to wear really shiny lingerie too, but his mischievous and

sexually adventurous aunt Marian would always invite him into her bedroom and show herself off to him in just her delicate, soft bra and panties. She loved the way he smiled when she caressed his cheek with her silky slip or rubbed her silk stockinged foot across his bulging lap. She liked to spray a little perfume on him. Aunt Marian liked to wear satin panty girdles over her silky panties, and throughout the day, she seemed to be forever raising her skirt and lacy slip to smooth out and straighten out her satin-clad butt and tighten her garter straps in front of the defenseless little boy. It thrilled her to hypnotize him with her satiny, silky antics. If Marian's sister and brother-in-law (Tommy's parents) had known she was sexually teasing their son with her lingerie, they would have strongly disapproved, but that didn't stop her. Marian couldn't help herself. Tommy was so sweet, and she adored showing her satiny clothes off to such an innocent and impressionable young boy.

Tommy halted his daydreaming and began undressing. Mrs. Thompson, in a waltz-length, ivory silk nightgown, walked into her daughter's bedroom to tuck Tommy in for the night. She noticed Tommy with his shirt and socks off, but he still had his pants on. The boy explained he had forgotten to pack his pajamas at the orphanage. Mrs. Thompson thought of going to Doug's room to get some of his pjs but didn't want to wake her son up, so she explained, "I'm sure Silvia must have something in here you can wear," as she searched through the top drawer of the dresser -- (Tommy knew it was the one with all of her daughter's silky bras and panties.) Mrs. Thompson noticed things in the drawer had been moved around a little. She knew Tommy had been playing with her daughter's silky lingerie but didn't say anything to him. She looked in the second drawer, the one that contained Silvia's slips and nighties and found a sheer pink babydoll nightie with matching waist-high panties made of silky, soft nylon.

She turned to Tommy and smiled, "Here we go, young man, these will fit you fine. Now, take off your pants and underwear."

Tommy hesitated. Sure he wanted to wear the thrillingly feminine nightie, but he felt he had to put up some show of masculine indignation. But he was shy too, and he didn't want Mrs. Thompson to see his hard little dickie, especially since it was hard due to the situation -- he had been daydreaming about his aunt and how she had trained him to be aroused at the sight and touch of lingerie. Tommy was also both overwhelmed and highly excited with Mrs. Thompson standing before him in her slinky nightgown, and just moments before he had been playing with her daughter's bras and panties -- and now, he was confronted with the possibility of wearing her babydoll nightie and silky panties to bed with this sexy woman's full permission!

Mrs. Thompson could read his mind. "Don't be shy I've seen lots of little boys. I've seen my son Doug many times. And don't be embarrassed about wearing a girl's nightie. They're just clothes -- they won't bite you! You're just going to wear them to bed to keep yourself warm. I don't want you catching a cold! And nobody will ever know you wore them! So, off with your things, sweetie."

Tommy slowly took off the rest of his clothes. Mrs. Thompson noticed his hardness but didn't say anything to make him anymore self-conscious. She held out the silky panties for him to step into. She gave him the sweetest smile as she slowly shimmied the tingly soft panties up his legs and then up high

around his waist. She then helped him thread his arms through the babydoll top before letting it drop down around him in an earth-shattering moment for the young boy. In a pink cloud and pink panties, his cock showed her he was very excited. But she pretended not to notice it and proceeded to draw down the sheets. Tommy quickly jumped in between the slippery satin sheets. She covered him up in the glorious pink satin, kissed him on the forehead and bid him sweet dreams.

The next day Tommy got up to watch cartoons with Doug. Of course he put his boy clothes on, not wanting Doug to see him in the girly pink babydoll. Mrs. Thompson went to Silvia's room to make the bed and noticed the pink babydoll panties had some boyish stains on the front. She realized little Tommy had jacked off in the pretty panties.

The day went by and Tommy and Doug had a lot of fun playing outside and then coming inside to watch TV. There wasn't a TV at the orphanage. He dreaded going back but tried not to think about it. Instead, he wallowed in the moment and enjoyed the rest of the weekend as much as possible. He had one more night, and on Sunday, the next day, he had to return. Mrs. Thompson cooked a wonderful meal and before long it was bedtime.

Mrs. Thompson told Tommy he had to take a bath before bed. She filled the tub and added lavender-scented bubble bath. Tommy undressed and jumped into the mountain of bubbles. He was surprised when Mrs. Thompson came in. She had taken off her skirt and blouse and appeared before him in a rose-colored bra and matching satin panty girdle – just like his Aunt Marian used to wear! Mrs. Thompson lathered up a cloth and scrubbed him all over. He hadn't been bathed like that since he was a little boy. She told him to stand up, and he did without too much embarrassment. He blushed and giggled like a little pansy. She slowly lathered up his bum, hard dickie and little balls. While gently and lovingly stroking her hands around Tommy's cockie, she told him she knew he had played with himself and masturbated himself in her daughter's pink babydoll panties the night before. She told him that if he was to have accidents like that when he stayed over, he'd have to sleep in a diaper! Tommy couldn't believe she said that and would make him wear a diaper, but in the daze he was in, he didn't say anything. She lightly slid her nails around the head of his little dickie and then ran them down the underside of his soapy cock. She tickled his hairless balls and gently inserted a wet finger up his butt to tickle his prostate. He wobbled and shook with her intimate touching and the bold invasion of his asshole. She knew she was being wicked, but she couldn't help it. He was such a lovely boy, and she loved teasing, pampering and exciting him. She told him to sit back down in the tub and rinse himself off while she went to prepare his diaper. Once he had dried himself off, he was to meet her in Silvia's bedroom.

Tommy walked in and found her holding up an ivory satin half slip with delicate lace at the hem. It had been a gift her husband had gotten for her during one of his trips to Europe. It was made of an especially creamy, soft heavy gauge satin. She caressed his cheek with the slip just like his aunty Marian used to do. He whimpered. She knew he would adore being diapered in the tickly soft fabric. She laid the slip on the pink satin bed sheet and told Tommy to sit on it. Tommy couldn't believe how heavenly soft the fabric felt on his little bum.

"Now lie back as I powder you," she said as she dusted him with a big fluffy pink powder puff, taking a long time to brush the baby powder over his hard dickie and balls. She then lifted the lacy hem of the slip over his hard cock and secured it together with two safety pins.

"There you go; doesn't that feel so wonderful and girlie soft?"

Tommy nodded. She had him stand up and watch as she unfurled and then displayed for his wide-open eyes a pair of baby blue nylon panties with fine white lace trim. They were full-cut brief-style panties made with an abundance of luxuriously rich, silky nylon fabric.

"Do you remember these?"

He just stared. She didn't wait for him to answer.

"These are the panties I was wearing when I caught you peeking at me in my room yesterday morning."

Mrs. Thompson held them open at his feet, and Tommy knew she wanted him to step into them. He put one foot and then the other into the leg openings of the panties. He shivered and gasped as she slowly and gently slipped the lovely pale blue panties up his skinny legs and then snapped them up high around his waist completely covering his silky half-slip diaper.

"Now into bed you go young man!"

Tommy was in sissyboy heaven, all cocooned in slippery cool satin.

He continued to enjoy his weekends at the Thompson's as more than a month passed. Most nights during those visits, he was dressed in some of Silvia's or Mrs. Thompson's lingerie at bedtime. And he got to wear silky panties under his boys' clothes all weekend long every weekend he was with them. Living at the orphanage the rest of each week was horrible. He only lived for those weekend visits at his teacher's house. As time went by he started to accept the painful reality of his parent's death and was quite sure his aunt would never turn up to rescue him. The weekends with Mrs. Thompson were sensational, but he desperately wished to live with his aunt in a home of their own.

It turned out that his aunt Marian had been traveling for two months in Europe while her new home was being completed. She had tried to phone Tommy's parents to stay in touch and thought it was strange that the phone wasn't operating. Finally, she decided to phone Tommy's school to get the Peterson's new phone number. That was when she learned about the terrible tragedy that had befallen her sister and her brother-in-law. She immediately thought of poor little Tommy and was given the phone number of the orphanage.

Tommy was delighted to hear from his aunt just when he thought he'd never hear from her again. She

hadn't been too close to his mother, and that's why they been in contact for some time. The boy remembered his beautiful aunt Marian and was always sorry he so rarely got to see her. On the phone, she said she just had built a new home in Charleston, and he'd be welcome to come and live with her once they could legally arrange it.

Tommy was beside himself with the news.

When she arrived, it was an unusually cold day. Marian was wearing a full-length chinchilla fur coat. Her white silk dress gleamed underneath the soft fur coat. Her eyes smiled as she saw Tommy mesmerized by her beauty and her clothing. He ran to hug her. As they hugged, Tommy could smell her wonderful perfume. Tears of joy overcame both of them.

Aunt Marian was a lovely blonde model. Several years earlier, she had been photographed and used as the girdle girl on the Playtex girdle packages. Now she had moved up in the fashion world. She continued to model but now had formed her own company and spent much of her time traveling, recruiting, coaching and couching new lingerie models.

In a private moment, Tommy had told Mrs. Thompson about the lingerie games he used to play with his auntie. And when Aunt Marian first arrived, Tommy was at Mrs. Thompson's for one of his weekend visits. The two women were immediate friends. She thanked Tommy's teacher for all the care she given to him. Mrs. Thompson wanted to tip her hand a bit to this new lady in Tommy's life, so she had the woman go along with her and Tommy up to her daughter Silva's bedroom where Tommy was staying. She told Marian that Tommy had very much enjoyed her daughter's pretty feminine room and pink satin sheets. A great smile came over Marian and she said, "Yes, I know how much this cute little boy loves silky soft fabrics."

Under the guise of packing up his things in his little overnight case so he could spend the rest of his weekend with his aunt, Mrs. Thompson didn't say a word but made a little show of packing some lacy slips and silky panties in the suitcase while Tommy watched in wide-eyed amazement and his aunt Marian and Mrs. Thompson shared knowing smiles. Mrs. Thompson told Tommy that his aunt's home in Charleston was less than ten miles away, and he was still more than welcome to visit and stay in her daughter's silky bed whenever his auntie was out of town.

As they rode in the back seat of a taxi, Aunt Marian cuddled with Tommy and apologized for being away for so long in this time of great need. Tommy said he was so happy that she was willing to give him a new home. Something was stirring inside of Tommy as he enjoyed her perfume, caresses and the soft fur of her coat.

Aunt Marian smiled wickedly and told Tommy, "My sweet little boy, as long as I can help it, you will never be sad again. I promise you will be loved and pampered to your hearts content."

The taxi arrived at her beautiful new home. They entered the house and poor Tommy was shivering and

cold since the heat hadn't yet been turned on. Marian clicked on the furnace and then took off her soft fur coat and tossed it across the big bed in her bedroom. She drew him a warm bath and told him to take off all his clothes. Tommy was shy, but Aunt Marian said that if this would be his home he'd have to get rid of his modesty. She told him that if he took off his clothes, she would take off her dress. So Tommy went ahead and got naked in front of his gorgeous aunt.

"Tommy. Your new bedroom won't be ready until next week, so you'll have to stay in my bed with me for the week. Is that OK?"

Tommy nodded. Her bedroom was a vision of incredible sensuality. The people who prepare bedrooms for lingerie modeling had done a superb job at rushing her bedroom into a photo shoot finish. Her personal taste went into the feminine, yet classical styles for her personal sanctuary that she would share with her lovely nephew. Tommy walked in naked. Aunt Marian took off her silky high fashion dress to reveal a white satin half slip with French lace at the bottom and a shiny white satin bra. Tommy stood in front of her in awe. He had a little hard-on that he was embarrassed about, and he shivered from being cold.

"Oh, my poor Tommy, you're freezing! Come and lie down on my nice warm fur coat for a minute."

He jumped on top of the luxuriously soft chinchilla coat.

"Isn't that fur just incredibly soft?" Marian said. She smiled as she watched Tommy dig his little hard-on into the silky soft coat in fuck-like motions.

"Oh, my poor Tommy, I want to pamper you forever!" said his aunt as she caressed his hair and kissed the back of his neck. She covered him with the wonderfully slinky dress she had taken off. The slippery silk draped over his body tickled his thighs and made him shiver in delight.

Then she moved her silk dress around his body so the lovely thick luxurious silk would caress him all over. Tommy squirmed with delight. Marian told him to turn around. She then swirled the luxurious dress around his hard-on and little boy hairless balls. "My precious little boy isn't cold any longer is he? You certainly are becoming quite the young man. But you'll be pampered like a pretty little girl."

Tommy smiled. He loved his aunt so much. "Tommy, I'm going to milk you like a precious little prince. Would you like that?"

Tommy was speechless and nodded. Aunt Marian took a pair of luxuriously heavy satin pink panties from the dresser drawer. The panties were covered with lace and ribbons and bows that shimmered in the low light. The boy took in a big gulp of fresh air as she put his feet through the panties and then with a teasing slowness drew them up his trembling boyish thighs. By the time she had the pink panties up around his waist, his erection was straining at the front. She snapped the waist elastic not once but a half dozen times, and the stinging little bites on his tummy made him squirm and plead for her to stop.

Then her skilled, beautifully manicured fingers went to work. She knew how to handle Tommy so that he wouldn't squirt too soon as she tickled his balls with her pink nails through the silky dress and panty fabric and her other hand gently pumped him rhythmically. She periodically stopped and switched to use another part of the long dress on him, so that a new cold part of the dress was now caressing Tommy's pantied privates. Tommy kicked his legs like a delighted little baby and Marian giggled.

"While at Mrs. Thompson's house, she told me how she treated you like a pampered little satin baby. Certainly that treatment will not stop. Do you remember when you were younger, and how I used to caress you with my slips and panties and show myself off to you in my shiny stockings, lacy panties and satin girdles?"

Tommy's little mind went into overload as his aunty masturbated him. With her hands holding the cool silky dress, she skillfully tickled his little balls and milked his pink pantied penis. His juices squirted into his satin panties and through them and onto her sexy dress.

Aunty laughed, dried off his spent little dickie, kissed his forehead and said, "Welcome home, my precious little prince that I'm going to turn into a princess!"

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Stroke & Sniff

I once heard the phrase, "Panties may not be the best thing in the world but they are next to it." That phrase has a double meaning to me and is so very true.

I have been addicted to the



smell of pussy for as long as I can remember, and now I share a very active panty smelling sex life with a close relative, even though we have never more than given each other a friendly family hug and peck on the cheek.

Here's how I got started: At 11 years old I first picked up a pair of panties and smelled the crotch. I was visiting my mom's younger sister who just happened to have the largest set of tits I had ever seen, like 44EE. I was looking at her bra while sitting on the commode. After inspecting her bra, I picked up a pair of her dirty panties and studied every inch of them. They were silky big panties. I stroked them over my face and chest and they made me shiver with excitement. I noticed a stain in the crotch, so I smelled it. The odor went straight to my cock. My little cock got hard instantly. From that moment, I was addicted to sniffing panties.

I was just getting into jacking off at that age, and I began a ritual of using my mom and sister's soiled panties to smell and stroke myself with while doing it. Our neighbor had a daughter a year older than me, who was really hot, and I began to steal her panties. Their house, like ours, was never locked so it was easy to go into their house and get a pair of her panties whenever they were out. Her panties were so pretty, silky and frilly that I couldn't get enough of them. I began wearing one pair of sexy panties while I smelled another pair. Somewhere along the way I began to lick the crotch of the panties as well as smell them. During my teen years I wore, stroked myself with and sniffed panties that belonged to my neighbor, her daughter, two of my aunts, a couple of younger cousins, some older cousins and a friend's mother. Although I began having sex as a teenager, I did not give up my joy of jacking off to a pair of good smelling panties.

After I married I continued my habit of jacking off to the wonderful odor found in panties. My wife knew of my proclivity for panties and used to tease me mercilessly. She'd dangle a ripe pair of panties in front of me and then get me to do anything and everything she wanted before she let me have them! Then she'd laugh in my face and call me a pantywaist, a panty pervert and a naughty little panty sniffing thief. Repeatedly, she came dangerously close to exposing my panty love to others, especially our relatives. In front of me, she'd talk about panties all the time with her sisters and aunts, even some of the males in our family. She'd talk about buying them, how they fit her, panty styles, and even asked other what they thought about perverts with a fetish for pretty panties. She'd often find a way to turn the conversation into something about panties, and then all the while, she'd stare at me and grin. I never cheated on my wife with the exception of enjoying other women and girls' panties whenever I got the opportunity. At that point in my life one of my favorite panty targets was my wife's twin sister. I began smelling her panties and enjoyed many wonderful jack-off sessions to the odor of her sweet-smelling pussy.

Today I am in my late 50's and I still enjoy jacking off while smelling and licking the crotch of a pair of soiled panties. My two all time favorites are my wife's twin sister and one of my wife's nieces. There are three great incidents that I would like to share with you.

One occurred once when six of my wife's nieces were spending the weekend with us. They ranged in age from fifteen to twenty-nine. Saturday morning my wife and her nieces all went shopping. I knew they

would be gone most of the day. Shortly after they left I made a round to their bedrooms and was lucky enough to find soiled panties belonging to all of six of them. As I collected them, I made a mental note of which pair belonged to each girl and took them to my bedroom where I stripped naked. I lay on the bed and as I stroked my hard cock I took turns smelling, wearing and stroking myself with their panties. I would say out loud, "Well, I think I will fuck Jane now," and would smell Jane's panties as I jacked my cock. After a few strokes I would move to another pair of panties. I went through each pair of panties several times before I finally decided that the fifteen year old had the best smelling pussy. By that point I had pretty well licked the crotches clean so I wadded all of them together except the fifteen-year-old's panties. I kept them to my nose and inhaled as I jacked my cock with all the other panties. It didn't take long until I had shot cum all over the panties.

The second incident that I want to share was the time when the niece whose panties are one of my favorites spent the night with us. She was sixteen at the time. My wife had gone to the grocery store and Julie was going to take a bath. I told Julie that I was going to put some clothes in the wash and if she would put her dirty clothes just outside the bathroom door that I would get them. I did that hoping to get her panties. My plan worked. She went into the bathroom and stripped and opened the door just enough to drop her dirty clothes on the floor. In those clothes were the white panties she had been wearing all day. As soon as I picked up Julie's panties I noticed they were soaking wet. By the time I got to the other bathroom my cock was hard. I opened the panties and the crotch was coated with her pussy juice. I pulled down the pair of my wife's pink panties that I was wearing and rubbed her slick juice all over my cock. Using her pussy juice as lubrication while jacking was a hot experience. As I jacked I licked the crotch of her panties clean. As a finish I blew a load of cum in the crotch of her panties.

The third incident that I want to relate to your readers involves my wife's twin sister. She knows about my love for panties. One time we were visiting in their home and I picked up a pair of her panties that I saw on her bed and put them in my pocket. She saw me take them and go to the bathroom. Later she found them back on her bed where I had put them after I had shot off in them. Upon inspecting them she found them full of my cum. I thought I had gotten away with what I had done until later that day when she confronted me. I tried to lie my way out of it, but when I knew I had been found out I simply told her that I was very turned on by her and that smelling her panties was the only way I knew to get a smell of her pussy. Apparently she was also turned on by what I had done. Now my wife's twin sister supplies me with dirty panties. Not only does she leave her panties out where I can find them, she even gives them to me.

Not too long ago I stopped by their house and saw her and her husband. As I left she walked me to my car. I was sitting in the car and my sister-in-law was standing by the open door. Suddenly she handed me a large envelope and said, "Here. I thought you might like to have these panties. I wore them to bed this afternoon and spent about three hours masturbating in them. I came in them so many times I lost count. By the way, when you get home, check your email. Have fun." With that she smiled and turned and walked back toward the house.

I drove off, but a block away, I pulled off the side of the road and opened the package. That was one

smelly pair of rose-colored panties she gave me. At home on my computer, she had sent me a number of e-mails with pics she has made of her pussy so I then got a look at her pussy in addition to knowing what it smells like. My favorite pic was one of her sitting down with a pair of pale green panties on, plus a couple pairs of pink panties tied over her head with the crotch piece of one pair securely placed over her mouth and nose. She explained in her email that all three pairs of panties were ones I had shot my cum into and she was now wearing them and enjoying the combined taste and smell of our juices in the panties.

It was Saturday and no one was at our office, so I went there and made a huge blow-up of the photo on our office color printer and then had a major jack-off session. I laid the photo on my desk, pulled aside my wife's pale blue panties that I was wearing, took out my cock, wrapped it in the heavily masturbated-in pair of rose pink panties she had given me, and started jacking off like a crazy man. I ended up shooting my jism all over the photo of her! While I was in the office, I made several more large copies of that photo, knowing I would surely spurt all over them in the near future.

Since then, I have also sent her pics of my hard cock, of me jacking off and even some showing my cock shooting cum into her panties. She says that the pics of me shooting cum in her panties are her favorites. She told me recently that she likes to take a pair of her panties that I have shot cum in and rub then against her pussy until she has an orgasm.

My twin sister-in-law, as I call her, and I have never touched each other, other than an occasional hug, but we have become pretty familiar with each other's bodies. It sure is nice to have your wife's twin sister as your jack off partner. I'm trying to talk her into getting together with me sometimes and masturbating for each other. I think it would really be hot to watch her play with her pussy as I jack my cock.

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Big Sissy

"Now hold still, you big sissy," she commanded, as she lifted my legs and slid the panties up under my ass. "This will be fun; don't worry."

I gulped with embarrassment but only gave minimum resistance as Sheri adjusted the panties in the front for more room.

"Now don't you look cute," she teased, "all dressed up in your sexy ladies' panties??"

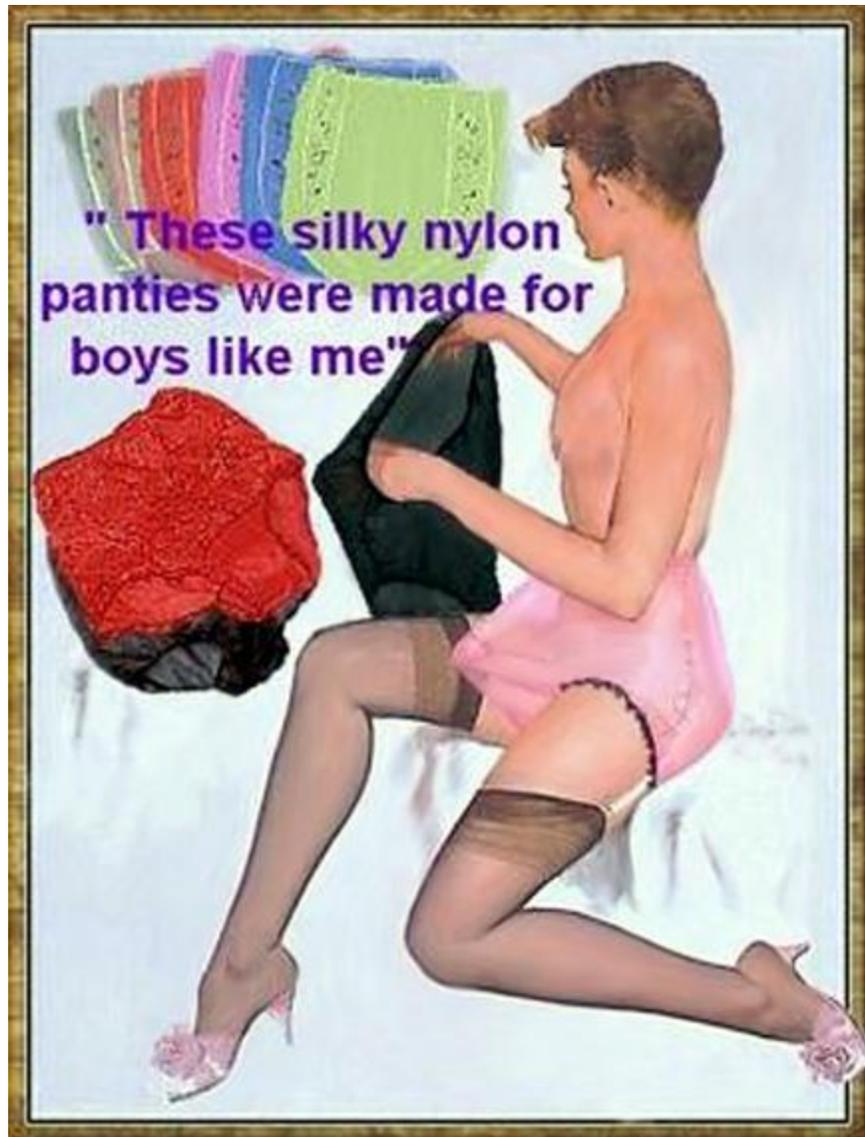
I started to take them off, but she stopped me and then began playfully teasing my now expanding erection through the lacy pink panties.

"And you it, I see!"

I hung my head, unable to meet her eyes. My damn penis was sticking straight out, providing the evidence that she was right. I never should have let her talk me into panties in the first place! Now, I'd never be able to live it down. She had petticoated me, and forever after, she would love teasing me about it.

"My sissyboy looks so pretty and adorable in his very own ultra feminine pink panties," she said as she slipped her hand under the snappy waistband and began playfully squeezing and stroking my cock.

"I bought these frilly panties just for you. Does my sissyboy like his new panties?"



I blushed like a true sissy. I hated admitting to myself that what she was doing felt so good.

"Well, does s--he?"

"Yes, uh, no ... I mean, I, uh, don't know."

"What do you mean, you don't know?" Sheri asked as she continued stroking and gently squeezing my aching erection.

"My little sissy knows. Look at him. He loves wearing pretty panties! I'll have to get you some more pretty panties in other pretty pastel colors."

My face reddened as she grinned at me.

"Your little penis can't hide anything from me, you know. The more he likes something the stiffer he gets. And he is stiffer than I have ever seen him," she said, as she kept fondling me playfully and then giggled at the tent I was making in the lacy pink panties. "Now you're all dressed up in ultra feminine lacy panties, and your little pencil dick is as stiff as can be. You can't deny that wearing panties turns you on and confirms that you are a great big sissy!"

I didn't know what to say. She was humiliating me, but I couldn't deny what my harder-than-ever erection said about me.

"Don't worry," she said with glee. "I won't tell anyone. It will be our little secret, okay?"

I gulped and nodded, as her hand was massaging my cock with a slow rhythm that built me up to the brink and kept me there, repeatedly squeezing and stroking.

"Please, Sheri," I pleaded for the umpteenth time. "I'll do anything you want. I'll wear anything you want. Just please let me cum. Please!"

"Good, then let's talk about some chores I want you to do tomorrow."

An hour later I was beside myself with frustration. I had agreed to do the dishes, the laundry, dust and vacuum the house from top to bottom. And I agreed to be her sissy maid and do my chores every day, and do them while wearing my new ultra feminine lacy pink panties and one of Sheri's frilly pinafore aprons. But she still hadn't allowed me to cum yet.

"I promised; now, please let me cum." I begged.

"If I let you cum, you will spend the night sleeping in your silky new pink panties filled with your slimy sissy juices." Her hand slowed her stroking. "Would you like to cum in your frilly pink panties?" she

asked as she increased the speed of her strokes.

"Oh yes! Oh yes!"

"Beg me for it."

"Please, honey! Please! I want to cum in my new pink panties. Please make me cum in my panties. Please, Sheri! PLE-E-E-ASE!"

Sheri laughed as she taunted my approaching orgasm. "In about ten seconds, you'll be spurting your smelly juice into your nice new panties, and I'll be laughing my head off at you. Is five seconds of pleasure worth all the humiliation?"

As I continued to beg and plead, she vigorously rubbed my penis.

"You asked for it, dear little pantywaist sissyboy."

Soon I was spurting hard into my femmy new lace panties, and it was wonderful. She made me lie still in bed and, of course, I immediately fell asleep after cumming in my panties. She took this opportunity to add to my humiliating outfit. When I awoke later, I was surprised to see that in addition to the humiliation of wearing woman's panties, I was also wearing a matching pink lace bra, satin garter belt, sheer stockings and a pink babydoll nightgown.

"You had better get dressed for work because Doreen's stopping by this morning."

I started taking off the panties and stockings. "Oh, no you don't. You promised to be the maid today – and every day. Now come into the kitchen and put on your pretty maid's pinafore."

"No I won't!"

"Yes you will, or I'll tell all our friends."

"I'll deny it."

"Then I'll have to show them the pictures."

"Pictures!!!"

"Yes, video pictures with you begging to cum in your panties. Now stop being so shy and get your pinafore on and start washing last night's dishes."

"But Doreen's coming."

"Yes she is." Sheri said with a mischievous grin.

"Oh no, honey I won't allow you to embarrass me."

"I think it's already too late. Look at yourself. Now get moving, and because you are arguing, I am adding a punishment, creamy red lipstick."

"No please don't."

"Do you want me to add nail polish? Then go answer the door, Doreen is here."

"You promised me this would be a secret."

"You know I could never keep a secret, beside she's my best girlfriend. Now get the door and curtsy or I'll put your lipstick on right now. We'll tell her you lost a bet."

I hesitantly answered the door. Doreen was in shock. She stood and stared and then started giggling. She tried to hold back, but couldn't and finally burst into uncontrollable laughter. My face was as red with intense shame. I was so humiliated.

Sheri came up from behind, started caressing me through my panties and said, "Now sissyboy, curtsy for my friend Doreen and show her how obedient my new maid is. Here's your lipstick. Put it on now or I'll ask Doreen to help you."

As Doreen squealed with delight it happened. I just couldn't help myself, I spurted cream into my panties. I was mortified but the girls were very excited.

"He had an orgasm! I can't believe it! That was so precious," shouted Doreen.

They couldn't stop laughing or teasing me about it.

"It must have been the lipstick. Does ladies makeup turn you on?" Doreen asked.

Sheri announced, "I knew he'd be making a habit of cumming in his panties, so I threw out all of his old underwear this morning."

While I was made to clean up the kitchen, the two women couldn't stop laughing, making jokes about me and talking about putting me in humiliating situations.

"Oh, Sheri, we'll have to take sissyboy shopping."

"Absolutely!" Doreen laughed in response. "It'll be so much fun. Make him buy his own panties – get him fitted for a bra -- maybe even get him a sissy makeover..."

The taunts and teasing went on and on and on!

I soon realized I was a sissy. Every time my penis touched my panties, it got as hard as could be. It humiliated me to admit it, but I did realize I loved wearing the panties as well as all the sissy clothes she made me wear. The panties she bought me were always the old-fashioned kind with a high waist and a lot of frills. She explained that they provided a lot of room my excitement! She added that skimpy little panties were just for women and girls, and these old-time granny panties were for sissyboys like me. Soon, I came to appreciate how she had panty trained me. I had been changed into a total pantywaist and a class A sissy, and I knew it.

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PLEASE NUMBER!
DON'T MAKE
ME GO OUT
LIKE THIS.
SOMEONE
WILL RECOGNIZE ME.
I'M
SCARED!

DON'T BE SILLY
GIRL. NOBODY
WILL EVER NOTICE
THAT YOU'RE
REALLY A BOY.
YOU LOOK ABSO-
LUTELY
LOVELY!

AND YOU BETTER GET
USED TO BEING SEEN
AS A GIRL, FOR FROM
THIS DAY ONWARD YOU
WILL BE DRESSED AS
ONE PERMANENTLY!
THIS MORNING I HAVE
THROWN ALL YOUR
OTHER CLOTHES AWAY
AND YOU WILL BE
MY LOVELY DAUGHTER
IN EVERY RESPECT!



I ve got a wonderful surprise for you,hone Remember that i pro missed you that after the contest you would be allowed to dress a boy again?Well,beca you have made momn so happy the last two weeks,I ve decided to keep you as a girl for good!!!Doesn t that ma you happy,sweethear Come and give momm a kiss to show me how thankfull my little prin is.....

Caught By Uncle

By James Brown

This is a true account of an encounter with an older man I had at the age of twelve, but not until I was an adult did I fully accept my bisexuality. For as long as I can remember and before I was aware of any associated sexual feelings, I was attracted to wearing girls' clothes -- the more feminine the better. Even as an eight-year-old, I would frequently steal my younger sister's panties and other girlie things and hide them away in my room to play dress-up late at night and at other times when no one else was liable to discover me.



Two outfits in particular greatly attracted me -- a white two-piece nylon bathing suit that was little more than a double thickness nylon panties and bra set with tiers of ruffles on them. The bottom part was a pair of very high-waisted silky panties, and the top part had a little padding in them to create a youthful set of budding breasts. It clung to my chest and was secured by red spaghetti straps tied in a bow on top of each shoulder. The wide ruffles all over the bra and panties were trimmed with red piping. The ruffles stuck out almost horizontally and would rustle and bounce as I walked or jumped. I loved running my fingers through nylon ruffles, flicking the layers to expose the silky panties underneath as I admired myself in the mirror. On one occasion, I even sat in the bath in the costume to see how it felt and behaved when wet.

My other favorite outfit was a short pink babydoll nighty with matching panties, fully decorated with a copious amount of frills and bows. It was ridiculously girlish, rather than sexy, but today, I suspect it would be considered too provocative.

I am not sure what was going through my mind when I was posing and prancing in my sister's most girlish clothes. I did play with myself when dressed this way, but not in a knowingly sexual way. It was not until I was eleven that I experienced my first erection and began to associate arousal and orgasm with sexual thoughts. Within a few months of my first erection, I had my first ejaculation. This came as quite a shock but took the simple pleasure of rubbing my stiff cock in pretty silken panties to a

sensationally exciting new level. I can still remember my panic when I soiled a pair of panties for the first time. They were of a smooth satin material, white with blue flowers with lace trim and a blue bow on the front of the elastic waist. I rushed to the bathroom to scrub them clean and then dry them hidden in the back of my closet, regularly checking to see if they were dry and to make sure no telltale stain was left behind.

As I grew bigger, I took an interest in my mother's clothes. Like any teenage boy, I loved gazing at the sexy lingerie in catalogues and magazine ads, though maybe not in quite the same way other boys did – because I wanted to wear the clothes, not just look at them on women and girls. I also got hooked on period films in the hope of seeing a lady in corsets or petticoats, a maid in a short frilly dress or a saloon girl with feathers in her hair. However, despite my widening tastes, I did not lose my preference for overly girlish panties and lingerie.

Entering my teenage years, my dressing became more frequent and more reckless. I find it difficult to understand why I was never discovered. Perhaps my family was aware of my fetish but unable to bring themselves to confront me. More likely, they were either unwilling or too naive to pick upon the clues I had to be leaving – clothes in drawers messed up, stained and stretched out lingerie, spending long periods of time in the bathroom and my room, wrinkled pages in store catalogs, etc. On more than one occasion, I do remember my innocent sister being told off for leaving our mother's things in a mess.

My fantasies at this time were all essentially heterosexual, usually involving some form of coercion or deceit, such as being dressed as a schoolgirl by my teacher as a punishment for teasing the girls in my class. I was able to buy a few crossdressing books at a local book store that had an adult section. During the afternoons a very old man with bad eyesight (he could barely see the price printed on the books) tended the cash register, and I was able to buy the books. He'd look at me kind of funny, but it either didn't make any difference to him to sell an underage kid dirty books or he couldn't see me well enough to determine my age. I was able to afford several of these books over the months and found them eternally exciting.

It was while dressed in a cute school uniform, reading my sissy books and jacking off that I was discovered one warm Wednesday afternoon in late spring just after I had turned twelve. I got out of school early on that day, so as I always did whenever I had the chance to be alone, I rushed straight home, knowing I would have the house to myself. Within minutes of letting myself in, I was sitting naked on my parents double bed with the clothes I had selected to dress in laid out beside me.

The bra was always first. My sister's bra was pale blue and fairly plain except for a little pink lace trim and a pink bow in the middle in front with thin shoulder straps. It was a tight fit, but I loved the constriction that constantly reminded me that I was wearing a bra! I popped a pair of my sister's panties in each cup and stood up to admire my new shape in my mother's full length mirror. From experience, I knew that under a blouse or jumper, I would have what looked like a small, but very pert pair of teen breasts. Despite my distinctly unfeminine smallish but very erect cock tenting the panties, I preened, posed and pouted before returning to my dressing.

Next came the panties. Pale pink with only a small bow at the front for adornment, they were not my favorite design, but wide at the sides and loose fitting, they would not be too restrictive for what I was about to do. The slightly heavy, but soft and silky material was also wonderfully caressing. There is almost no feeling to match the expectation arising from slowly drawing a pair of panties up your legs. Once pulled up, I gently adjusted the leg openings and waistband to ensure everything was in place. Pausing from my dressing for a moment, I allowed my hand slip inside the panties to give myself a feel of the fun to come. I put on a matching half-slip. The double layer of nylon frictioning against my penis was electrifying.

The blouse was of a plain, pale blue pullover with long sleeves and loose fitting. As was the fashion at the time, the grey, pleated skirt was very short. Being my sister's, who was slightly smaller than I, it barely covered my panties. It also pinched at the waist, though again the effect was not unpleasant. Last, I pulled on the plain white ankle socks, smiling inwardly as I saw in the mirror the inevitable flash of pale blue panties between my legs.

I moved to the make-up table to complete my transformation. I would have loved to paint my nails a pretty, pastel color, but I could not risk being discovered. I contented myself with applying a little eye shadow to remove blue eye shadow, and my favorite, some bright red lipstick.

Once again, I went to the mirror to admire myself, but now fully in character, I minced daintily rather than walked. As I adjusted my panties and smoothed down my, I lisped, "M-m-m! You are pwitty girl, Jill." I ran my hands over my breasts. I loved looking at the outline of my bra through the blouse. I turned to look at my back. Skinny and still nearly hairless, my legs looked convincingly long. I bent forward to reveal my panties. My bottom stuck out invitingly. I placed a hand on the silky material, wishing I had a girlfriend to share this with. I closed my eyes imagining a schoolgirl lesbian encounter with my beautiful classmate, Jane. Exotic, alluring, blonde, sexy and much sought after, I knew she was beyond me.

I quickly slipped on to the bed, spreading my legs and allowing the short grey skirt to ride over my panties. I placed a hand on my crotch, feeling my cock through the silky material. The skirt was too restrictive, so I took it off. It took me only moments to explode a gusher of cum into the double thickness of pink panties and half-slip. But I was still horny, so I slipped them off, and slipped into another pair of panties, some lovely purple ones with a big fringe of lace around the leg openings. I was masturbating wildly and I came again, as I eased down from my second orgasm, through my half-open eyes I saw movement in the room. I opened my eyes full and went deadly cold. To my horror, I realized I was not alone. In the doorway stood Geoff, "Uncle Geoff" as I had called him at one time. Not a relative, but a longtime family friend. I learned afterwards that my mother had given him a key to repair an electrical connection in her bedroom and I hadn't heard him when he entered the house. How long had he been there? What had he seen?

Panic stricken I leaped from the bed. I wanted to gather up my clothes and run to my room, but he showed no sign of moving away from the door. I didn't know what to do. Frozen with humiliation and

fear, I just stood there with my head bowed, pathetically smoothing down my skirt.

Eventually he spoke. "My, what a situation," he said not unkindly. "What will your mother think, Jimmy?"

"Please, don't tell," I blurted out, my anxiety all too obvious. "I'll do..." I checked myself from saying that I'd do anything.

"That's ok," he replied, "I won't tell anyone. It can be our secret."

Again, there was a pause. This was not going to be the end of it.

"Do you do this often," he asked.

I felt extremely awkward and strangely vulnerable in my short skirt. "Can I get changed, please?"

"In a while," he said; his voice was growing firmer.

There was nothing I could do. Geoff sat down on the bed and beckoned me to sit down next to him. He continued to question me. I said as little as I could without refusing to answer. I tried to give the impression that this was a rare event, an experiment, but he didn't seem convinced (or didn't want to be). After a while, his tone became less inquisitive and supportive. "It's okay to dress-up; lots of boys do it. It doesn't mean anything. You're not hurting anyone, but you do know that wearing girls' clothes, especially lacy panties make you sissy. What would your friends at school say? What would your sister or father say? But don't worry, I won't tell them. Think you look very pretty and from the wetness on your panties and this other pair of panties and slip, I know you're really into sissy boy panty play," he said as he held the wet pink panties and half-slip in his hands.

To my horror, I began to realize he was chatting me up.

"I would never have guessed you weren't a girl, if..." He didn't complete the sentence. "You're quite pretty," he smiled.

I shifted awkwardly as he moved closer to me.

"I bet many boys would fancy a girl like you... Have you ever kissed anyone Jimmy, or should I call you Jill?"

Avoiding eye contact, I shook my head, though in response to which question was unclear.

"Would you like to know what a kiss feels like?"

Now was the time to call things to a halt; to thank him for saying he would not tell anyone and to beat a hasty retreat to my room. However, I just sat there, unable to spurn his advances. He chose to take my passivity for acquiescence. He sidled up to me, and with one hand on my elbow, gave me a peck on the cheek. I blushed crimson, but otherwise did not react. I felt a hand on my knee.

"You're a very pretty girl," he said, sliding his hand up my thigh towards the hem of my skirt.

I was confused, I longed for someone to treat me like a girl, a desirable girl, but I was repulsed by the thought of it being this forty-year-old man. Geoff was not an unattractive man, but I was not gay! His hand slipped under my skirt and rested on my lacy edge of my purple panties.

"No!" I squeaked. I did not even convince myself.

"It's all right, I won't hurt you," he said. "No one will ever know. He kissed me again, this time gently on the lips. Despite myself, as he forced a finger inside the leg opening of my wet panties, I sensed my cock hardening. My God, I wanted this! Before long I felt his tongue inside my mouth, my pullover blouse was up in front, exposing my schoolgirl bra, my legs had moved apart and his hand was exploring the inside of my panties.

Clearly becoming excited, he moved my hand to the bulging crotch of his jeans. Allowing a man to touch you is one thing, but to actively seek out his cock is another. I looked at his lap and then at his eyes.

Geoff smiled and nodded. "Go on, little girl, take it out."

Powerless to disobey, I took a deep breath and gingerly pulled down his fly. In retrospect, it was not a particularly large cock, but to me it seemed huge and very thick. I held it in my small hands, transfixed, unsure what to do. Geoff took my hand and had me rub it up and down his shaft. He took my other hand and had me cradle his hot balls. His cock grew even stiffer, and the head began to glisten with pre-cum. I tried to withdraw my hand, but he held it firmly in place, forcing the rhythm of my rubbing. Faster and faster. His breathing became erratic, and he began to let out little groans. Then I felt him tighten and it exploded. In an instant, my hands were covered in sticky cum. spurts flew into the air and one droplet even landed on my cheek. Shocked, and much to Geoff's surprise, I leaped up and ran to the bathroom, emerging several minutes later, showered and wearing my own bathrobe.

Geoff was still there, but judging by the large wet patches on his clothes, he had also attempted to clean himself up.

"Are you ok," he asked.

I nodded.

"I better get going," he said.

I said nothing.

“Would you like to do this again?” he asked

I said nothing.

“We could take our time. I could buy you some pretty things of your own to wear.”

I said nothing.

He smiled, turned and left.

I quickly turned my attention to getting rid of any evidence of what had happened before my sister and mother returned. I didn't enjoy my first sexual experience; I was repulsed by being covered in Geoff's sticky cum. However, as the days wore on, I grew more excited at the thought of having a repeat performance. I began to wonder what Geoff's cum would taste like! Troublingly, I even had a wet dream in which I was “Uncle” Geoff's very special little niece. (Though while masturbating at this point in my life – something I usually did several times every day -- my fantasies remained resolutely heterosexual.)

I did get together with Geoff several times, but we had to be very careful, and yes, I did taste “Uncle” Geoff's cum and get to wear some lovely clothes he had bought for me, including a taffeta bridesmaid outfit (how could I resist!).

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Girlie Cheer Camp

By KaraLynn

“Girls, we have an emergency.” These were the first words spoken by Mrs. Kathleen Lender, the head cheerleading coach for our team. Mrs. L was also the lead dance teacher at McNamara Dance Academy. “Thank you all for coming to this meeting at the dance studio. As you know, summer cheerleading camp is only one day away. I was just notified that three of our team members can't attend the camp. It also looks like those three may not be able to be on the team for most of next year.



The Barton twins, Lauren and Lindsay will be attending school in their father's hometown in South America. One of our flyers, Kasey will remain with her mother in England and won't be back until after winter break. We need to find replacements for them quickly. All the fees are paid, but our camp will be most successful if we can bring our squad up to full strength. We are now down to 9 members and we need to add three more girls. I came to you first to see if you have any suggestions for replacements. We would have to hold a special clinic and tryouts for the school year but these three would have a good chance of joining the team on a regular basis.”

Katie was the first to speak up, “As some of you know, as part of their behavior training my two brothers are now learning how to be my new sisters. They have spent several months learning the ways of girly fashion, makeup and lifestyle. They have had some practice with the cheerleaders and are starting to learn some of the basic cheer moves. We know that the uniforms of Lauren and Lindsay do fit them very well. My mom supports their training and would definitely want them to be part of the camp experience. “

“That's very unusual, but with such a short time to choose, we might have to go with it. How about it girls, would you be willing to help our new girls at the camp?”

Most of the girls responded that this would be a great experience for all of them.

Erica raised her hand and spoke. “I think I have the third alternate.” She reached into her purse and took out a handful of snapshots and passed them around to the team.

“The first ones are from Halloween, seven years ago.” They were of a cute little girl in a Barbie cheerleader outfit complete with a cheerleaders top and skirt, cheer shoes and socks and hair up in two puffy side ponytails. The next few were Christmas pictures of the same girl in a pretty outfit standing near the tree. The last ones were of the same girl, but three or four years older. She was dressed in an actual cheerleader outfit and was cheering on the sidelines. From her size, it looked like she was the team's mascot.

One of the girls asked if that was her little sister. Erica responded, “I don't have a younger sister and, believe it or not, that is my younger brother, Michael.”

There was a reaction from the team and they asked her to tell them more.

It seems that in the town they used to live, there were very few boys in their neighborhood. As a young boy, most of his friends were female. He played some of the usual boys' games but he also learned many girls' activities. Two frequent activities were playing with Barbies and playing dress up. “I got tired of him borrowing my Barbie dolls and searching through my old clothes so one day, mom came home with several packages. One package had a Barbie doll dressed in a cute cheerleaders outfit. The other was a package of girl's clothes including several sundresses, petticoats and used flower girl dresses all in his size. He was surprised, but he knew the other girls would be pleased to include the new outfits in

their dress-up play time. It was that Halloween when he begged mom for the life sized Barbie cheerleading outfit. My aunt found out about it and was amused, so she bought the complete outfit and found some pink pompons. She also began to drop off some of the more pretty outfits that her daughter had outgrown. He built up quite a wardrobe.”

“This was how things went for many years, but about six years later, some more boys moved into the neighborhood and he gave up the clothes and playing with girls. He thinks that all the clothes were thrown out and all the pictures were destroyed. What he didn't know was my aunt had kept some of the clothes and had copies of photos and also some video tapes. There was one video taken two years ago at Easter, where he was in the prettiest of party dress with white gloves, pink panties and heels. You can see traces of makeup and her hair was in a very feminine updo.

“I noticed a few times lingerie had been moved around in my drawer and that some of the clothes in my closet have been taken off the hangers so I suspect he hasn't given up the clothes completely. I still have the Cheerleader Barbie and want you to help me write a note that I will leave on his dresser.”

Some of the girls weren't sure if he would be willing to do it. . Mrs. Lender said that she thought he might do it. “I have some photographs and a story to tell also.”

The girls looked at some photos taken maybe fifteen years ago. One was of Mrs. L. in her cheerleading outfit standing next to another slightly younger but also pretty cheerleader. “We had a similar situation when I was captain of the cheerleading squad. One of our members broke her leg in a tumble and we needed a replacement quickly for a regional competition. We didn't think that we could find anyone that knew all the routines and we definitely couldn't train any one in that short of time. But then it hit me, my brother Bob knew all of the routines. He had to attend most of our practices and games and sat on the sidelines because our Mom was at work at the dance academy and he couldn't be left alone. He was a dancer at the academy and there were several times he had to wear a girls costume and replace a dancer at recital time when a girl became sick at the last minute. Mom bribed him with video games and extra favors but he secretly liked the dressing up part. It took a little convincing, but with some extra bribes thrown in he agreed to cheer. We didn't win the competition, but we finished high among the other teams. Most of the girls were grateful for his help and over the next few years he was included in some of our sleepovers and dress-up games. Even today he is quite pretty when he is dressed and made up.”

Some of the girls squealed, “You don't mean Mr. Jenkins, your brother, the English teacher. I always wondered why he gave such nice compliments about the clothes that we wore. It looks like it was because he was jealous and would have liked to wear them himself.”

The girls all promised that this would be their secret and now were convinced that Michael would go along with their plan. Michael's mother was also a former cheerleader and Erica said her mom would convince Michael to help the girls now.

Later, when Michael got home, the note and the Cheerleading Barbie were on his dresser. He was startled but read the note. It described the situation the girls were in and asked him sweetly for his help by complimented him on his dancing and good looks. The note used his female name, Michelle. It concluded with the promise that they would be very grateful and would like to include him in some of their further girly activities. It was signed, the Bears cheerleaders. The note concluded with the fact that there was a certain videotape that showed a cute little girl in her finest party clothes that might be shown to some of their brothers and friends if a quick decision wasn't made and he was instructed to put on this silky pink camisole and panty set under his regular clothes and meet at the dance academy at seven.

The coach, Erica, Michael's mom, and two cheerleaders were all at the academy. At 7:05, Michael, they also hoped Michelle, came in. The girls rushed and hugged her. "Thanks for helping us out. We're very excited and want to help you become reacquainted with the ways of a female. Erin and Brittany have decided to adopt you as their little cheerleader in training and will be spending a lot of time with you. Erin, as you know, is Coach Lenders daughter."

Michael answered, "I wasn't sure I wanted to do this, but meeting you all and knowing how much it means to you, I am willing to give it a try. I know that I'll need your help, but I think its going to be fun also."

Michael's mom, Mrs. North, was handed a list of items for camp. The coach said that the academy store stocked several cheer items and they could purchase them now. There was a large selection of bloomers. Most of the girls called them panties, but they are sometimes called spankies or lollipops. They selected a pair of lacy white panties and a pair of green rhumba panties. "These will fit tightly but they will help to hold you in and give you some shape under your clothes and uniform." They were in green, the team's primary color. They bought a Danskin cotton Lycra bra top X back in green. Most of the team liked this style. A white racer back sports bra from Teenform was also purchased. Their teams name was the Bears and they bought several pairs of low rise cheer socks that featured a paw print on the socks. The final purchases were a T-shirt, a pair of shorts and a pair of skorts in the official school designs.

"We have the team cheerleading uniform here, so I'm going to let Brittany and Erin help you try it on."

They all went into the changing room. The boy was embarrassed, but the girls told him not to worry, they were all part of the same team. As he removed his clothes, the girls commented on how cute he looked in his pink camisole and panties, and he blushed.

They helped him into his green panties and the X back sports bra. The uniform shell was 100% polyester with a custom cropped v neck with one inch braid. The upper front was gold and the lower front and back were green. The team name Bears was embroidered across the chest in script letters. The skirt had eight pleats in green with contrasting color inserts of gold. The skirt flared out as they made him twirl about. They helped him into the cheer socks and lent him a pair of cheer shoes.

“You look just like one of us, but we must do something with your hair and give you a touch of makeup.”

They brushed his hair back and tied it into a ponytail with a single white ribbon. They put on some very light blush on his cheeks and some pale lip gloss on his lips. When he looked into the mirror he was quite surprised at the cutie that looked back at him. They came out of the dressing room and the coach and his mom just marveled at the sight of their new cheerleader. They went back into the dressing room and took off the uniform, but left on the bra and panties. He was told to put back on his jeans and own shoes and socks. The girls produced a capped sleeve t shirt for him to wear. The words “Cheerleading is life” were written on it and they told him to wear this on their shopping trip to the mall. The other girls had already bought all their clothes, but were happy to help their newest squad member shop. They left his hair in the ponytail and also left the makeup on.

Mrs. North and the three girls drove to the mall. Coach stayed behind with Erica to complete some final preparations for camp. She would also be going to camp to participate in a separate coaching clinic. The girls went over the list of items needed for camp. On the first day, the camp supplied a T shirt and a pair of shorts so that each girl would be dressed the same. In fact these were delivered to the dance studio and they would have Erica bring them home with her. The second day the squad would wear Tees and shorts in their own schools colors. The third day they would wear their uniforms. On the shortened fourth day, they would wear tie dye tee shirts that they had made the last week and would wear gray shorts. There was a swimming pool available at camp so they would need to purchase a swimsuit.

“We'll need to get you an outfit for the trip there and also a dressy outfit for the awards dinner.” They went into one of their favorite stores, Delias. After looking through the racks, they decided on a cute outfit and all three went to the dressing room to see how it looked. They chose a Denalia halter top with a swirl print in poly-spandex. It tied at the neck and had a banded bottom. They chose a pair of stone color Assia French twill capris in cotton. The capris had slit openings at the legs, ditsy print facing the inside legs, belt loops with a side sash and a hidden side zipper. For shoes they decided on Roxy retro sneakers with two toned striping on Navy. When Michelle looked in the mirror she saw a perfect example of typical cheerleader now dressed in clothes of her peers. They helped her change back and Mrs. North agreed to purchase the outfit. She was very pleased to help her daughter go clothes shopping. She had often wished for this and now she could share with both her daughters. They also bought a cute pair of pjs with a top and shorts for the bottoms. They were decorated in clouds and teddy bears.

“With that halter top, you'll need a strapless bra” and the girls suggested the strapless bandeau bra from Teenform. “I also noticed that you need to take care of your underarms so when we stop at the drugstore you'll need to buy a shaver. We like the Schick Intuition for women. Your sister can help you with this when you get home.”

For the dressy outfit they stopped in the Gap. They decided on something simple that would be easy to pack. They found a striped halter dress in basic navy. It was stretch cotton pique knit, knee length, 95%

cotton, 5% Spandex with a tie halter neckline. There was a major sale going on, so mother brought a cute matching pastel polo and stretch knit shorts with a drawstring waist in heather gray. She couldn't resist a flowered cami in high quality stretch cotton with brush elastic straps and a cotton flower brief with soft elastic waist and leg openings in pattern called pink cloud. The cami had pretty lace detailing and a satin bow attached. A pair of Hanes Silk Reflections pantyhose in gentle Black was included. With the purchase of all these items it was clear that the girl experience would last after cheer camp had ended.

The next stop was the sporting goods store. There was a nice Navy Speedo racer back one piece swimsuit. The straps slid easily over the shoulders and wouldn't slip. It was made from chlorine resistant nylon blended with Lycra spandex and fully lined in front. It had sensibly cut leg openings for tug free comfort. A tie dyed palm pull on skirt with Speedo logo on the right front hip was selected to be worn with the suit. Another Tee shirt and pair of gray shorts were added. A cheap rain poncho was found in the camping section.

The last stop was the drug store. They first looked in Cosmetics. Mrs. North had agreed to buy all 3 some makeup items for helping them shop. They all bought some pale lip gloss, clear nail polish, some blush and eye shadow. Michele had seen some advertisements in a magazine and decided to try the cosmetics in the Jane line. She selected Megabytes Glossy Gloss in Ballerina, which came in a squeeze tube with an angled tip that you would sweep gloss and flavor over your lips. Next was Blushing Cheek Blush in Blushing Blossom. This was powder blush in a soft color to give the face a natural flush. She bought a set of cosmetic brushes. For see through color loaded with glitter to apply on her eyelids, she picked Glimmeratzi Eye Gloss in Eye Candy. A pretty pink shade called Best Friends was chosen from the Hot Tips Nail Polish collection. Michelle bought Wild Berry Body Spray, a Bath and Beyond product, which was a body splash to spray on between sessions to leave the skin feeling cool and conditioned. She also bought a Schick Intuition razor for her underarms. This was an all in one triple blade razor that lathers and shaves in one step with just water. A unique skin conditioning solid surrounds the blades. Some sunscreen, small sized Pantene shampoo and conditioner, a notebook and some pens were added to the purchases.

They left the mall and Mrs. North thanked the girls as she dropped them off. The mother and new daughter reached the driveway and were carrying their purchases into the house. Erica greeted them and said how cute Michelle's ponytail and cheer shirt were. She also said she detected a bit of makeup on her sister's face. Later up in her room, Erica explained how to use the Intuition razor. She advised Michelle to use it while under the shower. She said to raise her arms so the skin was taut, not to press with the blades and to shave in the direction of the hair growth. After Michelle finished showering, she noticed her underarms were now very smooth and hairless. Erica's sister helped her out of the makeup and into her new pajamas.

Before they went to bed, they took out the check list and started to fill up a cheer bag. Packed on top for easy access were the shell, skirt, panties, shorts (3), t shirts (3), sports bras, cheer socks and shoes, poms, notebook and pen. In the second bag were bathing suit with skirt, shower flip flops, bed linens,

towels, alarm clock, buddy squad gifts and room poster design supplies .In a small backpack were sunscreen, toiletries, makeup, extra hair elastics, Tylenol and about \$35 in spending money. They went over what not to bring such as jewelry, earrings, necklaces, ankle bracelets, navel rings or cell phones.

The next morning they woke early and got dressed. Michelle put on fresh undies and her strapless bra and finished with the halter top and capris bought yesterday. Erica helped with light makeup and did Michelle's hair in two side ponytails secured by butterfly barrettes.

They ate a light breakfast and mom drove her two daughters down to the bus. She kissed both of them goodbye and wished them a successful camp.

As was expected the girls lined up for the bag check. Coach Lender checked them all in. No one was late because they all were excited to go. Coach would be doing the driving of the minibus. It held 20 people, so there was extra room inside for all the bags .The drive took about 2 hours and most of the girls wanted to talk to their new members.

When they arrived they left their bags on the bus and were first directed to the field house where the camp leaders were to welcome them and get them oriented. The main director welcomed them and complemented them on their dedication not only in attending summer camp but throughout the entire year. She stressed that cheerleaders are special people who must be strong in body, mind and heart. Cheerleaders are very competitive but also know how to be a team. They spend a lot of time together and like a family may have a few rough times but mostly they work together and have fun together. They may know a lot about hair makeup and fashion but that is part of representing their schools in the best way possible.

“Camp is not about competition, but rather about learning, cooperating, and becoming better cheerleaders. You will learn the fundamentals skills and techniques, strength and conditioning programs with safety a priority. You will learn about trust, teamwork, concern for others and sportsmanship.” She ended it with a slogan well known in their circle, “Life is simple...Eat, Sleep, Cheer.”

Each of us was given our room assignments and we went back to the bus and took their gear and brought it over to the dorm rooms. Maps of the campus, directions and hours for the cafeteria, pool and camp store and the day to day schedules were given out.

Erin, Brittany, and Michelle would all share the same room. The room was rather large and designed for four people but they would only need 3 beds. . There was a storage cabinet along one wall. Each room had its own bath. The other nine squad members were also in groups of 3. The coach had her own room near other coaches at the end of the hall.

They unpacked and stored their gear. Erin had brought a CD player and Brittany had a portable DVD player. They all changed into the camp outfits. The clothes were from Spiritwear. The tops had cap sleeves with a white knit body and the camp logo across the front, and the shorts were navy blue with trim stripes with the word cheer on the left leg. The first activity was in the large field house. There was

a sense of unity when all the cheerleaders were dressed alike as they entered the field house. There were some aerobic warm-ups and a general review of techniques with the entire group. Later we would be in smaller groups with individual instructors and an assistant for each squad. One-on-one lessons would also be available during the camp.



The first session was on one of cheerleading's fundamental skills, the motions. Motions are the movements that are part of all cheers, sidelines, dances and stunts. The instructor stressed the importance of sharp strong, clean and precise movements and transitions. We began with the ready, a position hit before all cheers. We worked on a nice strong stance, shoulders apart, squared forward keeping the motions in front with flat wrists and fists placed at your sides. We next practiced the clasp, which is used to create a sharp sounding clap

with hands tightly squeezed around each other, elbows in and held slightly below the chin. It seems like a lot of details just to clap your hands, but the purpose was to break down every individual action to improve sharpness and increase speed. Next were basic hand movements, blades where hands are held out flat with fingers and thumbs together and buckets where fists are down as carrying buckets. We practiced L, T and K hand combinations as well as basic leg positions. We finished with the diagonal where one arm is placed in a high V and the opposite arm is placed in a half low V. Along the way we discussed facials, the expressions of enthusiasm made during a routine. We were told the importance of smiling being excited and optimistic because cheerleaders are not mere spectators but are giving a performance. We were told to react naturally to the current situation and not to overreact it. This way the performance was real and immediate.

Next we took a dinner break, the food was surprisingly good.

The evening session focused on stunt techniques. The first one was the basket toss. The entire stunt was first broken down and demonstrated step by step. The importance of safety and team work was also stressed. Michelle was going to be a flyer or climber. These are the members that are lifted and tossed into the air. The bases are in direct contact with the floor and support the flyer. A backspot is the person who supports the flyer from the back and assists in safety of loading and the dismount. There were discussions on how all members must work together in climbing, elevating and transferring movements. The stunt was practiced several times as a walk through and then performed full out under the watch of the instructors. The flyer was tossed into the air with the help of the bases and the backspot. The side bases hands were interlocked at the wrist and the flyer caught under her back and legs into the cradle formed by the bases.

When practice ended the squad returned to the commons area of the dorm where they relaxed, met and talked with other squads. One of the topics of conversation was the movie "Bring It On" starring

Kirstin Dunst and Eliza Duskin. Some girls liked it; others thought it was not realistic.

“I thought it was clever and funny and really showed the energy needed to be a competitive cheerleader at the regional and national levels.”

“It was an interesting look into the effort it takes in developing and practicing the cheers, dances and stunts.”

“You've got to look at it as a spoof of the cheerleading stereotype that we hear about all the time.”

“It does have some funny scenes that we can relate to, but remember it is a movie, a teen summer comedy and not a documentary.”

One of the girls suggested they do some of the “I'm” chants from the movie. Most of them knew the words and it was amazing to hear and watch about twenty cheerleaders shout out and imitate some of the moves right there in the dorm.

“I'm sexy, I'm cute, and popular to boot.”

“I'm pretty, I'm cool, I dominate the school.”

“I'm strong, I'm loud, I'm gonna make you proud.”

“I'm bitchin', great hair, the boys all love to stare.”

Most of the girls were tired and they returned to their rooms, showered, got into their pjs and were asleep before lights out.

Michelle's evening was not finished as she found a surprise waiting in their room. Hanging on hooks were three pink and frilly party dresses along with matching petticoats. On the beds were frilly anklets, panties with rows of lace, black Mary Janes and some matching lacy gloves and hair bows. Erin spoke. “My mom has access to just about any costumes she wants because of the large amount of rental business that she sends the costume supplier during the recital season. We know that in the past you liked the frilly girlie look so we arranged it to play some dress up with you tonight.” They all changed into their new outfits and with the help of a curling iron, they became silly little curly tops. The dresses were very short and when they bent down, there was quite a lacy sight to see. A little tea set was brought out and they played tea party. Michelle took out her Cheerleader Barbie doll and the other two girls also had brought some Barbies. Brittany took out her portable DVD player and called the girls over. They watched Erin and Brittany in a dance recital routine from when they were much younger. The song was I Won't Grow Up. The dresses that they wore now were very similar to those they wore at the recital. Just for fun, they decided to teach Michelle some of the dance steps. It was surprising but they were able to remember most of the routine. After this they had a little photo session and posed in their cute outfits. A few of the other girls just had to take a sneak peek and they all said they never saw such precious little dancers. It had been quite a first day at cheer camp.

The second day they took out a top, shorts and a pair of skorts all in the school's colors. Since they were

doing dance in the morning they put on their skorts. They would change into shorts in the afternoon. The shirt was jersey knit in white with a green colored collar. There was an embroidered cheer logo on the chest. The shorts were green with an elastic waist with a three-inch inseam. There was matching white and gold braid they were also V notched on the legs. We would be outside today on the fields. The morning was devoted to choreography and how to incorporate dance moves into the routines. In competitions, dance routines are two minutes and fifteen seconds long. The routines cannot include tumbling, stunting or pyramids and only poms can be the only props used. Most dance routines are based on an eight beat count, usually called an 8 count. In a way dance is opposite from the motions. Dance focuses on smooth flowing routines but motions are precision movements. The squads worked on some of the basics and saw how to look for variations best suited to their team's style. Some teams used music from Cheer Dance CDs while others had music that was currently popular on MTV. Lunch and free time followed with time for optional practice with individual instructors. Michelle went over a few dance moves with one of them.

Afternoon was first used to discuss and complete some strength, conditioning and flexibility exercises. Two stunts were also presented and practiced, the chair and a liberty. In the chair, the bases hold the flyer by placing one hand under the seat and the other hand around the flyer's ankle for support. As the flyer was lifted, she held one leg up near the base elbow and the other leg was straight out as if sitting on a chair. The second stunt the liberty is a classic but difficult to perform. The bases start in an elevator stance but much closer together. The spotter begins with one hand on the climber's ankle and the other hand under her seat. On a designated count, the spotter presses the flyer into the standing position. The base holds the foot and ankle. The flyer counts one, two, down, up. On down, every one dips. The flyer gets to a standing position placing her free foot on her other knee and the bases follow through with their arms and legs lifting the flyer. The supporting leg must be straight and locked. The bent leg is braced against the knee of the other leg to keep the body from twisting. The flyer extends both arms into the air and holds the move. On another count, the stunt may end in a basket toss and cradle.

After dinner, there was some free time and later, squad and individual pictures taken. The evening activities included jumps and tumbling. As with most of the activities at camp, each part was broken down to its parts and demonstrated first. The focus was always on safety, proper form and technical correctness. This type of practice made the moves faster and easier to learn. Jumps usually consist of four parts, the approach, the lift, the landing and the trick. The trick is what you do in the air. They practiced three tricks: the pike, the herkie, and the around the world. In the pike, both of the legs were extended straight out in front parallel to the floor. The arms were outstretched in front with fists closed and the chest slightly forward. In a herkie, one leg is extended to the side of your body and the other leg is bent to the side and facing the crowd. The arms hit a punch motion. The around the world is a pike jump that rotates into a toe touch in midair. A scorpion is a jump performed on the floor where the cheerleader stands on one leg and pulls the foot of her unsupported leg behind her head using both hands. One technique is to practice the positions on the ground to get a feel for the jump without being in the air. All these jumps require flexibility, balance and strength.

Tumbling practice involves flips and movements on the floor. A back handspring or flip flop, is a

backwards jump onto the hands with both legs following as a pair, until the feet reach the floor. A back tuck is a backwards flip in which the knee and hips are bent and drawn into the chest and the body is tucked or folded at the waist. A roundoff is similar to a cartwheel but the feet come together at the height of the jump and snap down on the floor. Repeating these on a tumbling run or pass can be described as a double or a triple.

A brief discussion on team building and goal setting ended the workout.

Before lights out there was a lot of free time available. Some girls headed for the swimming pool. Some stopped for late night pizza at the cafeteria or checked out the souvenirs and clothes at the camp store. Some completed their dorm room door decorations with all kinds of slogans and cheer themes. Many met in the common areas and in their rooms with their buddy squads, exchanged small gifts of glitter and hair ribbons. As usual, there were major girl talk sessions.

One of the sessions covered the different ways they got ready in the morning. Some of the comments heard were,

"I usually spend a lot of time brushing my long silky hair apply a little makeup and search my closets and put on my cutest clothes."

"I don't really bother. I get quickly dressed in whatever. My hairstyle is a messy one so it doesn't matter what I do."

"As you can see, I have a very fit body and like to wear skimpy tops and tight pants. I only require a little bit of makeup and a little styling because you can see I'm a knockout."

"I usually brush my hair put on a little lip gloss and get dressed in comfy clothes. I'm not high maintenance"

"I like to think of my self as a perfect princess. I prefer expensive lotions, expensive makeup and designer clothes. I take my time and then I'm ready to take in all the complements."

During the day, bare midriffs were not allowed, but the rules were relaxed during the free time and many girls were walking around in their sports bras and shorts. One other thing Michelle noted was that some of the girls were not used to rooming with people they did not know and even though each room had their own bathrooms, some girls were shy and wore their swimsuits while they showered.

As the girls were lying in bed, Erin's voice could be heard in the darkened room. "Can you guys keep a secret?" She didn't wait for an answer. "Well, this may sound a little strange but it's true because I saw it and have a few pictures to prove it. You may remember the story my mom told about her brother Bob, or as you know him Mr. Jenkins, the English teacher. About a year ago, Bob's wife Marilyn had told her that Bob was neglecting her and neglecting many of his responsibilities at home. He was spending

several nights a week out with his buddies and coming in late without any explanations. My mom had told Marilyn about Bob's history of dress up and she proposed a plan to help improve Bob's behavior. She ordered an extra large girlie style party outfit very similar to the ones we wore last night. She had Marilyn threaten Bob by telling him that if he wouldn't become Kelly Ann, the name of his girl's personality, for the entire weekend, she would reveal in detail the secrets of Bobs clothing preferences to his friends. Bob had no choice but to agree. She had him talking playing and acting like a sweet polite girl. The next day he was dressed as a school girl in a crisp white blouse with a peter pan collar, a plaid school jumper, white knee highs and a pair of black patent leather shoes with a black strap across the ankle. He was made to wear a blond curly wig all day. After that weekend, he was now a loving and obedient husband. They kept his schoolgirl clothes in case he needed to be taught another lesson, but now it seems he wants to be rewarded for his changed behavior by being allowed to wear the uniform." "Wow, that's some story. I wonder what's it's like to wear a girl's uniform?" asked Michelle.

"You did miss a lot of girl experiences when you were growing up, Michelle. I think we may be able to arrange some school time for you to catch up on your girlie lessons when we get back home after camp." said Brittany.

Michelle smiled and had a sweet dream about her future that night.

On the third day, all of the squads would be wearing their uniforms. The official green and gold Bears shells and pleated skirts were put on over panties and sports bras. Erin and Brittany helped Michelle put on light lip gloss and clear nail polish. They wore the cute paw print cheer socks and matching cheerleader shoes. One of the girls had lent Michelle a pair to wear back at the dance studio. The team decided all of them should have the same hair style so they met and helped each other put up their hair in a single braid down their backs tied with a green ribbon.

That evening they would be able to dress up and allowed more makeup so some of them took out their clothes and put them on hangers



Morning began with breakfast, followed by warm-ups and stretching to improve the range of motions and to lower the risk of injuries. The squads worked on cheers, sidelines, poms, and pyramids. Pyramids require a lot of hand coordination. As the pyramid is built, it is coordinated to accentuate parts of the cheer. Disassembling the pyramid is also part of the routine. A pyramid can be a dramatic finish to a routine.

Early afternoon meant lunch, free time and individual coaching by the instructors. Later in the afternoon, the squads practiced with their coaches and finally presented their routines for the performance evaluations.

After the evaluations, the teams returned to their rooms to prepare for the evening's activities. Dinner was not in the cafeteria but in a separate hall with a stage up front, fancy tables with tablecloths and waiters serving the meal. Awards were to be handed out to teams and individuals at the dinner. The three girls all helped each other into makeup and nail polish. They also fixed their hair into more formal styles. Michelle wore the halter dress that they had chosen at the mall. She put on her new pair of pantyhose and borrowed a pair of low heels. They all looked like attractive young ladies.

The dinner was quite fancy and the girls complimented each other on their appearances and fashion sense. After the meal, each team was privately given the results of their performance evaluations. The Bears did very well. At the ceremony the team was awarded the spirit stick which is a traditional award given to teams that exhibit outstanding enthusiasm and sportsmanship during the cheer camp. All 12 team members received a ribbon. Eight superior ribbons were given in stunting, pompon routine, sideline and cheer. Four ribbons were given for excellence of performance. Three of the senior team members were especially honored to be for the All- star squad.

After the ceremony, they all returned to their dorm rooms and many shouts and loud voices could be heard even passed lights out. Brittany and Erin were watching the screen of Brittany's DVD player as they called Michelle over. "Here is a DVD of me in another dance recital in which I was dressed as a 1950's cutie dancing to Rock Around the Clock and guess what song is ready to play on Erin's CD player?" asked Brittany.

"Now if only we had a costume, we could teach you the dance steps."

They walked to the storage cabinet and opened it up and with voices and faces showing a fake look of surprise they both shouted, "Well, look at this!"

They took out a black felt circle skirt with a pink poodle appliqué. There was a matching pink petticoat. Include was a stripped knit top, a more mature Victoria's secret padded bra, a pair of Bobby socks, pink scarf and a pink hair ribbon. They quickly had Michelle change into the clothes, put her hair up in a 50's style ponytail and added some dramatic makeup. The soon had her working out the dance moves to the 50's classic song. They laughed and laughed as Michelle's pink petticoat flew out from under her dress as she twirled to the music. They all enjoyed this dance lesson and finally they all changed for bed.

The next morning was the final day at camp. This was a fun day. The team dressed in their tie-dyed tee shirts and gray cheer shorts. Morning warm-ups with the entire group followed breakfast. The early session was to practice the routines that they would be performing that afternoon. These routines consisted of a three minute cheer chant, stunt or skit to be done non-competitively in front of the whole camp at the final spirit spectacular. After lunch, all returned to their rooms for final packing and room cleanup. After the spectacular, it would be time for room inspection and checkout. The camp director greeted the cheerleaders and thanked them for all their hard work and dedication during the camp. The whole camp also thanked their instructors and gave them a standing ovation. Each squad then performed a cheer and their routine or skit. Many were very creative and humorous. It was easy to see

that they had spent the last few days with some very thoughtful, caring and special girls. The Bears did two traditional cheers

“The power, the might, you CAN believe the hype!

Go, Bears, go. Fight, fight, fight”

and

“Green and Gold, let's be bold!

Green and Gold, let's be bold!

We don't mess around. Hey!

We don't mess around.”

They then performed a routine in which they demonstrated the simple steps in a Hawaiian hula dance. In the background Hawaiian music played and the team dressed grass skirts and navy crushed velvet tank tops with a racer back and purple flower designs on it. . Most of them were already familiar with this because they had performed it as part of Homecoming activities and still they had the costumes for it. .

Once all the skirts were done, it was time to change back into tops and shorts and to say goodbyes and prepare to leave. Many of the girls exchanged emails and addresses and a lot of tearful farewells were spoken. It was time to get back on the bus for the drive back home. The new cheer members had been accepted by the group. There was no doubt that they all had learned and shared a lot. It would be hard not to think of them as their cheerleader girl friends and they made plans to continue to share their girly experiences together. It had been quite a week at Cheer camp.

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One time my sisters talked me into putting on one of their frilly party dresses and then locked my clothes in my room and threw the key out the window. I ran outside and tried to find the key, but before I could find it, our mother came home and saw me in the dress. She angrily demanded an explanation. My sisters told her that I had sneaked into their room and put the dress on myself, so when they caught me, they threw the key to my room out the window, so I'd have to stay dressed that way until she came home. Mom believed them, not the truth. She made me keep on the dress and panties until dad came home. He called me a sissy and gave me the spanking of my life.