

Pussy Boy Pages

Reader's Stories & Pics

Volume 10



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he admits he wants her to dildo fuck him.*

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and punished like a little girl, and
soon the whole neighborhood knows.*

Adults Only

Plus a lot more!

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

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My First Sissy Shopping Trip

By Candy

That awful morning early one summer, I woke up to find a pile of strange-looking clothing stacked up on the chair beside my bed. Mommy came into my room and simply told me that she was going to dress me in a way that would make me mind her and keep me out of trouble.

I had no idea what she meant by that, and I was further confused as she helped me out of my pajamas and threw them into my wastebasket. Repeatedly, I asked her why she was dressing me in these weird clothes, but she didn't answer me. They looked like things girls wear, so why was she putting them on me? I knew better than to resist her. I didn't miss the fact that her spanking paddle was setting alongside those frilly white, pink and yellow clothes.

In total silence, Mommy dressed me in a pair of bubblegum pink silken panties, silvery white pantyhose and then a second pair of pink panties. Over all that she squeezed me into black velveteen short shorts. She mumbled something about all those layers of silkiness would keep my bad boy stuff well packed away. Then she further stunned my senses and crushed my spirit by enveloping me in an outrageously frilly white blouse loaded with lace and yellow ribbons. Tears came to my eyes as I looked down and saw the gobs of pink lace that trimmed my panties sticking out from the bottom edge of my shorts. I didn't know much about clothes, but I knew boys didn't wear such dumb-looking clothes. As I sniffled in shame, she curled my short hair around some pink rollers like she put in her hair every night. I knew I looked more like the world's biggest sissy. Why was she doing this to me?

As she put lipstick on my lips, my dominant mommy said, "Beginning today you'll always be dressed as my little sissy boy, and at times, depending upon my mood, I'll treat you and dress you like a pretty little girl. Frequently, I'll take you outside so other people can see you. I'm going to reform you by humiliating you out of your nastiness. Eventually, your hair will grow long enough so we can completely disguise you

as a girl, and when you've been good for a long period of time, I'll spare you a lot of humiliation and abuse by letting you fool people into thinking that you are a real girl. So you better be the perfect little Miss Priss for me!

"But first you have to go through a long learning period with a lot of spankings and a long trial of shame. I'm turning you into a panty show boy."

"What did I do so badly," I wondered to myself. She replied like she was reading my mind.

"You used to be my sweet little boy, but ever since you started school and began mixing with other boys, your actions and attitude have steadily deteriorated, and now you are a little monster, not any son of mine. So I'm going to change you into something much nicer – a sweet little sissy boy – and maybe even completely change you into a girl! So now that you are out of school for the summer, I've decided to correct your behavior and your attitude by exposing you to the world and your nasty little friends as a prize sissy because to make my retraining of you to be work, it won't be enough for you to wear frilly clothes just in private, you WILL wear them publicly."

I couldn't believe that she was going to make me appear before people like this!

"I'll make sure you endure the greatest amount of humiliation I can inflict. I'll require you to act like a real little sissy. Your dresses will always be short enough to expose generous views of your lacy panties - so just get used to it! In all respects you'll dress like a little priss, and I'll expect you to act accordingly. I'm requiring you to act like a little girl, but I will not let you wear a bra with fake breasts or a wig. I want everyone to know that you are a naughty sissy boy under petticoat punishment. Your hair is just long enough to curl, so you better hope that it grows fast so that it will provide a disguise to keep people from guessing that you are a sissy boy and not a real girl. But each time you violate any of my rules, I'll cut some of your hair off. Then, after a thorough spanking on your panties, your punishment will continue out in public. The shorter your hair gets, the more you will be humiliated and shamed when I trot you out on display before the world.

"You'll have short hair and a flat chest. You'll face the world as a boy unable to stop showing off his lacy pink panties from under the edge of his short little girlie dresses!" She was grinning wildly as she said all that.

"Mommy! Please, I'm sorry for anything and everything I did..."

"Quiet! Now, look in the closet and see the new starter wardrobe I bought for you."

I stared in astonishment at the collection of daintily and lace frilled ultra-short dresses and rack of tiny petticoats, all guaranteed to keep my shameful panties on full display front and back.

"Mommy, there's so many of them, um, ah, dresses and girls' stuff!"

"Well, of course, these are your new clothes you will wear every day from now on. You'll never wear trousers again, not even girls' slacks. Ruffled pink panties and sissy velvet shorts are the only pants you will ever wear. And no, these are but a tiny fraction of the clothes you will need as mommy's sissy boy-girl. So later today, we're going shopping to fill out your wardrobe.

"And as you can see, these are very frilly, dainty and sissy clothes. The more you look like a total sissy, the more likely you are to become humble and obedient and do everything I tell you to do. I'm looking forward to watching you daintily dressed with your pretty panties completely exposed under your bobbing skirt as you take your dolly in your arms and go skipping off to play with your little friends...and you will have little friends believe me!

"And, just to let you know now, some of my friends know all about what I am doing to you. They're going to be at the Clubhouse meeting tonight, and I'm going to take you over there to show you off to them."

I shuddered at the thought of anyone seeing in this pussyboy outfit. Mom obviously had this all planned and now was going to parade me before her friends who were now quite anxious to see me turned into a girlie-boy freak!

Mommy saw the fear in my eyes, and rightly guessed that I was going to try to make a run for it. Then she picked up the paddle, and I had a change of heart.

"Turn around and bend yourself over the end of the sofa. I have to take some of the disobedience out of your butt to sweeten you up and to get you on tract to behaving the way I want you to behave."

Grabbing me by my ear, Mommy bent me over the end of the sofa, held me down and then began to switch me hard with her wooden paddle. I took the first stroke without complaint but then the blows came down harder and faster.

"OUCH! OUCH! OUCH! That hurts, Mommy!"

She was just getting started.

"Now, sweet cheeks, I love to see tears and hear real sobs when I spank you, so let yourself go. It's OK for sissies to cry! I plan on spanking you a lot from here on out! I've been much too lenient on you."

My legs began to kick and my butt was quickly turning into a mound of burning flesh. I was crying, but she wasn't letting up. Instead, she undid the back zipper on my shorts and peeled them down to expose my pink pantied ass. She immediately, began hitting my pantied rear harder and harder with each swat. I tried to shift and evade the hits, but the paddle kept striking its mark and every blow increased the terrible heat building up in my butt.

"Later we're going shopping and you'll play bend over games in public so everyone can see your well-spanked panty ass!"

The strokes continued across and up and down my butt and even down my thighs. I knew my rear was going to be full of red welts and black-n-blue marks. I began to cry harder than I had ever cried before. I jumped around on Mommy's lap to avert the spanks, but I knew better than to try and get off her lap. The tears flowed and I found myself suddenly sobbing with no control. Even more violent strokes followed as my legs thrashed and I heaved about.

I spent the afternoon learning how to do things in a girlish way: how to sit, stand, walk, and even talk with a lisp. Mommy taught me about different kinds of girls' clothes, how to put them on, hang them up, take care of them, etc. Mommy was ready with the paddle to correct my every mistake. Everything she taught me was femininity exaggerated, with limp wrists, swiveling hips, a sweet pouty expression, etc. Then she had me take off the shorts and tights and put me into a super short mini skirt version of a little girls' pink party dress. For twenty minutes while she got herself ready, she made me stand before a mirror and study my reflection. I cried at the sight of what I saw and was shocked to see the redness and black-and-blue marks that covered the backs of my thighs from Mommy's severe spankings.

"Now is my sweet little thing ready to go out?" Mommy asked. "Nod yes if you're ready!"

I really had no choice. I nodded yes as I continued to choke on my sobs. My tears ran down my face and through my nose. I stood there sobbing and with my body and legs shaking until Mommy finished getting dressed and then grabbed me by my ear and led me downstairs.

"Okay, sweetums, head for the car and I want to see you swish your bottom back and forth like a slutty little girl. Now, swing your hips as you walk! Swing it for all you're worth, just like I showed you!"

As I tried my best to walk in an exaggerated feminine fashion, I took small steps and swayed my hips on my way toward the front door. Mommy opened the door and I walked as fast as I could to her car parked out front. We lived on a busy street, and seeing the traffic whizzing by horrified me as people looked out their car windows and stared at me in my horrible girlie outfit. Now for the first time, I was facing the world as a panty show sissy with a hot burning rear end. I swished as best I could right up to the passenger door.

"Very good, sweetums!" Mommy seemed pleased. "Now curtsy for me and thank me for letting you become my sweet little dolly boy."

"Thank you, Mommy, for letting me become your dolly!" I managed to get the words out as my sobs died down.

The stop light at the corner had turned red, and the traffic was now at a standstill in front of our house.

Curious drivers were looking as I curtsayed sweetly to Mommy while lifting my dress as high as I could. A horn blew. I knew it was for me! Mommy seemed pleased. I blushed and cried as she opened the car door and let me get in.

"Now, let me see. I need to go to Safeway first."

I knew the store. It was brightly lit and if Mommy made me go in there and reach things for her from the lower and upper shelves, I knew my well-beaten thighs and frilly panties would be on full display. By the time she was finished at the store, everyone there would see what a complete silly sissy dolly boy I was. The red welts on the backs of my thighs would stand out in high contrast to my pale white skin. She was going through with her plan to humiliate me by making me fully display my panties and punished backside to total strangers in preparation to taking me to that meeting where she'd show me off to her girlfriends.

"Be sure you walk daintily every step, or else I'll give you another spanking tonight!" she told me when we got to the strip mall and we were walking to the store entrance. "I'm going to call you Candy from now on, and I want you to be just as sweet as your name. Now, get that bottom of your swishing, and don't stop unless you want it heated up some more!"

The rush was intense as I felt the night air on my thin skinny legs, naked from my lacy ankle sock to the lacy hems of my almost fully exposed panties.

"OK, Candy, go in...and be sure to do just what I say! Hold onto the hem of your new dress and mince along side of me."

"Yes, Mommy!" I said, panting with fear in a high-pitched voice squeaking with through the tears that were dripping down my throat.

We came to the automatic doors, and as they opened three teenage girls were coming out.

"Look at the cutie pie!" one of them sang out.

"Curtsey for the girls, Candy," Mommy instructed.

I did a full curtsy, holding my skirt up as high as it would go, so even my bare naked tummy above the top of my extremely high-waisted pink panties could be seen. The girls laughed and quickly ran off giggling.

Seeing the hand baskets on the floor by the entrance, Mommy told me to pick one up and to do it sissy style by not bending my knees but bending over fully at the waist, and then she told me to carry the basket in one hand while holding out the hem of my dress with the other.

A loud wolf whistle came sailing our way. "Look at the crazy sissy!" a loud male voice trumpeted. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw this boy's friends and heard them make cruel remarks as I picked up the red basket exactly as Mommy had instructed.

As I stood back up, I realized the three high school boys were now standing right in front of me.

"Curtsey for them too, Candy."

Nothing was worse than going against Mommy, so I obeyed and lifted my short dress with my free hand and dipped sweetly like Mommy had taught me. This brought out huge laughs and even more teasing remarks. We had not even made it all the way into the store yet!

It was a long, drawn out shopping trip, and when it was over, I figured over 30 people had seen me pissily moving about and with every move showing off my pretty panties and black-and-blue paddle marks. The cashier asked Mommy about the welts when I was bending over putting stuff into the cart. Mommy told me to tell the lady what had happened.

"I've been spanked so I will become ever sweeter and obedient for my mommy!"

That brought out a smile and a laugh from the lady. She said, "Well, I'm sure you deserve it. I hope she blisters your butt good for showing off your panties like a little slut. Imagine, a little boy like you who is so bad that your mommy has to dress you up like a sissy to make you be nice. You really must be a very bad little boy!"

"Believe me," Mommy said to the lady, "little Miss Candy here will be getting a good spanking on a regular basis! Before he started going to school and mixing with other boys, he was always a good boy, but for the last three years he has become increasingly naughty, so I'm making him over into a sweet little sissy boy who will be good to everybody all the time!"

"Now curtsy for the nice lady!"

I did so and then finished loading all the groceries loaded into the cart. I had to push the cart all the way back to the car that seemed so far away. A couple more horn honks and nasty comments from other customers let me know that the public panty show I was putting on was continuing without interruption.

Under Mommy's watchful eye and exact instructions, I loaded up the trunk, bending over with each individual plastic sack to show off my pink pantied rear to anyone who cared to look.

Then Mommy said, "Now, be a good girlie panty boy and take that cart all the way back inside the store. I'll wait right here as long as you are quick!" Mommy smiled.

I curtseyed to her and then rolled the cart back inside, this time walking all by myself. It was scary to be

out in public dressed like this and all alone.

As I came out of the store and hurriedly made my way back to the car, I heard Mommy say, "Now, hold onto the ruffled edge of your skirt, do a few spins and then prance around for me before you get into the car!"

I quickly picked up the frilled hem of my skirt just as I had been told. Girlish giggles broke out from a car coming into the lot as they caught me in their headlights. I dashed into the car as fast as I could once Mommy opened the door.

Inside, Mommy made me sit with my legs spread wide open, so any truckers who would happen to pull up alongside us could look inside our car and see my wide-open pink panty crotch fully on display.

It was obvious that Mommy was not going to be shy in the slightest about making sure that my panty showing petticoat punishment was known to all. I knew in a matter of 24 hours she would make sure that the better part of our neighborhood would know all about me.

After a few days of this I gave in completely to her and began to automatically move about as a fully conditioned sweet sissy wherever I was, at home and in public. And the longer it went on, the deeper I felt myself becoming as big of a sissy as I looked. Ever since I have lived a life filled with ridicule and humiliation that most people couldn't even imagine. And that was my life for not just a day, a week or even a few months, but for the past twenty seven years!

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Boy Joins the Brownies

As punishment for misbehaving, my husband and I forced our son to join the Brownies. He was introduced by his sister and went through the initiation.

It was my husband, JR, who initiated the punishment after he was fed up with Jenny's (Johnnie's new nickname) increasingly nasty and arrogant attitude. JR started reading all the femdom material I started getting from one of my friends. It all made a lot of sense to him. He liked the girlie thing to tame down a troublemaking boy like our son. Johnnie was becoming quite mean to little kids in the area, and neighbors' complaints about him were mounting. It's one thing to have confidence in yourself, and quite another to be extremely arrogant and rude -- and another thing altogether to become mean and abusive. He thought he was being manly, imitating some of the mafia types all too prominent in our neighborhood. But even those guys don't harass females just for the sport of it.



My husband thought it was necessary to humble our son after our boy knocked down some Girl Scouts and stole a bunch of their cookies. He had threatened the girls with a starter pistol (stolen from his father who uses it when he judges local track meets). My husband thought making Johnnie into a Girl Scout was the perfect punishment, and wondered if it could be done.

He was not old enough for the regular Girl Scouts but in the same age range as our daughter, Jessica, who is a Brownie Scout, so his father and I went to one of her meetings and spoke with the scout leader. She had no problem with it, providing we wouldn't expect Johnnie to be given any special treatment. He too would have to learn the scout pledge and song, participate in all activities, and be expected to acquire his share of achievement badges. She said there was no exception to the rule about wearing the uniform and wondered if my husband and I wanted to still go through with it if he had to wear the regulation skirt and blouse along with all the accessories. My husband and I said that we'd have it no other way!

Just buying the uniform and the lingerie to wear under it was a trip and a half. We had Johnnie go along with us, and told him to stand still as we measured the uniform against him, telling we were just using him for size since his sister (who is close to him in height) wasn't with us. We told him that because we didn't want to have him make a scene in the store. But just holding those clothes up to him made him curse at us! My husband told him that if he acted up anymore and didn't do this little favor for us that we'd buy him one of the green dress uniforms and girly lingerie too! Still, he grumbled and was very difficult, so as we left the store, we told him that the clothes weren't for his sister at all but were for him. I'm sure he thought we were just joking, harassing him for what he had done to the Scouts. But once we got home, we made it clear that not only the clothes were for him, and he was going to become a member of his sister's Scout troop. Not just one, but three doses of the paddle were needed to convince him to cooperate. Letting his spankings lapse in recent years is probably where we had gone wrong with him.

After we made him join, the leader had been asking around with other leaders and told us that a boy joining the Girl Scouts was unusual but not an uncommon occurrence. She told us several stories. Most of them, the boys wanted to join along with the girls and ours was the only instance where a boy was being forced to join as a punishment. She said – but she couldn't get it confirmed – that a boy held the record for cookie sales.

Johnnie/Jenny's Scout leader has had no real problem with him. She thinks treating him like one of the Brownies is making him polite and considerate of others. We have used our paddle extensively to keep him in line. He's sick of the teasing from the other kids and is trying to serve out his sentence and get this all behind him. We haven't decided how far we are going to take this, but why stop a good thing! We are now seriously considering dressing him in girls' clothes all the time at home. That idea really scares him. His conduct has been exemplary of late. His one-time overbearing masculinity is a thing of the past.

From "Boy Becomes Girl Scout" by Prose 122. #06560-O Revised by Princess Lacey

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Tormented Weakling

As a child, I was skinny and little for my age. I was troubled a lot and sometimes wet the bed. My brother would smell my piss in the morning and rub my face in the wet sheet and tell my mom and my sister and my other brothers. They'd all call me a sissy, and my mother would put dresses on me for acting like a baby girl. She never dressed my other brothers up in girls' clothes as a punishment, but she'd dress me up whenever I was bad and tell me to be nice like my big sister. She'd make me sit nice and hold a doll on my lap or make me play girls' games with my sister and her friends. At bedtime, everyone would laugh when my sister would dress me in her old babydoll pjs. They were always pink and white with matching panties with white lace on them.

I was picked on in school because I was quiet and shy but most of all because we lived in a small town and everybody knew I wore dresses a lot, but they didn't know it was for punishment. They all thought I wanted to dress like a girl, but I was too shy to correct them. I never argued or talked back to anyone. Daydreaming was my escape, but the teacher would catch me and ask me if I was dreaming about going home after school and putting on my dresses and panties. All the kids would think that was really funny. After school, I remember usually having to run home because a lot of the kids would chase me to beat me up or tease me, even the girls.

Whenever I did something wrong and my mom wasn't home and I need to be punished (which was all

the time, she'd let my oldest brother pull my pants down, put a pair of my sister's lace panties on me and hit my cheeks with a paint stick. If I was good for a while, he'd let me put my trousers on or a pair of my sister's pink shorts.

Sometimes when I was dressed like that and playing outside, my brothers or sister would make me take my trousers or shorts down and show the other kids the pretty panties I was wearing. I'd cry but just stand there and take the abuse. One girl who lived by us (I thought she was the prettiest girl I ever knew) used to think it was really funny. She'd laugh with the loudest and most girlish giggle. It would go right through me. She loved to touch the panties too and snap the elastic waist and legbands real hard and make me cry even more. To this day, I can still hear her laughing and still feel the pain of her snapping my panty elastics.

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Neighbor Man Spanked and Sissified Me

By Colline

Everybody in the neighborhood loved Tom, especially us kids because he was always nice to us and let us play in his big yard, plus he had a big stock of toys and sports gear we play with. He lived alone directly next door to us, so I was over to his place all the time.

When I was nine, he discovered I had lied to my mother about stealing some cigarettes from his house, and the next day as I was passing by his front door, he called me over. I knew I was in trouble and blushed crimson with my guilty secret. At that moment, I knew it had been stupid of me to think he would never know who had taken his cigs. While the kids played in his yard all the time, I was one of the few kids allowed to go into his house.

"Colin, come inside, I wish to talk to you."

As soon as I entered his clean, orderly living room, he said, "I know you stole a pack of my cigarettes. What did you do with them?"

"I only tried one and gave the rest to my mum; I told her I had found them lying in the alley. I'm sorry, but you had lots and mummy had none," I replied truthfully.

"Now, you know stealing is wrong don't you? So we can't allow you to go around stealing things. You'll have to be punished for doing that."

"I'm sorry, sir. I'll be good in future, but please don't tell my mum."

"What happens at school when you're bad," he asked.

"We get spanked by the teacher," I answered. As he took me by the hand and lead me to his stairs and up to his bedroom, I sobbed, "Please don't tell my mummy, sir."

"Now, stand by the end of the bed and we'll get this over with right now. Take your trousers down right now," he ordered sternly.

I hesitated. I started to cry because I didn't want to undress in front of him.

But he commanded me once again to drop my pants, and then added, "Don't worry, you little sissy boy, I know all about you. You think it's a secret from everybody, but I know, I know that underneath you are a

girly-boy. SO GET THOSE TROUSERS DOWN IMMEDIATELY, OR I'LL RIP THEM OFF YOU AND SEND YOU HOME WITHOUT THEM!"

I began crying even harder. I unbelted and unzipped my pants and let them fall.

Then seeing what I was wearing, he added, "So you got pretty pink panties on today, do ya? You can pull those sweet schoolgirl panties up real tight, and bend over the bed. Yes, I know all about you wearing girly things."

"I, I, I just put them on by accident," I stammered, as I blushed to the roots of my hair, totally shamed to be depantsed as a sissyboy.

"You like wearing girls' clothes. That's OK, when I was your age, I loved dressing up in my sister's clothes. You see, I understand. So don't worry, Colline darling, it'll be our little secret. 'Colin' is a boy's name, so I'm sure you'll love me calling you 'Colline' when other people aren't around."

I was shocked and wondered how he had found out about me wearing panties. And it was troubling that he was calling me by a girls' name and wanted to correct him, but before I could think much about it, I glanced back and caught a glimpse of a wooden paddle being raised ready to smack me. I cringed as I heard the loud slap and felt the pain as the wooden paddle struck my behind. The impact caused me to momentarily choke back my crying as my jaw dropped open ready to scream with the next crack of the paddle.

He raised the paddle raised and swung it down again and again before I had chance to take a deep breath. The slapping noise continued briskly and loudly for ten strokes, but strangely, he either let up a bit or I adjusted to the stinging soreness of the following swats because they didn't hurt as much as the first.

When it was over, he kept me draped over his lap as my tears subsided, and then he lowered my pink panties to my thighs and tenderly finished me off rubbing a sweet smelling lotion over my hot bum cheeks. All the while he was calling me "Colline" and talking to me about how pretty my panties were. Finally, he eased the panties up, cupped his hands over my enflamed pink pantied bottom and gently massaged the pain away. As I came down from the horror of the punishing paddling, my thinking began to return to normal, and I then realized that lump in his pants beneath me was his hard cock! As he lifted me off his lap I stared at the huge boner he had in his trousers. He just smiled and said something again about "our secret." As I left the house, he swore again he would never tell on me as long as I was good and did as he told me.

At home, I carefully examined my rosy red cheeks and wondered why I didn't feel that bad about the whole experience!

Tom had a ten-year-old daughter named Brenda. She'd visit on the weekends, and right in front of me,

he explained to her that I was a sissy boy who wore girls' panties all the time. She giggled a bit at that. I thought she'd laugh her head off or really humiliate me and make me feel bad, but she took it all in stride. Maybe Tom prepped her before I came over that day. Anyway, Tom got me to play dress up with her in the house in some of her clothes that they kept there. After that day, we played dress up almost every time she visited. We became great friends, and Tom and Brenda knew how much I loved putting on her clothes and acting like a little girl.

Then one day, I had borrowed some of my mother's bowls so we could make mud pies, and I dropped one of the bowls and broke it, splattering dirt all over Brenda's dress I was wearing.

Tom was nice about it. He said he could go downtown and buy another bowl just like it, but I should be spanked for my clumsiness. Or he could tell my mother and let her punish me.

I told him that my mother's spankings hurt too much, so I asked him to spank me instead!

He helped me remove my muddied dress. Some dirt had even gotten on my panties, so he had me take them off too. Brenda was enjoying seeing me naked. Tom told me to put the dress and panties in the laundry hamper and clean myself up. He sent Brenda to get something for me to wear.

She came into the bathroom with a flimsy pale yellow babydoll nightie with matching nylon panties and helped me put them on.

It was exciting to wear the frilly short nightie. As we descended the stairs on our way to the basement rec room for my punishment, I felt so feminine in the wispy yellow nighty and panty set. The updraft lifted the nighty above my waist. I had never felt so sexy, and to my embarrassment I sprouted a big (for me) erection that brazenly tented up my see-through yellow panties.

Tom was waiting for us. Brenda locked the door behind us, and it made me feel strangely comfortable. I knew didn't want anyone to see me in this situation. The room was warm and cozy. I felt very alive and excited about this little adventure. Tom had never hurt me before with his spankings. He was a gentle even tempered man, and I instinctively trusted him.

"Bend down over the arm of the sofa, Colline. Brenda, you can help. Stand in front of him, left your dress and we'll have him kiss your panties all the while he is being paddled."

No sooner had he said that, and I found my head under her checked cotton dress with my face pressed up against her silky pink rayon panties.

"Stick your pretty ass up nice and high, just like a pretty girl should. That's it. My, but you've a pretty little girly ass on you. Brenda, I think it may be even cuter than your darling bottom."

Brenda giggled, "Well, maybe it is. After all, he's a bigger sissy than I am and I'm a girl!"

Tom laughed, and he started referring to me as “his little girl;” the bond between us was strengthening. With the way I was dressed, it seemed natural enough. My legs felt strangely weak and shaky. I was excited at being his little girl, waiting expectantly. Brenda obviously didn't mind her father calling me that. My bum felt all tingly already, and I felt he was far too nice to hurt me too much. I sank my aching erection into the soft pillow beneath me and continued to balance myself over the arm of the sofa. I relaxed, and to my own surprise let my bum cheeks spread wide, not fearing the paddling to come.

“That's just wonderful, my little girl with a little boy penis. You were born to this; now keep kissing Brenda in her panties and hold still while I find the right cane.”

He kissed the back of my neck just behind my left ear, saying reassuring and complimentary things, as he stroked my buns lovingly, fussing and pulling my thin yellow panties up tighter. I became aware my panties and the pillow were now damp with my pre-cum.

I could hear him trying several canes, as they made swishing noises. I was so excited my knees shook. His loving but firm whip stung me for the first time. As he gave me ten strokes of the cane, Brenda pushed herself even harder into my face, reached forward and down around me and held my pantied erection in her hands. It hurt a lot more than his usual spankings, but in a strange way, it felt good too. When he finished hitting me, he had Brenda slide down my panties in back so he could apply some cream on my butt to ease the pain. He explained that it would also help to prevent blisters. I still remember my ass stinging and glowing with warmth from his intense but sexually stimulating whipping while Brenda's soft hands massaged by girly-boy penis still covered in front by my silky panties bunched up beneath me. As the aching turned into a warm glow, Brenda continued her stroking. Tom sensed how excited I was getting and increased his massaging of my behind, rubbing some slippery oils over my ass and balls and then deep into the crevice between my reddened cheeks. Then he slipped his slick fingers into my asshole and matched my thrusts into Brenda's hands with his own thrusts up my ass. I ejaculated with a violent jerking motion – cumming for my very first time, flooding my panties, and soaking Brenda's hands with my virgin goo now dripping through to the pillow beneath me.

Tom had been so gentle, generous, kind and helpful, so I felt I should be nice in return, and I resolved to do whatever he wished in future. I was ashamed at deriving so much pleasure, but at the same time I started having a strange, warm feeling of total submission to him, making me hold my ass up for him, seemed so natural, like I was meant to be humiliated and punished! I was his totally on each occasion. I always climaxed either from his whipping, or his massages after, my knees always felt strangely weak whenever he aroused me. So he always sat me down afterwards, on the softest pillow he could find and I'd wait while he poured me a warm cup of tea.

In the tea, he gave me pills to soothe me. I managed to find the bottles once, as I was curious, and dropped a couple of the pills in my tea, one said HRT Estrogen but I didn't know what it meant, and the other had no markings. I always administered them myself after that. He insisted it would be best to go to his rec room weekly. In fact I went again several times during the next couple of weeks. I believed his

argument that this would alleviate my feelings of guilt over cross dressing with his daughter. He allowed me to dress up whenever I wanted in his home, and play with his delicious daughter whom I loved to play with. Tom even bought me my own mascara and lipstick, but made me promise to wash them off before I went home, or my mum would raise hell and not allow us to play anymore at Tom's house.

I began to go regularly and accepted that it was right to be punished weekly, and always took my pills after. He always insisted it would help stop me feeling so guilty about liking to dress up in girls' things. I loved that he liked me dressed that way too. After a while, he started asking me for a very special love treat, insisting it was his reward for doing so much for me. I actually I already had started to dream about sucking his cock. He'd call me a sissy and a faggot when I did it to humiliate me. He said being humiliated was good for me because it kept me submissive. I was so proud when his lovely smooth clean dicky responded to my hungry mouth, and I was able to make it nice and hard! He liked to see a lot of lipstick making a ring around his penis. Once I got used to handling him, I didn't mind the humiliation that went with the blowjobs, and I learned to enjoy his harsh salty cum hitting the back of my throat. Afterwards, to rid me of the taste, he'd give me a fruit drink followed by nice little cakes and sweets.

One Halloween night, I had gone to a party dressed up as a maid, wearing makeup, a white silk blouse, a short navy skirt, pink and white socks and a deliciously wicked purple colored bra and panty set. One of the kids had slipped a little bit of booze into the punch. I had never had anything to drink before, so I got a little tipsy. I was feeling great and left the party and went to Tom's house. His daughter Brenda came to the back door when I knocked. She looked so lovely in a cheerleader's costume that I began kissing her. I couldn't resist putting my hand under her sweater. Even though she had touched me intimately many times, I had never touched her. I put my other hand under my skirt and fondled my cock. When I tried to get under her skirt, she resisted. I was in the process of pulling down her panties and she was struggling to stop me when suddenly the light came on, the door burst open, and Tom spotted me. He was furious and commanded that I go to his workshop in his garage and wait while he ministered to his daughter.

I waited for ages in the dark not daring to put on the light; I snuggled down into a pile of sacking. I knew Tom told me never to touch his daughter without both his and her OK, so I didn't know what was in store for me, but Tom obviously had decided to take advantage of the situation and fuck me! He arrived bearing a jar of Vaseline. He sternly told me my behavior was atrocious, and moreover, I could be thrown into jail for trying to rape his precious little girl!

I was stunned and begged him not to report me, and told him I'd do anything he wanted. That night, I got to experience what being a sexy schoolgirl feels like, on the receiving end of a randy enraged father. He had me take my purple panties off, hold them in front of myself and masturbate, but he told me not to cum but just to keep myself thoroughly excited throughout my punishment. Then he bent me over, greased my asshole, and within a few more moments, rammed his big red cock into my ass pussy. His entry was smooth, unstoppable, and most amazingly, deliciously painful. I knew better than to touch Brenda, I knew I deserved being punished, but now I felt guilty at enjoying being punished. I loved him cumming in my asshole. I sensed he needed this kind of loving as much as I did.

I had no father, so I never experienced a father's love, and my mother was always too busy making a living to show me much affection. Physical love was I had missed all my life. Maybe my years of being deprived of that loving was all bottled up like a dam waiting to yield. I had so much feminine submissive love to give. I was ripe and ready to burst open with lust. I wanted so much then to be a real girl, and he was making me one, at least sexually. This man had awakened the blossoming female within me. I cried out with the joy. This is what I so deeply needed. I was reborn as a girl at that climaxing moment.

I looked to the side, and I saw his daughter, hiding in the shadows. She was grinning wildly and had obviously been watching my entire debauchery.

Only after many months did I find out how he knew about me wearing panties that first time. He admitted that he I thought I looked girlish and began spying on me, and then one day he saw me in my mother's bedroom while she was at work. I was trying on her lingerie and forgot to close the drapes!

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Bizarre Governess

"But, doctor, I can't take the time off! Who'd keep an eye on my son? He's been a lot of trouble lately, and I'm worried sick about him."

"You had a mild heart attack, Mrs. Wilson, and if you don't have this procedure immediately, your son might not have a mother to watch over him. You must find someone to take care of him; you'll need at least a month of peace and quiet."

"I suppose I have to have the operation, but what am I going to do with Donald for a few days or so until I can get home from the hospital?"

"No, not for just a few says or so, Mrs. Wilson. After you leave the hospital, you must go into extended care for at least a full month to recuperate and be free of worry. You'll have to make arrangements for someone to care for your son and be away from him so you don't have to worry about him."

"But who? He's at that age where he's so difficult. Boys aren't easy to control like girls. At times I wish he had been born a girl."

"Your problems with your son have contributed to your illness. You have to let someone else care for him for a while. In fact, I know someone who can handle him and even reform him of his troublesome ways. She's a former nurse of mine. Her name is Miss Moore, Miss Carol Moore, and she specializes in handling difficult children. I'll see if she'd available."

Miss Moore was available on short notice. An attractive, big-boned blonde, Miss Moore had a commanding Nordic look about her. She carried her well-muscled body with confidence, yet she didn't look manly like a bull dyke, even though she was a lesbian. Her sweet, motherly face could turn sour in an instant with a stern expression that could quickly scare most children into doing whatever she wanted them to do. In a consultation with Donald's mother and the doctor, she was warned how difficult Donald could be. Miss Moore assured them she was able of handle Donald and discipline him if necessary.

Two days later, Donald Wilson met her and was told that she'd be taking care of him until his mother recovered and came home healthy. He didn't like the way his mother referred to this woman as a governess. Governesses, he thought, were only for little children. Anyway, he didn't see her as a threat. Actually, he thought she was quite attractive, and he was sure he would be able to continue doing anything he wanted despite her authority. And without his mother around, he was looking forward to even more freedom. He was sure this Miss Moore wasn't going to be able to enforce her authority over

him.

She had arrived with a large number of suitcases. Donald shook his head, wondering why females had to travel with so many clothes, makeup and other junk. She went right to work, preparing dinner for them, and after the meal, Donald announced he was going out for a while to meet up with some of his friends.

"No, you're not going out with your delinquent friends," said Miss Moore firmly. "That's why you've been getting into trouble. And worrying about you is what made your mother sick."

"Mother always let me go out," said Donald. "So I'm going out."

"Your mother is sick, I'm in charge of you now, and I say you are not going out."

"How you going to stop me?" demanded Donald, starting for the door.

Miss Moore stood facing him with her back to the door. As he stepped forward to brush past her, she executed a judo move and Donald quickly landed on his back on the floor. The fall knocked the wind out of him.

She calmly but sternly said, "You're not going out, Donald."

Surprise and anger showed on his face as he glared up at her. He tried to get up and scramble for the door, but she countered his advance by grabbing his arm and twisting it up his back, "Stop acting like a spoiled child, Donald. Now, help me clean up the dinner dishes.

"Mother always did the dishes. I won't do it. That's girls' work."

Miss Moore looked at the boy for a moment, deciding how to make the spoiled brat obey. She said, "Donald, I'm not your mother, but I am in charge of you now. So come on and help me with the dishes, or I'll show you other ways I can get you to cooperate."

She had overpowered him, but she sensed he had not been defeated, and that he'd defy her try to do as he pleased at the first opportunity. As he was taking a few deep breaths, struggling to get up and trying to get back to normal, Miss Moore went quickly to her room and removed a few articles from one of her suitcases. Back in the living room she found the ten-year-old boy weak and shaky, and at least temporarily, he didn't appear to have any more rebellion left in him. Now was the perfect time, she knew, to establish her complete domination over him in every way. She had to make him realize he should never go against her.

She addressed him. "You claim washing dishes is girls' work, Donald, and maybe you're right. Now, I want you to get undressed. Take off all your clothes."

“What? But why do I have to...?”

“Because I told you to,” came her answer very simply. “Hurry up, now. Strip yourself. Don't bother being embarrassed, Donald. I'm a nurse, just do it.”

She stood over him threateningly, and he knew he should do it. Without any more protest, he began to take off his clothes. As he stepped out of his underwear and stood naked before her, he realized she was holding a bunch of girls' clothes. She handed him a pair of lacy pink panties and told him to put them on. Trembling with fear of what he was doing, he hesitated, but that only earned him a solid swat across his naked butt that sent him reeling. He quickly slid into the nylon satin panties without any further thinking or hesitating. The thrill of the silky fabric gave him mind-boggling chills.

Tears came to his eyes when she reached down and pinched the head of his small penis through the panties while saying, “You don't have much of a penis. The other boys must make fun of you when they see it. I bet they call you a girly boy and a sissy all the time.”

Before he could express his outrage, Miss Moore just continued on, “If washing dishes is for girls, then it will be all right for you to do it dressed like a girl, a maid in fact, won't it, Donald? So that's how I'm going to dress you. Now, let me help you with this nice white satin slip and your new little black satin dress.

“I suspect you're a bit of a sissy anyway; most tough little boys are just hiding their sissy tendencies. So I'm sure you'll immediately fall in love with the feel of satin. I know about pantywaist boys like you, trying to be little men. I know all about them!”

As soon as he was in the dress, she turned him around and zipped up the back. Next she added a dainty little white lace apron, and tied it in the back in a big bow. A pair of low-heeled shoes appeared at his feet. They were a bit snug, but she managed to force his feet into them. The low heels made him unsteady on his feet, and he wobbled horribly as she made him walk back and forth to get used to them. Then she led him to the kitchen to start on the dishes.

She remarked, “You look like a very attractive girl dressed like that. I think I'll start calling you Donna from now on. I have a lot of other things I can do to improve your girlish appearance. You might never admit it to me, but I know you're going to love your panties and dresses and pretending to be a girl! Maybe, just maybe, I'll have a doctor cut off your penis and balls and really make you into a girl!”

That really shocked him; he had no idea anything like changing a boy into a girl was possible. The glaring look he gave her meant he had no intention of liking any part of this. The idea of having his penis and balls cut off caused him pain in between his legs just imaging it. He thought she was maybe just playing a joke on him with these threats and sissy clothes, and just trying to make the point that she could force him to do whatever she wanted. In the back of his mind, he was thinking of ways to stop his humiliation and get back to hanging around with his undisciplined friends. He sincerely hoped she had no intention

of keeping him dressed like this.

Donald did a reasonable job on the dishes, even if during the process, Miss Moore had to lift his short skirt and give him several swats on his pantied bottom. Once the dishes were finished, she led him to his mother's bedroom, where she was going to be sleeping, and had him try on an assortment of skirts, dresses and lingerie from her suitcases. Then, bare-chested while changing into a dress, she surprised him as she glued two large foam-rubber falsies onto his breasts and held him tightly until the glue dried.

Barely giving him a breather, she said, "We'll have to do something about your waistline, Donna. It needs to be in greater contrast to your plump girlish little hips. I know how to fix it."

In bitter humiliation, Donald looked down at the fake tits. It hurt his pride to be so completely dominated and made to wear girls' clothes. But he didn't have much time to dwell on his embarrassment, as she placed an old-fashioned corset around him and started drawing tight the strings in back. Soon four inches disappeared instantly as the excess flesh was squeezed down onto his hips and up toward his chest as the air was squeezed out of his lungs. Bound in the tight corset and barely able to breathe, it was nearly impossible to be anything but submissive. His bravado was gone. Thoughts of rebellion were suppressed. He wanted to fight back, but it was difficult looking down at his now femininely shaped body and feeling several garters dangling down past his pink panties and ticking his thighs. He sat back in a stupor as she attached nylon stockings to the garter belt and then had him look at himself before his mother's big bedroom mirror. The change was a shock to Donald. He did look like a girl from the neck down!

Then the telephone rang. Donald jumped up to answer it, but found the corset immediately restricted his movement. Recognizing his enslavement to the corset and the smiling Miss Moore, he looked to his new governess for permission. She nodded and accompanied him to the phone so she could overhear both ends of the conversation. It was one of Donald's young friends wondering if he could come out to join him for some fun (that Miss Moore interpreted to mean mischief).

Donald started to say he couldn't go out, when Miss Moore said, loud enough for the caller to hear, "Of course, Donald. Go have fun with your friends. You won't even have to change your clothes. Go dressed just as you are."

Donald turned horrified eyes toward her and began to sputter wildly. Then he clamped his hand over the mouthpiece and whispered fearfully, "I don't HAVE to go out, do I? Not dressed like this? Please?"

"No, Donna, you don't have to go out, but you have to stay in your new clothes. You can stay in if you'd rather practice being a girl. I can teach you a lot of things." Then she walked away.

When he joined her in her back in the bedroom moments later, Miss Moore knew she had won a major battle with him, and from now on it would be easy to take further control and feminize him even more.

She set upon teasing and tempting his sexual urges with visions and sensations of himself as Donna, a sexually provocative pantywaist temptress. The exotically clad and tantalizingly provocative girl staring back at him from the mirror seemed to be offering him every conceivable carnal reward. The bizarre allure of Donna was seducing Donald.

Over his corset and lingerie she had him put on a floor-length black nightgown of nylon satin that was sleekly opaque. Its bias-cut design made the slinky material cling lovingly to every inch of Donna's feminized contours.

She had her victim stand before the big mirror and she commanded, "Move around a little right there, and tell me every detail of what you see. I know what you'll see, but I want to tell me in your own words."

Obediently Donald stared at his reflection as he let his body begin to writhe sensuously. Then he began to describe what he was seeing, slowly at first, but then with increasing speed and ardor. "I look like a real girl in a sexy black nightie. I can see all her nice bumps and curves -- her nice tits and bottom."

In an intimate whisper Miss Moore urged him on in his self-hypnosis, "How does it feel to you when you touch her nightie with your hands?"

"She feels smooth and warm," he continued as he let his fingertips glide over the nylon fabric of the nightgown, all the while his eyes continued to devour the sensual image in the mirror.

Miss Moore noted a bulge appearing in the front of the nightgown between his writhing thighs. "Is the sexy girl in the mirror making you feel sexy too?"

"Uh-huh. She makes me feel funny down there," he said as he let one of his hands caress his stiffie while his other hand touched his fake tits.

"Now it's getting close to bedtime, so you can help me get ready for bed. You won't be sleeping in your room, by the way. You will sleep in the big bed here with me."

His surprise at this remark helped snap Donald out of his sexually induced trance. He looked at his governess in amazement and then down at his own hand that was still stroking his rigidly erect penis. He wondered why the stern dominant Miss Moore having him sleep in the same bed with her.

"Get my pajamas, the blue satin ones, from that suitcase," ordered Miss Moore. "You'll be sleeping in your nice new nightie. We girls have a lot to talk about together and we can get started in bed."

In a daze of confusion Donald brought her the silky pajamas and then helped her remove her conservative blouse. Revealed in her bra, she had firm high young breasts that thrilled Donald even though they were smaller than the fake rubber ones stuck on his chest. Then, at her order, he

unfastened her brassiere and took the dainty feminine garment as she shrugged it off her arms.

She turned to face him, smiling coyly up into his eyes as she said, "How do you like my titties, Donna? Have you ever seen a girl's breasts close up before? Would you like to feel them with your own hands?"

Instinctively his hands went out and his fingers gently palpated the exquisite feminine hemispheres. As he held the pink nipples in his fingers, Miss Moore reached out and grasped his firm little erection in the filmy satin of his nightie and panties. After a moment of this mutual stimulation, she said softly, "That's enough excitement for now. Here, help me put on the top of my pajamas."

Reluctantly he obeyed, looking down guiltily at his rigid cock fully alive within the satin nightie teasingly covering his body.

"If you kneel down you can help me take off my skirt, Donna. Would you like that?"

Immediately he was kneeling before her, his face at the level of her hips as he released the waistband of her skirt. When it dropped and pooled about her slim ankles, he helped her step out of it. Next came her dainty half-slip as his worshipping hands stretched the elastic so it could pass down over her well-rounded hips. With adoring fascination he was now staring, close-up, at her clothed only in her satiny high-waisted satin briefs, panties that excited him like no other sight he has ever seen. He stared, she giggled at him staring.

"The bottom of my pajamas, please," she requested.

It was torturous for him to look away even for a moment to get the pajama bottoms, but then watched her gracefully step into and pull up the bottom half of her glamorous pajamas.

Now, Miss Moore had her new maid hang up all her clothes and arrange others in bureau drawers. Donald got thrills from handling her sexy clothes. The thrusting bulge in the front of his black nightie was testimony to that.

Later as they were lying side by side in the big bed, Miss Moore reached over and lightly grasped his stiffie and massaged it through his nightie and panties. In a kindly but authoritative voice she asked, "Do you jerk off often?"

"Jerk-off...?" he said questioningly.

"Do you touch your little penis a lot? Touch it like I'm touching it now?"

After an embarrassing silence, Donald answered, "Oh, uh, well, sometimes. I know it's bad, and I don't mean to do it, but I, uh..."

"Oh! So you do! So you masturbate often, do you?"

"Well, that's bad!" Her response was designed to increase his sense of guilt. And the more she could make him feel guilty, the more power she would have over him. It would lower his self-esteem and increase her authority.

She could tell how shamed and uncomfortable he was, because his upright organ began to shrink and go limp in her hand. Having established her almost divine domination over him, she knew that now was the time to bind him to her in another way -- by a reward. In a soft seductive voice, she purred in his ear, "It's sinful and bad for you to jerk off, but it would be all right if you did it with a girl, wouldn't it?"

She began to stroke his cock rhythmically, and she felt him begin to respond as he said eagerly, "Yes, if you say so. Doing stuff with girls is OK like when you're married."

"But you don't have to be married to a girl to have fun with her. Like now, it's OK if I keep playing with your little penis. And you can play with my breasts and suck on my nipples. That would make you feel good too, wouldn't it? Right?"

"O-o-o-oh, yeah!" was all he could say as his passions arose to exquisite heights. He buried his face and hands into the front of her satin pajama top.

Soon his hips were pumping, to increase the friction and stimulation of her hand on his pantied, satin-stiff throbbing organ. And he nursed ardently at her breast. Miss Moore intentionally kept her manual stroking slow and gentle; it was better to prolong his pleasure and anticipation, rather than rush to the conclusion. He was too young to spurt, but his orgasm would be rolling and involve his whole body. In that way, a young boy was a lot like a female, and with practice, he could go from one orgasm to the next with little rest in between. But now, it was better to stretch out the thrill of hope and expectation, thus making certain ecstasy even sweeter and more memorable,

She kept him on the delicious verge of his jismless climax for long minutes, metering her hand-strokes in inverse proportion to his panting, heaving need. When she had teased him to the limits of his endurance, she let her hand sprint for the goal and was rewarded with a sissified boy flopping around wildly and totally out of control. He moaned in his delirium, and once released from her unforgiving grip, fell asleep almost immediately, his lips still at her nipple. Miss Moore, also slept well, satisfied with the way her new job was developing, and with the way her new girly boy was developing.

When he awoke the next morning, Donald was all confused as to where he was and what had happened to him. Being in a big bed with a girl in satin pajamas was a momentary shock to him. And wearing a long black nylon night-gown was another jolt. Having a corselette tightly fastened around his waist and rubber breasts glued to his chest increased his confusion.

Then the memory of the sexual explosion of the night before came racing back to his memory. The relief

of sexual tension had been wonderfully exciting and without guilt. But in the cool realistic light of morning, the idea that he was being turned into a girl by his strict governess was a shock to his senses. He couldn't let her do that to him no matter how good she made him feel!

Stealthily he crept from the bed aiming for the bath. As he passed before the big mirror a fleeting glance of himself stopped him, and he studied his reflection carefully. The girly figure in the slinky black nightgown, the bulging breasts, the slim waist, and the well-rounded hips had an instant sexual appeal to him stunned senses, but he knew it was terribly wrong. He was a boy, not a girl. And he wanted to stay a boy no matter how sexy a girl Miss Moore could make him resemble.

From behind him came his governess' soft but authoritative voice saying, "After you have washed up, Donna, there are some things we have to do before you get dressed for the day."

Donald felt his whole body and soul shrink in submission under her domination as he went on to the bath. When he emerged a few minutes later Miss Moore was waiting for him, clad in bra and luxurious satin panties decorated with a dainty flowered print on a white background. Again Donald felt the surge of incipient passion in his loins at this vision of delectable femininity so close before him, but she was immediately all business.

"Now, before we get you dressed this morning, Donna, tell me what kind of outfit do you think is the sexiest and most attractive on girls. For daytime wear, I mean, not a like cheerleaders' outfit or a lacy nightgown."

"Gosh, I don't know," replied the surprised boy. "I guess I like it when girls wear miniskirts. And a tight sweater shows off their, their...."

"Tits? You can say tits. Fine. Then that's the costume we'll have you model today. It will be fun for you to see how much we can get you to look like and act like a girl."

Despite his complaints that he could hardly breathe, Miss Moore laced the corselette in several inches tighter around his waist. Then she applied a special heavy satin strap between his legs, attaching it to the front of his corselette and tightening it in back before attaching it to the corselette in back. The device pulled his organs back between his ass-cheeks and compressed them up against his body, making their contours almost invisible.

Now she had him put on a pair of fully ruffled white satin panties with a picture of a cute kitten printed on the lower part of the front and a picture of a donkey printed on the lower part of the back. Over this came a very short miniskirt just as he had described. It emphasized his slender waist, and flared out boldly but briefly over his pertly rounded hips and buttocks and barely covered his frilly panties.

She helped him put on a thin, tight white sweater which hugged his body revealingly, especially his large false rubber breasts with their prominent nipples. His snug sweater did show what a girl has up front.

Again he had to wear low-heeled shoes to exaggerate the length of his legs and give his walk a provocative swing. With a minimum of make-up and a wig of blonde hair swirling to his shoulders, he had a truly glamorous and enticing appearance.

Donald still hated the idea of being made to dress and act like a prissy little girl, but when Miss Moore had him pose and move in front of the big mirror, he was again shocked by what he saw and how he was sexually excited by his own reflection. The dynamic picture he presented was enough to arouse any man of boy for it contained everything a man could want for purposes of passion: His large thrusting breasts were boldly displayed. His slim waist accentuated his smooth round butt and hips. His short skirt exposed, for most of their length, his long legs, and below the hem of his skirt, his every movement caused his glamorously sissified satin panties to peek out and say 'hello!' -- all surefire ways to ignite the interest of male onlookers.

Miss Moore had him stand facing the mirror and raise the front of his little skirt, revealing the picture on the panties. "Now what do you see, Donna? Tell me."

"I see my little pussy," he replied, blushing at the symbolism of what he had said.

"Now turn around, away from the mirror, bend over, raise your skirt in back and tell me what you see," she asked as the picture of the donkey came into view.

Again the boy was embarrassed as he replied, "I can see my little ass."

"Think how proud you will be, and what a sensation you will create, when you're your little boyfriends see your cute little panties and the pussy and ass pictured on them," she said. "You'll like that, won't you, Donna? It's fun teasing all the boys with your girlish goodies that you won't let them play with. It makes you feel very important to have control over things that all the boys want to use."

She had him move and pose a little longer, complimenting him on some aspects of his masquerade and offering criticisms of other facets of his role. Next, he panicked as she said, "You're already good enough at passing as a girl, so let's give you a try outside. Here's five dollars; go down to the corner grocery for a loaf of bread and a bottle of milk."

"Oh, no! I can't do that!"

Instantly he felt a horrible crack being applied to the seat of his panties. The layers of his dress, slip and corset did little to protect him from the blow. She didn't say anything, just put the money in a little purse, handed it to him and took him downstairs and shoved him out the door. He looked back to see her with the mean-looking paddle in her hand and knew there was no turning back. He stumbled down the steps in his low-rise little heels.

“Keep your head up and be proud to be a girl, and no one will suspect you are just a nasty little boy pretending to be a girl. And remember, keep your voice up high and talk quietly. Don't run, but walk with dainty little steps and swish your hips. If any boys stop you, be nice to them, or they'll give you a hard time and find out that you aren't a girl. You can tell them they can have a peek at your panties if they don't hurt you and let you go on your way.”

Adapted by Princess Lacey from the story "Bizarrrre TV Governess" by an anonymous author from the early 1980s. #02112.

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Wife Fucks Him in His Gaudy Lingerie

It was 1962, and Kathleen and Charlie had been married for four years, but sexually, they were four rather disappointing years for Kathleen. Now she sat on a chair in their bedroom with her full pink slip pulled up exposing her yellow and white lace-trimmed panties to intentionally tease her husband. She knew he loved that pink cancan slip and those panties. She had caught him wearing the slip and panties and masturbating himself three days before. That had led to some intense, soul-searching conversations and heated arguments as he admitted to her that he was a transvestite, hopelessly hooked on female clothes. Eventually, he admitted to her that he wanted to be treated like a woman and even fucked like a woman, and he wanted her to do it with a dildo!

"So you want me to fuck you, use you like a woman. Sure, I'll do it. That fake cock you have looks almost like the real thing. But you know, once I fuck you, I'll never let you fuck me again. AND that will give me your permission to whore around with all the guys I want. I need sex, but it disgusts me to think of letting you put your dinky little thing in me now that I know you prefer beating off in frilly panties instead of shooting off inside me.

"Nope! No sissy dicks for me! I'm way overdue for a real man, a real man with a big, big cock. And I'm going to make up for lost time! I think I'll fuck Stanley first."

"No, please, not Stanley! I work with him!"

"Shut the fuck up, you pantywaist faggot! If I want to fuck Stanley, I will. And you'll accept it without a whimper! Remember when you told me you accidentally – yeah, accidentally like hell! – saw his penis when he was standing at the urinal after lunch that day? Remember how you told me he had a really big cock -- 'like a giant' I recall you saying. Well, I've been thinking about his big cock ever since.

"Or maybe you want it? Maybe you want Stanley to fuck you. How would you like it if I got a real man like Stanley to do it to you? If you want the real thing, I could arrange it for you, no problem. Even more than one man, if you'd like. I could watch. I know some guys like it when a woman watches. From my psychology class I know all about weirdoes like you. In a perverted way it adds to the humiliation that jerk-offs like you need. Would you like that?"

Charlie stopped prancing around and shook his head. "You don't understand. It has to be a woman, and I want it to be you. I'm not interested in men. It's about being shamed by a woman. Please. Will you do as I ask? You made me tell you my innermost secrets, and now you don't want to have regular sex with me anymore, so could you at least do this for me? I've wanted you to sexually violate me for so long!"

She shrugged, "Suit yourself." Then she raised an eyebrow. "But aren't you supposed to beg me for it?"

He nodded. "You want me to do that now?"

Kathleen's lips protruded for a moment as if she was mulling a taste of wine. Her eyes narrowed and a faint smile played around her lips like a cat playing with a mouse it had already caught and crippled.

"Yeah, beg, asshole! You should be very grateful that a woman like me would bother herself with a worm like you. You know that, don't you?"

Charlie nodded. "Yes, I know that only too well. I feel very privileged."

"You are very privileged," she said, her expression becoming even more self-satisfied as her dominant instincts began to take over and she became surer of her ground. "But, you want to know something? I'm going to make you earn that privilege."

She rose languidly, unhurriedly from the bed and began to make her way over to the box setting on the bed. "I'm going to make you suffer some real humiliation. I want you to really know what it feels like to be somebody's little fuck toy."

She had made him bring out his secret box containing all his frillies. The box he had kept hidden away in the garage ever since they had been married. She rummaged around until she found a large pair of frilly blue satin panties with a gaudy row of flowers decorating each side. She held them up, dangling them from the forefinger of her right hand so he could see. He loved really lacy and gaudy lingerie, but to see his wife holding them up and sneering with a male-crushing grin, the panties looked horribly embarrassing and overly feminine, even the most sissy of girls wouldn't be caught dead wearing something so ridiculously frilly. He was embarrassed to have his wife holding those panties up and taunting him with them.

"When you submit to me, I want you to really feel like you're my little bitch and that you will do anything for me." Her lips remained stretched, thin and barely parted as she spoke. "I want to know how desperate you are to submit to me. So before you bend over that chair, I first want you to be wearing these."

Charlie kept his eyes down as he reached up took the panties.

"And, here, I want you to wear these things too," she said, as she went through the box and then handed him a blue satin bra, a garter belt, nylons and a bandana to cover his hair since he didn't own a wig.

As he undressed and got ready to put on the panties and other things, she picked up the large dildo he had given her when he had asked her to fuck him. She wrapped the harness around her hips and strapped it securely around her waist. Then she sat on the bed and stroked her fake cock as she

continued to watch him get dressed as she had directed.

As Charlie bent over to pull on the panties, he looked at her and gasped in awe as he saw her making jack-off motions with the plastic cock. He felt so foolish with his wife scornfully staring at him and fingering the huge plastic penis. He became wobbly and almost toppled over as he lifted first one leg and then the other as he stepped into the baby blue flowered panties.

"Nervous?" she asked.

He nodded slowly. "Yes," he said meekly.

"Good," she said in a low, sensuous tone. "I want you to be as nervous as a virgin on her first night. I want you to know how it feels to be threatened by a big cock about to penetrate you. This is about humiliation, right? Well, I'm going to make you feel bad about me and all the women you've insulted with that pathetic little dick of yours. At the same time, I'm going to make you atone for the sins that all men have committed against women. And then I'm going to make you thank me for it. Understand?"

"Yes," he said, bowing his head. "Thank you."

She put both her hands behind her on the bed and leaned back; with the intimidating fake cock sticking straight up into the air, she and it waited for him to finish dressing. She stared at him intently surveying him with a critical eye until all he had left to put on was the headscarf.

"Now, before you put your bandana on, go over to the vanity. To look like a real fag, I've got to fix your face up with some makeup."

Once she had him fully made up, she tied the scarf around his head, leaned back and grinned at how girlish she had made him.

"Well, I finally get to see you in all your queer boy glory. Now that you're all gussied up like the world's last fag, strut around for me. Show me how girlie you can be. That's it, wiggle those hips. Purse those lips! Stick out those tits! Shake you tight ass in those ridiculously gaudy flowered panties you have on."

She made him kneel before her and then lifted his head and pulled it towards the dildo.

"Okay," she said, "now, I want you to lick my big cock - and thank me for allowing you to do so."

"Yeah, lick it and suck it. Come, on, cocksucker, I want you to really get into it!"

Once she was satisfied he had humiliated himself enough and thanked her for the privilege of sucking her cock, she said, "Now, lower your fag panties in back but keep you tiny cock covered up in front. Then I want you to bend over that chair. Once you're bending over and opening your pussy asshole up to me,

I want you to beg."

"Thank you," Charlie said with tears in his eyes, as he complied. "I'm very grateful to you."

A few minutes later Charlie was bending over the chair, pulling the pink panties down until they encircled the folds at the top of his thighs like a pleated ribbon.

"Okay," she said as she stood behind him, "now, beg."

"Please, fuck me," he said in a plea that sounded devoid of any emotion.

"You'll have to do better than that, jerk-off," she scoffed. "I want to hear you whimper when you beg. I want to hear the desperation in your voice."

"Please...please, fuck me." This time there was a tremor in his voice.

"That's better, but still not good enough. I want you to keep repeating it until you get it right."

"Please, fuck me," he repeated, his tone beginning to take on a needful edge. "Please, fuck me. Oh, please. Please, fuck my pantied ass. Fuck me, fuck me like a little girl getting her first cock, fuck me, fuck me, fuck me...a-h-h-h!"

The words caught in his throat and turned to a deep moan as she plunged the shaft inside him.

"Take it," she said, as his body began to protest at the discomfort. "You are just going to have to learn to take it. Women have always learned to take it. Now it's your turn."

The pain was unbearable. But at the same time Charlie felt more connected to the world outside him than he had ever felt in his life. The pain increased his sense of humility and he felt himself becoming smaller and smaller until there was nothing left but the shell of the man he once was, now writhing at the end of her fake cock like a fish impaled on a hook.

"Oh, thank you," he gasped through the waves of pain, like a swimmer in a rough sea fighting for breath. "Thank you, thank you, thank you," he moaned as she shot off in his panties.

As he squirted his cum into the folds of his satin panties, she hugged him from behind, thrust her cock into him even deeper and told him, "By next week, you'll be having a real cock up your bum, and you'll be thanking that guy for fucking you! And thanking me for getting him to fuck you. As soon as we're done here, get me your employee phone list from the office. I'm going to give Stanley a call. It's time to get this party going!"

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TINA'S GROOVE By RINA PICOLLO

