

Pussy Boy Pages

Reader's Stories & Pics

Volume 13



Adults Only

Thoroughly Spanked Boy

His new governess spansks and feminizes him and takes charge of his nightly masturbating!

The Shopping Trip

A woman discovers her son's best friend has a fetish for lingerie — so she takes him shopping!

A Believer in Spanking and Petticoating

In front of their boy's friends, this mother and father punish their boy with girls' clothes, spankings and a dildo fucking

Spanked and Sissified by My Aunt, Uncle and Girl Cousin

After his parents died, they took him in and subjected him to humiliating punishments.

Spanking Pen Pals

These women spank and bloomer panty punish a boy who caught peeking.

Jennifer & Her Friends

They turn a slave into a panty trained maid and cocksucker!

Plus a lot more!

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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Panty Trained by Mistress Jennifer and Her Friends

She stood in front of the boy and slowly undressed. She could see his cock throbbing in his pants. She knew that within moments, he would be so hot that she could get him to take his cock out and let her dominate him until he was ready to crawl to her. She offered him her bare breast and let him suck on it. Then, she slowly started to massage his hard little penis through the fabric of his trousers.

She had him sit down before her, and then she slid her shiny pink panties down and off her long legs. She dropped the hot panties on his lap. At her direction, he raised the panties to his lips and kissed and licked them. He rubbed the garment all over his face, and she knew that all of his secret fetishes would be easy to uncover. She'd find fetishes he had that he didn't even know he

had and use them to conquer him!

While he stared at her charms, she unzipped his pants and pulled out his little boner. She took his hands still holding her panties and made him fondle his cock through them. After several vigorous strokes, he collapsed with a groan as he shot his load into the silky, girlish panties.

“What a pathetic sissy! Now put those wet panties on, you shit! While you're on trial to see if you'll make a good slave, you are to dress like the sissy faggot you are. Now, hurry up. Put the panties on that you defiled with your snot.”

“But mistress, I can't, I mean to put these on, they're for girls, I mean...”

“Shut up, cocksucker!” Jennifer said as she slapped him across the face.

He whimpered from the pain but hurried to put on the pink panties.

“That's much better fuck face. I'll fix you up real pretty in the morning.

While wearing the panties, Brent found he was hot from the way the silkiness felt against his skin, and his cock started to push against the nylon that confined it. His mistress smiled at his lust; she knew he was a true slave, one who got his pleasure from serving, and she'd turn him into a faggot who loved to wear female clothing. She could tell he had not faced his fetish for lingerie before from the way he had bitched at having to wear the panties, but she could also see he was excited wearing them. She could hardly wait to dress him as a maid and have him wait on her and her friends. Her dominant female friends would enjoy punishing him, and she had other slaves, some of whom she had sex with, and she could hardly wait to fuck them while he watched, dressed in the outfits she'd have made for him.

“All right, you sick little panty-wearing shit, you have thirty seconds to jack off in your panties.”

He immediately started to play with his small cock, tickling himself through the panties. His penis found it very pleasurable within the soft nylon. He stroked himself faster and faster and grunted with his effort as he tried to cum. He knew his time was running out. He didn't want to disappoint her. But then he knew he had it, and as Jennifer watched with satisfaction, he flooded his panties with his slime.

“I knew you'd like panties, ya little pansy. You'll keep them on until morning. I'm going out for the night, so I'll tie you to the bed. If you have to piss, you'll have to piss in your panties, and you can clean yourself up in the morning.”

She led him to his room then, a small sparsely decorated bedroom with a simple cot with a rubber bed sheet for a bed, a room that would become his maids' quarters. She tied his arms and legs to the cot and gave his cock a hard pinch through his wet panties before she left him for the night.

In the morning, she untied him, let him shower and handed him a fresh pair of panties, pale blue panties with lace on the legs and three ribbon bows. As she locked him in the bedroom, she said, “I have to verify your finances to see if you have enough assets to make it worth my while to enslave you as my maid. Later I'll take you out and get you some proper clothes. While I'm gone, I know you'll masturbate in your new panties. I know you're already to accept lingerie as you new underwear. So, yes, pull on your pantied pud to your heart's content – it's part of your training to help you become the fag sissy we know you are. But when you do it you have to play with yourself through your panties, and you must shoot your cum into your panties. I want to see a goodly amount of your smelly semen in those panties when I return.”

He nodded, and they both knew he would do it.

On her way home, she wondered how well he had complied with her directive to masturbate in his panties. She would punish him hard tonight, but she also might let him fuck the little slut who had sucked her pussy that afternoon – the thirteen-year-old runaway girl she had hired as a maid, but who she soon found out was horrible at housekeeping but wonderful at lesbian cuntlapping. She couldn't wait to show the girl her new slave man in panties, and she couldn't wait to see him go crazy with pleasure wanting to fuck the beautiful little Lolita.

When she opened the door to his room, she saw he had gotten one hand free and was masturbating and in the throws of ejaculating into his pale blue panties. The room smelled like a whorehouse. He must have been jacking off all morning. His cock was hard, his panties glistened with his most recent slimy deposit, and she could see several more rings of dried jism proving that he had cum several more times into the panties he was wearing.

As she untied him, she said, “Well, I see my little jerk-off panty slave is hot, and that he has been cumming in his panties all day long. Well, my little pantywaist slut, it's time for some more training. Take off your sticky panties, you cocksucking worm. Take them off and lick your slime

out of the panties, and get down on your knees while you do it, you fucking pantywaist bitch!.”

Jennifer smiled with sadistic lust as Brent hurriedly stripped of the panties and put the front of the panties into his mouth as he sucked them clean. He sighed and moaned, and he knew that it would not be long before his cock would be hard again. He had never been so humiliated – she had made him wear ladies' panties of all things – and she kept calling him a cocksucker – he wasn't a panty lover and he certainly wasn't a faggot – but what puzzled him most of all, he was doing everything she was commanding him to do – and he had never been so sexually excited in his whole life!

After he had sucked the panties clean, she went to the simple little dresser and took out a pair of bright yellow panties with flower embroidery on the sides and said, “Now wash yourself up and put on this new pair of panties.”

Once he was cleaned up and in the new panties, she made him put on his jeans and T-shirt and took him outside. As they walked to a local park, she asked him what it felt like to be outside with panties on under his jeans. He told her how it totally unnerved him, and she simply replied that he needed to get used to it because soon he'd be walking around outside in front of both friends and strangers and he'd be completely dressed in girls' clothes. She saw the fear in his eyes as she said that, so she tested his resolve by making him drop his jeans and expose his yellow panties for the entire world to see. Thank goodness they were in a remote corner of the park and no one was close by, so no one could probably see what she was making him do, but that did little to ease his fears and he shook visibly as she held open his jeans and fully exposed his cum-stained yellow panties -- the sissy had already shot off them!

Back at the apartment, she led him to her room, dug into her closet and found a large-size pair of pumps that would probably fit him. “I'll start you out wearing low high heels. These are only two-inch heels, so you should have no problem learning how to walk in them. I'll be gradually graduating you up to five and six-inch heels that will help you properly mince around like a well-trained sissy maid. The heels fit him well enough. She thought she might have to get him a pair that fit better, but then she thought that if he were in pain from the shoes he had to wear in her service, well then, that was all to the good. She smiled as he tried to walk in the shoes, and she loved it when he stumbled, fell onto the bed and cried.

“Stand up you, little shit,” she said. “Stand up and learn how to walk like the maid you are, or I'll take you to my doctor friend and have her cut your balls off. That's better, you little shit. I see your cock is hard. Run in place in those shoes and rub your disgusting cock through the fabric of your panties. I want you to cum for me, and I'm going to whip you while you run. Do not stop playing with your cock no matter how bad the pain is, or your whipping will get worse.”

He started to jog in place in the heels she was forcing him to wear, and his feet hurt from what she was making him do. He longed to stop but didn't. He wanted to please her, and playing with his cock in the panties felt good. He loved the way the nylon felt against his penis, and he moaned mostly with lust as he ran. He found he was getting used to the way the shoes felt, and then she started to whip him. It hurt and he wanted to cry out and tell her it was too much, and that he could not take it, but he looked at her, and he saw she was hot, hot and lusty from what

she was doing to him, and he knew that any protests he made would only get her hotter, and make her hit him harder. So he kept on touching his cock as he ran in his heels, and she kept whipping him with abandon, and soon his pantied ass was red and sore and burning in pain.

His cock stayed hard, and then he suddenly realized that he was close to coming. The pain was numbing, and he was hot from the pleasure he felt in his pantied cock, as he played with himself furiously.

She could tell he was ready to shoot, and as she watched, he bucked and heaved while running in place, and then he was shooting, creaming all over the panties of sheer yellow nylon he was wearing as part of his slavery. She told him to stop running since he had cum, and she smiled at the sight of her slave, dressed in pumps, and a pair of frilly panties stained with a fresh slime of his jism. She made him stand for a while, just stand still, and she knew it hurt him for he was so tired and he longed to collapse, to lie down, to relax. But she made him stand there in front of her, his feet aching and his nylon pantied hips burning up in back and filled with his fresh sperm in front.

“Well, I see my little panty boy got so excited in his panties that he had to creamed them with his filth,” she said, and then she abruptly walked out of the room, leaving him standing there in pain in his cum-soaked panties.

He wondered if he had done something wrong, but then she brought Sally in, and his cock got hard. The little girl wasn't even five feet tall and looked closer to ten than thirteen, and she was dressed like a slut in black panties and training bra – a training bra in black! What a weird but sexually arousing sight! The black training bra and panties with pink ribbons must have been custom-made. He didn't know much about lingerie, but he was sure Bloomingdales didn't sell such devilish lingerie for innocent little girls to wear.

The perky little baby whore took one look at him in panties and laughed a girlish giggle but became instantly hot for him too. He could see it in her eyes. She grabbed his stiff cock through his panties and held it tightly as she french kissed him in a way that sucked the soul right out of him! He had never even thought of sex with a underage girl, especially one so young, but at this very moment that's all he could think about, and the image in his mind of himself fucking her brains out, even the ridiculous image of him fucking her brains out while both of them were wearing sissy panties – the thought immediately and completely owned him! He was thinking like that because of the way the girl was ravishing him. Would his new mistress allow him such a luxury? God, he wanted to panty fuck this little girl more than he had ever wanted to fuck any real or fantasy female!

Mistress Jennifer had thought about having her two slaves fuck while she whipped them, and maybe she'd have them do it for her enjoyment at some future time, but not now.

She found another pair of panties for Brent, in white nylon with pink lace and ribbons and with a hole cut in front so his hard cock would stick out. She wanted to be able to see his penis and watch how excited he would get as she did various things to him. How hard his cock would get would be an excellent indicator of how much he was enjoying whatever she was subjecting him

to at the moment. So she put the panties on him and stood him in the center of the room as she mounted little Sally like a horse and rode the bitch around the room while Brent stood and watched. Sally ached from carrying her mistress in this fashion, and she knew she must not cry out since that would cause her to feel more pain than she was already feeling. So she sighed and moaned and shook with the weight she had to bear, but she did not make a fuss, and at last she was allowed to stand up.

Then Jennifer had Brent kneel, and she pulled down his panties and greased his asshole. She could tell that either he had never had anything up there, or if he had, it had been long ago, and not often, and she looked forward to fucking him because in her house, every one of her male slaves had to have his rosebud regularly violated. She took a slim dildo, greased it and worked it hard into his asshole. He grunted with pain, but then he grew used to the feel of the foreign object raping his butt hole. She started to fuck his ass with it and then shoved it in as far as it would go and pulled up his tight panties to hold the dildo in place. She saw with satisfaction that his cock still sticking out the front hole of his panties was hard again, even though he had so recently ejaculated. Sally was hot from the sight of the dildo fucking her fellow slave.

As the slaves watched, Jennifer took another dildo that was thicker than the first. She greased it and then rammed it hard into the asshole of her pretty little girl slave. The little girl was used to being ass fucked, but this plastic cock was much bigger than what she was used to. She cried out in pain, but her mistress ignored her pleas and simply pulled her panties back into position to prevent the greased dildo from slipping out.

Brent's medium hard cock sticking out through the hole in his panties bounced around obscenely, and it was growing bigger than Jennifer had ever seen it, and she sighed with passion. It looked like he was enjoying the dildo up his ass, so she knew that sometime soon she would strap on a dildo and fuck him with it, but now she wanted to humiliate him some more, so she decided not to give him the pleasure of having him fuck her little girl slave as she had thought about doing.

Instead, she decided to suck the girl's pussy in front of him to tease him and drive him wild. So she tied his hands behind his back, and then sat him down in a chair, and she secured him with a rope that passed across his chest and around the back of the chair, and then she and Sally went at each other like two animals while Brent watched helplessly.

His cock was throbbing, and the pain he felt from the dildo up his ass had now turned mostly to pleasure. Plus the sight of the woman sucking the hairless baby cunt of her little girl slave was driving him wild with lust. He knew that if his hands had been free he would not have been able to keep from playing with his hard cock, but as it was, all he could do was simply sit and watch, his cock throbbing with lust. And she left him unfulfilled and wanting to cum again.

The next phase of his training involved his maids' outfit, and she had invited five of her dominant women friends to help with his training. She now knew he would do most anything for her, so it was time to take him deeper into slavery.

“I see my little boy-girl is hard and ready. M-m-m-m, I know my little candy ass piece of shit will like wearing his little french maids' uniform. M-m-m-m, I know he will like it because when

his mistress touches his cock through the nylon of his pretty panties, it gets bigger. Now, beg me to play with your pathetic sissy cock.”

“Oh, mistress, please make me cum. Please play with my dick in my panties.”

She waited for him to say more, but he fell silent, being so filled with lust and panting so heavily that he could hardly talk. She toyed for a while with his cock and then masturbated him skillfully. She knew it would not be long before he would come all over her hands. She grinned at him, and he moaned with lust. She did it faster and faster, and his panties were slick with his pre-cum juices. Then he gave a loud grunt and a groan as he shot hard into the panties, and his watery jism flew right through the panties and onto her hand.

“All right, you sick little girlie-boy, lick my hand clean.”

She loved the feel of his tongue on her fingers as he licked up his own cum.

Jennifer and her friends were excited as the time came to begin dressing him as the maid. They made him put on fresh panties, frilly white rhumba panties with a lot of lace all over them. They put him in a white satin bra. He got so hot from the silky bra and soft panties that he did not care about the pain that remained in his well-spanked butt and thoroughly butt fucked and torn-up asshole. His cock throbbed against the nylon of the panties, and once again he longed to whack off -- to play with his hard dick, and his mistress knew he wanted to cum and would cum for their entertainment if she wanted, no matter how embarrassing it would be for him to play with himself while a bunch of giggling ladies and girls watched. She loved having him totally in her power. She laughed cruelly at her lusting, panting slave.

“My little panty slut is hot, isn't he? I think it's time for the dress and shoes. Then, he can service us with his tongue.”

Soon Brent was in painfully tight heels and a cute, black maids' dress with a frilly white apron. The skirt was held out with a stack of heavily frilled white petticoats that left the bottom of his frilly white rhumba panties permanently on display.

Ann, one of his mistress' women friends had brought the panties her five-year-old daughter had worn the day before, a pair of white nylon brief-style panties the little girl had lost control in and had soiled with traces of her piss and poopy!

Ann rubbed them over Brent's face as he lay on the bed. “Does our little panty slave like my little girl's smelly panties?”

Turning to the others gathered, she said, “My or my, look at the way his cock is twitching as he sniffs them. I bet he wants to wear them, but his fat ass wouldn't fit into them. So let's jerk him off into them, and then make him lick them off. Then, he can be the little girl he wants to be.”

She took his little penis out of the leg hole of his panties and started to stroke him with the little girl panties. Then she said, “I think it would be better if my little girl herself was here to jerk off

this panty boy in her panties.”

Just then she turned and motioned to one of women who opened the door leading from the living room to the hallway and in stepped a sweet little girl in a Shirley Temple style flouncy white party dress that bobbed up and down to expose her pink ruffled panties with her every step.

“Oh, hi, precious! Brent, this is my darling daughter, Ginny. And Ginny this is Brent, the big sissy in training I told you about. I think it's only right you jack him off in these panties; after all, they're your panties! And Ginny, when you play with his cock, don't do it nice like you generally do with your big sissy brother. No, I want you to make it hurt, so pinch his cock a lot and pull hard on his balls as you jack him off. We want him to cum, but we surely don't want to make him feel too good.”

Ginny nodded. All of the women in the room were diddling themselves and had wet panties as they watched the baby girl vixen attack his penis. Her eyes were filled with a perverse pleasure he had never seen in a child's or even an adult's eyes. She was a devil child and she was bringing him to the verge of exploding with just a few painful strokes of her baby hands with their long fingernails digging deep into his cock and balls. Her hands held her panties to his cock and balls but they provided no protection from her viscous pulling and pinching fingers.

Brent moaned with lust and was soon pulsating and dripping into her dirty panties. She liked that. She sighed for a moment with passion, but then, she dug her nails even deeper into his cock, and now his moans were those of pain and not pleasure. While she hurt his cock, Ann, her mother, started to pinch his nipples. Just when he started to lose his erection from the pain the two of them were inflicting, they would back off and get him hot again with soft, teasing little strokes, and then they would start to hurt him all over again. All the women loved the way this mother-daughter duo were teasing and tormenting him, and they would have loved to have seen it done to him all night long, except they wanted to see him in his maids' outfit and do even more humiliating things to him. So finally, Ann let her daughter work his pantied cock hard but without hurting it, and Ann stopped hurting his nipples and simply watched.

He moaned and groaned and his penis strained against his panties, as it pulsed the tension lines in the panties danced around like he had a live animal inside his silky panties; his cock swelled larger and larger, and he groaned with passion. Little Ginny slid one of her tiny hands up under the leg opening of his panties in back and shoved her ungreaased hand right into his asshole. As she forced her way into his butt hole, he moaned and shot his cum into his panties that went right through them and saturated the little girl's panties too. The little girl, an unsmiling, coldhearted little bitch, kept her face expressionless and kept staring into the big man's eyes as he humbled himself to her stroking. What she wanted was coming up next. She wanted to see him lick the panties clean, lick them clean of his jism and her piss and shit!

“Mmmmm, the little panty pig likes to lick his come from my little girl's shit-stained panties, doesn't he?” said Ann as she smiled cruelly down at Brent who was moaning with lust as he licked his semen from the smelly nylon panties. Ginny watched with delight as she made sure he got them clean, casually pointing out spots he missed here and there until they were completely clean.

Then, they had him shower in preparation to be dressed as their new maid. While he did that, the women sorted through clothes they had for him and assembled his outfit. Once he was clean and dry, they put him into a sexy new white bra and white rhumba panties, and he moaned with lust at the feel of them. He longed to look at himself in the mirror – he felt like a fool, but did he look at all like a sexy maid? He wondered. His cock was getting hard again even though he had cum so recently. The women loved the way he looked, and they knew they had to spank him -- because spanking a sissy boy's panty-clad ass was a turn-on for all of them.

Jennifer led him to a straight-back chair in the center of the living room. Then, she took him over her knee and started to let him have it. At first he felt only pleasure from being close to the wet cunt of his mistress and feeling the way she moved. He was getting used to being spanked and found some pleasure in the midst of the pain. He was learning! But he started to gasp and whimper, as the pain grew because she began to hit him so hard that the excitement of wearing the lingerie was overcome with the beating he was getting. He bit his lip to keep from crying out, especially because he didn't want to cry like a baby in front of little five-year-old Ginny. But also, he knew if he couldn't demonstrate to the women he could take a severe spanking, his punishment would be much worse.

Once Jennifer was finished spanking him, the women made him get dressed. He was having less trouble with the shoes, and she noticed his cock was getting hard all over again. He longed to touch his cock through the nice panties, but he knew Jennifer would not let him do that.

Once he was in the dress and wig, the women smiled and the little girl giggled at his feminized appearance, but they were also quick to note the tent his cock made in his panties as it stuck up under his skirt. Jennifer slapped the tip of the bulge and laughed when he winced from the stinging blow. She made him kneel in front of them, and he was forced to go to each woman and lick her shoes or boots. Then, they made him get busy and start to do the dusting around the room.

While he dusted, the women began to finger each other's cunts until they became so engrossed with themselves that they forgot all about him. He took the opportunity to reach a hand under his skirt to play with his hard cock through his satiny lace panties. Brent tried his best to resist cumming because if he did, he knew he would be severely punished. But then, Jennifer noticed Brent playing with his sissy pantied cock. Between her passionate gasps for air, she told Brent it was OK to play with his cock and shoot into his panties, and she announced to all the others that they might want to watch him make a panty sissy of himself while they took their pleasure with each other.

She decided to fuck him that night because she needed a cock. It was an honor she usually did not grant her slaves especially one that had been in her service for such a short period of time. But she was in charge, and she was in the mood for some cock.

When she walked into the bedroom, he was naked except for a fancy pair of purple panties with little flowers and bows decorating them. After cleaning himself up following their orgy, he had

selected the panties himself and put them on without being told. She then knew he was already addicted to the feel of women's panties on his cock.

He immediately dropped to his knees and started to lick her feet. She liked that sign of affection.

“I see my little faggot likes to lick my feet, and I can tell he knows he is a real sissy little girl, and that his girly cock is excited by the feel of satiny panties. Turn around slave and take the heel of my shoe up your ass.”

He turned away from her and presented her with his upturned ass. She greased his asshole, and then firmly shoved her heel all the way in until he cried as it tore up his insides.

“Considered yourself well fucked, panty bitch!” she yelled in triumph over him as she fingered herself to an orgasm. Then she took her panty slave to bed and let him fuck her. He worried that he had shot his cum so much that day that he wouldn't be able to get it up and be able to perform to her satisfaction, but his cock rose to the occasion the moment she pulled it out of the leg hole of his gaudy purple panties and shoved it into her hungry wet pussy.

In the morning, they left Brent alone in the apartment and told him to clean the place while they all went out for lunch, and the place was neat and clean when they returned. They realized he had gotten pleasure from wearing his female clothes while they were gone because they walked in on him dressed in his sissy clothes while he was jerking off in a pair of Ann's panties he had stolen from the overnight case she had brought along. The women wanted to laugh at him, but they grew serious because stealing panties was an action that could not go unpunished.

They made him lie down on the floor. Then, they greased his asshole and shoved a dildo up it. When they grew tired of fucking his ass, they made him get dressed in a nice blouse and skirt with a feminine frill of lace around the hem. They simply forced him over the edge of the couch, pulled up his skirt, pulled down his panties and gave him a thorough spanking for playing with himself through the panties he had stolen from Ann.

Mary Lou, another one of their friends, had been unable to join them for their little orgy-filled party the night before, but she was now arriving and bringing along with her a very special guest. Mary Lou laughed when they opened the front door and she saw Brent in his maids' outfit. Mary Lou came in leading a young girl, dressed in a long flowing pink satin cape. All the women o-o-o-oed and Brent stared in wonder when Mary Lou removed the girl's cape to show everyone that it was not a girl at all but her sissy son Scott, a pretty young twelve-year-old boy wearing nothing but a big pair of lacy lavender panties.

They made Brent stand still while they raised his skirts and showed off his penis-filled panties to the other women and the little pantywaist boy. Then they forced Scott to kneel before Brent and take the man's penis out of the leg hole of his panties suck on it. The women all gathered around and played with both slaves and offered them encouragement, touching and rubbing the males through their sissy clothing since it was the first time Scott had sucked on a real cock and the first time Brent had gotten a blowjob from a boy.

The women touching Scott through his panties and the women encouraging Brent to shoot his load into Scott's mouth were competing to see which slave would lose his sperm first. They were overjoyed when the males simultaneously shot their cum. Brent shot his wad into Scott's waiting mouth, and Scott unloaded his semen into his frilly panties. Both slaves were complimented for being such good sissies.

Jennifer then announced that they'd have some cake and ice cream in honor of the occasion, and then it would be Brent's turn to achieve cocksucker status because they were going to force him to give the young boy a blowjob!

Based on "Male Maid" #3502-P.

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Excerpt from a letter to Spanking Pen Pals

Several mothers I know use dresses as a punishment, and believe me, for most boys being punished like that just once is usually enough. Petticoats have been used this way on males for ages, and it's popular amongst my circle of friends ever since one of them heard about it and had used it to great success to get her boy to act properly. Right now I know of several boys undergoing such treatment.

Marge, a young stepmother in our circle inherited a spoiled brat.



The boy is well built and a long-legged smarty-pants of fifteen. Last month he was expelled from school for boring a peeking hole into the wall of the girls' locker room. He now has a strict, buxom and athletic miss of twenty-two as his tutor. He is a boy with a bad background, known to abuse those smaller and weaker than he is, especially girls. He liked to make girls cry and make little boys suck on his penis. Yet, he could never face up to another boy his own size, a thing that disgusts one.

Marge, my dear friend, took him from the school after he was expelled. Several mothers of the children he had abused suggested he be sent to Habber's Youth Correction Farm. Marge met with them and told them to hold off; if the punishment he was to get did not satisfy them, she herself would send Paul to the Farm for correction. A meeting was called for the next afternoon.

Marge took her handsome stepson (the boy's father is dead) home and made him go to bed. The next day she showed him a large supply of slips, panties, dresses, etc. and told him they were for him. He tried to rebel, but Marge threatened to call in a big neighbor girl to help if he didn't comply. Well, I was in the living room along with the girls, his women teachers and the mothers when Marge brought him in. Hearing the pleased sounds from the women, I knew they were more than satisfied.

Paul (now Pauline) was an display dressed in modestly low heels, a pair of white ankle socks that left bare his long, scrawny his legs, a white blouse, and a specially shortened plaid school uniform skirt. It was so short you could see a bit of the old-fashioned silky pink bloomer panties he had been made to wear underneath. He also had on nail polish and jewelry. The modest bulges under his blouse let us know he was wearing a padded bra; it looked pretty funny on a boy so young. He wore no makeup or wig to make sure everyone knew he was a boy, but a little satin bow did adorn his now silly looking butch haircut.

Marge turned him around so we could all see the wretch who had enjoyed abusing and peeking at girls in their bras and panties. The boy who had made fun of girls and little boys in the past and hit them whenever he pleased was now himself crying, very much chastened, and his long bare legs were shaking.

Marge said he was to serve his sentence in girls' clothes for a month, and if he didn't significantly improve, the punishment would be continued indefinitely. In the later part of next month, he might be given permission to return to trousers. The girls who had been abused by him and their mothers will meet and decide if he had been punished enough. But it's unlikely they'll let him off the hook and out of his frillies that soon.

Now to get back to that most happy day in the living room: It did all of us females good to see this mean, spoiled brat weep and blush as he hobbled about in his little high heels and how embarrassed he was that his bloomer panties could be seen. And since he got into trouble looking at girls in their panties, we made him lift his short skirt and slowly turn around repeatedly so we could all see him in his girlishly frilly silken panties.

Marge told all of us how every day now he has to wear skirts or dresses, sleep in a nightie and work at girls' tasks. She told him he had to call girls "miss" and say, "yes, ma'am," etc. as well as

curtsey to all females. She made him curtsey right then (it's obvious she had made him practice), and he let out a shy, boyish moan as he did it. Since he had been such a wretch, the girls giggled and loved seeing him spread wide his skirt and dip on command.

Marge spoke in a severe tone and said, "Now, my pretty Pauline, you're going to get your first dose of corporal punishment, and you're going to get it before our guests."

At this he dropped to his knees and hugged his pretty young stepmother about her skirts and begged not be punished with everyone watching. "Oh, please, PLEASE, mother dearest! Please, I will be so good. Oh, girls, I'm so sorry. Please, mother dear, not in front of them!"

He kept going on and on like that, but Marge ignored him and simply told his younger sister to get the strap. Milly soon returned with a heavy leather strap about 18 inches long that had been prepared.

Two of the big girls held "Pauline" over the end of the overstuffed sofa. Marge lifted his school uniform skirt slowly to make him suffer through the anticipation. The girls cheered at seeing his frilly petticoats, and really screamed when they were carefully drawn up to reveal his panties.

"Shall I take "Pauline's" panties down girls?" Marge asked.

And the girls screamed out in unison, "Yes, take his sissy panties down! He peeked at us when we were taking our panties down, so he should have his panties down for his spanking!"

Well, Pauline begged to be spared, and Marge let him beg and humble himself before all those grinning females. But his pleas fell on deaf ears. After abusing defenseless girls and peeking at them undressing, Marge told him he was getting off with a very light punishment. He just had to learn how to be a good girl, and he would be forgiven, but first, he had to have a good humiliating spanking that these women and girls could witness, so they would know he was being sternly disciplined for his wrongdoing. Marge then slowly peeled his lacy, bloomer panties down about his thighs. He let out a big sissy scream as he felt them being lowered, exposing his little penis and tight boyish balls.

Well, Mr. Smarty Panties arched up and got a strapping that brought forth sobs, bawling, squealing, and loud girlish screams. He was hardly able to stand afterwards as his skirt had been pinned up in back and his big pink bloomer panties were left dangling between his thighs. Marge made him crawl sobbing to each girl and apologize. After that he was sent to the corner. He stood there sobbing with his glowing red bottom on display for over an hour as the girls had tea and cookies. Now, he knows he must work hard at being a good little sissy girl if he is to get his trousers back.

Girls and women are frequently guests at Marge's house and "Pauline" really is making good progress. She even has the beaten boy doing most everything for her just like a maid! Oh, I am much in favor of this sort of discipline.

From "Spanking Pen-Pals"
Martinet Press, 1962. 09460-B.

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Thoroughly Spanked Boy

Elizabeth, a beautiful but stern-looking woman with thin lips and cold eyes, was in her early forties and newly hired as a governess by Alistair's mother to deal with his naughty behavior. Barely one minute after meeting the woman, the boy was shocked when he heard her say, "I know the sort of thing you need young man. I'm going to make you into a gentleman, but first I'm going to make you into a completely docile young lady!"



With your wig and makeup, no one will be able to tell that you are really a naughty little boy.

Alistair gasped as he looked to his mother, who just smiled and nodded her head, giving full approval.

That very afternoon, he was taken on a shopping trip, and the boy sucked in his breathe and stared in awe as his mother and new governess took him into the girls' clothing section of Haller's Department Store. The two women picked out a plaid dress, frilly pink panties, a satin slip and a garter belt and stockings and held each of the items up to him to ascertain his correct size.

He resisted being led to the changing room by dragging his feet and going limp, but after Elizabeth repeatedly slapped his bare thighs sticking out of his childishly short shorts, the boy jumped to attention and stopped resisting.

"Now, get undressed, Alistair, and let us outfit you in your new sissy clothes."

He was slow to react, but another round of stinging blows to his battered thighs got him to undress without any more hesitation. Blushing furiously, he undressed completely.

Demonstrating her governess skills, Elizabeth showed Alistair and his mother the kind of control she could have over a boy. She made him bend over in front of her while she sat on a chair and then picked up the silken pink panties and rubbed them over his bottom cheeks. He lurched as she reached between his legs with her panty-covered hands and gently fondled him. He soon was gasping and had a powerful erection.

With a sharp smack to his bottom, she said, "That's enough of that for the moment young man. You've been a naughty little rascal, and your bottom is going to be very sore before you get to have any fun with this!" she said as she gave a vicious squeeze to his cock within the panties.

Taking him by the ear she led him naked to a large mirror made him watch as she had him hold onto the panties while she dressed him in his new garter belt. Then she took the panties from

him, knelt at his feet and slid his frilly panties up his legs, carefully lifting the waistband over his throbbing erection, smiling as she did so. Unexpectedly, she gave his throbbing hard-on a half dozen sharp slaps through the silky panties, and that made his knees buckle, causing him to lose his balance and fall back and sit down on the bench. She unfurled a pair of nylon stockings, slid them up his legs and attached them to the dangling garter straps extending from beneath the lacy leg openings of his pink panties.

Next a full-length white nylon slip with a lacy frilled edge was lowered over him and then the plaid dress and a blonde wig. Never before in his life was Alistair more shocked, astounded and sexually distressed.

As his mother added touches of makeup to his tear-stained face, he stared at his reflection in the mirror. He protested again, and reached behind himself to unzip the dress, but he was quickly swirled around and bent over a chair. His skirt was raised and folded over his back; his panties were pulled down just enough to expose his naked backside.

As hard as she could, Elizabeth smacked each of his bottom cheeks twenty times, and he o-o-o-ed and ouch-ed in response. After the last smack had landed, she made him sit bare bottomed on the chair's hard wooden seat, his panties draped around his thighs, his teary eyed-face angled down, staring at those strange frilly panties tickling his legs.

“That's just to warm you up! When we get you home, I'll take you into my office for a real spanking!”

“Pull up your little pink panties and dry your tears or the sales lady will think you're a cry baby as well as a hopeless sissy boy,” she said briskly.

In his room at home, he waited and waited. Under his skirt, his erection throbbed painfully against the silky nylon of his slip and panties. He dearly wished he could relieve it, but didn't dare in case she'd catch him. After an agonizingly long wait, his bedroom door opened. Elizabeth appeared, grabbed him by the hand and led the way as he squirmed and wriggled after her, trying to discreetly adjust himself in his lacy panties as he followed. Soon he stood fidgeting in front of her desk, as she lectured him on his poor behavior, and how she had decided that severe petticoat and corporal punishment were necessary.

“As your governess, I cannot let your poor behavior go unpunished. Your former governess spanked you but obviously not with sufficient severity. I promise you, young lady, that you will not be comfortable sitting down for the next few days. I intend to be sufficiently severe to ensure you learn your lesson.”

She then wrote something in a large black ledger. I'm recording all punishments you receive,” she said, glancing up at him. “That way I can ensure the next time I have to punish you -- and I'm sure there will be a next time -- that I'm even more severe with you.” Reading aloud she said, “Alistair -- petticoat discipline, sound spanking, strapping and caning on the bare bottom.”

Alistair was getting more nervous by the moment. His erection bobbed up and down lewdly

under his dress. The light fabric of the skirt and the thin silky panties did nothing to keep it hidden.

She took him by the ear to the dining chair in the center of the room. As she sat down on it, she tugged her skirt up her elegant legs well above her stocking tops. Her slightly parted thighs revealed to him that she had a large wet spot in the crotch of her pale blue panties.

“You've been very, very, naughty, haven't you?” she said.

Blushing and stammering, he shrugged his shoulders.

“Well, you have been, Alistair, and there's only one way to deal with inappropriate behavior. I'm going to pull down your panties and give you a sound spanking. And when I think you're ready, I'm going to use the paddle, the strap and the cane in turn to make sure I really made an impression on you. I will not stop your punishment until I think it is finished. Nothing you say or do will stop me before that time. And, I intend to get a lot of big tears out of you, young lady!”

With that she reached under the hem of his skirt and grasped the waistband of his panties, carefully easing them down far enough to expose his ass cheeks but leaving the slinky nylon trapping his throbbing erection in front. She then tucked the skirt of his uniform into the waist of his suspender belt in back. Pulling him towards her, she positioned him across her lap. Reaching underneath, she grasped his pink pantied erection and pinned it between the warm softness of her upper thighs.

“You seem to be enjoying yourself,” she said adjusting his cock so the tip of his penis rubbed against her hot, wet panty crotch. I'll soon put a stop to that.”

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

At a furious pace, she landed slap after slap on alternate cheeks of his bottom. He wriggled frantically. His ass rose and fell in time to the hard smacks raining down on it, and he was soon gasping and moaning in response to the hardest hand spanking he had ever experienced. Alistair's bottom was turning burning red, his penis thrusting up and down between her thighs, between her panties and his. He lost count long after a hundred smacks; the burning and stinging on his bottom grew ever hotter. He began wriggling even faster as he realized he was going to spurt.

Elizabeth sensed he was about to spurt; she responded by suddenly stopping his spanking, reaching between his legs, taking a firm grip around the base of his penis through his pink panties and squeezing it until his need to explode subsided before repositioning his erection in the vice-like grip of her legs and panty crotch. Then she recommenced his spanking, only harder, and with a paddle.

Each time her spanking and the panty-to-panty friction brought him again to the point of orgasm; she stopped it from spurting in the same agonizing fashion. She seemed to have an uncanny knack for knowing when his frantic cries were in response to his spanking and when he was

going to lose control. After an eternity of paddle smacks, she rained down on his butt with an equally lengthy session with the strap. Alistair felt he was in an altered state of consciousness, and as the relentless strapping continued, he began to sob and his tears flowed, just as she wanted. For Alistair, it was an astounding and confusing emotional release.

He was quite dazed when he realized the spanking had finally ended, but his relief lasted only a moment because now she led him to her, and with him still crying and with his panties around his upper thighs, Elizabeth bent him over the desk, spreading his legs as wide as the panties would allow. He waited in terror as she collected her cane and flinched as she touched the cane to his sore, welted bottom and took aim.

“Twelve strokes, you will count them aloud, then say, ‘Thank you, Miss,’ after each one. You may cum on the twelfth stroke. Not until the twelfth, if you cum before then, I’ll thrash until you beg for mercy, like you’ve never begged before. Understand?”

Sw-w-i-i-i-i-i-i-s-s-s-h-h-h! ...THWACK!

“Ah-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h! Oh! Oh! Ow! Thank you, Miss. Ow-w-o-w-w! Ow-w-o-w-w-w-o-w-w!”

Swish-h-h-h! THWACK!

“Ow-w-w-w-w-w-w-w-w-w-w-w-w-w-w! Ow-w-w!”

Ahhh! Ahhhhhh! Ah-h-h-h! T-t-t-t-thank you, M-m-m-m-miss-s...p-p-p-ple-e-e-e-ase! M-m-miss!”

“I don’t want to hear any sound apart from my cane whacking your bottom, and you counting and thanking me. We will start again, and do not cum until the twelfth stroke, remember,” said Elizabeth, slashing in with the first again.

SWI-I-I-I-I-I-S-S-S-S-S-S-S-S-H-H-H!

W-W-W-H-H-H-A-A-A-A-C-K!

Alistair sniffled and sobbed as quietly as he could. Unsure how he managed it, he suppressed his cries and counted each fiery stroke, thanking her after each bashed his bruised bottom. She paused after the eleventh stroke and gently tickled him along the length of his penis and balls through his girlie panties. He gasped and writhed biting the back of his wrist. As she gently fondled and stroked, his gyrations increased as he desperately fought back orgasm.

“Not until the twelfth stroke remember. Don’t you dare! I warned you what will happen if you disobey me. You’ll get another twenty if you cum without permission,” she said as he groaned and wriggled in response to her touch.

Suddenly the divine ministrations ceased, and he heard the high-pitched whistle of what was to

be the hardest stroke, and it came down thunderously and diagonally across his bare hot bottom. SWISH! W-W-W-H-H-H-A-A-A-A-A-C-K! He didn't count it, as he came explosively. It seemed his orgasm would never end, and he collapsed totally spent.

She let him slide off her lap and down onto the floor into a heap. She allowed him to lie there for several minutes before making him kneel between her legs. She made him bring his lips to the wet crotch of her shiny blue panties and lick her there. She taught him how to pleasure her. He saw his mother in the background with her dress up around her hips, and she was fingering her own pussy through her lacy white panties. He had never seen his prim and proper mother do anything like that before. Dazed from that sight in addition to everything he was experiencing, Alistair didn't resist as he was pulled over Elizabeth's knee once more to be spanked for failing to count and thank her for the last stroke of the cane.

After that spanking, his new governess said, "Alistair, your mother is waiting for you. Show her how much pleasure you can give her, like you gave to me. And do a good job of it, or you'll be in for another spanking!"

Adapted from 09545-M, "David's Date with Discipline" by S. Anthony, 1999.

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With your wig and makeup, no one will be able to tell that you are really a naughty little boy.



Spanked and Sissified by My Aunt, Uncle and Girl Cousin

My parents were killed when I was six years old, and in accordance with their will, I was raised by my aunt and uncle. They had one daughter three years older than I, and they were very strict with me. They considered me an intruder in their house and let me know it. They thought I was crude, noisy, unkempt and undisciplined, so they punished me often.

Whenever my aunt thought I needed to be taught a lesson, she ordered me to come to her and undress so she could put me in one of her daughter's old party dresses or school uniforms and lace panties, which were usually pink and frilly. Then I had to report to my uncle. He would lay me across his lap, pull the panties down, and spank me with either a paddle or a switch. This was always done in the presence of their giggling daughter.

After the spanking I would have to wear the dresses, lacy panties and other girlie clothes for certain periods of time, depending on the offense. At times, it was just for the rest of the day. At other times it was for two or three evenings after coming home from school. Once I spent the better part of a month in girlie clothes with the only exception being when I was at school. Either my aunt or my uncle escorted me to school every morning and picked me up at the end of every day. Many days I had to wear lacy panties and a camisole under my boys' clothes at school. Eventually some of the boys got a peek at what I had to wear for underwear, and I was an outcast from then on, called a fag, pansy, queer, pantywaist and other such names.

Never once did I see my aunt or uncle punish their daughter.

When I was twelve, their daughter Chris was fifteen and a very mature girl for her age. My uncle had broken his arm so he couldn't give me a spanking. Instead, he had my cousin punish me as she thought I deserved. I'll never forget the evil I saw in her eyes as she went to her dresser and came back with a pair of pink lace-trimmed panties and a very feminine white babydoll nightie. After disrobing me and dressing me in those girlish clothes, Chris ordered me to lie on my stomach on the bed, and then she pulled the panties down and whipped me with her father's leather belt.

From then until I left for college, Chris frequently administered my punishments. To me, being dressed in those clothes was much worse than the spankings. Chris would usually make me go shopping with her as she would buy the most girlish lingerie for herself, knowing that at some point they would be passed onto me. In the store, she'd hold up frilly panties and things and say, "Oh, these are so pretty, you ARE a lucky little sissy boy," and so on. One time while I was being punished, her girlfriend came to stay over night. Chris dressed me in panties and pink silk pajamas. Her friend remarked how pretty my pajamas were, and Chris said, "His panties are even prettier," as she made me pull my pajamas down and show her friend.



This excited me very much, and my cock sprung to life within the pink panties. The girl was delighted because it was the first boner she had ever seen. With my cousin's permission, the girl touched it and rubbed it. I was so excited I shot my cum just after a few seconds of her stroking. The girl was shocked but was thoroughly fascinated. My cousin made me take off my panties show her my cum stain and then made me lick my cum out of the panties! It just about made me throw up, but I did it because doing it was easier than getting on her bad side and getting any more of her spankings. She was getting good at it, and she could spank and belt me every bit as hard as my uncle!

After I was in college for a while, I discovered I missed my punishments, both the spankings and the feminine clothes. I had back trouble and started going to a physical therapist, a young lady just starting practice, and after a few massages I got up the nerve to mention the subject of spanking. She was very interested, so I told her a lot about myself. She asked if I thought I would still enjoy being spanked. I told her I thought it might be nice, especially if she administered it.

She left the room and returned with some rope and a leather strap about three feet long. She tied my hands at one end of the table and my feet at the other end. It was the first time I had ever been tied. I was very excited and she seemed to be just as excited. She whipped my buttocks and upper legs until I squirmed and tried to get loose. Soon afterwards I told her about my desire to wear feminine clothes while being whipped like I had been by my aunt, uncle and cousin.

At my next appointment, she showed me a pair of baby doll pajamas, and told me to try them on for size. Then she showed me a special whip she had made for the occasion. We have been married for four years now and our sex relations are as normal as any other married couple. She beats me about twice a month, using a variety of whips she has collected, and always ties me first. Before, during and after these sessions, she has me wearing dresses and frilly lingerie she buys for me.

The only person who knows of this is my wife's sister who has a ten-year-old son. She has witnessed a few of my whippings and has seen me in dresses, bras, panties, slips, etc. many times. My wife's sister has introduced the boy to girls' clothes and spankings for disciplinary purposes. Several weeks ago, she brought him over to show us his new dress and lingerie. He had on a big 1950s style polka dot skirt puffed out with a lot of cancan petticoats. His white ankle socks and ruby red slippers made him one adorable little girl-boy! He was being punished for hitting a girl who had called him a sissy when he struck out at his Little League game. This was the first time anyone other than his mother had seen him in girls' clothes and the boy was terrified! He got a spanking on his baby girl pink rhumba panties as my wife and I watched. That was special!

Adapted by Princess Lacey from a letter that originally appeared in Mr. Magazine in the 1960s (05639-M).

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A little girl played into a tube top and light lace panties to make him forget he was a boy were the ingredients that transformed David into a thoroughly tamed girly-boy.

Letter from a Believer in Spanking and Petticoat Punishment

As the mother of a very active boy, I am often involved in disciplining him. David is a good boy most of the time and really not that difficult, but I have developed an interesting variation in his punishment that I think might be of interest to your readers.

Whenever he gets into trouble, my husband or I send him down to the basement where he has to undress and then redress himself in a girls' wig with long pigtails, a tube top, a really lovely pair of pink or lavender lace panties and on top of them a pair of short shorts that leaves the bottom hems of his lacy panties peeking out.

Then he waits for me by sitting on the chair I sit in when I spank him, and he has to stare at his punishment seat (more about it later) that he'll be put on after his spanking if my husband or I think his wrongdoing merits it. Depending on what he has done, we let him sit anywhere from five minutes to an hour. Since he knows what to expect, this gives him plenty of time to think about his offense and get prepared.

When we're ready, we go to the basement and ask him if he is sorry for his misbehavior. Usually he does some crying and pleading, and almost always he gives me a yes answer with no excuses and with a promise to do better.

My standard statement is that I am glad he is going to do better, but I'm sure he'll remember to do better after I am finished.

After a long lecture detailing what he had done wrong, he knows it is time. His humiliation now starts in earnest.

We make him stand up and take off his short shorts, exposing his tight girly panties. That alone is usually enough to start the tears really flowing. In the corner of the basement we have a horizontal water pipe a couple of feet off the floor. He has to bend over, grab onto the pipe and keep holding onto it through his whipping or more cracks are added to his punishment. Either my husband takes off his belt, or I pick up my husband's old fraternity paddle, a paddle that is over one foot long so it covers both buns with one swat, and then one of us delivers his punishment. Making him reach forward and grab the pipe occupies his hands and makes him less likely to reach back. After ten or fifteen swats or maybe a few more for really serious matters, we stop.

All we want is a change of behavior not a brutal beating, so if we feel he has had enough, he's sincerely contrite and we believe he'll change his behavior, we may let him off without further

punishment. But when he has done something really bad, or when we feel he is not had enough punishment to reform him, we pull aside the legband of his panties and make him sit on his punishment stool (that he has been made to stare at while being paddled), and that stool has a seven-inch plastic dildo attached to the center of the seat. The toy cock is black and well greased.

He always does a lot of huffing, puffing, and usually a fair amount of screaming as we make him ease himself all the way down on the plastic cock, but a lot of the time, we think he's just play acting. It can't really hurt him all that much. We do know he adjusts fairly quickly to the length and girth of the cocks, so we do get new dildos from time to time in increasing sizes. After just four or five rides on a dildo, he adapts to it and we need a fatter and longer one to make this part of his punishment more effective. Once he's on the penis-loaded stool, he has to sit there from anywhere from twenty minutes to several hours.

And when he gets into trouble along with some other boys, we invite those boys over to watch his punishment. Those times are really special! And how do we keep those boys from telling other people how we discipline our son? We show them some girls' panties and tell them they have to wear panties as a way to guarantee their secrecy because David will be wearing panties for his spanking. These boys usually think we're joking, but they soon realize we're not joking, and if they refuse, we tell them we'll invite their parents over to witness David getting his punishment in panties, and recommend they punish their sons in the same way. Of course, we probably wouldn't do that, since we often don't know their parents and how they'd react, but most of the boys think we would do it, so they don the panties and get scared witless watching David come out in a wig and all and then getting paddled plus get dildo fucked on his punishment stool. A couple of boys have refused to put on panties and we sent them on their way, and when they tried to spread stories about us trying to get them into panties, etc. David just tells them it was all a joke just to scare them. But the boys who do put on the panties and stay to watch are given a show they'll never forget. And we let them know that we have taken a picture of them in their panties with a hidden camera just in case they are thinking of telling anyone about anything that they had witnessed!

From a 1981 letter on corporal punishment #09313-M.

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A little girl pigtail wig, a tube top and tight lace panties to make him forget he was a boy were the ingredients that transformed David into a thoroughly tamed girlie-boy.



The Shopping Trip

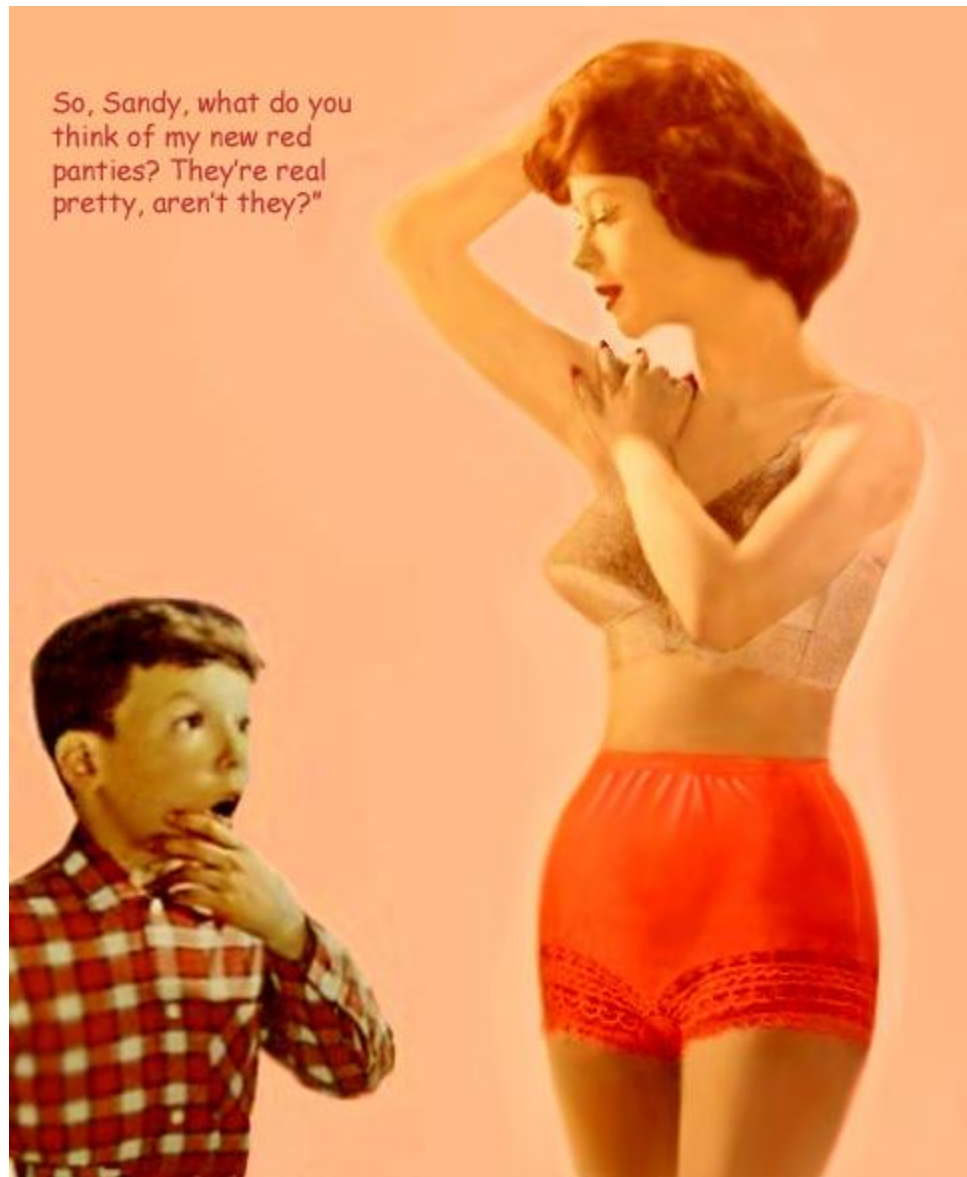
This actually happened to me one day when I was at my best friend's house.

One lazy late summer afternoon, Mark and I were watching a Cubs baseball game when for some reason he went to his room to get something. As I stretched out on the sofa to get more comfortable, I put my hands behind my head and bumped into a stack of laundry his mom had left on the end of the couch. My hand brushed against

something soft and silky. Whatever it was, I grabbed hold of it to see what I was touching. As I pulled it up to my eyes, I realized it was a pair of his mom's panties.

As far back as I can remember I've had a fetish for lingerie. I loved looking at the pretty silky things females wear. I got to see them on clotheslines, in store windows and in ads in the newspaper, but other than occasionally getting a chance to fondle my mother's or sister's or a cousin's panties in a laundry hamper or a box of old clothes, I rarely was alone long enough to really indulge in my hobby.

So I was startled to find myself sitting in Mark's living room holding a pair of his mom's bright red panties. I had always thought his mom was pretty and for many years wondered what kind of lingerie



she wore, and here I was holding a pair of her panties! I quickly sat up and placed the panties back on the pile of laundry fearing someone would come into the room at any moment, but once I realized I was still alone, I picked them up again to examine them closer.

They were full-cut briefs in a very sheer red nylon with a lot of lace around the legs. Thoroughly fascinated, I held them up to the light. They were so sheer I could almost see through them. As I brought them up to my face to get a close-up look, I heard a voice behind me say, "Well, Sandy, I had no idea you liked women's panties much."

Clara, Mark's mom was staring right at me. I was so embarrassed, and I think she was too. She told me to give them to her, and in a trancelike state I did. She apologized for having left some of her freshly washed lingerie on the couch in plain sight. She then gathered up the neatly stacked panties and bras took them to her room. For the rest of the afternoon Mark and I just sat and watched the ballgame, but several times as she passed through the room, I caught her staring at me and smiling.

The next day I went over to Mark's house again, but he wasn't home from school yet, so Clara had me come in wait for him. She had me sit in the kitchen and gave me a glass of milk. After being caught fondling her panties the day before, my head was now spinning as I sat alone with her. She asked if I wanted a sandwich, but I told her no. I wasn't hungry despite my normally voracious appetite. As I sat there, she made herself a cup of tea. There were long pauses of tense silence, which I knew resulted from our encounter the day before. Nervously, I waited for one of us to say something. I kept telling myself that I hoped she wouldn't say anything about me looking at her panties, but secretly I did want her to say something.

Then she calmly said, "So what do you think of my panties now that you've had a close look at them?"

I wanted to crawl under the table from embarrassment.

"It's OK, we can talk about it," she said with a big smile.

I was shocked by her frankness. Not knowing what else to say, I answered with a shaky voice, "I guess they're OK."

"You know, there are boys who actually like to wear girls' panties...are you one of those kind of boys? Do you like to do that? Wear pretty girls' panties?"

Flustered, I paused for several moments and then answered, "I don't know."

"Well, Sandy, I guess we do have something to talk about, don't we? Why don't you sit down and tell me about you wearing girls' panties. Don't worry; I'll keep it our little secret, OK?"

This was the most arousing conversation I had ever had with a female in my life. I was very nervous, but

I wasn't going to let this opportunity slip away, so I summoned up all my strength, and while blushing fiercely, I told her how I liked girls' slips and panties and things for as long as I could remember. She asked if I had ever told anyone else about my feelings, and I told her no. She was very understanding and listened intently. She then asked if I had any girls' slips and panties of my own to wear. I told her no but only got to wear things I secretly borrowed some from my mom, my sister and some of my girl cousins and how I always had to put them back before they were discovered missing.

She said she felt sorry that I had to steal panties just to feel something that seemed to be such a natural part of me. She paused for a few moments.

"I've got an idea," she said with a girlish giggle. "Tomorrow is Saturday and I've got to go shopping. Why don't you go with me and I'll help you pick out some pretty panties all your own."

I guess I looked at her like she was joking or crazy,

"Really, I'm serious. I'll just tell your mom I'm taking you shopping because I want your advice about buying a gift for Mark for his birthday coming up, OK?"

Thoroughly amazed, I happily agreed.

Then she stood up, quickly unbelted the house coat she was wearing and took it off. I was gaga staring at her in a big, pointy bra and the bright red lacy panties I had held the day before! It was the most amazing sight of my young life. She turned and showed me how she looked from all sides, spinning around like a model. "What do you think of my red panties now? Aren't they pretty?" But before I could clear my throat and answer, we heard the front door opening. We both knew Mark was home. Within seconds, she was back in her robe.

That evening while lying in bed I couldn't stop replaying that conversation with Clara over and over in my head. I could hardly sleep due to the excitement. The next morning I waited patiently by the window for her car to pull up. As it did, I felt as if I were dreaming -- Is this really happening? I asked myself. When she did arrive, I rushed out the door yelling to my mom, "I'm going now."

As we drove to the local Montgomery Wards store, she blew my mind as she asked, "What style panties do you like?"

Trembling, I told her, "Just the regular kind I guess."

"Well, there are many different styles these days," she said. "I can't wait to show you all the choices we girls have. What colors do you like best?"

"I like all colors but prefer bright colors." Wow! This was so unreal to be talking about panties like this with a pretty lady!

“Oh, this is going to be so much fun!” she said as we were parking the car in front of the store. We quickly proceeded to the ladies section. I was nervous about being in the lingerie department, but it was early in the morning and we were the only shoppers there. It was so strange walking between all the racks of beautiful panties, there must be thousands I thought. I had strolled through this section before while shopping with mom and sis but had to pretend to be bored and uncomfortable even though I actually I wanted to spend the rest of my life there! I was so thrilled to see and be close to those displays of bras, racks of slips and nighties, and stacks of silky panties. I fantasized about ripping all my clothes off and jumping into a mountain-high pile of fabulous panties.

Clara broke through my reverie when she asked if I knew what size girls' panties I wear. I told her that I didn't know because all the ones I had borrowed in the past had been big on me, but I didn't mind. I'm sure she could tell I was a little embarrassed.

“I'll tell you what. I'll just hold up some pairs of panties and you just nod if you like them.”

“OK.” I answered.

A nearby saleslady was busy doing something and not paying attention to us, so I took a deep breath and relaxed a bit.

“Well, let's see, here we are, these are the brand I wear. And, oh, yes, here is the sheer, see-through kind I like.” The volume in her voice kept rising, and she seemed momentarily embarrassed as she caught herself whispering a bit too loudly as she merrily talked to me like I was her little girl instead of a boy and her son's best friend. She lowered her voice back to a whisper and asked, “Sandy, do you like these?”

“Uh hu,” I answered. I guess we were forgoing the no talking suggestion, and I felt she wanted me to answer verbally instead of just nodding in response.

“OK, we'll take a pair of these. Bright pink! Nice, huh?”

“Yes,” I whispered.

She took a pair off the display, looked in both directions, and then bent down and held them up to my waist. “Hold still, honey, I just want to check these for size.”

She had me hold them against myself by the waist elastic as she stretched out each of the leg elastics and envisioned how they'd fit around my thighs. The whole episode took only a few seconds but to me it was like hours and the tension within me -- and my boner -- grew intensely by the second. I sighed in relief when she finally whisked them away.

“The size is fine. We'll take them. And how about some of these,” she said, her voice back up to her

normal speaking voice, if not even a bit louder. She picked out several pairs – black, lavender and yellow,

each with a heavy frill of lace and decorations.

“Oh, my dear, look what we have here!” she almost shouted as she took my hand and led me to a rack

of outrageously feminine panties prominently displayed on a special island display. “Wow! Now, these are sexy panties aren't they?” she said fingering the featured panties. All of them were either red with oodles of black lace or black with red lace.

I was melting with desire as I stared at them.

“I'm going to indulge myself with a pair of these myself,” she said...she paused, “and I can tell you like them too. Well, go ahead and pick out a pair. These here are your size. I want you yourself to pick a pair from the display, just like buying a pair of pretty panties all by yourself.”

Nervously, I reached out and touched a pair of the excitingly silky panties and instantly felt as if I were doing something illegal. I couldn't even imagine a boy like me taking a pair of luxurious panties off the display rack myself, but I did it, and then handed them to Clara.

At the checkout counter, the saleslady was a polite, middle-aged woman. She commented, “Oh, aren't these cute?” she said as she gave us a big grin, her eyebrows arching up high on her forehead.

“Yes they are. We'll enjoy them,” answered Clara.

The saleslady looked down at me and winked. I nearly died. I thought it was a sign that she knew that all of those panties in a small size were for me! But looking back on that day, I have no idea if she knew or even suspected the panties were for me.

Clara paid for the panties, and on the way home, she asked if I enjoyed our shopping trip.

“Yes, I did, thank you,” I said, as a warm feeling went over me at the same time chills were going up my spine!

Back at her house, Clara asked, “Now, do you want to take your new panties home or leave them here? I can keep them with my things, and you can come over and take a pair home whenever you want. When they're dirty,” she said as she cleared her throat, “you can bring them back, put them in with my laundry and get a clean pair. Is that OK?”



"Sure," I said.

"OK, let me show you where I'll keep them."

We went into her bedroom, and as she opened the top drawer of her dresser, she said, "Now, here is where I keep my panties."

I almost fainted at the sight of all her pretty panties neatly folded in her panty drawer.

"And I'll put your panties here in this drawer right under mine," she said as she then placed all seven pairs of my new panties into the drawer. "Do you want to put on a pair of your lacy panties now and wear them home?"

I lovingly picked up the red ones with the black lace and started to put them in my front pants pocket.

"Oh, no, you don't," she said quickly. "You're not going to crumple up this nice new pair of panties by shoving them in your pocket. Here, first, let me take the tags off."

After she unpinned the price tag and cut off a second paper tag that read, "Raalte Deluxe Fashion Panties, Girls' Size Eleven," she handed them back to me and told me I could change into them in the bathroom.

I was stunned for a moment but excited to put them on. I went into the bathroom, closed the door and began removing my clothes. I couldn't believe the spell she had over me, as if I were her little girl. She didn't have any daughters, so maybe she was playing out a fantasy of some kind. Either way I was surely enjoying all the attention she was giving me.

After removing all my clothes, I sat down and stared in wonderment at the beautiful, red panties that I was about to put on. "These are really my own panties," I thought to myself. "Not my mom's, or sis's, or anyone else's. Mine to keep!" I wanted to put them on as fast as possible to feel them against my body, but I forced myself to slow it down and leisurely draw them up my legs. Being new, they felt so crisp and clean. The vibrantly red panties with black lace panels on each side of the front and black lace around each leg opening made me feel like I was entering heaven as my body entered their frilly feminine depths. As I pulled them up to my hips I realized they were a bit large on me, but that just added to the excitement I felt. I could no longer contain myself and had to rub myself through the silky nylon panty front. I desperately wanted to shoot my cum and was only seconds away from doing it, but the embarrassment of doing it with Clara waiting outside the door kept me from exploding. I stared at myself in the full-length mirror on the back of the bathroom door. The bright red panties now tented up in front of me. "How am I going to leave the bathroom like this?" I wondered. I couldn't let Clara see me like this! I tried in vain to calm my sexual urges, but the more I massaged my cock through the panties, the more I was wanted to cum. I concentrated and tried to slow my breathing.

Then I heard a gentle knock at the door.

“Sandy, how do your new panties fit?” she asked.

“Just fine.”

“Are you sure?”

I sensed she wanted to come in and see for herself. That had the effect of cutting into my sexual delirium and softening my boner. I quickly began putting my boy clothes back on. Through the door, she told me to put my boys' underwear in her laundry hamper. She'd wash them, and I could get them the next time I came over.

As I emerged from the bathroom, she said, “Well, are we now all comfy in our pretty new girly panties?”

“Yes,” I answered breathily.

“Well, you better get going; your mom might be worried.”

As I started out of her bedroom, she put her hand on my shoulder and said with a laugh, “Uh, uh, little boy! Prove to me you're really wearing your new panties.”

Blushing like a shy little girl, I pulled down the waistband of my shorts to show her the bright red panty waist elastic and a bit of the red nylon panties.

“Very good! Now remember our arrangement. You can get a pair of your panties anytime you want.”

“I will. Thank you,” I said as earnestly as I could.

Our arrangement went on for three more years until they moved away. I'll always remember that exciting shopping trip and all the pleasure it has brought to my life.

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