

# Pussy Boy Pager

Reader's Stories & Pics

## Volume 5

Adults Only

### **The Happy Sissy**

*A long story illustrated with drawings about a mother of a sissy boy who lovingly disciplines him with spankings, humiliation, teasing, panty training, exposure to others, and intense sexual torment. She treats him like a sissy and a baby, puts his hair in curlers, dresses him in dlapers, lacy panties, pantyhose and other girle clothes.*

### **Also stories:**

- \* He gets caught in his auntie's lingerie
- \* A boy gets fitted for a bra

### **Also Drawings:**

- \* Playing in mommy's panty drawer
- \* Secretly wearing auntie's panties

### **Also Photos:**

- \* On TV a boy-girl impersonator
- \* He got tricked into petticoats
- \* School boys have a girle day
- \* Tied up and bloomered

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TINA'S GROOVE By RINA PICOLLO

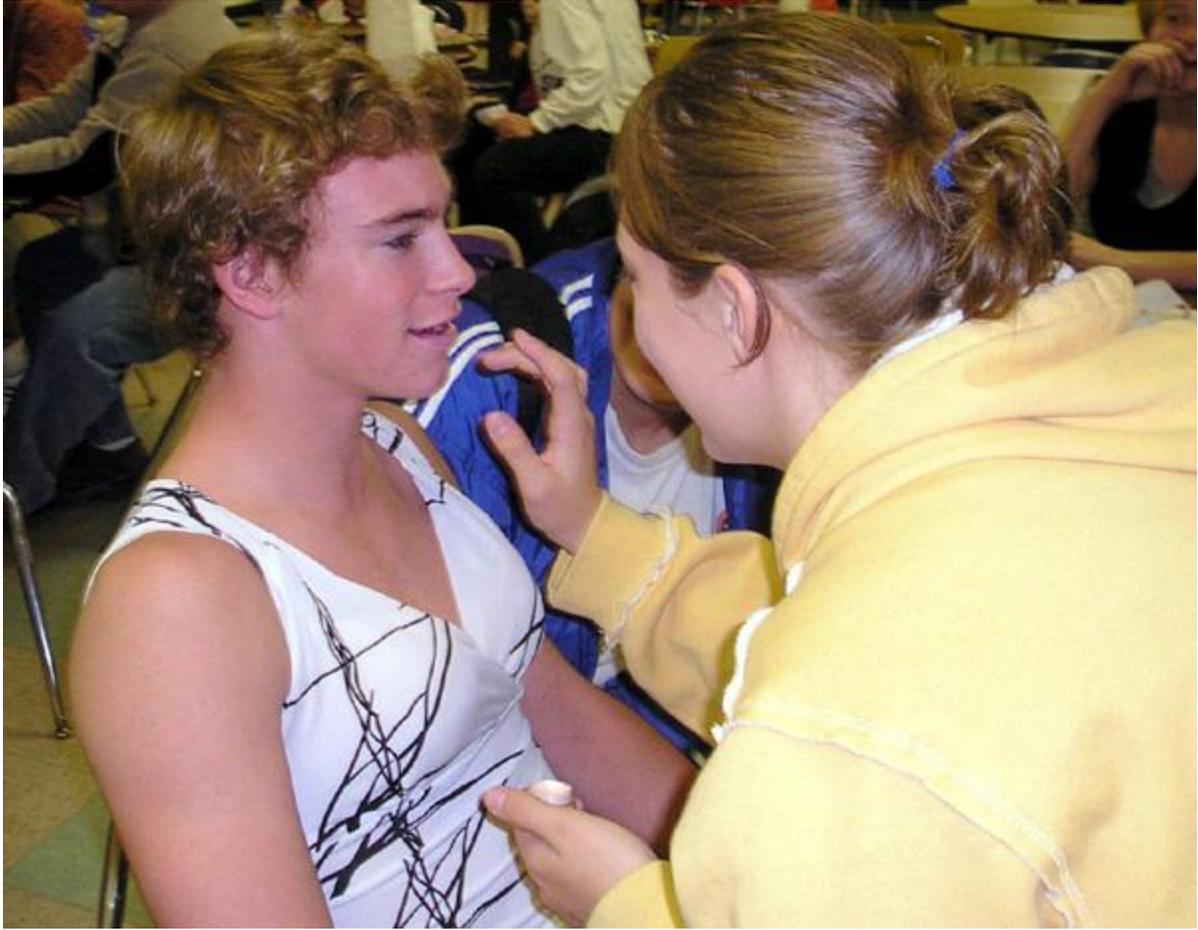




So you get all excited  
in your panties when  
you see me playing  
tennis and my skirt  
flies up and you peek  
at my lacy panties.  
Well, I have a secret  
to tell you: When I  
think about you  
peeking up my skirt,  
I get all excited and  
wet my panties too!









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## **The Happy Sissy**

**By Jackie Off, 2003**

**Book 1**

**Pansy Times for James**

James was returning home from his father's house. Usually, his father would return the 12-year-old boy

back to his mother after a weekend together in his house near to Wenlock village. It was a long but scenic journey through the peaceful looking countryside sloping towards the valley and the reservoirs. James had lived in Wales for several years now - since his parent's divorce - and he enjoyed the countryside just as much as his mother. He grew up in a middle-class area just outside Liverpool since he was a baby and after the divorce, Anna was able to make the move out of the city, financed mainly from a recent inheritance and support from Alex, her ex-husband.

James felt a mixture of excitement and trepidation as he wondered what his loving mother had in store for him now. He did know she'd have a welcome home dinner ready to be enjoyed once he changed into the fresh set of clothes draped over his tidy bed and the boys' clothes he was wearing would be stored away until his next official outing.

This weekend Alex Scott was anxious to see his ex-wife. He found Anna smiling at him as she sat in the garden chair in her small back garden. She was very desirable at 40 years old, although she always described herself as 'matronly'. Her long fine hair was tied neatly back in a bun, and she was wearing a simple lavender colored sweater which accentuated her large breasts, and a knee-length black skirt with black tights underneath. She squinted as she looked at the sky. The sun above Wales had cleared away most of the mist from the distant mountains.

"Hi," she said. Her voice was always light, pleasant and comforting. She came from a wealthy middle-class family - unlike Alex - and this was always reflected in her articulation and her taste. Even now, after all she and Alex had been through, he still couldn't help warming to it. "Isn't it beautiful today?"

"Yes, we had a lovely drive," Alex said.

She had been enjoying the day and looking forward to James's routine return home. It was another pleasant Sunday and no need to worry about getting him to school the next morning now that his holidays had started. Alex greeted Anna politely and James hugged and kissed her enthusiastically.

James was always aware of how his mother and father still maintained their distance that they'd both seem to accept since their separation three years ago. James loved his dad, but even at his age he could see how different their personalities were. It was clear to him that his mother was always the more poised and intelligent one, while his dad could be a little reckless, inconsiderate, and worst of all, abusive. His dad liked a drink, and this always brought out his working class resentment. He seemed to be focused solely on making money. His design business was a success (it helped to fund Anna's lifestyle, along with her inheritance).

Overall, James was aware of his dad's strong inferiority complex. He sometimes pitied him, and wondered what his father would do if he saw how controlled and sissified he really was.

James was in his white shirt and trainers. He looked presentable, like any other boy - but his mother shared his secret. It was difficult for him when he stayed at his father's home. Anna always packed his

requisite boys' trousers and white cotton underpants for him: necessary wear for his time outside of her 'sissy discipline regime'. At school he was never involved in games thanks to his mother's request. He was one of the school fairies and she knew it; in fact, she encouraged it.

Sensing the worry in her ex-husband's countenance she ushered him into the house while James played with a beach ball in the small yard. Usually, they'd exchange brief, painless pleasantries, a "hello" and "see you in a fortnight", and say their goodbyes, keeping it as uncomplicated as possible. But she offered him a fresh orange juice instead. "What's the matter?" she asked.

He was struggling to articulate whatever was troubling him. Then he blurted it out. "It's about James... He took a pair of Belinda's lacy panties!" he almost laughed, and so did she in mock surprise, but she knew he was bothered by it.

"What did you do?" she asked.

"You know about this thing, don't you?"

"Of course."

"It's just, I know you say he's a bit delicate for a boy anyway, but there is no point in encouraging it. I mean, you know I saw what his room looks like, and there are even a few girls' dresses in there. What are you doing to him?"

"I told you. He's going through a phase, and I'm not about to discourage him." She knew he was itching for a fight.

"I know, I know, Anna, but he can't do this. It's weird. Thank goodness Belinda understands. Neither of us said anything to him. But Belinda noticed her silky panties inside his sport's bag as she was packing away some of his books. She's okay about it but, the thing is, they were quite an expensive pair, and we're both embarrassed about asking for them back. We don't want to humiliate him, after all."

Anna was pleased to hear there hadn't been a scene. "Well, thanks for dealing with it properly, Alex, and not calling him a fairy like last time," she said with her usual sarcasm. "But I don't really think there's anything you or I can do. I'll get the panties back and try to talk to him. But I'd rather let it run its course, I suppose."

"But does he wear them?" Alex asked. "I mean, does he sneak around in your room? Maybe it'll develop into a problem, that's all that concerns me."

"Like I said, we have to handle this delicately. Most boys are interested in sisters or mummy's panties and things. If James wants to wear them I will let him. If he wants to prance around in a tutu and tights singing "I'm a prissy little sissy" I will not stop him! Don't you understand that there's no point in

creating a conflict in him about it... or a complex .... And he's harming nobody by acting a sissy. I heard only last night that Jean's boy, Andrew, brought a bag of drugs into her house! He's fifteen. Luckily she found it and lectured him and grounded him for a month, but at least this is something I don't have to worry about with James. He's not going to get into any trouble while he's wearing a pair of little girls' panties is he?"

Alex thought seriously. Anna felt she'd said a little too much, as usual. She didn't want to blurt out too much information to Alex - if any. She reflected, mischievously, how she had put him into a tight tutu, white tights, and ruffled panties. Anna was sure she had him singing "I'm a prissy sissy" to his mummy by the end of that fun evening. This type of activity was not unheard of in her home, reserved as a special humiliation for her child.

Luckily Alex didn't fancy a confrontation. "I hope it's nothing, but I just thought I'd tell you. I won't be back until October now. I was just worried; it's not so strange..."

"I know," Anna agreed. She thought it was a good moment to change the topic. "How is the work going?"

"Very busy. You have to work 24 hours a day when you run a business. Not enough hours in the day. Pity I have to be away... And you? How are things here?"

"I'm managing, I suppose. Boredom creeps in when I'm alone in this cottage all weekend. But it's going to be a productive summer. And I'll have more time to spend with James," she hesitated slightly. "Are you still okay about him not returning to boarding school?" she asked.

"Yes. We've been over all this. They still haven't expelled those boys..."

"Well he's not going back there," she said adamantly.

"I know, I know. I'm agreeing with you. He was in a terrible state there. I'm glad. I also found a good tutor; he's sent me his references-"

"Alex," she interjected. "I asked you to leave the arrangements to me. You know I have someone in mind?"

He nodded. "Just consider him will you? I'll send you his references. I mean, this friend of yours... Katherine..."

"...She was an English teacher. She also tutors her own 14-year-old son, and he's streets ahead of most lads his age. You really should arrange to meet her if you're unsure..."

"Look," he said evenly. "I'm sorry. Don't think I'm not happy with her. Maybe when I get back - if it's

okay with you - I can meet her."

Anna nodded fairly. "Yes. That's a good idea. She plans to make a start next month, just part time to begin with. James can travel to her house. I can easily drive him there."

Alex mumbled in agreement. Anna decided to change the topic. "Did you have a good weekend with him, apart from the little 'panty thief's' escapades?" she smiled.

"Yeah, it was pretty good, actually. A little spot of fishing, swimming... Quite active really. We had a nice time... I suppose I should get going," he said.

"I'd better get those panties," Anna reminded him. He looked puzzled and then remembered.

She found them rolled up inside his pair of shorts. She noticed they were still fresh and he probably hadn't worn them. She handed them back to Alex as he was leaving.

"Tell Belinda I'm sorry," she said.

"Oh, that's okay," Alex replied. "As you say, it's nobody's fault. I'm sure it's going to be okay..."

They both exchanged goodbyes. Alex left through the front door, giving his son a kiss good-bye in the garden. She could tell Alex was feeling a little better about the problem, as he understood it, and relaxed herself, confident that her ex knew very little about James's real situation at home.

James returned from outside, still in his boys' attire. She was regarding him a little warily. He seemed unnerved. "Hi mummy. What is it?"

"Belinda says you stole her panties," she told him.

He hung his head, babyishly.

"Why?" was all she asked.

"I - I couldn't help it, mummy. I'm sorry. I can't help it."

"You can't even get through a weekend without them can you?"

Again, he couldn't answer. He knew he had disobeyed her.

"How would you like to tell Belinda and daddy how you want to wear my panties all the time? Would you like that? Perhaps they'll understand."

"Oh no, I can't tell them. Don't let them know, mummy," he implored.

She shook her head. She had to prepare the meal. "I know why you took them, but you must try to follow my rules - not just around the house but I expect you to mind me when you're with daddy as well." He was left to consider his fate: a spanking or an early bedtime, or both...

Anna pretended to ignore him when he dragged himself into the kitchen shortly after her. He awkwardly stood there to show he was repentant, but also afraid of what she would do. Anna looked at him in his boys' clothes and shook her head. She walked up to his face and started unbuttoning his shirt.

"I hope you had a jolly, active weekend with daddy. Fishing, walking, sports..."

She took off his shirt. Now she was unfastening his trousers button and zip. She pulled them down, followed by his cotton boys' white underpants and left them snugly around his thighs. His small white and puffy little penis was boldly exposed to the cool early evening air. He felt a draft in the kitchen. So odd for him after a normal weekend with his dad. He moaned as the dread overwhelmed him. He felt like crying. He was shamefully, partially naked, standing, and vulnerable on the cool kitchen tiles. Anna let him stand there in expectation before she returned a few minutes later with a pair of small, light pink sissy panties in her hand.

"Right. Pageboy outfit..." she said. The pageboy outfit was his requisite uniform at home. It was practical and girlish, of course, usually consisting of tights with or without suitably pansy panties and a short ruffled white blouse or lacy girls' vest and sensible court shoes. For various occasions, Anna used more babyish, frilly items, such as one of his embarrassing petti-outfits and baby frocks.

"Put away everything... trousers, socks, shirt. I think it'll be a perfect start to the holidays to put it all away now."

She returned to the kitchen and handed him his black buckled girls' shoes and a rolled up pair of frilly ankle socks for him.

"Who's going to see you?" she asked. "There's no one here..."

The pair of girls' silky panties were quite tight on him. Anna helped by pulling them up by the waist. She admired the snug fit. His boys' parts were ridiculously outlined, almost transparent. She decided a firm smack was needed on his pert bottom.

"James! Don't act up like that. I know you like to sound like a little girl; it doesn't mean you should act up like a bratty little



*James' boy parts were ridiculously outlined in the nearly transparent nylon panties. His mummy decided he needed a few good, firm smacks on his pert little sissy bottom.*

girl... I know that you are a lovely little sissy boy who just loves girlie panties and tights and frilly little dresses, and playing with your little girl dolls at home. But it'll be a good experience for you to be punished sometimes. I am not spanking you for being a sissy-boy. But you have to be careful at daddy's of course - people don't really approve of this sort of thing. And you know that if anyone questions you about it you'll have to be honest and tell them how you just love your sissy life and beg your mummy to put you into little girl clothes... Is all this getting through to you, James?"

"Yes, mummy..."

"Good."

She did discover his penchant for her clothes first. But she had also developed this fetish need of his quite precisely and rigorously since then. "Don't frown, you're quite safe now dear. At home."

James was now unselfconsciously exposing his frillies. Anna loved to see this. His little bulge was clear as his legs parted slightly, so cute in girlie panties. A couple had passed on their way past Anna's small house but they didn't seem to notice anything through the undraped windows facing the narrow main road.

Anna shocked him by quickly bending him over slightly as he stood and pulling his panties down. She delivered his spanks there and then. It was short and painful. He smarted and cried loudly after a minute or so and about thirty swift smacks. But it was over at least.

Anna let him stay in his panties while she cooked. He seemed restless as he tried to be of assistance, but he just got in the way. Anna scolded him when she bumped into him as she was carrying a saucepan of hot water. He was busily drying a large casserole dish when it happened. She replaced the pan and smacked him twice on each buttock.

"OW! OWW!!" he screamed.

"Silly little sissy! That could've gone all over you!"

He was tearful by now. She pulled down his panties and spanked him again. "Stay still," she ordered him. She spanked him methodically while he stood. "Now I know you're trying to be good and everything, but I think you need a little time in the pen..."

"Y-yes Mummy!"

He left for upstairs, still hobbling with the panties around his ankles. He looked back at her and went to pull them back up. He tugged them up around his hot bottom.

"No you don't!" she called from the kitchen. "Take them off and get into the pen..."

He stepped out of the briefs meekly. "Shall I put them in the hamper, Mummy?" he asked.

"Yes, get a fresh pair, the new pink ones with the nice white lace around the legs," she said.

James knew he would be in for a humiliating night. He dropped the used panties into the hamper near his mother's room, got the new panties out of his special drawer as she had directed and put them on. Blushing from the panties girlishness, he dreaded the humiliations that were sure to follow. He returned to the net playpen containing colorful baby toys and dolls.

Anna quickly joined him in the makeshift nursery. He stepped in awkwardly, just in his shoes and ankle socks. He felt utterly exposed - this is the effect his mother had in mind. She knew panties, however childish, offered some protection, but no boy with any degree of masculinity could bear to spend an evening with only girly panties covering his small genitals.



*With his small penis and balls only thinly covered by his nearly transparent girly panties, James felt completely exposed. The childish panties offered hardly any protection.*

Anna looked over him. "You can cuddle little Betsy." He lifted the baby doll and held it to his chest. "You lie back while I finish the dinner. Keep your knees up, and open... that's it."

He was now completely vulnerable. She had forced him to effectively expose his pink pantied genitals and bottom to her in this position, and he had to stay like that. Anna returned downstairs to the kitchen, very satisfied with his compliant behavior. She popped in to check on him every so often. James was mortified with his knees spread and lifted. He knew he could do little else but lie there and wait for his dinner. If he changed position she would spank him

again, and he was just recovering from the last session.

Anna returned once more to the pen. "It'll be another 50 minutes or so," she told him.

"Yes, Mummy."

"You, just lie still. And your knees are closing; don't try that or I'll smack you."

"Sorry, Mummy," he opened his knees again.

"Wider."

"Sorry..." Now they were wider than ever. His heart sank at this pitiful display he was making of himself. It was also quite boring, and there was nothing else to do but lie there quietly.

"You're not even playing with Betsy. Come on, why don't you change her dress? Or better still, put another pair of pretty panty bloomers on her?"

"Yes, Mummy." He idly entertained himself and his mother by changing the silky little baby clothes, lifting the little doll's dress and pulling down its panties. It was very childish for a 12-year-old to be playing with a doll like that, and he would have done anything to get his clothes back to cover up his embarrassing panty display. Anna watched him play and crouched forward, her skirt deliberately hitched up and her legs apart to reveal her tights and panties. She couldn't resist rubbing her hands on his panties, grasping his small member and tweaking it playfully. She stretched it a little and rubbed it. James flinched but also hardened at his mother's touch.

"Look at those silly little balls of yours," she said while cupping and squeezing them. His penis was now as fully erect as it could get. He reeled in shame and covered his face.

"Don't look so dismayed, James. I've seen you get hard lots of times. It's natural." She pinched him over his foreskin and squeezed the head again. This time he relaxed and moved his hips as she touched him, his bottom sliding silkily within the panties as he wiggled and moaned. She knew he was enjoying it and played with him more daringly by rubbing his foreskin more as his penis twitched and moved against her fingers. He had never experienced an orgasm but the feelings he was experiencing now would probably stay with him as the most profound of his whole life. Added to this was the enforced panty exposure and shame of the playpen and the dollies that were altering his sexual makeup already. Aware of this, Anna still spread her legs as she crouched over him, but her skirt now covered her lacy panties that she wanted him to be seeing at this moment, but she had to end the fun because she had to return to her cooking. She enjoyed the naughty feelings aroused in her as she panty trained her son.



When she later released him from the pen he was distracted by his own shameful state. Following her to the dining room, James was completely captivated by Anna's perfectly shaped buttocks, which were molded perfectly in the tights and panties and skirt covering. He worshipped with his eyes.

The meal was difficult. He sat naked except for his lace-trimmed vest and silky panties on the vinyl seat, completely uncomfortable. He also felt wickedly exposed in an erotic way as feelings of submission and naughtiness overwhelmed him. His penis stiffened within the panties under the table as he watched his mother eating. Anna thrilled to the strange situation she had created for her 12-year-old son wearing little girl panties. When she left the table to fetch the water jug he took a good look at her bum again. She returned to find him with another full hard-on.

"Oh, James? This is the dinner table. Must you be so naughty in front of me? Keeping you in little girl panties is supposed to be a punishment not a reward. Why do you enjoy it so much?"

"I-I couldn't help it, Mummy. Please? I'm sorry..."

"I know you are. Now stand up and come over here," she ordered.

He followed, of course, but was terrified of his own body, which was now sprouting a small but fully engorged member. It pointed right at his mother. His penis was small for his age and quite thin. Anna tried to hide her smile as she felt the urge to make a caustic remark about his babyishness. But she decided to spare him the indignity. She did study its length and could not see much change in his growth since he was eight or nine. Just for good measure, she gave him a light smack on his thighs, just below his tiny, tight little balls.

"Yeo-o-w!" he groaned.

"Now eat up the rest of that please," she said as she pointed to his plate.

"Yes, Mummy," he said.

During most of the dishwashing he furtively looked at his mother's smooth rounded bottom as she used the sink. She handed the wet plates and cutlery to him, unselfconscious about his panty outfit. He worked in an odd manner, constantly ashamed of his penis wobbling about and poking out the front of his teasingly soft pink panties. It was a strange mixture of absurd shame and delighted excitement to be working with his mother in this way. She loved the fact that he was distracted by her charms - she could see this by his small erect penis. He cast his eyes down shamefully, but they both knew it was true.



She studied its length and couldn't see much change from when he was eight or nine. Just for good measure, she gave him a light smack on his thighs just below his tight little balls.

They relaxed in the living room in front of the news program. A news item featured a strange black cat that was caught on camera being followed home by about eight young ducklings. "Oh dear, the little cute things," Anna cooed. "They must think she's their mummy!"

James watched and laughed in response. He turned to ask her something but quickly turned away again when he saw the slightly exposed nylon fabric of her panties and tights. Anna asked him what he wanted anyway, nonchalantly.

"Nothing, Mummy," he didn't turn to face her.

"M-m-m... I think it's time to do your hair for tomorrow."

"Oh no! Please Mummy?" he moaned before realizing what he'd done. "Oh I'm sorry Mummy, it's just -"

"What? It's just what? Go on..."

He started to weep. "Oh no mummy, please don't... Please don't!... PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE, MUMMY!!!"

"Stop it!! Now tell me what's wrong."

"Oh, I hate it - you're going to do my hair like a little girl!"

Anna relaxed a little. "Well, as it's the holidays now, I was going to curl it slightly. But as you made such a big fuss tonight and you are being so naughty I'm not only going to make you look like a little girl, I'll make you so sweet people will think you're Shirley Temple!" she laughed. It wasn't exactly true. She could never take him outside looking like that. It would draw too much attention. She had bought several wigs to use discreetly on him for punishments. She was really just going to put the rollers in to make the long length look a bit sweeter.

James cried in fear. She made him sit in just his panties at the table while she fetched the rollers and curling tongs. The whole procedure took over two hours while he sniveled and promised to be on his best behavior.

"I visited Katherine yesterday, when you were at daddy's," she told him. She knew he was always apprehensive about any mention of Katherine or Christopher, her demure 14-year-old son. It always seemed to precede a visit to her house or a special visit from Katherine and her shy son. "Don't you want to know what happened?"

"Oh yes, mummy, of course. How was Christopher? Was he good?" he seemed to be forcing himself to say this. He was so demure, silk pantied bottom on the seat, little penis poking up in the pink panties and hiding shyly between his legs.

"Yes, he was very good. A remarkable change since our last meeting. In fact, the boy is a good example for you. That's why we're going to visit Katherine..." She knew he was uncertain. "... Not for a few days though," she added.

"Oh. Why's that, mummy?"

"Don't worry so much, it's not going to be as difficult as the last time. You should be used to this by now."

"I know, mummy," he said apologetically.

"You definitely need some companionship as well this summer. You can't be under my feet all day, every day. Even though I'm sure that's how you'd like to spend the rest of the summer..."

He breathed in nervously. By the time she finished, his head was a mass of small foam pink rollers that she draped a hair net over.

"Now, get ready for bed and wait for me upstairs."

She headed for her son's bedroom. There was the familiar nursery chimes of the hanging mobile as she entered his small room and shut the door behind her. She approached him lying half naked in his 'cot', as she called it. This bed was adequate for his size, with the smallest room in the cottage suitably adorned with little girl themed pictures, flowers, princesses and magic horses. Several framed Victorian prints of little girls lined the walls. The playpen which was now in the lounge usually took up the space near the window, but this space was covered with several girls' dolls which he had still to clear up since his trip to daddy's. His hair was still in rollers. He looked ludicrous for a 12-year-old boy. Any youngster his age who was seen in such a state would die of shame.

"Now, I'm going to spank you again for your behavior at daddy's. I am sure you understand. You'll feel a lot better for it believe me..."

"...Y-yes Mummy..." He could feel the painful slaps already and shuddered.

She opened her legs wide and leaned forward on the chair. "Come on. Get over my knee."

He raised himself from the bed and climbed over her left thigh, facing her. She moved him into her, clearly against her panty crotch. She bent him there, positioning him so his feet remained on the floor. She slapped his pink pantied bottom.



He raised himself off the bed and climbed over her left thigh. She moved him into her so her pantied crotch came in contact with his pantied penis.

"OOOWWW!" he yelled.

She smacked again. He twitched and she felt him rubbing against her. When she smacked again she made sure he felt the same panty-to-panty friction. She smacked and smacked at a slow, steady pace as his bottom reddened in her hands. After 10 minutes of this, she relented. She couldn't let herself get carried away. She straightened him up and quickly closed her legs. She was panting and flushed. "That's that," she said. "Now, no rubbing or touching yourself you hear me?"

"Yes mummy..." he sobbed.

"Lie on your front for a while."

"Yes mummy," he said as he lay carefully down on his mattress. His pantied bottom was ablaze. Feeling sympathy, Anna stroked his back and touched his silky posterior carefully. "There, there... You feel better? You were very good for mummy."

"Yes, mummy, thank you."

"Good boy. I'll let you wear what you like to bed. What would you like to put on for bed, and I'll fetch it for you?" she asked soothingly.

He looked at her, finding some difficulty. "Well... Er... I'd like to wear something..."

"Come on darling, you can't be that bashful about these things anymore. You know me... What is it? Do you want the little baby ones with lace? They're lovely and soft, aren't they?"

"Yes they are mummy, and I love them, but... Can I please wear them?" he pointed to Anna's crotch shyly.

"You want my panties?" Anna had never heard him request this before. It was quite a development for him to ask for a worn pair of her panties.

He turned away, suddenly ashamed.

"You surprise me," she said. "I suppose it's to be expected. I suppose you wanted to wear Belinda's used panties too?... I bet."

She asked him to wait while she left the room.

Out in the landing she slipped out of her tights and panties. They were so intimate. She was beginning to enjoy this new bond between them. She fetched a dressing gown from the bathroom to cover herself before returning to his nursery style room. The chimes sounded again as she entered and closed the door. She carried the sissy panties and tights in her hands.

"Come on, step out of your pink little girl panties. Let's get you in your mummy's big white panties," she said briskly.

He responded immediately with a small erection. The idea was quite powerful for him. She pulled the warm panties up his legs and over his bare thighs, finally snugly spreading them over his hot little boy's bum. She massaged the loose-fitting, smooth material over his cheeks as he reveled in the hot, slippery

silkiness of her panties. The wet crotch reacted well to his hard penis which she lightly rubbed before returning to feel his bottom some more.

The feel of his mother's wet silky panties must have been electric. She wondered if he would have his first orgasm tonight. As an extra special treat, she decided to put her tights on him too. As she began rolling up the tights and getting his small foot into the first leg she looked up again, straight at his erection pointing up through the layer of his mummy's white nylon panties.

"Darling, I don't want you touching yourself, especially not in my panties, you know that?"

"Yes, of course, Mummy..." He sounded defensive now. "I don't touch myself."

"I know that, dear. You know, you're still too young to have an ejaculation. You understand that don't you?"

He nodded.

"But these orgasms you have - they're probably going to be the most intense you'll ever experience in your life. So we don't want you to play with your wee-wee all the time when you're alone. It's okay for me to touch you as it's good for you not to learn how to be selfish like a lot of young boys these days. It's a woman's pleasure to play with you like that... And if I do find you touching yourself I will be very angry."

He shuddered and nodded again.

She tugged up both legs and pulled the waistband of the tights high over the adult sized pair of panties. "M-m-m, that looks nice. Feel good? H-m-m? It's okay and natural if you feel good in my panties. At your age these feelings are probably the strongest you'll have. I'm sure it's quite thrilling. I remember my little brother dressed up in your Granny's bloomers. She was ever so daring with him. He had on her bloomers, stockings, sometimes several pairs of panties at the same time! Then she'd put a corset on him - oh, you've never worn one, have you? They're very restricting. Then he'd wear the cutest little pink and white dresses and mince around the house. When did you last see Uncle Thomas?"

"A few years ago, I think," James said.

"Oh, he hasn't been around much. I tell him all about your little adventures too, and he loves to hear it."

"I know Mummy," James smiled.

Anna stroked his bottom through the tights again. "Gorgeous. Oh, it's good to hear you ask for little girlish things. You must be more open with me during the summer, James? "

"Oh... Yes, Mummy..." His penis swelled inside her worn tights and panties.

"It's okay, I understand. You really are becoming a wonderful little Mummy's boy. I'm so happy with you, I really am. Now, you get some sleep; it's half past nine already, naughty!" She kissed him softly on the lips as she led him to his cot.

"There, let me tuck you in. You sleep well." She patted her son on his hair net. The little rollers made for an uncomfortable position. "Are you going to sleep okay? I don't want to take them off... but if you can't get comfortable I will..."

"No Mummy. It'll be fine. I'll be able to sleep. I'm so tired and I'd like to see how it turns out with curly hair in the morning."

Anna was delighted.

"Do you think I'll look like Shirley Temple?" he asked innocently.

Anna laughed. "Not quite, but you'll be very pretty I'm sure. I'll have you in your short baby dress and lollipop in the morning, if you like?" She tickled his tummy.

He wriggled in shame. "O-o-oh, yes Mummy..." They both giggled with each other and Anna was ready to put out the bedside lamp.

"Mummy?" James asked.

"Yes?"

"I don't want to go back to boarding school."

Anna stroked the side of his face lovingly. "You won't be going back there, darling. You know that. Let's talk about it tomorrow. I have a lot to tell you about how the rest of the year will be. But don't worry. I want you to be happy."

"Those boys were horrid!" he blurted, almost crying. "They made my life miserable, mummy. They used to strip me and make fun of me. They knew I was a sissy and they tormented me."

"It's all over now... It's all over..." Anna gently kissed his lips. He looked sweetly at her. "They're so horrid. There's nothing wrong with being a sissy. It just frightens them because you're different. Mummy's going to be taking care of you now, sweetie..."

Anna kissed him goodnight and warned him not to play with himself.



*James' boy parts were ridiculously outlined in the nearly transparent nylon panties. His mommy decided he needed a few good, firm smacks on his panties sissy bottom.*



**She stretched it a little and rubbed it through his panties.  
It hardened to his mother's soft touch.**



**She stretched it a little and rubbed it through his panties.  
It hardened to his mother's soft touch.**



**She studied its length and couldn't see much change from when he was eight or nine. Just for good measure, she gave him a light smack on his thighs just below his tight little balls.**



**He raised himself off the bed and climbed over her left thigh. She moved him into her so her pantied crotch came in contact with his pantied penis.**











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## Fitted for My First Bra

Recently, my Mistress told me it was time to expand my wardrobe, so she took me shopping to a fetish store twenty miles away from where I live. She is friends with the owner who said they had bra sizes to fit me.

At the store I was sent to the dressing room and told to strip down to the panties that I now have been wearing under my clothes for the past four months. After I stripped down, my mistress collared me and cuffed my hands behind me. Then, to my consternation, she put a leash on me and pulled me toward the exit of the dressing room. Terrified, I stopped in the doorway, but she jerked on my leash and gave me several sharp swats on my backside. Cowed I followed her out into the store. This was far worse than anything ever before done to me, being led like an animal out in public, wearing only a skimpy pair of lacy pink panties!

I was extremely aware of being undressed and could not help but walk bent over and try to hide myself as best I could. My mistress led me to a spot in the store near the front -- wa-a-a-y too near to the front door for my comfort, and there on the wall was a steel ring with a chain attached. My Owner clipped the chain to my cuffs and removed my leash.

I was terrified and panicked! This could not be happening to me! I was so ashamed and embarrassed I really thought I would die! I felt light headed and wanted to curl into a ball with my arms wrapped around me.

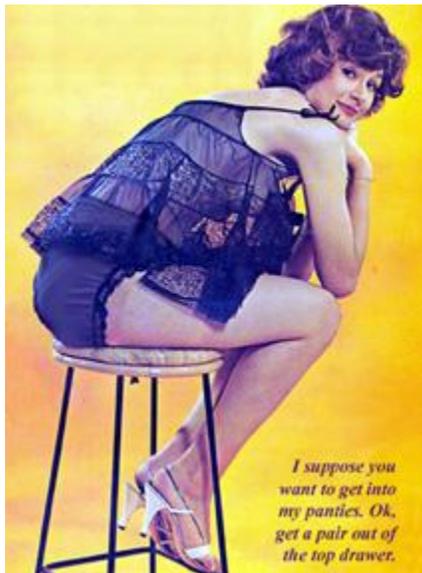
My Mistress was sitting on a chair placed in front of me, and she seemed to be enjoying my every painful moment. She told to stop cringing and stand up straight. Then she started holding panties up in front of me and asking the store owner's opinion of them. I was so embarrassed I couldn't meet the ladies eyes.

I was also terribly worried about where I was in the store. The front door was only twenty feet away from where I was chained, and there were glass windows all across the front of the store. It was before the opening time of the store, but what if someone just happened to walk by and look in the window! I was standing there in plain view! Even people passing by in cars may have been able to see me if they took a good look. I was terribly ashamed and humiliated. I tried my best not to cry because I knew they would make fun of me if I did. Sometimes holding back the tears was very difficult like when my panties were drawn down and I was made to step into another pair. The ladies made fun of my small, shriveled up penis and taunted me, telling me I wasn't a man, just a pussy boy with a tiny penis that panties did a good job of hiding.



Then a matching bra was produced and held up. They asked me what I thought of it, and I could only manage to squeak out a reply, telling them that whatever my mistress liked I liked. I was cold and I was shivering more from the terror of it all than the temperature. It was so terribly mortifying and demeaning. After it was over and on the way back home, I was sitting in the back seat wearing my new panty and bra set under my clothes, surrounded by a stack of bags and boxes of my new girlie clothes, all of which had been selected for me. I felt helpless and powerless. I had surrendered the last shred of my masculinity, dignity and self-respect. My spirit had been broken and was now totally at the mercy of my mistress.

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## A True Story

Once when I was 10 years old while visiting my beautiful Aunt Wanda I had a very sexual experience. You see I've always loved the feel of nylon lingerie against my bare skin and constantly dreamed of wearing panties and nightgowns. This

One day while I was watching television at my aunt Wanda's house, she asked if I would like to spend the night since it was getting dark and my mom wouldn't be home until quite late. I agreed to stay over since I loved spending the night with my auntie because sometimes I'd get a chance to see her in her nightie or sneak off into her bedroom and peek in her lingerie drawers. I was highly attracted to lingerie, especially satiny

undies, and my auntie was so pretty and had some of the loveliest lingerie I had ever seen. Plus I liked to fantasize about being her little girl for the night with her pampering me.

On this night when I went to the bathroom to get ready for bed, I saw the most beautiful sight I could imagine. Auntie had just finished laundering all her pretty lingerie and had hung them across the towel rack and along the edge of the bathtub. I locked the door and felt very naughty as if she were watching me as I touched her slips and bras and panties, fingering the silky material and delicate lace. Just touching them plus the faint scent of her perfume on the panties as I gently rubbed them on my face was so sexually exciting.

After auntie went to sleep, I decided to try and sneak into the bathroom and take a pair of her panties to bed with me and I could return them in the morning before she got up. I waited patiently until it

sounded like she had retired, and then I tiptoed in the dark to the bathroom. I felt around until I found a pair of her satin panties and slipped back into bed. They were still slightly damp but felt very cool as I slipped out of my boys' underwear and daintily slipped the panties on. In the dark, I couldn't tell what color they were but they felt wonderful as I began rubbing my now very hard penis through the soft fabric. I was into my masturbation session (or what I liked calling "my panty play") for about 20 minutes when suddenly the door opened, I hurriedly pulled the blankets over myself and the light came on.

Auntie Wanda came in and asked if I needed anything before she went to sleep. I told her no, but then her attention focused on my blankets which were quite askew from my panty play and she started to straighten them up a bit. They were quite messed up, so she told me to get out of bed and pulled the blankets off me.

"I'll just remake it for you," she said.

I was so stunned by this turn of events that I got out of bed without thinking, only to realize I was then standing there in her panties without anything to cover myself with. I froze in fear. She didn't notice anything at first because luckily the panties were white but they were quite large on me and they had lace panels on each side. I tried acting as if nothing were wrong when she suddenly gave me a funny look.

"What are you wearing?"

"Uh, aunties, well I had an accident in the bathroom and my underwear got all wet."

"I couldn't believe I made up an excuse that quickly. I hope it's OK if I put these on," I said.

She looked very puzzled and simply said, "Well, OK, but next time just tell me."

She then finished arranging the blankets and I slipped back into bed. I couldn't believe what had just happened, she saw me in her white satin panties! And she let me wear them. As I played the experience over and over in my head I got very aroused again. I had always fantasized about being made to dress in a pair of fancy satin panties by either my mom or my auntie, so I was in wonderland. I began my "panty play" again. Rubbing faster and faster, the feeling was getting better by the second. I would rub my penis with one hand while caressing my bottom through the nylon with my other hand. I started to feel very funny as if something was happening to me. I shivered as the most sensational feeling I had ever felt flowed over me. I had my first orgasm! In a pair of my auntie's pretty lacy panties too!

I was hooked on panties and lingerie from then on and to this day 35 years later. After that first experience I had many fantasies about my auntie encouraging me to be a sissy and wear her panties and other fabulous lingerie. I still find my aunt Wanda to be a very exciting and beautiful lady, and I always make sure to wear a pretty pair of panties under my boy clothes whenever I visit her.