

Pussy Boy Pager

Reader's Stories & Pics

Volume 15

In Praise of Old-fashioned Panties

Recalling a lifelong love of 1950s brief-style panties. He started out stealing panties. After his sister caught him masturbating in her panties, his mom took him shopping for his own!

Confessions of a Weekend Panty Thief

He'd wait for his mom to go out on the weekends and as soon as he was alone, he'd go snooping for her panties, but then he started to break into other ladies' houses and steal their panties until he was caught!

If Only I Had Told Her

Before they got serious, he should have told her he had a very small penis and a bed-wetting problem, so when she did find out, she sissy trained him!

Girls in Training Bras

A collection of pictures from old catalogs and advertisements of girls wearing training bras.

Motherfucking Sissy Boy

She caught him playing with her panties and pantyhose and that led to them fucking with him dressed like a girl!

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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In Praise of Old-Fashioned Panties

I write in praise of the erotic qualities of this much derided panty style. I know they are ridiculed as passion killers, old maids' panties, little girl panties, witches britches, and granny panties, but as a gay cross dresser with a fetish for ladies' lingerie, especially silky brief-style panties, this sissyboy finds them highly erotic. Although they are often despised now, they were the height of fashion from the 1940s through the 1960s. When I watch television shows and movies set in that era, I often wonder if the female characters are wearing the lingerie as well as the outer clothes of the period.



From a very young age I enjoyed sneaking into my sister and mother's rooms and dressing up in their clothes, and since I grew up in the 1950s and 1960s, their clothes always included their silky brief style panties. My mother allowed me to do it. Why she let me do it I never understood. Perhaps it was because she always wanted another daughter. At school I had to wear boys' underwear, but as soon as I got home I changed into the pretty panties that I had taken from the wash or from my mother or sister's closets. And I usually wore them under my boys' pajamas at night, as I loved their soft silky touch against my sensitive little penis, balls and skinny butt while I slept.

When I was eight years old, my mother woke me up one morning, and as usual saw me wearing a pair of her panties. She told me, "Big boys don't wear their mommy's and sister's panties. It's time you grow up, so from now on stay out of my room and your sister's room and stay out of our clothes."

Despite this, however, I still yearned for the soft touch of silky lingerie. The sight of lingerie advertisements in magazines, newspapers, and mommy's store catalogs would instantly set off my yearnings, and I would fantasize for days afterwards about wearing the slips, bras and panties that I saw in those ads.

Whenever I was left alone for a few hours I would steal some panties, take them to my room and try them on. I especially liked it when one of my two aunts (my father's sisters) came to visit because both of them wore the fanciest and prettiest panties I had ever seen. Just knowing they were coming for a visit would keep me hard for days prior to their arrival. And after I took a pair of panties from one of them, I was immediately driven to try them on. Then while admiring myself in the mirror, I would fondle my hard little cock through the material, luxuriating in the soft touch of the silk or nylon. They made me feel totally feminized. I had made up a little song that I loved to sing as I danced around the room that went:

"I'm a naughty, naughty sissy boy because —
from my mom, my sister and my aun-ties,
I steal and wear their pret-ty pan-ties!
La-la-lala-la! La-la-lala-la!
— and I'd sing it over and over again while panty jerking off!

My fetish quickly increased to include their bras and slips, and eventually their dresses, skirts and blouses. After I'd get completely dressed, I'd lie on my bed pretending to be a girl.

One day, when I was twelve, I had taken a pair of my sister's nylon lace panties along with her school uniform, which was one of my favorite outfits to wear. After I was dressed up and preening before the mirror, I noticed my penis had become hard and was jutting out forming a tent in the panties. I had frequently gotten hard while wearing panties, but it was different on this day. My little penis was harder and bigger than ever. Although I was a bit frightened, I loved the wonderful sensations running through my body as I fondled my erection through the silky satin nylon panties until I convulsed, and it started to spurt my boy juice! It was my first orgasm, and I was doing it in my sister's panties. I panicked, not quite understanding what had happened, but it was a wonderfully exciting feeling. I was too frightened to tell anyone about it. I hurriedly put the panties away before my mom or sister got home. Over the next few days, I repeated the same exciting manipulation several times, and each time, it was even more satisfying, plus I seemed to be producing more and more jism each time. I realized I couldn't keep putting the panties back because each time they were becoming too noticeably soiled, so I started keeping the panties and hid them in the back of my closet. I knew I couldn't keep taking pairs of my sister's panties and not returning them because even though she had a lot of panties, sooner or later, she'd realize a lot of them were missing.

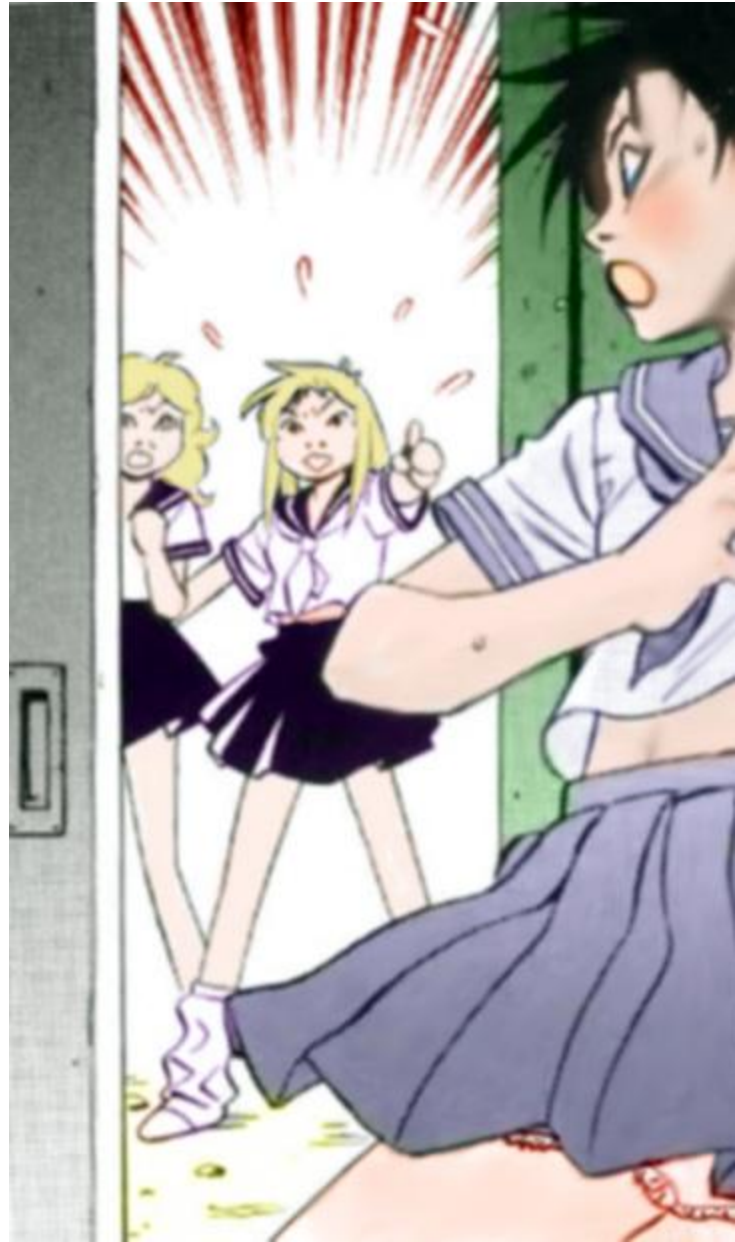
Well, she did figure out I was stealing her panties, and one day as I was about to explode in my panties (her panties actually), she burst into my room and caught me. She was with her best girlfriend, Deanna. I was shocked to be standing before them wearing her school uniform with my hand up under the skirt jacking myself off in her panties! She screamed and screamed. I slammed shut my bedroom door and got out of the clothes as fast as I could. I then sat in my room waiting until my mother came home. I knew I was in for it!

It seemed like hours as I torturously awaited my doom, but when mom did come home and up to my room, it didn't turn out as badly as I thought it would. The worst part was the embarrassment and being caught by my sister. My mom hugged me and told me all about how I used to love dressing up and wearing her panties from the time I was a toddler until I was in the third grade.

She made me promise not to do it again, and eventually my sister stopped teasing me about it. But I was till hooked on girls' clothes, especially panties. I was very careful not to get caught. Sis was pretty much into her own world and we had minimum contact with each other, but my mom knew I was still doing it. Repeatedly, she caught me, and each time I promised I would stop; however, I couldn't stop. When I was fourteen, after catching me for the umpteenth time, mom asked me if I would like to have my own

lingerie. I readily agreed, providing I could keep it a secret from everybody else, especially my sister. Mom told me that was up to me to be discreet, but other than that it would be our secret to share. She took me shopping and didn't embarrass me as she let me quietly tell her the various pairs of panties I wanted her to buy for me. After that I had my own panties to wear under my clothes during the day and under my pajamas at night. I only wore boys' when going to school, then it was back to my beloved girly panties at night, weekends and during my summer vacation. My ever-increasing collection of full brief-style nylon panties would have been the delight of any teenage girl, and with mom's OK, my hobby gradually expanded into slips, bras, dresses, skirts, blouses and heels, but all of those clothes I was only able to enjoy in the privacy of my room and whenever my sister was out of the house.

[Index](#)



Motherfucking Sissy Boy

Now that Geoffrey is in his teenage years, his dad might have been able to help him through this difficult time, but his father had died of cancer five months earlier. Now it was just Geoffrey and his mommy, and she has been forced to take a job as a waitress to



support them.

She's at work, now. On the night shift. Geoffrey is home alone and horny. He is tired of jerking off to the same old pictures on his laptop computer and in the same old magazines; he's dying to see what a naked female looks like in person.

Wanting to find out more about the mysterious female sex, he wonders into his mother's room and digs through her dirty clothes bin, searches around for, you know, that special feel—the feel of something SO FUCKING SOFT, THAT IT JUST CAN'T BE ANYTHING OTHER THAN FEMININE LINGERIE! He pulls out a pair of pink panties, rubs them against his fingers, and then against his cheek. He pulls them away from his face far enough to look at them. They have stains -- Mommy stains on those panties. He also takes two pairs of her pantyhose, one pair is white and the other pair is black.

The boy runs into his bedroom, closes the door, and gets naked. He is going to smell the scent of a woman.

“Mommy, Mommy, Mommy, Mommy!” he repeatedly whispers to himself as he closely inspects and takes little sniffs of her panty crotch. He sees two stains: A pale bit of yellow in front, and a light brown smudge in back.

They might have turned a lot of people off, but touching, seeing and smelling his mother's stained panties makes his cock swell and his balls ache. He drapes the panties over his face and begins to sniff in earnest. He bunches up both pairs of pantyhose and rubs them over his cock and balls. He loves his mommy.

He types on his computer, "I caught you stealing mommy's panties, you naughty little boy!" and he looks at those incriminating words as he mumbles to himself, “Mommy! Mommy! Mommy!” He goes back to inhaling his mommy's womanhood absorbed into the pink panties as he massaged his cock and balls with her pantyhose. Involuntarily, his toes curl, his hand clutches the panties and vigorously rubs them over his nose and mouth. His reverie takes him to dreamland, Mommy is there with him. Mommy is wearing those panties, and she is rubbing those panties deep into her pussy lips and then shoving a bit of them up her stinky ass crack. Geoffrey can picture it perfectly as he rubs the panties up and down and across his face. He rocks back and forth. Knowing he is alone in the house, he doesn't hold back his moans and screams. He takes the panties away from his face for a moment to rub them over his cock and balls. Wonderful!

He pauses for a moment and types on his computer in big letters: I'm going to punish you for stealing and sniffing my panties and pantyhose, you naughty boy!

As he stares at the words, he bounces up and down on the bed. The bedsprings are squeaking. He uses the pink panties as a sheath to pump his cock.

His fist becomes a blur. He screams with joy. He shoots his wad!

“OHHHHHHHH, OHHHHHHHH, OHHHHHHHH, YEAH, YEAH, YEAH, MOMMY, MOMMY, MOMMY,



MOMMY!” he screams.

Mommy has come home from work early, hears the sounds coming from his bedroom and immediately knows what is going on, but she doesn't want to disturb him until he has finished shooting his creamy wad. She looks at him and sees him jerking off with her panties over his face and her pantyhose being rubbed over his cock. She's just in time to see his slimy juice go flying out the tip of his bucking cock.

“OHHHHHHHH! OHHHHHHHH! MOMMY! MOMMY! MOMMY!” the teenage boy screams shamelessly, unaware that his mother is standing right there watching him.

As he slides back down into reality, she says, “Hi, Geoff.”

“Mom, mom, MOMMY!” the boy stammers pathetically.

“Hello there, Geoffrey, I see you have some of my lingerie.”

“Oh!”

Geoffrey had forgotten the panties and pantyhose. He suddenly feels even more shamed of himself being caught sniffing her panties and rubbing himself with her pantyhose.

“Those are my panties and pantyhose. Aren't they, Geoffrey?”

“Yes, Mommy.”

“I want them back. Why did you take them?”

He could not find the words to answer.

“Why did you steal Mommy's panties?” she asks.

“I wanted—” No, he couldn't say it.

“WHY?”

“I wanted to know, you know, Mommy, what a woman smelled like.”

“I see. And is this how you use this expensive computer I bought you? I think you like to play with girls' panties and pantyhose.”

“What?”

“I think you're a pervert, son,” Mommy said.

“But—”

“Only weirdoes steal and sniff their mother's dirty panties. I think you have some sort of problem.”

“A problem, mommy?”

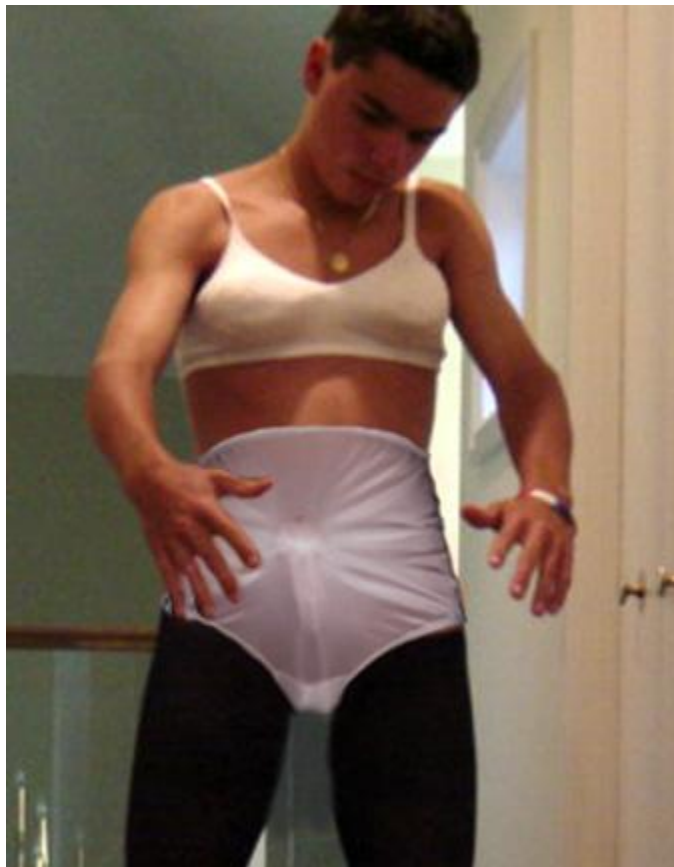
"Yes, subconsciously, I think you secretly want to put those panties and pantyhose on."

"Oh, no, mommy! I just wanted to see them..."

"I think you want to dress like a girl and not a boy."

"No!"

"You know, I going to have to punish you," Mommy said.



"Punish?"

"Yes, and do you know how I am going to punish you, Geoffrey?"

"No."

"I'm going to make you dress like a girl," she said.

"Mommy! No! Please, don't make me do that!"

"I'm afraid you have no choice."

"Please, Mommy, not that!"

"And after I dress you up like the prettiest little girl in the land, we're going to suck and fuck each other to kingdom come! I'm going to make sure you love sex with women even if you have this weird attraction to female clothes."

"You are going to start by putting on those panties you stole."

"Please. Mommy, don't ..."

"Now type on your computer, 'Put on your mommy's pantyhose and pink panties, sissy boy!'"

He types it, then looks at his mother and says, "You're not really going to make me put them on, are

you?"

"Put them on!" Mommy screams.

"Yes, Mommy!" he says as he pulls on the pink panties.

"Good, boy," Mommy says. She could feel her pussy leaking juice and starting to ache. "The pantyhose too."

"Ooooooooooh," Geoffrey says as he pulls the silky pantyhose up his legs and over his cock and balls already in her pink panties.

"The panties and pantyhose are very soft on your cock and balls, aren't they?"

"Oh, yes, Mommy."

"Good, now, come with me into my bedroom so we can get you fixed up real pretty."

"Okay, Mommy," he said as she followed her into the master bedroom.

"I think you would look cute in a skirt."

The boy just nodded as he stood there still wearing only her pink panties and black pantyhose. "Okay, Mommy," he said with a whimper.

"Are your cock and balls getting all excited?"

He nodded. His panting made it obvious he was highly aroused.

"Good. Now, let me put this skirt on you, Geoffrey,"

He was confused but excited and remained completely obedient. The skirt was his mother's, and it hung a little low on his hips exposing a big part of the top of his waist-high pink panties.

"I like how my panties stick way out like that. Maybe you'll start a new fashion trend! Now I'll put this bra on you, son."

"Okay, Mommy," Geoffrey said as he held out his arms so she could slide the bra on him.

Of course, he had no breasts, so it was a weird sensation for him to be strapped into a bra. The molded cups had padding in them. He knew it wasn't his mother's bra and wondered whose bra it was. His mother saw his questioning look and rightly guessed what he was wondering as she adjusted the bra



and snapped it closed to fit tightly around his chest.

"This bra belongs to your cousin, Lana. She accidentally left some of her things here when she stayed over last week. Should we let her know you're wearing it now?"

With his mouth open but no words coming out, Geoffrey gave her a horrified look and looked like he was about to cry.

"Oh, Geoffrey, I'm just joking! I'm not going to tell her – unless you want me to."

"Oh, no, Mommy, NO!"

"Okay, we won't," she said to reassure him as she stood back and looked him over.

"You are a very pretty little girl," Mommy said to her loving son.

"Thank you, Mommy," he said with a highly emotional mix of fear and excitement.

"For now, you'll have to wear a pair of your own shoes. I know you won't fit into any of mine. But we'll get you some nice low heels

real soon."

With that Mommy began to take off her clothes until she was just in her bright white bra and nylon panties. Geoffrey was all eyes, and his cock pushed out the front of his skirt.

"Since you're so young, I'm sure you'll shoot your wad quickly the first time," she said.

"I'm ready, now, Mommy," the young boy said.

"I'm sure you are, but you have to hold off. I want you to shoot your cum up my pussy not all over your pretty panties, so hold off for me."

"Yes, Mommy. I'll try real hard, Mommy," Geoffrey said as he gulped a big mouthful of air and tried to

calm himself a bit.

"Well, now that I see how ready you are, I don't think it will work very well for us to fuck this first time," she said.

"No?"

"No. Because you're so ready to shoot. I need a lot more time to come myself. So I'm going to suck you off, baby, suck you off with my mouth."

"Oh, my God!" he said.

"Get on the bed and lay back, Geoffrey."

"Yes, Mommy."

She hurriedly helped him pull up his skirt, and then began to kiss his balls through his panties and pantyhose. For the moment, she kept her hands off his penis. It was already throbbing within the double layer of nylon panties and pantyhose.

"Oh-h-h-h-h-h-h, my cock is so hard, Mommy!"

"Do I turn you on more than those little girls at your school?"

"Yes, Mommy. I have never had a REAL girlfriend. Will you be my girlfriend, Mommy?"

"Of course, I will, my darling sissy boy."

Mommy lowered her head and licked her son's tight balls one last time before easing down the black pantyhose. She took them all the way down and off his legs and then, took his big cock out of the leg hole of the pink nylon panties he had on. It did a little dance as it pulsated and twitched ready to explode.

"Has anyone ever played with your cock and balls before?" she asked.

"No, Mommy."

Mommy took Geoffrey's cock in her hand and pumped it with her fist.

"Oh-h-h-h-h-h-h!" was all the boy could say.

"I want you to come in my mouth, Geoffrey," Mommy said.



"Okay," he moaned.

She flicked her tongue up and down his hot cock.

"Mommy, Mommy, Mommy, Mommy, Mommy!" Geoffrey was hysterical.

Mommy opened her mouth, downed his cock meat and then sucked. She squeezed the young boy's nuts with her left hand and felt his cock head swelling even larger. It was thrusting in her mouth as he let go. He screamed in pleasure and shook all over as he filled his mommy's mouth with cum. She swallowed it, and then kissed him, making sure he tasted remnants of his jism that she transferred from her mouth to his.

She put his still throbbing cock back into his pink panties, then stood up and said, "Now you are going to make Mommy cum," the beautiful woman said. "I'll show you how to eat my pussy."

"Okay."

"Kneel down in front of me. ... That's right," she said. "Now, kiss my pussy lips. Lick lightly

the whole length of my cunny, and then slip your tongue in between my pussy lips, come up to the top, and when you get to the right place, I'll have you stay right there and you can very lightly flick your tongue across my most sensitive --- oh! That's good, son! Now, just a little higher -- uh! UH! UH! Great! More, more, more! Yes, yes, yes, Do it a lot more -- but be gentle. Yes!" she screamed as she clutched his head and road his face to a gigantic orgasm.

As she came, Geoffrey felt a surging need returning to his pantied penis; the ache returning to his halls. His mommy noticed his arousal and got on the bed with him.

It is time for us to fuck," she said.

"Yes, Mommy."

“Fuck me, my pretty little girlie boy,” she said as she yanked his hard cock out of the leg opening of his pink panties once again.

“Yes, Mommy.”

He was on the bottom and Mommy was on top, her tits crushing his falsie-filled bra, as she reached between them and guided his cock into her pussy. She felt Geoffrey's big balls in his panties. The boy was dizzy with excitement thinking that he was now fucking the pussy that had brought him into the world.

The woman draped her arms around his back and then slid her hands downward to massage his tight ass covered with her silky pink panties. She massaged his butt through those panties and he rocked back and forth bringing both of them to sexual bliss. She tried to slow it down, but she was even more anxious than he was. It had been years since she had a good fuck and this was turning out to be the best fuck of her life.

“I'M CUM-M-M-M-MING!” she screamed as the urge overtook her.

She did cum. She came hard. Mommy knew this was the fuck of her life, but even she was surprised the way her pussy throbbed and her whole body tensed up for a second orgasm!

“YOU'RE MAKING ME COME AGAIN! YOU'RE MAKING ME COME AGAIN!” she screamed.

Geoffrey could feel her inner cunt muscles gripping and tugging at his stiff prick. Mommy's cunt felt like it was giving him a blowjob.

She could feel his cock thicken and pulsate within her, and he exploded with a long pause between each thrusting spurt. Then it was over.

Over the next few weeks Mommy bought a lot of lingerie and girls' clothes in his size, so Geoffrey could dress up and get himself hot before they fucked.

Then one night, Mommy said, “You are always fucking me. I think, tonight, I'm going to fuck you!”

Geoffrey crinkled his brow and wondered what she meant.

“I'm going to fuck you in your asshole with this,” she said as she showed him her big plastic cock. “It came in the mail today. I ordered it from one of my women's magazines. It looks pretty real, doesn't it?”

The boy stared at it and touched it. “How does it work?” he asked.

She explained how it worked as she buckled on the harness and positioned the always rigid cock to point at him from her pantied hips. It was made out of black rubber. It was long and thick. It looked like it would hurt his asshole a lot.

After Mommy adjusted the straps, she opened a tube of K-Y Jelly and lubricated it.



“Since you want to dress up like a girl, that means you want to BE like a girl,” Mommy said.

“I do?”

“Yes, you want to be fucked like a girl too,” Mommy said.

“No—”

“Yes, you do, you want to be fucked, and I’m going to do it right now. Bend over the edge of the bed and put your pantied ass up in the air for me to fuck.”

Geoffrey was wide-eyed and a bit fearful. He didn’t think that big cock would fit up his asshole like his mommy had described, but he followed her instructions without a peep of protest.

“Now, just relax, panty baby. Everything is gong to be just fine.”

She pulled his panties aside and shoved her greased-up middle finger into his butt. He squirmed. She fucked him with her finger as she lubricated his hole. Then she spread his

ass cheeks and positioned the tip of her fake cock at the entrance of his asshole. She thrust a bit forward. Repeatedly she probed with the dildo as she kept telling him to relax. Finally his asshole opened a bit and she started her entrance. Thrusting gently back and forth with each forward motion she entered him deeper and deeper. He was grunting and groaning and wiggling around trying to get as comfortable as possible for the invasion. He was crying gently because it did hurt, but the pleasurable sensations also made his head spin. He was getting fucked – getting fuck by his own mother with a big black dildo while he was dressed in a bra and faggot pink bra like a little girl. She rode him like a bronco

rider determined to stay on him until the end, and the end for her was a series of very satisfying orgasms brought on by the knobby end of the dildo that massaged her pussy as she fucked him.

When it was over, he was surprised that he had shot a load of cum into his panties. His attention was so consumed with the pain and the weird pleasure of being fucked in his asshole that he didn't even know he had spurted a load of his youthful jism.

His mommy was right. He wanted to dress like a girl. That meant that he wanted to be used like a girl. Mommy proved it too, and more than ever, Geoffrey was convinced that Mommy knows best.

[Index](#)

Girls in Training Bras

Click on the photos for a larger view.

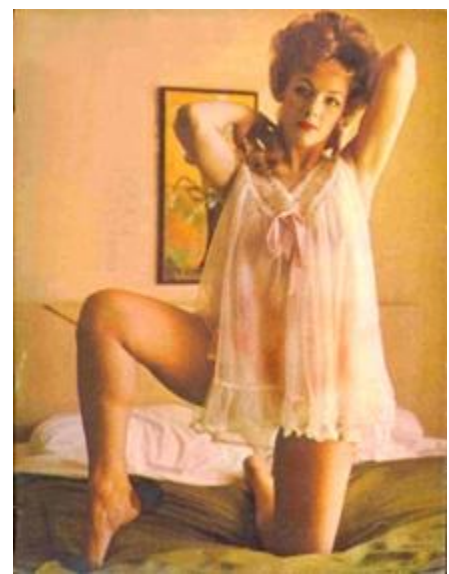






[Index](#)

Confessions of a Weekend Panty Thief



My parents often went to all-night parties with their friends. On Friday nights, I would usually be watching TV or reading a book when my mom would poke her head into my room to say they were leaving, wouldn't be back until late and tell me where they were off to in case I needed them for something.

By the time I was eleven, I already had a full blown lingerie fetish that had started when I was four years old. I first took notice of silky lingerie when I accidentally touched my mom's panties hanging in the bathroom. I was compelled to rub the soft material between my fingers because it felt so nice; it was as if I was actually touching my mom's body and that felt good. I touched her panties every chance I got, but I always did it in secret because I sensed I wasn't supposed to be doing it. But my mom and auntie caught me touching their panties many times and teased me about it throughout my childhood. They'd laugh and rib me about liking panties, but then forget about it until they caught me again. Each time, they'd comment that I was "passing through a phase." But it wasn't just a passing fancy. I really had it bad for silky panties.

I usually got them from my mom's drawer or auntie's laundry room and then hide them in my own room until I went to bed, and after the lights were out, I'd take them out and slip them on. I had already learned to masturbate and even achieve a dry orgasm although I did not know what it was at the time, I just knew it felt good and couldn't wait to do it again.

Well, getting back to my being left alone on those Friday nights: I would wait until mom and auntie were safely gone and then check out their panty drawers. They both wore luxuriously soft, high-waisted briefs always in nylon. Some were plain and some were lacy. I would take several pairs of the panties out, set them on the bed and then make a big production of trying them on. I did that a lot, but then I wanted more variety.

I loved seeing all the pretty ladies in our neighborhood. This was the early 1960s, so they usually had their hair in big bouffant dos and their shapely behinds in tight skirts. I wanted to see what kind of lingerie they wore, and on one particular weekend I had a plan to find out because there was a party far out of town and I heard mom say several of the ladies from our neighborhood were going -- and that meant no one would be in some of their houses that night.

I called it my "Panty Rampage" night, and I began by making telephone calls to all the homes to make sure no one was home. Then, I waited until it was dark before approaching my first house, the home of a pretty blond woman named Rita. I knew she liked fancy underwear because I had seen the colored elastic waistband of her panties over the top of her slacks several times whenever she bent over. I had also seen the lace and color of her panties through the tight white slacks she liked to wear. I'll never forget the day I saw her wearing a pair of white panties with pink polka dots showing through her slacks. I couldn't believe she was out in public like that. Wow!

Her front door was locked, but I found I could get in through the garage. I thought this was going to be

easier than I thought. I felt really strange and a bit naughty as I entered the house. This was a crime, I thought, but I wasn't about to turn back. I tiptoed into her room, the scent of perfume and hairspray still hung in the air. The dresser was just a few feet away. I began trembling with lust as I put my hands on the drawer pulls, can I do this? I thought. I'm invading a lady's panty drawers without her permission! As I pulled open the first drawer, I felt as if Rita was standing right there watching me. I wondered what she'd say or do to me if she knew. As I pulled the drawer out farther, it became clear that this was her panty drawer. It was almost always the top drawer, as I would later discover. From the dim glow of the bathroom light, I could see her panties and slips neatly folded and arranged. I was in a dreamlike state; I couldn't believe I was actually doing it. My heart was beating rapidly as I lifted up the first pair of panties to inspect. They were a sheer yellow fabric, very flimsy. I studied them for a moment, laid them on the bed and then took out several more pairs.

Getting very excited, I felt my hard penis aching. In the next drawers, I found nighties, also neatly folded. I took out a pretty babydoll nightgown. It was red with small ruffles around the shoulders and hemline. The next one was pink with a sheer pleated overlay. The drawer also contained a light blue babydoll with lacy trim.

Then in the closet, I found several filmy peignoirs. I took out a light blue one with a sheer cover-up to match. By now I was so excited my mouth was dry and I was shaking. I wanted to try everything on. So I took my clothes off and set them down in a neat pile so I could quickly put them back on if I had to.

Now naked in a woman's bedroom, I felt naughty but also so free. From the closet, I took the light blue peignoir and slipped it on. It was too big for me, but still it felt wonderful. Next I donned the matching sheer blue babydoll nightie, and I was now not only in Rita's room but in her nightgown! I stared down at all her pretty panties lying on the bed, picked up the yellow pair and examined them, checked the lacy details and read the tag. It read, "Pam Panties, Size 7, 100% nylon exclusive of decoration." Then I spread them open and slipped them on. I had to gather up the nightgown in order to slide them all the way up my legs. They were quite large on me and would have easily slipped off if I hadn't held them up with one hand. I loved seeing my hardness through the sheer fabric, poking away excitedly at the front. I walked daintily around the room. I felt so feminine, so girly, and so-o-o naughty!

I thought to myself, what kind of boy am I? A boy who likes to do what I am doing! Boys aren't supposed to like women's lingerie, are they? I thought I was the only boy in the world who did something like that. I thought why do these silky clothes feel so good? I then stood in front of the mirror and stared back at the young boy wearing ladies' lingerie. It was shocking to me, to see myself in this women's bedroom, doing what I was doing. But the more I stared, the more I got turned on; I thought I felt like a sexy woman, and for that moment I knew if I were a woman, I would do everything a woman does, even if it meant satisfying a man. Yes! I would kneel down and suck his cock; I wanted to be forced to swallow a huge pulsing dick while caressing my silky garments. How sinfully sexy I felt for those few moments until I collapsed on the floor, wildly masturbating myself through all that soft, silky sexy nylon. It took only a few moments to cum, pulse after pulse of sexual energy streaming from my cock. Then I just lay there, next to the bed, on the carpet, a discarded high heel a few inches from my spinning head. After several

minutes I knew it was time to go. I slowly got up and replaced all her lingerie and nightgowns as best I could before getting dressed and leaving. As I lay in my bed ready for sleep that night, I couldn't stop thinking about what I had done. I knew I would have to do it again, every chance I got! I fell asleep with wonderful thoughts about what my next "Panty Rampage" would be like.

[Index](#)

If Only I had Told Her

"Come closer, Timmy, we want to see just how tiny you are under there! I told Richard about your tiny dickie, but he doesn't believe it."

From the beginning Timmy should have told Jennifer about his small penis, or at least he should have told her before their relationship progressed to the point where they were going steady and on the verge of having sex -- but she was so spectacularly beautiful, a cheerleader and one of the most popular girls in school. He just couldn't believe she really wanted him over all the other guys. She could have had any of them, but she saw something in him that she liked. He wasn't like the egotistical macho jocks, who were great for a fuck but were good for little else. Timmy was different he went with her to movies, even "chic flicks" -- and enjoyed them. They could talk for hours, even gossip about celebrities and discuss women's fashions. He even liked going shopping with her. For Timmy, he was happy to do anything with her, so he let her take the lead in their relationship, and he kept his small penis a secret.



But now they were a couple, and Timmy was so proud because everybody in school knew it. What would happen when she found out not only that he had a very small penis, but he was a bed wetter too! He feared if she found out and got angry with him for it, she might tell everybody his secrets! He had put off having sex with her as long as possible, saying "he respected her" and "wanted the time to be right."

One time he did start too tell her. They were necking in the back seat of his mother's Cadillac. Jennifer was always in control in these situations, and on this night she was touching him through his pants, something she had never done before. He was afraid she'd discover most of the bulge in his jeans was a pair of rolled-up socks. And she was telling him he was pretty! His whole life people had told him that he was handsome and sometimes even cute, but never pretty!

Jennifer loved to tease him sexually, but he was always the one to stop it to protect his secret, even though he'd get overly excited and never reach fulfillment. But on this night she was kissing his neck and

telling him he was so very pretty. Why did she keep saying that? He wasn't pretty; he was a boy – handsome yes, but pretty? And her hand was on the bulge in the front of his jeans. She breathed softly on his neck, and he was telling her they had to wait. She loved to draw it out and make him whimper. He thought she was liked to get him all worked up and then see him suffer.

And now he was ready to cry in frustration! Why did she have to do this tonight? Tonight he was going to tell her, but the usual thoughts plagued his mind. What if she rejected him or, worse yet, ridiculed him? She was a year older, much more mature and worldly. He was fifteen and would be able to leave the orphanage next year if he could find a family to live with.

Jennifer mentioned that to her mother, and she said it would be fine for him to move in with them, strongly suggesting that he could live there until they were old enough to get married! The idea of living with them sounded wonderful to him, but if they were going to get married (and that sounded great to him too!), Jennifer would find out eventually! So he just had to tell her!

Timmy wondered if her mother already knew about his little penis. She had accidentally walked in on him once while he was in the bathroom masturbating into a pair of Jennifer's panties. In a panic, he hid the panties behind his back, but that left his fully erect but tiny penis fully on display before he could turn away from her. He was sure she didn't see anything because after she inadvertently walked in, she immediately excused herself and closed the door. Nothing was ever said about it, so Timmy thought it was nothing more than a close call.

Timmy thought how he often woke up soaking wet in bed with the room smelling of stale urine. The matrons at the orphanage would scold him and punish him but there was nothing they or he could do about it. He had tried everything.

Then there was Richard! Timmy truly feared him. He was a year older than Timmy, the same age as Jennifer, and he made it known that he was greatly attracted to her. He was a great looking guy, what anyone would call handsome, and he was a star football and basketball player too! Jen could have had him, but she had chosen Timmy! Richard was always hanging around her and trying to get a date even though he knew she was going steady with Timmy, whom he considered a wimp and a loser. Richard had no respect for him, so he would butt in on their conversations and lure Jen away, saying he had to tell her something important. And Jennifer would usually go with him, laughing and carrying on! She always said to Timmy that she was just being nice to Richard; after all, as a cheerleader she was a representative of the school and had to be nice to everyone, especially the athletes.

Timmy knew he should have protested Richard's attitude, at least to Jen, but he had always been a frail, shy boy and hated confrontations of any kind. And he had been told he was pretty before. At the orphanage, he was often kidded that he looked like a girl and wasn't very masculine. He couldn't help it; that's just the way he looked. He would have loved to have been strong and athletic, but it wasn't in his genes!

One day Richard came up to Jen and Timmy and said, "Jennifer, why do you go out with this loser? He looks like a pantywaist fag; you could do a lot better!"

Then after Richard lured her away for some supposedly important little talk, Timmy, disgusted and disappointed in his inability to stand up to the abuse, mumbled under his breath, "Damn it! I am a pantywaist!"

Some two days later everything changed! He was at Jen's house. It was a stormy night and the road between her house and the orphanage was washed out, so she couldn't drive him home and he had to stay over! He didn't want to, but Jen's mother insisted. In bed that night he was afraid to fall asleep, fearing he'd wet the bed! So he was awake when his girlfriend slipped into his room and got into bed with him. As they snuggled and Jen started to feel him up, he told her not to do it because they might wake her mother up. When she rubbed his crotch through his underwear and wondered why he wasn't getting very excited, he explained that he was nervous with her mother sleeping in the next room. But he had been excited and erect, but since he was so small, she could barely tell! She decided not to pursue him and go up to leave him alone, but before she left, she reached under her nightgown, slid off her pink nylon panties and tossed them to him so he could have a little bit of her with him for the night!

Alone in the bed, he switched on the nightlight and examined the panties. They were white with lace panels down each side and red hearts embroidered into the lace. They were heavy with her perfume and her bodily aromas wafted up from the moist crotch. He immediately shoved the panties down the front of his underwear and wildly masturbated himself to one of his best ever orgasms. His thimbleful of jism had barely wetted the panties more than Jen's juice had wetted them in the crotch. Now thoroughly satisfied, he could hold off sleep no longer and slept soundly until the morning when Jen slipped back into his room and climbed into bed with him again, but as soon as she got in the bed she smelled and felt the wet bedding.

"What the fuck did you do? You wet the bed. You wet the BED! YOU WET THE FUCKING BED!"

"Jen.....ah I can..." Timmy struggled awake and tried to gather words to explain himself.

"What a baby! What a sissy! Richard was right; you're nothing but a sissy wimp. I'm going steady with a bed-wetting wimp! I can't believe this!" she screamed and stormed out of the room.

Her mom heard her screaming and came in. She quickly discovered the problem and told Timmy to clean myself up; she'd get him some clean underwear and take care of the bed.

She knocked on the bathroom door as Timmy was washing himself off and told him to open the door a crack. When he did, she stuck her hand in and handed him something. "Here, wear these since your underwear is all wet."

He opened the little bundle of white nylon and was shocked to see a pair of silky panties. They were

close to his size, so he guessed they were Jennifer's. Confused and distraught, he did what she told him to do and put on the panties before quickly dressing in the rest of his clothes and hurrying out of there as fast as possible. As he passed Jen's mother on the way out, she said, "You can keep the panties. We won't need them back."

He didn't see Jennifer for the next two days when they passed each other in the hallway at school. He was ready to speed past her, but she stopped him and started talking like nothing was wrong. She said she was sorry for being so upset with him and made a date to meet him after school. She added that he obviously had a problem, but since she wanted to be a psychology major in college, she knew she'd have to learn how to understand such things. Timmy tried to apologize to her, but she just told him to forget it.

Easier said than done!

Jen's mother did get temporary guardianship over Timmy and he was able to move into their house. But after staying there for less than a week, it happened again and then two days later, it happened a third time. Soon the spare bedroom where he slept took on a constant smell of urine, like a baby's nursery.

Timmy could tell it was bringing stress to their relationship but didn't know what to do about it. He brought a rubber sheet with him from the orphanage and pleaded with Jen not to be upset with him. She tried to understand, but he could tell it upset her and at times, she was even reacted to his bed-wetting with meanness. The problem was, the more Jennifer showed her anger, the more stressful it was to Timmy and the more he wet the bed. Now he was doing it almost every night. Jennifer was getting more frustrated and angrier all the time.

Then rather suddenly, to Timmy's surprise, Jennifer changed. He came home from school one day, and she took him to his bedroom at bedtime and proceeded to put him into a thick cloth diaper. He tried to protect his modesty and cover his genitals with his hand so she wouldn't see them, but she told him to put his hands down. She already knew he had an embarrassingly small penis. Her mother had told her!

"Besides, I don't like you for your penis; I can get all the big cocks I want whenever I just want somebody to fuck me."

But then when he did take his hands away and she did see how little it was, she laughed! "Oh, my god, Mom said it was little, but I had no idea it was that little!" As she continued to laugh, she finished putting the diaper on him and then pulled a pair of clear plastic panties on over the diaper.

Timmy was mortified, but too humiliated to do more than mildly protest, "Jen, I'm so sorry, but, but I can't wear diapers like a baby!"

"Don't worry about it. You have a little problem, and you are like a little baby, and this is how we're going to deal with it."

"You can and you will wear diapers and baby panties!" Her voice was raised, but she held onto herself to remain calm.

"Timmy, lets gets something straight right now. When we started going together, I didn't know I was getting involved with a bed-wetting sissy with a penis the size of a pencil eraser. Wait a minute, I have another idea..." Her voice trailed off as she went to her bedroom and returned a few moments later with a pair of her pink panties. He started to back away, but she grabbed his leg and told him to lie still.

"Oh, but, please, Jen. Why the pink – the pink—"

"Why the pink panties? Well, I think it needs to be done."

"But Jen, I can't, I mean, pink..." Timmy complained, and then in defeat his voice cracked and he was nearly crying.

"Of course you can wear pink panties. You are not only a bed wetter but a sissy too. Mom told me how she caught you jacking off in my panties that day, and how she gave you a pair of my panties to wear home. So, you've worn panties before; you're a sissy, but fortunately for you, little Timmy, I still happen to love you. Therefore we are just going to have to make certain accommodations to MY satisfaction. One thing is certain. I'm the one who will be wearing the pants in our relationship, and you'll be wearing pink panties! And at night, you'll wear diapers too! Do we have an understanding, little Timmy?"

Timmy slowly nodded in agreement.

"Another thing, Timmy, and I don't mean to be cruel, but we might as well get this issue out of the way here and now: I didn't know I was going to be stuck with a guy with such a tiny prick. It will never be able to satisfy me!"

She slid her hand down the front of his diaper and grabbed his little prick as she talked to him. "How can you expect me to be satisfied with a little tiny prick like this?" she said as she held it between her fingers and looked menacingly into his tear-filled eyes. "You deceived me! I had every right to know about this as soon as we started getting serious. Instead, you always put me off; you lied to me!"

"I'm sorry, Jen; I just thought maybe...I mean...I figured you would love me anyway..."

"I do love you! This has nothing to do with love, but it has everything to do with honesty! I'm disgusted with you -- a sissy bed wetter with almost nothing for a cock!"

After a few moments of silence, Jennifer composed herself. Her voice was once again sweet as she spoke: "You must understand, sweetie, that I do love you, but nevertheless, a woman must have sexual satisfaction. From time to time, I must have a real man. I can't live without sex. You can't expect me to

live without a satisfactory sex life. We can still be together, but I'll have to have sex with other men. Understand?"

Timmy barely mumbled out his reply. "Yes, but no...but I..."

"Now that we have that matter settled, next, I want you to wear diapers and plastic panties at night and lacy girls' panties during the day. I'll start you out with a couple of pairs of mine, but I'll have mom get you your own supply of pretty panties in the next day or so. You have nothing to put in men's underwear, anyway, so it will be panties for you."

“But, Jen, I can't wear panties!”

“Of course, you can. And you will. My sissy boyfriend belongs in panties. Also, during the daytime you can wear your regular outer clothes over your panties, but in the evenings and on weekends, I'm going to keep you dressed in girls' clothes. Mom and I will take you shopping at the mall for girls clothes this weekend. I love you as a friend, like a girlfriend not like a lover, so you're going to be my sissy little girlfriend.”

"Now to confirm that you are quite satisfied with our new arrangement I need to hear you talk to me in your sweetest little girl baby talk. I need to hear some goo goos and gagas, and other little exclamations of baby pleasure, so I can be assured we have an understanding and you are happy being the sissy baby you truly are. Come on now, talk for Mommy."

Timmy was lost in the thrill of having Jennifer fondle his little cock as she talked to him this way. Somehow deep inside he knew this was what he deserved. He was a **SISSY**! He was a wimp, a weak minded pantywaist and nothing more. He let it all out as Jennifer coaxed him on.

"Goo gee gaa gee goo goo! Me a wittle thissy baby, mommie! Me a wittle panty boy. Goo gee gaw gaw-w-w-w-w-w-w-w-w-w-w-w-w-w-w-w-w..." On and on he went releasing years of pent up frustration and the need to admit to himself exactly what he was. He kicked his legs and blubbered louder and louder as Jennifer smiled and rubbed his little penis more and more. At last his hips arched up and Jennifer pulled back his foreskin one last time, his little cockhead swelled and warm white cum began to spurt out the end. Timmy whimpered and cried out loud. "Mommie! Mommie! Oh my peenie, mommie-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e!"

It was such a silly wimpish sight. Jen was even embarrassed for the little sissy, but she kept working his small penis until it had squirted out its entire load. She put her slimy cum-coated fingers up to his lips and told him to lick them clen -- and he did. Then in shame, he turned away, gently cried and drifted off to sleep.

That weekend he was taken to the mall, and Jen and her mother outfitted him in everything from little girl dresses complete with all the little training bras, slips and ruffled panties any girl would die for to

sexy mini skirts and whore-like lingerie. They let him know he would be modeling his new clothes for special company in the near future, and it was his duty to learn how to take care of his clothes and be a proper little sissy. They were nice enough to make the shopping spree as painless as possible by joking around, and telling the sales ladies that they were going to a costume party, otherwise they sensed the poor boy would have broken on the spot! A picture of him is enclosed with Jennifer as they tried on sexy matching red bustiers in the dressing room of a department store.

That night alone in his bedroom his head was in a whirl as he examined all the little girl dresses and petticoats. And then all the panties. So many pairs of panties! Lace and silk and satin and nylon. In all colors and styles. He was surprised that his penis erected just looking at them and wanting to have them pulled up around his penis by Jen and her mommy.

The next night, Timmy had on an adorable little girlish scarf and a fluffy dress that flared out and fully exposed his little lacy white panties. He also had on ankle socks, pink in color with a band of white lace around the top and little girls' shiny black Mary Jane shoes. He started at himself in the mirror, his mind going a mile a minute.

Jennifer's raised voice brought him back to the present. His face was hot and flush with so much shame. His knees felt weak as she led him from his bedroom and down to the den, and there was Richard! He looked at Richard and grew sick in his stomach. It was hard for him to even put one foot in front of the other. But more than that, he was conscious of something! Something that defied reason! He was conscious of the hardness jutting out the soft silky front of his nylon panties!

Ever so slowly he made his way over to stand in front of Richard. He was ready to breakdown crying but knew he must not. Richard had unzipped his jeans and was sporting a very large hard cock! Timmy couldn't believe how big it was. He had never seen another boy's cock when it was hard and now realized what Jen was talking about. He now knew how pitifully small his own penis was.

"Now, lift the front of your little dress," Jen commanded. "Richard wants to see what you have under there. He said he would have to see a cock on you with his own eyes to believe you even have one!"

"That's a good girl. Yes, oh, yes, we can see a little bulge under those sweet lacy panties. Here let Mommy help; let Mommy pull them down so Uncle Richard can see what a big boy...ug...girl....oh well! Whatever..."

They laughed again. Timmy was in pain. He felt the humiliation so deep. Yet...Yet his little boy member, the proof that he truly was a male...was throbbing. Jennifer reached up and pulled the front of the soft panties down. The sight was both humorous and silly. Timmy had no hair down there. His little wrinkled nut sac was pulled up tight and his dick was hard and thrusting out from between his legs like a little finger pointing at her. Jennifer pulled his little white panties up and his dickie looked even funnier pushing out the front of the panties, unlike a girl and so little it didn't look like he was a boy either! Jen played with his pantied penis and made him squirm. She teased and tickled his rigid little cock and

delicate nylon panty-covered balls. Timmy gasped with both delight and shame. His eyes closed and his hips involuntarily thrust outward.

"Oh, oh, my..."

"That's it, baby talk for Mommy; show Uncle Richard what a truly silly little faggot sissy you are. Go ahead; let all those naughty little girly feelings come out. Come on, you don't need to be ashamed, we all know what you are..."

Timmy couldn't help himself. He gasped and whimpered and then let go.

"Oh, Mommy, me peepee, oh-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h, Mommy, pwease make baby cum-m-m-m-m!"

Richard was laughing and shaking his head with disgust and disbelief. How could a boy let himself be such a silly little pantywaist faggot!

Jennifer pinched Timmy's penis to get his attention. "Sweetums! Look what Uncle Richard has for you. Uncle Richard loves you and wants to give you something good. Oh, yes-s-s-s-s. You're going to like what Uncie has for you."

Timmy opened his eyes to see Richard's hard cock pointing upward, a huge cock that really did make Timmy feel like a totally inadequate sissy wimp.

Jen pushed Timmy slowly down to his knees. He looked at her, hoping she might have mercy on him and stop the horrible thing that he knew was about to take place. She only smiled. Richard was becoming impatient. Timmy was only inches away from the enormous cock head jerking about in front of him. Still his own little cock was throbbing. Timmy had always feared he was a faggot, but having to demonstrate that in front of his gorgeous girlfriend was frightening. Timmy's mouth went dry with the fear of what seemed inevitable. Jen held Richard's big cock in one hand and pushed Timmy's head toward that cock with her other hand. Tears rolled down Timmy's cheeks as he opened his mouth and let the hot cock in. He did it for Jen. She obviously wanted him to do it, so he told himself he was doing it for her. He desperately loved her, and he was just proving his love for her, proving his love for her had no limits, even though he could hear her laughing at him as he slid his mouth up and down that hot, hard cock. Richard grabbed his hair with both hands and pushed his cock in and out of Timmy's mouth.

But as he sucked away, Timmy could see Jennifer undressing! In just her bra and panties – he had never seen her in just her bra and panties – but now here she was in just her lingerie and she was kissing and embracing Richard and running her hands all over him. Richard had one hand on the back of Jennifer's head and the other one in Timmy's hair still forcing him up and down on his huge cock! Timmy knew he should be angry. He knew he should get up, scream at them, get angry, and leave and never come back. Any self respecting boy would have, but he couldn't do it! Instead, he reached down and began wanking himself into his silky little white panties. The sight of his lovely Jennifer in her sexy lingerie was driving

him wild even though he was sucking another boy's cock! He was about to shoot his own little load when he felt Richard's strong hand yank him off his throbbing cock.

"Oh, Jen, I have got to have you now. This faggot boyfriend of yours has gotten me all hot for you!"

Richard had Jennifer lie down on the couch and spread her long legs. He got on her and began driving his long hard prick deep into her wet cunt. She gasped and groaned in delight.

Richard grabbed Timmy by his hair, told him to crawl up behind him, put his head between their legs and, "Make yourself useful, faggot face. Lick my cock and balls and lick my asshole out good while I fuck your girlfriend."

Timmy felt so ashamed but he did it. He did it for Jen. He licked Richard's hairy nut sac and then his long dick as it went in and out of his beloved girlfriend. Jen was screaming deliriously and digging her fingers into Richard's muscular back. From behind, Timmy watched Richard expertly fuck Jen with long strokes, he'd pull it out its full length and then plunge it back in. He'd then pull out again, rub his cock over her smooth white pussy lips and torturously tease her. Then he would suddenly drive himself in again to her full depth. She would scream out in pure pleasure. Timmy had never heard her so excited.

Other than heavy breathing, Richard hardly made a noise at all. He was almost to the point of cumming, so he pulled out one more time and held still for a moment teasing her even more.

"Please Richard let me have your cock. I'm so close! Oh, pleas-s-s-s-s-se just let me have it. I need it so-o-o-o bad."

"You got it, girl!" he panted as he roughly reached behind himself, pulled Timmy's head up to his ass and slapped his face. "Lick out my dirty ass, you pantywaist faggot. Do it now, and do it good."

Fearing Richard's strength and anger, Timmy drove his tongue between the open ass cheeks. He stuck his tongue into the tight opening and began to lick. He could taste Richard's shit! Soon Richard was thrusting in and out again. From both of their cries Timmy knew they were both about to cum. Jennifer was first. She thrust her hips and completely lifted Richard up. This made Timmy's mouth come down to just the spot where Richard was entering her. He was pushed in deep and her pussy was quivering and throbbing around his thick meat stick. Timmy had his own hand around his silk pantied dickie, masturbating wildly while licking Richard's hairy ball sac that was pulled up nearly all the way into his body. Jennifer kept cumming and cumming. Then as she fell back slightly, Richard pulled back and extracted his rod from Jen's warm cunt before holding his huge pulsating cock and unloading his hot sperm all over Jennifer's pussy lips. The groans and sounds Richard made caused Timmy to think he was in pain.

"Lick it up, you faggot, lick it all up, now," Richard cried with a guttural voice.

It was still shooting out in large globs. Timmy licked up a big mouth full of cum as he ran his tongue over Jennifer's tender mound. It was the taste of cum that drove him over! Right there, in his place -- in the only place he belonged -- his little cock jerked and unloaded into his silky panties as he whimpered like a sissy baby. It just kept coming out! Squirt after squirt. Timmy was making the silliest little girl gasping sounds as he gave up his little load into the confines of his sensuous panties!

It flowed into the panties time and time again -- wet warm boy cum. It poured into his panties as Timmy grunted and jerked. It dripped out of his panties onto the carpet. There was so much of his little sissy jism. The last drops finally dripped out and Timmy squeezed his softening penis from the root upward to squeeze out the last drops!

Jennifer and Richard had slumped down and were now laughing at Timmy frigging himself through his panties. They fell into a heap, breathless and exhausted. They shared a long kiss, held each other silently and waited for sleep to take them. Timmy curled up on the floor next to them and sucked on his finger for comfort, just like he had been taught. He was nearly asleep himself with total exhaustion. His last thoughts were the realization that he was a faggot, a cuckold and a sissy, but he didn't mind. Jen loved him, and that was all that mattered.

[Index](#)

