

Pussy Boy Pages

Reader's Stories & Pics

Volume 14



Adults Only

Life as a Girl Ended
He was raised as a girl to disguise him from her ex-husband but then the boy had to start school!

My New Sex Life
She always suspected her husband was interested in her lingerie, but now she knew for sure!

Ballet Boy
She always wanted a girl instead of a boy, so she got him into ballet!

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Sleeping Dominatrix
The young man living upstairs from her kept making noise all night long, so she turned him into a sweet sissy and made him suck her cock!

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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Spanked Pen Pal

My name is Gerald, and I was going to a mixed Catholic school, but the classrooms were divided, all the boys in each grade in one room, and all the girls in that grade in another room.

I had one nun, Sister Gerald for my 4th grade teacher. It was so cool having the same name as hers. Sister Gerald was pretty and had a sweet voice. "Choose a pen pal from the list I'm putting on the board," she said. "We have to be sure each of these children will have one of you writing to them. If you choose a name someone else chooses that's all right, as long as all the children at the Maryknoll orphanage get a letter from at least one of us.

They are all children in the fourth grade just like you; only they don't live with their parents and don't have a home like you have." In her gentle and compassionate way, she continued to tell us about the missions as I wandered in my thoughts about what my Chinese kid would look like, what they did there, and if they were like anyone I knew. I figured they had to be so different with all the pictures I had seen of Chinese people. At home I favored one of my sister's dolls, a Chinese girl doll, dressed in black silk pants and a short red jacket with brightly colored embroidered flowers and soft flat shoes over white socks. To further show she was Chinese, she had a yellow painted face, jet black hair in braids and slanted slits for eyes. She was cute and one of the smallest dolls I played with, so I had a head start on what I imagined my pen pal might look like.

"The orphanage only has girls," Sister continued. "Chinese mothers and fathers don't give their boy children to the orphanage, only their girls."

As I was thinking about my doll, I imagined my pen pal looked like my doll. I was pleased I had a girl to write to. I hadn't had a girl friend in some time. Until I went into the first grade, I used to play with the little girl who lived in the apartment above us. We played house, doctor, storekeeper, etc. At times I'd dress up in her clothes. She had some very pretty little party dresses, and her mother and my mother would help me get dressed in the dresses and even my little friend's silky panties and slippers. We played every day together until she and her mother moved away.

So now, I wrote to my new pen pal using Sister's outline on the blackboard. She explained to us how to write a proper letter. We signed them and she collected them. The next morning, she gave me the broadest smile as we came into our classroom.

From the time we lined up in the boy's school yard to march two-by-two to our classroom, Sister kept



looking at me. Every time I looked her way, she was smiling at me. I could see the laughter in her eyes. She tended to favor me, sitting me directly in front of her desk. She often got up and played with my blond curls as she stood beside my seat. She often joked with me and made me blush as she'd refer to our names being the same.

Later in the morning just before she passed our pen pal letters back to us with all of her corrections, she told everyone how impressed she was with my letter and had me read it to the class. Then she gave me my letter and told me to go across the hall to the girls' fourth grade and show her partner my letter.

Entering a room of all girls wasn't exactly a treat. As much I was used to that at home having three older sisters, it was uncomfortable. The giggling started as soon as they saw a boy enter into their territory. It was much like a foreign land where I just didn't belong. All of these 4th graders were wearing dresses! I wanted to curl up and hide or just be out of there.

Sister Monika read my letter to herself, and then with a stern look on her face, asked me, "Who helped you write this?"

I answered in surprise that nobody did.

She very sternly and loud enough for all the girls to hear shouted: "Don't lie to me! Was it your mother or one of your older sisters who helped you write this?"

I once again told her it was me and only me. She kept at me. "I'm sure Sister Marie Gerald sent you over to me to teach you a lesson, and to show my girls what happens to boys that cheat and then lie. She wants to make an example of you and show my girls what happens to little boys who let other people do our homework for us and then lie about it."

All the girls started admonishing me, agreeing I had done a terrible thing. I was looking at rows and rows of sinister smiling faces mixed in with harsh stares glaring at me. It was awful! I broke into tears. I couldn't stop crying enough to explain that I had not cheated.

"No fourth grader writes like this. I can tell when an adult writes something and when a fourth grader writes something, and this was written by an adult. Now, come with me."

She led me into the cloakroom, and had me take off all my clothes! I was in such shock, but I had been trained to obey the nuns without protest, so I let her do it. Then she had me step into a pair of pink nylon panties, the sleek fabric sent chills up my spine. The soft panties had little flowers all over them. Next she slid a silky white slip over my head, and it sent even bigger chills through me as it glided down over my body. With my arms at my sides, it was just an automatic reaction to touch my hips, and it totally unnerved me to feel myself through the double layer of nylon slip and panties. Sister Monika noticed me touching myself, and said, "Now, listen, you little sissy; this isn't a game. Put your hands down." She sat on a low stool, pulled me over her lap and gave me about a dozen rapid smacks with her

big hand. The shock of being spanked for doing nothing wrong and the surging pain in my pantied ass caused me to cry like never before. Tears were pouring out of my eyes and flying through the air as she hit me, spank, spank, spank, spank, spank! Over and over again! Next she put a plain white blouse on me that almost looked like my white shirt and then pulled over my head one of the girls' plaid, dark blue school uniforms with a pleated skirt. As she pinned a big floppy white ribbon in my hair, she said, "Since you're a liar and cry like a sissy girl, we'll treat you like one. For the rest of the day, you can stay in this room and be one of my girls."

As she pulled me back into the room, the laughter and jeers from her girls were deafening. My throat was burning from all the tears I was swallowing, and I didn't even have a voice to use in protest. I could only cry all the more. I felt totally impotent in a dress and panties with this powerful nun and a room full of screaming, laughing girls making fun of me.

"Sit down, you crying sissy."

Then she called a girl up to her desk and gave her a note. "Here, Cindy, take this to Sister Gerald to let her know that little Gerald here will be joining us all day today." Then Sister turned back to me, "Young man, sit down like a proper little girl with your knees together so everyone can't see your pink panties; you're in a girls' room now."

It seemed like hours as Sister Monika and the girls teased and tormented me, their sissified prisoner. I crumbled further and further into a ball, spending most of my time with my sobbing head on the desk.

About two hours later, Sister Gerald came in to check on me and was shocked to see me in a dress and being punished. She took me back into the cloak room and both of the nuns stripped me naked and redressed me in my own clothes.

Sister Monika didn't even apologize to me, she simply said, "Gerald, you look cute in a dress. I bet you've worn dresses a lot of times before. Any time you want to wear a dress and join us in our class you're welcome."

How could she have known I had worn dresses before?

Sister Gerald glared at her when she said that, but then rushed me out of that room and back into our own. On the way, she explained, "I'm sorry that happened to you. It will be all right, Gerald, Sister Monika didn't understand. She thought I was sending you over for punishment. She didn't know I was so proud of you for your writing that I wanted her to compliment you too. But if I hadn't seen you write it yesterday right in front of me, I probably wouldn't have believed it either. You have to forgive Sister Monika she had no way of knowing how special you are." She ran her fingers through my hair as she tried to soothe me.

I continued to write to my pen pal until I transferred to my next school the following term. Some of us

received answers back from our Chinese orphans. Sister Gerald never talked to me about that awful morning in the girls' fourth grade class, but I never forgot it!

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My New Sex Life

After twelve years of marriage, our sex life had become ho-hum, but then a talk with a girlfriend gave me an idea to spice up sex with my husband, Brian.

I went home and dug deep into my panty drawer for a pair of white satin panties with pale blue lace that my husband, Brian, bought me years ago. After sliding the panties on, I then dug out a second pair of high-waisted nylon panties in pink with white lace trim that just screamed “sissy!” He had given them to me for my birthday a few years ago and they really had gotten his attention whenever I paraded around the bedroom in them before. I hadn't worn them in a while and I finally remembered why. While the panties were very soft and smooth, the heavy trim of lace that went around the leg openings would give me a most uncomfortable feeling and chafe me as it scratched me between my legs as I would walk. I knew these panties would work great for what I had planned.

I was drinking a second glass of Chardonnay when Brian got home. He came into our bedroom and saw me reclining on a huge stack of pillows on our bed wearing a prim and proper tailored blouse and long A-line skirt, kind of the sexy school teacher-like image. We had plans to go out for the evening, and he saw that I had his change of clothes laid out on the bed. And I had placed the pink panties on top of what he was to wear.

Brian gave me a wolf-whistle and a kiss as he stripped off his clothes. He thanked me for getting his clothes ready and noticed the sexy panties on top. He gave me a wicked smile and called me a little devil as he went to take his shower.

When he was finished showering, he came back into the bedroom naked. He threw me the pink panties and asked me why I hadn't put my panties on yet.

I told him I had. I moved my legs apart, slowly hiked up my skirt and gave him a long look under my skirt at my white and blue panties. I threw the pink panties back to him and told him they were his to wear. He looked at me as if he didn't understand, so I explained that I wanted him to wear them for the evening.

He was standing there naked, and when I said that, I thought I saw his penis twitch a little as the thought hit him. He began his protest, saying it was a sissy thing to do. It would be queer for him to wear my panties. I told him he wasn't being very adventurous and acting like he was homophobic. I told him to just hurry up and put them on, and I wouldn't think he was any less of a man by doing so. I just wanted for us to have a little innocent fun, and then I opened my legs again and told him that if he wanted to see any more of “this” tonight, he better play along.

With that, he shrugged his shoulders and put the sexy panties on. As he pulled them high up to his waist, I saw his penis grow almost to a full erection within seconds.

I had thought for some time that he might be more interested in panties than he let on or maybe even than he knew. Maybe all men secretly are. I've caught him many times checking out the panty displays as we walked past store windows, and he always spent a lot of time stroking me through my panties and feeling their silkiness. I liked the way this was going.

It was a warm summer evening, so I had laid out a pair of his white slacks, and after he put them on over the panties, I had him turn around so I could check out his panty ass. As Brian turned, I noticed the high-waisted pink panties peeked out above the top of his slacks. Plus a glow of the pink panty color showed through his white slacks. I could even discern the lace trim that went around his thighs. I smiled when he turned around to face me again and told him he looked perfect. We were running late, so he quickly put on his shirt and shoes and then we headed out the door.

On the way to the car I noticed that he was kind of walking funny, and I smiled to myself, knowing that the scratchy lace on his panties would keep him thinking about HIS panties all night long.

As we took the long drive to the restaurant, we talked about his day and mine. He was obviously avoiding the whole panty subject even though he kept squirming in his seat. Finally I reached across to his lap and gave his penis a little squeeze through his pants and asked if he was interested in why I was having him wearing panties tonight.

He said he did wonder, and he was embarrassed to be wearing them because guys shouldn't wear women's panties. He said he was trying hard not to think about them and just get through the night until he got home and he could take them off.

I had left my hand in his lap while I told him I thought our sex had become pretty boring, and I told him I had talked it over with one of my girlfriends. He couldn't believe I had actually talked to someone about it. I told him to relax, that girls always talked about everything. I told him that one of our mutual friends had a similar situation and that she discovered by accident that her husband, a friend of Brian's, was excited by panties and because of that she has had him wearing hers for about two years and now their sex is better than it ever was. She had talked to other wives about it and many had tried the same thing with great results. Brian got a big grin on his face and asked who all these men were who are now wearing women's panties. I wouldn't tell him but I could feel his penis begin to grow again.

As we pulled up to the restaurant I gave his penis a little squeeze, flashed him my panties with a quick flip up of the edge of my skirt, and told him that we'd talk more about it later. I was as excited as I had ever been and walked into the restaurant with a huge grin on my face and a wet pussy between my legs.

Dinner was a blur as I thought about our evening to come. I noticed that my husband seemed distracted as well. At one point he got up to go to the restroom and was gone longer than usual.

While we were dancing after dinner we could hardly keep our hands off each other. He was stroking my panties through my skirt and I was playing with his lace. I even put my hand down inside the back of his

pants when I was sure that no one was looking and rubbed the satin. His penis twitched against me as I pulled the panties up above his slacks in back and snugged them up tightly against his balls.

On the drive home I let him finger me, but I ignored his lap. I felt like such a whore with my skirt pulled up, my legs spread and my panty crotch fully open to his dancing fingers. When we got home, I had him strip me to my half-bra and white and blue satin panties. Then I had him take off all his clothes except his pink panties. He moved very quickly.

In the past, he would only eat my pussy if it was shower fresh and cleanly shaven. But then, I just laid back and spread my legs. I motioned for him that I wanted him to lick my cunt. He asked if he should remove my panties, and I told him no, that we would both be wearing our panties for a while, and I wanted him to start by adoring my pussy through my silky panties. I swear I could see his penis grow another inch!

He went after my pussy with gusto. It didn't take long until I was exploding in orgasm. While he was licking me I could tell that he was humping the bed through his panties. After I had calmed down a little I rolled him over and straddled him in a 69 position. As he went back to licking my pussy, I started lightly rubbing his penis through the sexy panties. I was talking to him and telling him I liked him in the soft panties and his penis looked cute in them, and when I said he should wear them more often, he grunted and blew his load right in the panties. I couldn't believe the way this was going. Apparently, the panties were really turning him on.

Well, as it turns out my friend was right, at least about my husband. He admitted that he liked wearing my panties.

As much as I like sex, I've always hated cleaning up after he'd shoot off in me. So, I decided not to let him cum inside me. Instead, I started making him cum in his panties. He was fine with that for a while, and then he started suggesting he'd like to enter me again. I knew that he was now under my control. I still didn't let him enter me and kept him licking my shaven pussy to orgasm night after night. I had started off by stroking him to climax in his panties, and then started making him do it by himself after I was satisfied.

He would always get so worked up after having his nose in my pussy that it wouldn't take him long before he would blow his load in his panties. And, the best part was that I didn't have to clean his cum out of my cunt or clean it up off my side of the bed anymore.

Again, he began to beg me to let him to fuck me again, but I kept putting him off. "Maybe some other time," I'd say.

Then one night, I decided to test my power. "You're such a good pussy licker that I really prefer for your tongue to your cock in me, but maybe if you shave all your hair off around your penis, I'll let you fuck me again. After all I keep my pussy shaved for you."

“Uh, OK, if that is what it takes,” he said, and off to the bathroom he went.

I yelled out to him, “When you're finished shaving, put on that pair of pink see-through panties that are on top of the hamper.”

“Aw honey,” he said, “How about no panties tonight?”

“Put on your panties,” I demanded. In the sheer panties, I could see his shaven crotch. I couldn't wait! I was surprised he didn't ask me why I had a clean pair of panties laid out and waiting for him, but he didn't. I suppose he was getting used to my little panty sex games.

Soon he was back in the bedroom wearing the sheer pink panties. I could see he had done a good job of shaving, and I complimented him. His penis isn't any too large (to say the least!), but now it looked even larger than usual.

I had pulled my long skirt up and spread my legs and he was ready to get on top of me, but I told him I wanted him to bend over the bed so I could try an experiment first.

He bent over, and I got up, pulled out a rattan cane like school teachers used to use and swooshed it through the air a few times. At the sound, he snapped his head around, and just as he started to say, “Ah, honey, what the...,” I let him have a swat with the cane.

He yelped.

Before he could say anything, I said, “I heard that spanking your husband's butt makes sex a lot more exciting for him.”

He twisted like he was about to get up.

Thwack! I hit him again.

“Stay where you're at! This will only take a moment. You see, warming up your bottom draws a lot of blood to the area and sensitizes the entire region. You're going to love how good it makes you feel!”

“But, honey, it hurts!”

Thwack! I hit him again. In fact, I hit him a half dozen more times. By then he was writhing in pain – and crying! It gave me such a feeling of power to make him mind me, to remain there while I beat him. It thrilled me to make him cry like a baby. And the bright red blistering stripes the cane left across his ass I could see right through his pink panties! I just about came in my own panties just looking at him like that.

I told him that I was wildly excited and I needed his mouth on my pussy “Now!” I said.

As I got on the bed and spread my legs, he was mumbling, meekly asking if he could then fuck me, but I just told him to get his head between my legs and give me pleasure because at the moment, I wanted him to eat my pussy like there was no tomorrow and to masturbate himself through his panties as he ate me out. Maybe – or maybe not – we'd have sex tomorrow. I could sense that he was disappointed, but when I felt he wasn't giving it his all I reached for my cane and gave him a couple more swats on his pantied ass; boy, that got him to dig his head in deeper and get that tongue of his working! I couldn't believe how quickly my nerve endings lit up, and I went screaming into one of the best series of multiple orgasms of my life. I was exhausted, so I rolled over and pretended to go to sleep -- with a big smile on my face.

The next night I made him give us each a fresh shave, as I knew that it would get him all worked up. Afterward I made him put on a fresh pair of pale yellow satin panties and lie down beside me. As I slowly stroked his little penis I asked him if he would like to fuck me. It had been about 2 months since he had last entered me with anything but his tongue and he immediately said yes.

But, I had something else in store for him. He had become so used to quickly cumming in his panties that I knew since I had been stroking him through the panties he wouldn't last long if I let him enter me. I told him that I liked the fact that I hadn't had to put up with cleaning myself after his climaxing inside me. He said no problem. He would then clean me up. This is what I had been waiting for. I told him that if I didn't get my now standard two climaxes that he would have to lick me to my orgasms.

He said, “Fine; just let me get inside you, honey.”

Then I rolled him onto his back and straddled his legs. I pulled his penis out of the leg hole of his panties and began to insert his throbbing cock into me around the leg hole of my panties, and said, “I want you to fuck me with your panties on. We're going to have a sissy boy to girl panty fuck, baby! I love my little pantywaist husband and this will be our first sissy boy panty fuck, you luck little pussy boy!” I knew as I slid him into me that there was no way he would last 30 seconds, and after about 3 deep strokes, he blew the biggest load I ever felt inside me. I kept grinding away with my bare pussy in my satin panties against him in his satin panties, and I climaxed beautifully the first time about a minute later.

After I came down from my climax, I told him that I was ready for my second orgasm. He had a huge smile and satisfied look on his face and said OK. I lifted up and as his penis plopped out of me I squeezed myself shut, holding his cum inside me. As I started knee walking up the bed he asked me what I was doing. I told him that he was going to clean me up and bring me to my second orgasm at the same time. He got a horrified look on his face. I knew I had to take charge to get him to this next step. I told him that if he ever wanted to fuck me again, that he'd have to clean me up with his tongue. I told him I had tasted his cum many times, so what was the big deal! He hesitated, so I came down hard on him and said, “You're pissing me off! You're going back on your promise! Your dick is too limp to give me a

second orgasm, so live up to your end of the bargain, eat me! In fact, now, first I want you to beg me to eat my pussy, and then I want you to give me the best oral sex of our lives and swallow every bit of your slimy cum swirling around and this moment in my cunt! If you don't open your mouth and start begging immediately and then eat me, I'll stop letting you fuck me altogether and forever after! I won't miss having you dirty me with your smelly cum! Your little penis doesn't give me much of a thrill! My vibrator is a lot more fun and a lot less work! Now, get to it, or I won't let you wear panties any more either! Snap to it, panty boy!"

By this time I had my satin panty-covered bare pussy right up to his lips. I had to keep my hand over my pantied cunt lips to keep most of his semen from leaking out. He was staring at my panty-covered hips hovering over his face.

"Please, baby, let me lick your pussy."

"And eat all of your nasty cum from inside me? Say it, Brian!"

"Please, let me eat all of my nasty cum from inside you."

"Tell me you're a sissy boy pantywaist pussy licker and cum eater!"

"I'm a sissy boy pantywaist pussy licker and cum eater!"

I gently lowered my pussy to his lips and slid my panty crotch aside. After he had gingerly licked me a few times I relaxed and let his cum flow from inside me. He didn't have any choice but to lick rapidly and swallow as the torrent came out. It didn't take long until I had my second climax.

We started out with him just wearing panties on Friday and Saturday nights. Soon I knew he was sneakily wearing them a lot under his regular clothes, even wearing them under his suit to work. I loved the fact that he was hooked on wearing panties, but now I had to advance things a bit more and punish him for wearing panties on the sly.

We have an eleven-year-old daughter, Tracy; she's mature, good-looking and an absolute treasure. And like with my girlfriends, I share most every personal thing with her, so at this point, I thought she should know about her father's panty wearing habit.

It was a Saturday afternoon and the three of us were playing touch football out in the backyard. Brian had on a T-shirt and some stretchy workout pants, and I knew he was wearing a pair of his pink panties underneath. I chose this to be the time. As he ran past me with the ball, I swiped at him with my hand and yanked his sweats right down to his thighs. He hobbled in shocked surprise and struggled to pull his pants back up, but of course not before our daughter had a good look at his shiny pink satin panties.

"M-o-m!" Tracy screeched, "Dad's wearing your pink panties!"

Brian wasn't only red in the face; he was moaning and gently crying.

“Oh, yeah,” I said, “so he is. He's been stealing my panties and wearing them for a long time now. I suppose it's time you found out that you dad is a pantywaist.”

I turned to my husband, “Tell your daughter what a miserable little panty-wearing sissy you are.”

Brian couldn't talk, only hang his head in shame.

I went over to him and started to pull his sweats down. He tried to stop me.

“NO! Our daughter already saw them, so we might as well give her a good look,” I said as I slid his pants down and then neatly pulled up his high-waisted nylon panties to make them look as nice as possible. “Now, turn around; let Tracy see how pretty you look.”

In deep shame, he slowly spun around. Tracy giggled. She got up close for a good view. When she reached out like she wanted to touch his panties, I let her know it was OK. It's like she wanted to make sure what she was seeing was real. She was laughing all the while. I had her put both hands on his pantied hips and give him a good rub. I had him twist around in all directions and in the process his hard little cock ran into her stroking hands. That made his little cock twitch!

Tracy wanted to know why he was wearing my panties. I explained to her that her father had a fetish for women's panties. I admitted that he wasn't any too good of a husband when it came to fucking me, but he was talented at giving me oral sex. I thought Brian would die on the spot as I told her that, but I explained to him that we shouldn't have any secrets from our daughter, especially something that was so important to him. Tracy asked if his wearing my panties stretched them out of shape for me to wear. I admitted he did often wreck them, and I had to buy new ones all the time. Our daughter stunned my husband when she suggested he should buy his own panties and leave mine alone. I heartily agreed, and the next day Tracy and I took him shopping! At the mall, he went traipsing from store to store, humiliating him in front of salesgirls and other customers as we had him buying himself dozens of panties, all sissy pink and pastel colors, all with lace and frills. We made him hold various pairs of panties up to his waist as we decided which ones he should buy, and in one store, the clerk even let us take him into the changing room and try on panties! And this was in a big department store!

We progressed to his wearing pretty panties every day, not because he wanted to but at our insistence. The difference: He never wore panties on his one night a week that he goes out with the guys – they usually go to a ballgame or just out drinking. But he does now! And he never wore panties when we went to his mom's house – well, he does now! And I'm constantly threatening exposing his panty wearing to his mom. It's a great motivator whenever I want to get him to do something he otherwise wouldn't do! And he never wore panties when he went to his doctor, but you guessed it – he does now. And whenever he has an appointment, I go right into the doctor's office with him. Just last week I took

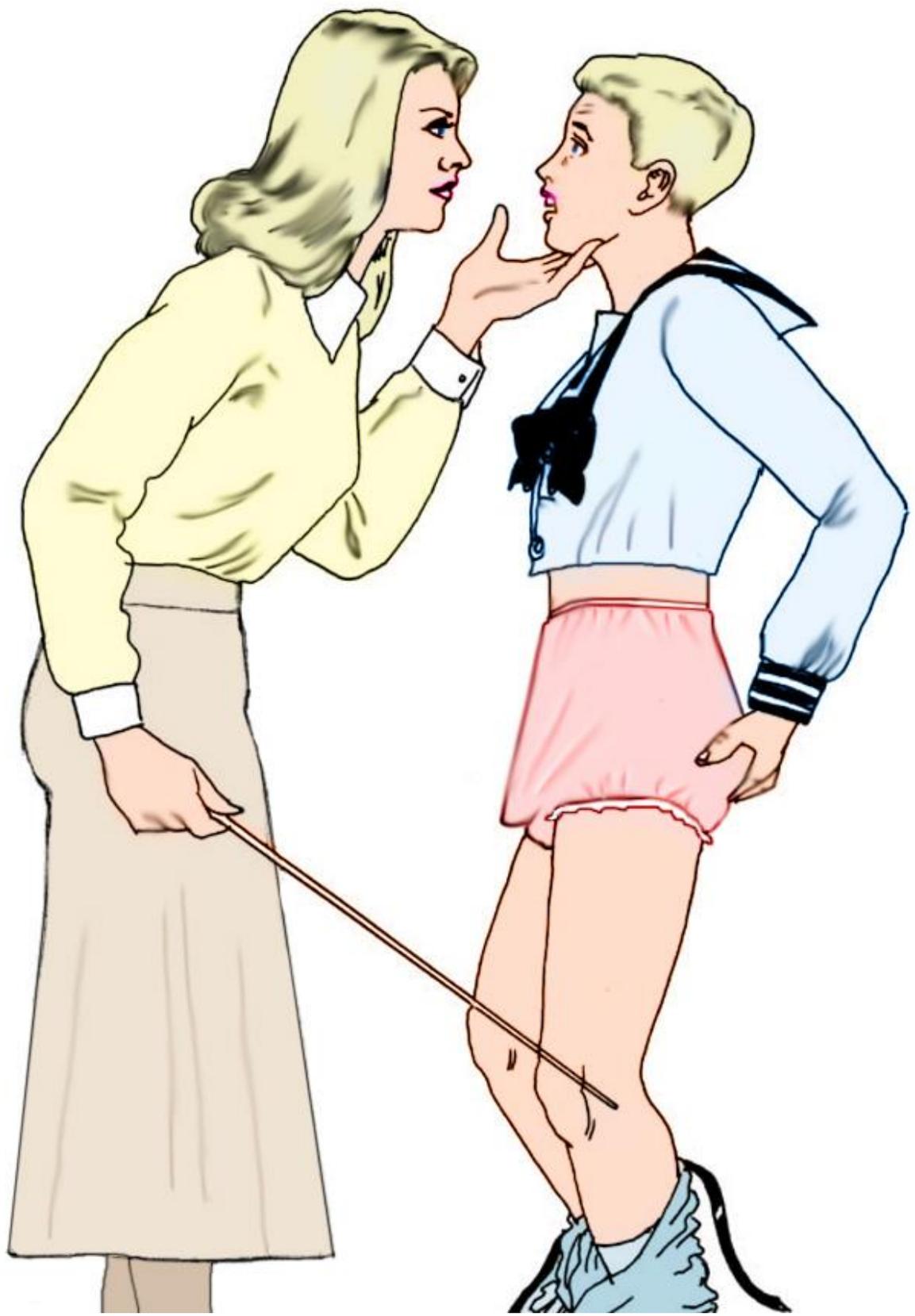
him to our regular physician for a check up, and when the doctor had him drop his pants for part of his exam, Brian did, but his face was the reddest I had ever seen. The doc did a double-take because they were bright pink panties—my husband's favorite color! I just said, “Nice pink panties my husband wears, huh, doc?” The old man tried to remain unmoved and professional, but I could tell by the way he was contorting his face that he was trying to suppress a whole range of reactions. The nurse couldn't stop from smiling. She had to leave the room before she broke out laughing. I got the nurse's name, and the next day I called her at the office. I told her I was interested in getting female hormones for my husband. She said she knew a doctor who would go along with it. I expect to hear back from her soon.

Now, our daughter picks out the panties he is to wear each day. The night before, while we're all getting ready for bed, she takes him into our bedroom, opens his dresser drawer and engages him in a long discussion about his various panties as she makes a big production of trying to figure out which ones she should set out for him to wear the following morning! He cringes and complains in a dozen different ways, but I know my little pantywaist husband is happier than he has ever been in his life, so what's a little embarrassment once in a while?

And I'm not the little martyr here. I've been going out with a few men friends – real men who don't wear panties! My girlfriends know all about it. They have even fixed me up with some nice guys. Brian too knows I go out on him, but we don't talk about it. And he knows these guys are fucking me with their nice big cocks, but the most exciting thing – I've got my husband trained to give me great oral sex after I come home from having sex with these men, and I make him drink down every drop of their cum. Ladies, there's nothing like having a panty-wearing, creampie eating wuss for a husband! I get all the sex I want, on my terms and have never been happier. And our daughter is now like one of my girlfriends. She often goes out with me when one of my men friends takes me to a nice restaurant, and she knows all about me dating and fucking other guys. She envies all the fun I'm having and wants to grow up to be just like me. In fact, she already has two little boys in our neighborhood – a ten year old and a twelve year old regularly wearing pairs of panties she gives them!

Sex for me has never been better, and I would recommend any woman follow a similar path if she wants a more fulfilling sex life.

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Ballet Boy

At six, my mom started taking me to ballet classes and continued to do so until I was well into my teens. I think she wanted a girl rather than a boy, and made up for it by taking me to ballet.

Anyway, I used to dance around the house whenever music was played. Hence Mom had the idea of ballet classes. She arranged an appointment with Miss Corbett, principal of the local dancing school. Miss Corbett was a lovely, friendly, elegant lady, about sixty. She said there were no other boys in the school, but if I didn't mind joining in with the girls, she'd be delighted to have me.

The school supplied its own ballet shoes and dancewear. Miss Corbett explained to my mom that they didn't have a specific boys' uniform. She suggested I wear the girls' uniform for the primary grades, which was a pale blue leotard and pink tights. Mom said that would be great fun, and asked if we could buy it there and then. I didn't know exactly what a leotard was at the time, so I went along with it.



Miss Corbett looked in various boxes, and produced a pair of pink satin ballet shoes with ribbons. "These should fit you," she said, "and you'll need to try everything on to check the size." While she was saying how nice it would be to have a boy in the school, she gathered items together and then held up a pair of pink ballet tights and a pale blue leotard with a short skirt attached. "This is the primary grades leotard," she said, holding it up against me. "I think this one should be just right. Would you like to try it on Robert?"

"I'm not wearing those," I said. "They're for girls!"

"Darling," said Miss Corbett as she put her arms around me. "Everyone wears this for ballet. It's OK. No one will think anything about it, and besides if you wear anything else, you'll stand out as being odd."

Mom nodded in agreement, and said, "Chop, chop! No more arguing! Now take your clothes off and put on the tights."

There seemed little choice, so I reluctantly took off my clothes, my shoes and socks, till I was just wearing my underpants. I stood there helplessly in Miss Corbett's office, wondering what I'd done to deserve this.

"Now sit on the chair, dear," Miss Corbett said, as she proceeded to put my toes into the feet of the pink tights. She pulled them up to my knees, and then asked me to stand up, while she pulled them up to my waist. As the creases went out, my legs suddenly looked like girls' legs. It felt weird. "They fit you fine," she said. "He has lovely legs! But he'll need new underwear. I'd recommend some nylon panties from the girls' department."

Mom said, "I'll pick some up tomorrow."

I was so embarrassed!

Miss Corbett then held out the pale blue leotard, and asked me to step into it. Again I couldn't really escape! She pulled it up, adjusting the shoulder straps, and then arranging the filmy skirt. By this time, Mom was humming with joy. "Oh, you look gorgeous!" she said.

"Now let's try on the shoes," Miss Corbett said. So I sat on the chair again while Miss Corbett squeezed my toes into the ballet shoes. They seemed to fit, and she crisscrossed the ribbons, tying them at the back. I'd never seen ballet shoes before.

"You'll need a headband as well," she said, clutching a pale blue one which matched the leotard. "I'll show you the best way to put it on." My hair was a little long in the popular style for little boys. She then brushed it behind my ears and gently placed the headband on from the front, so it half covered my ears. She finally secured the loose hair with two pink hair slides. She was talking all the time while she was

doing this. "Now that's lovely! If you grow your hair a bit longer," she said, "you could put it in a bun – that always looks good for ballet." Mom agreed, so I knew I was just supposed to go along with it too. They both stood back beaming with delight as they made me turn around.

"Let's go into the dance studio," Miss Corbett said, "I'll show you a few steps just to start with."

We went along the hall into a brightly lit room with a bay window, and a view over the garden to the street beyond. There were full-length mirrors on the walls, and I was taken aback when I saw myself. I looked like a girl! I went bright red. It was so embarrassing. I couldn't bear to look. Miss Corbett put her arms around me again. "Don't worry darling, you look lovely. There's nothing to worry about. Everyone wears the same, I promise you."

Then she said, "Now let's see if you can point your toes." She held my hand and I had to walk round the room pointing my toes. After going round twice, she said "That's lovely! Now run round the room on your own in tiny steps, and pointing your toes in the same way."

I felt so silly, especially as I could see myself in the mirror. "Run, run!" she said. After running around twice, which seemed an age, they both burst into spontaneous applause. "That was excellent!" Miss Corbett said. "You'll be ideal for our beginners' class on Saturday mornings."

She turned to Mom and said, "The class starts at ten, and it's at the church hall just down the road because there isn't enough room here for our Saturday classes. If you like, you can stay to watch the class. A lot of the other mothers stay to watch."

Mom said that would be marvelous.

We went back to Miss Corbett's office, and I was much relieved to change back, while Mom wrote out a check.

Miss Corbett added, "There isn't a changing room at the hall, so most of the girls change into their outfits at home and just bring their ballet shoes."

Mom said we'd do the same.

On Saturday morning Mom got me out of my pajamas and I stood there naked as she placed the pink satin ballet shoes, the light blue leotard and pink tights neatly on the bed. "Now hurry up, sweetie, and put these on first," she said, as she handed me a pair of soft, silky pink panties.

She had bought some girls' panties for me! She saw I was about to object.

"I know you're going to be brave. And since you love to dance around so much, I know you'll have a lot of fun in this class."

"But, Mom, these are for girls! Can't I just wear my own underpants?"

"No, dear, you saw how dumb they looked under your dance uniform because they bunched up and showed right through the tights and leotards. Yes, dear, those are girls' panties, but no one will see them under your outfit. Most of the pink panties at the store had a lot of lace and ribbons on them. I thought I was going to have to buy you some of them, but I was lucky enough to finally find these. They were the plainest panties I could find."

"But they're pink, Mommy! And ... and they have lace!"

"Yes, so what? I bought you pink panties, so they would match your tights and wouldn't show through. See, I was thinking of you. And there's just a little bit of white lace around the legs. Nobody's going to notice that. Now, slip them on and get going. We need to be there in half an hour, so chop, chop. I don't want any excuses!"

I gave in to her pressure, bent forward and slid the soft panties up my legs. They gave me chills and made me dizzy in the head. My eyes were getting watery, but I was determined not to cry. I think Mom sensed my shame and hurried to finish getting me dressed. When we were finished, the pale blue leotard and chiffon skirt seemed more embarrassing than ever.

"Now sit on the bed while I do your hair," she said, as she put the headband on with the two hair slides, just how Miss Corbett had done it. "You really do look gorgeous!" she said. "We should be ready to go in a minute. Just stay here for a moment; you need something else." She went downstairs and came back with a shoebox. To my horror, inside was a pair of girls' patent leather Mary Janes, black with a strap across the top and a small buckle at the side. They were exactly the kind of shoes that most girls wear to school. "You can't possibly wear heavy boys' shoes with your outfit. They'd look silly. So I've bought you these."

Surely I wouldn't need to wear girls' shoes as well just to go to ballet class.

"Come on! No arguing!" she said in a raised voice. "Put them on or else."

She had a determined look, so I duly put them on and stood up. They made me look like a girl more than ever, but they did fit and they were comfortable.

"Robert, you look beautiful. Now let's go."

"Wait," I pleaded, "I need to put my shirt and pants over these things."

"No you don't need anything else," Mom said. "All the other kids walk to ballet arrive to class changed, and anyway, you can't wear trousers on top of the leotard – it will wrinkle up the chiffon skirt. Besides,

it's a lovely sunny day. Now pick up your ballet shoes and let's go. Chop, chop!"

She took my hand and literally pulled me out of the house, shutting the door after us. How could I possibly walk down the street dressed like this? I was sure everyone would laugh at me and think I'm a sissy!

We set off down the street, and I felt so exposed and self-conscious. Fortunately we didn't see anyone we knew. We walked passed lots of people, but strangely they didn't take any notice. I thought they'd laugh when they saw me, or whistle or something, but they just smiled and carried on as though nothing was out of the ordinary. As we walked past stores, I could see my reflection in the shop windows. It almost made me sick because I looked exactly like a girl. We walked passed two older boys who giggled. That was embarrassing, but I held Mom's hand tightly and tried to get her to walk a little faster. Otherwise there was no reaction at all. Strange as it may seem, I was looking forward to my first ballet class. I did love to dance around at home and hoped I'd learn how to dance just like people I saw on television.

We finally arrived at the church hall, and to my relief, there were some girls on the opposite side of the street, dressed exactly like I was. I felt a little relief, but then I was even more scared as we followed the girls and their mothers into the main hall. It was a large room full of girls and their mothers, all chattering and making lots of noise. To my amazement, no one seemed to take any particular notice of me. They were all busy talking, doing their hair or putting their ballet shoes on. Others were already doing ballet moves, and pointing their toes. I slowly began to realize that the reason no one was taking any notice, was that they thought I was a girl. Perhaps if they knew I was a boy, it would be different.

We found some empty chairs, and I sat down to put on my ballet shoes. It didn't seem so bad now. I put them on and Mom tied the ribbons at the back. Then I stood up and Miss Corbett spotted me.

"Glad to see you made it. You're very brave," she said.

The leotards were fairly high cut on the thighs and my panties with their edge of white lace could be seen right through my thin pink tights! Miss Corbett then bent over and pulled up the leg opening on my leotard. She ran her finger over my panty elastic. I wondered what she was doing.

"I'm glad to see you got him some nice girls' panties to wear under his outfit -- so much better than his boys' things. Oh, they're pink, how nice. And with such lovely lace, beautiful! I bet you love wearing these silky little panties, don't you, boy? Your panties are showing a bit, but that's typical of little girls doing ballet."

That whole conversation and what she was doing to me set me back. I was aghast to see how much of my lacy panty leg was exposed, but before I could do much in the way of reacting, Miss Corbett walked to the middle of the room, clapped her hands and got everyone's attention. Everyone gradually quieted down.

"Now into the middle everyone. We have a new pupil today," she said. "This is Robert, he's joining us." There was a lot of hushed giggling, which Miss Corbett halted. "Please don't laugh anyone. Robert's being very brave to join us."

After the class, girls came up to me and said, "Are you really a boy? You don't look it."

I can't remember what I said, but it was all very embarrassing. To this day I never will forget my first ballet class.

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That Day in 1955 When My Life as a Girl Ended



I cannot remember the first time I wore a dress I but I do remember when I was first put into trousers. I was a girl for the first five years of my life. I was raised during the 1950's along with my two sisters, Pamela and Susan. My father had separated from my mother before I was born and agreed that if I was born a boy my father would take me, and if I was born a girl my mother would get me. Hence, I became one of three sisters for the sake of my mother's love. My sisters, mother, and I lived with my grandparents who ran a small business in the North West making dance shoes. My grandfather was a shoemaker, and my mother had been a chorus girl. So between them they ran a village workshop specializing in footwear for dancers and theatrical companies.

From the day I was born, I was treated in every respect as a girl. My mother had convinced everyone other than my grandparents that I was female and I didn't know I was different. I remember my grandfather teasing me about the dresses, panties and shoes I wore. He would often refer to me as "he" or "him," and he wouldn't let mama let my hair grow too long. I always cried horribly when grandpa cut my hair because he'd cut it as short as he could for a girl in those days. I pleaded with him to let me grow long hair and wear ribbons in it like my big sisters, but he wouldn't have it. He said he didn't want me looking too much like girl! Of course that confused me because I thought I was a girl!

I answered to the name of Chris that I thought was short for Christeen, which my mother and grandmother had often called me, but grandfather often called me Christopher a boy's name, and I soon found myself the center of family rows.

"He needs to have to have his hair cut," grandpa would say almost every week.

"Leave her alone; she looks pretty with it getting longer," my mother would say.

Then when I was about four years old, mama got her way, and I was allowed to have my hair grow out. It got long enough to put into pigtails, and mama tied it up in pretty ribbons every day.

Then one day grandpa said, "Well, I've let you have your way with him long enough. He'll have to have his hair cut on his next birthday and be put into boys' clothes before he starts school. They won't take him in a dress."

Mama lifted me up and hugged me. A tear trickled from her cheek to mine. "You'll always be my baby, Christeen," she said and wiped the tear from my face. She then straightened my dress and kissed me.

I was born in August, and when my sixth birthday party arrived, I knew it was going to be special. My sisters and I were going to be dressed in our Sunday best. Each of us had a new dress of shiny satin with little puff sleeves and frills around the neck and hem. It was fluffed out with petticoats, buttoned up the back and tied with a large bow. My grandmother had made us three dresses all identical, except for the color and size, Pam's was pink, mine was green and Sue's was pale blue. We each had white hair ribbons and lacy ankle socks. My granddad had made us little patent ankle strap shoes.

A week before my party my mother suggested I invite my cousin Tommy who was my age and lived down South. My aunt Carol, Tommy's mother, usually came to see us only at Christmas. I didn't like Tommy very much because he was rough and once broke a cup to my tea set.

“Mama, do I have to invite Tommy? He's nasty.”

“Yes, you must invite him,” my grandfather announced firmly.

Aunt Carol and Tommy arrived on the morning of my party. Pam, Sue, and I were allowed to miss Sunday school so we could get ready for the party. Everyone seemed to be upset.

“It's a shame boys don't look like her,” my Aunt Carol said. “He's a freak of nature, being so pretty like that.”

“How are you going to explain to him the change over?” I overheard my grandmother ask my mother.

Everyone except my grandfather kept fussing with me and reminding me on how my sisters and I were a set of three. He just grunted and said things like, “I'm glad all this nonsense is coming to an end.” Of course, I didn't know what he meant.

When it was time to get into my party dress, I quickly took off my skirt, blouse, shoes, and ankle socks. While I was standing there in just my pink panties, Mama hugged me and told me I'd always be her special little girl. Then she said, “You know Christeen, — I mean Christopher, this is going to be the last day you'll be wearing dresses, grandpa says we have to put you in new clothes so you can get ready to go to school.

I'll never forget how wonderful the panties felt that day as mama rubbed her hands all over them and made me giggle with silky pleasures. My little thing stuck up in the panties in a funny way. Then Mama helped me put on the satin dress. She zipped up the back and then helped me with my new Mary Janes. She took me out to the living room and put on a record. I danced my party piece for her as I had done on many occasions only this time she was crying. Everyone cheered me on and clapped. And I was giggling because my penis was bouncing up and down within my silky panties and it tickled deliciously!

“Where is he?” I could hear my grandfather's voice outside as he came into the room. He sat down and then pulled me to him. He reached under my skirt and grabbed my penis and balls in

his big hand. He squeezed and pinched me down there and said, “Ah! There's my little boy!”



He really hurt me and it took my breath away. Next thing I knew he was leading me out of the room and into the basement. He took all my clothes off except my pink panties and then cut my hair all off. Then he turned me over to my mother and grandmother and told them to make a boy of me. They dressed me in rough corduroy pants and a flannel shirt, plain knit socks and heavy oxfords. Less than an hour later, with my pigtails and hair ribbons were gone, I was presented to my party guests as a boy in the ugly, rough clothes they had dressed me in. Confused and crying, I went to my own birthday party as a boy, but I was so distraught, I

ran to my room and spent my time on my bed crying, not even going out to open my gifts or have any ice cream and cake.

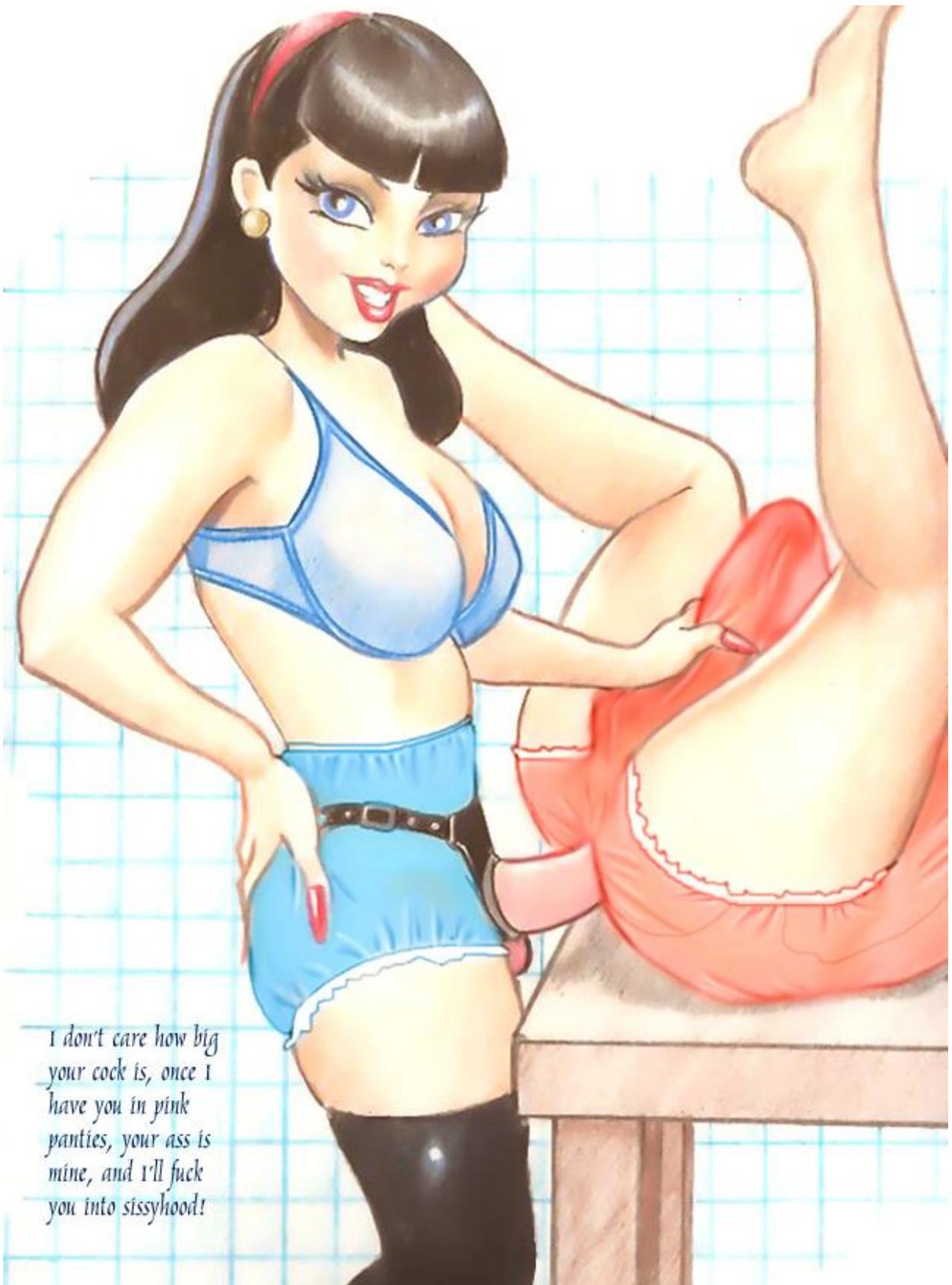
Strangely enough they had left the pink panties on me! Years later mama told me they had forgotten all about buying me boys' underwear until they were dressing me in my new boys' clothes for the first time. But that was soon remedied. A day or so later mama bought me some boys' dumb-looking boxer shorts, dressed me in them and took away my pink panties forever.

In the first picture, I'm in the yellow dress. I was 4 years old and still in girls' clothes. In the second picture, I'm with my two older sisters on our summer vacation just after I turned six. I then had short hair and was wearing boys' clothes.

From #05614-M “Girlhood” by Christeen.

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*I don't care how big
your cock is, once I
have you in pink
panties, your ass is
mine, and I'll fuck
you into sissynood!*

Learning how to be a better boy...



Master Charles Ellis Winfield III, 1903

