

Pussy Boy Pages

Reader's Stories & Pics

Volume 7

Family Therapist has a Uniform Solution

Sam, a troublemaker who is doing very poorly in school, is the direct opposite of his well-liked and straight-A sister. So a woman psychologist hypnotizes him to help him get rid of his nasty ways and be more like his sister, but the solution works too well and Sam starts acting and dressing like his sister.

Sissy Clitty Boy

He's shy and too pretty to be a boy, and his sisters love to tease him and let him know it. And just when he starts to believe them, he gets caught trying on pretty girly clothes.

Vintage Pics

*Transvestites Kissing
Petticoat Punishment
Rare Betty Page in Briefs*

Plus a lot more! **Adults Only**



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Oh, Mommy, Jack must be horny, his balls are hanging low in his panties!



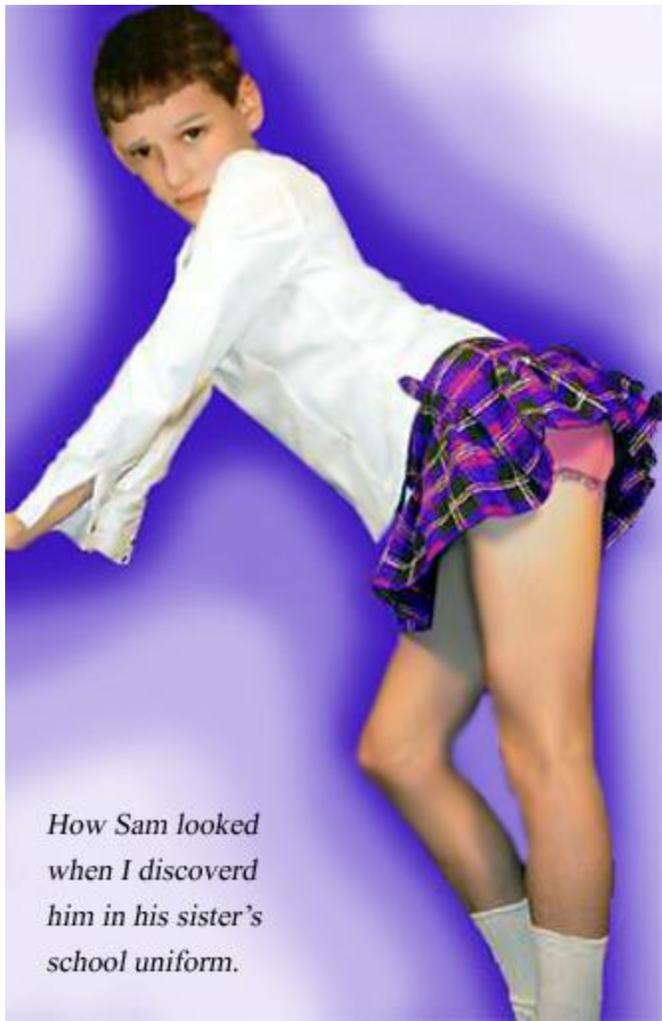


Four vintage pictures from the 1960s of sissy transvestites kissing.

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Family Therapist Has a Uniform Solution

“So, how are your kids doing? Are you still



How Sam looked when I discovered him in his sister's school uniform.

having a problem with Sam?" asked Andrea.

"Sarah is no problem, but with Sam, it's the same old story -- only worse. He's having trouble at school. I met with his teachers last week and they told me he's having problems with most of the subjects he's taking. And he continues to have behavior problems with both the boys and the girls in his class. He's a bright student but doesn't apply himself. He acts out at times because he's bored and so dislikes his school work. The minute he comes home from school, he changes out of his school clothes and heads outside with his friends. If only I could find a way to get him to develop better study habits, he'd do better in school. His sister Sarah comes home and immediately sits down and spends several hours on her assignments. She doesn't even stop to change out of her uniform. Sam is a year older than Sarah, and they have similar features. They have even been mistaken for twins, but that's about as far as the similarities go. Since the divorce, Sam has been increasingly difficult to handle. I've tried to get Sam to follow his sister's example, but that usually ends up with us fighting."

"Maybe I can help. Mary Lawlor, a friend of mine, I think you know her. She organizes the annual Christmas pageant at church -- anyway, she has had great success with this Dr. Miller, a psychologist, who has helped her son focus on his school work and drastically improve his grades."

"Oh, yeah, I know Mary. I don't know her well, but I can tell she's pretty sharp. How she pulls everyone together for that show every year is amazing. You say she had a lot of success with this psychologist for her son. What's his name and what's his secret?"

"It's not a 'him' it's a 'her.' It's Dr. Martha Miller. Here, I got her phone number for you. Call her. From what I've heard she can help."

Two days later, Helen was in Dr. Miller's office for their initial conference. Helen explained her problem with Sam's behavior. The doctor described several cases similar to Sam's. Of course, she didn't mention any names, but one case sounded like Mary Lawlor's son. A week later Helen brought Sam along for their first meeting with the doctor.

Sam was quick to admit that he was not doing well at school and at home. He also admitted he was tired of being a troublemaker and did a lot of things just to get attention and to keep up his maverick reputation. He concluded by saying he really wanted to change but didn't know how to go about it.

This was a breakthrough, and Dr. Miller moved quickly to take advantage of the situation.

"Now Sam, I'd like to show you some relaxation techniques that will help you focus on what is important in your life and thereby help you in both school and at home. These techniques are kind of like meditation."

"You mean you're going to hypnotize me? I saw someone do that on TV, and he made the person do some silly things. I don't want that."

"No, I'm not going to try to make you do anything you don't want to do. I'm going to help you do what you most want to do. In fact, if I did try to take control, your own mind would take over and you would come out of the relaxed state. Let's begin."

The doctor dimmed the lights and turned on some soft music. She began to talk in a soft calming voice and asked him to listen to her words and to become as comfortable and relaxed as possible. In some ways she said this was like an intense game of pretend. She went through a series of suggestions to relax his arms and his upper body. She asked him to pretend he was so relaxed that he was weightless. After sometime, he began to feel a sense of calm and intensified his focus on the doctor's words.

"What you need to do is to replace negative behavior and habits with positive behavior and productive patterns. You know that you will be more successful in school by improving your concentration and by improving your interactions with teachers and fellow students. You know that spending more time with your homework and taking advantage of time for additional study will be rewarded by an improvement in your grades. Once your grades improve, you know that your mom will be pleased and you yourself will have a great sense of accomplishment.

"One of the difficulties we discussed was your lack of time spent on assignments at home. I know you have a study area set up at home and you wish to change your behavior so that you begin studying soon after you arrive home and stay with it for at least an hour. You need to get an image of what it will be like and to lock this idea in your mind. I want you to see yourself coming home and studying. You need to get a clear picture in your mind. Visualize what is in the room. Describe to me what you see. This image can be used as a focal point and keep you on track."

"Well, I see," Sam responded, then paused, and then continued, "I see my sister sitting across from me at her desk. She is wearing her uniform blouse and skirt. She is very organized and very intense when she studies. I would like to be like her because she is very committed and disciplined. She does very well in school and is well liked by everyone. I know I need to get more involved in school activities and I need to participate in class to do the best I can."

"Is there something else that you see that could be used as a centering thought?"

"Like I said, Sarah is very intense. She does have a little habit that I see when she is really involved in her work. She crosses one leg over the other and slips her shoe halfway off and then dangles that shoe from the end of her foot. She rocks the shoe back and forth, back and forth. I can see her knee high socks and I can see the shoe rocking.

"This always seemed to be a signal that she was really concentrating. Seeing my sister working hard on her homework is a strong image I could focus on because I would like to study like she does and do as well in school as she does."

They went on to review some other points that needed Sam's attention, and after about 45 minutes, Dr. Miller knew he was in a deep hypnotic trance, and she took the opportunity to plant in his mind posthypnotic suggestions, telling Sam that he would gain greater and greater respect for females and all female things and he would begin to act more and more like his sister, imitating not only in her good study habits but imitating her in most every other way. Reminding Sam that he would not remember those suggestions, Dr. Miller gradually brought him out of the trance.

“I think we had a good start today. Remember that you are in charge, you can make it happen. You know what you have to do and you know that you will be rewarded in many ways by being successful.”

Sam and his mother were very encouraged by what they had started today. Mrs. Roberts was a little surprised about the strong suggestions the doctor had given to Sam about acting more like his sister and to adopt feminine ways, but the doctor warned her not to say anything to Sam about those hidden suggestions. Instead, she should just step back and see how those ideas buried deep in his subconscious manifested themselves in his actions.

Helen had made an appointment to return in one month, and at that meeting the doctor hypnotized Sam once again and reinforced all of their former suggestions, and then she met alone with Helen and got a report on Sam's progress.

“That first week after last month's appointment, I really noticed a change in Sam's attitude. Every day he would sit down and spend a large amount of time studying with Sarah sitting across from him. I also noticed he had a more cheerful attitude toward others. The second week, Sarah had to go to dance lessons and stay for cheerleading practice after school. The first day she was not home, Sam fell into his old habits, was out the door as soon as he got home from school, skipped doing his homework and hung out with his friends. I talked with him that night, and he agreed that he should have stayed working, but he said without Sarah there he lost his concentration. Knowing that she would not be there again the next day, I came up with a plan. I took one of Sarah's extra school uniforms with all the accessories, freshened them up with a spritz of her perfume, and placed them on her desk across from Sam, so he could pretend she was there with him. We hoped this might be a substitute to help him focus on his lessons. Well, when I returned after picking up Sarah the next afternoon, Sam was sitting working at the table. But to our surprise, he was wearing the skirt and blouse and even the lingerie! I could tell because I could see a bit of the lacy white slip sticking out from beneath the hem of the skirt he had on. I didn't know what to say, so I kept quiet. When he was finished, he changed back into his after-school clothes and neatly folded up the skirt, blouse and lingerie. Later that evening, I had a chance to talk to him and asked if he had an explanation for wearing his sister's clothes.”

Sam answered, “When I got home, I went in to study and saw the uniform. For some strange reason, I just felt I could concentrate better and be more relaxed wearing it, so I took off my things and put on the uniform. I hope sis isn't mad at me for doing that. I left on my own shoes because Sarah's shoes didn't fit me, but everything else did. I don't know why I did it, but I'm glad I did. Sarah's clothes are really nice, really relaxed me, and I got a lot of schoolwork done. I don't think I hurt her good uniform in

any way. I was very careful to treat it with respect.”

“I see. I have to ask if this means that you want to dress up in your sister's clothes all the time and if you would like to be treated like a girl when you do this?”

“Oh, no, there was something in the back of my mind that kept telling me that this was what I needed to do to stay focused. It was just something that I thought would help. I think it did, but I don't want to dress as a girl all the time, and I don't want to become a girl. I'm happy being a boy.”

“I thought he made a lot of sense. I wanted to try something the next time Sarah was not going to be there. I left the skirt, blouse and lingerie on the desk like before, but this time I included a pair of lacy socks and a pair of school shoes I borrowed from a neighbor who had a daughter in school that wore a larger shoe size. When we arrived home, there was Sam, hard at work and he even had adopted Sarah's shoe balancing habit as a means of concentration. Tell me doctor, should we continue with this or should we stop it?”

“I think that Sam has successfully replaced his bad personal habits with good habits, an obsession for his sister and a love of female things. It appears, that in his mind, he feels more cooperative and better able to concentrate on his studies and focus on what is good and proper by imitating his sister in many ways including wearing her clothes. From his remarks, it looks like this is not a case of him wanting to actually become a girl but only his mind adapting to a new situation. Let's give this some time. If you and Sam think this is not appropriate, then we'll meet and use the relaxation and suggestion techniques to alter his responses as necessary. In any case, I'll see you next month for a report on his progress, and feel free to call again if there are other issues.”

A month passed and Mrs. Roberts and Sam met again in Dr. Miller's office. Sam had shown improvement in all areas. All his grades had improved as well as his behavior towards other students and the teachers. He now had a sense of accomplishment and saw that the extra time he spent in study and review was paying off. He didn't need to hide behind a negative attitude. He was becoming more confident every day. Mrs. Roberts and the doctor discussed Sam's dressing situation. He continued to wear the uniform when his sister Sarah wasn't there, and it seemed to have a calming influence on him. Sam's sister Sarah was at first angry that he was wearing her things, but when she saw what it did for Sam's confidence and concentration, she agreed to go along. Mrs. Roberts planned a shopping trip because she thought she should get Sam a girls' uniform of his own so he wouldn't have to borrow his sister's any more.

Sam talked with the doctor. She asked him if wearing girls' clothes caused him any problems. Sam said things were working out fine, but he said he got embarrassed when his sister found out he was wearing her things, especially her panties and bra, but since she quickly adjusted to it, and it was OK with her, he then felt a lot better. He did say he was afraid if anyone else found out about it, because they might think he was a sissy and wouldn't understand he was just doing it to improve himself. Dr. Miller quickly put him back into a trance and posted suggestions in his brain to lessen most of (but not totally

eliminate) the fears he would have when dressed like a girl in front of other people.

Sam's mom also mentioned that studying was a problem on weekends and holidays. Even though Sam knew he should do extra work during those times to catch up for all he had missed, he seemed unwilling to spend his free time in study. Sam's sister had a suggestion, and Mrs. Roberts asked the doctor about it. Dr. Miller said she should discuss the idea with her son, and just as a coincidence, during that afternoon's hypnosis session, she told her she had given him suggestions that would allay many of his fears.

Later that evening Sam, Sarah and their mom were in the living room. Sarah explained her plan.

"As you know every Saturday I always have dance lessons at McNamara's. Several of us girls have been coming several hours early each week and we have a study group to help each other with our school work. The size of our group has been increasing because many other girls saw it was really helping us in school, plus we all have a lot of fun in the process. Mrs. Lender, own the dance school, and she encouraged us. She gave us a room to use in the school and set it up with tables and some computers from a dancewear manufacturing company.



Sam in his dancing class

"In exchange, we girls donate a little of our time to be models for the dance costumes that will be featured in the company's catalog. It's really quite nice and a lot of fun because when we do the modeling, the company brings in hair stylists and makeup artists to fix us up for the photo shoots. Also,

one of the girl's mothers is a buyer at Becket's Teen Shop at the mall, and she offered to pay us for doing some part-time modeling for the store. We'll get to try on all kinds of great clothes as well as get discounts at the store and have makeovers from the store's cosmeticians and hairstylists.

"But here's the big news: Two months ago, Katie's mother thought it would be a good idea if her two sons Justin and Donald were able to get into the study group because they needed help in school. Katie told her that the group was for girls only, but Katie's mom spoke to Mrs. Lender and she said the boys should be allowed in. We girls were upset about it, but we had a plan that we kept to ourselves. As long as they were joining the girls group we would treat them like girls and expect them to act like girls. Originally, the boys were against this but we know how to use our powers of charm and persuasion to get them to see it our way. Since they did benefit from the study and research projects that we did together their grades were improving and their mother and teachers were pleased. They didn't have to participate, but the boys knew it was best to do whatever we wanted them to do, and the boys did end up modeling a lot of really neat girls' clothes and dance outfits. After all, they are a part of the group. Another boy, Kyle, was added since then. The girls know this might be an embarrassing situation for the boys so we promised not to tell anyone about this, unless the guys gave us their permission. They said it was all right to tell you. So, I'm suggesting that Sam become a member of our Saturday morning study group. What do you think about that?"

After some discussion (thanks a lot to Dr. Miller's posthypnotic suggestion), Sam agreed to give it a try starting that next week. He was familiar with most of the girls in the group, and he had crushes on a couple of them. He would never tell them that to their faces, but he saw this as a chance to meet them, to talk with them and spend time around them. He asked Sarah to tell him what topics they were currently researching. One of them involved the differences in behavior between boys and girls, and another was the pro and con of uniforms in schools. She told them that to put some fun in their studying days, they sometimes had a theme for the day. It might involve dressing or acting in a certain way. It might involve performing a skit or making some treats to serve.

"I asked mom to go down stairs so I could fill you in on the study group. The new members are known as the new kids and the full members are known as the regular girls, or regulars. The new kids have to earn their way into the regular group. You must come early on Saturday and set up the tables and chairs. You must be willing to follow our directions. We will not be mean to you or ask you to do anything wrong, but we need to see that you are sincere in your willingness to be part of the group. You earn points for carrying out some tasks and for successfully completing some quizzes. You need 150 points to become a regular. This should be fun for everyone. By the way, you need a regular to sponsor you. Claire has agreed to be your sponsor. Even though you never said it, I could tell that you like her by the way you act when she is around. Now one of the requirements is that you may be asked to wear a specific item of clothing each week. Claire gave me a pair of lacy ankle socks for you to wear Saturday. Don't be embarrassed. All the other boys will be wearing them too. Be sure to put them on before you go. There will be an inspection first thing in the morning. Also, I thought I'd let you know that the school uniform discussion is set for Saturday."

Sam thought to himself that this might be the beginning of an interesting experience, but he blushed while putting on the lacy ankle socks and feared people would laugh at him if they saw them. He arrived early on Saturday morning, and he kept his trousers pulled down a bit to keep his lacy socks covered up. The other three boys along with the new girl members were there. He was familiar with all three of the boys, but they were not part of his regular circle of friends. After they set up the chairs and tables and put out the study supplies, the regular members started to come in. Some of them were carrying large garment bags. Claire immediately came up to Sam and asked to see the socks. Blushing, Sam obediently pulled up his pants legs and showed her. She smiled at him and said he had passed inspection. This was to be only the first of several inspections that day. The other boys were wearing T-shirts and lace-trimmed ankle socks from their sponsors too. With the common styles that both males and females wore, only a close observer would notice the difference.

Janice was the leader of the group this month. They took turns sharing the role. She began to explain what was planned.

“Welcome to the study group and welcome to our newest new kid, Sam. As you know, we are working on a social studies project that is also part of a report for some of our student council's committee work. The issue involves the purposes and reasoning for having school uniforms. Members of our group come from four local schools. Jessica, Krystal, Mandi, and Lisa F. attend William Henry Harrison public school. Janice, Claire, Stephanie, Melissa, Tabitha and Rachel attend St. Mary's, an all-girls' parochial school. Students at Bishop Lydon, a coed school are Julie, Lisa P, Kyle and Donald. The Barrington Academy, a private prep school was only for females but last year became coed. Sam, Sarah, Justin, Erin and Sommer attend there. At each school, the boys only have to wear white shirts, black slacks and the school blazer. But we girls all have to wear uniforms, so you see uniforms are an issue for all of us. To start it off, we decided it would be a good idea if we saw and discussed the style and type of uniforms that are worn during the year. We also decided that the new kids would each wear girls' uniforms representing each of the schools. We brought two changes for each of the uniforms worn to display what is and what is not proper school uniform dress code. Now, your sponsors will take you to the changing rooms and assist you as necessary.”

Donald and Justin followed their sponsors, Julie and Mandi. Kyle came in with Rachel. Claire was smiling at Sam as they entered the dressing room. She was to speak for the other girls.

“You'll notice that there is a set of nylon camisoles and panties for each of you still in their packages. Most of the schools require a simple white camisole under your blouses or shirts, but some schools are more liberal concerning lingerie. This is how you will be dressed for your first change. Donald will be wearing the Barrington uniform supplied by Erin. Justin will be dressed in the Harrison uniform provided by Mandi. Kyle will be in the St. Mary's skirt and top brought by Rachel. Sam will be dressed in the Lydon uniform that Julie supplied. The uniforms are in the marked garment bags. We'll step outside while you 'ladies' get yourselves ready. In a few minutes we'll return to help you with your hair and makeup and to help you select your shoes. By the way, this activity can earn you 15 points towards meeting your goal to become a regular.”

Sam's Lydon uniform was a blue green plaid pleated skirt with a lacy pair of pink nylon panties underneath. The shirt was a white polo shirt purchased from the Lands End catalogue. There was a pair of forest green cable knit knee high socks.

The St. Mary's outfit was a khaki box pleated skirt and a white, short-sleeved, oxford cloth shirt that was to be worn tucked in. There was a pair of white crew socks that came well above Kyle's ankles.

Justin put on the basic Harrison girls' uniform. The skirt was a Campbell plaid, blue green and black. The top was a forest green collared polo shirt. White tights were worn underneath.

Donald's uniform from Barrington included a maroon gray plaid skirt in a classic pleated style with back elastic and a side zipper and button. The socks were burgundy flat knit knee highs. The shirt was a plain white pullover turtle neck.

After they had finished, the girls checked back in. Sam's shoes were a pair of clunky heeled Mary Janes. Donald had a pair of brown loafers with one-inch heels. Kyle got a pair of lace-up, plain toe black school shoes. Justin was given a pair of Bass Suede/Navy Saddle shoes.

The girls sat each of them down and brushed and combed their hair into girlish styles. Those with longer hair were given a scrunchy and those with shorter hair were given a hair band that matched their uniforms. Translucent powder was brushed on their faces with a big fluffy brush and a touch of clear lip gloss was applied to their lips. Their nails were coated with a clear polish. Each was given a spritz of Ralph fragrance from Ralph Lauren before they were brought out. This last bit of girly fragrance added to their embarrassment, but at this stage they clearly were in no position to argue. Claire had them walk back and forth across the room in their new outfits. They had to admit that there was something different about the way their skirts freely brushed against their legs, and the lingerie was an interesting experience. The bras pinched, the panties felt great, and the slips tickled their legs and slid around while they were sitting. Claire reminded them to take smaller steps, to use their hips more and to swing their arms slightly outward as they walked. The knees and feet were to be kept straight ahead but with the feet turned in the tiniest bit. She explained to them that boys walk from their legs, girls walk from their hips.

The other girls applauded as the new models made their way into the room. The four were inspected, and each of them had to hold up their uniform skirts so the girls could examine their slips and panties. The girls all giggled at the rather prominent bulge the boys made in their panties. The girls agreed that they all passed as good models for the uniforms.

Claire spoke, "I'm glad that you passed. Now we're going to go back and make a few changes to your wardrobe. When we return, you're going to be checked for dress code violations. This time we get to be the dress code police."

The four were lead back into the next room. Sam was told to remove his skirt and top. Waiting for him was a long sleeved blouse with a pretty peter pan collar. He also put on a short half slip with lace at the hem. Claire took her younger sister's plaid uniform jumper out of the garment bag. It was lined front and back with taffeta and it slid on smoothly. The extra long zipper in the back also made it easy to put on. It was a polyester/rayon blend and had two sewn in pleats. It was very short and most of Sam's legs as well as a lacy expanse of his elegant white half-slip were exposed. A cotton candy pink polish was applied to Sam's nails. A large white hair bow was placed on top of his head and two teddy bear barrettes were slid onto each side of his hair. Short lacy anklets and a pair of Mary Janes were added.

Julie helped Donald out of the turtle neck and into a black T-shirt with a rock band logo on it. Over this he wore a white cardigan with the Barrington school logo on it. The front was left open, showing the black T underneath. She loosened the waist of his skirt and let it slide down to expose the top of his waist-high pink nylon panties. His socks were replaced with a pair of short sport socks.

Mandi rolled up the waistband of Justin's skirt. It was now quite short. His polo shirt was no longer tucked in. She sprayed several streaks of washable purple highlights in his hair. A coat of bright red lipstick was applied.

Kyle's skirt was also rolled up. The white cotton oxford shirt was replaced by a tissue thin pink top with spaghetti straps that completely revealed the lacy black bra he wore underneath. His crew socks were removed and he was put into sheer nylon stockings held up by a gaudy red garter belt with ribbon straps.

They were again lined up in readiness to be paraded for inspection. As they waited, Sam spoke to the other boys. "I guess I'm getting my wish to be close to a couple of the girls that I really like, but I never thought this would be the way. I'm really embarrassed, but knowing you guys are here helps a lot."

Donald said, "Justin and I have been doing this the longest. The extra practice and tutoring we get has helped us with our school work, and we've made a lot of friends with the girls. I don't think any of them even knew that we existed before all this. Most of them treat us wonderfully. But we have had many strange discussions and tasks to do, but this is the first time we had to be completely dressed up. I hope it doesn't happen too many times. Well, I guess it's show time again."

The girls all giggled as they noticed all the school dress code violations. Kyle was first. Melissa from St. Mary's was the inspector.

"Well, Kyle, this will never do. Skirts may not be rolled up at the waist. The standard is that the skirt length is to be no shorter than three inches above the top of the knee. Clearly you are in violation. The spaghetti strap top exposing your black lace bra is definitely inappropriate for the educational setting. Appropriate tops are the oxford shirt, a polo shirt or a turtle neck, all in white from the school uniform supplier. While we're at it, let me list some of the other inappropriate tops. They make up most of my outside school wardrobe but are not allowed in school. They are spaghetti tops, pajama tops, crop tops,

tank tops, halter tops, tube tops, midriff tops, and one-shoulder tops. Also, no sundresses allowed. Flip flops? You've got to be kidding. You need a pair of sensible leather school shoes and proper socks or tights. This is not the beach, missy."

Lisa F. from Harrison was now ready for Justin. "Would you look at the length of that skirt? That is unacceptable. The length must be no more than four inches above a bent knee. The shirt must be always tucked in because when it's not, your midriff might be exposed when you raise your hand or you bend or reach for something like a book in your locker. We used to get the smaller size shirts from the Gap for Kids, because they fit tighter and shorter. This year they are not on the approved list. By the way, although I didn't see any, no other body piercings are allowed other than one small hole on each ear lobe. Now for your hair, no unnatural hair coloring or highlights, the purple must go. Young lady, you will remove the red lipstick, only clear lip gloss is allowed. Here are some tissues and makeup remover."

Erin was ready for Donald. "That's a nice Barrington cardigan with the school logo, but only the top button may be opened. Even with it buttoned, you can clearly see the black T-shirt underneath it, definitely not part of the dress code. Skirts are to be worn at the waist and not at the hips. It is inappropriate for your panties to be showing when you are sitting down, raising a hand or bending, even if your shirt is tucked in. Although the uniform is made of washable polyester/ cotton, you may want to occasionally take it to the dry cleaners because it helps to sharpen the pleats. Socks must be clearly visible above the ankle. Those are too short. Cotton/nylon/spandex cable knit tights are an option in white or burgundy.

Sam was last to be inspected by Lisa P. "Well, Sam, you look very precious as the little school girl. We all remember when we had to wear jumpers when we were younger. I can't forget that as I moved up in grades, I couldn't wait to wear cute skirts like the older girls. I guess you wanted to do the opposite. Again, the length of the jumper is not acceptable. There is a rule about the length being the width of a dollar bill (about 2 ½ inches) above the knee. It is recommended for modesty and comfort and because of the running, jumping, and twirling you will be doing, you should be wearing your pink nylon panties under your jumper. Those are very girly lacy anklets you have on, but this is not some fancy birthday party, you're in school. I do like the shiny Mary Janes. Pink polish on those nails? You know that only clear polish is accepted. The hair bow is nice but you can't have the bear barrettes in your hair."

"We are done with the inspections. Let's return to the study area. Before we summarize the pros and cons of mandatory school uniforms," said Janice, "I'd like to mention some of the consequences of uniform violations. In some cases you are allowed to make necessary adjustments to meet the dress code. Some of our schools have extra skirts, blouses and socks that you can rent for the rest of the day for a small donation to charity. This is only allowed for the first offense. Repeated violations lead to parent's notes and phone calls, dean's discipline referrals, detentions, meetings with parents and possible suspensions. Don't worry, since this was just a demonstration, you won't have any detention time to serve. Now let's hear the summaries. Tabitha will speak first in favor of mandatory school uniforms."

"Thank you. When I get up in the morning, the clothes that I will wear are already picked out for me. I don't have to waste time deciding what to wear and how the others might react to it. There is less distractions when I don't have to focus on fashion. The focus is on learning and responsibility. The students don't have to worry if they cannot afford the latest trends in clothes and sometimes being teased about being different in what she might be wearing. The uniform can be used to promote an image of pride both in school and as we travel back and forth from home. Outside of school, I have the opportunity to wear whatever I want, that is, unless my parents decide against it, but I think you express your individuality by what you say and do and not by how you are dressed. As a minor point, the uniforms are relatively inexpensive and fairly easy to maintain and keep clean."

"Now, Jessica will speak for those against school uniforms."

"Once again, the schools are trying to control us. How can I express my individual personality if I must be dressed like everyone else? How come I am not given the opportunity to show off all the awesome clothes I have? I spend I lot of time researching the fashion magazines and watching all the fashion shows on cable. Just because my parents have money, does that mean I can't spend it on fashion? Everybody has their own style and your appearance is one way you can show the kind of person you are. We should be celebrating the differences and not trying to be like everyone else. They also want to control our shoes, hair and makeup. If we do have to wear uniforms, can't we come up with something that is more stylish?"

"Thank you Jessica and Tabitha. Thanks you Sam, Justin, Kyle and Donald. All four of you have earned the fifteen points for this activity. You may chose to stay in uniform for the rest of the day or you may change into the clothes you wore this morning. In any case, the camisoles and panties are yours to keep. Before you four leave, pickup a copy of each of these magazines that the girls have left on the table, Seventeen, GirlsLife, and Teen. Read them carefully and write a two page summary of the fashion, makeup, hair and advice tips given in these issues. This assignment is worth 5 points and is due next week. Our dance lessons will be starting in about twenty minutes, so our discussion on the differences between genders will continue next week. Those of you that need help with your math can make arrangements for the special Wednesday after school tutoring session at Tabitha's house. Since you looked so cute in skirts today, we decided that everyone will wear skirts, blouses and a full set of lingerie next week. You may bring the clothes with you and change here, but it is worth an extra five points if you wear it to the studio next week. No school uniform skirts allowed and you may not borrow a skirt from one of us. It's probably best if you buy yourself at least one nice set of girlie clothes this week. You'll need them in the future.

"Finally, you may know that St. Mary's has a program called Shadow Day. A girl from another school is paired up with a current student and she follows her schedule throughout the whole school day. It gives her a chance to see what the school is like from the inside. I have the signed permission form for Sarah to shadow Claire. We have decided to substitute Sam for Sarah.

"Sam, your mom has okayed it. Take good notes because you will give us all a report next week. It looks like you're going to get a chance to wear your uniform again. Monday, you'll be attending gym class and

changing clothes, and we suggest you wear the pink nylon panties under your skirt. We also bought you a matching pink satin training bra since we know you'll want to participate in the activities. My sister is a hairdresser so stop by my house tomorrow tonight, and she'll work her magic to create a style that you can brush out that will be very girly but also brush back to look like your other boyish self."

The four changed out of their uniforms and placed everything into the proper garment bags. Sam wondered what other kinds of assignments they had.

Kyle answered, "Two weeks ago I had to give a report on how to plan a perfect sleepover party."

"I was given a Victoria's Secret shopping bag filled with girly bras. I had to identify them by name and explain how they were used in a girl's wardrobe," said Justin.

"I had something similar but the bag was full of all kinds of panties," said Donald. "It was really embarrassing because I had to model each pair of panties and describe each panty type and style and point out the lace and frills.

Sam spoke, "Now they want us to buy some girls' clothes. I don't know if I can handle that. What do you think?"

Donald replied, "Hey, I'm going to do it. I need to get those 150 points. My mom says that if I get them, she might let me get me out of this group and maybe she'll bet me a new bike. In any case, if you do earn the points, you gain back control, and you are not forced to follow their instructions; it would then be voluntary on your part. We have discussed this before you joined and we realize that this might be our only way out, unless you can see another way."

"I don't, but I'll think about it. I'm not sure how I'm going to get that skirt and panties and the other stuff though. Well, we've got a week. See you next time."

Sam finally told his mother about the need for a skirt for the next session. She said they would have to make a trip to the Lerner's store at the mall.

"You'll have to be with me because I have no idea what sizes to get or what styles would be best. I'll think of something to tell the salesgirls. We'll try to go at a time when there are not too many people around. I know that this is embarrassing to you. Late tomorrow afternoon is usually a slow time."

Sam and his mother were standing in front of Lerner's Teen and Junior Shop. She had him wear the camisole and panty set he received from the girls. She said it would help the clothes fit better with them on underneath.

The store was rather empty. She approached the young salesgirl and said, "Excuse me, but I really need your help with a last minute purchase. My niece is having a birthday and I usually buy her several outfits

as a present. She usually comes with me to your shop and we spend some time trying on the latest fashions and making our selections. This year she can't be with me because I would like to surprise her with some skirts and other outfits. I don't know her sizes or what she would think would be good choices so here is my request. You are very well dressed and I can tell that you have a sense of fashion. I would really like your recommendations. I don't know her sizes. Now for the unusual part, my son has volunteered to assist us and try some of the clothes on because he is about the same size as his cousin. I am very grateful that he would do this, but he is a little embarrassed. Would you help us?"

The salesgirl, Mindy, smiled and answered "Thank you for the complements. I do consider myself very knowledgeable on the current fashion trends. I think that it is very brave and thoughtful that your son would care enough to help you. If you tell me what you might be looking for, I will put together some possible outfits. Let's check some of the sales racks also."

Sam's mother thanked her and they all walked over to the skirts section. "Right here on display are four very current looks and all in the latest fashion. This is a mini skirt with four pleats in front. It has a zippered back and belt loops. It is made of rayon and nylon spandex. The color is black. Here is a cord skirt with a zip fly and button closure. It has a satin tie at the waist and is nylon and spandex. It hits just above the knee and has an A-line shape. We'll try this one in white. Here's a Paris blue denim cheerleading skirt. It would be perfect for an outdoor activity. It has swingy cheerleader type pleats. It sits at the waist and has two front pockets. Now this is really lovely and perfect for a dressy occasion. A Rebecca Taylor pale pink silk miniskirt with a sketchy floral pattern and a flattering hemline. It has a slim elasticized waistband. Here's a knee-length tweed skirt in dark brown. It is a straight fit with a banded waist and a side zipper closure. It is a wool/ nylon polyester blend. It is a perfect look for a business or formal type event. Let's find a few tops to go with them and we'll go back to the dressing rooms. I know of a pink long sleeve top with a lace appliqué on the front that would be perfect with the pink skirt. I also see a top that would go nicely with the denim skirt."

The two women guessed at the sizes, gathered the clothes and moved to the changing rooms at the back of the store. Sam changed out of his clothes and his mother selected the outfits for him to try on. Mindy smiled as she caught a glimpse of Sam in his pink nylon slip top and panties. Since Sam had only his gym shoes, from the shoe department, they borrowed a pair of girls' flats for him to wear. With each change, Sam had to come out of the changing room and face the bank of mirrors as the two females kept a running commentary on the fashions. They settled on the pink outfit, the denim skirt and top and the wool tweed skirt. They found a nice silk blouse to go with the skirt. The silk blouse was very tightly fitted and was somewhat transparent. Mindy suggested they might want to see if the lingerie underneath showed through. She brought in a TeenForm slightly padded satin training bra to be worn underneath. They both agreed that the blouse would go well with that skirt. Sam's mother ended up purchasing the shoes as well as a pair of Hanes Silk Reflections hosiery and the bra.

Sam changed back into his regular clothes but kept the nylon camisole and panties on underneath as Mindy and his mother completed the purchases. Mindy commented on how nice it was of Sam to assist his mother. She also said jokingly that Sam's mom might want to buy another set of the clothes for her

son because he did make a cute girl. Sam blushed and Mindy said that she was only kidding.

They left the store and returned home. Sam thought that he was only going to get one skirt and was quite surprised that his wardrobe was getting larger. His mother agreed that she got a little carried away but really liked to shop. When his sister Sarah got home and saw the cute items, Sam's mother knew that she would have to make another shopping trip and purchase a few more outfits for Sarah.

The next week Sam arrived with a garment bag that held his newly purchased clothes. He didn't want to be seen coming to the studio with them on so he changed clothes there. His mother and sister had decided that the pink top and skirt would look so darling. The other three had worn their skirts to the study group. Sam had the cutest outfit of them all. The other "girls" all came in wearing various types of skirts and tops. Justin had a long black mid calf length skirt and a plaid sweater top. Kyle had on a long sleeved sweater and a skirt from Target. Donald was dressed in a striped top and a denim skirt from Old Navy.

Sam's Shadow Day report was the first item on the agenda. "Sarah and my mom helped me into the uniform and worked on my hair and applied some light makeup that morning. Claire's mother stopped by and picked me up in her car to drive me to the school. My mom had a strange smile on her face as she watched me from the front window. As I got into the car, Claire and her mom made me get out again. They said I needed to practice the art of sitting down in a short skirt. After several attempts, they were satisfied and we were on our way.

"When we got to the school, Claire and I went to the main office. We signed in and presented the permission slip. I was given a name tag, a folder and a tee shirt with the St Mary's logo on front and the words 'Girls Rule!' on the back. As we walked out of the office, I noticed a lot of friends greeting each other and the sound of laughing and the slamming of locker doors filling the halls. With our little talk last week, I was able to spot several violations of the dress code that day. We rushed into the homeroom as the bell rang. Homeroom started with the pledge of allegiance and the morning announcements. The first class was English and they were in the middle of a discussion on Shakespeare. I noticed the girls were not afraid to raise their hands and voice their opinions.

"Math class was next. We spent the time working on solving equations.

"Science was interesting. This was a lab day and it seemed strange to see all the girls wearing safety goggles as they were busy mixing chemicals and recording the reactions.

"A test was scheduled that day in U.S. History. A few minutes were given at the start to review notes but I saw most of the girls giggling and sharing conversations rather than studying.

"By this time we were ready for lunch. I was supplied with a pass for a free lunch. There were also a lot of vending machines and many girls brought their own lunches. I sat at the lunch table with Claire and her lunch group. It was interesting observing the social situation. Each of the different years had a

different color skirt and it was obvious that most of the girls sat with those in their same class.

"Study Hall followed Lunch. We checked out to the computer lab and I watched Claire check her emails.

"In the French class, it was fun trying to pronounce the French words that were on the board. We all responded after the teacher said a phrase. In this class, I noticed some of the girls were not listening and there was lot of note passing containing messages not about what we were studying.

"The last class of the day was P.E. Yes, Gym class. Claire had told me that since all the girls had to wear the same style uniforms, one way that some of them showed their individuality was by wearing something unique underneath. She told me not to stare, and while we were changing, I caught a lot of glimpses of very pretty panties, mostly in fancy styles with a lot of lace, a lot of color and a lot of cute frills. We started out with some aerobic exercises and then we went outside for some soccer drills. I got to be in goal for a while and blocked most of the shots. Claire did get a goal against me. I guess you wouldn't believe me if I told you I blocked it.

"In all, I think this all-girls' school experience was a positive experience in helping me to focus on learning. Most of the girls seemed very confident, and I saw that most were concerned about learning and not as concerned about their appearance. I noticed a lot of group work where the girls helped each other."

Sam was thanked for his thorough



and enlightening report and then was told, "Dance class will be starting soon. We'll pass out your assignments for next week. Sam, you'll need to pick up the Victoria's Secret bag at the head table with your name on it. You'll find your assignment inside."

Several months later, Sam's mother, Mrs. Roberts, ran into Mrs. Harris.

Mrs. Harris spoke, "So were you happy with Dr. Miller's work with your son? I hope it helped."

"Yes, it sure did. His grades are really improving and he gets along with everyone now much better. He's in a weekend study group that has helped him too. It's a little unusual of an approach, but I can't complain about its success."

"Glad to hear that. Dr. Miller is wonderful. I have gone to her myself and through the relaxation and suggestion techniques I am working on improving my self confidence. I am really happy with it. My husband has also seen her based on my recommendation. He's a good man, but he was raised thinking that the man is the most powerful influence in the family, and the woman is secondary. He had this attitude with the women at his work also. The male is superior. Women are only there to assist him. They could never be in charge, and all that kind of bull. Now, he realizes he needs to modify these beliefs, so he has been attending some sessions with Dr. Miller."

"Have you noticed any changes?"

"Oh, yes. It's really dramatic. In fact, I even got him to go fashion shopping with me several times. He would never do that in the past. Believe it or not, he has a good sense of what looks good on me. He actually helped me pick out this skirt and blouse. I playfully suggested that since he is now into women's fashions, perhaps he would like to model some of my clothes. He did not think this was very funny and of course refused. I wanted him to explore his feminine side some more. His company has a big masquerade party every year, and I have a lot of influence with his boss, so I got him to make the theme of the party this year 'Turn About is Fair Play,' and everyone had to dress up in costume that is the complete opposite of what they wore every day. My husband gave in and the women at his office got a real kick out of seeing him dressed up as an efficient little secretary in a cute skirt and silky blouse with heels and hose. Dr. Miller's hypnotic suggestions really started kicking in after that costume party broke the ice. A few days later, I mentioned that it might be fun to go back in time and dress up like something you could never be, and you know what? He said he wanted to go back to his high school days and dress up like a cute schoolgirl and a popular cheerleader, and that's what we did!

"That sounds like you're having a lot of fun as well as reshaping your husband's life. Next time make sure to take some pictures. I'd love to see them."

"Pictures! I got pictures! Take a look at these."

Helen burst out laughing when she saw all the great photos Andrea had taken of her husband in his

schoolgirl outfits, and not long after, Andrea invited Mrs. Roberts and Sam over for a little dinner party and Mr. Harris served them all decked out in his schoolgirl skirt and blouse!

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Sissy Clitty Boy

Tommy was too cute for his own good: a slender body, a thick mane of chestnut brown hair, and a face that was too pretty to be a boy's face. It didn't help that his mother liked to comb his hair forward into bangs in front. He was the youngest of three children, and the worst part was that he was prettier than his two older sisters. Sarah, their mother was a teacher, and David, their father, was a salesman who traveled most of the time. David loved his son, but he was upset that his boy was almost as girlish as his sisters.

Jessica, the oldest, was now an attractive and well-developed fifteen year old. Her perky 32-Bs were already poking nicely through her tight white sweaters. And Sally, now thirteen, was showing signs of catching up with her. Both girls were tall and slender with blue eyes and blond hair.

David wasn't around very much to be a role model for little Tommy. His mother and two older sisters were the major influence in the boy's life. Jessie and Sally liked to tease him and make him cry. Since they lived out in the country, Tommy didn't have any male friends to play with, and until his mother got

home from teaching school each day, he spent most of his time avoiding his sisters by staying in his room, playing with the Nintendo or reading books.

Jessie and Sally shared a bedroom, so Tommy had a room to himself, but all three had to share the same bathroom, and when he was taking a shower, the girls would often barge in unexpectedly under the pretense of needing to use the sink and mirror. The girls knew he was shy and delighted in teasing him this way because the practically transparent shower curtain provided very little privacy. Sometimes they would pull back the shower curtain and make fun of him. It happened again today.

"Sally, look at this cute little girl. She should be taking a bubble bath not a shower," and as she said that, Jessie grabbed Tommy's shaking hands and arms, exposing his smooth naked body.

"Jessie, look, at what this little girl has between her legs."

Sally grabbed Tommy's little wiener and squeezed it. "What's THIS?" she giggled.

Laughing, Jessie grabbed at Tommy's flat chest and squeezed a nipple as she looked down between his cringing rubbery legs. "Well, it kind of looks like a boy's penis ... BUT MUCH SMALLER. Maybe, SHE just has a big CLITTY."

Hysterically laughing, both girls rushed out of the bathroom. Tommy slumped down in the tub and cried. His right nipple was sore where Jessie had grabbed and twisted it, and his penis was standing up from being grabbed by Sally.

Sarah yelled upstairs to the girls, "Leave your brother alone! If you girls are teasing him again, I'll tell your father when he gets back in town. Do you want me to do that?"

"No, mother dear," the girls chimed their reply in unison as they scurried back to their room.

"Girls, I want you down here in ten minutes for breakfast -- you too, Tommy. Do you all hear me?"

Tommy was too distraught to answer. He just towed himself off and hurried back to his bedroom. Naked, he jumped into bed and pulled the covers over himself. Moments later, the two girls rushed into his room, pulled off his covers and forced a pair of purple satin panties up his thin legs. He tried to pull them down as fast as they were overpowering him and pulling the panties up and over his skinny little ass, but they slapped his hands away and made him cry some more.

Sally said, "Hey, listen, sissy! You're not a boy, so don't try to act like one. You're a sissy, and you should start dressing like one. We just put you in your first pair of panties – that's what sissies wear, panties – girls' panties – faggy lavender lacy girls' panties."

"These panties are really pretty and so soft and silky," Jessica added, "and we know you'll love wearing

them. They'll tickle your clitty and help you swish your sissy little hips as you walk. And you're going to wear pretty little panties from now on. We're donating this pair of panties to you, but you'll have to ask mom to buy you some panties of your own."

The girls left him there crying. As they walked out of his room, they warned him to keep them on or they would strip him naked at school and put him in not just panties but a frilly dress too in front of all the other kids.

When Jessie and Sally got downstairs, their mother asked, "Where's your brother? I don't want you kids late for school."

"What BROTHER?" the girls giggled in response. "Do you mean TOMMIE?"

"All right, girls, what are you up to now? Did you tease him and make him cry again?"

Jessie spoke up. "He's.... I mean SHE'S just a SISSY anyway. He's not a real boy. He should have been a girl."

"OK, girls, I've just about had it with you two."

Sally complained, "Mom, we didn't do anything."

"I'll be the judge of that. And if you did, I spank your sassy little bottoms!"

Through his tears, Tommy had been looking at the strange panties covering his hips, fingering the lace and frills and feeling the teasing silky fabric against his skin. He wanted to take them off, but he was afraid his sisters would carry out their threat. He wanted to just stay in bed and forget this whole day. As he heard his mother come up the stairs, he quickly covered himself with his sheet and blanket.

"What's wrong, son? Did the girls tease you again?"

"No," replied Tommy, too embarrassed to tell her the truth. "I just don't feel well. I think I should stay home in bed."

Sarah started to pull down Tommy's covers. In a panic, Tommy grabbed them to cover his naked body.

"Whoa! Tommy, I just wanted to make sure you're OK."

"I know, Mom. I'm OK. I think I have a little fever."

Sarah pried the sheet and blanket free of his grip and pulled them down.

“What the hell!” his mother said seeing him in the purple panties. “Tommy, why are you wearing your sister’s purple panties?”

Her voice was loud and he knew she was very angry. He sobbed and blubbered out excuses as he tried to explain.

“Did your sisters do this to you?”

With his door wide open, Tommie could see his older sisters peeking in as they tried to hold back their laughter.

Tommy nodded “yes” to his mother’s question. Nonplused, she just sat there and shook her head for a long moment. She just kept staring down at his thin little boy’s body in lacy purple panties.

As Tommy slowed his crying, he got his voice back, and then asked, “Mom, what’s a clitty?”

Gasping, Sarah drew back her hand and was about to slap him across the face, but she stopped before she hit him when she heard her daughters unable to contain themselves and laughing from the next room. Whipping her head around, Sarah saw the girls who were trying to pull back out of her sight, “All right, girls, I see what you’re up to now. Just for that, both of you are getting a spanking.”

“Mo-o-om! That’s not fair! We were just having a little fun,” Jessie said.

“Both of you go to your room and bend over your bed with your panty bottoms up high in the air! NOW! You’ll think twice before you tease your little brother again. PRONTO! The slower you are, the more I’ll increase your punishment!”

The two girls ran toward their room, and their mother began rolling up the sleeves of her blouse and walking after them. Tommy didn’t know what to do, so he kept on the panties, crawled out of bed and tiptoed down the hall after them.

With his tallywacker and balls bouncing between his legs within the thin nylon panties, Tommy saw his mother follow the girls into their room, and she didn’t close the door after herself! He was going to witness both his bratty sisters getting spanked!

He hid at the doorway to the girls’ room. Sarah already had Jessie over her lap on the bed as she yanked the girl’s pink nylon panties down to her ankles. Jessie tried to block the blows with her hands as her mother’s open hand came crashing down on her naked bottom.

“How dare you use such a naughty term in front of your impressionable little brother. There’s NO way he picked that up on his own.”

WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! The blows kept coming until Jessie was left in a crying heap on the hardwood floor.

"NEXT," Sarah demanded.

Tommy loved watching his tough big sisters getting spanked. Watching them, his little penis got very hard in the panties, and without even thinking about it, he put both his hands on his penis and balls and stroked them through the purple panties. Watching his sisters get spanked was the most exciting thing he had ever seen and the panties on his penis were the most exciting thing he had ever felt.

Sally had pulled her skirt up and was sliding her pale blue panties down her thighs as she approached her mother in submission. Meekly, she spread herself across her mother's lap.

"Mom, PLEASE, don't spank me that hard. It was Jessie's idea anyway."

"Never you mind, young lady. And I use that term loosely. I'm very disappointed in both of you bratty little girls."

WHAP! WHAP! WHAP!

Sally began to pee on her mother's skirt as the spanking continued. In disgust, Sarah exclaimed, "Now look what you've done! I'll have to change my clothes, and we'll all be late for school."

Sally's mishap kept Tommy from getting caught as he hurriedly crept back to his room. He jumped into bed and pulled up his covers as his mom came back to check on him. Through the exciting, soft panties, he held on to his rapidly throbbing peepee, hoping she wouldn't see how excited his tiny member had become. He was sweating and breathing heavily; his heart was racing like he had been running a mile. Sarah put her hand on his sweaty forehead and exclaimed, "Yes, dear, you do seem to have a little fever. You can stay home in bed today, but let me warn you: Don't ever let me hear you use that dirty word again. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, Mommy, but I just didn't know what is meant."

"It doesn't mean anything. It's just a dirty word your sisters made up to get you into trouble."

"OK, Mommy, I promise I won't say it ever again."

Sarah lifted up the blanket and saw that he still had the panties on. She noticed he was cupping his genitals with both hands and blushing heavily. She was going to tell him to take them off, but then just shook her head.

"Tommy, you're a boy. You shouldn't be wearing girls' panties. I know they're soft and silky and

probably feel nice to wear compared to your boxer shorts. I was going to have you take the panties off, but you can leave them on for the day. After all, now that you've had them on they'll have to be washed, so you might as well keep them on and change back into your own underwear tomorrow after your morning shower. With that, Sarah pulled his blankets up, gave him a kiss on the forehead and left the room.

As she was about to close the door, she turned and said, "Honey, I'll try and check on you later in the day. If I can't get away from the school early, I'll call you to see how you are."

Sarah mumbled to herself as she trailed her down the stairs to the master bedroom to change her pissed-on clothes. She was going to be late getting the girls and herself to school, but, it just couldn't be helped.

What is up with this "mommy" stuff Sarah thought to herself? Tommy hadn't called her that for a long time, now he was doing it a lot, like he was regressing to a more childish level. She was concerned that he needed more male influence in his life. Why couldn't David be there more often to be with his son? Sarah wished her husband could take a more active roll in raising the kids, but with his job how could he? Then she started thinking about little Tommy in those purple panties. She had to admit he looked cute in them! Pretty as any tiny little girl his age! She giggled a bit as she pictured him dressed in a frilly party dress, in a cheerleader uniform, in a fairy princess outfit. The "fairy" part of that description made her roll her eyes and shake her head. What was she going to do with him? Her daughters were right: He was a little sissy. She knew she had to finally admit it to herself. But thinking of him as a sissy was not all negative or upsetting. Tommy was such a pretty child, and yes he would have been a beautiful little girl. Over the years, she had heard other women talk about such things. A lot of them had dreamed about what their boys would be like if they had been born girls. She knew of several mothers who had even dressed their boys as little girls on occasions like Halloween for their own amusement and too feed those images they had in their heads of their boys as dainty little girls. Sarah knew she would have to break out the vibrator again tonight. She was SO HORNY and her pussy was so lonely! She put on a sanitary napkin to help keep her panties dry.

Jessie and Sally were furious. That little pussy brother of theirs had gotten them into trouble and gotten them a red hot spanking. They would get even though.

"Just you wait!" Tommy heard someone say. He thought he was dreaming. Then he heard it again.

"Just you wait, you little sissy clitty boy. Just wait and see what's going to happen to you, you little tattletale sissy boy with the tiny clitty!" It was Jessie and Sally taunting him in unison at his doorway.

"We'll get you, you little clitty boy, or is it clitty sissy girlie boy?" They kept mocking him as they came up to his bed and pulled down his covers. They laughed when they saw he still had the panties on. They were surprised but delighted that he had kept them on.

“Glad to see you kept you faggy purple panties on. You’re in deep trouble, but if you hadn’t you’d have been in even more trouble!”

“Mommy told me to keep them on until tomorrow morning. Then I’ll start wearing my own underwear again.”

“Wrong. Clitty boy! You’re going to be in girls’ panties forever and ever. You better get used to it!”

The girls saw he was cupping his boy parts with both hands. They pried open his hands and then laughed themselves silly at his tiny wiener sticking up stiff inside the purple panties.

“Yeah, sissy, you’ll be in panties forever!” Sally said as both girls grabbed, pulled on and pinched his penis until he was writhing in both pain and excitement. They stopped when they heard their mother call for them and tell them to hurry down because they were already late for school.

Tommy didn't care...TOO MUCH! Tommy wasn't too worried. Now he got to spend the day by himself. Maybe he could think up some kind of plan where he could get even with his wicked sisters.

Soon, he went back into a light daydreaming type of sleep, and then he suddenly realized he needed to pee. He could see a toilet in his dream state, and he just let go. No problem! It's just a dream, he thought. Maybe the fever was catching up to him. Fever? I don't really have a fever. Oh, NO! "Shit. I've done it again!" How could this be? He hadn't peed in his bed for several years. Now he was in trouble and he knew it. "I guess I am a sissy boy. My sisters say I am. Now, I guess Mommy knows it too since she told me to keep on the panties. Only sissies wear girls’ panties and pee in their beds." He was embarrassed and angry at himself. He took off the panties and washed them out in the bathroom and then put them over the edge of the bathtub to dry. Then he tried to think of how he could get rid of the wetness in his bed.

In his mother’s closet, Tommy found some clean sheets and did his best to remake his bed. He didn’t have much practice since his mother did it most of the time, but he thought he did a pretty good job of it.

While he had been in the closet, he had noticed two bags full of old, outgrown clothes ready to go to the Goodwill store. His mother was always collecting things and putting them in such bags until they were filled and ready to be given away. Realizing he needed something to wear, he thought about those bags of clothes and went back into his mother’s room. He knew it was girlie and sissy to wear panties, but all he could think about his sisters threatening him to keep on the panties. And his mother told him to keep them on until the next morning, so he thought he better be wearing panties when they all got home. He would just have to make up some excuse why he no longer had the purple panties on. He knew better than to go into his sisters’ room and take any of their panties. He wasn’t allowed in their room under any circumstance! He thought might be able to find some panties in those Goodwill bags.

He took the bags out into the living room and started to sort through the clothes and stack them up on the floor. After some of his own old clothes, he found several pairs of nylon stockings. One dark pair and two light coffee-colored pairs. He liked how silky they felt in his hands. Pulling a pair up his skinny legs, he noticed how they stretched. Very elastic. He noticed they smelled kind of funny. He was puzzled for a moment when he pulled out a white garter belt. Then he remembered a lot of times seeing his mommy wearing one as she getting ready for work. She usually left her bedroom door open while she got dressed, so she could call out to the kids and keep tabs on them. She'd sit on her bed in her white panties and bra. Actually, he knew it was called a brassiere. He thought it was a funny name! He remembered how his mommy would lean over, slip it on and then snap it up in back. And then he remembered how she would put on the garter belt and attach the long stockings after she pulled them up tight around each leg.

In his naked state, his small penis was beginning to get hard and bounce up and down. What was the clear gooey liquid on the end of his penis? He liked that feeling when his penis bounced. But it was scary too, almost as scary as waking up after a wet dream. NO. Not peeing in his bed. Spurting a white creamy goo onto his bed, and waking up with that same bouncing motion in his little penis. His body would get all warm, and a tremendous jolt would shoot through him. A crazy feeling, but it felt GREAT. SPURT! SPURT! SPURT! Exhilaration and exhaustion, but, he always felt so weak and guilty afterwards. It had to do with having too much fun with himself! He liked to touch his penis and make it grow hard. How it happened. He didn't know, but it sure felt good! And naughty!

Tommy then realized he was holding pair of his mother's white panties in his hands and he was jerking on his penis. He had blanked out for a moment, totally consumed in thought about sexy lingerie and touching himself. He didn't even remember taking the silky white panties out of the bag. Then it did come back to him. He remembered taking them out of the bag, holding them up and lovingly touching them and rubbing them on his face before rubbing them all over his penis and balls. God, did they feel good! He wondered why she was giving them away, and then he noticed that the leg elastic was broken and the fabric was torn a bit. He wondered how that had happened. His mother could have told him it happened one day when she got so horny that she had to use her vibrator the moment she came home from teaching. She didn't even want to take the time to pull off her clothes. Instead, she yanked up her skirt, switched on her vibrator and used it to stroke her pantied clitty, and when it got to be too much for her, she tore the leg opening of her panties as she pulled them aside to ram the vibrator up her pussy.

Tommy dug deeper into the bag. Sure enough, there were five pairs of his sisters' old panties. Some of them were torn and worn our a bit, but two pairs looked almost new. One pink pair and one pale yellow pair. He thought both pairs were very pretty. He didn't see anything wrong with them, so he just assumed his sisters had outgrown them. He put on the pink pair and immediately began to stroke himself through them. If they were too small for his sisters, they fit him just right! He remembered being in the shower that morning when Sally grabbed his penis. He was embarrassed, but it sure felt good at the same time! He remembered stroking his penis in the purple panties as his sisters got spanked. That was a thrilling combination. And now he wanted more!

Where was that J.C. Penney catalog? His mom usually had one in the back of her closet. He ran into her room and looked. Eureka! There it was. It's where he had seen naked women before, wearing bras, panties, garter belts, nylons. Well, OK, the women and girls weren't really naked, but it SEEMED like they were. Or so Tommy imagined. He was looking through the catalog, sitting on the living room floor in just the pink panties with his excited penis bouncing up and down. It was exciting, but scary too! What if he got caught? What if his mom came home? Or dad? "Oh, shit!" he thought as those images went through his mind. "How could I explain this to Dad? No way would he understand!" With his mind doing somersaults, and his body clothed in nothing but the pink panties, he walked to the window and peered outside. Coast was clear. It was only 11:15 a.m. A lot of play time left. He went back to the store catalog, opened it to the women's section and saw a picture of what was labeled a "garter belt." By looking at the picture and remembering what he had seen his mother do, he figured out how to put on the garter belt and attach the nylon stockings.

Wondering aloud, he said, "I guess any boy who likes these girlie things is a SISSY! What did they call me? PUSSY SISSY CLITTY GIRLIE BOY? WHAT IS A CLITTY? I've got no idea, but I can probably find out at school."

Tommie finished adjusting the elastic garter belt. The nylons were big on him, but he thought they looked great on his legs. And they felt super too! His wiener was really bouncing around a lot in the pink panties now and clear fluid was dripping out of the end and making the panties wet in front.

Looking through the bag again, he found a large pair of brief-style pink nylon panties with a lot of lace and ribbons on them. They were big! He thought they were even too big for his mother; maybe they belonged to his grandmother, she was a big woman, but he wondered what they were doing in there. But he had little time to wonder. They were strangely exciting just to hold in his hands, and he was going to waste no time getting into them! He couldn't resist putting them on over his garter belt clipped to his nylons and over the pair of pink panties he was already wearing. He pulled them all the way up to his armpits. He was swimming in the big panties and loving it! "These panties are GREAT!" He mumbled to himself. "Oh, wow!" Tommie shouted out uncontrollably as the silky nylon rubbed against his pantied balls and erect penis. "I'm in heaven!" He was about to have the biggest climax of his tender life, when he heard a key going into the front door.

It wasn't even noon yet. Who could possibly be coming in the front door? He tried to grab the bags, the clothing strewn over the floor, and the catalog as quickly as possible and hid.

In walked Miss Victoria, the curvaceous single twenty-year-old nurse who lived nearby. Sarah had a key to the house, and Sam's mom had called her and asked her to come by and check on Tommy because she wasn't going to be able to get away from school during lunch to check on him.

Tommie was in his mother's room, half in and half out of the closet as he tried in vain to hide.

Nurse Vikki was wearing her nicely pressed white nurse uniform, and her ample breasts pushed against her straining white bra, clearly visible through her uniform. Her white nylons glistened in the sunlight that streamed in through the window and made her glow like a saint. She closed the front door behind her, and she fastened the chain lock. She walked into the master bedroom and saw him cringing in the shadows of the closet.

"Well, well, what on earth do we have here? Is this little Tommy? Or are you some little burglar?"

"Oh, Miss Vikki, I'm home because I didn't feel well. And ... and ... and I was just playing in some old clothes...just for fun. You know, like really, no big deal."

"Come on, Tommy; let's see how you look in your pretty clothes. Don't be shy. On my job I've seen lots of sissy boys and girls before."

"I'M NO SISSY!" Tommy protested.

"I don't know, Tommy, at this moment, you sure look like a sissy to me. Regular boys don't wear girls' panties and nylons, but sissy boys do."

"Please, I'm no sissy!"

"You might have trouble explaining yourself to your mother or sisters, but never mind that for now. Come here, my little PRINCESS. Let me get a good look at you."

He slowly came out of the closet still clutching the big pink panties around his chest. Vikki pushed his hands away. He was truly embarrassed, his face was beet red, and the lacy granny panties dropped around his ankles revealing his sister's pink panties that he wore underneath.

"Well, my naughty little girl in baggy panties that don't stay up. What am I going to do with you?"

Then she grabbed Tommie's hand and pulled him towards the window. When she closed the blinds, he let out a sigh of relief. But his pink granny panties were now tangled around his legs, and they caused him to fall to the floor.

"Perfect," she said, now, just stay on the floor, I need to take your temperature any way."

"Not here," Tommie yelled out in reply.

"OK, sissy girl, don't panic. We'll go up to your bedroom, but first, pull those silly panties up and hold them up until we get there."

He obeyed and followed her up the stairs. Tommie felt silly as he trailed behind in his panties, nylons

and garter belt. He looked up at her and was delighted to be able to see right up her short skirt and focus on her bottom teasingly visible through her sheer nylon panties.

"Do you like looking up my dress, sissy boy?"

"I – uh – I don't know what you mean."

Then Vikki looked over her shoulder to see him staring wide-eyed up her dress. She saw him. He saw her looking at him looking up her dress. She just smiled and winked at him.

Once inside his bedroom, Vikki had her sissy boy lie face down on his bed.

"First we're going to get your temperature," she said as she took from her purse a thermometer and a tube of gel. She greased up the thermometer and then gently poked it into his bottom. A few moments later, she took it out and announced, "Uh 98.8. Not TOO bad."

"Now we're going to do something about your PUSSY!"

"But I'm a boy; I don't have a p...? Do I?"

"Well, sort of. Little girls and little sissy boys who dress up in panties have to have their pussies tended to every month. I'll show you how."

She reached into her purse and took a tampon out along with some latex gloves. She put the gloves on and greased the middle finger with the gel, and then instructed Tommy to hold aside the leg elastic of both pairs of panties he was wearing.

"OK, my sweet sissy girlie boy. First, nurse Vikki is going to put a finger in sissy pussy hole, just like this!"

Tommie squirmed as she invaded his asshole and slowly twisted her gloved finger. It gave him a full feeling and felt good and bad at the same time. In front, his little penis was jumping all over the place within the double layer of silky panties.

"Now, my dear, I'm going to let you experience what a girl goes through when she has her period each month."

She pushed the lubed tampon into his pussy hole. He squirmed again and gently moaned. Then she went into the bathroom and returned with a handheld mirror. Tommie had seen his mother's box of tampons in the bathroom many times, but he really didn't know what they were for. Miss Vikki held the mirror so he could look over his shoulder and see his butt.

"What's that string for?"

"That's so we can get it out easily."

"Oh, OK, I guess."

"Don't worry, sweetie girl. You'll get used to it, after a while. But right now, I have to finish examining you to make sure you're good and healthy."

She placed the end of her cold stethoscope right over his left nipple as she twisted and tweaked his right nipple like his sister had done that morning. He thought he was going to die. She moved the stethoscope down his tummy and didn't stop until she was at the base of his wiener.

"AND WHAT IS THIS THING?"

"It's my penis," he stated hesitantly as he was now breathing heavily with her almost touching his cock.

She put her stethoscope on the tip on his penis and stated, "I don't think so, sweetie. Little girls don't have penises, only pussies and clitties, so I guess this is just a big clitty."

"Would you rather have a tiny baby boy penis or a little girl's pussy and big clitty?"

He was confused, but then he finally said, "Well, I guess I'd rather have a pussy and a big clitty. I think. What is a clitty?"

"Oh, by dear girl, you'll need a lot of training, but don't worry, I plan on explaining all that to you very soon. Trust me."

Tommy blinked in disbelief as she pulled his cock out of the leg hole of both pairs of his pink panties. The she put her lips over the head of his CLITTY and gave it one good quick suck. He almost passed out in ecstasy.

"Yes, honey, Tommy girl has a real nice clitty, but I guess you've been working it hard this morning. It's all red, so we need to cover it up right now and give it a little rest. Don't you think so?"

He was going crazy.

"OK, honey, now for the best part," Miss Vikki said as she pulled up the skirt of her nurse's uniform exposing her white garter belt, nylons, and her sheer see-through panties, made even more see-through with juices from her drooling pussy. Slowly, she inched down her pure white panties to expose her shaved pussy lips and undulating clitoris, soaked with her juices that had saturated her panties.

She had Tommie get close for a good look. A few times, he had briefly seen Jessie and Sally's pussies in

the bathroom shower, but he had never seen anything like Miss Vikki's mature pussy and extended clitty!

"OK, sissy honey girl, time for some fun!"

She properly secured his nylons to his garter belt and took time arranging his two pairs of pink panties on his hips and butt. Chills raced through him every time she touched him through the panties. Then she took her sheer pussy-soaked white panties and held them tight against his sissy boy nose. What an odor! Tommie couldn't describe it, but he knew he liked it. It was sweet and pungent. Then she pushed part of the wet panty crotch into his mouth and made him suck on the juices oozing out of the panties.

"OK, honey girl, let's get you into MY panties! I know you want to wear them! But first, one more thing," she said as she went to her purse and brought out a plastic bag, and from it she took a thin white elastic belt with two little plastic hooks attached. She also took out a packet that had the word Kotex on it. "This is so my little sissy girl doesn't have an accident in her panties."

She had sissy girl Tommie lift her butt up so she could take off his two pairs of pink panties, and then she had him lift up again while she slid the sanitary belt into place. She had him stand up while she attached his sanitary napkin to the clips on the belt. Next came her sheer panties, which she slid up his sissy smooth girlie legs. Now Tommie's clitty was bouncing around excitedly inside the panties as it rubbed against the sanitary napkin. Then she lifted off her uniform. Her perky breasts were fully exposed against her sheer white nylon bra. Her nipples were hard and pushing out the tips of the cups of the soft bra. She unhooked the front closure and had Tommie put out his arms. She slid the bra off her arms and right onto his arms and then snapped it closed.

Miss Vikki was quite worked up by now, and she pushed her sissy boy back onto the bed and then held down his arms as she quickly mounted his face and ground her wet pussy against his mouth. In hurried and excited tones, she instructed him, often shouting out in pleasure exactly what he had to do to thrill her. Little sissy girl Tommy did exactly as she instructed and lapped away happily, using his mouth and tongue to excite her vagina lips and clitoris.

"COME ON YOU LITTLE SISSY PRISSY GIRL. LICK MY PUSSY AND SUCK MY CLITTY. LICK IT GOOD, YOU LITTLE SLUT. I'M GOING TO CUM IN THAT PRETTY LITTLE MOUTH OF YOURS. COME ON, SISSY BOY WITH THE BIG CLITTY. RUB YOUR TITTIES IN MY BRA AND COME IN MY SILKY PANTIES."

As Miss Vikki got up to leave, she told him she'd tell his mother that he still had a little fever but should be all right in the morning. As she took back her bra and panties and removed the sanitary napkin and eased the Tampax out of his asshole, she said she'd figure out how they could get together again soon so they could play more girlie sex games. Once she left, Tommy had less than an hour to get the house in order and figure out how he was going to face his sisters and his mother.