

Pussy Boy Pager

Reader's Stories & Pics

Volume 3

Davy's Dare

A boy and his best friend play around with his sister's lingerie and then dare each other to wear garter belt, stockings, training bra and panties under their regular clothes to school.

When Mom Joined the Demale Society

After a boy's mother joins this club, she spansks him like never before and makes him wear girls' panties. The boy tearfully tells his best friend and warns him that his mom says he's next!

Likes Being a sissy little Girl

Ever since he was a little boy and played dress-up with his sister, he has known that he wanted to be a girl and not a boy.

Article

A teen boy wears a dress to school and challenges principal.

Drawing & Photos

*Bound and helpless sissy boy is masturbated in his panties.
A boy can't believe his little brother wants a bra for Christmas.*

Photos

Many pictures of boys in sissy and girle clothes.

Adults Only



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

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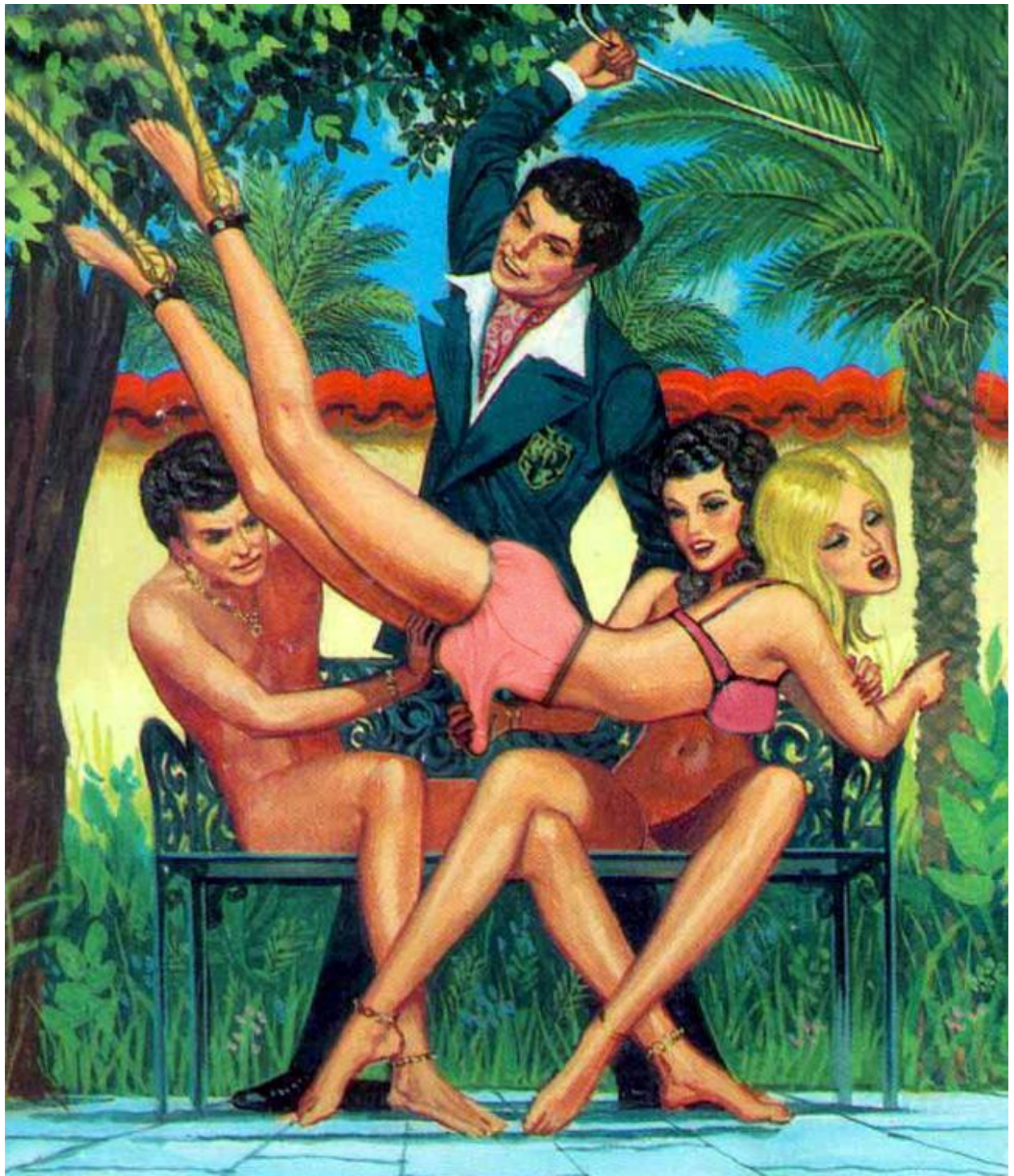
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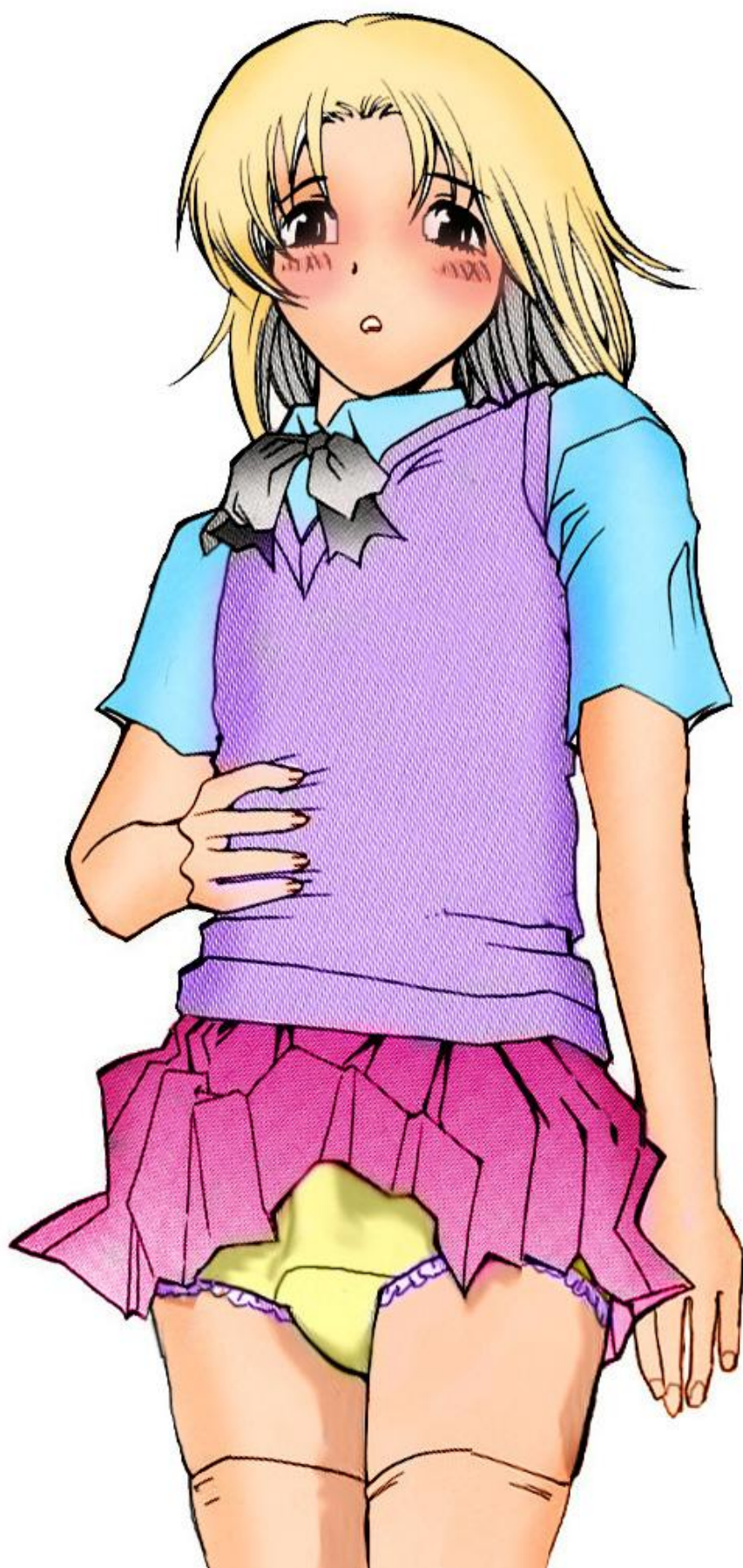
Sissy Gray





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Miss Bucky





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Likes Being a Little Girl

At age four, I KNEW I was different from other boys; I never liked sports or playing with cars and trucks. Instead, I preferred playing house with my sister, who is four years older than I am. She was so gentle and nice, and I wanted to be just like her, not like the boys in the neighborhood or my brother, who is eight years older.

Wearing her clothes was just a natural extension of my feelings, and I felt so good whenever I would wear her panties and dresses. In my heart, I knew I was destined to be a girl, not a boy! When our mom and brother were out, my sister and I would play with dolls and she would dress me up. I loved being her sister!

By the time I was 10, my mother, brother and school mates knew about me. I was teased a LOT. I didn't get called "sissy" too often because where I lived boys like me were usually tagged as "nancy

boy," and I did get called that almost daily. I guess the name was supposed to embarrass and harass me, but I loved being called nancy boy!

My mom eventually accepted me, but my brother never did. I was so happy when he finally moved away to college. My mom did frequently cry and ask me aloud where she went wrong, why I was so effeminate, why I wanted to be a girl, etc. I really had no idea why, I just knew I liked it, and now that my brother was gone, I was free to wear more girls' clothes, do girls' things and live more like a girl -- and I did. My sister and I were the best of friends.

Soon, I was wearing my sisters things all the time; my male clothes never left my closet except to go to school. Afterwards I would come home and put on something pretty and play around the house; it felt

heavenly. By age twelve, Mom accepted my dressing up and had no problem with me wearing pretty girls' clothes around the house, and I was wearing panties and training bras to school under my guy clothes.

Everyone in school knew I was gay, as they called me, although I thought of myself more as a girl than as a gay male. The only friends I had were girls; the boys never associated with me in fear of being called gay too. My sister and her friends were very nice to me and included me in the things they did, which was so sweet of them and made me want to be one of them even more.

By sixteen, I was wearing wigs and makeup and venturing outside the house sometimes; I was small [still am] and 100% passable, so it was no problems for me, although I had to do it when my mother wasn't around. I loved those times and would wear the most feminine things I had as I just walked around or went to the mall. It was a thrill that no one knew I was a sissy.

In college I had my first sexual experience; one of my professors liked me, and I liked him, and he became my first lover. He gave me what I had always wanted: acceptance as a female, complete and totally. He called me Nancy at all times and when I was with him I was a girl 24/7. For a 19-year old sissy, waiting for 10 years for someone like him to say "it's OK, I like you as a girl" was the perfect thing for me and made me feel so special.

But I soon realized my strongest urges were to act and dress like a little girl. Of course when I first saw the Demale Society and similar web sites, I loved them because the boys get to be little girls just like I am! I LOVE being the mincing, dainty, ultra-feminine type of sissy, and that is the way I love to dress and act. I have a large wardrobe of girlie clothes in my size but the style worn by a four-year-old girl, including bonnets, cute purses, shiny Mary Janes, cancan petticoats, party dresses {I have 8}, lacy anklets and of course frilly panties. I love rhumba panties best, with ruffles in the back or all around. I have 10 pairs, mostly pink and white in different styles. My everyday panties are little girl style too, with cartoon characters or balloons, hearts, cupcakes, etc.



Sexually, I've never been with a female, only guys. My love life is okay, although I still haven't found Mr. Right. I would love to settle down with a real man. I'm 28 now and have had many lovers over the years, but none of them really liked my sissy attitude and little girl persona; most gay men who are attracted to feminine males seem to want shemales -- women with dicks-- not little sissy girls like me.

I much prefer staying home with a guy and doing a fashion show for him or sitting on his lap in a party dress, rather than going out dressed as his lady. I'm still 100% passable and small, but going out doesn't thrill me like it used to. I prefer to stay in and be the most ultra-feminine sissy I can be. One of my boyfriends said I looked silly when he saw me dressed like a little girl, but it's what makes me feel best. I like regressing back to the age when I would dress up and act like a sissy little girl with my sister.

Ta ta!
Nancy

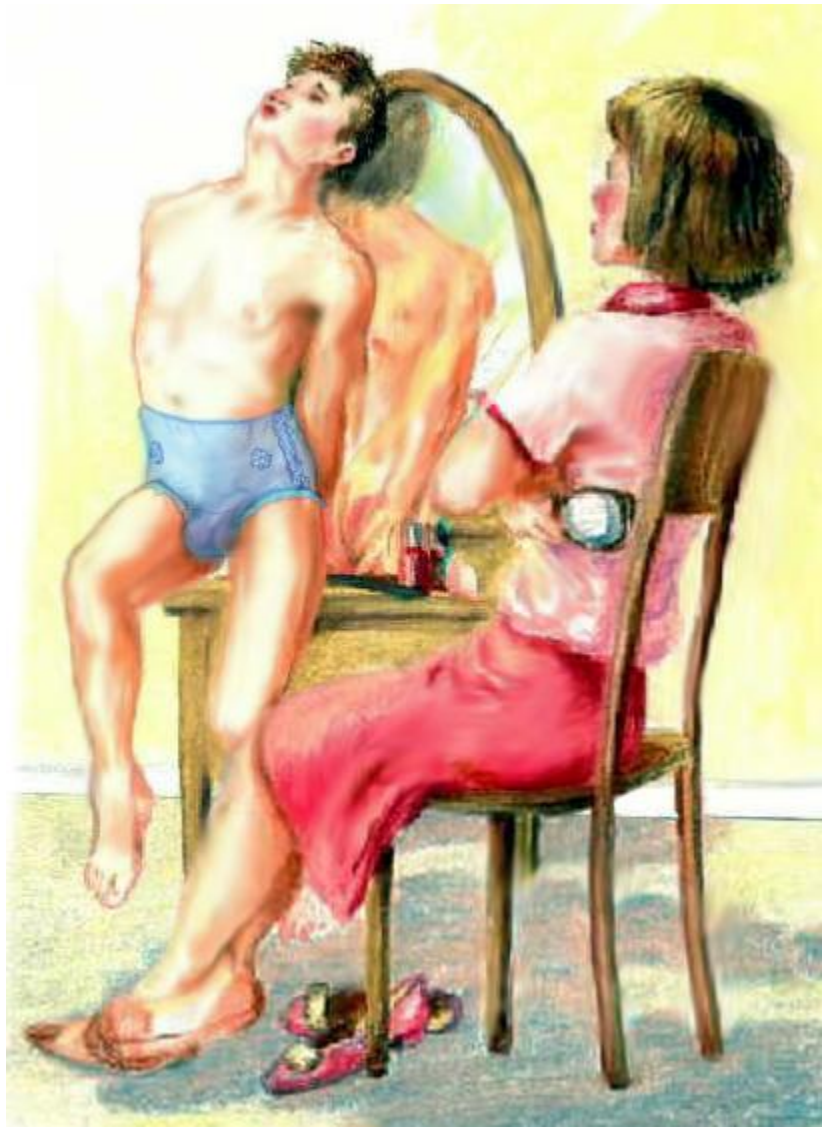
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When Mom Joined the Demale Society

By Stylishned

I guess we had fate going for us. Eugene and I were neighbors and both born on the same day, August 7th, so it was only natural that we became best friends.

His mom had split when he was just a baby, and his father raised him and got remarried, but he died when Eugene was seven, leaving his second wife to raise the baby.



I lived with just my mother Silvia and twelve-year-old sister Judy. My dad had taken off when I was seven -- fate again -- and another reason why Eugene and I got along so well.

We were both ten years old when on New Years Day 1993, Eugene's mother, Mrs. Tulley, threw a dinner party for us and a new friend of hers named Mrs. Rico. After we ate, Eugene, his sixteen-year-old sister Annamarie, my sister and I played games and watched television while the women talked.

I later learned that the new lady invited Mrs. Tulley and my mom to a club that deals with problems women have. The meetings were at 7 to 9 pm every Thursday. Mrs. Tulley said she'd go, but my mother couldn't because she was going to night school to learn to be a secretary as well as worked days at the local Burger King.

Mrs. Tulley generally baby-sat for us while our mom was in school, but on the following Thursday, Eugene came over to our house, and Annamarie came over to watch us all while Mrs., Tulley went to the meeting.

At about nine-thirty, our mom came home and soon after, Eugene's mom came to get him and his sister. Something was different. It was the way she looked at Eugene and me -- scary. She kept laughing whenever she looked at one of us boys.

"Annamarie," she said, "next week you're coming to the meeting with me! You'll love it! I mean it! I just had the most amazing evening of my life. I can't wait to tell Silvia and you all about it."

Mrs. Tulley asked my mom, "Do you think Mrs. Cross can watch Judy and our boys next week? I really need to take Annamarie to that meeting. I wish you could get off of school and go with us."

Annamarie went home with Eugene to be with him as he got ready for bed. Mrs. Tulley stayed and talked with Mom while Judy and I got ready for bed.

The next afternoon I looked at Eugene curiously when he said, "Freddie, my mom came home last night from that meeting and for some reason had me start wearing a new kind of underwear. Isn't that strange?"

"I donno. What's strange about it?"

"Well, I, uh, geez, I don't know."

"You know, your mom was talking with my mom for a long time last night. They were talking loud and laughing a lot. Maybe she said something about that. I'll ask my mom at dinner tonight if she knows why you got new underwear all of a sudden."

Eugene got a very scared look on hi face, and excitedly said, "No! No...please, don't say anything to your

mother or sister...please!" He was on the verge of crying.

"Why? What's going on?" I asked.

With tears in his eyes, he led me into the garage, loosened his trousers, and begged me, "Promise you will never tell...promise!"

I nodded.

Now he was crying as he lifted his shirttail and dropped his pants.

My, god! He was wearing girls' pink panties!

"Remember, you promised!" Eugene pleaded. When his sobbing slowed, he said, "After we left your house last night, mom's friend -- that Mrs. Rico you met at our party -- was waiting in our living room. It was kind of weird, but my sister told me, 'Well, from now on, mom wants you to call Mrs. Rico Aunt Gail.'"

"I didn't think much about it, so I agreed, said, 'Good night, Aunt Gail,' and went to take my shower. By the time I brushed my teeth and everything, mom was home. When I went to my room to go to bed, my sister was there. She was giggling a lot and all excited. She told me I was supposed to go with her back to the living room.

Aunt Gail smiled at me. Mom encouraged me to give her a hug. I did.

"Eugene, can I just call you Gene?" she asked.

I nodded okay.

"Gene since I just became your new aunt, I want to give you this gift," she said as she pulled out these pink panties.

I thought it was a joke.

My mom got kind of stern and said, "Gene, please put the panties on? Your aunty is so nice to give you such a pretty gift. Put them on for us, so we can see how nice you look in them."

I was shocked. "No way! That's girls stuff! Give 'em to Annamarie," I told them.

My sister laughed and said, "There too small for me!"

I tried to turn and go back to my room, but Mom stopped me.

"Take off your pants and underpants right now!"

"No." I screamed.

"My mother had a hairbrush and started using it on me. She never had hit me with a hairbrush before. She only stopped when I let them take off my pants. She said she had a belt too and would use it if I didn't cooperate. Then the two of them made me put on these panties, as they told me I'd get the belt if I tried to take them off. They made me model the panties for them and Annamarie." He was now sobbing uncontrollably. He finally stopped long enough to say, "It's all because she went to that stupid meeting last night. I'm telling you because my mom said she was going to tell your mom that I like wearing girls' panties... but I don't! I really don't!"

It took forever to get him to quiet down. Then he shocked me.

"My mom is planning on taking your mother to the meeting next week. She said your mom is going to skip her class to go. My mom said I needed a girlfriend to share things with and you are just perfect. I think she expects your mom to make you wear panties too."

I laughed! This was too weird for words! I thanked him for the warning and explained to him my mom was pretty cool; she wouldn't do anything like that."

Nothing else weird went on over the next couple of days. I didn't ask Eugene about the panties, but he did mention to me that he still had to wear "them," but happy that he only had to wear "them" while he was at home, not to school or anything."

Then on Sunday night, Eugene came over and we headed up to my room, but mom stopped us and told us he wasn't supposed to play up in my room anymore. I gave her a funny look. I didn't know if my mother knew Eugene had to wear girls' pink panties.

Mom said, "Sue says you have to play down here in the living room where Annamarie or I can watch you. You see," she said looking at me, "Eugene isn't allowed to play rough games or watch bad television anymore. No guns, no saying dirty words, no making nasty comments about girls. Those are a few of the things he can't do anymore. His mom is trying to make a sweet little child of him and prevent him from growing up to be bad to women and girls."

When I reached to turn on the TV to play a video game with Eugene, mom shook her head no. Within minutes of not being able to do anything, we got bored. He got a few tears in his eyes. I think being over at our place, he was hoping to have a good time like we always had, but he got very disappointed when my mom wouldn't let him play like we used to do. Then Mom relented. She sent Eugene up to my room to play "one last time" but held me back. She said I'd join him in a minute, but she had to talk to me first. After he left, mom stunned me.



“Freddie, I know all about the new things Eugene is going through. For example, I know he has to wear pretty girls' panties. And I know you know you know. Eugene told his mother he showed you.”

I about passed out!

Mom smiled and said, “Sue told me what she's trying to do with him while you boys where in school.”

My face must have told the story.

“Honey, don't worry. I know if I wanted you to start wearing girls' pink panties, you would do it because you love me. And you know I would never do anything to hurt you.”

"Mom! No, Mom!" I assured her. "I'd never do anything to hurt you either. I love you very much, but, uh, geez ... but wearing girls' panties! I couldn't do that, Mom!"

She nodded her head. Like I said my mother is pretty cool.

"I understand, dear. And since you never had to wear girls' panties before, you're a little scared."

I looked at her a bit strange, shook my head 'no' and walked away. Mom followed me back to my room.

Seeing Eugene, she said, "Eugene, honey, can I talk with you?"

"Yes, Mrs. Mayer."

Mom sat beside him on my bed and put her arm around him. "Eugene, I know you have to wear girls' panties." She had a firm grip on him to prevent him from running. "Stay still, sweetie, I'm not going to make fun of you."

He began crying. "I don't like wearing girls' panties. Really I don't!"

"But your mother said your penis gets hard when she puts you in clean panties every morning. So maybe you like wearing them more than you think."

Eugene looked like he wanted to protest, but Mom held up her hand to hush him.

"Now, now, you don't have to be embarrassed. Your mother is just trying to raise you as best she can. And don't worry bout me. Just because you wear sissy little panties, doesn't mean you can't have fun with my little Freddie anymore. You can still play games and watch TV together. You just can't do those nasty, naughty boy things anymore. So your mom wants me to make sure you don't do bad things while you're over here. Now, I'll let you play with Freddie in his room this one last time, and I'll join you. We'll play a game you boys will love."

Mom got on the floor with us and dealt a special deck of cards she had, explaining to us that we had to do what ever it said on the card we got.

We all agreed ladies first, so Mom went first. Her card said take off your clothes and stay just in your underwear. Eugene and I went wide-eyed when she read that card, but we were even more shocked when she stood up and took her dress and slip off so she was just in her yellow bra and panties.

Eugene got a card that said, "Tell the person on the left of you (that was me) you love him." He got all embarrassed, and said, "I love you, Freddie. You're the best friend anybody could have."

I was blushing like crazy to have a boy tell me he loved me. My card said, "Kiss the person on your right."

Yuk! Me kiss Eugene! But Mom insisted. I pecked him on the cheek, but Mom said that wasn't good enough. She made me kiss him on the lips. I was crying at that!

"That was sweet. One of these days, you'll really be able to give your little boyfriend a good kiss, one of those hot french kisses where you both kiss with your mouths open and lick each other's tongues."

Shocked wasn't the word to describe how I felt. Mom saw I was getting pretty upset, so she stopped the game and told us to watch TV for a while. She took out a video she said Eugene's mom had gotten at that meeting and told us we'd enjoy watching it. Eugene and I were dumbfounded as we watched to little blonde boys come on the screen. They danced around like a couple of sissies and even kissed each other with one of those french kisses like Mom had just described. Up until that moment I had never even heard of such a thing. It disgusted me to see two boys going at it like that, pulling back as they kissed, and showing everybody how they licked each other's tongues.

"See," Mom said, "that's how boys do it together when they really like each other!"

But the surprises didn't end there. The boys kept on kissing and unzipped their zippers. They began playing with each other between their legs. Their pants started to fall down, and we could see both boys wearing pink panties with a ton of lace and bows and shit like that on them.

Mom stopped the tape, said we had seen enough for that day and told us the next time Eugene came over she'd show us some more of it. Eugene went home. I couldn't talk for a while. So much strange crap was going through my mind after that.

The following Thursday, Mom went to that meeting. And afterwards when she picked me up, Mrs. Rico was with her. In our living room, it all happened just like Eugene told me it happened to him.

After I got ready for bed, Mom called me down. Mrs. Rico told me to call her "Aunt Gail." I said I would.

Judy got all excited when Mrs. Rico held up a pair of pink silk panties like Eugene wore. "You're such a sweet boy, Freddie," she said in a purring kind of voice. "Your mother tells me how much you love her. Well, sweet boys who love their mothers deserve to be treated special, so I'm giving you this pretty pair of panties. Aren't they beautiful?"

I was blinking away the tears in my eyes.

"Now, Freddie," my mom said with authority, "take off all your clothes and put on the nice panties. I know you're going to love wearing them. Now you can be in pink panties just like your little friend, Eugene."

I wasn't crying audibly, but tears were steaming down my face faster than ever. I was shaking my head

'no,' but unable to help myself. Used to my mother's commands, I was starting to undo my pants and shirt.

"Oh, he does love his mommy," Mrs. Rico said with a chilling laugh. "Freddie, sweet boys like you never give their mommies any trouble. Your mommy is going to have to get you a lot of really pretty panties to wear. You'd love that wouldn't you?"

I looked at her in awe.

"Oh, yes, Freddie," Mom said, I'll take you to the store tomorrow and you can pick out a whole bunch of panties all by yourself. Ever since Eugene has been wearing panties, I'm sure you've been jealous, and now you can wear panties too!"

Mrs. Rico added, "Silvia, if Freddie is really good and doesn't give you any trouble, will you let him wear panties under his pants even to school?"

"Why, of course, he can wear panties to school!" Mom almost shouted. "Yes, Freddie, you will be wearing fancy panties from now on." There was so much happiness in her voice as those lace panties were being pulled up my legs. Mom call it pink panty training.

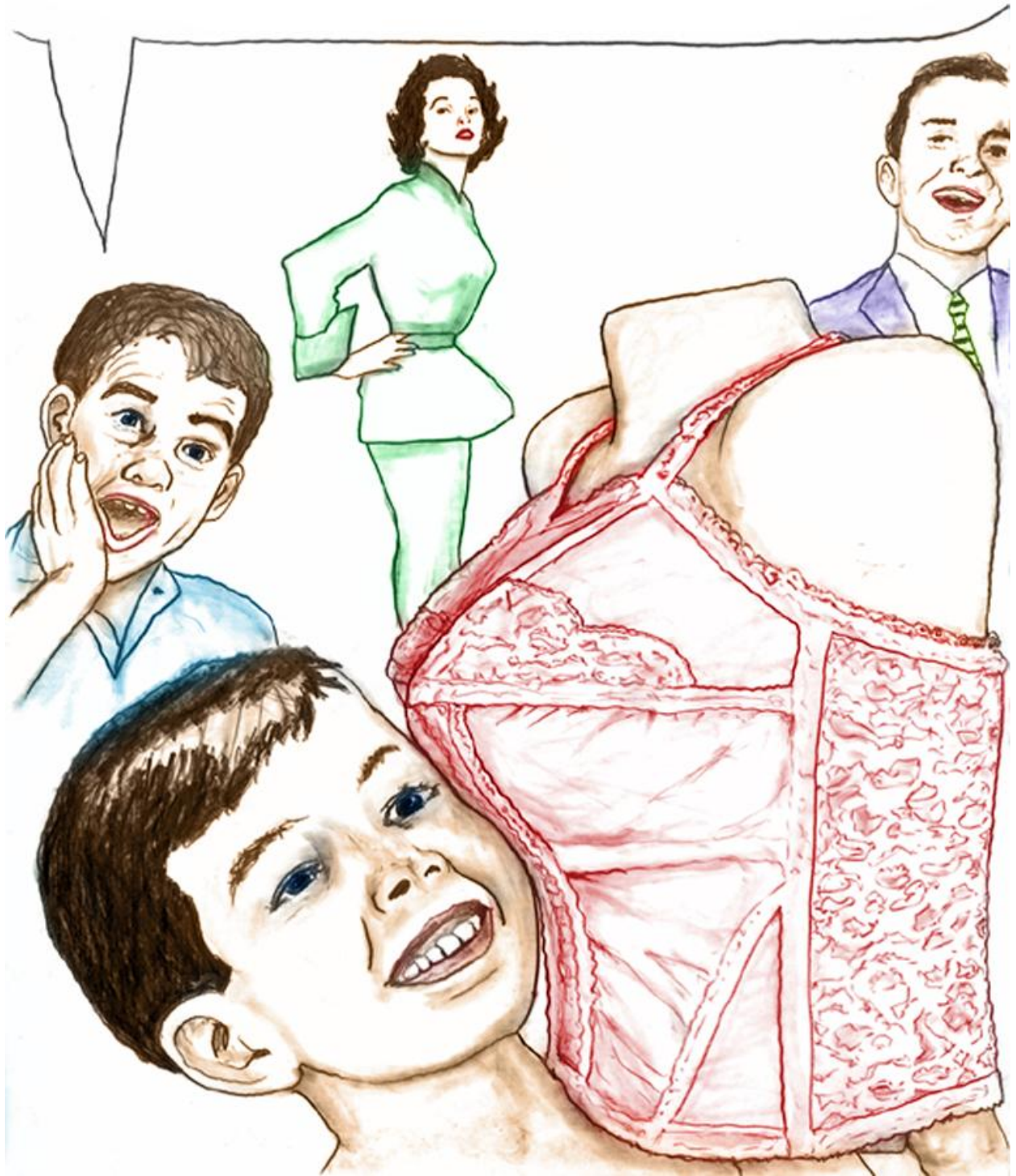
I think I was crying, but I can't remember exactly what happened, and why I didn't stop them; I don't know. Yes, I did love my mom, but even though I didn't want to wear pink panties, I wasn't fighting them as they pantied me. Mom was holding her dress belt in her hand, and I knew she'd use it on me if she had to, but she didn't have to. After that I began finding more and more of my sister's things in my drawers and closet. Her slips, bras, tights and dresses started crowding out all my things. I complained to Mom, but Judy said they were too small for her. So I asked what was going on. That's when Mom smiled and said, "well, sweetie, they're all for you!"

"But, Mom," I protested, "I'm a boy not a sissy or a girl!"

Mother said, "Well, Freddie, of course, you're a sissy. Now let's go upstairs and get you all dressed up for the first time so we can all see what you look like as a girl! Then you can go with us to the Demale Society meeting next Thursday, and Judy and I can show you off to everybody as a sweet panty sissy boy!"

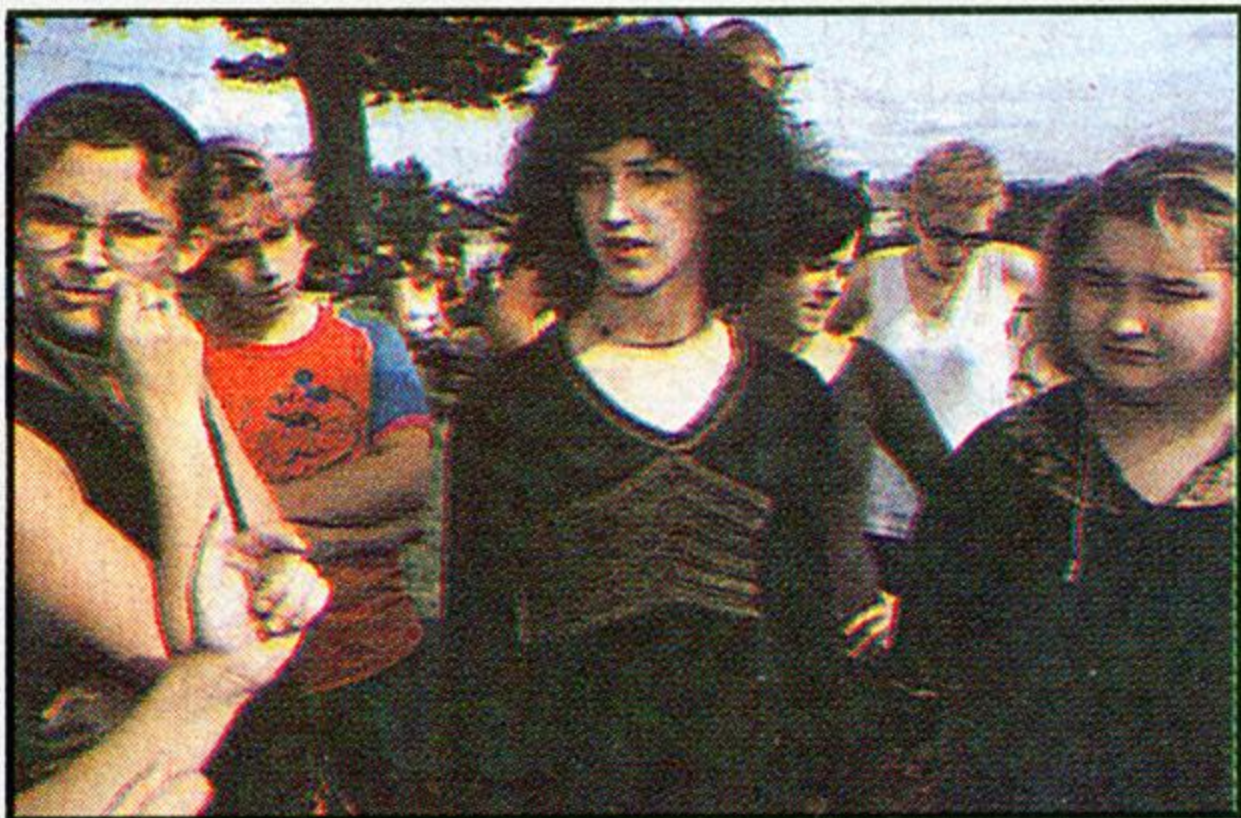
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Mom! Dad! My little brother
wants a bra for Christmas!





Teen Boy in the News



ALDEN PELLETT, *Free Press*

Burlington High School student Matthew Stickney discusses the issue of his wearing a dress to school with other students who believe he has the right to do so. The school administration told him he could not. A group of about 15 students gathered outside the high school Wednesday to show support.

Gay teen in dress challenges principal

By Anne Geggis
Free Press Staff Writer

A Burlington High School sophomore is challenging the school principal's decision that he can't come to school wearing a dress — promising to take his right of free expression to the courts if necessary.

"Females can dress any way they like to, so why can't males do the same?" said Matt Stickney, who was wearing a long, flowing black dress, a black wig, lipstick and eyeliner. "I'm 15, and I'm gay. This is how I dress to express my personality."

About 15 of Stickney's friends stood on the grassy knoll in front of the high school Wednesday afternoon to protest Principal

Ridgley Schott's decision. Stickney said he was told Monday that he couldn't wear a dress to school after he did so for three days last week.

Schott said he acted in the interest of preserving order in the 1,000-student school.

"Our issue isn't this kid's inclinations one way or another," Schott said of the situation that's marked the first challenge to his authority since he began as principal last month. "We can't conduct the business of school with him dressed like that. That's where we're coming from."

Schott said a student had shouted a derogatory remark into a classroom where Stickney was seated. Other students are clearly

more interested in talking with the young man than in paying attention to their teachers, Schott said.

Stickney's supporters say the administration is acting in a hypocritical fashion.

"It's kind of sad that we are told, pushed even, to express our individuality and here he's being persecuted for it," said Jessica Morley, 16, a junior.

Schott acknowledged dress codes do change — women weren't allowed to wear anything except for skirts a generation ago, for example. He contends, however, the high school climate is just not ready for male students wearing dresses.

Terry Buehner, Stickney's tea-

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Davy's Dare

Davy Sisco and I were best buddies. Even so, there was always a healthy competition between the two of us. In ways I was an introvert, so since he was always challenging me; he brought me out of my shell. I liked him because of it, and I think one of the reasons he like me was because I went along with his dares.

It was a gorgeous Indian summer Saturday in October 1970, a good to goof off. I hopped on my bike and headed over to Davy's house. I rang the doorbell, and he looked out his bedroom window.

"Tony, c'mon in! Quick! I got somethin' to show ya," he exclaimed.

I opened the door and ran inside. As I bounded up the steps I hollered out, "Hi, Mrs. Sisco," to his mom who was in the kitchen.

Davy grabbed me when I reached the stop of the stairs.

"Shush you dork! Get in here," Davy said as he pulled me into his room.

"What's up?" I asked.

Davy looked out in the hallway to make sure no one was around, and then went over to his bed. He reached between the mattress and box springs and pulled something out and stuck it behind his back.

"Come over here on the other side of the bed where no one can see us," he said.

We both sat on the carpet with our back against the bed and our feet on the wall.

"This...", he paused for effect, "is what's up," he said, as he produced four copies of Penthouse magazine.

"Cool. Where'd ya get 'em?"

"My brother left them in his room after he left for college," Davy answered.

Definitely impressed I asked, "Can I look at one?"

"Why do you think I called you up here, dork," he said as he handed me one.

I, of course, turned immediately to the centerfold. My eyes got as big as saucers as I stared at a real girl without any clothes on. "Wow!" I gasped.

"Here, look at this one," Davy said as he opened another centerfold.

"Jeez-Louise! Look at the boobs on her!"

"Yeah, if I had ones like that I'd just stare at myself all day in the mirror."

I giggled at the thought of Davy with boobs.

We spent the next few minutes leafing through the magazines, intently taking in every inch of flesh. Our concentration was broken by the voice of Davy's mother as she came up the stairs.

"Hey boys!" she called out.

Davy ripped the magazine from my hands and tossed the bunch of them under the bed.

"Yeah, mom!" Davy yelled.

She walked into the room and stood before us "Davy, I'm going to pickup your sister from dance class. Then we have to go get our hair cut. Stay out of trouble; we'll be back in a couple of hours."

"Okay, mom," Davy said.

Mrs. Sisco turned to leave, and then paused. "And please clean up this pigsty of a room, Davy. Maybe Tony will help you. See you boys later."

"Later mom," he said as his mom walked away.

"See ya, Mrs. Sisco," I said, as she left the room.

As soon as we heard the front door close, Davy dug for the magazines.

"This one is my fave," he said as he handed me the lingerie special.

"Groovy! Page after page of girls in their underwear! This is even better than looking through the Monkey Wards catalog," I enthused.

He turned around and grabbed another issue from under the bed and sat down next me. We sat in silence for a while as I took in the sights. Davy lazily leafed through his issue.

After a few minutes he broke the silence. "So, Tony, which one do you like best?"

I flipped back to a girl with a white bra, white garter belt, and little white panties. They had little flowers appliquéd on them. "Well her to start. She's gorgeous. How about you?"

Davy turned to a girl in a hot pink bra, panties, and garter belt. "Now THIS is a babe. Of all the babes in there, THIS is the babe!"

"Yeah, who would have thought that girls wearing clothes would look even better than girls not wearing clothes?" I observed.

We sat and leafed through the magazines a bit more.

"You know what else I like," Davy asked.

"No, what?" I inquired.

"These crazy letters they publish," Davy answered.

I looked over as Davy flipped to the front of the magazine. "What letters?" I asked.

"Letters like this," Davy explained. "Look, here's one from a guy whose girl friend let him cover her with

whipped cream, and then he licked it off."

"Oh yeah? Lemme see." I took the magazine from Davy.

I started reading the letter.

When I finished all I could say, was "Wow! Got any more?"

"Lots," Davy started pointing out his favorite letters. "Sometimes they're really hot, and sometimes they're pretty dorky."

I pointed to one of the letters in my magazine. "Yeah... Look at this one about a guy who wears his girlfriend's bras and panties."

"What a homo," Davy said.

"Yeah, what a homo," I echoed.

We read some more, and when I went back to the lingerie issue, Davy turned to me.

"Did you ever try on girls' underwear?" he asked.

"Are you kidding, what d'ya think I am, a fairy," I blurted.

"Nah, I just thought it might be kinda cool," Davy replied.

We sat in silence for a while. I looked at the girls in their bras and panties, but the idea that had been planted between us began to bloom.

"Have you ever seen a real live girl in her underwear," Davy asked.

"Nope," I answered. "Have you?"

"No," Davy answered slowly. "I suppose if we did try on girls' underwear we could sorta see what it would look like."

"Yeah, I suppose," I said.

Davy looked at me, "You want to?"

"Want to what?" I asked.

"Try on girls' underwear," he suggested.

"Oh gee, Davy, I dunno," I answered. Deep inside I felt my tummy doing flippity-flops.

"C'mon, I dare you," Davy said throwing down the gauntlet.

I knew that I never could pass up one of Davy's dares. It was a game we played. Trying to top each other. I took a deep breath. "Well I suppose we could just for minute."

Davy jumped to his feet. "I'll be right back."

With that he ran out of the bedroom. I heard some drawers open and close. I took a deep breath as I tried to figure out what I had gotten myself into. Davy then came back into his room and dropped some clothes on the bed.

"Okay, I dare you to put on my sister's bra and panties," he demanded.

"But what about you?" I asked.

"Don't worry. There's a bra and panties here for me too, see?" Davy explained as he held up two of each: bras, garter belts, and pairs of nylon stockings and panties with lace on them.

"So, don't just stand there, pick out the bra and panties you want to wear," he continued.

"I dunno Davy. Are you sure it's okay."

"What are you? A chicken? Of course it's okay. Who's gonna know? It's just us."

Little did I know I would hear those words again before our adventure was over.

I took a deep breath and nervously picked out a bra and panties. "Okay, I'll wear these I guess."

"Good! That leaves these for me," Davy said.

"So where do we start?" I asked with a dry mouthed stutter in my voice.

"Well, I guess we take off our clothes first." Davy looked at me and shrugged.

"Yeah, I guess," I answered in agreement if only to not seem to be a chicken.

Davy pulled his sweatshirt over his head and began to undo his belt. Trembling inside, I stood there watching his every move. He paused just as he went to unbutton his jeans.

"What are you waiting for, my mom and my sister won't be home for some time," Davy impatiently protested.

"All right already!" I reluctantly pulled my sweatshirt over my head and tossed it on the bed. As Davy stood before me in his Fruit of the Looms, I undid my zipper and pulled my jeans down. He then moved around to my side of the bed and sat down to take off his socks. I sat next to him in my white Jockey shorts and did the same. I figured I should just follow his lead. But when he pulled off his jeans he then pulled off his underwear and stood naked before me, the flippity-flop feeling in my tummy built to a new level. I knew things had gone too far to turn back now. I knew I'd soon have no choice but to follow him and put on some of the lingerie too.

Davy and I stood side by side, a stack of frilly lingerie on the bed in front of us.

"Ah, gee Davy, uh-er, I don't know how to do this. You go first," I said trying to hold back the inevitable.

"Boy, Tony, are you chicken! Look, I'll put on my panties first, but you have to put on a bra first. Deal?" he offered.

"Deal, I suppose," I nervously agreed.

Davy picked up his pair of panties. They were all nylon and had little multicolored hearts, stars and flowers on them with a narrow scallop of lace around the leg openings. The waistband was made of narrow elastic with the same little scalloped edge. He fiddled with them for a moment trying to figure out how to put them on and then stuck his right foot through the one leg hole. Next, he stuck his left foot through the other leg opening. He then quickly pulled them up his legs and adjusted them around his waist.

"There I did it. That wasn't too bad. I'm a boy wearing girls' panties. Now it's your turn," he challenged.

My throat went dry as I picked up the frilly bra. "This was even stranger than the panties," I thought as I examined it.

"Hey, dork, you have to take your boy's underwear off first," Davy said.

"Oh, yeah, right." I pulled off my jockey shorts and left them lying on the floor near my shoes.

I put my arms through the bra's straps and pulled it up to my chest. "How do you fasten this thing?" I said.

"Jeez, I'll help you," Davy said. He walked behind me, and in doing so, almost tripped over shoes. "Ah darn," he said, as they ended up getting kicked under his bed.

Davy then fastened the little bra behind my back and adjusted it on me.

"Well, what do you think?" he asked as he gave the back strap a little snap.

I looked down at my chest and saw the small cups of my bra were padded, giving me nice titties instantly. This was to be my first surprise.

"Its feels, er, different," I observed.

"My turn," Davy picked up his bra, "Here give me a hand," he said as he put his arms through the straps. I reached over and fastened it in the back for him.

I looked over at Davy and got a funny feeling inside at the sight of him in bra and panties. Like mine, Davy's bra was padded too. He then told me I had to get into my panties. It was then that I got my second surprise. My panties were even girlier than Davy's. They were pink and had little multicolored flowers all over them and two pink satin bows.

I pulled on my panties and adjusted them around my waist. They sure felt different than my boys' underwear. They felt a lot smoother and softer on my skin. Davy grabbed me by the arm. "Let's go look in the big mirror in my mum and dad's room to see what we look like."

We dashed across the hall to his parent's bedroom and stood side by side in front of the mirror. The sight of two boys in bras and girls' panties in the mirror stared back at us. It was weird! The funny feeling in my tummy had now reached a fever pitch. There was no doubt that we were boys wearing girls' lingerie, but the sight of the two little swellings on our chest made us look like girls in some strange way. The padding in our bras was just enough for girls our age, just barely noticeable.

"Wow Look at us!" Davy said.

"Yeah, it is kind neat, I guess. We sorta do look like girls," I replied. Even though I was a bit scared, the excitement inside was making me feel bolder. I kind of looked like a tomboy.

Davy began running his hands along the lacy edge of his panties.

"I bet it's really neat to wear these all day."

I placed my hands on the cups of my bra. "I suppose it does feel kinda neat having something here." I turned sideways and admired my profile.

We were really getting into it when we heard someone come in the house downstairs.

"Davy, where's your mom," It was Davy's dad.

"Oh damn," Davy swore, "Quick, back to my room."

Davy grabbed his Fruit of the Looms and pulled off his bra and panties. I looked for my Jockey shorts and couldn't find them.

"Where's my shorts?" I asked frantically.

"Look on the floor around my bed," Davy answered, his voice racing.

I got down on my hands and knees only to discover that Davy had accidentally kicked them under the bed when he tripped over my shoes. My shorts were out of my reach.

We heard his Dad holler again.

"Just minute, Dad."

"Davy, my underwear, it's under your bed," I cried anxiously.

"No time for that, it looks like my sister's underwear is now your underwear. Just throw on you jeans and sweatshirt," Davy impatiently instructed me.

I pulled on my socks, jeans and sweatshirt over my bra and panties just as Davy's dad started coming up the stairs. Davy quickly tossed the magazines and his bra and panties into the closet.

His dad entered the bedroom just as he closed the door.

"What are you boys up to?" he asked.

"Mom asked me to clean my room. Tony is helping," Davy lied.

Davy's dad addressed me. "Hi, Tony, what have you been up to?"

My mouth was dry as I answered. "Nothing, Mr. Sisco. Honest."

Davy poked me in the ribs.

"I meant at school. It looks like you have been working out. Your pecs are really starting to develop," he said in reference to the two small bumps my bra made in my sweatshirt.

Davy quickly jumped in. "Yep, he's been working out."

He then turned his attention to his son. "Davy, I need you to help me cut the grass. We need to finish and rake up all the cuttings before your sister gets home to minimize the affect on her allergies. The lawn waste pick up is tomorrow, so we have to do it today. You can help if you want, Tony."

"Uh, er, no thanks, I hafta get home."

"Well, okay. I'll be in the garage, Davy."

We both breathed a sigh of relief when his dad left.

"Guess you gotta go," Davy said.

"What about my underwear under your bed? I can't reach them."

"Later I'll grab a stick out of the garage and get them. I'll give them to you tomorrow." Then Davy paused. "You know what?"

"What?" I asked.

"That was cool," he enthused.

I smiled and nodded in agreement fueled by adrenaline. "Yeah, I suppose it really was. Wanna do it again sometime?"

"Well, I dunno," Davy replied.

"So, who's chicken now?" I asked. "You aren't chicken to try it again are you?"

"Davy Sisco is no chicken," he firmly asserted.

"Good, then I'll have a dare for you when I see you tomorrow. Be over at my house with my Jockey shorts after lunch, unless you're chicken!" I challenged.

I rode my bike home and ran into the house. I quickly ran past my mom and up to my room. I slammed the door behind me and pulled off my sweatshirt and jeans. I wished that I had a camera to take a picture of me wearing the pretty bra and panties that belonged to Davy's sister. I turned on my record player and lay down on my bed and thought about how I could dare Davy. Then I had it. I went to the mall and in a discount store found they were selling packed sets of sexy lingerie. Each gift box included a bra, garter belt, nylons, and panties. I remembered the sizes of Davy's sister's things, so I got the same size since they fit us pretty well. I bought one set in rose and another in lavender. It took a lot of guts to bring those up to the cashier and pay for them, but I just did it without looking up much at the old lady

behind the cash register. She reminded me of my great-grandmother. I know she was looking at me strangely, but she didn't say anything, just rang them up. I paid for them and was out of there in a flash. I was ready!

When Davy came over on Sunday, I called him up to my room. We goofed around for a while, all the time Davy bugging me to tell him his dare as well as return his sister's bra and panties. I stalled for the right minute. Finally, after my parents ran out for a short ride and to gas up the car, I told him.

"Now for your dare." I reached under my bed and pulled out my bag from the discount store. "Here's your dare, Davy."

He opened the bag. Inside was a box with the new set of lavender lingerie I bought for him.

"So, what are these for?"

"It's your dare."

I began to pull off my sweatshirt and jeans.

"It's your dare. I bought you your own bra and panties so you don't have to wear your sister's."

As I pulled off my clothes, I continued, "Look, I bought some for myself since I don't have a sister." He could see I was wearing the matching set of rose-colored bra, panties, garter belt and nylons.

Davy stuttered. "Er, why would I want my own bra and panties when I can just wear my sister's?"

"Because I dare you to wear those panties to school tomorrow. And if you're really up for the challenge, to wear not just the purple panties, but the bra and garter belt and nylons too!"

I stood before him in my new rose bra, garter belt, nylons and panties as he looked over his new lingerie. Davy eyed me up and down.

Davy stammered, "Ah gee, maybe we've taken this too far."

"Look who's chicken now? Besides, I'm going to do it too."

"I AM NOT CHICKEN!" Davy shouted.

"Then do it. We'll both be wearing girls' underwear to school tomorrow!"

Davy squinted his eyes. "How do I know you'll do it too?"

"Word of honor," I defiantly replied.

Davy's eyes got a twinkle in them. "Well then I say we have an underwear inspection at school tomorrow. Agreed?"

Not wanting to let him get the best of me I replied. "You name the place, buddy, and we'll do it."

Davy smiled. "I will. Tomorrow."

Early the next morning I dressed in my new bra and panties, garter belt and nylons. I wore a heavy sweater to hide the mounds and straps of my pink bra. I hoped the waistband of my panties wouldn't ride up above the waistband of my pants. There was only the slightest hint of breasts under my sweatshirt. I nodded and thought that it looked pretty cool.

When I met Davy at school, I pulled him aside. "You wearing them?" I asked.

"Yeah. You too?"

I gave him a shocked look as if he needed to ask. "Naturally. How's it feel to be wearing girls' underwear to school?"

"Pretty cool. How about you?"

"Yeah, I like it, too. So when and where do we have the inspection?" I prodded.

He thought for a second. "Meet me at the far North end of the building by the study hall just before we go in for 5th period. Deal?"

"Deal," I answered, as we shook on it.

I spent the rest of the morning excited about wearing the same underwear as all the girls. I was also excited about Davy seeing me in my bra and panties, as well as seeing him in his. When 5th period came, I met Davy near the entrance of our study hall. He pointed to a corridor that went behind the auditorium. Not many people went back there because that was where the band practiced, and no band classes were going on.

"Ready?" he asked.

"Ready." I replied and then we walked down the hallway. I started to enter the boy's rest room.

"Uh-huh-uh!" Davy said. Not there.

"Well where then?" I asked.

Davy pointed to the girls' rest room across the way. "There."

"The girls' rest room!" I protested. "We can't go in there."

"Why not? We're wearing girls' bras and panties. Now who's chicken?" Davy challenged.

"But Davy, what if someone catches us?" I responded.

"Who can catch us? No one ever comes down here this time of day. Looks like you're grade "A" poultry! I bet you set me up and aren't even wearing your bra and panties."

"Am not! I mean, am so! I mean, I mean, damn it! Let's go," I sputtered.

Together we ducked into the girls' rest room. It was so different. The stalls were all pink and there were no urinals. Then there was a strange box on the wall. It looked like a vending machine and had the word KOTEX on it.

"Inspection time," Davy said. "Okay, here's what we'll do. We'll each duck into a stall and take off our clothes then come out."

"Yeah, that's a good idea," I agreed.

We each stepped into one of the girlishly pink toilet stalls. Davy chose the one next to me. I saw his jeans drop to the floor as I pulled off my sweater. After I pulled off my socks I wrapped on the wall. "Ready?" I whispered.

"Ready."

I flipped open the lock and boldly stepped out just as Davy did. Damn if he didn't do it to. He was wearing his panties, but nothing else.

"You have good taste in girls' underwear," he observed. "Wow! You had the guts to wear everything!"

"Thanks," I answered.

We looked at each other in the mirror, and I felt that strange feeling in my tummy again. He opened his book bag and took out his matching bra, garter belt and nylons.

"I can't let you outdo me. If you're wearing the whole kit, I guess I gotta too! Geez, did you wear your stuff all day long?"

"Sure, man, and it was really cool. Wearing pretty lingerie just like Mary Jo Frances and all the other sexy girls!"

I reached over and helped him put on his bra.

"You look really good," Davy said as I finished adjusting his bra strap.

"You too. What do you like best about panties," I inquired as we eyed each other.

"They're really soft and warm feeling. How about you?"

"Same here, but wearing a bra is the best. I like the way it makes me feel inside."

Just then we heard some voices.

"I thought you said no one ever comes here," I cried.

"Nobody ever does," he blurted out. "Quick. Duck back into the stalls."

We hurried back into our respective stalls just as two girls entered the rest room. "Think anyone else is here?" one of them asked.

"Nah, just some other girls," the other answered as I heard her digging in her purse. I got that funny feeling inside again at the thought of being referred to as a girl.

"Good. You got your lighter, I musta lost mine," the one asked.

Damn, they snuck in for a smoke! We'd be stuck for about 5 minutes. I looked over at Davy's stall and saw that he was sitting on the toilet. He had put his jeans back on already but they and his panties were down around his ankles. I sat down on the toilet and assumed a similar position. After five very nervous minutes the two smokers left. I whispered over to Davy, "C'mon, let's go."

"Just a minute," he said.

"Just a minute? Why?" I asked.

"I have to finish peeing," he replied.

"What?" I sputtered.

"Well...we we're here and you know. Beside we should wait for them to go all the way down the

hallway."

I sighed, "I guess, but c'mon."

I pulled up my panties and stepped out of the stall. As I waited for Davy to finish I walked over to the Kotex machines. Suddenly I realized that I had to one up him. I dug in my pocket for some quarters.

Davy flushed the toilet and then stepped out of stall.

"Okay, let's go. What are you doing?" he said as he walked up to me.

"Hold on! Time for the next part of the dare," I said as I handed him a Kotex pad. "It goes inside your panties. Since you only wore the panties, to make up for it, you have to wear not just the other things you just put on but you have to wear this Kotex pad in your panties too for the rest of the day!"

And he did!

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