

Pussy Boy Pager

Reader's Stories & Pics

Volume 12

My First Date

Since he had never gone out with a girl before, he didn't know what to expect, so when she told him he had to put on her panties, he did, and then her male-hating mother came in and totally humiliated him!

Caught & Nipple Trained

After she catches her neighbor's son stealing her bra and panties from the laundryroom, she makes him dress up in her lingerie, denies him from cumming and trains him to be aroused by his sensitive nipples.

Lifetime Fem Boy

He was always called a sissy, but his mother didn't mind. He finally gave into being a big sissy queer panty boy!

Spanked and Feminized Delinquent

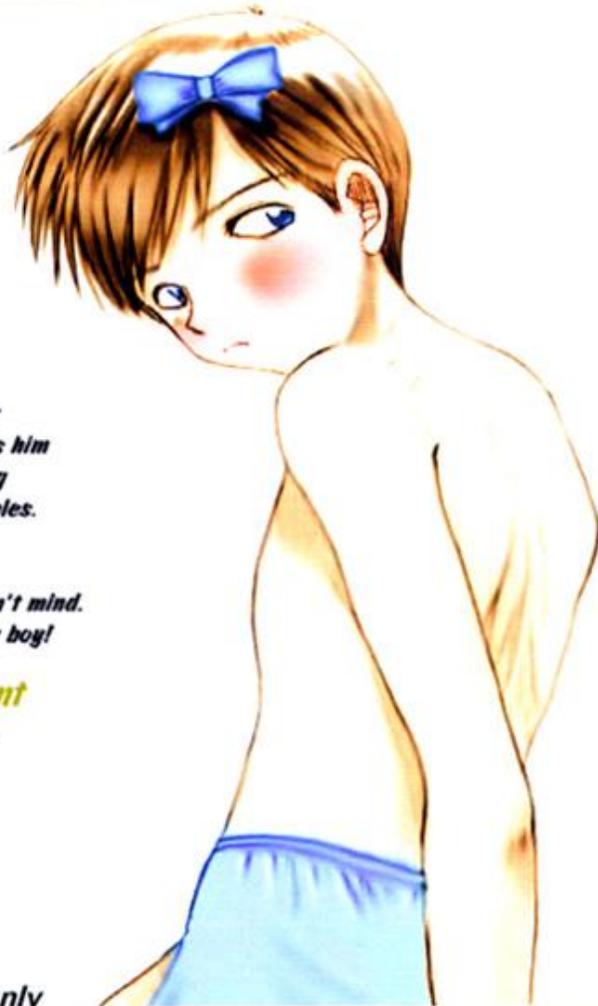
After being expelled from school, his mother, his stepfather and evil stepsisters turn him into a little girl to be spanked and humiliated before his former girlfriend and most-hated enemy.

Sissy Boy Art

Great drawings to thrill the panties off you!

Plus a lot more!

Adults Only



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

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Lifetime Fem Boy

All my life I've been branded a sissyboy, right from my earliest childhood memories. A typical example of the kind of things that happened to me happened when I was with my mother for lunch in a small cafe. I had very long hair, and the lady taking our order came to us and said, "What would you two ladies like?" I was mortified.

After many years of being taunted and picked on for being too tall, too skinny and not manly enough, I finally got up the nerve to ask my mom about it. I told her I was very troubled about how skinny and queer I was and would do anything to be more like a man.

She said, "Don't be silly, darling. I think you're beautiful. Most women would give their eye teeth to have a body like yours!"

"But, Mom, I'm A BOY!"

She just shrugged her shoulders, obviously thinking it didn't matter.

I finally admitted to myself what I am -- a sissy, and that set me free to begin to enjoy it! I'm now brave enough to dress in panties and female clothes, and my mother tacitly accepts it. When I first bought panties for myself and put them in the laundry when they were dirty, I waited for a reaction from her, but there was none, except the panties showed up clean and pressed back in my dresser drawer! I do enjoy taking pictures of my much ridiculed body, and have learned to take pride in it. When a lot of sissies struggle to lose pounds and develop a female body, I now know how lucky I am to have such a feminine form. And when I play with myself every day, I get enjoyment from my whole body, not just my cock. I found early on that my nipples are extremely sensitive in the way I imagine female nipples to be. Whenever I touched them, it makes me FEEL truly feminine thoughts, and I imagine being a real girl and having sex with a "real man."

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Caught & Nipple Trained

Two more pairs were missing, bringing the total up to six pairs of her best panties plus a light



blue satin half-slip stolen from the laundry room in her building! Mrs. Willems felt violated by the thefts but was most disturbed because she felt she could no longer trust her neighbors. She had moved into this condo less than two months ago and liked her neighbors, especially Sarah, a single mother who was trying to raise a rather unmanageable son.

Unknown to her neighbors, Mrs. Willems had managed a brothel near downtown L.A. for twenty-two years, so she was used to sexual deviates of all types and wasn't unnerved by the loss of her lingerie, just angry. Now that she was retired and living in one of the city's finest suburbs, she thought she had gotten away from the perverts and weirdoes who used to be a standard part of her trade. But from her past life she had a huge selection of fancy lingerie, and she guessed it had caught the eye of some panty jerk-off who couldn't stop himself from stealing them.

She did her laundry every Thursday at the same time and suspected the thief knew that, so this week, she did her washing as usual, but was out to catch the petty criminal. She had a spycam from her days at the brothel that she used to use when she suspected a customer may cause trouble, so she hooked up the remote camera in the laundry room and the video monitor up in her condo. Then she started the VCR and sat by the TV screen and waited.

She was quite surprised when she saw her neighbor's son, Paul, enter the laundry room, open her dryer, quickly cull through the clothes and take a pair of her white panties and a bra, both with a naughty black lace trim. She liked Sarah, his mother, so she debated about telling her. Instead, she decided to handle this on her own. Mrs. Willems didn't like Paul, a spoiled eleven year old who pretty much did as he wanted. He often stayed out late at night, and on one occasion when she got on the elevator with him, she could smell alcohol and cigarette smoke on his breath. At his young age! So she had no compunction about embarrassing the hell out of the little pervert.

She made arrangements with Sarah to have Paul come over to her place on the following Saturday to help her move some furniture. She offered to pay the boy \$10 for less than an hour of work, so Sarah assured her that Paul would be there, knowing how he always had a need for cash.

When he arrived that Saturday, she said she wanted to show him something before helping with the furniture, and she turned on the monitor and played the video of him stealing her lingerie out of the laundry room. Stunned, he watched in disbelief. He wanted to run out of there, but was momentarily confused and highly embarrassed.

Mrs. Willems quietly asked him, "Would you like me to show this to your mother?"

"No!" he shouted.

"Then answer some questions for me, and you better tell me the truth. Do you have a pair of my panties on right now?"

“Uh...yes.”

“Pull down your jeans and show me.”

In shock but knowing he had no other choice, he stood up and reluctantly lowered his pants.

“Just as I suspected, my panties. The white ones with the black lace. How cute! Aren't you embarrassed? Don't you feel stupid standing before me like a fag in my frilly panties?”

Close to tears, he just nodded.

“I should tell your mother about this. She should know her son is a pervert who steals and wears women's panties.”

“No! Please, no, anything but that.”

“Why are you wearing my panties? Why do you like them? Do they make you feel good?”

Finally the boy mumbled, “They, uh, are soft and, uh, kind a make me feel tingly inside.”

“Do you wear other women's clothing?”

“Your slip sometimes...”

“Oh, yes, my lacy one you stole last week. What about my bra?”

He nodded ‘yes,’ and mumbled, “It's too big.”

“Let's see what you look like wearing my slip. Pull up your pants and go get it. Be back within five minutes or I'm going to talk to your mother.”

Minutes later, the boy was not only back, but he was stripped down to the panties and stepping into her lace-edged half-slip.

“We have to keep a record of this,” she said as Paul looked up in horror and saw she was recording him with her video camera. He was crying now. She set the camera on a tripod and let it continue to run.

“You're not much of a boy, but I do see your potential as a girl. Let's see what you look like in stockings and a dress.”

Paul looked at her confused, and then said, “But I don't have any of those things.”

“Well I do, and we're going to see how you'll look with them on,” Mrs. Willems said, as she went to her

closet and came back with a white satin training bra, white stockings and a garter belt. "I have a very girlie-girlie niece who visits me often. You'd love her – well, at least I'm sure you'd love her clothes. She wears such saucy, frilly little girl things. These are hers. Put them on."

Nervously, the boy fumbled to put on the bra. Finally she stopped him and showed him how to clip it together in front, turn it around and then slip his arms into the straps. She also directed him on how to put on the garter belt, roll each stocking up, gradually unroll it up his leg and attach it to the straps of the white satin belt. In the process of showing him how to clip the stockings to the garter belt, she repeatedly brushed against his little four-inch penis now sticking up wildly within the panties.

He was panting and ready to explode, but she slowed things down by putting the half-slip back on him and then getting from her closet a heavily frilled satin skirt and top combination, and he didn't resist as she put them on him. He just pouted and kept mumbling that he didn't want her to tell his mother."

"Oh, but I think your mother would love to see her new little daughter, especially since she's so cute and sexy."

"No! Please, my mother would kill me. Please, don't..."

Even with the full-skirt and wide half-slip on, his penis still made a little bulge in front. From her dresser drawer, she pulled out a pair of white satin gloves and put them on. He jumped when she reached under his short skirt and slip, grabbed his pantied penis firmly in her hand and said, "Girls don't have things like this in their panties. We're going to have to get rid of it."

Then she had the boy lie back on the bed while she pulled up his skirt and slip and wrapped her hand around his pulsating cock ready to break through her thin nylon panties. She stroked it up and down slowly, and that quickly brought the boy to a fever pitch of excitement, his breathing increased until it was like he was running a marathon and bucking, twisting and humping his entire body into her satin-gloved hands. She was tickling his pantied balls and jerking on his tented, pantied penis; he was instantly and madly in love with this woman over five times his age as his sissy dick exploded, his jism flooding through the nylon panties and washing over her skilled hands in her white satin gloves.

As she slowly eased the panties off him, she let the cooling juice on the panties blaze a wet trail down his legs. She knew the sensation he felt with the sticky cold wetness of his sissy cum streaking downward from his hips to his toes further embarrassed him. He looked away because it was too humiliating to look at her heavily made-up smiling eyes. She used the wet panties to wipe him up, but instead of cleaning him up, she was rubbing that wetness all over his hips and penis and deep between his legs over his balls. Then she rubbed the slimy panties on his face, across his nose where she made him smell his sperm and across his lips where she made him taste it.

She got a clean pair of pink panties out, and as she pulled them up his legs, she said, "These cute little panties are my niece's. They're more your size. You can have them." And she playfully hummed as she

spent a lot of time, straightening the waist and leg elastics and smoothing out the lace and bows. "Wear these panties next Saturday. I want you to come back. We have to talk some more about your panty problem, my little sissy pervert."

She helped him off with the top and skirt, but left the little bra and half-slip on him as she said he could have them and wear them under his boy clothes.

"During the week, I want you to practice this," she said, as she rubbed his nipples through the heavy satin of the girlish training bra. "Every night in bed, I want you to do this until your penis stands out and aches, but not until you cum. Do you understand?"

The boy nodded his head.

"Remember, no cumming! Believe me, I'll know if you shoot your snot! And next Saturday you can show me how good you have gotten at stimulating yourself through your nipples. Now take off the skirt and top, leave on your new lingerie and get dressed."

Each night before going to sleep, he dutifully practiced teasing his training-bra covered nipples. At first it seemed a bit silly, but gradually his penis began to rise as he'd rub and tickle his boyish nipples through the girlish bra. By the end of the week, he could easily arouse himself to a full erection without touching his pantied penis by just manipulating his nipples. He wore those same pink panties every night in bed, and he was proud that he was able to refrain from spilling his jism into them. It felt good not to cum, but it was a maddening exercise too. He desperately wanted to shoot the little pink panties full of his pent-up juices, but so feared what she'd do to him if he did that he was able to hold himself off. It did result in him walking around almost half a day every day with a big stiffie that was a problem to hide from his mother and everybody else. His penis would ache and his head would feel woozy.

Saturday came and Paul went over to Mrs. Willems.'

"Paul, have you practiced what I showed you?"

"Yes, Mrs. Willems."

"Have you masturbated this week?"

"No! No, Mrs. Willems."

"Good, I'll find out for sure once I examine you, but for now I'll take your word for it. Put on these clothes I've laid out for you," she said as she led the boy into her bedroom and she pointed to the clothes spread out across her bed.

Paul saw a pair of wickedly naughty black panties, a black corselet with garters, black stockings, and a

shimmering full-length white nylon slip with a huge ruffle of lace around the top and bottom hem.

Paul removed all his clothing and was about to pull on the panties when Mrs. Willems handed him a condom and told him to put it on. He had never seen one before and didn't know what to do with it until she took it out of the package, played with his cock to make it stand up and then rolled the rubber onto his tiny penis.

“From now on I want you to wear one of these so you don't make a mess in your panties.”

The nervous boy pulled on the panties and noticed that they had an opening in the rear.

“Don't worry about that, dear. I'll show you what it's for later.”

She had to help him with the corselet since he had no idea how to put it on. The corselet had a strong piece of satin fabric that ran from the front to the back and tightly locked away and flattened his excited penis. His severely hard cock was trapped so it stayed hard yet the crotch piece was so thick he wasn't able to massage his aching member.

Paul pulled on the stockings as she had shown him the week before. He clipped the stockings to the garters hanging from the corselet, and then following her instructions, gathered up the white slip, put his head and arms through it and let it fall over his body. He shuttered as the nylon slip enveloped him and excited every inch of his body as it slid down. Mrs. Willems took several pairs of nylon panties and padded out the bra cups of his corselet. Next she helped him on with a conservative black dress that hugged his new curves. A blonde wig and a pair of low heels made him look like the perfect little miss. Looking into the mirror, he didn't even recognize himself. She had him walk around the room until she was satisfied that he would not trip and fall in the low heels, and then she had the boy bend over and lie on the bed.

“I need to adjust things back here,” she said as she flipped up the dress and slip in back and unclipped the crotch piece of the corselet. He let out a huge groan as she greased his asshole and then jammed a greased dildo into his waiting boy pussy. It wasn't a very thick dildo, but the new sensation made the boy squeal and brought tears to his eyes. With a lot of effort, she refastened the corselet's crotch piece that securely held the emasculating dildo in place up his bum.

“This little cock up your butt should make you feel like a real sissy little girl, plus remind you who is in charge. I need to warn you that it can vibrate and I can remotely activate it with my cell phone. You should know that I've locked the corselet on you, so you can't take it off without my help. This is just to let you know that you have to do everything I tell you to do. If you don't or if you try to run away at any point, I'll just switch on the vibrator, and believe me you'll know it. I can turn it on low and give you pleasure or turn it on high and make you fall to your knees in seconds and make you think you'll go out of your mind with excitement, but soon the pleasure will become too much and you'll think you are about to die. Do you understand?”

He nodded, still trying to catch his breath as he adjusted to having that plastic cock up his butt.

“Now walk and get used to the feeling. And walk like the prissy little sissy boy-girl you are.”

Again he walked around the room, but this time with mincing steps.

“I'm now going to give you a sample of the vibrating dildo in your ass.” She dialed her cell phone and it started to hum. He was wobbling and getting weak in the knees. “This is the lowest setting. Feels good, huh?”

He couldn't answer, he had to hold onto a chair and then he had to fall back on the bed. She shut it off but then redialed the number. “This is a much higher setting,” she said to the boy who immediately began writhing on the bed. She quickly clicked off the cell phone and the vibrator stopped. The kid was visibly shaken, but now there was no doubt he would follow her every command.

His voice was nothing more than a squeal, and with a pained expression on his face, he pleaded with her to never do it again.”

As he sat, stood and walked, the dildo was uncomfortable, and his fear that she'd turn it on high totally unnerved him. But the silkiness of the nylons, slip and the panties made him periodically take deep gulps of air just to adjust to their teasing, restraining softness. Even his tightly locked up penis gave him pleasurable sensations.

After she put a little lipstick and eyeliner on him, she let him study himself in the mirror. It was obvious from his expression that he liked what he saw. But the restraining corselet prevented his erection from destroying his girlish picture. But he felt faint when she said, “OK, let me help you on with this coat; we're going shopping!”

The lad's face turned a deep red that almost matched his fresh bright red lipstick, but he knew better than to disobey, and he let her escort him out the door.

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My First Date

The first date I ever had with a girl changed me for life. I didn't know it at the time, but her mother hated men and boys and made it her business to tease, humiliate and dominate them every chance she got. I was full of puppy love for this cute little blonde girl in my class with pretty, long bright pink fingernails. Somehow I had summoned up the courage to ask her for a date. She said her mother didn't allow her to go out on dates, but I could come over to her house and see her.

When I showed up, the door was answered by her father, and he was wearing a pink and white checked dress with a big, full skirt like square dancers wear. No one explained why he was dressed that way and I was too embarrassed to ask. And there was no effort to disguise him as a woman because he didn't have any makeup on. In fact, he had a small beard and a butch haircut! And on his feet were big heavy combat boots!

I went into the house and no one paid attention to the father except to order him to get things for them. Clair, my little girlfriend, invited me up to her room where she told me to take off all my clothes and put on a white nylon pair of lace panties that she handed me. I was an innocent lad, and since I had never been out with a girl before, I didn't know what to expect. When I hesitated, she said I could change in her closet. She said her mother didn't like boys, so the only way I could stay there was if I'd put on her panties and maybe some other girls' clothes later.

I put on the panties but felt so emasculated I told her I was too embarrassed to come out of the closet. Her panties were silky and really tight on me. I had never felt anything like them on my body before. She coaxed me out and then we sat on her bed and watched television; I was just in the panties and she remained fully dressed! I told her I felt funny with just the panties on, and she said I could put on one of her dresses, but when she opened her closet door and pointed to all the frilly dresses in there, I told her that I'd just stay in the panties.

Clair's mother came into the room without knocking. I was crazy with fear as this big woman came right up to me and stared at the panties I had on. She reached out and snapped the waist elastic and said to Clair, "Good girl, you got him in your panties. Now pull them down in front and let's look at his boy toy."

I was too stunned to do anything. Was this the way things happened on a date with a girl?

Clair pulled down the panties in front until she had them nestled under my penis but still over my balls. I covered myself with my hands.

"Now, pull on his little thing, honey."

She slipped her hand under mine and started to stroke me. Her mother kept standing right there staring at me and made no attempt to leave the room.

Seeing that I was reluctant to show her my hardening cock, her mother said to me, “You do want Clair to make you feel good, don't you?”

In spite of my embarrassment it felt wonderful having my girlfriend finger my penis. She had small gentle hands with long slender fingers and long, sharp nails. The effect of those tiny hands with pink nails peeling my foreskin back made me feel very sexy, but why did it have to be with her horrid mother watching?

Going red in the face, I managed to say, “Well, yes, but....”

“Then take your hands away and let me see how well my little girl masturbates you.”

My girlfriend, egged on by her horrid mother, pushed my hands aside and told me to leave them there. She seemed to know exactly what to do, even though she said it was her first time on a date and doing this to a boy. It took her no time to at all to bring me to a boil.

Once I was really hard, her mother said, “Pull his panties up. I'm getting sick looking at his ugly little penis.”

Clair pulled up on the waist band and let it go with a snap against my tummy. It was so weird to look down and see my penis, which up until now I had been so proud of, sticking up in front of me inside my girlfriend's silky white panties.

“Keep jerking on him, honey. Do it right through his cute little panties.”

Clair did, and I responded with heavy breathing and twisting and turning as I tried to grind my penis into her stroking fingers. All the while I was acutely aware of my girlfriend's mother staring at me with her sneering expression, but I was lost in the grasp of Clair's teasing hands with her sharp pointed fingernails lightly scratching my penis head through the soft panties. She kept snapping the waist and leg elastics too, and that intensified the realization that I had on her silky panties.

The combination of emotions brought tears to my eyes, and I was now slumped back on the bed in delicious agony. I had forgotten my bashfulness and was lying back enjoying the ecstasy of Clair's skilled manipulations. I started to buck and moan.

Then, out of the blue, her mother said, “That's quite enough for one evening, darling. We don't want him shooting all over the carpet, now do we?”

“No, mommy, we don't,” Clair said and immediately stopped touching me.

Mother and daughter both froze still and waited to see what I would do. I reached down with both hands and covered my throbbing penis through the panties. How I wanted to wildly masturbate and finish the job, but I was so embarrassed with both of them staring at me that all I could do was cup my pantied penis and press the life out of it as it slowed its throbbing and went

down. Tears streamed down my face. I couldn't look at either one of them. I just lay there clutching my penis and balls.

“OK, honey, put him in a dress, your lavender one with the lace collar would be nice, and then bring him downstairs. He can serve us some tea and cookies. Oh, yes, he can keep the panties. They're his panties now that he's had his dirty, ugly penis in them. Throw his underwear out. The next time he comes over. He'll have to show you he's wearing the panties or you can't let him in the house.”

And that was my introduction to the femdom lifestyle and to serving females, which I do to this day.

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Spanked and Feminized Delinquent

Click on photos for enlarged view.

I stood in the center of the room, close to tears, as my two stepsisters howled at my appearance. I pressed my bare legs together as Lesley, the oldest, and Caroline, a year younger but still a year older than I was, fussed with the schoolgirl outfit I was wearing.

As of yesterday I had been expelled from school for the rest of the school year. And as punishment, my mother informed me she was reducing my status to that of a ten-year-old girl with just fancy dresses and frilly panties to wear. All my boys' clothes were being packed up to be sent to the Salvation Army. I listened in disbelief as she talked, but I was sure she was making a joke or just trying to scare me into behaving. But all too soon, I found myself being led into her bedroom and forced into one of Caroline's schoolgirl uniforms that had been shortened to barely cover the white nylon schoolgirl panties she also made me wear. I was just 4 feet 6 at the time, so I easily fit into the old uniform skirt and blouse.

When she said she was going to take me downstairs to show me off to her new husband and his daughters, I yelled at her, and told her I wouldn't let anyone see me like that. As I began unbuttoning the blouse and struggling to get out of it, she called for my stepfather to help her out.

Mr. Mortensen arrived carrying a school cane and proceeded to whip my thighs until I willingly bent over

and let him pull up my blue pleated skirt so he could properly cane me on my pantied behind.

He had noticed the small, almost nonexistent bulge in my panties, laughed and pointed at it. "My, gosh, kid," he said, "I had no idea you were so small. I wonder if you're a boy at all. You certainly do belong in panties."

My mother said, "The little sissy takes after his father. I'm still amazed he was even able to get his tiny prick into me to get me pregnant with this little runt. Yes, these stretchy nylon panties do a nice job of flattening his little boy toys. Now, give him six good ones, and then we'll take him down for the girls to see him."

I was no sissy, but it was a struggle for me to keep up with other boys. I was the smallest kid in my class, and I knew I was inferior to boys my age. I'm sure that's what made me try so hard to measure up, and that's what had gotten me into trouble this time. Since I was so small, one of the guys dared me to hide inside one of the lockers in the girls' locker room so I could watch them undress and change and then report back to my friends what I had seen. But I had selected the wrong locker to hide in, and I had been caught. And now I was being punished.

My stepfather's six strokes of the cane were a brutal beating that left me crying wildly and took away any resistance I might have had to fight off this humiliation. Before my stepdad dragged me downstairs to show me off to his daughters, Mother put a long black wig on me. Each side of the wig had been tied into a big ponytail that made me look like a ten year old.

Downstairs, my stepsisters couldn't contain their delight. Lesley fussed with my wig and then rubbed her hands over the front of the blouse, laughing herself silly as she asked me if I was going to grow some nice little titties that she could play with. Caroline lifted the skirt of my uniform to laugh at my little penis and well-caned bottom only covered by the thin white nylon panties she had donated to my punishment outfit.

My mother and stepdad enjoyed watching them humiliate me with cruel comments. I had to put up with them saying things like, "Isn't he so-o-o pretty." "Doesn't he look so-o-o sweet in girls' panties?" And "Dresses really do suit you, Jonathan."

"From now on, Jonathan is to be treated like a ten-year-old little girl," my mother informed them, "and now that he is your little sister, you girls have complete authority over him."

They laughed at my awestruck expression.

Mother looked sternly at me "You will do exactly as you're told by me and the girls and you will act like a perfect ten year old. Do you understand?"

"Yes, mother," I said in a whisper.

“Little girls say ‘mummy,’” giggled Lesley.

“Yes, mummy,” I corrected myself not waiting to be told to do so by my mother.

“I can't wait to tell all my friends,” laughed Caroline as she put on her school blazer. “I'm sure they'll all want to come over and see my new little sister.”

“And my friends too,” chimed in Lesley. “Plus I'll make sure all the boys in his old class know about him, and the girls too, especially Elizabeth.”

A deep wave of humiliation surged through me at the mention of Elizabeth's name. I was smitten with her. I considered her my girlfriend, though she always shied away from us ever having a real date. Surely they wouldn't show me off to her like this!

Lesley looked into my eyes with an evil grin, “I wonder what she will say now that you've been turned into a simpering little ten-year-old girl.”

“Oh, yes, do tell Elizabeth first,” Caroline said, dancing with glee.

Mother approved entirely with their ideas, but at this point, my stepfather, got up, and as he left the room, he grunted, “I can't take much more of this sissy shit. Get this little pantywaist to mind you. I don't care what you do to him; he's a failure as a boy. But keep him the hell out of my way. You can call on me if you need me to give him a good dose of the cane. I like doing that to a pansy like him since he's such a disappointment as a boy, but other than that, get him to bed before I come home each night and at other times, keep him away from me. I hate being around sissies and faggots, and if I see him all the time prancing around like a little priss, I just might lose it! If I run into him when I'm in one of my bad moods, I'm afraid I might really beat the shit out of the little panty-wearing wimp. It's time I get going to work. Step aside, faggot!” he shouted at me as he stormed out.

“Perhaps Elizabeth would like to come to tea after school,” mother suggested, and then she turned to me and said, “You'd like your big sisters to invite Elizabeth for tea, wouldn't you, Jonathan?”

I felt physically sick “Yes, mummy,” I croaked. I knew that's what she wanted to hear.

It was time for the girls to leave for school; I had to stand with my arms behind my back and feet together while they kissed me, their new little sister, on the forehead and promised to see me at tea time with Elizabeth.

During the day, Mother let me stay in my room and contemplate my fate. I was sick with fear knowing Elizabeth would probably accept the invitation to tea and be there to increase my humiliation. Before the girls came home from school, Mother inspected my panties and made me change into a bright pink

pair. She also made me put on a slightly padded beginner bra, both items generously donated by my snotty big stepsisters to a growing collection of girlie clothes Mother was placing in my closet and drawers. Once I was fully redressed, Mother taught me how to talk like a little girl and then gushed, "My-oh-my! Who's the prettiest little girl in the whole wide world?"

"Me, mummy," I lisped.

Then she coached me on how to lisp even more and told me that is how I always had to talk. She showed me many little things about talking and acting like a girl.

"Now, you stay here in your room and think about the things I've taught you until your big sisters get home, or else, Jonathan," she snapped.

"Yeth, mummy," I squeaked.

She turned and left me alone. Soon after, through my window, I could see the yellow school bus pull up outside our house, Lesley and Caroline alighted waving to their friends as the bus drove off. They then sprinted to our front door, and as it was thrown open, I could hear their excited voices.

"Mother, we're home," shouted Lesley. "Where is our sweet little sissy boy?"

"Upstairs, in his room," mother shouted back.

Moments later, they burst into my room. I didn't think two girls could make so much noise as they stood there howling at me. I forced myself to hold back from bursting into tears. I didn't want to give them the pleasure.

"How absolutely adorable!" Lesley laughed as she noticed the gentle mounds of the bra pushing out the front of my blouse. She ran her hands over my fake breasts and cooed, "With these little titties, you're a perfect little girl!"

"Oh, yes, Jonathan, I'm almost jealous," Caroline joined in as she pulled my skirt right up to my shoulders. "And I see mummy got you a nice pink pair of my panties. How sweet! They really suit you. And I see mummy added some nice lipstick. Elizabeth is going to be so excited. Aren't you thrilled? She accepted our invitation to tea, and she'll be here soon."

I felt my bottom lip trembling because I needed to go to the toilet. "Pweathe, mith, excuse me," I said, "I need to wee-wee."

They giggled at my lisping voice and the childish term "wee-wee," and I cried, bursting wildly into tears. During the day, Mother had demanded that I talk in a baby-like way and use terms like a little toddler girl. The room rang with their laughter once again as they heard my squeaky voice.

“He is a little girl, isn't he?” Caroline sang as she danced around the room.

“Pweath, mith Lethley, I need my potty,” I wailed, pointing to it under my bed.

The girls nearly died laughing as Lesley pulled it out and set it in the middle of my room. She made me hold my skirts up all around so my pink panties were fully on display. My stepsisters took their time admiring the panties, tweaking the elastics and smoothing the teasingly soft pink nylon over my hips and bottom. Finally, Lesley pulled my panties down.

Mother had forced me to hold back from going wee-wee until the girls got home, so even though I was embarrassed to the core, the urgency of my need made me quickly sit on the potty and relieve myself. Caroline was standing ready with a tissue, and she dried the end of my penis and then pulled up my panties. I was taken to her bedroom and made to recite nursery rhymes out of a child's book while she took off her school uniform. She delighted in frustrating me by posing before me in just her bra and panties. I had never seen her so scantily dressed, and I would have been extremely interested to see her in just her lingerie at any other time, but at this moment, I was too thoroughly shamed to enjoy it.

“Well, well,” she mused, “the sight of me in just my bra and panties doesn't make you hard. I think maybe we have a gay boy on our hands, sis!”

“Maybe! That would be fun! My turn,” Lesley laughed dragging me into her room. She made me sing children's songs as she stripped off. I was their toy, a real live little girl doll for them to dress up, play with and laugh at. She was beautiful in just her snow white bra with pink ribbon trim and white panties with little red hearts and lace around the legs. Once again, I was too humbled to become excited.

I was half way through Twinkle Twinkle Little Star when the doorbell rang.

“I'll get it,” Lesley shouted, throwing on a robe and dashing from her room. “It's Elizabeth.”

I felt sick. I heard Lesley open the front door.

“Hi, Lesley, I've come for tea.” I heard Elizabeth say.

Caroline was next to me and falling over laughing so hard tears streamed down her face as she saw the sickly look on my face.



“Hello, Elizabeth, do come in,” Lesley said. “Jonathan is upstairs with Caroline, go through to the sitting room, I'll tell him you are here.”

“Jonathan,” Lesley shouted up the stairs. “Elizabeth is here to see you.”

“Come on, Jonathan,” Caroline urged me. She had recovered from her fit of hysterics. “Let's go and show your little girlfriend what a big pantywaist sissy you are.”

I could hardly walk; my legs were like jelly. I was nervous, and as we approached the sitting room, I started to pull back.

“Oh, no, you don't!” Caroline laughed and pulled me into the room.

Elizabeth was sitting on the sofa talking to mother as I stumbled in. Caroline overpowered me and her firm grip on my arm and hard pushing hand in my back prevented me from escaping.

Elizabeth looked up, her jaw dropped open, “Oh, my god! Jonathan? Is that really you?” she said in disbelief.

My face was burning with embarrassment. “Elizabeth, look what they've done to me,” I managed to blurt out as I burst into tears.

Elizabeth stood up, looked at me again as if she couldn't believe the crying, prettily dressed creature before her was actually me.

“They did it,” I bawled. “They made me into a wittle girl.

”She looked at mother, and then at my sisters. At last I had found an ally, surely she would report them for what they had done to me and would help me find a way to return to being a boy. I waited for her to turn on mother. I sobbed.

Elizabeth stared at me. “Well,” she finally said looking directly at mother, “why didn't you tell me you were going to girlify him. After he pulled that stunt of hiding in the girls' locker room, I think this is a great punishment, and if I had known, I would have gladly helped you and even given you some of my best outgrown clothes for him to wear.” She laughed as she looked into my tearful eyes and said, “Oh, Jonathan, you make an absolutely adorable little schoolgirl.”

I was devastated. She had been my only hope of salvation, and now she was joining in my humiliation. Worse than that, she was encouraging them, telling mother she should take me into school next week in my little girl outfit to show me off to the teachers and kids under the excuse of cleaning out my locker and collecting my belongings. A surge of absolute humiliation ran through me. I burst into tears again,

and the terror of the moment caused me to feel like I had to use the potty again.

"I need to go wee-wee," I cried. "I want my potty."

My childish status was confirmed as Lesley commanded me to go back to sucking my thumb, so I stood there crying for my potty and sucking my thumb in front of my mother and these giggling girls. Caroline ran and got my potty and put it in the center of the floor. Elizabeth was laughing hysterically but insisted on helping me. Her amusement knew no bounds as she pulled up my skirt and saw my pink satin panties. She couldn't resist tugging the panty leg elastics and repeatedly and painfully pinching them against my thighs. Mother said it looked like I was in good hands and left to set the table. When I was finished, Elizabeth wiped the end of my penis with a tissue and said, "Oh, my dear, your peter is awfully small. Do you have a disease or something?"

"Yeah," Caroline was quick to answer. "His disease is called sissyhood!"

They all laughed at that as Elizabeth pulled my pink panties up and then sat me on her knee.

"What a sweet little girl you are, Jonathan," she whispered into my ear as she stroked my legs. Feeling very vulnerable, I recalled the times I had put my hand on her thigh and tried traveling up her leg. Ignoring her protests, I'd force myself on her and fondle her pussy through her silky panties. And now, she was looking into my eyes, revenge written all over her face, as her hand played with the frills around my panty legs.

"How old is my sweet little girl," she giggled her fingers now under the elastic leg.

"Ten," I sobbed.

"Are you sure, Jonathan? You look much younger than that to me," she said with a sneer as her hand now began rubbing my penis through my silky pink panties. I shuddered. "Is that my little girl's clitoris?" she laughed as she poked her long, sharp fingernail into the tip of my penis. "You have to protect this, Jonathan, because nasty little boys try to put their fingers where they shouldn't." I squealed in agony as she dug her nail through the panties and shoved it really hard into my penis tip. "Do you know why I came to tea, Jonathan?" She watched my face screw up in agony. I shook my head. "To tell you that you're an embarrassment to me. I have no intention of wanting to be known to associate with you, a peeking pervert! Plus I've had enough of your pathetic attempts to dig around at my pussy through my panties." She held me tightly as I writhed on her knee. "I was going to tell you I didn't want to see you any more, but now that you're in skirts, wild horses couldn't keep me away. No, I will no longer be your girlfriend, but I'll be here as often as I can, and with your mother's permission, your chief antagonist!"

"Pweath, thtop, Ewithabeth," I cried trying to push her hand away.

She was enjoying her power over me now that the tables were turned. "I also came to tell you I am now

seeing Pete Hargraves," she said with a smile as she took her hand out of my panties and straightened my skirts.

Peter Hargraves had been in my class at school. We hated each other's guts. He picked on me more than most of the other kids. I think because I was smarter than him and was always showing him up. Plus he was far from the tallest boy in class, so he found it easy to pick on me, one of the few boys a lot shorter than he is.

"Wait till I tell him how you've been turned into a limp-wristed sissy boy," she laughed.

Mother came in and told us tea was ready. She smiled at me as I sat perched on Elizabeth's lap.

"Did I hear you say you were seeing Peter Hargraves, Elizabeth?"

She confirmed it.

"Such a nice boy; he'll make someone a good husband one day," she said.

"I hope so," Elizabeth smiled.

"Perhaps you'd like to bring him round," mother suggested. "It would do Jonathan good to see one of his old classmates."

"Yes, I agree," laughed Elizabeth, knowing how I felt about Peter. "I'm positive Pete would love to see the new Jonathan."

"In fact," mother said, "I was hoping to take my stepdaughters to the cinema tomorrow night, but it would be far too late for a little girl like Jonathan to be out, so if you're free, we're in need of a baby-sitter."

"You can count on me, Mrs. Mortensen," Elizabeth laughed.

I burst into another flood of tears.

"Oh, Jonathan, you're such a crybaby these days," Elizabeth mocked me while the others jeered.

Mother led us all into the dining room. Elizabeth took me by the hand. The dining room table was set with a large plate of sandwiches, cakes, breads, crisps and fancy bowls with dipping sauces. Throughout the tea, bursts of laughter filled the room as mother recounted the day's events to the amused girls.

"But what about Jonathan playing football?" Elizabeth asked in mock concern.

“Not anymore,” mother replied. “He will not be allowed to play football. Little girls don't play football; Elizabeth, you know that. Besides, he's got his dolls to play with now, and if he needs any exercise, he can take his skipping rope to the park.”

“His football team will turn on him if he doesn't show up,” Lesley joined in. “Perhaps we can take him there on Saturday before their game and explain to them why he can't play any more.”

“What a good idea,” mother smiled. “You are so considerate, Lesley.”

“Isn't your big sister nice, Jonathan? She's going to take you to see all your football friends.”

I wailed.

“Come on, little girl,” mother said as she took my hand and explained to the girls that it was time for me to retire since I had to be in bed before my stepfather came home at seven o'clock.

“Yeth, mummy,” I sobbed.

She took me up to my bedroom. I hated being led around by my hand. Since this morning I had been taken everywhere by the hand as if I weren't capable of going anywhere on my own. After stripping me down to my bra and panties and washing me up, Mother helped me into a frilly, puffy sleeved babydoll nightie in pink with white lace and pink ribbon trim. It was obvious that pink was quickly becoming my color! The babydoll was very short, barely covering my hips. Mother replaced my panties with pink bloomer panties that matched the babydoll top.

“There you are, all ready for bed,” she giggled, turning me to the mirror. “Now, let's go and say nightie night to the girls.”

She led me back downstairs. The laughter was even louder than before. Thank goodness it only lasted a few minutes. As Mother took me up to bed, Elizabeth asked, “What time do you want Pete and me to be here tomorrow?”



“Six PM will be fine,” mother said. “I'll have him all ready for bed.”

“No, that's all right, Mrs. Mortensen,” Elizabeth smiled. “I'd love to get him into his babydoll. I'm sure Pete will get a kick out of it too.”

I shook my head in horror, tears running down my cheeks.

The next day, when my stepsisters came home from school, they put me into a very tarty looking version of a schoolgirl uniform with a well-stuffed

bra under my blouse that they tied the shirttails up in front to expose my naked midriff along with a tantalizing glimpse of the top elastic of my high-waisted pink panties. They also put me in a garter belt and dark nylons, and the tops of the nylons ended well below the hem of my short schoolgirl skirt. And they put lipstick and eye makeup on me and gave me a long blonde wig to wear with the sides tied into ponytails.

While I waited for Elizabeth and Pete to arrive, I had to sit on the floor with my legs crossed and wide apart, just like a little girl who wasn't aware that she was showing the whole world the silky crotch of her pretty panties.

"Don't move a muscle," I was warned and left alone until the doorbell rang.

I felt sick.

Caroline's voice rang out, "Elizabeth, Pete, do come in. Jonathan is in the lounge watching TV."

I heard their steps approaching. I turned my head away from the doorway, my face burning with embarrassment. Then I heard Elizabeth approach me and say, "Jonathan, look who's come to see you."

I couldn't bring myself to look around.

"Oh, he's shy," Caroline giggled. "I'll leave you and Pete alone with Jonathan for now, but mother, my sister and I will be nearby if he gets unmanageable. We'll be going to the movie in about an hour. By then, you should have him well in hand for the evening."

As my stepsister left the room, Elizabeth said to Pete, "Yes, Jonathan is very shy. He's only a little girl."

She stepped past me and switched off the television. She looked down at me, her brown eyes twinkling with evil. She sidled up to Pete, and he put his arm around her waist, looked at me, and shook his head in disbelief. I knew I was going to cry. They looked so tall; I felt like a child as I hid my eyes and burst into tears.

"He is such a crybaby these days, Pete," Elizabeth laughed. "Does the big man frightening you, Jonathan?"

"Yeth, mith," I squeaked.

"He won't hurt you, my pretty little sissy boy. Stand up, Jonathan, and say hello to your friend," she ordered.

As I got up, I held my hands behind myself, but I couldn't prevent my short skirt from sliding up and exposing my frilly pink panties. "Hel-wo, Pete," I mumbled.

He whistled at the sight of my pantied ass and then said, "Oh, my god! He's a total fairy, a fruit in schoolgirls' clothes!" Turning to Elizabeth, he said, "How did you ever hang around with this faggot?" Then he kissed her fully on the lips.

"Oh, Pete, not in front of the little girl," she said.

"But this little girl needs to see me do for you what he couldn't do." He resumed his kiss, their tongues invading each other's mouth. Pete had his hands up under Elizabeth's skirt.

"OK, Jonathan, you've had enough of a show up my skirt; now go and play with your dollies, little girl," Elizabeth said. "Pete and I are going to make out on the couch, and I want you to keep your back to us. Play with your dollies, and talk to them. Talk loudly so we can hear you, and no peeking at us while we have a little love in!"

Pete and Elizabeth sat down on the couch and embraced again.

I was too embarrassed and jealous to say anything, but I couldn't resist twisting around to see what they were doing. I was awestruck to see Pete with one hand under her skirt and deep into her white lace panties. His other hand was inside her open blouse fondling her soft white bra. Elizabeth's hands were roaming over the huge bulge in Pete's jeans. She opened her eyes and caught me staring, "I thought I told you not to peek at us!! I think Pete better give you a spanking so you learn to obey."

He grabbed my arm and pulled me toward him.

I cried, "No, no, let me go!"

He easily dragged me over his lap, and immediately forced my skirt up. "Holy, shit! What a fairy boy you are!" Pete laughed. "These pink panties are too much! Imagine a boy in silky pink panties. Jonathan, no real boy would ever let girls put him in pink panties. But you're not a boy, are you? You're a wimp, a pansy ... you must be a cocksucking faggot too! You're disgusting!"

What was disgusting was the realization that Pete still had a huge boner in his pants and now it was pressing itself firmly into my stomach. I kept screaming, "No! No! No!" and squirmed to get away from the faggy, unwelcome contact, but he warned me to be quiet and stay still or my punishment would even be worse than what he was about to give me.

Just then Lesley and Caroline came in followed by my mother. "What is going on here?" she yelled.

"Jonathan was being a naughty little girl," Elizabeth said. "He wouldn't mind us, so Pete was about to spank him."

Mother turned to Pete. "I'm sorry, Peter, if my pantywaist son is bothering you and Elizabeth. Please do carry on with your spanking, but don't just use your hand. Here, take my hairbrush. This will get him squirming a lot faster."

My stepsisters cheered as I broke down and cried.

Only seconds later, Pete brought the hairbrush down on my frilly panties.

WHAP, WHAP, WHAP!

I screamed as each blow plastered my butt through my panties, the teasing soft silkiness of the panties only intensified the pain rather than providing any comfort. He hit me at least fifty times, and it left me screaming and crying harder than I had ever cried before. When he was finished, Pete pushed me to the floor. I lay there crying, a blubbering wreck, my skirts all awry.

"GET UP, JONATHAN," mother shouted. "You're showing everyone your panties, even little girls need to learn not to show their pretty panties off, especially when there are boys present." She adjusted my dress. "Now thank Uncle Peter for punishing you and tell him you will be a good little girl from now on."

I stood in front of the boy I hated, ribbons in my hair, wearing a schoolgirl dress, and sobbing heavily. "Fank you for my spanking, Uncle Peter, I'll be a good wittle girl."

He grinned. He knew exactly what it meant to me to have to submit to him in this humiliating way.

"We're going now," mother announced. "Now, be a good little girl for Aunty Elizabeth and Uncle Peter or you will regret it tomorrow," she warned.

Between huffing, crying and spasms of halted breathing, I said, "Yeth, mummy. I'll be a good wittle girl."

"Go and enjoy yourselves at the movie," Elizabeth said to them as she smiled hugging me to her bosom. "I'm sure; he'll be fine with us."

"I've laid out his nightie on his cot. And remember when he has to do wee-wee or poopoos, he has to ask for your permission and use the chamber pot under his bed," mother told her, as she kissed my forehead. "Nighty-night, Jonathan," she said as she walked out the door with my two stepsisters.

Now they were gone. This was the moment I dreaded, being left alone with my ex-girlfriend and Pete.

"You are pathetic, Jonathan," Pete sneered. "How could you let your mother and stepsisters do this to you! You must be a bigger pansy than I ever imagined." He pulled me away from Elizabeth and grabbed my crotch. "Have they turned you completely into a little girl?" he teased. "Did they cut off your wiener and now given you a pussy down here in your panties?"

Elizabeth said, "No, they didn't do that to him, at least not yet, but as you can probably tell by feeling around down there, he doesn't have much in the way of boy equipment to worry about. He might as well be a girl. Even thin silky panties very effectively contain his little boy parts. You have to search hard before you realize he isn't a real girl, just a little panty-wearing sissy,"

"Wow, you're right, Elle," he said as he felt me up through my panties, pinching my cock and yanking on my balls. I was shocked that another boy was touching my privates. He tore down my panties; I was powerless to stop him. "Well, look at that," he laughed. "You've got a thimble for a penis and barely a bulge for balls. You are more of a girl than a boy. Disgusting!"

My humiliation knew no end. Through my tear-filled eyes I saw Elizabeth laughing as she pointed to my shriveled up male equipment. I wanted this to end, no matter what, so I pleaded: "Pweath, Uncle Peter, wet me go. Pweath pull up my lill sithy pan-teez!" I wailed.

He reveled in my shame. "You're a disgrace to all boys, allowing yourself to be dressed in girls' clothes and asking another boy to pull up your sissy panties," he sneered. "You should have your prick and balls cut off, not hidden under pink panties. Only a pussy belongs in pink panties, and that's what you should have down there!"

"His mother mentioned a clinic close-by that can do it, she might send him there," Elizabeth told him.

At that news, I trembled. Surely, they wouldn't go that far!

"I'd love to see him sent there," Pete said.

"So would I," Elizabeth laughed, "then he would be a proper girl."

"Let's tell his mother we caught him wanking in his panties. Then I bet she'd be angry enough with him to have the doc chop his little toys off," Pete suggested.

"Would she believe us?"

Elizabeth was taken by the idea. I listened, horrified.

"She would if there were evidence. You could get me all worked up and then I could shoot my spunk into his panties. That would do the trick! His mother would believe us then!"

Elizabeth giggled with lust in her eyes. "Let's do it."

I was left sitting on the couch, told not to move, while Pete unzipped his jeans and pulled out his big cock. He pointed it at my face and scared the hell out of me when I thought he was going to make me

suck him off, but then Elizabeth took off her dress and slip and stood next to him as she put her thin, delicate fingers around his meat and masturbated him with long, slow strokes. She commanded me to look at his cock and not to look at her. I didn't deserve to see her in just her bra and panties. She had undressed to that point to arouse Pete, not to please me. All the while she was jacking him off, his penis was aimed directly at my face. When he was ready to cum, she made me stand directly in front of him. She then bent his ready-to-explode penis down and aimed it at the front of my panties. As soon as he had blown his wad, she said, "A real boy's spunk is now in your pink panties, Jonathan, and it's going to get your penis and balls cut off!"

Pete was still breathing heavily but also laughing as he squeezed the last few drops from his cock. Then he held his hard meat up against my panty crotch and wiped the head of it right over the part of the panties covering my penis. I had never felt so dirty or used and abused in my life. I was crying heavily, not from pain but from humiliation. But as weird as it was, I was hard. It was the presence of Elizabeth in just her white bra and panties. I had never seen her in just her lingerie. It excited me terribly despite the humiliating circumstances.

Both of them noticed my little penis pushing out the front of my panties, and now touching Pete's big hard cock.

"Oh, my, god, look at his little stiffie! He likes this even though he knows it means he'll probably lose his miniature prick and balls!"

Pete said, "Look at him, just standing there and letting us do this!"

Elizabeth laughed, "Yeah, you'd think he would at least put up a bit of a fight."

Pete scoffed "You look good with my spunk on your panties, kid! I can't wait until they give you a real pussy. With Elle's permission, I'd like to be the first one to fuck your new pussy! Breaking the cherry of a sissy boy-girl sounds like a lot of fun."

I stood there watching the slimy stain of his semen gradually soak into my pink panties. He had splattered his juices all over my panties, and everywhere it had landed the pale pink nylon changed into a much darker shade of sissy pink.

"I still can't believe he didn't try to stop us," Elizabeth said as she snuggled the clammy, now cold, wet panties up high around my waist. She even rubbed his cum into the panties over my penis and balls. "He deserves to have a real pussy; in fact I wish I was the one cutting his boy parts off. It would give me great pleasure to emasculate this peeking pervert, so he will never again be a threat to females."

Pete hugged her and french kissed her. "You're a cruel little bitch," he laughed. "But he certainly deserves it!"

“It would be cruel to do it to a real man like you,” she gasped, “but not a fairy like him.”

Elizabeth took off the cum-filled panties, obviously to save them for my mother to see and then dressed me for bed in my babydoll nightie with the matching lacy panties. It didn't take long for me to fall asleep that night after all I had been through. I worried about what my mother would say in the morning, but I was sure, I could convince her that the spunk in my panties was a trick.

The following day mother was fuming when she woke me up, threw back my covers and dragged me out of my cot. “Elizabeth and Peter told me all about your disgusting behavior,” she spat the words out she was so angry.

“No, mummy, it ith not twue, they are lying. I.....” I cried in panic only to be cut off in mid sentence.

“SHUT UP, JONATHAN! YOU WILL NOT SPEAK AGAIN UNTIL TOLD,” she yelled. A huge baby's dummy was pushed into my mouth and tied behind my neck. “Elizabeth and Peter lying, indeed!” she said. “And just why on earth would they want to do that?” She was roughly pulling my panties off me. “We'll see who is lying,” she snapped. She examined my panties, and to my amazement she discovered cum stains in the crotch of my babydoll panties too!

Elizabeth and Pete must have continued their sex games after I had fallen asleep, and then rubbed more of Pete's jism onto my nighttime panties.

“So what is this then, Jonathan?” she pointed to the stain.

“M-m-m-m-m-m.....” I tried to tell her what really happened, but I knew I dare not take the pacifier out of my mouth without her permission.

She pushed the stained panties into my face. “I've never been so embarrassed; I have a wimpy little sissy boy for a son who plays with himself in silky girls' panties!” Then she pulled the cum-smearred panties over my head and told me to keep them there for the rest of the day! “Well, you will never do it again! Jonathan, you are going to regret getting caught masturbating like a pervert addicted to panties. Wait until I show the doctor what you are doing to your nice girlie panties.”

I felt her dressing me in a fresh pair of panties and then she led me stumbling downstairs and sat me at the dining room table. My stepsisters laughed at me with the stained panties over my head. Mother told them to quiet down a little as she needed to use the phone.

“Hello, Barbara, this is Monica Mortensen, I need to see the doctor today if at all possible, it's urgent. My sissy boy is getting out of hand.”

She turned away and walked into the den with the phone, so I couldn't hear what she was saying as she talked to the doctor, but I could hear her periodically laughing. Mother came back into the dining room as she

finished the call, saying, "Thanks for squeezing us in. We'll be there promptly at 11:30. Good-bye."

I didn't have to wait long to discover what Mother had said on the phone. Lesley had been in the den and she came in screaming, "He's going to be a real girl! Mom just arranged it! He's having the operation. His tiny penis and balls are history!"

Caroline joined in the cheering and celebration, saying that she was delighted that I'd be turned into a complete girl and a proper little sister instead of an embarrassment of a stepbrother.

Mother dragged me back upstairs, dressed me while the girls got ready, and then we were all headed out the door. With the dummy removed from my mouth, I shouted, "I HATE YOU! I HATE YOU ALL!"

Lesley and Caroline easily pulled me into the car.

"There you are, Jonathan, all buckled in safe and sound," Lesley said, as she laughed. "There is no chance for you to escape your fate, Jonathan. You ARE going to be a little girl!"

I wailed and kicked my feet as my stepsisters laughed and my mother drove off.

"I DON'T WANT TO BE A GIRL!" I cried.

"It's too late, Jonathan," Lesley laughed, "if you had put up more of a fight maybe you wouldn't be in this position. So stop crying, you only have yourself to blame. Now you will be a little girl for the rest of your life, and there is nothing you can do to stop it. But look on the positive side. You were never any good at being a boy. You've always been a little sissy, so being a girl will come easily for you. And just think about all the fun you'll have as a real girl and all the pretty clothes you'll get to wear. And after twice shooting your cum into your panties last night, we know how much you love your silky panties. Well, don't worry, little one. We're going to supply you with the biggest stock of frilly panties in every color and design, you lucky little panty boy! And after you have your pussy, you'll discover that girls love the feel of their silky panties on their cunny lips, and you'll be able to masturbate in your panties like a proper little girl. We'll be glad to show you how to do it!"

I shuttered at the thought of what lay before me: a life of utter humiliation at the hands of my mother, two stepsisters and all their friends. I knew their laughter would never stop ringing in my ears.

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