

# Pussy Boy Pages

Reader's Stories & Pics

## Volume 18

### ***Dad Let Mom and Sis Turn Me into a Girl for the Summer***

*My behavior repeatedly  
got me into trouble, so  
Mom decided to turn me  
into a girl for punishment,  
and she got my sister to  
help her, but worst of all,  
my Dad did nothing  
to stop them!*

### ***Avenging His Sins***

*After he mistreated a girl he  
was dating, the girl's sister  
turns him into a sissy maid  
and makes him perform  
with her lesbian friend's  
twelve-year-old sissy slave.*

### ***Vicar's Son as a Girl Fools His Dad***

### ***Waitress Turns Out to Be Lost Boy Scout***

***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"

Since 1981

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#### DOING NO HARM

All during my wife's pregnancy she planned for having a baby girl, and even went so far as to purchase many dresses and other girl's clothing. We had a very healthy son. However, because of health complications my wife will not be able to bear any more children.

She never returned any of the clothing and began dressing our son as a girl as soon as we brought him home. He is almost four years old now and I am sure he does not know that he is a little boy. He has a unisex name, wears only girl's clothing and plays only with girls' toys.

Along with friends and members of both families, I have tried to persuade her that what she is doing is wrong, but she refuses to listen to any of us or to seek counseling. She contends that years ago many boys were raised in dresses until they went to school and several of them became great world leaders. When I threatened to get him a haircut and put him in male clothing, she told me point blank that it would mean the end of our marriage.

I love my wife very much and I do not want to leave her. We have been reading your magazine now for about six months, and I got her to agree to send this letter and to listen to your advice. I feel that two more years in girl's clothes will cause our son a lot of harm. She feels that keeping him in dresses until he goes to school will do no harm, especially since he seems so content in them now. We anxiously await your reply.

Mr. F.S.,  
Florida

*Your wife might have had some practical argument for using up the girl's clothes she bought before she knew she was going to have a son. But once the boy was born she should have accepted that reality, and not tried to convert him into a girl.*

*There have been a few famous cases of boys being dressed as girls in their early years. Ernest Hemingway, the famous macho writer and hunter, was dressed as a girl till he reached puberty, but his extreme macho stance may well have been a rebellion against what his mother did to him. There have been eras in which it was socially acceptable to dress boys in what we today consider feminine attire, but that was years ago. That doesn't hold for Florida in 1985!*

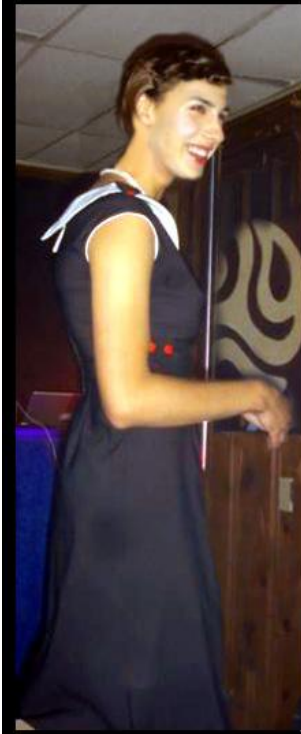
*Psychologists who specialize in child development know the importance of "social scripting." "Social scripting" means all the things we do to our children from their birth on to reinforce their developing image and identity of themselves as male or female. Your wife doesn't seem to have accepted the fact that she has a son and not a daughter.*

*Your son recognizes he has a boy's body and is trying to develop his image of himself—his gender identity—as a male. Your wife is giving him a conflicting message by forcing him to wear girl's clothes and wear his hair like a female.*

*In simple terms, your wife is creating some real psychological tensions and conflicts for your son. He may appear comfortable wearing girl's clothes now, but I am sure the other kids in the neighborhood, both boys and girls, have already applied peer pressure to him. Kids can be and are very cruel to a playmate who is different, and your wife has made your son different in a way few kids, or even adults in our culture would accept.*

*Your son probably already resents the way his mother is raising him. That anger could grow and lead to serious rebellion later on which you and your wife will regret.*

*If your son is in fact comfortable being dressed as a girl, he will surely find it hard to switch when he goes off to school. His classmates from the neighborhood may well continue to tease him about dressing like a girl.*



## BASHFUL WAITRESS WAS LOST BOY SCOUT

The hostel girls were suspicious. The pretty little new girl from Essex wouldn't mix with them. And when short haired Julie refused to undress in front of the other girls, they really began to wonder.

And yesterday the secret of the shy mystery girl was out. Julie is a BOY SCOUT.

For three months he has worked as a waitress in the hotel next door to the hostel. And a court at Rochford, Essex heard how the "quiet waitress" was caught.

Sgt Eric Hitchcock said the boy, aged 14, ran away from home last October and a massive police hunt failed to find him. So the boy's father had 10,000 leaflets printed - with a picture of his son in his scout uniform.

But the boy had swapped his scout uniform for the smart black dress and frilly white apron worn by his fellow waitresses at the 480 room National Hotel in London's Russell Square, while he lived next door at the Raglan Girls' Hostel.

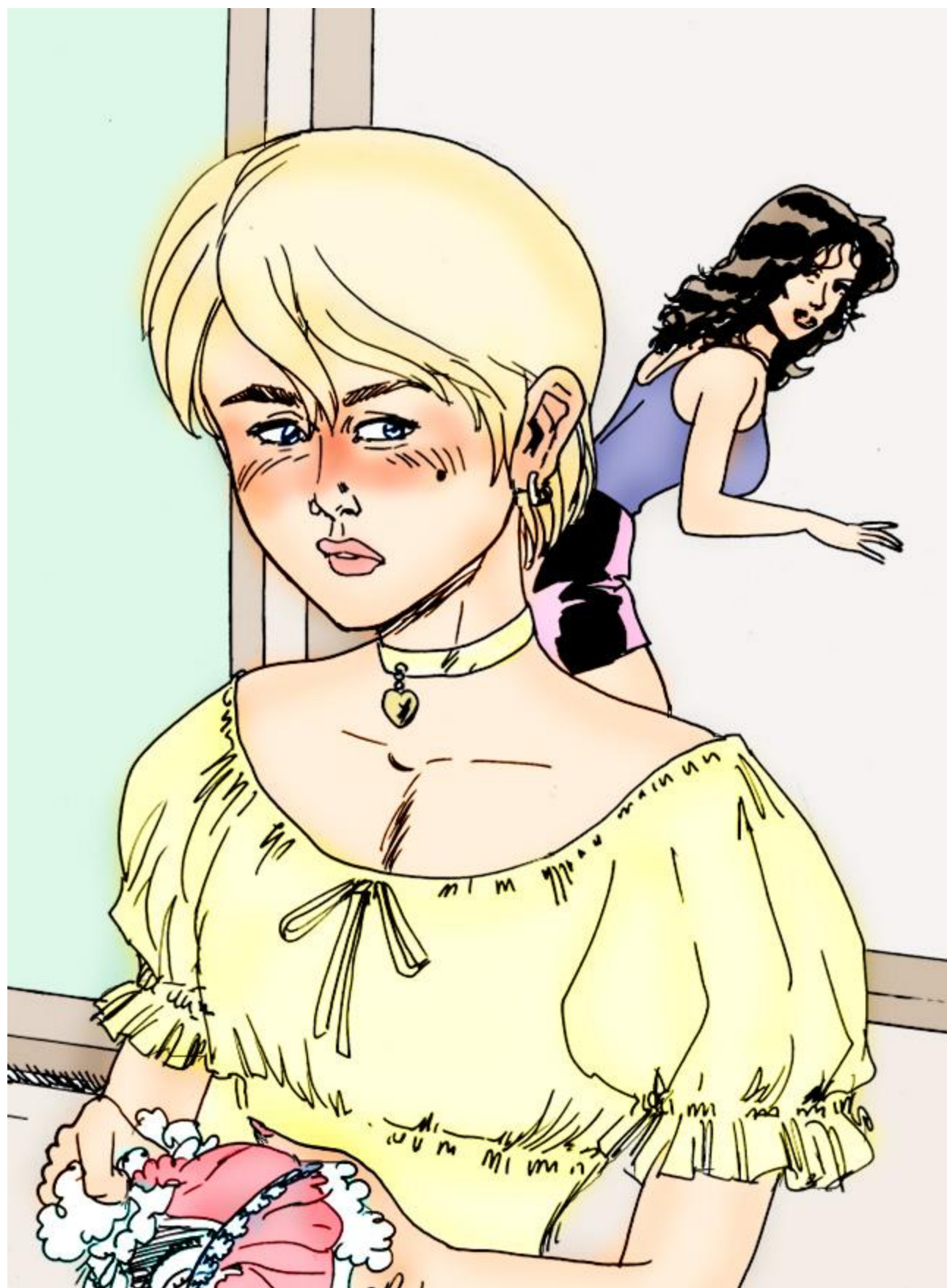
The police were called after the girls at the hostel became suspicious, and Julie was given a medical examination. Last night the boy - who was found to need care and protection - was in an Essex County Council children's home...for boys.

The youth said he "became a girl" because he thought he stood a better chance of not being discovered.

And last night an hotel worker said: "We all thought the world of Julie. She worked hard and was great company."

**Daily Mail January 1970.**





## Avenging His Sins

My slavery to Caroline had slowly developed over the last ten years, starting just after I graduated from high school. I had been very popular with the girls in school and took advantage of that to bed down dozens of girls, and in truth, be quite abusive toward most of them. Then I met Caroline and became completely besotted with her, and she parlayed that into dominating me and making me pay for all the shit I had dished out to girls for years – including the fact that I had broken her sister's heart and left her to rot in the valley of unrequited love.

Caroline and I live together but we never got married. She made it clear I was not worthy of being her husband, after all I was a lousy, selfish lover – at the start – and now I am sissy maid, and that's as close as I can ever hope to aspire to be near her. It took her years to lead me to where I am today, and my full blossoming into a sissy and then a maid has happened only over the last couple of years, and Linda was the one who had been teaching her a lot of the tricks to go from simply dominating me to feminizing and severely humiliating me.

Even though it was humiliating for me to be on display in front of Linda as I served them, I was very interested in meeting her because Caroline had kept their relationship separate from me. I only knew that Linda had been coaxing Caroline how to greatly advance my training and submissiveness.

Caroline is twenty-five, I'm twenty-eight, and I guessed Linda to be about my age. An attractive, big boned brunette, Linda was not as pretty as my Caroline, but she was solidly built and appeared to be very strong and athletic. My interest in meeting her ended as I was the subject of a sound thrashing. Caroline wanted to demonstrate one of the methods she used to discipline me. And now, here I was with a sore backside doing their bidding, wincing at every turn, as the welts left by her dress belt on my butt and upper thighs were teased and tortured with the elastics and silkiness of my loose-fitting bright pink rhumba panties that slid across my bottom with every motion and every step I made. I learned a lot as they chatted away, their tongues loosened from gleefully gulping down a fine Sonoma Chardonnay, and they were well into their second bottle. For one, I was astounded to hear that Linda had a twelve-year-old boy for a slave. And Caroline was saying things about our relationship that she never would have said directly to me.

"My sex life is so much better now that my little jerk-off boy [me] is my maid," Caroline said. "I have so much more time now since I don't have to do most of the chores around the house. I truly enjoy his suffering too, you know. More than I ever thought I would. It makes me so randy to take advantage of him, and I'm having more and better sex. I've got three guys I can call in a minute and have them here to fuck me royally, and if I don't want to put up with the guy bullshit, I've got a big selection of dildos that never let me down. Plus I use Nancy [me] to make me cum too whenever I'm in the mood for his sissy tongue!"

Linda laughed, "You randy devil."

"I must admit I'm really gotten spoiled being waited on, and I do enjoy walloping Nancy. It gives me a great sense of worth to so overpower the former high school football hero."

"Sally, my little slave boy – his balls have just started making baby juice -- I'm training him to fuck me. Some day I'll lock up his prick – and I must say he has a big one for a young boy – but I've got to make him a slave to his own penis first, and then I'll take that pleasure away from him."

"I can tell you," Caroline responded, "the day he fully realizes his fucking days are over will be a shock to him. My Nancy boy here cried for days, months probably, maybe he still cries about it, but what the fuck do I care? Since he's all locked up, he knows it's useless spending his time thinking of his own pleasure, so all he can do is devote himself to serving me. And once he gets over it, you don't have to worry about him. After all, who cares, he's only a slave. Just don't think of him as a human being; he's just a toy. He's here to serve and think of you only."

"What about his feelings?"

"What about them? He's mine to do with as I please. I don't have to give a damn what he wants! That's the beauty of it," she laughed as she took another sip of her wine. I was beet red listening to her speak so callously about me, as though I weren't even there. But then, to her, my feelings didn't matter. So long as I made her life pleasant. And if my suffering enhanced her sex life then I would suffer.

"I think you've now gone far beyond the tricks and ideas I gave you. Maybe it's time I learn from you, but I don't know if I'd feel comfortable making someone suffer as much as you do -- not all the time."

"That's OK. It's what you want. Mine's a special case anyway. I hadn't intended being this rough on him, but I've found it greatly excites me to abuse him, and I don't feel guilty about it in the least because of the asshole he used to be back in school. I'm just taking revenge for all the things he did to countless girls back then, my sister included – I told you about her and the shit he pulled on her. So I don't have any qualms at all, and like I said, it even turns me on!

"Now if you want him to jack him off you little slave boy or have him fuck you in every which way, then that's cool. If you want him to have a bit of pleasure, it's your decision. That's the beauty of taking control of males – it's whatever you want it to be. Only your wants and needs matter. If I want to discipline Nancy simply because I'm in the mood to beat the shit out of him, then I just do it. He doesn't have to do anything to merit it – just him being a pervert male is enough for me to do anything I want to or with him at will. I don't have to ask him if I can whack him. If I get off on making his life miserable, then I just do it. If you want a slave to enjoy a bit more freedom, that's up to you, but I'd make sure they never forget who's in charge. You have to be strict and firm. Never, ever let them off, never let them get away with being disobedient and never let them choose what they want to do."

"Does David mind? He's your current fuck, isn't he?"

"Yeah, pretty much, but I have three guys with hard cocks ready whenever I need that sort of attention, and yeah, David is still my favorite in that department. And, no, David's happy that I'm happy and that our sex life is better now than ever with Nancy doing the maid bit. Plus the house is always clean, and we get the little sissy to wait on us in every which way. David loves it! And he knows I have no feelings for Nancy. It's so different from the macho jerk of a kid who had it all in school like he did. If only all his classmates could see him now. There's his ten year school reunion coming up. I think we'll go to it – it could be fun."

"M-m-m-m it's tempting – I mean locking up your slave and then getting your sex elsewhere – just the torment your boy must feel. Wow! I can see the excitement in that. Maybe some day I'll treat my little Sally boy that way but not now," mused Linda as she quaffed some more wine. "Doesn't a slave get mean and aggressive if he can't frequently shoot his filthy juice? I remember what an asshole my ex was like if he couldn't get it when he wanted it."

"Not if you have them well trained – with their cock locked up, eventually, they get over that need to cum. But you probably don't have to be quite as harsh as I am. I just enjoy being a total bitch and making Nancy's life miserable. Especially since I remember what he was like in school. I get randy just thinking about the complete power I have over him, and it all works because the little sissy son of a bitch still loves me above all else in this world – go figure! I guess I've trained him to be one royal masochist. To have broken him so totally that he'll do things that totally disgust him – and do them without question, gives me the most amazing highs. My panties get wet just thinking about it! I didn't expect to like it this much when I started; I just wanted revenge; now it's a lifestyle."

She continued, "I really like using him to masturbate. It's easier than doing it yourself, yet you still have absolute control. You can make him go as fast or as slow as you like. He has to obey. And it's so much added fun knowing that if he doesn't do it just right, he gets thrashed. There's no pressure on me, nobody else to please, and the more I use him the better it gets."

Turning and looking towards me, her face set firm, she spoke condescendingly, "I wine and dine on the finest foods, go to the theatre, parties, play sports, go on the most fantastic vacations and generally have a great time; I truly enjoy my wealth. And of course I regularly have the greatest sex imaginable. But I always have the knowledge that Nancy is suffering the most austere life imaginable - just to be with me."

She then spoke directly to me, her voice barbed, "When I punish you or dream up one of my little games for you, it makes me very happy. And it makes you happy too. Doesn't it? Aren't you delighted that without you I wouldn't be as happy in life? So, see you're very important to me in your own little way." She then laughed at my forlorn look.

She spoke of me like I was a robot without feelings. Doesn't she realise how much I crave relief? How my daily ministrations to her beautiful body cause me to lust for release? How totally and utterly frustrated I get? How I crave to come too? How jealousy burnt deep within me as I watch her every day, serve her and watch her climax, sometimes ten or more times from the servicing of my often bruised and blistered tongue? She who gets to climax more times in a day than I will in the next ten years! My lust for her only serves to warm her up for sex with someone else. Haven't I long ago repaid the damage I had done to her sister years ago?

Sometimes I serve her as she lay on her back, on other occasions she's seated, maybe enjoying a glass of wine or fine brandy, reclining in bed, watching a movie and eating chocolates while I lap away, my erection trapped within my cage within my satin panties.

Sometimes she keeps her panties on which means I have to work much harder. Maybe I have to slip round and lick her anus too. Always though, she reaches earth shattering orgasms. And then I'm simply discarded. And at night she often cuddles up with another guy while I have to get caught up on my missed chores. The more I serve her the more she wants.

Her first orgasm always takes the longest. Sometimes I can spend an hour or more, my jaw aching and throbbing as I obey her whispered commands: "Faster. Harder. Now slow down, nice and gentle, up a bit, good." And I toil away dreaming that one day she'll spare me. Dreams are all I have though. Sometimes after an hour she'll come again and again in less than a minute. I feel so proud of myself.

Yet, always it's the same. I'm simply dismissed, tired and sore, and not even a word of thanks!

I remember one day she was particularly horny, as she normally is with her periods on. And much as I hate those times; I was called, as always to lick her off. I spent an hour or more massaging her body before I was steered down to her feminine centre. She kept her panties on, which were thoroughly stained with her bloody juices by then. It took nearly an hour and a half before she came the first time. After which she removed her panties, put them over my head, and I served her for another thirty minutes, my eyes covered with her stained nylon panties, and my mouth and lips pleasuring her through the lacy leg opening of those panties. Then after she came several times, she finally slipped down on top of me and one more time rubbed herself off vigorously on my nose until I thought it was broken and crushed into my head. My neck was stiff, my jaws ached so much I could barely move them, my nose was rubbed raw and my face was covered with her menstrual juices. Finally I was dismissed, but not before she fished her used tampon out of the wastebasket that she had discard before she had stared face fucking me. The Tampax was swollen with her rotting bloody discharge. She shoved it into my mouth and told me to keep sucking on it until bedtime, some four hours away. Then she sent me off to go back to doing my chores with the Tampax string danlging out from between my lips.

After all this effort I was way behind on my chores. But she'd come so many times I felt assured of her goodwill. When David came round she positively pounced on him. They cuddled longingly before she told him "I'm going to slip upstairs and put on something slinky for you, and then I'm going to make you



explode inside of me!" She grinned wickedly as she gripped his rampant organ. I was on my knees polishing the hall floor.

"But before you get your evil way with me....." she grinned lasciviously toward him, "I want you to do something for me."

"Oh? And what's that?" he quizzed with a lover's smile. She kissed him longingly, before pulling away to explain.

"I'm afraid Nancy has gotten a little behind in her work."

"And so?" he asked as they kissed deeply once more, his strong arms enveloping her.

"And so, you're going to have to deal with her first."

"M-M-M-M-m-m-m-m, is that so?" he murmured as they again embraced, their tongues probing deeply. Meanwhile I kept my head down, glancing at them by raising my eyes, my pangs of jealousy being replaced with fear as their conversation and kissing continued.

"Can't let her think I'm getting soft."

"I don't think Nancy will ever consider you soft," he laughed, "can't it wait?"

"No," she laughed lovingly, shaking her head and pecking him on the nose. "Go handle him, or you don't get any. I want to hear her screams up in the bedroom. It'll get my juices flowing for you."

"Tomorrow?" he grinned as once more they kissed and cuddled tightly.

"No. Now," she laughed, breaking free, "or I keep my panties on!"

"OK, you win as always. I'll be there shortly."

I busied away despite this ominous turn of events, I knew better than to stop.

She mischievously drew her panties off, threw them at me and told me to put them on over my head before skipping up the stairs and calling gaily out behind her, "Make sure I hear the little sissy sing now!"

I was positively shaking. She'd be two floors away. How could she get so much pleasure from someone else's pain and suffering? I took the panties and pulled them over my head, settling the crotch piece over my nose and mouth and the legs openings so I could look out and continue to do my work. I struggled to fight back the tears, as I heard David's heavy footsteps come up to me. He reached down and pulled hard on my ear through the white panties and dragged me harshly down to the basement.

"Get in position, you sick excuse of a human being. The sooner I get this over with the better."

I took up the all too familiar position over the bench. Picturing her in my mind's eye as she skipped up the stairs, not caring for the intense pain I was about to incur for her selfish whims. It seemed so much worse, just David and I. Thinking of Caroline upstairs, waiting, straining to hear my screams. Treating me so inconsequentially as to not even bother to watch. Perverse though it was, I preferred her thrashing me; it satisfied me somewhat to feel her soft skin as my bonds were tied, to glance at her beauty before my world erupted in pain. This was all beyond the limits of tolerance.

David quickly and brusquely secured me, without comment. By now I knew better than to argue or beg for mercy. It was futile and only brought additional punishment. Mercy was not heard of in this household, just raw brutal punishment designed to demoralize and destroy any shred of self-respect I might have.

He slowly uncoiled Charity. No matter how many times I met her I couldn't help feeling the sheer dread of her malignant black looks. I frequently got smacked with Caroline's dress belt or slipper, but when I was really in for it – like now – and what had I done? I don't know. Probably nothing. She just wanted me to have good licking with Charity – her name for the big black leather belt and never failed to bust my ass into hellish pain, a position I ended up in at least once or twice a month. I'd had worse hidings than what would come now; David wanted to get up to Caroline. But it helped none. I knew I was going to be left in abject unendurable misery, my behind a mass of pain and suffering.

"Twelve," he calmly advised. After that my world once more disintegrated.

When I finally struggled tearfully and painfully up to my room there was only the sound of their gentle exhausted snoring as I passed their room. They had their fun, while I, nursing a flaming behind, struggled to catch up on some last chores. I was distraught as always, but it mattered not. Her callous whims had been sated, that was all she cared for.

As I reflected on my sorrowful lot, I was brought back to the present by a loud burst of laughter, and Linda saying, "I think I just might try it." They had been they continually chatting merrily away, oblivious to my presence.

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No surprises then when two weeks later I went with Caroline to Linda's for dinner while David was off on business. I was dressed in my maids' outfit ready to serve again. The black satin of the dress was set off by white lace at the short sleeves and dress hem. I also had a white lace pinafore tied in a big white ribbon bow at the back. Frothy petticoats underneath rustled as I walked from the car to the front door, crimson as always, lest someone saw us. I just couldn't get used to this feminization.

My stockings as always were razor straight. My outfit completed by black patent leather shoes and a white maid's cap. My hair was getting a little longer now had recently been permed - an embarrassing adventure in itself.

I rang the bell and was shocked to be greeted by a similarly clad maid, a young girl. She was just a little kid. She curtsied graciously, just a slight blush to her cheeks and a touch of embarrassment in her manner. She led us through to the lounge, shimmying perfectly, as her pert behind rustled about her slinky petticoats. Her short auburn hair was set off with a white ribbon. Her legs were long and attractive, and she was slim and gracious in her manner. I was horny at once!

After Caroline and Linda had exchanged kisses and pleasantries I was introduced to my compatriot in servitude. "This is Sally," remarked Linda, "say hello to Nancy."

We grinned stupidly at each other.

"Now I want you two to get to know each other better. Sally has prepared afternoon tea so we'll serve ourselves. I want you to sit together on the sofa there and have a chat about what you get up to. We'll keep an eye on you from here."





"Hold hands first," smiled Caroline, "you're going to become very good friends. And I do mean VERY good friends," she finished with an impish grin and a wink to Linda. Burning bright red we held hands and sat on the sofa. "Put your free hands on each others thighs and bring your faces together," directed Linda.

I fingered her sensuous nylons as she gently stroked my thigh. I was aroused, decadently feeling her feminine fabrics and soft skin. I gazed into her face. She had on a little make-up, and it was well applied, deep blue mascara set off her eyes and her lips were coated in a deep red lipstick.

My face burned not knowing what to say.

"Tell Sally how pretty she looks then," intoned Caroline.

Blushing further I did as bid. "You look very pretty Sally."

Linda and Caroline burst into laughter at my clear embarrassment. "Come on, Sally, thank Nancy for the compliment," urged Linda through stifled giggles. Clearly we were to be a source of great amusement.

"Thank you, Nancy," she responded in a decidedly masculine voice, "it's good to meet you."

I squirmed as it registered that this was not a girl at all but a feminized boy – obviously Linda's twelve-year-old slave I had heard about. I was revolted at the thought of being so close to another male. yet he was so attractive. Our talk was stilted with discomfit. We simply stared at each other as bid, not knowing what to do or say next.

"Come on, closer together now," grinned Caroline, "you're supposed to be best friends."

"Yes, it's good that you get on well together," smiled Linda, before she burst out snickering at my obvious discomfit. We sidled closer together so our legs brushed together, our nylons sliding together like oil on water, soft and delicate. My ears burning.

"Well, perhaps I can help you break the ice," Caroline advised with a lilt in her voice. "If you're going to be as good friends as I know you are going to be, you need to know all about each other. No secrets between best friends. So, Nancy, I'll give you an incentive to get to know Sally better. Tomorrow you're going to write me an essay all about your new friend, Sally. I want to know what she thinks about, her background, her secret desires, and her life with Linda, what you think about her and why you like her so much. Everything a best friend should know." I squirmed with further embarrassment and concern at my undeserved impost. Sally was equally embarrassed.

"Now if you're to tell me all that, I'd guess we'd better make it 5,000 words. And if I don't find it revealing and honest, I'll see to it that you have a visit with Charity. Do I make myself clear?"

"Yes, ma'am," I announced clearly, despite my distress. I was too well trained to show anything else.

"Now, we'll leave you together for an hour to talk together."

Sally broke the ice first as they left arm in arm. "She's quite a tyrant."

"Yes," I grimaced.

"But she's very pretty, you're very lucky."

I tried to smile. He knew nothing of my miserable life.

"Nancy, that's quite an essay you've got to give her, I'm sorry."

"Oh, well," I glumly replied. "So, tell me about yourself."

I learned Sally lived a far less austere life than I. He was Linda's little brother. She didn't keep his penis caged like mine was, and he was allowed relief weekly. Over the years, he had learned to like being dressed as a girl. His sister had him well trained to the point that he no longer resisted being feminized. Being fifteen years his senior, she practically raised him because he was a very late in life baby for their mother. Linda's older sister, Sandy, was a girlie-girl. She was two years older and the girl I had so abused in high school. Their parents were incapable of keeping up with the rambunctious little ruffian toddler. Their mother was sickly and their father couldn't be bothered. So Sally took him in hand and feminized him without interference from their parents. Her older sister was into typical teenage interests at the time and had little interest in being a baby-sitter to their brother. But Linda was always an aggressive girl, and by the time her brother was born she was pretty much the one who ran the household. Unknown to her sister, she controlled their father and got whatever she wanted out of him with periodic striptease shows for the sex-starved old man who rarely got any sex from his frail wife. Caroline allowed her father to jerk off in pairs of her dirty panties while he watched her undress and dance around the room to the latest rock-n-roll love songs.

From the time she took charge of Sally (then known as Sammy) as a toddler, Linda had brought her little brother up to be bisexual, taught him how to eat her and made their father sit still and let the kid suck on his penis like a pacifier whenever no one else was around and Caroline wanted some peace and quiet away from the boy.

Hearing that was disconcerting to me given our closeness as we sat hand-in-hand on the couch and my homophobia. Sally's punishments were rare but sound, though they lacked the severity I received. He also cooked and shared his meals with Linda, though he ate separately. In the service of his sister, he worked shorter hours than I did too. I envied him.

When I came to explain my forbidding lifestyle he expressed great sympathy. He was genuinely sorry for



me.

"Nancy, being locked up must be dreadful; how can you go so long without relief?" he asked, staggered when I told him of my chastity belt.

Tears welled in my eyes, as I explained I couldn't stand it, but had no choice.

"So how many times have you ... you know?" he coaxed.

"Once in eleven months, and I get to do it again in two months," I explained.

"Holy moly," he shuddered, stroking my thighs. "I find it hard not touching myself, but I realize I mustn't if I'm to serve properly. But at least I'm allowed to please myself every week, and Linda's promised me a slave girl-boy for my first shot at fucking if I'm really good."

"I think I could take everything if it weren't for the abstinence," I smiled wanly as a tear dripped down my cheek. Here was another slave, but he shared not the extremes to which I was exposed.

"I think I'm glad she's not my Mistress," he continued. "Look on the bright side, though - you'll get a nice meal with me today. I've got fresh salmon and a vegetable salad for us all. Linda said you'd find your meal a real treat. Now I know why."

Indeed Linda looked so relaxed now she had Sally to serve her. What I wouldn't do to trade places.

"OK, girls," Caroline said looking over at us, "now, I want you to show how much you like each other. Nancy, let's see you give a big kiss to Sally."

I was mortified.

"Do I have to ask twice?" thundered Caroline at my hesitancy. I leant forward and shocked myself by kissing the little girl-boy briefly on the lips.

"Not much emotion for best friends. What do you think Linda?"

Linda was too busy laughing at my embarrassment to respond.

Caroline came over. "Right, I said you were going to be very good friends and I meant it. I want to see you necking passionately for the next thirty minutes. Do you understand?"

"I'm sorry, ma'am," I stammered. "You know I'm not gay."

"No? Well, now my little sissy, you're going to learn to be a real girl – and have sex like a girl too."

Linda was in paroxysms of laughter looking at the total shock and bewilderment on my face.

"Let me spell it out for you," snarled Caroline. "I want you to kiss this pretty little sissy deeply, do French, I want you to embrace passionately like you mean it. I want to see you probing each other deeply with your tongues. I want to see your hand sliding up each others legs and playing with whatever you find in each other's panties. I want you to play with each other's little training bras and squeeze each other's nipples. I want to see your mouths locked together for the next thirty minutes, or heaven help you when I get you home. And, Nanci, if you do it sincerely, I just might let you out of your cage at some point, so your dumpy little sissy penis can feel the love Sally will give you by tickling your hard little pimple within your silken panties. No do a convincing job of it, or you'll have dog food for dinner. Linda tells me she has a stock of it on hand since their sweet little collie dies last summer."

I was beet red but fought the revulsion when Caroline called for the crop. I felt nauseated as we embraced, his mouth was strong and firm, I was clearly embracing a boy, and I couldn't believe it. Thank god nobody could see. The girls sniggered away in the background as Sally's tongue sought mine and his hand slipped up my skirt; I felt him touching my panties and feeling my chastity belt under them.

"You poor sod," he muttered. "Mine's free if you want to stroke it."

I nearly choked on my bile at the thought, as I caressed his upper thigh. Enjoying the feel of his sleek stockings and the soft fabric of his darling panties, but mortified at the fact he was a male, just a little boy to boot.

I felt him squeeze my nipples through my satin training bra, and despite myself, I was aroused, even though his mouth felt small and hard compared to a female's, though it had been so long since I had enjoyed a kiss with real female.

The girls roared with laughter. "If only the guys at school could see you now. The big tough sports hero who had the pick of all the girls was really a pansy all along!"

I blushed furiously, it was all so demeaning.

Eventually we were sent out to prepare dinner. Still holding hands we left together. Dinner looked delicious. Sally was in charge and I helped out. It smelled fantastic. Four pieces of salmon on four plates were laid out ready for serving. Caroline and Linda came into the kitchen shortly before we were due to serve.

"What's this?" enquired Caroline looking at the four plates.

"I felt they deserved a treat. They can eat out here. Sally always has the same as me."

"M-m-m-m-m, for a slave she seems awfully spoilt," remarked Caroline.

"She works hard and willingly for her rewards though."

"Well, I prefer the big stick theory to the carrot approach," continued Caroline. "I'll not have Nancy spoilt. Besides, her lovemaking with Sally was not enthusiastic enough; I think I told her what the consequences would be if she didn't do it like she truly meant it."

"You're not serious are you?" asked Linda.

"Why not?"

Sally was looking on bemused.

Linda went over to the cupboard as Caroline addressed us both.

"Sally you can serve us both as well as feed my Nancy. I think she'll need some help.... Nancy sit down on the stool over there."

I sat down as ordered, watching Linda as she rooted through the cupboards.

"Place your hands under your legs and sit up straight," Caroline demanded as she tied a towel on me like a bib while I shook, fearful of what was to come.

"Here it is," Linda announced. "No name brand as promised."

Sally looked on with horror as the can of dog food was brought over. I felt the bile rising once more. It was just too cruel and inhuman for words.

"Lucky, Nancy," she smiled as she handed the tin to Caroline, who simply stood there resolute, her lips set firm.

"Sally, in between serving us and eating your own meal, I want you to serve Nancy. She's to eat every last scrap. I want the can scraped clean. You can share it with her if you like, but I want every morsel eaten. Is that clear?"

"Yes, ma'am," he looked at me with great pity and gently shook his head.

I was whimpering with fear. Surely not, not while they ate so well. How could she be so heartless? Surely this didn't turn her on?

"Nancy you'll sit there and eat every scrap. If Sally has any problems you'll pay dearly."



I envisioned myself eating that cheap dog food and trying not to vomit it up.

Caroline opened the can and left me to watch the foul contents, the stench was revolting and the contents looked disgusting. I fought back my nausea.

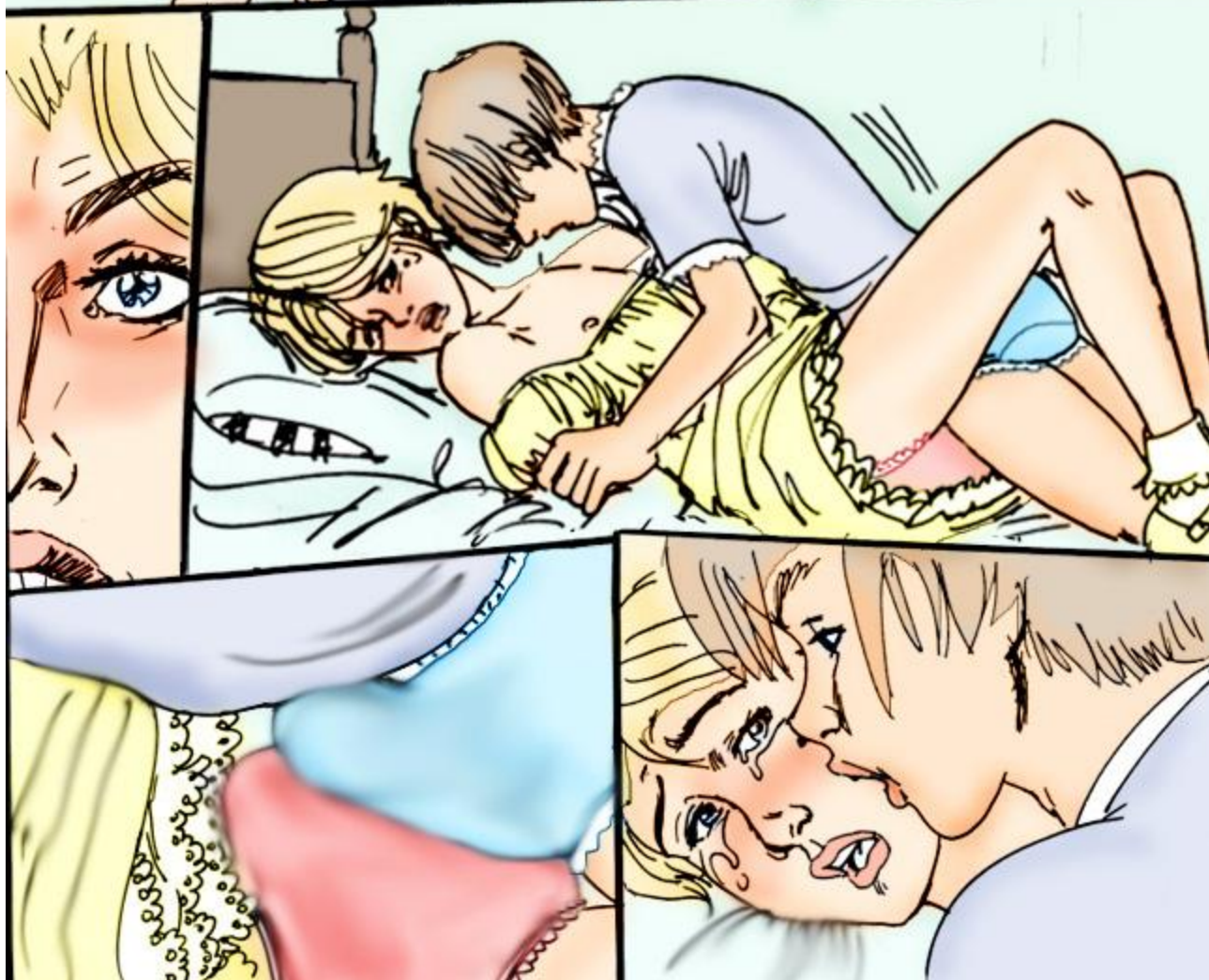
It's amazing what sheer terror can make you do. Though I felt positively ill by the time the can was finished, my face a picture of misery.

After the girls had finished their meal, we were once more invited to join them. I was still fighting to hold down my meal. Sally was by now genuinely caring for me; he couldn't believe what Caroline had made me do.

It was late when Caroline announced that we were staying the night so Sally and I could consummate our relationship. I was open mouthed in horror.

"Yes, my dear, baby brother," Linda announced, "I had promised you a sweet girlie sissy for your first fuck, and now is the time, you lucky little pantywaist boy."

The look of horror on my face cause the girls to laugh like they were ready to burst, as Caroline reached into her bag and brought out my slinky, excessively fussy and frilly pink nightdress and told me to get changed while Sally was being sent off to slipped her nightie.



"I told you that you were going to be very good friends," giggled Caroline. "I've been dreaming of this day for years. The big tough bully is really just a pansy after all. I've had you dressing as a girl and playing at being one; I think it's time you really started acting like one. You used to enjoy being a bastard to the girls at school. Now you can learn what being female really is like. Your butt will be a great little cum receptacle for your darling little friend's first fuck, and do it with a lot of loving enthusiasm. If I hear a word of complaint from her that it wasn't all she has hoped her first fuck would be, you'll be skinned alive. Am I clear?"

"Yes, ma'am," I blinked back tears as they both giggled.

Now dressed in the humiliatingly super feminine nightie, Caroline brought me before them. I shook as I looked at Sally because the front of her light blue, lace-trimmed babydoll panties poked out frighteningly. Sally looked like a real little girl, but her menacingly large protruding cock made it obvious she was clearly a boy!

Sally told me to hold out my hand. I was still dazed, staring at the huge bulge under the nightdress as Sally took me by the hand and led me up the stairs. My legs were giving way and Sally held me steady as we made our way up, the girls following behind.

"Reach down and cuddle his willy," ordered my Caroline. "Excite her. God knows you've been wanting to play with your own willy for long enough, well now you've got a real one to play with!"

I felt Sally's solid organ through the sensuous material of the nightgown and nylon panties. Enjoying the feel of the soft fabric I was terrified of what I was touching.

"Tell Sally how beautiful she looks," advised Linda.

I did as I was bid, fighting back my fear. Was I to be raped? Sally cupped my buttocks and stroked my panty and cage-encased cock while 'her' mouth once more found mine as the girls roared on their approval.

Sally escorted me to the bedroom where the girls sat down to enjoy my final humiliation and degradation. They were trying to stifle their laughter. Snorting and giggling as they sipped their elegant little goblets of dessert wine.

"Now stroke Sally's penis, you slut," ordered Linda almost spilling her wine.

Fighting my natural urges I gently caressed the erect organ through the folds of Sally's sleek lace panties. It was big and thick. Bigger than mine, at least seven inches of pulsing, rigid muscle, unbelievably huge, especially for a boy so young. I shivered involuntarily. Sally bent and gave me a deep love bite on each side of the neck.

The girls snickered in derision, calling out crudities. Crudities that we had to obey. "Go on suck his face off, you little pantywaists," Caroline giggled as we were locked in a deep kiss.

As we hugged and kissed, I felt Sally insert his rampant panty-covered cock between my thighs and gently pump. He was excited. Riding a sexual high, I learned he hadn't cum for a week and appeared to be very ready. Sally fondled my butt through the folds of my pink nightgown and silky panties. I shivered with horror as he reached under my gown and down the back of my pink panties to slide his hand down my ass crack and poke at my rosebud, all the while his avid tongue sought out the deepest recesses of my mouth. And I in return responded as ordered. I was revolted, yet helpless to resist; total servitude was destroying my last vestiges of male pride.

"Come on, give her a hickey like you did to the girls at school," catcalled Caroline. "You weren't so shy then."

I embraced Sally's neck with my mouth and sucked hard while Sally gently nibbled my ear. Sally rubbed closer against me. The shiny panty fabric encasing his erect dick was sliding smoothly and silkily between my legs and against the soft fabric of my own sissy panties coving my cock and balls.

"Now stick your hands up the skirt of Sally's babydolls and play teasingly and lovingly with her in her sweet panties, like you did at school when you forced yourself upon all those innocent little girls. Come on! Stroke his sissy balls so nicely packaged in such frilly babydoll girlie panties!"

I meekly obliged blushing red as Sally's delicate but strong hands massaged my buttocks and virgin asshole in the soft, teasing nylon of my panties as she buried her head in my neck and nuzzled against my shoulder.

"Come on, Nancy boy, seduce him."

I felt Sally's blue panties stretched taut by his erection. I looked down and gently tickled and then stroked it. I knew that's what I was supposed to do. He responded in squirming delight. I could feel his enormous balls bulging out the crotch of his elegant lace panties that were now totally distorted by his wanton cock and hungrily poking at me. Sally pulled me to the bed where she slipped back her nightie and directed me to serve, her cock erect within her panties. Like a lamb I suckled the tender flesh of her thighs above her stocking tops, before moving on to her satin pantied balls which I sucked on as directed, they filled my mouth causing me to feel like retching.

The girls were deliriously laughing, as one of them pulled my chin up, and then a firm hand on the back of my neck pushed me forward, and I was directed to go down on Sally's cock. I couldn't believe it. It was the most outrageous thing I could imagine.

"Go on, suck him off!" yelled Linda.

"At a girl" laughed my sweet Caroline. "We'll make a cocksucking panty whore of you yet."

This is as bad as it's going to get, I thought. The outer limits. My tongue rose up his stem, lashing his expanding tip, my stomach revolted as I licked off his seminal fluid seeping through his stretched out panties. Sally was in ecstasy.

"Go on, give him head, you miserable little pansy," laughed my girlfriend, the love of my life, now changed into my mistress, and I willing to do even this for her scraps of love. "Show us what a cocksucking panty-wearing slut you really are."

My embarrassment mingled with my natural abhorrence for what I was doing, the girls' remarks and taunting laughter burning deep within my psyche. I played my tongue around the pantied cock slit as Sally groaned and writhed in pleasure.

Then Linda slid Sally's panties down off his cock and nestled them at his big balls. With a hefty shove to the back of my head, Caroline had me swallow all of his cock meat. I almost gagged it was so big; I felt I was being choked. I sucked and sucked, my saliva drooling down the stem, the end thrusts agonizing against the back of my throat. My hands cupped Sally's balls, I couldn't believe how big his cock and balls were, especially for such a petite, beautiful and young sissy girl-boy, and how sore his dick made my mouth as it was forced open to take it all.

"Now move up and whisper endearments. This is your lover," directed Caroline.

I moved up as Sally held and cuddled me closer, her rampant organ straining, as solid as an iron bar, seven inches of pulsing manhood attached to a very feminine body, I was terrified.

"You're beautiful," I murmured.

"Tell Sally how much you like her cock. That'll excite her," snickered Linda.

I swallowed hard, my hand gripping the rock hard penis as directed and told Sally how massive it was, so powerful, and how sexy she was.

"Now tell Sally you want it, and you want it now," ordered Caroline, she was on the edge of her seat hovering over me. I looked over; her eyes were almost feral with anticipation, enjoying my total submission.

"Please, Sally, I want you, I want you now," I said with as earnestly as I could muster. I knew my duty, and I feared the consequences if I didn't do well.

"Say it with more feeling, you panty wearing faggot! You really want her; now make us believe it!" urged Caroline.



"Please, Sally, I need you. I need you, now. Please, Sally." I was begging for Sally whilst terrified of what was happening, knowing though that I must obey.

"Tell her where you want it..... Right up your pantied asshole!" commanded Caroline amidst fits of laughter.

It can't be. It's too big. I just thought, "Oh, god! NO!" But then I just cut myself loose from my body. What the hell. Get it over with. I steeled myself.

"Sally take me, take me now; stick it up my ass, please, give it to me," I sobbed with the horror at what was happening.

How could Linda and Caroline enjoy watching such an unnatural act? But it wasn't the act so much as my suffering that delighted Caroline, she had taken me down to new lows, achieved greater heights of power and dominance for herself, and avenged all her childhood memories.

I whimpered softly. We lay together, and as Sally pulled heavily on my nipples, I gasped. Sally inserted his hand up the leg opening of my panties and yanked them aside, prepping my asshole with a greasy finger. It was not rape precisely, but I didn't want to be here, but Caroline had decreed that I must.

"Take her doggy fashion," Caroline ordered him. "Come on, bitch, on your knees with your bum in the air, grip the headboard," she commanded of me.

Sally rolled me over and lifted me into position. Firm hands gripped my waist, before my silky pink panties were again pushed out of the way as Sally moved behind me and brought her big cock meat into contact with my ass crack.

"OK, now wiggle your backside, show you've got the hots for it," Caroline crudely called out.

I wiggled my behind to gales of laughter.

"Tell Sally how you want to be fucked."

I couldn't believe this was for real, "Take me, Sally. Sally, take me." I cried real tears just wanting to get it over with. I didn't want to take it up my butt; I was so humiliated. I just want it all finished; it was too unbearable.

"Come on, keep wiggling that rump. I want to see your pink pantied ass dancing to the delights of faggot love, and keep begging for it," ordered Linda.

Abhorrent though it was, I performed for their perverse satisfaction. I was sick to my stomach.

"I can't wait, take me, Sally."

I felt him rub the end of his elephantine knob around my tight anus. I shivered in apprehension remembering the enormity of it.

Round and round he rubbed till finally Caroline called out, "Right, stick it up her, now!"

I cried out at the invasion of his hot, greasy penis. It seemed to be four times the size of what it looked like. My back arched instinctively, but this only presented my buttocks more completely. I felt as though I was being penetrated by a horse, there was nothing pleasurable about it, simply shame at this abomination, pain and a sickly fear.

He pumped hard into me. The bed shook from his exertions and I gripped as tightly as I could onto the headboard, my eyes squeezed tightly closed, my head buried down on the pillow, my teeth gritted tightly. The bed knocked against the wall as he gyrated furiously in and out of my asshole. I was being royally butt fucked by a twelve-year-old sissy boy with a big cock! I tried to ignore it all, to go into another world, but it was all reality. I groaned with loathing and pain. Finally, he had his grunting, sweaty, sticky orgasm inside of me.

I was defiled totally. He was deep inside of me; I felt his cock pulsating within me. I was beset with cramps; I wanted to cry in pain. He did not want to come out of me, but my ass muscles trembled and spasmed so much he had no choice. He steered me down on the bed. As he withdrew I felt as though a sword blade were slicing through my bowels.

Sweat drenched me as Sally laid me back on the bed. I could smell the musk of sex in the room, mingling with the callous guffaws of Caroline and Linda. I wanted to vomit as Sally held me close.

"It'll get easier with time," Sally whispered.

"Don't forget to say thank you," remarked Linda stifling her giggles.

I sobbed, "Thank you," as Sally gently and playfully stroked my silky panties now alive with heat and wet with love juice drooling out my asshole.

"Well, we'll leave you two lovebirds to it," laughed Caroline, "sleep tight."

They left us alone, me in misery, Sally in a state of euphoria. Sally quickly curled up against me over and went to sleep, but his close presence did nothing for me, but heightened my feelings of loneliness and worthlessness. I felt filthy, soiled, humiliated.

I was indeed stiff and groggy when I met the girls at breakfast. I walked bow-legged and sore.

"You obviously enjoyed yourself," laughed Caroline. "Sex is good for you. Anyway you'll be pleased to know that I've agreed for you to become Sally's lover. Every month you'll get a night together."

My legs buckled beneath me at the prospect, while the girls giggled away.

"Now come on, lazybones, you've an essay to do and chores to complete. You can see Sally next month. A big kiss and let's be gone."

Sally and I embraced and kissed french-style before I left with Caroline driving.

She was grinning from ear to ear at my new found depths of despair.

"God, I'm going to explode tonight with David thinking of you submitting like a cheap tart. But don't get any big ideas. You are staying firmly locked up, and it won't be Sally who brings you off. You might enjoy that! I've had second thoughts about letting your cock out of your cage. You haven't yet demonstrated enough enthusiasm when making love with Sally. So until then, your relief is purely for medicinal purposes, not fun."

I was truly the most desolate soul on earth. I had nothing to look forward to or dream of. Ten years of hell with Caroline and this is where I had arrived -- all because as a graduate I fell for this perky little high school sophomore and pledged myself totally to her after years of bedding and bullying most of the other attractive girls in school. Caroline surely has made me do a major payback to females for all I had done to them. But I still loved her beyond belief. Even I couldn't believe how low I would go for her. I was thoroughly ashamed of my own actions, having gay sex with a twelve-year-old pansy! Yet I still loved Caroline, and more than ever. I hadn't even been allowed to cum, and I still loved her! Amazing! For years, I had let my cock think for me, and now my cock was getting nothing. Had I really been so mean in my teenage years to deserve this revenge?

As always, Caroline was good to her word. Once a month, generally on a Friday, if Sally had behaved well for the month, she comes to our house round about eight thirty. I greet her and take her to the lounge where I am expected to kiss and cuddle with her, whisper sweet nothings for an hour or so before taking her up to my room. Caroline thinks it's enormous fun and keeps popping in to witness my degradation and abasement. Sally leaves around seven the next morning, after she's fucked me a second time with me still reeling from the invasion of my abused asshole.

Now let me tell you what happened on the last Friday the thirteenth? Sally came round, and we were heavily petting on the couch. We'd been there about thirty minutes, touching each other up. (If I don't play my role to the hilt, Sally only has to tell Caroline and I'm in for it.) Caroline came in and told me, "OK, Nancy, it's time for your monthly treatment; stop your queer necking with that cute little girl-boy and come with me." Turning to Sally, she said, "Please slip off your pretty panties, darling. I need to borrow them for a minute. I'll bring them back in a jiffy. Nancy will only be gone for about three

minutes."

Wearing a long slinky nightdress in silky rayon, pale lemon edged with lace I followed after Caroline into the laundry.

"Lift your nightie up," she ordered, "and slip your panties down."

I obeyed meekly.

My steel prison was loosened as I stood there foolishly with my nightie held up around my waist. Caroline came round the front and slipped two fierce bull dog clips on my nipples. I winced with pain as my organ grew erect from the stimulus. She held Sally's panties, damp with her precum, and slipped them around my hard cock. She moved to one side and slightly behind and then tightly gripped my erect organ through the soft, ticklish nylon panties and got ready to jerk me off.

As I squirmed from the bolts of pain in my nipples, Caroline picked up a stop watch and grinned at me. I bent over with pain and nausea. "Ready, set, go!" she ordered as she immediately began pumping me furiously, keeping her grip tight and forceful over the panty nylon sliding up and down my cock.

I squealed, fighting to hold up my nightdress and stay upright. My only relief was the speed with which I shot my load.

"Fifty six seconds," remarked Caroline, "what a total wanker, you'd never please a woman shooting that fast, talk about a quickie!" she laughed.

She roughly removed the clips as I shook from the horror of it all. How could she turn something that was normally so pleasurable into something so painful, degrading and something I so feared? My body constantly screamed for release, yet all I ever got was this violent milking, no pleasure at all. I looked down at my raw penis which again had the skin abraded away leaving it red and lacerated, pricks of blood ran along the length as it subsided and the fiery tendrils of pain coursed along it. The blood was from the gouges left by her long fingernails that had dug into me and scratched the hell out of my cock while she had been panty wanking me. At the time I didn't even feel that pain, or at least not separate it from the pain I felt all over. Caroline rubbed in some alcohol which had me hopping and squealing before my steel cage was replaced. This further chafed my smarting organ.

In a flash, my panties were pulled back up and my nightie dropped back into position. Caroline escorted me back. I could walk only with great difficulty, my penis, rubbed raw, throbbed in agony, an intense pain that was escalated by the alcohol rub. She had to help me stay upright. I was a distraught and sorry sight returning to the lounge just five minutes later. It was the first time Sally had been present during one of my monthly milkings, which she had heard about, but I don't think she realized a guy could be so painfully and completely desecrated with a panty wank, and in such a short time.

"What happened?" Sally asked bewildered.

"I was jacked off," I sobbed incoherently as I strained to contain the raw nerves that were exposed and rubbing against the hard steel case.

Caroline handed Sally's panties back to him and told him to put them on. They were sticky with my stale, foul-smelling jism, but he obeyed, gingerly sliding them up his legs. He grimaced, as the wet panties left a trail of my slimy semen in their upward path that glistened on his chins, knees and thighs. Caroline steered me to the sofa to stand before Sally and raise my nightie, but the cause of my plight was locked securely out of sight and pulled tight between my legs. I groaned as Sally, as directed by Caroline, eased my panties down, took a close-up look and toyed with my steel penis cage.

"You poor bugger," Sally mused. "Let's take you up to bed."

Small mercies I thought as my insides wanted to revolt, knowing I was about to be panty butt fucked again by this boy's big sissy dick. Was I the only person in the world who must suffer so?

Soon after, we went to my ten-year high school reunion. I wanted to go, mostly because I could dress in normal male clothes and get outside for a change – well almost. Caroline did put me in a rented tuxedo, but insisted I wear some of my most sissy pink bra, slip, panties, garter belt and black nylon stockings underneath.

Even though Caroline had been a few years behind me in school she knew a lot of the people who were going to be there.

For the event, the organizers had put together a follow-up to the school's yearbook, featuring photos of everyone back then in school and now, along with a picture of their spouse or SO and a potted biography of their school accomplishments as well as a follow up of what they were doing now doing now.

When we entered the reunion, we got a copy of the book. We went in and Caroline sat down beside me as we looked at the book together. She was sniggering as she explained, "When the invite came, I took it upon myself to send in some current photos for you. Here you are."

Knowing how devilish Caroline could be, I was crimson already.

There, for all to see, was a photo of me as a pupil in my final year and a list of all my school successes. And to my chagrin, next to it was a photo of me dressed in my maid's outfit and another of me holding hands on the couch with Sally and my free hand on his leg and under the edge of his skirt. I could vaguely remember posing for the shots. Caroline was almost crying with laughter at my mortified face.

The text read, "From high school stud and scourge of all the girls, Robert has now found his true calling

and been transformed into Nancy, a ladies' maid and a slave to all females. He has a close relationship with Sally, the darling young transvestite pictured here. Robert is well-disciplined and toils hard at his menial tasks. Understandably he (or is it she?) has no children. And depending upon your view, he may or may not have lived up to the "Most likely to succeed" title that he was awarded ten years ago by his senior classmates.

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## THE VICAR'S SON

*The vicar walked up to Jayne the attractive brunette and names her winner of the beauty contest.*

*But his smile vanished when 17 years old Jayne took off her wig and said: "Hello, dad."*

*For the winning girl was the Vicar's SON.*

*Last night the Rev Wynter Blathwayt, vicar of Horning, Norfolk, said: I was terribly peeved at first. But it was a joke done extraordinarily well." He added: "I would have barred my son on sight if I had known anything about it. But he was wearing so much make-up and false shapes that I was completely taken in."*

*His son, Harry, fooled the audience - and the other five contestants - as he paraded in a bright yellow mini, tights and auburn wig.*

*Two local barmaids, 21-year-old Bernadette Gilmour and 20-year-old Diane Jackson, made up his face. Harry said: "I revealed my true identity straight away. I thought the joke had gone far enough." His title went, without protest, to the runner-up, 18-year-old Annette Goldring, on holiday from Hendon, London.*

**Daily Express July 1971**



## **Dad Let Mom and Sis Make Me into a Girl for the Summer**

It was springtime, and my sister and I were going to start first grade in the fall. We both had lost our front teeth and our new ones were coming in. Our birthday was only a month away and we'd be six. Mom took us shopping for summer clothes. My sister looked forward to going shopping while I had wished I could stay home and play, but I was too young to be left alone so I had to go along. I'd wear whatever Mom put on me, so clothes weren't very important to me, but Diane was picky about what she wore and always went for the prissiest things.

I was bored even before we arrived at the first store and then dragged into the girls' department. Mom and sis were looking at underwear. Diane couldn't decide between the Barbie and the Disney Princess panty and top sets. It took her forever until she decided and Mom bought them for her. Sis took just as much time choosing some slips and lacy ankle socks. Thoroughly bored, I started crawling under a rack of frilly petticoats pretending I was in a cave. That resulted in a severe scolding by my Mother, "Dana, get out here! What do you think you're doing? Can't you just stand still for a little bit and behave

yourself?"

"But, Mommy," I said, "I'm tired shopping. Can't we go home now?"

"Look here young man, your sister needs clothes also and at least she has an interest in looking decent. It's too bad you two weren't more identical. It would be a lot easier to dress two girls or two boys than a boy and a girl."

"Well I'm a boy and I just wish you'd hurry up so we can get going," I responded in anger and embarrassment that she would even suggest something like that, even just teasing.

Mom bought her all her under stuff and we went on to the shoes. If picking out underwear took time, I couldn't believe the time we were spending in the stupid girls' shoe department. I think Diane had to try on every pair of shoes in the store. Sneakers, sandals, dress shoes, play shoes she tried on several pairs of each. I was bored again and trying to entertain myself. I was examining the shoe displays when all of a sudden the rack with what seemed like a hundred pair of shoes toppled over. I stood there in shocked silence, as everything in the department got deadly silent.

The silence was broken as I stood among the scattered shoes. I didn't do anything. I had hardly touched the rack. "Dana Lee, what did you do? Get over here this instant. Sit down in that chair and don't move a muscle or I swear I'll spank you right here in front of everyone," Mom ordered.

I did as was ordered as Mom and the sales lady up righted the display and started returning the shoes to the display. Mom was apologizing to the lady for the actions of her wayward son and I think I even heard her say to the lady she wished she had had two girls.

On her return she gathered up several pairs of the shoes and looking right at me with her mad face said, "I have never been so embarrassed in my life. I don't know what you think you were doing but if you so much as breathe wrong the rest of the day you'll wish you hadn't. Why can't you behave as well as your sister? Why couldn't I have been blessed with twin girls?"

I meekly got up and followed her through the checkout as now both Diane and I were burdened with packages. It was on to the girl's clothes department and from the very first item I knew this was going to be a very long day. Diane and Mom routed through the dress racks each pulling out dresses and handing them to the clerk. The Diane disappeared into the changing rooms. Each dress she tried on she had to come out and model. Do you have any idea how long this was taking? I mean she had sundresses, party dresses, church dresses, and play dresses all to try on.

Well, I was bored. I tried to amuse myself making funny faces in the mirror. I played hide and seek with myself between the racks of dresses. I heard the sales lady say to Mom, "It must be a real trial to have such pretty girls and one of them turns out to be such a tom boy. She doesn't seem to have any interest in the dresses at all."

Mom just shook her head and said, "Well, the other one is going to be in dresses if they don't learn how to behave while shopping."

It was just then that I stumbled over a carpet and went headlong into a rack of dresses. The rack shook and teetered on falling as I grabbed the dresses to hold the rack. The rack settled back but I was left standing holding three or four dresses that had come off the rack. Mom looked over with fire in her eyes. The sales lady rushed over to make sure the rack was going to survive and to make sure I was unharmed. "Oh sweetheart, are you all right? Maybe you best let your Mother or I get the dresses off the rack for you if you'd like to see them."

I barely looked at her as my gaze was fixed on my Mother also fast approaching. She reached out and took the dresses from my grasp and calmly looked at the dresses and then said to me in the most menacing voice, "Dana, please if you want to try on the dresses just ask me to help you. These aren't quite the right size for you but your sister has two of the same dresses in the changing room and you can just join her there and try them on in there."

I was flabbergasted and stuttered, " Ah... ah... Mommy, I don't want any dresses. I'm a boy."

To which she replied in a patronizing way, "Oh yes, sure you're a little boy. Now get into the dressing room before this nice lady has to witness a bare bottom spanking."

"Oh dear, you do have your hands full with that one don't you. But I'll bet once she's in a pretty dress like her sister she'll enjoy being a girl," the sales lady said as Mom taking me by the shoulder in a painful grip ushered me towards the changing room. Diane was shocked as I was thrust into the changing room with her.

"What's he doing in here?" She almost shouted as she stood there in her panties and camisole holding a little sundress in front of her.

"Well your new sister is going to get some dresses to wear. Now, Dana, strip down while I find you some lingerie to wear underneath so you can try on your new dresses," Mom commanded.

"But Mommy I'm not a girl and I don't want to wear dresses," I retorted somewhat meekly. Diane giggled and put her dress on and slipped out to see herself in the mirrors.

"But Mom, I'm a boy."

"And what makes you think you're a boy? Just because someone told you that, you think you're a boy? Well, you're not going to be a boy anymore. You're going to be a good little girl like your sister."

"But Mom I really am a boy. I mean I got a pee-pee between my legs and Diane doesn't."

"Well, if you wear dresses and girls clothes that will disappear and you'll be just like your sister, a girl."

During this conversation Mom had stripped me naked and had me in a pair of my sister's new panties and camisole to match. They were yellow nylon panties with Cinderella on them and the little yellow nylon camisole was all ruffled around the edges and the straps and little bow ties on the shoulders. They felt really smooth and cool on my skin, nothing like my own boy underwear. Mom had said I was a girl or would be if I wore girl's clothes. I wondered, if she had dressed me like a girl when I was a baby, would I already be a girl like Diane?

I was standing there shivering when Diane burst back into the room carrying a pale lavender flowered party dress almost like the pink one she was wearing. "Look Mom the sales lady found a dress like mine but it's purple. Can Dana have it? We'd look just alike if he did."

"Well let's see how he looks in it and we'll decide," she replied as she slipped the dress over my head, buttoned it up the back, and tied the sash in a big bow in the back. Except for my hair, when I looked in the small mirror in the dressing room, I thought I looked like my sister. My face was hot and red from embarrassment. Regardless of what Mommy said I knew I was a boy and boys don't wear dresses. Before I was ushered out of the dressing room, Mom put me in white tights and white strap shoes like my sister's with a flower decoration on the toe.

The sales lady was awaiting our return and as Diane and I stood side by side; she oohed and ahed and said, "My such a beautiful set of twins. Now don't you feel better and more like the pretty little girl you are in that dress like your sister?"

I wanted to tell her I wasn't a girl. I'm a boy. But Mom said I was going to be a girl. Would my pee-pee go away and would I get a hole like my sister had if I had to wear girl's clothes? I was embarrassed but didn't really know why and then I just burst into tears.

Mom just pulled me to her and said in a comforting tone, "Now, now, Dana, don't cry. You look very pretty in your dress and we'll still get you some shorts and pants to play in. You won't have to wear dresses all the time, but I'll bet you'll get to love them as much as your sister does."

My sister came and standing right in front of me reached out and brushed a tear from my cheek and said, "Oh Dana, don't cry you really look nice and we can have lots of fun together, Come on, lets go get some play clothes. OK Mom?"

"Yes, girls just let me pay for these and we'll go. You girls can wear the new dresses just let me get the tags off so I can pay for them."

I protested, "Mom can I wear what I had on before, please?"

"Oh don't be silly, Dana. You know you'll just get yourself in more trouble looking and acting like a ruffian. Now come along."

And so it was. We traipsed through the girls clothing sections as Diane picks out clothes. Every other thing she picked was pink or lavender or pale yellow, but mostly pink! Pink Jeans, pink shorts, pink tops and even two pair of pink sneakers she had at check out time. Laden down with packages we made our way back to the car for our trip home. I felt especially weird since I was in a party dress, like I was going to some stupid little girl's birthday party. We packed the trunk of the car, and as I started to crawl into the car, Mom grabbed me and pulled me back.

"Dana, watch how your sister gets in the car wearing her dress. You had better learn from her. You don't crawl into the car unless you want everyone in the parking lot to see your panties."

I turned red as I looked around to see people in the lot who probably had already seen up my dress and see the yellow panties I was wearing. I watched as she stepped up on the door frame and then sat scooping her dress under her as she sat down into her car seat. I mimicked her movements somewhat more clumsily and was soon strapped in my car seat. Soon we were on our way back home. I immediately began to wonder if Dad was going to be home. What would he say when he saw me wearing a dress? I hoped he would make Mom dress me in my own clothes so I wouldn't turn into a girl. I wondered what my friends would say when they saw me wearing a dress? Would they still play with me? I also came to the realization that Mom had not even gone to the boy's departments while we shopped. Was she mad at me and not going to buy me any new clothes for summer?

"Mommy," I ask quietly, "Aren't I going to get any new clothes?"

"Of course, your are, sweetie," she replied, "I got you some today and we'll just have to see what else you may need for the summer."

"But Mom," I whined, "I want to be a boy. Daddy will laugh at me if he sees me in a dress. And Billy (my best friend) won't play with me if I look like a girl. He doesn't like girls. He says they're yucky."

"Oh, don't worry about your Father. I'm sure he loves having two beautiful daughters instead of one. And as for Billy, you shouldn't be playing with him if he has that attitude. I'm sure you'll find lots of new friends to play with."

Then Diane spoke up, "Oh Dana I would really like to have a sister. We can play a lot more together and I know Emily and all my friends will like you a lot better now and we can all play together."

I didn't want to play with girls. I wanted to play with Billy and the other boys. I didn't want to become a girl. As I sat there mulling all this over in my mind I also thought about the clothes I was wearing. The dress was a lot cooler. It let air clear up my legs even more than shorts did. And without the sleeves like my shirts it was cooler. It felt funny because the panties were so slippery and I kind of slid around inside



the dress.

We pulled into the driveway and the first thing I spotted was Daddy's car in the driveway. I really didn't want Daddy to see me in a dress looking like my sister. Mom popped the trunk and opened the doors unbuckling Diane and I and pulling us out of the car. She commanded, "Come on, girls, let's get our packages out. Your Dad is home so we can show him all your pretty outfits."

As we were being loaded down with packages with myself on the verge of tears I pleaded one more time, "Mommy, please. I don't want Daddy to see me wearing a dress."

"You stop your whining right now young lady. If you could have behaved as a boy you wouldn't be wearing dresses and panties. Just keep it up and I'll turn you over my knee and warm your pantied bottom in front of you Dad. Now get moving."

I moved behind them both into the house trying to hide behind them and the packages.

Daddy greeted us as we entered, "Oh there you all are. How was the shopping trip? Diane, did you and your Mother break the bank?"

"Oh Daddy, we got lots of nice things for me and Dana. We even got matching things, see." Diane replied as she stepped aside exposing me to the full view of Daddy.

His mouth dropped open as he stared at me then looked back at Diane and then back to me. He stammered and stuttered and finally was able to get coherent words out, "What's going on? Dana what are you doing in a sissy girls' dress?"

He stepped closer and looking over at Mommy he laughed and asked her, "What's going on here? Why is Dana dressed up like Diane? What have you done with my son?"

Mom, replied, "Well your son doesn't know how to behave himself so he's being taught a lesson. Until he learns how to behave as a boy he's going to be your other daughter."

"Wow, hold on a minute. You mean your punishing him by putting him in Diane's party dress? I don't think this is a very good idea and there are other ways of discipline. I don't want my son running around looking like a little sissy."

"Don't get huffy with me," Mommy retorted, "He'll stay in dresses until he learns how to behave. I'm the one who spends all day and evening with them. You work all week, play golf all Saturday and sleep on the couch most of the day Sunday and I'm left to care for and discipline the children and I'll do it as I see fit. That is unless you want to become Suzy homemaker and stay home and care for the kids while I work."

Daddy backed off, "Marie let's not fight about this in front of the kids. I just think we need to discuss this further before any final decision is made. Dana, ah... ah... well you're as pretty as your sister in that dress and if you want to wear it for awhile it's ok."

I responded, "Daddy, I don't want to become a girl. I like being a boy."

He laughed and said, "Oh, don't worry you're not going to become a girl. You'll always be a boy but for right now you better do what your Mother tells you. She and I will talk about this tonight and see what we can work out. Now don't worry your head about it just try to enjoy being a girl for a little while."

As the evening progressed we sat down to dinner with both Diane and I still in our matching dresses. I was very subdued and tried to keep my head down so as not to look into the eyes of anyone and possibly ignite a conversation. I felt as if I would burst into tears if anyone said anything to me. I thought I would make it through without conversation till Mommy started.

"Dana, I'm very proud of you. Your table manors are as good as your sisters. And sitting there together it's very hard to tell one from the other."

I just squirmed down further in my chair till Daddy had to put in his two cents in a teasing manor, "Well, I've always said Diane was the prettiest girl in preschool, but now Dana is going to give her some real competition. I guess if my son is going to wear dresses and pretend to be a girl I'm at least happy he makes such a pretty one. I'll bet by now you like the feel of wearing a dress instead of jeans."

"Daddy, I don't. I'm a boy," I replied with a quivering lip. In my mind I was more embarrassed because Daddy might be hitting a hidden truth. The dress and slip made my bum kind of slide around on the panties and the slip did feel much nicer on my chest and legs than my underwear ever did. But I knew it wasn't right and Mommy said if I wore them I'd turn into a girl. Maybe I was becoming one already. Finally we were excused from the table and Diane and I retreated to the living room to watch TV.

Mommy went to the kitchen to cleanup the dishes and Daddy even went with her, which was really unusual. I could hear them talking but couldn't make out what they were actually saying. I hoped Daddy was going to make Mommy let me be a boy again. Sometime later Daddy stormed through the living room to his den shutting the door with a loud bang. Sometime later Mommy came in and told us to get ready for bed. Finally I was out of the dress and panties as we were put in the tub together and told to wash and she would be back shortly for us.

After Mommy left us in the tub I told Diane what Mommy said about how I'd turn into a girl if I wore girl's clothes. She giggled and said, "You mean if I wore your clothes, I'd grow a pee-pee like yours and be a boy?"

"I guess so. Do you think my pee-pee is getting smaller already," I ask her as I kneeled in front of her holding my penis out for her inspection.

Diane reached out and took it in her fingers and after close examination replied, "It might be. It is pretty small. But don't you want to be my sister? I would really like it if you were my sister. We could play dolls and house and everything together."

"I don't know. I mean I have been a boy and what will Billy say?"

"Oh who cares what he says. Just think of all the fun we can have and Emily and Susie and Carol will all be our friends. And don't you really feel pretty when you're wearing a dress and slip? And don't you like wearing panties that are all smooth and slippery?" She giggled and went on, "I tried a pair of your underwear on once and they were really yucky. I'd never want to wear underwear like those. And our hair is growing out and pretty soon Mommy will take us to get it fixed at the beauty parlor. Oh you'll really like it there. It's so neat."

"Oh I don't know. I mean the dress did feel nice but boys don't wear dresses and panties."

"Oh Dana but your going to be a girl now so it's ok to wear dresses and panties and get your hair done and everything. Oh Dana I know your going to love being a girl. I know I really do."

I thought about what Diane said but I still thought I wanted to be a boy. We continued to splash and play till Mommy came in to wrap us in big fluffy towels and march us into her bedroom. There she completed drying us and handed us panties to put on. The pink ones she handed me were smooth like the other ones but had lace all around the legs and bum. I didn't object and slipped them up as I looked to see Diane wearing a pair just like them. She gave us each a long pink silky nightgown to put on over our heads that had "Barbie - Princess" written across the front. The feel of the nightgown around me gave me goose bumps. She then sat us on her bed and brushed out our damp hair. It dried as she brushed it. She then slipped pink ribbon headbands over our hair separating the bangs from the rest and said, "There you are girls. That will keep the hair out of your eyes tonight. Now go down stairs and give your Daddy a goodnight kiss and I'll get you both some cookies and milk."

Diane took off like a shot leaving me sitting next to Mom on the bed. I turned to her and said, "Mommy, I'm not sure I want to be a girl. I like being a boy. Do I have to wear girl's clothes?"

She put her arm around me and hugged me as she explained, "Honey you could never be a boy as pretty as you are. Just look in the mirror and your sister. Do you think your sister looks like a boy? See, if she looks like a girl and you two are twins, then you look like a girl too. If you insist on dressing like a boy then all you'll ever be is a sissy. Not a girl or a boy but a sissy. And you know how mean the boys would be to you and even some of the girl if you were a sissy boy. And that's what you'd look like a real sissy boy even if you wore boy's clothes."

I tried to comprehend what Mommy had just said. I didn't want to be a sissy, for sure. There was a boy in preschool that had long hair and that wore frilly shirts and shiny shorts to school and the kids called him a sissy. They wouldn't play with him and called him prissy sissy and other names. No, I didn't want

to be a sissy. But if my hair got cut short and I wore boy clothes wouldn't I look like a boy and not a sissy, I wondered.

After my silent thoughts wore on Mommy finally said, "It's getting late now. Go on down and say good night to your Daddy and I'll get you snack."

I went down the stairs to find Daddy but was apprehensive about appearing before him as a girl even though he had already seen me in a dress. I heard Diane giggling and discovered the reason as I entered the living room. Diane was up in Daddy's lap and he was tickling her and making her squirm as they played. He turned his head as Diane turned her attention to me and after a pregnant silence he spoke, "Oh there's my other beautiful daughter. Come over here."

When I was within his reach he grabbed me around the waist and pulled me up into his lap opposite my sister. "Now then, give your old Dad a kiss before I have to tickle you like your sister."

As I reached out and put my arms around his neck and kissed him on the cheek he began to tickle me in the ribs. I had to break the kiss and I squirmed just squirmed in his lap like a girl. Just like my sister had been doing. He finally stopped as Diane and I caught our breath and he said, "Oh you two are going to be heartbreakers now you better jump down and get to bed to get your beauty rest."

We slid off his lap and as our nightgowns rode up in back he reached out and playfully pinched us both on the bum. Both of us almost in unison screamed and shouted, "Dad-d-d-d-y-y-y-y-y-y!"

Diane said as we left, "Good night, Daddy, I love you."

I felt compelled likewise, although I hadn't been so personal with Daddy for sometime now repeated, "Good night, Daddy, I... I love you."

"I love you too, girls," he said as we entered the kitchen to gobble down the cookies and milk Mommy had set out for us.

Once we were tucked into bed and before sleep over took me I thought about all that had happened today and wondered about the change in Daddy's attitude. I really thought he was going to stop Mommy from making me a girl. I wonder what Mommy said to him after dinner because he looked angry when he went to the den. But then when I went to say goodnight he treated me just like he did my sister and called us girls. I thought about tomorrow and if Billy came over and saw me dressed like a girl. What would he say? Would he call me a sissy? Would he believe I was girl and not a sissy? Would he still be my friend if I were a girl? Sleep overtook me.

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