

Pussy Boy Pager

Reader's Stories & Pics

Volume 2

Arthur & Elizabeth

His mother used corporal punishment on him but then added sissyboy clothes and petticoat punishment.

Sissy for Black Cock

He loved dressing in girls' clothes, then he made it with a black man. He put it all behind him and got married.

It's My Birthday and My Wedding Day

My mother is having me choose my wife by making me pick and wear one of 9 pairs of women's panties.

How it All Began: Five Years Old

While in the hospital, an uncooperative little boy is humiliated in diapers, rhumba panties and even dresses.

Dressed as a Baby Girl in Daycare

One boy has a problem wetting his pants, his cousin gets caught dressing up himself and a boy he's baby-sitting.

Bloomer Boy

Three photos from an actual fundraiser with a boy in a dance contest wearing a dress and long ruffled bloomers!



Adults Only

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

Since 1981

A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION

Arthur & Elizabeth

By C.W.

Since he was small for his age, Arthur was a very self-conscious little boy, a condition not helped by his mother's insistence on dressing him much younger than his actual age. When he was six years old, he was still wearing shortalls and Victorian-style Little Lord Fautleroy costumes. His doting, eccentric mother loved putting him in outfits that complimented the old-fashioned dresses his older sister Elizabeth wore on dressy occasions. His costumes often included shiny Mary Janes and lacy-topped ankle socks. These clothes embarrassed Arthur because left on his own, he was a rowdy boy by nature, but his rough and tumble ways were usually kept in check by the teasing he took when other little boys saw him dressed in his sissy clothes.



Since he was a toddler, Arthur had a stubborn streak that his mother was determined to control. She had tried switching him. It was a good way to get him to do most anything, but the effects were not long-lasting. It only worked until his little bottom cooled off, then he was as obstinate as ever.

But she did notice how quiet and cooperative he became while dressed in babyish and juvenile clothes and therefore began to focus more on punishment clothing, and reserved the use of corporal punishment or the threat of corporal punishment to get him into his sissy clothes. And often she did switch him once he was dressed in his sissy clothes just to drive home the point that she was the boss and he was totally subservient to her.

While in his mood-taming clothes, she noticed how embarrassed he got around other children and

realized that making him embarrassed about how he was dressed kept him meek and humble. She discovered an especially effective punishment the day she required him to exchange clothes with his sister. She was in a whimsical mood and did it on a lark more than anything else. Even though they were sissy boys' clothes, his sister loved them. But Arthur was totally disgraced to be in his sister's dress and lingerie. He was completely mollified, instantly turned into a weepy, cowering pansy that his mother could control with ease.

His mother developed it into a punishment and made quite a ritual out of it. She'd make him stand on a stool in his pretty dress. With burning blushing cheeks and often a smarting behind, he had to stand before his mother and sister and describe in detail every infraction of his mother's rules for which he was being punished. He had to admit to being a naughty little boy in need of sissy punishment and ardently thank his mother for teaching him how to be a better little boy. If his confession was adequately contrite and included a full admission of guilt, it would sometimes reduce his punishment. A lot of his missteps were just the most frivolous peccadilloes, like not being sufficiently sweet when someone complimented him on his dress or not smiling while being photographed in his sissy clothes. Those photographs usually ended up framed and hung on "his wall of shame" that covered both sides of the long hallway that led from their spacious living room to all the other rooms in their house. So prominently were the photos displayed that every visitor to their home couldn't miss seeing them—and usually commenting on them! Such comments got his mother to give the guest an escorted tour of the picture gallery with Arthur forced to give a well-rehearsed commentary, describing in detail each and every outfit – including a full description of the dainty lingerie he had been forced to wear underneath.

His outfits ranged from sissy to completely girlish. His mother supervised his dressing in punishment clothes. She'd undress him down to the little girls' nylon underpants that he wore for everyday underwear. His pants were usually white and trimmed with delicate bits of lace and ribbons.

After she selected the heavily frilled pants to go with his punishment outfit, she'd skin down his simple white pants, laugh and make a mocking comment about his small penis.

"Your little dickie is so small, Arthur. I don't think it will ever get any bigger. Other boys would surely laugh at you if they could see it. For god's sake, never show it to other boys. They'd make fun of you and call you a girl because it's so small; it almost completely disappears when I pull up your pants."

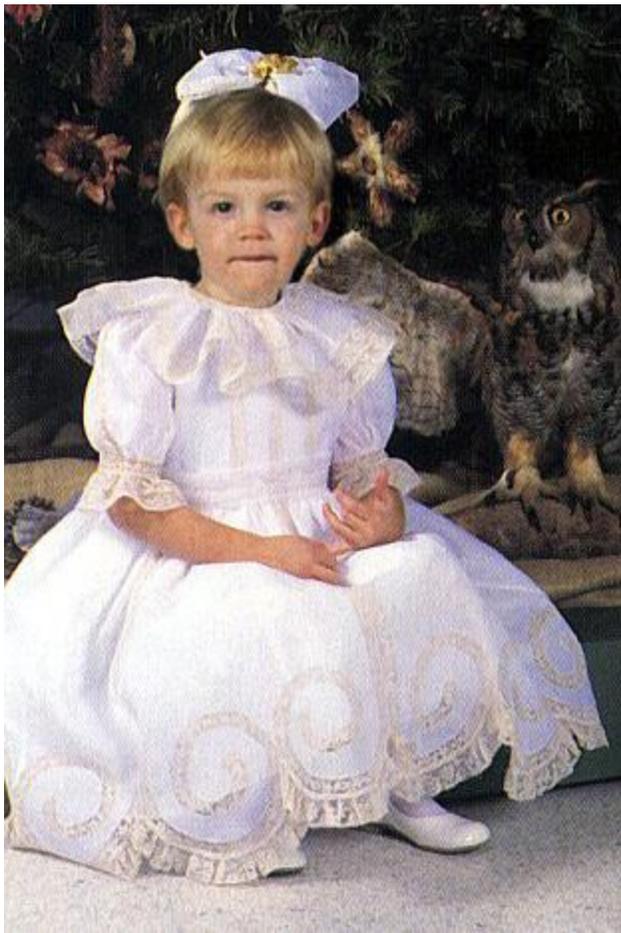
(Not that Arthur would ever show another boy his penis. Wearing lacy girls' pants all the time prevented him from ever letting any boy see him get undressed.)

With his regular pants off, she would hold open at his feet the punishment pants she had selected for him to wear. These pants were usually pink and loaded with tiers of lace, ruffles and ribbons in a multitude of unmanly pastel colors. With the sissy pants held before him, he'd see the back of the humiliating pants first. Just the sight of the rhumba ruffles across the back crushed any vestige of boyhood left in him. Dutifully, he'd step into the horrible sissy pants and close his eyes to their humiliating details as he tried to forget how sissified they were.

Punishment outfits always called for a little training bra too! Even though he was still a preschooler, his mother had a large selection of baby girl training bras that were just as ruffled and lace-frilled as his punishment panties. His mother would usually give his rhumba-pantied ass a smack and tell him to open his eyes, hold his arms out for his pretty bra and to keep his eyes open so he could appreciate the bra's pretty girlishness. Then a full satin or taffeta slip followed before he was put into some sissified confection of a dress. At first, he wore his sister's outgrown dresses, but with the luck she had in petticoat punishing him, his mother soon took him shopping for his own dresses. At those most embarrassing times, she'd usually make him strip down to his lacy little training bra, camisole and panties right in the aisle of the store, so she could try dresses on him while others looked on. Women were often horrified or amused to see a boy in panties trying on dresses, but little girls always found it endlessly funny. Laughing uproariously, they never failed to comment aloud about what a miserable little sissy he was.

Arthur always seemed to break many of his mother's little rules while being dressed in his punishment outfit. The procedure was just so emasculating and so torturous for the little boy that he just couldn't contain himself, and his sister was always standing by watching his every move. Elizabeth was always ready to point out any infraction his mother might have missed.

His mistakes and insolence always earned him a good switching immediately after being dressed. His sister would help him stretch out across an armless chair and hold him in position for his mother to give him a painful switching or paddling. After the switching, he had to remain in the dress, panties and other finery until changing into a babydoll nightie at bedtime. If he had been especially bad, he had to change into his sissy panties and dress everyday immediately upon returning from school. Such punishment often lasted a week or more.



Elizabeth was always highly amused while he was undergoing dress discipline, and his haughty sister would tease him to no end. Arthur was a prankster and whenever he could -- to even the score a bit, he'd do things to annoy her or get her in trouble, like peeing in her used panties from the laundry hamper and then leaving them where their mother would find them. Or putting hot pepper sauce on her food when she wasn't looking. As much as he liked doing such things, he was usually caught and that just brought him even more punishment, but he did take solace in the fact that he had turned the tables on her at least temporarily. On such occasions, Elizabeth

was allowed to pick out his punishment dress and panties, and she delighted in that task, picking everything to achieve the ultimate in his embarrassment. For some reason, he especially hated frilly pinafores, so Elizabeth always picked one of these to go with his outfit. Arthur wasn't allowed to fuss or make comment while being dressed. If he did, he would immediately be slapped across the face plus time was added to how long he had to spend in his petticoats. It was an additional humiliation when his sister was allowed to take down his panties and give him his switching. Of course, she couldn't switch him as hard as his mother, but since it was his witchy big sister was doing it, it was even more humiliating.

One of the worst punishments he had to endure was being petticoated in front of his sister's friends. When sentenced to this punishment, Elizabeth would invite over three or four of her girlfriends, and he had to join them playing with dolls and girls' games. His ultimate punishment was when they were allowed to play baby doll with him, strip him down to his nakedness and repeatedly dress him up in different combinations of lingerie and frilly dresses. At times they dressed him like a baby and made him do peepee in his diapers, and then they'd make a big fuss powdering and changing him before putting him into one humiliating baby outfit after another. They'd take his temperature rectally, bathe him and even give him an enema or shove suppositories up his bottom to make him poop in his diapers. Pink plastic-lined rhumba panties were a regular part of his baby outfits. If he didn't cooperate and do everything the little girls wanted, his mother would strap him into his stroller and allow the girls to take him to the park for the other kids to see him. Outside, he'd never make a fuss because that only drew even more attention to him. Those were the most humiliating of all times.

Once he was old enough to go to school, the other boys took one look at him and branded him a sissy, especially because of the short pants and other little boyish and even girlish elements included in what his mother made him wear. For example, his shirts were actually tailored girls' blouses that looked like boys' shirts but had rounded Peter Pan collars and buttoned on the wrong side, and the neat ankle socks and simple loafers he usually wore were from the girls' department. The socks had no lace on them – thank goodness! But a careful observer could tell his socks and shoes were for girls. Of course, worst of all was the lingerie he wore for underwear. His white nylon panties and silky camisoles were always trimmed with the smallest edging of fine lace and always had a bow at the collar of the camisole and at the front of the thin waist elastic of his panties. At school, Arthur's number one goal was to keep those bows hidden and prevent everyone from discovering his girlish underwear!

At school he pulled one of his little pranks as often as he could get away with it. He was constantly trying to prove to the other boys that he was just as boyish and devilish as they were despite the way he was dressed. He always explained to them that was how his mother made him dress and he couldn't do anything about it. He was always trying to do things to make himself look more grown up. One day, he was caught with a pack of cigarettes and matches in his pocket. He was brought to the principal's office, where he had to wait until his mother arrived. Upon her arrival, despite the presence of the principal, his bitchy old teacher and the svelte young secretary, his mother stripped Arthur down to his silky camisole and panties, stood him on a bench and made him tell them all about his crime, and then upon her cue, he knew what he had to add for the benefit of his startled onlookers.

“Since I am a naughty little boy, my mommy makes me wear girls’ camisoles and panties. She says a nasty boy like me benefits from wearing lacy bars, tops and sissy panties.”

Of course, he didn’t believe he got any benefit, only humiliation, from wearing sissy lacy lingerie. His mother prompted him to say more.

“I like to wear pretty panties with lace and bows because they feel so good to wear. I’m lucky that my mother lets me wear girls’ panties, and I know panties are helping to make me be a better little boy.”

“But I guess the bra and panties you have on aren’t sissy enough to stop you from playing with cigarettes. Isn’t that right?”

“Yes, mommy!”

“Well, I guess I’ll just have to make your lingerie a little more girlish. Maybe that will remind you to be nice like a girl and not nasty like a bad little boy.”

“Yes, mommy,” was all he could mumble.

But he was shocked as much as the other three were stunned when she pulled a gaudy pair of rhumba panties and a matching training bra out of her big purse and forced him to change into them, letting his astounded and grinning audience see his nakedness in the process.

She delighted in explaining to them, “As you can see, Arthur has an unusually small penis. The poor boy is highly embarrassed about being so under-endowed, but since his dickie is so small, it fits very nicely into the snug little pairs of fancy girls’ panties he so loves to wear so much.”

Of course, he hated wearing girls’ panties, camisoles and training bras, but not to cooperate at that moment would surely cause his mother to further embarrass him. He wouldn’t put it past her to force him to wear one of his frilly punishment dresses to school – because she had threatened as much in the past.

At home that day, he had to stand on his stool in his panties and training bra and explain the whole incident to Elizabeth, who couldn’t stop cooing and giggling thought out his report. Then he had to dawn a full-skirted white dress and place himself over his spanking chair for an especially painful switching. The next morning, a set of his horribly gaudy pink rhumba panties with one of his matching satin training bras awaited him. He woke up with horror in his eyes as he saw them and knew he was gong to have to wear them under his clothes to school.

#03488-U

Revised by Princess Lacey

[Index](#)

It's My Birthday and My Wedding Day, and I'm a Little Nervous

It's July, and even though it's very hot outside, the third floor of our old Victorian is quite cool. As I sit in my bedroom, I look to the right into Mother's bedroom. Empty. Then to the left and down the hall and into the bathroom. Empty. I am alone on the floor.

It's my birthday, and I'm a little nervous. I have lived my entire life in this house, in this room. This is the room I was brought right after I was born: from my Mother's room to this one. I believe today I am moving out.

It's my wedding day, and I'm a little nervous. I'm about to pick my wife.

Mother is coming in my room. She's surprised I'm not getting myself ready. She pulls my plaid skirt up and gives me a dozen spanks across my pink panties and then takes my chin in her hand and looks into my eyes. "It's time, little boy, and we don't want to be late." She smiles as she always does and removes my clothes. Since I am so nervous, I have completely retreated. She takes my hand and leads me into the bathroom. After a thorough scrubbing, she dries me off and begins dressing me. Instead of starting with panties, she stands me up and lets an elegant white slip drop down over me. The two-inch lace hem stops just above my knees. She holds my hand and leads me into her bedroom.

Her room is as it is every other day of the week. Her large bed neatly made, the pillows piled at one end and the silk coverlet lay on top of it. On her bed, very carefully laid out, are nine pairs of panties. But not just any nine pairs. None of the panties are Mother's; I know that. They are the panties the women had used during mother's "auditions." Nine different women, nine different panties. I look at Mother and she just smiles. I begin to realize the enormity of my choice of panties.



"Go ahead, little boy. Pick the panties you want to wear."

I turn and face the bed, taking in the full scope of the view, all nine pairs of panties in one image. I notice that one pair is actually a smaller pair inside of a larger pair and realize they must be the mother-daughter team that auditioned just last week. I shut my eyes and try to recapture the experience, and for a brief moment I savor the unique sensations of the duo once again. I take a deep breath, hold it, and then slowly exhale, clearing my head.

When I open my eyes my attention is drawn to a pair on the right side of the bed. They are a pair of Olga full briefs, ribbon-decorated panties with a small bow on the waistband. They have small blue and pink flowers on a white background. They speak to me, call me to them. My heart begins to pound the longer I look at them. They appear to glow, while all the other pairs of panties on the bed seem to fade away. I reach over, pick them up and bring them to me, holding them open in front of me in my hands like someone would stand and read from a Bible. I stare at them for a moment and then slowly bring the panties to my face, completely covering it. I take a deep, slow breath, lower the panties slightly, close my eyes, and then slowly let my breath out. I immediately feel like I am back in my bed, my arms stretched out, my hand sliding over the soft material of the panties this woman is wearing, and she is sliding her pantied body over the soft material of the panties I am wearing, the sensuous panty fabric exciting me as we gently hug and stroke each other.

"Little boy?"

Mother's soft voice snaps me out of my daze and brings me back to reality. I realize I am hard, my slip tenting out, but at least I am dry. I am embarrassed and lower my head slightly, only to see the panties that are in my hands. I notice the panties have a small tag attached to them with a ribbon, and the number five is written on the tag.

"Now that you've selected your panties, you should go down stairs and find your wife. Ask her if these are her panties, and then ask her permission to wear them. Nature will handle it from there."

"What?" I was in total shock. I could not believe what I was hearing. There must be some mistake.

"This is how it's done. You've always known you would pick your wife by picking her panties."

"Yes Mother, I knew that, but I didn't know I had to ask her to let me wear them in front of a room full of stern women and teasing girls?" I was shaking now. My legs began to feel weak.

"Asking to wear her panties ... is like proposing to her."

"But in front of everyone?"

"It's only the women and girls from the auditions," said Mother.

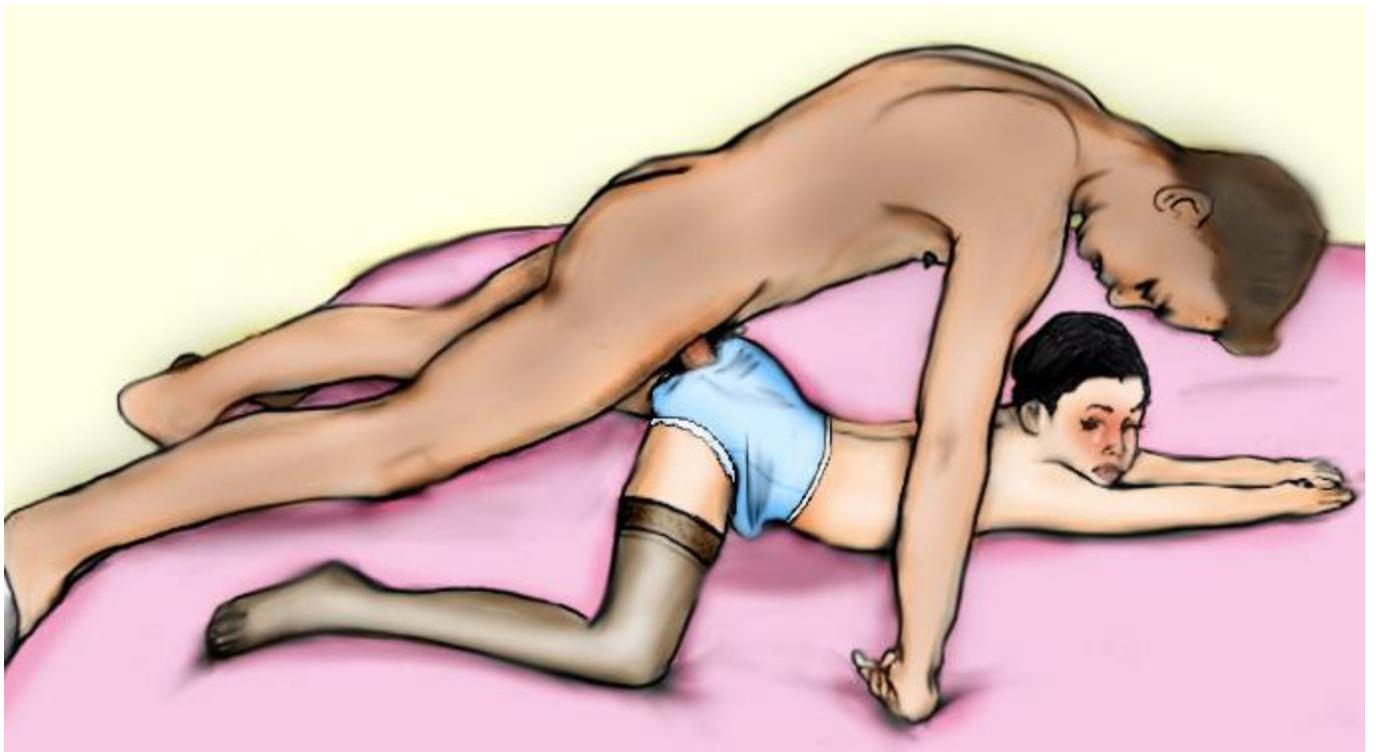
"And your little sister Melanie, of course, and me," chime in Mrs. Miller, the president of our chapter of the Demale Society.

I hadn't heard her enter the room, since I'm consumed with trying to pick between nine gorgeous pairs of frilly panties and all caught up in the realization of what is happening. She's standing at the end of the bed. Apparently she witnessed my panty selection also. She says, "We all know you. We all know you're a bashful little sissy boy. It'll be okay." She wraps her arms around my shoulder and gives me a gentle hug.

Mother tilts my chin up so I am looking directly into her eyes. "They're all downstairs waiting to find out who you picked. They have the right to know," she said softly, "and the right to watch the ceremony."

She gently strokes my cheek with the panties I have selected. I smell the sexy female aroma floating up off the panties. It calms me. Mother keeps the panties pressed to my nose with one hand as she uses her other hand to grasp my erect penis through my silky white slip. Using my silky slip-clad penis like a handle, she leads me out to the living room to find out who owns the panties, who is going to be my wife, the woman I am going to have to ask permission to wear her panties, ask permission in front of all the other giggling women and girls.

[Index](#)



Sissy for Black Cock

When I was young my grandmother dressed me completely as a girl one Halloween. I loved it! I felt so sexy and got so excited I had to tuck my excitement between my legs all night long as I walked around the neighborhood swishing my hips like a ridiculous little sissy. Real girls thought I was cute and wanted to walk with me, but boys made fun of me and called me names like sissy, little girl and pansy. A couple of bigger boys kept grabbing my stuffed bra and lifting the back of my dress to see my lacy pink panties. Their attention made me very excited.

That night at home in bed I couldn't stop thinking about it and fantasized about the boys taking me somewhere, like their fort, where they would begin feeling me up and wanting to see everything I was wearing underneath, so they got me to take off my blouse and skirt. I had on a bra and slip, panties and thigh high stockings, and my little cock was sticking out as hard as it's ever been. They saw it, and two of the guys slapped my penis around in my panties and told me girls don't have one of those in their panties. Since my cock was hard, they kept telling me I must like being a girl. I told them I did like being a girl, and I wanted to do everything girls did. One boy dropped his pants, and then all of them dropped their pants. They were feeling my legs and panties and telling me I should feel their penises. I shyly touched one boy's cock; it was hard but smooth and much bigger than mine. I felt his balls and softly stroked his penis up and down.

Then he told me, "A real girl puts a boy's cock in her mouth. If you want to be like other girls, suck on it!"

So I put my lips right around his dick head. I really wanted to suck his cock. I wanted to suck all their cocks, and in my dream I did. They all let me taste their hard dicks as long as I wanted

Well, I didn't really want to stop but just then the most intense feeling came over me from way deep inside. Something I'd never felt before. My little dick swelled and blew up with a massive jerk; it almost hurt. It did it again and again and seemed liked it would never stop. I wasn't sure what had happened, but I felt wonderful and then could feel a big mess in my panties. It leaked out all over my hands. My head was spinning as I reveled in the sensation. I soon realized that I had "cum." I had heard other boys talk about cumming, and now I knew what they were talking about. It was fabulous! I soon realized that other boys would do the same if I sucked on them long enough. So I tasted my own cum coating my hands. I liked the smell, taste and texture. I got excited again and used my well-lubricated hand and panties to rub my little cock to a second cum as I lay there thinking about sucking off other boys, and how I could make them cum with my mouth and tongue.

Well it ended up being a long time before I got to be with other boys, but I did dress up as often as I could. And when I did, I always thought about sucking off other boys and men. I learned a lot about sex after that, all the things men and women can do together. I painted my finger and toe nails, wore lipstick and panties and dressed up as often as I could.

I wasn't old enough, but one day I snuck into an adult bookstore. I was looking at shemale books when a man began talking to me.

He asked, "Do you like doing that stuff?"

I was scared and said, "What stuff?"

He pointed at the picture on the front of the book I was holding and said, "That stuff." The picture showed a shemale sucking a huge cock.

I stammered, "Uh, huh ... but I've never done it."

"Then you like to dress up, huh?"

I nodded.

"Would you like to dress up for me?"

With a sidelong glance, I took my first good look at him. He was very attractive and big; he was also black. I had never thought about black men. He told me his cock was much bigger than the one in the picture and he had a place we could be alone. I shyly agreed. He bought me that book, and we went to his house.

All the lights were off but you could tell it was a nice place. We went in and as soon as he shut the door he grabbed me and french kissed me long and hard and began undoing my pants and feeling my hard little cock. As he made me fully hard, he laughed gently as he felt my panties. He paused from the long kiss he was giving me to lean back and look at them.

"Nice, panties, boy. I bet you like how nice and silky they feel on your boy cock. Take all your clothes off except for your panties, so I can admire you in them, sweetie," he whispered in my ear. "Get comfortable, and I'll be right back."

I left my lacy panties on and sat on the couch. When he came back he was naked and carrying a long silky yellow nightgown and had me raise my arms so he could slip it on me. I had to lean forward to get it all the way on and that put my face right in front of his big black cock. There was my very first cock and I thought it was beautiful. I reached out and touched it. It was semi hard and still flexible, so I pressed my face against it and smelled it while rubbing it over my eyes and nose and lips. Then I swallowed its tip. I sucked on it and loved it in my mouth. M-m-m-m, a big black cock, I thought to myself. "M-m-m-m! Your dick feels so good in my mouth," I told him. The feeling of having this black man's cock in my mouth was incredible and I found myself gagging on it but loving every moment.

He told me to wait a minute and pulled me to my feet. He poured a scotch for himself and made me a rum and coke. With drink in hand, he took me to his bedroom. We got on the bed and he started kissing me, holding me against him and feeling up my entire body through the silky yellow nightie. He reached under the legband of my pale blue panties and groped my butt, spreading my butt cheeks and fingering my hole while at the same time biting my nipples. He told me I was a pretty girl, and he wanted to fuck me.

"Do you want me to fuck you, like a sissy little girl?" he asked.

"Yes!"

"Tell me more, my sweet little sissy."

"I love how you feel against me, and I love your big cock in my mouth. I can't wait to taste your cum and roll it around on my tongue. But most of all, I want you to fuck me just like you fuck a real little girl."

"Oh, baby, you are a real girl; you're my sissy girl, and I'm going to make sure you enjoy a good fucking from my big cock."

I loved the silky nightie, but I was getting so hot, I had to take it off. I took it off with a stripper-like flourish, and then preened for him in my pretty blue panties. He put me in a sixty-nine position with him on top and had me suck on him. He slowly rocked his hips back and forth fucking my mouth. He tilted my head back and told me to relax my throat so he could push more in. My hands were wrapped around

his legs and fondling his hard butt. I even let him know when I wanted more by pulling him into me. I started gently gagging as he fucked me, so he let up for a second but then pushed his cock down my throat again.

After doing this a number of times, I was able to control most of my gag reflex and relaxed enough to let him get a lot of his cock past the back of my tongue and down my throat. Eventually his balls were lying on my face.

He oohed and aahed and told me, "Man, what a good cocksucker you are. You're almost taking it all. Now, I want to fuck you, but first I want you to swallow every bit of my big black cock. Can you do that? You do want me to fuck you, don't you, sissy girl?"

With my mouth full of hot cock, I could only answer him by squeezing his butt with my hands and gobbling as much of his cock down my throat as I could. My saliva was everywhere, all over his cock and balls and running down my neck as he choked his meat down my throat. His cock was so slippery; he was easily humping in and out of my mouth. He let his inward strokes linger longer and longer, teaching me to gain more and more control over my gag reflex. When I did gag, he was so deep that my throat squeezed on the head of his shaft. He would then pull out just far enough for me to get more air through my nose. Even that became difficult at times because his huge sack full of cum never left my face and even that was covered with my saliva. He coached me the whole time, telling me how good it felt having a sissy sucking his cock, and that I must really enjoy sucking it to make him feel that good. He leaned down and lay on me burying his pulsating meat down my throat.

"Oh, baby, you gots all my cock in your mouth!"

Those were great words to hear. I was now as good as a real girl, a real girl who was an accomplished cocksucker. I then knew I was good enough to be fucked like a girl too!

He eased his cock back out of my throat and told me to suck just on the tip of it while he got me ready as he tucked my legs under his arms, lifting me off the bed and spreading ass cheeks at the same time. He let me catch my breath, but then he pulled the leghole of my panties aside. I immediately began breathing heavily as I felt his breath on my hairless bottom. He pulled my legs further up and behind his head and began licking my hole. He pushed his tongue up my horny-as-hell boy pussy. I felt so lucky to have found such an affectionate lover for the first time. I had sucked and fucked a rubber cock and a dildo I made, but they couldn't compare to having real man flesh in my mouth and a real tongue in my butt hole. He even played with my little woody, teasing it lovingly through my silky pale blue sissy panties. He said it made a cute little clit. I ran out of breath and griped his butt tightly, so he leaned back up and very slowly removed his swollen shaft from my throat. I was amazed at how long it was. It had grown longer and harder face fucking me. It was beautiful, glistening with all my mouth cum on it. He scooted up and let me suck on his ball sack and then moved up even more forcing his balls to pop out of my lips, only to slide his butt over my face. He helped me spread his cheeks as I sucked and tongued his butt hole. Then I got to slobber all over his balls as he rubbed them back and forth over my face. He

flipped himself over me and laid his hard cock in my ass crack and slid it back and forth over my silky panties.

I knew what he wanted me to do, so I humped back at him and begged, "Please, fuck me! Put your big black dick in my butt pussy. I want to feel you fucking me, please!"

I could tell he liked that. He eased aside the legband of my baby blue panties and while poking at my hole with his wet monster cock, he asked, "Is you a slut? A pansy? A sissy? A panty-wearing faggot? My little pantywaist slut?"

"Yes. Yes!" I moaned as his cock slowly filled me.

"So my little sissy loves my black dick. Or does she love all black dicks?"

I could barely talk as he penetrated me. He said he knew other black men who would love to fill me up with their cum too. I nodded my head; that was all I could do as he stuffed my butt hole with his whole shaft. Finally, he started pulling in and out and my pain eased as my hole became lubricated with our juices. The pleasure superseded the pain and I became a mass of wild wanton lust to be thoroughly fucked. He humped my ass with full strokes as he lay on me.

I reached behind me and tweaked his nipples with my trembling fingertips. He put his arms around me and kissed my necks and that sent chills up and down my spine. I felt his cock jerkily throbbing inside me. I begged and pleaded for him to fuck me harder, and he did, slamming into my bottom over and over. He was breathing hard and started moaning in my ear.

"Oh, baby, your pussy feels so tight it's going to make me cum."

"I want your cum in me so bad. Fill my pussy with your cum."

"Oh, girl," he whispered, "I want to watch you getting fucked by other black men. I want to watch them cumming all over you and in you, would you do that for me, baby?"

"Oh, I'd love to be a sissy whore and service black dicks for you and your friends. You can watch them cum in my mouth and face and fill my pussy with dicks and cum."

He was fucking me hard now.

"I want to fuck you after they're all done using you and your butt is full of their cum. You'll be so sloppy and wet and covered in cum, my little panty boy!"

Just then I started cumming myself, jerking and squeezing his shaft with my butt muscles. Then he gripped me and moaned before he jerked up inside me. I felt his cock swell to an unbelievable thickness

before he shot his hot cum inside me. His cock hurt every time it pulsated with another jet of his juice, but the pleasure was worth the pain. As each blast hit me; I could feel it filling me up. It made me feel so feminine and sexy and glad to be his sissy. He squeezed me and just kept spurting inside me. My pussy was so wet and full it was wonderful. Afterwards, we lay there a long time with his deflating cock still deep inside me.

With one lunge he rolled us both over, and I was then on top of him.

He said, "I haven't cum like that in a long time. How does my cum feel in your butt, girlie boy?"

"It feels great, but so does your hard cock."

"You want to taste my cum, now, little girl?"

"M-m-m-m, yes! I wanted to taste your cum a long time ago. Will you cum in my mouth if I promise to swallow all of your big cock again?"

"Girl, in a few seconds you're going to have a mouth full of my cum."

With that, he slowly slid out of my hole. Then his cream poured out of me. He held me bent over and told me to relax my butt muscles and all his cum would drain out. I did, and you could hear some of it gurgling out of my asshole and onto him. I could feel it run off my little balls. I looked down to see his white creamy cum dripping over his cock and balls. It even filled his belly button. I positioned myself where he could watch me as I lapped up every bit of his cum. I licked and sucked and slurped it up. This was the first time I has someone else's cum in my mouth, and I loved it. I licked his cum off his cock and then his balls, and found more cum on his butt, so I sucked on his butt hole to clean him out thoroughly before licking my way back to the head of his cock where I sucked on him some more. I looked up and asked if he would still cum in my mouth if I put it all back down my throat.

"Sure, baby, I can cum again for you."

I had to really work him with my throat to get him to cum again, but he let me do it all by myself. I fucked my mouth on his cock just like he fucked my butt, full in and out strokes. I found myself slamming my face all the way down his long shaft again and again until I felt his first jerk pulse past my lips and down my throat. I hurried to get my mouth filled with his sperm. It filled so fast that I had to swallow some before it filled again. I wanted to keep it in my mouth and play with it, but there was too much. I looked him in the eyes and opened my mouth while jacking his dick. Cum ran out of my mouth and down my chin. He pulled out and jerked off some onto my face. It was his second cum, but there was still so much. I kept my mouth full of his sperm as long as possible. I laid my head down on him and kept his jism in my mouth. You should have heard the purring little kitten sounds of pleasure coming from me as I savored my black lover's sperm-laden juice.

The next few months of my life I consider my best time of my life as I was thoroughly used by him and his black buddies, most often having sex with them in large groups. Many times I was pimped out, humiliated, filmed and taken to parks dressed up so other white people could watch me service black men. I was left naked in places, even beat up and raped.

I did get married once to a dominate woman who also liked black men and cheated on me from the first day we met, although I was unaware of her having sex with other men for a long time. When I did find some pictures of her with three black guys taken in our bedroom, I told her I wanted to watch, but she said they didn't want any hubby around. I told her I used to dress up in girls' clothes and let black men use me, and that I wished I could do it some more. She laughed at me, but told me I could be her maid. I had to shave my whole body right then in the shower. She came in and gave me an enema, then told me how I was to dress and what kind of polish and makeup to put on. That night she spanked me, pierced my ears and reamed me at both ends with every sex toy she had, most of which were black and big. She shoved a vibrator up my butt and taped it there so it would stay in and then made me eat her pussy and ass all night until she fell asleep and then again first thing the next morning. She had me stay home from work to meet some of the black men who came over every day and fucked her brains out.

That all happened years ago. We got divorced when she got tired of me. I finally met another woman, a very traditional churchgoing type, and we've had seven years of a very happy, but boring life -- all except me jacking off, looking at old photos of me with my first wife and her lovers and reading dirty stories about cuckold husbands on the Internet. My sweet little wife found my stash of stories and pictures. I thought that would be the end of it for us, but I was surprised. She was very intrigued! She admitted to me that she had cheated on me twice in our marriage because I was such a wimp in bed and she wanted a real man. She had cheated with some teenage office boy where she works and on several occasions had sex with our minister! I told her I understood and let her know I was willing to share her with others.

She was fascinated with my attraction to black men. Now she wants to try black men and says we can have them fuck us side-by-side in our marriage bed! I'm sure as soon as she has her first black man, she won't want anything to do with my little prick in her pussy again and things will change around here for the better. It's been so long since I've dressed up and had a black cock. I can't wait! It's all I can think about!

Revised by Princess Lacey

[Index](#)

**The Bloomer Boy at the
1994 Boy Beats Girl Dance Competition**

The Oshkawasha Valley Park District did a fundraiser challenging boys to outperform girls in various dance routines.

Of course, the boys had to dress in the girls' costumes too, like this lad (in the middle) in a country dress and ruffled bloomers!







[Index](#)



Bridal Shower Surprise

It was nothing to be ashamed of. I was a transvestite. Mary, my wife, was repulsed by it but usually turned her head the other way when I went into the spare bedroom for long stretches to engage in my hobby. Then one day, she did a turnaround and laid out a pair of pink panties on the bed for me. She was walking around in her camisole and panties as I notice these panties matched the ones she was wearing. She told me to dress in them and wear them under my clothes all day. I told her I was too embarrassed to put them on in front of her, but she pulled out a short whip

and told me to put them on or else!

She had been getting more dominant in recent months. I think she was turning that way because I wasn't doing much for her in the sex department. I'd usually give her oral sex, which she loved, but then I'd retire to the guest bedroom and masturbate in my lingerie. She knew I would do that. In fact, she'd wash out my cum-filled panties, and whenever did the wash, she'd usually have some cutting comments for me like, "You certainly were a naughty little sissy boy. Five pairs of dirty panties this week!" Or, "Once again I see you have plenty of baby juice for your beloved little panties but none for you loving wife!"

While blushing like crazy, I put on the panties she had set out of me, but I kept trying to cover my building erection with my hands. It was just too embarrassing to be seen like that by my wife. She was so sweet to me, telling me it was okay, and she wanted to see me like that, but I kept cowering away from her. Eventually she had enough of my shyness in front of her. She hit me three times with her whip. Boy did that hurt! Then she commanded I sprawl myself across an old bench we had in the basement. She tied me down, explaining that she wanted to see me and my full erection in my panties without me trying to hide them from her. Then she started masturbating me in the panties! Wow, that was something else! She had me jerking and humping up and down in her hand. Finally I blew a big wad of cum and it totally saturated the silky pink panties.

She laughed as I came! She scooped up the cum that had oozed through the panties, wiped it on my face and shoved her fingers in my mouth for me to clean them off! I'm sure my face was a darker shade of pink than my panties! She made me stay tied down like that as she got ready to go out. Just before she left, she untied me and had me take a shower. Then she gave me another pair of pink panties to wear just like the first pair. They had a little trim of pale blue lace around the leg openings. How humiliating to have your wife give you frilly pink panties and have her help you put them on! I had always dreamed that would be exciting -- and it was -- but it was totally humiliating too! Mentally and physically I was exhausted. She helped me into bed and told me to promise to keep the panties on for the rest of the night. She said she'd need a ride home from the bridal shower she was going to, and she wanted me to pick her up wearing the panties under my pants.

That day I was so in love with her!

I fell asleep soon enough only to be awakened by the telephone. The voice on the phone said, "Danny, come over here as soon as possible. Mary's fainted. I'm sure she's all right, but please come over and help us."

"Who is this?"

"Why, Peggy, of course. Hurry up! We're at Cindy's place. You know where she lives on Oakdale Drive, right?"

Groggily I answered, "Uh, yeah, sure; I know Cindy's house."

Well, I was still wearing the lovely pink panties my wife had provided for me. I debated about taking them off, but because I was in a rush to go aid my wife, and also because she told me to keep them on all day, I simply threw a robe on over myself and rushed out the door. My wife needed my help there was no time to get fully dressed. I went through three stop signs driving to Cindy's house. I knocked frantically on the door. It was open, and I rushed in.

"Surprise!" about a dozen girls' voices shouted in unison. "Surprise!"

They grabbed me and were giggling as I struggled to keep my robe closed. One of them threw the lights on to full brightness. Suddenly, I was stripped of my robe. Shamed, I tried to hide my genitals bound in my pink panties with my hands, but it was impossible to do so.

I was concerned about Mary, but there she was, standing before me and laughing along with all of the other women and girls.

"What a beautiful pair of panties!" Peggy exclaimed. "I love the pink color and the delicate blue lace. Oh, Danny! They're gorgeous!"

I was pissed at Mary for exposed me like this to her friends. Was this her idea of fun?

"You're really a lucky woman to have a man like that," Cindy, the bride to be, told my wife. "I hope my husband is just as girlish. He knows I just hate big brutes. I think I can get Joe into panties too. Maybe even skirts."

My cock was making a noticeable bulge in my panties until Peggy's clammy hand had reached into my panties from behind and got hold of it. She pulled my cock back between my legs, the way a dog puts his tail between his legs in shame. My panties had slid down in back, and while I was being held down with Peggy's firm grip on my cock, someone else rammed a greased vibrator up my ass! From the conversation, I understand the vibrator had been a joke gift for the bride. With my cock now limp and being pulled backward like that, the other girls snugged my pink panties up real tight to hide my penis and balls.

I didn't try and fight these women off. There were too many of them. Besides, I was utterly humiliated to be put in this position by a bunch of women that I had known for years. They were all giddy. They had been drinking too much Champagne. Needless to say, it was Mary who had led them into this, telling them, no doubt, that a lot of fun was to be had at my expense.

I just accepted all of this abuse. What else could I do as the satiny panties clamped down on my genitals, covering my crotch where my cock had been pulled backward through my legs? The front of the panties was pulled up tightly, making my crotch look like I had a pussy!

I was hauled over Mary's legs and all the women took turns spanking me on my pink panties. A lot of them didn't spank me all that hard, but their combined blows quickly built up to ignite my butt on fire. I actually began crying. I told them I'd do anything, just stop spanking me. They finally stopped and let me go when I agreed to let them dress me up completely.

"Dress her up good!" a female voice cried out.

"Her?" She was speaking of me!

"Put a bra on her! Put a slip and a cancan slip on her!"

"Look at these legs!" one of the women said, as she began pulling nylons over my feet. Peggy laughed, saying I was used to wearing women's clothes, and that I dressed in them all the time around the house.

Strange thoughts were going through my head and strange feelings were going through my entire body. My asshole was involuntarily clenching the dildo with a pulsating rhythm. With each spasm of the muscles of my ass, I could feel the full length of the vibrator my wife and her friend Peggy had inserted in my ass. They hadn't switched it on -- yet -- that was a surprise I'm sure they'd treat me to later! But just the size of it made me like I was going to burst.

Peggy was interested in my breasts now. She said, "A girl like you needs a training bra. You have beautiful nipples. Here let me get this sissy bra on you," she said, as she strapped me in. "But your tits are too small. We'll have to do something to make them grow."

Peggy then turned to Cindy and asked her if she had a couple of spring-loaded clothespins. Cindy said she did and ran into the kitchen and returned with them.

While some of the women held me to prevent me from resisting, I felt those clothespins getting clamped onto my nipples! Then four of the women took off their panties and stuffed them into the bra cups to fill them out. And those panties were wet! I guess those women were having a pretty good time. I could feel the slime of those wet panty crotches touching my pinned nipples. Wafting up to my nostrils, I could smell the combined aroma of the women's dirty panties. I complained that they were going too far, but they ignore me. Peggy, with her naturally aggressive behavior, took control. You would have thought she was my wife, instead of Mary. Peggy stormed into the bathroom and returned with a hairbrush in her hand.

"Bring Danny over here, girls," she commanded.

Two of the women pulled me along by my arms and with Mary poking me from behind, I was presented to Peggy.

She pulled her skirt up to her waist and then commanded, "Over my knee!"

They pressed me down. I could feel my cock in my satiny panties, pulled back as it was, rubbing against Peggy's cunt in her panties. Especially with my wife standing right there, it was bizarre! They kept my panties up real tight to keep the vibrator in place, and the legbands of the panties went up high on my ass cheeks and exposed a lot of my bottom for her to spank.

"A girl with a behind like this needs to feel it nice and red hot. Then she'll behave the way she should for her girlfriends!"

Why they were humiliating me like this, I didn't know. I guess Mary was trying to get even with me for giving my attention to my fetish instead of her. Or maybe she was trying to humiliate me out of ever wanting to dress up again. But at this moment, all I was expected to do was to take it.

Cindy might have been the bride, and this was her shower, but I was the floorshow. I felt like a virgin girl being spanked, terrorized and raped. Other men certainly would have resisted more than I did, but over the years I had become so docile and girlish that I had no way to resist or defend myself. Humbled in front of all these women in pink panties and with a vibrator up my ass, I felt like a naughty girl getting a deserved punishment.

Whack, whack, whack! That brush really left an impression!

When Peggy was finished, her arm was tired. Tears were running down my cheeks.

"Are you ready for your makeup session now?" Peggy asked, still threatening me with the brush she rubbed back and forth across her palm.

"Yes," I replied meekly.

"Say pretty please, and say it like a little lady. Tell us you want to be made-up and dressed prettily, or you'll get some more of my hairbrush!" Peggy insisted.

"Pretty please, please, put makeup on me and dress me up real pretty."

They sat me down and Cindy brought out her makeup. She put a heavy foundation on my skin, making it glow. Eye makeup, rouge and lipstick followed. They made me watch myself in a mirror while they painted my face. After they put a satiny dress on me, I told them I had to use the toilet, so they let Mary take me into the bathroom.

Luckily, nobody else was in there. Mary hitched my gown up, pulled the vibrator out of my ass and shoved it into my mouth to stop me from begging her to end all this and take me home! She eased my cock out of the leg hole of my satin panties and held it in her hand as I pissed, all the while kissing my

neck and telling me that she now realized she was happy to have a pansy for a husband and more surprises would soon follow.

“Peggy has known for some time about you dressing up. This was all her idea, but I’m glad I went through with it. I guess it’s always been my secret fantasy to humiliate you since you’re such a poor excuse of a man, but I have to admit I love the feel of your prick through your satiny pink underpanties. I can’t wait to get you home and have you rub your pantied penis against my cunt while I’m still wearing my panties. I think I have a thing for nylon panties too, since I often play with my pussy in them when I’m horny and you’re in the other room jacking off in your panties. Maybe we should be doing some of these things together, but the only problem: I hate having a sissy fuck me. We should masturbate together; that will get me all worked up, and then I should go out and find a real man to fuck me! Yeah, that’s exactly what I’m going to do from now on whenever I feel the need for some real man cock.”

Naturally, all of this was strange, especially since it was all taking place in this woman’s bathroom. I was shocked with the things she was saying. I didn't want her to go out with another man! But I'm a wimp! I tried complaining with that penis dildo in my mouth, but my words were garbled, and she simply told me to shut up and do what she said -- forever! All of a sudden I had a raging hard-on, but Mary placed it back in my panties.

“Let’s go home,” I begged her.

To my relief, she took the clothespins off my nipples – they were swollen like crazy, supersensitive and painful to touch, and we did go home.

“Aren’t you going to come in?” I said after I got out of the car.

She just shook her head no and said she was really hot and she needed a man. She told me to dress in one of her nightgowns and wait for her in bed.

When she got home that night, I was in our bed wearing a waltz-length white nylon nightgown and a fresh pair of her white, full-cut satin panties. She smelled of another man. Cum was running out of her pussy and on her command I licked it all up. It was perverse but exciting. She made me beg her for the vibrator again, and then she got it, greased it up and told me to spread my legs and give her my “pussy.”

I accepted that thing up my ass, and it made me damn hard to be invaded like that. Mary laughed heartily. I was ready to fuck her but she wouldn’t allow it. Instead, she turned on the vibrator up my ass and made me jack off for her entertainment, finally blasting a load like none I’ve ever blasted in my life.

It was amazing, and wonderful, even if I did make me look like a total boob of a sissy to my wife as well as her friends that day. In all of their eyes, I knew I’d never be thought of as a man again. And that’s exactly what happened. All of them giggle every time they see me, and Mary told me everyone in the neighborhood knows all about me now too -- because she told them just to brace themselves in case

they ever saw me outside prancing around like some faggot in my girlie clothes. That point was driven home one afternoon when five of the neighborhood girls knocked on our door and wanted to see the "sissy man." They ranged in age from about five to nine. Mary laughed out loud and ushered them in. She made me stand before these girls and drop my pants. I was wearing a garter belt, nylons and pink lacy panties underneath. All the girls went into rapturous laughter at the sight, and with my wife's encouragement, the girls got close to me and examined every inch of my girlie lingerie, including a thorough examination of my cock. That made me erect, much to their delight. And when one of the girls, the tiny five year old, reached into my panties and grabbed my cock and squeezed, I shot my cum! It spurted right through the nylon and all over the little girl's dress. Mary made me lick it off her dress and apologize to her!

01071-P Transvestism: Forced to be She-Males

Revised by Princess Lacey

[Index](#)

Cancan Pictures

Girls doing the cancan showing their panties!







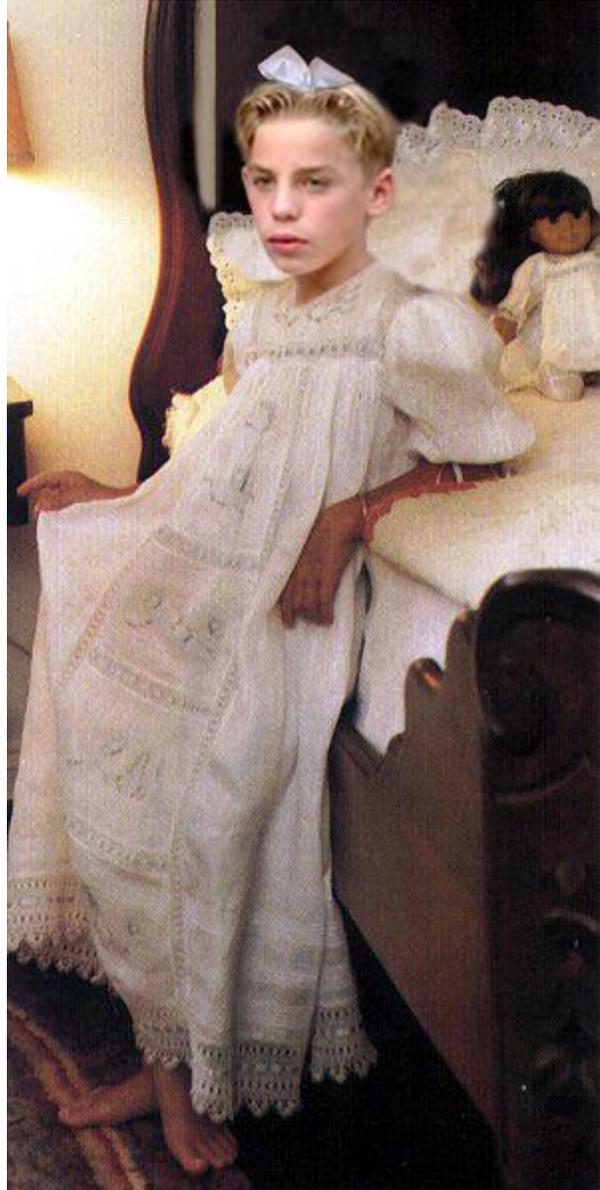
[Index](#)

Dressed as a Baby Girl in Daycare

My son had started to wet himself during the night. Then he began having "accidents" during the day too. When he started pooping himself, I took him to the doctor, but the doctor said nothing was wrong, physically. He suggested a psychologist. Then while all this was going on, I caught him masturbating with his friend, Toby. I told the kid's parents and told them about Mark's problem of soiling himself. I told them how I was going to deal with it and then went shopping. To me, everything Mark was doing was very childish. He was regressing either to anger me or to show me he was in control in a weird way. And the mutual jacking-off -- I think he wanted me to catch them because he did it at home in his room when he knew I'd be back from the store within a few minutes.

Out shopping, I bought a very juvenile-looking dress in a size that would fit him and some little girl panties, also some diapers and plastic panties. That's what my sister told me to do. She has a twelve-year-old son, and she caught him trying on some of her old clothes stored away from when she was a little girl. At the time, Tommy was supposed to be baby-sitting a six-year-old. His mother and the little kid's mother came home and caught them. Tommy was in a dress and putting on her makeup. He had dressed little Nicky the same way. Underneath, the boys had on slips and panties, plus Tommy had on a training bra too that belonged to his mother back when she was teenager. He had dug all those things out of an old box in the attic. As punishment, my sister started making him wear those clothes in front of her husband and some friends.

Little Nicky was the boy Tommy was baby-sitting at the time. Nicky's mom wasn't too upset. She thought it was more funny than anything, but she did say, "Tommy, maybe dressing up my son was a game to you, but what if he now grows up to be queer? That's not so bad since I have a friend who is gay, and he's one of my favorite people, but a boy should make that choices for himself, not have it introduced to him by an older queer boy like you."



Tommy insisted he wasn't gay, just curious about his mother's old clothes that he had found, but his mother didn't believe it. She said she had been finding those old clothes repeatedly messed up for a long time. She said she knew Tommy was doing it all along. She just never had caught him dressed up before then. That's when she said, "Since you want to dress and act like a girl, I'll treat you like one."

Since then she has treated him and dressed him like a real little girl except for when he is in school. She gets Barbie movies for him to watch, paints his fingernails and curls his hair, and he likes it, except when she does it as a punishment and puts him in silly little girl clothes like heavily ruffled dresses and big baggy bloomers and exposes him to other people or makes him sleep all night with his hair full of curlers. Some of those old-fashioned clothes, she had stored away went back about seventy years, since they included clothes her mother had as a child too, frilly things like long heavily ruffled bloomers and fancy full pinafores. Tommy's mother said one time she punished him by making him tongue kiss a little fag boy who lives by them! But then she said, it probably wasn't a punishment at all since she was sure Tommy would grow up to be gay/ When I told her how I caught Mark and his friend masturbating each other, she said Mark would probably turn out to be gay too!

My sister runs a daycare service in her home. (That's why Tommy was baby-sitting that time when she and the boy's mother had to go to the store to get her son some special food to eat because he was allergic to a lot of foods.) One day, she suggested I bring my son Mark over dressed like a little girl to play with her sissy son, Tommy.

I did it. I left him with her, and she treated him just like you would treat a four-year-old girl. She put him in a diaper and then to bed with earphones on. He had to listen to a hypnotic tape that got him to wet himself in his sleep (a trick she uses to make naughty little children embarrassed so she can easily control them), and he did wet himself!

He was especially embarrassed when he woke up and saw his aunt and me staring down at him with his diaper soaking wet. We made fun of him. Even Tommy made fun of him.

Before this, Mark had been wetting himself on his own, but that was just at home, this was the first time he did it when anybody else was around. He was so upset, he didn't fight us when we gave him a baby bottle laced with a diuretic, a suppository and then let him play with Tommy, both of them in a playpen filled with dolls and other girls' toys. When the suppository and diuretic kicked in, he had no control over it.

It terrified him since he had to go number one and number two, not because he was doing it to get attention but because his body was forcing him to do it when he didn't want to do it! I enjoy having him as a baby sissy boy, and he's been very cooperative ever since.

[Index](#)



How It All Began: Five Years Old

By Angel O'Hare

When I was five, my sister had the measles and my brother had the mumps, and I got both at the same time! They put me in the pediatrics ward of the hospital, not a private room, a large room with a huge window right next to the nurses' station. Even though it was a ward with four beds in it, I was the only one in that room because I was contagious. Mine was the

first bed, and everybody passing by could look right in and see me!

With IVs in both arms, they had me strapped to the bed and wearing a vest sort of thing to keep me from scratching the sores from the measles. The nurses decided it would be easier to keep me in diapers instead of letting me use a bedpan or urinal.

I HATED THAT! I did not want to be put back in diapers like a little toddler.

They soon discovered I was allergic to disposable diapers, so they put me in multiple layers of thick cloth diapers and plastic pants which they all referred to as, "YOUR PANTIES!"

With the IVs steadily dripping into my arm, I had to pee a lot. But that wasn't the worst of it! After I hadn't pooped in a couple of days, a nurse changed my diaper and then stuck her finger up my fanny and put something in there. About an hour later, I started farting and pooping like crazy, and that thoroughly embarrassed me. Some of my shit had gotten out of the diaper and all over everything! They had to untie me to change me, so I took the opportunity to kick and scream at the humiliation and made a big fuss about being forced to wear diapers. I threw the shitty diaper at them and just kept screaming and fighting with them. The nurses got mad at me and so did my mommy. After they cleaned me up and tied me back in bed, I saw them all talking through the big glass window. They looked at me with that look satisfied grown-ups give you when they think they have come up with a great solution to a problem!

Thank god my father worked 16 hours a day and never visited me or I would have gotten the strap big time! Thinking back on it, I would have preferred that to what these women and my mommy decided to do!

First they changed my name over the bed from Ricky to Rachel! Then they took off my light blue hospital gown with pictures of boys playing baseball printed on it. My diapers were changed and over them they put pink plastic panties printed with little pictures of dollies wearing diapers! Then they put fuzzy pink slippers on my feet and a pink nylon hospital gown on me. It had little dollies printed on it too and a

little lace around the collar. Then they took away my blankets, pulled back the privacy curtain surrounding my bed and left me in full view of the nurse's station and anyone else who passed by! The nurse said they had to watch me because I was really sick. I was really sick all right! I was sick of being treated like a baby and a sissy!

I became quite an attraction! Every time someone came to visit another kid, they first had to go to the nurses' station and ask for the room location, and there I was in full view! The nurses decided to keep me in line and pay me back for throwing my shitty diaper at them by increasing my humiliation as much as possible. So when new people came in, they never failed to tell them about me as they pointed at me through the window. I could see a lot of them laughing at me, the sissy boy in a girls' hospital gown, diapers and pink panties.

Every day after that, I got a nurse's finger with a suppository stuck up my fanny! And they did it right after lunch so I would poop during visiting hours! It was so embarrassing! I promised to be good from then on, but that didn't change anything. I threatened to make a big mess if they didn't give me my boy stuff back, but the nurses just laughed and told me I'd be in big trouble if I tried anything.

At breakfast the next day, I decided I had enough. I used my feet and kicked the oatmeal, orange juice and everything else on the serving table across the room. It went all over my bed, the floor, and the walls. I loved it! I laughed and laughed. Well, I got worried because when the nurse came in they laughed as well. A cleaning lady with a mop and wash rags came in, and she was hopping mad! She only spoke Spanish and I didn't understand a word she was saying but her scathing look at me scared me to death because I was sure she was going to do something to me for making a big mess that she had to clean up. And there I was defenseless since I was tied down in bed!

My mommy came in with a doctor, and he gave me a shot in my fanny to put me to sleep. Before I drifted off, my mommy scared me when she told me that I had to be a good little girl or I would never be a little boy again!

I must have been past the contagious stage because I woke up in a different room, a ward with four girl patients in it!

I was still groggy, but I freaked out as I looked down at myself because I had on the frilliest pink see-through nightie with big pink ruffles and ribbon bows all over it. I had the thickest diapers on with pink plastic panties and big pink nylon ruffled panties over them, ruffles front and back with a shiny white bow right in the middle in front. My head felt funny like something was holding my hair real tight, right at the top in the middle of my head. They had my hair in curlers! My toenails were painted pink! I looked at my fingernails, and they were pink as well! In full view on the bedside table was a pile of the same sissy plastic pants and pink nylon over panties, plus a bunch of diapers! They had tied my feet apart so I was in four-point restraints. They even had a waist belt tightly drawn around me, so I couldn't move if I wanted to! And I didn't have any covers on!

The girls started talking to me like I was a little girl. I gathered nobody had told them I was a boy. I didn't answer them, and when my mommy came to visit me, I wouldn't talk to her either. I didn't talk to anyone, not even my doctor. I didn't eat either! They put a stupid bib on me and tried to force-feed me, but I still wouldn't eat a thing! I was thirsty, so I did drink from the baby bottle when they offered it to me. The baby bottle was the only way they would let me drink anything.

Every time the nurses did something to the girls in my room, they would pull a screen around their beds. NOT ME! When they changed me or did anything else, they let everybody see! From the time they first changed my diapers in front of the girls, they all knew I was a boy, and they teased me a lot! Even the girls' parents would get in on it, but when they all saw I wasn't talking and would just lie there and cry, they stopped teasing me. One mother even brought in an extra doll and gave it to me! I couldn't hold it since I was tied down, so she just put it in the crook of my arm, left it there, and then took a picture of me!

My mommy got real mad after five days since I hadn't eaten one bite of food. I found out I didn't get any nurses sticking their fingers up my fanny if I didn't eat so that was a plus! But not my mommy! Oh no, she threatened me with all sorts of stuff if I didn't eat or speak, but I still wouldn't do either. Finally though the doctor came in with a tube and stuck it up my nose and down my throat into my tummy. Then she poured this liquid junk into me. Boy did that hurt! I decided I could at least eat then! But they only spoon fed me horrible tasting baby food! Carrots and peas and crap like that. I bet they made a mess on purpose because my bib and face had baby food all over it after they fed me each time! My mommy was much neater about it and I didn't mind her feeding me at all. But I still wouldn't talk! She took pictures too! The nurses and a lot of the parents took pictures of me! I hated everybody!

Finally the day came when I could go home, and I was real happy! That is until my mommy showed up. Yep, with a pink baby party dress with a petticoat and new pink rumba panties! I cried! My doctor came in and gave me a shot and the next thing I knew I was being wheeled down the hall in that outfit with white Mary Jane shoes and frilly pink socks on my feet! They even had that dolly stuffed into the wheelchair beside me!

All the nurses made a big fuss and told me how much better behaved I was as a little girl and that my mommy should keep me as Rachel. They gave me a gold necklace with the name "Rachel" on it and insisted upon putting it around my neck. I didn't say thank you!

My mommy didn't bring me straight home either! We went visiting a couple of her friends and my grandparents and two aunts and some of my cousins! On our way home my mommy told me my girl time would stop when I started to talk and eat on my own. I was mad and figured she couldn't keep this up anyway. I mean I was humiliated in front of everybody as it was. How could it get any worse? So, I ate, but I wouldn't talk to nobody!

Geez! How I hated my sister's hand-me-downs! Then I got a real surprise when family friends and relatives started donating baby and girls' stuff for me to use as well!

Revised by Princess Lacey

[Index](#)