

Pussy Boy Pager

Reader's Stories & Pics

Volume 4

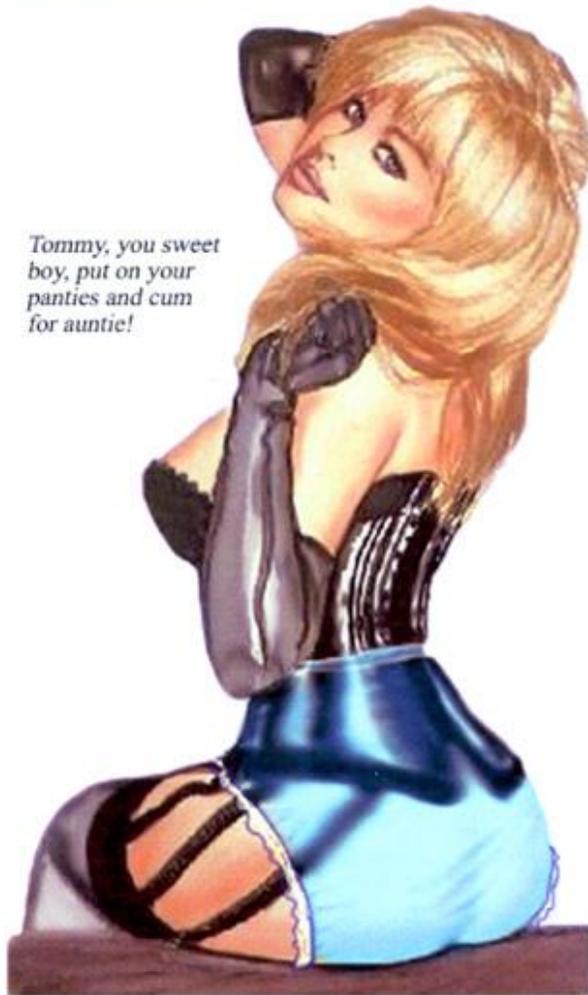
Auntie's Panty Slave

After both his parents are killed in a car crash, young Tommy is left alone and destined for a foster home, but then a long lost, wealthy and stunningly beautiful auntie agrees to become his guardian.

His auntie and her exotic French maid love to panty train and feminize little boys, and the unsuspecting Tommy gets seduced into a world of fantastic sex, but there is a price to pay. He has to agree to live by all his aunt's rules, including begging her to become her sissy panty slave.

In this long story of over 15,000 words, Tommy learns that panty slavery is both exciting and humiliating as well as the first step on the road to being totally feminized.

Tommy, you sweet boy, put on your panties and cum for auntie!



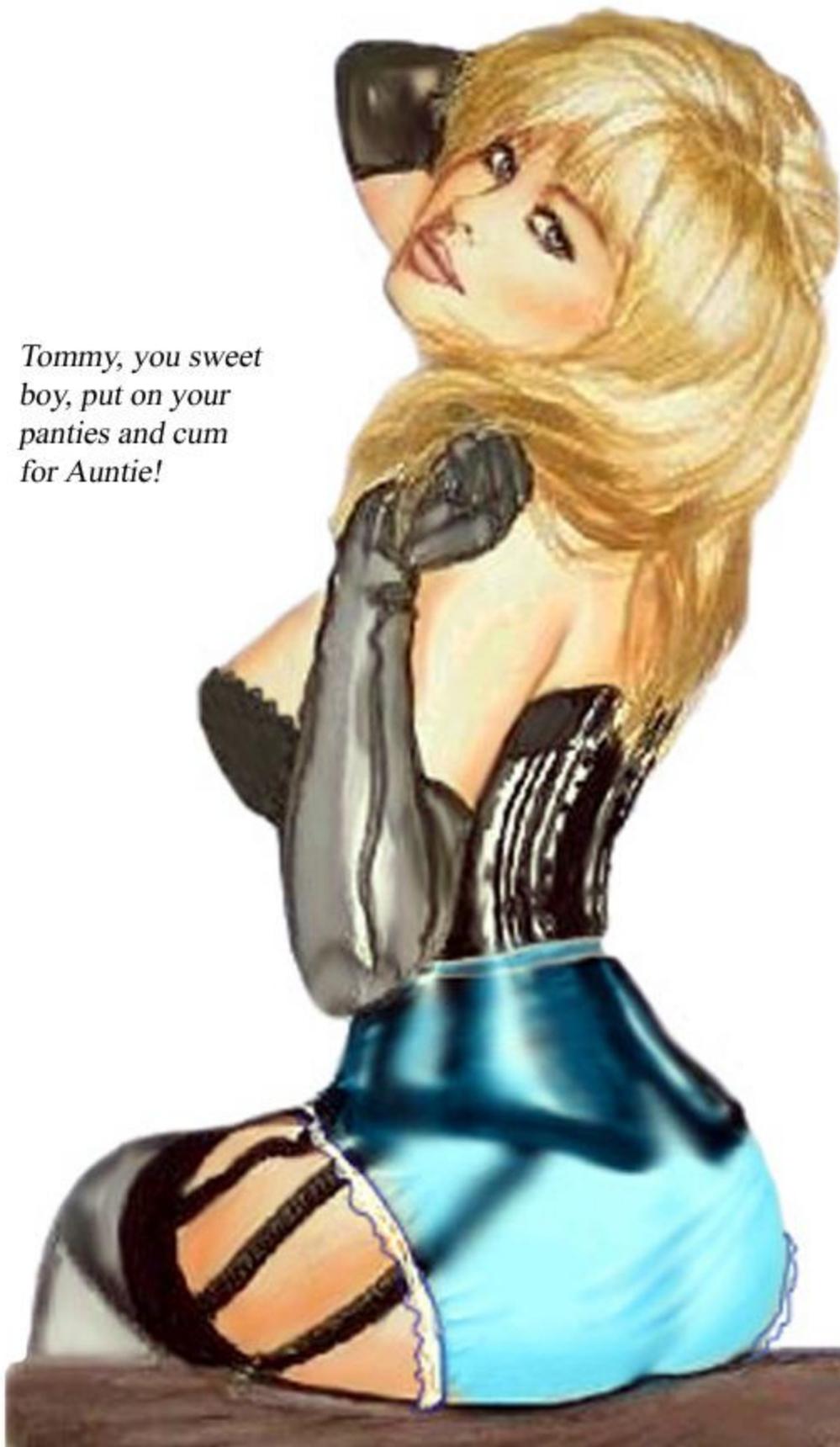
Adults Only

Pussy Boy Pages contains fascinating and exciting stories, letters and pictures sent to us by our Internet visitors and feature 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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Auntie's Panty Slave

As Tommy sat alone at the railway station waiting patiently for his auntie, he reflected on the events that had brought him there. A few months ago he was a typical fourteen year old with little to worry about, except what to do during his summer vacation. But then his parents were killed in a car accident, and now he was alone and his whole world was turned upside down.

Without any known relatives who could take him in, he was destined for a foster home. That scared the hell out of Tommy, and his apprehension grew daily as the funerals passed and the estate was settled, but just when he had lost hope, a long-lost auntie, his mother's sister, heard of his plight and agreed to become his guardian. And now he sat waiting, lost in his thoughts, waiting for an auntie he didn't even know.



Just then he heard a rhythmic click-click of high heels on concrete as a woman approached him. Tommy looked up at her in awe, and as did several men standing nearby. The woman, in her mid thirties with a flawless complexion and long blonde hair flowing down over her shoulders, was sexily but tastefully dressed in a short black skirt, sheer white blouse, black stockings and black high heels. The teen swallowed hard because she was an Amazon of a woman and had to be over six feet tall with a knockout figure, large full breasts, a narrow waist and wide hips, and SHE WAS WALKING DIRECTLY TOWARD HIM!

She came to a halt and stared down at him, their blue eyes locked as she assessed him. He didn't look away, showing he had some spirit. Her full red lips twitched upward into a smirk. Tommy felt compelled to say something, but he couldn't get it out. Her stare seemed to command him to respond, but at that moment, he couldn't speak.

Seeing that the boy was stuck dumb, she offered a slim, perfectly manicured hand and said, "Hello, Tommy, I'm your Auntie Jacqueline."

Her words hung in the air for a moment, her hand extended toward him. Tommy couldn't believe his luck! He was afraid his new guardian would be a dowdy spinster in a bad dress and with the temperament of an old nun, not this vivacious red head!

The teen's face lit up with a wide grin. He took her hand and pumped it enthusiastically. "Hi, Auntie Jacqueline, I'm your nephew, Tommy!" he said, hesitantly but cheerfully.

She could hear the relief in his voice. She smiled as she noticed he had inherited many of her family's features and characteristics: blonde hair and blue eyes, his complexion, like hers, was pale and clear

with none of the usual teenage blemishes. His eyelashes were long and feminine, and he had full pouting lips like her own. Even after passing through puberty Tommy's body remained slight and his voice a bit high. And unusual for a boy, he had the same wide hips as the women in the family and quite a generous rear as well. As a boy, he was a bit embarrassed to have such an atypical body. The boys at school had nicknamed him "pear-shape." He was cute for a boy but a little fem, if he had been born a girl he would have been quite attractive.

In her mind, Jacqueline recalled the last time she had seen the boy. He was two, and he had stayed with her for a couple of weeks while his parents went out of town. She loved looking after the little boy, who was always so happy and playful, but she had gotten into a huge fight with his father over how to raise the child and that had been the last time she had seen him.

The details and reasons behind the fight weren't important now, but Jacqueline thought the child should be raised with more of a flare to the feminine and not dragged down into the masculine abyss espoused by his father, whom she considered an asshole and a horrid male chauvinist who was beyond all help.

She had appealed to Tommy's mother, her sister, for support but the woman had no backbone and could never go against her husband's wishes. It was their loss as far as Jacqueline was concerned. Her financial help would have made their lives much easier, and all she was looking for was to have some influence in the child's upbringing. So having been rejected, Jacqueline washed her hands of his family, and they never spoke again. Now their child had been delivered into her care once more.

She saw that Tommy only had a backpack and one large suitcase with him. "Traveling light I see."

"Yeah, they sold off everything to pay some bills, and I only got to keep my best clothes and a few games and things."

Jacqueline could see he was upset and tried to comfort him as best she could but couldn't resist giving him a bit of instruction. "You should always say 'yes' and not 'yeah.' It shows breeding when you speak properly. Now, don't worry about a thing. This is a golden opportunity for you to make a new life, and it'll be my pleasure to buy you all kinds of new and wonderful things."

Tommy smiled at that because he rarely got new clothes or other things he wanted since his parents never had much money.

She motioned slightly to a redcap and had him carry the boy's luggage to the car. Tommy would have done it himself, but it was more fun to have someone else carry it for him. He swung his backpack over his shoulder and walked alongside his auntie.

"Are there clothes in that as well?" his auntie asked, pointing to his backpack.

"Nope, just my Walkman, a few CD's and other stuff," he answered as he tried to keep pace with his

fast-walking auntie as they exited the station. He liked walking slightly behind her; his eyes kept straying to her long legs and shapely bottom that rolled sensuously under her short black skirt. His gaze followed the straight black seams running down the back of her nylons to her stiletto heels. Tommy was watching her so intently that he nearly ran into a lamppost.

Jacqueline had caught their reflection in the railroad station windows as they had passed, so she knew his eyes were glued to her ass, but she didn't mind. She smiled at his impertinence.

Once outside they headed straight for a red Rolls Royce convertible; a second porter stood waiting with the car door open. She gave the man several dollar bills for guarding her illegally parked car.

“Go ahead and get in, Tommy.”

The boy happily pulled off his backpack and threw it into the open trunk then jumped into the front seat. The porter closed the passenger door behind him. Jacqueline walked around to the back of the car where the second porter waited patiently for his tip as well. He had set the suitcase down in the trunk along with Tommy's backpack but hadn't closed the lid yet.

Jacqueline took out a \$100 bill and handed it to the surprised redcap. Quietly she said, “Be a dear and lose that ugly suitcase somewhere. And if anyone asks, you never saw it.”

It was over an hour's drive to her house and Tommy's new home. As they rode through the quiet countryside, his auntie controlled the conversation. To get further insights into the boy's character and personality, she asked pointed questions about his home life and his likes and dislikes.

She discovered her nephew was leaving behind only a few friends, and he didn't describe any of them as close friends. And he didn't have a girlfriend either. She got the impression he was interested in the opposite sex but had never actually done anything with a girl. She rightly guessed he was quite naive when it came to girls.

His father had tried to push him into being an athletic, all-American boy, but Tommy wasn't very masculine and wasn't very good at sports. He was smart, but that was little consolation to his macho father, so by the time Tommy had reached thirteen, his father had resigned himself to the fact that his son was never going to be good at sports. As a result the boy ended up being much closer to his quiet, mousy mother than his manly father and had developed into an introverted, sensitive young teen.

Finally they reached their destination and Jacqueline pulled into the long driveway. She had learned a lot about him during their conversation, and together with the private investigators report on Tommy she had previously commissioned, she had a clear idea of who and what he was and what she had to work with in bringing him into her femdom life-style.

The sprawling Victorian mansion was set amid two carefully groomed acres with stables for riding and

an Olympic-size pool in the back. As they pulled up to the pillared entrance, the front door of the house opened and out stepped a beautiful woman with long blonde hair dressed in the shortest black satin maid's uniform imaginable!

"Bonjour, Maîtresse Jacqueline," the beautiful maid said in a sexy accent.

After they climbed out of the car, his auntie wrapped a reassuring arm around his shoulder. "Ah, Yvette, I'd like you to meet the latest addition to our family. This is my nephew, Tommy."

The maid smiled and gave him a low curtsy, so low in fact that as she bent forward, the low-cut neckline of her uniform gaped open, and her abundant breasts were almost totally exposed to his view!

"Bonjour, demoiselle," she said, smiling up at the boy.

Jacqueline let out a short guffaw at her maid's little joke. Not knowing any French, Tommy didn't understand that the maid had just called him a young lady.

Trying to emulate the maid's show of etiquette he bowed slightly and replied, "Very nice to meet you, Yvette."

The maid let out a laugh at the teen's display of manners and said in broken English, "Elle has excellent manners, Maîtresse."

"Yes, I think Tommy will be a delight for us, Yvette."

Jacqueline then turned to him and said, "Let me show you around your new home while Yvette puts your things in your room."

"I hope you don't mind, but you'll be sleeping in my ward Claudine's old room until I can prepare another room for you. She's away at prep school in Europe and won't be returning until Christmas. I'm afraid I wasn't quite as prepared for your arrival as I should have been."

"Oh, no, that will be fine, Auntie Jacqueline," he said. "I'm just happy to be here."

"And, Tommy, we're pleased to have you. Aren't we, Yvette?"

"Oui, Maîtresse! Demoiselle will make an excellent addition to la maison."

The maid went to the car to retrieve his luggage, at least what was left of it, as the boy and his auntie spent the next hour leisurely touring the estate. Then Jacqueline led him into the house through the patio and the sunroom. As they walked from room to room, she pointed out items of interest. Upstairs, the door was open to the first room they came to. Tommy peered inside, and he guessed it was his

aunt's room because it was so extravagantly and femininely decorated, everything was in white: the furniture, lavish drapes, bedding and coverings made of satin, ruffles and lace. A king-size, four-poster canopy bed dominated the room.

“You can probably tell this is my bedroom, and the number one rule of the house is that you respect my privacy. You are never to enter my room without permission. Is that understood?”

“Yes, Auntie Jacqueline.”

“Tommy, ‘Auntie Jacqueline’ sounds a bit too formal. From now on, why don't you just call me Auntie? Let's drop the Jacqueline.”

“Sure, Auntie.”

As they walked she pointed out pictures and various amenities and then took him into another room that had been converted into a sewing room. With all his auntie's money he couldn't understand why she would need to have a sewing room. Couldn't she just buy whatever she wanted? When he asked this question she gave an offhanded reply.

“It's necessary for alterations and repairs, and besides one must have a hobby.”

Finally they came to a room at the end of the hall that was to be his room. She motioned to him to precede her through the open door, and as he did, Tommy's mouth fell open in shock.

He knew this was a girl's room, but he wasn't prepared for how fastidiously femininely it was decorated with everything done in varying shades of pink. Dolls and stuffed animals were strategically placed around the room, which had a ballet motif with paintings of ballerinas on the walls and statuettes of ballerinas in various poses forming the base of little lamps on the vanity, dresser and nightstands.

As he walked across the room, his feet sank into the deep, rose-pink, plush carpet; he giggled, thinking it was like walking on pillows. In one corner, a large vanity with an oval-shaped mirror was flanked by two smaller mirrors that could be tilted to different angles. On the glass top was a variety of bottles and cosmetics. From the tabletop to the ground, the vanity was draped with a pink satin skirt trimmed with white lace. A small stool was covered in matching pink satin and lace. Against the opposite wall was a long ornately carved dresser. Standing in the far corner was a large oval dressing mirror set in a swivel frame, but the large four-poster canopy bed was the centerpiece of the room. The decor wasn't unpleasant, but Tommy felt like a complete alien in these overwhelmingly feminine surroundings.

He was still looking around in shock when Yvette came bustling through door to the bathroom saying, “Bienvenue, demoiselle, I hope you like your room?”

The maid was bubbling over with excitement, so he couldn't disappoint her. “Yes Yvette ... it's wonderful

... thank you?" It was more of a question than a response, but the beautiful French maid didn't seem to care.

"Cé bon! A hot bath is ready for demoiselle when elle is ready."

"A very good idea, Yvette. Then I'll leave the pair of you to it."

His auntie left the room, and Tommy followed Yvette into the master bathroom that was between both his and his aunt's bedrooms. It was also decorated quite femininely in both pink and white with lots of lace accents, but that didn't surprise him, as he knew women tended to decorate their bathrooms in a feminine style; even his mother had done that.

Yvette laid out huge pink fluffy towels and then left him to take his bath. Tommy striped off his clothes and left them in a heap on the floor before stepping into the oversized bathtub that Yvette had filled to the brim with frothy white bubbles. He thought that was a bit girlie. He hadn't had a bubble bath in years, but he wasn't about to turn it down.

Just then Yvette came prancing back into the bathroom. Tommy reacted by sinking down into the mounds of bubbles to cover his nudity from the pretty maid.

"How are you doing, demoiselle?" she asked cheerily, ignoring the shocked expression on his face.

"Yvette, I'm-m-m..." he was trying to protest, but his tongue tripped over the words coming out of his mouth because Yvette was bending over in front of him and gathered up his discarded clothes, and in the process her ultra short skirt rode up and gave him an unobstructed view of her white ruffled panties, tiers of lacy petticoats that puffed out her skirt and her white lace garter belt that stretched down her legs to secure her old-fashioned stockings! Tommy stared hard at her frilly garters and the lacy feminine panties, memorizing them for later when he was alone. The maid took an inordinate amount of time to do the simple chore of picking up his clothes, but Tommy was in dreamland and had no concept of time. She spent more than a full minute bent over like that, but to Tommy it seemed like seconds, but time enough to capture a graphic mental photograph and more than enough time to sprout a full erection.

Yvette looked back over her shoulder and smiled seeing the young boy's eyes riveted to her rear. "Does jeune demoiselle require some assistance?" she asked.

Tommy's face flushed bright red when he realized he had been caught staring open mouthed. "Ah, no ... that's all right, Yvette, I think I can manage."

"Non, non, demoiselle, Maîtresse instructed me to help you with whatever you require," she said, as she put aside his clothes and knelt down next to the tub.

Tommy sputtered a bit in protest but really didn't mind. He welcomed being so close to the beautiful

young maid. Yvette picked up the loofa and scrubbed his back, using slow circular motions, working her way lower as she went. He shifted in the tub trying to ease the discomfort of his fully erect penis hidden beneath the bubbles. His hard-on throbbed as he stared at her 36-DD breasts jiggling invitingly just inches from his eyes now fully opened in a wanton gaze.

He glanced upward and their eyes met. Yvette gave him a playful smile as she shifted the loofa to the other hand and started to scrub his chest with the same slow circular motions. She went lower and lower down his front until her hand bumped into his protruding hard-on. Tommy jumped in surprise, splashing water and bubbles everywhere as the pretty maid's hand hit his stiff cock.

“Mon dieu!” She burst out, pursing her full red lips into a little O of fake surprise. Yvette knew what she would encounter as she moved her hand down his body, but she was surprised at the substantial size of his penis. “Quelle est il, petit demoiselle?”

She dropped the loofa and wrapped her warm hand around his stiffness. Tommy jumped in surprise at the beautiful girl's boldness, but he had no intention of evading her grip. His cock throbbed at her touch, the first female hand ever to touch it.

“Is this for moi, demoiselle Tommy?”

Tommy's face turned bright red, and he looked away in embarrassment, having been caught and fully excited from peeking at her. Yvette on the other hand was pleased to see the boy so interested in her. She was delighted to be able to report to her mistress that he indeed liked girls since his auntie did have fears he might be gay based on the investigation of him she had commissioned before agreeing to be his guardian. The report stated that he had never had a girl friend and probably never had much of any kind of relationship with a girl.

“Poor gentil demoiselle Tommy,” she said, pursing her perfect red lips into a sexy pout. “Don't worry, mon cheri. Yvette will help you. Now stand up....”

With her help he got to his feet in the tub, his fully erect cock rudely pointing straight out in front of him. She then did something quite unexpected to Tommy; she took the head of his penis into her hot mouth.

“O-O-O-O-OH-H-H-H!” Was all the startled teen could say as she moved her head rapidly up and down his cock and then alternated the action with her snakelike tongue licking him from base to tip and then backing off and dipping down to suck on his tightening balls.

Yvette was enjoying her little game of seduction, using every trick she could think of to bring the teen to the brink of ejaculation before backing off again and again to prolong his sexual torment. Her mistress had ordered her to seduce the boy as the first step in her plan to dominate the teen, and the maid was more than happy to carry out her orders. She and her mistress shared a unique relationship. She loved

her mistress and was willing to do anything her mistress asked. Yvette let the teen's swollen member pop out of her mouth, and she smiled up at him. Her ardent cocksucking left her thick red lipstick smeared all his cock and all around her lips.

“Are you enjoying zhis, demoiselle?” She asked coyly as she slowly pumped his hard-on with one perfectly manicured hand.

“Oh, yes, Yvette! Please, please, don't stop!” he pleaded as he watched her fingers with her long red nails slide gracefully up and down his pole.

She smiled, confident he was going to be so easy to manipulate.

“I love demoiselle's little clittie, but it is ... how you say ... so ‘airy?’” And she batted her beautiful green eyes and pursed her lips into another pout. Tommy didn't have a lot of hair on his body, at least not yet because he was so young, but he was proud of what he had because it symbolized his developing manhood.

“Maîtresse said that she wanted demoiselle tout purifier! We can't have demoiselle all ‘airy, non?” She asked playfully. “And when we are finir, Yvette will show demoiselle some more mystifier of the langue.” And the maid's pink tongue flicked out of her mouth and over the crown of his swollen cock, sending pleasurable shivers throughout his young body.

“Please, Yvette ... can you please let me finish first?” The teen was begging her to let him cum, but the pretty French maid wasn't having any off that. She maintained a tight grip on the base of his cock, ensuring that the sexually inexperienced teen didn't prematurely ejaculate before she was through with him.

Yvette loved him begging for release. It made her feel powerful, and by the time she was finished, she knew Tommy would be begging to do anything she wanted, no matter how bizarre!

“First we must make you ‘tout purifier' then we will play some more, oui?” she said, giving his hard-on another squeeze for good measure.

“Yes, ah, Yvette ... all right Yvette, but ple-e-e-se hurry!”

“Demoiselle Tommy should call me Miss Yvette, oui?” And she gave the teen's swollen member another squeeze or emphasis.

“Oui, Miss Yvette, but please hurry!”

Having gotten the response she wanted, she jumped up and opened a cupboard and withdrew a large jar and latex gloves.

As he stood waiting, Tommy watched curiously with a growing sense of dread as she slipped on the gloves. Next, she opened the jar, dipped her gloved hand into the pink cream it contained and then began spreading the cream over his body. When she was done, she pulled off the gloves with a loud snap and tossed them into the wastebasket.

“Wait there for a moment, demoiselle, and I will be right back.” She picked up his discarded clothes from the vanity and left him standing not knowing what would happen next. Before long he felt a tingling all over his body. After ten minutes, the tingling had grown into an intense burning sensation. He was getting scared because the burning was increasing by the moment. Just when he thought he couldn't take anymore, she came back in.

“All right, demoiselle, back into la bassine,” she ordered.

Tommy wasn't sure what that meant, but he took it to mean the tub and happily jumped back into the water and began washing off the offending cream. Yvette joined in and after a few minutes of vigorous scrubbing they had washed off all traces of the cream. She pulled the plug on the tub, and when she went to get one of the towels so he could dry himself off, he noticed.

“OH MY GOD! WHAT IN THE HELL HAPPENED?” he screeched.

Yvette spun on her heels and saw the teen standing in the tub. His skin was pink from the strong depilatory and he was frantically running his hands over his now hairless arms and legs wondering what had happened to his body hair.

“Quelle est abusif, demoiselle?” she asked with an amused grin.

Completely flabbergasted, the boy's mouth worked up and down for a couple of seconds as he tried to speak. “My hair ... where's all my ... my hair? You know...” and he pointed at the smooth pink area around his penis.

“I told you, demoiselle Tommy, Maîtresse said you were to be perfectly clean and this is what she means,” she replied. “And besides, did I not promise that once you were clean I would share some tricks with demoiselle?” Then she quickly sank to her knees and sucked his cock into her mouth. She went at it with abandon, and the horny boy became instantly hard again.

“U-M-M-M-M-M-M!” she purred around his pole as she took all seven inches of his boyhood down her throat, but then she let his cock slide from her mouth and switched her attention to his balls. She stroked his dick as she sucked first on one then on his other hairless ball before returning to suck on his cock. As she worked his cock, she stroked his hairless legs and rear so he would come to appreciate soft caresses on his hairless body.

Tommy instinctively placed a hand on the back of her bobbing head and began pumping his cock in and out of her moist mouth. Tingles of excitement ran up and down his spine as he watched his proud young hard-on fuck her mouth with her sexy red lips.

As the 'coup de gras' Yvette pulled the boy's smooth hairless ass cheeks apart and slipped her middle finger in between. Once she found his tight little rosebud, she thrust her finger in. When he felt the strange sensation of the sudden penetration, it pushed him over the top and he exploded!

When Yvette felt that first hot jet of cum shoot down her throat, she started rapidly finger fucking the boy's hole with one hand while she massaged his balls with her other hand. Tommy pumped his cock in and out of her mouth trying to push himself deeper down her throat until he was spent. All energy gone, he plopped down on the edge of the tub, his legs too weak to stand.

She continued to lick and slurp on his spent cock as she tried to extract every last bit of his sweet teenage cum, then she reached up and pulled him to her, and they kissed. Tommy felt her tongue force its way into his mouth and with it came a huge gob of his semen! She french kissed him deeply, their tongues awash with his jism. Then she drew back, held his face in her hands, and said, "Swallow it, demoiselle."

Tommy felt compelled to obey and let the cummy swill slide down his throat. Actually it wasn't the first time he had sampled his own cum. He had tried it once before just to see how it tasted and he thought it was a bit salty, but this time it tasted better and kind of sweet, probably because of the way it had been delivered to his mouth.

"Ce bon jeune, demoiselle!" she said with a big smile.

Tommy smiled back at her wondering why it so delighted her for him to have swallowed his cum upon her command.

Yvette then lovingly washed his softening penis and dried it. Next she picked up a huge white powder puff with a big pink satin bow on top and proceeded to powder him. She paid special attention to his rear and gently lifted his nuts so she could powder them as well as his big cock.

Taking one towel, she wrapped it around his chest and knotted it like a girl would, and then she grabbed another smaller towel and wrapped it around his head to cover his damp hair.

"Nous are prêt!" she announced and then led the way back to his bedroom. Tommy caught a look at himself in the bathroom mirror and thought he looked stupid. Oh well, he thought, if it made Yvette happy, he was willing to go along, especially if she was going to keep sucking him off!

As they reentered his new bedroom, his auntie also entered through the opposite door from the hall. Tommy's mouth fell open in surprise at how his auntie was dressed. She had removed her blouse and

skirt and was wearing just sexy black lingerie visible through her sheer full-length black dressing gown. The points of her vintage bra pushed against the thin material, and he could see the lacy cups were made of heavy satin stitched in a circular pattern to give them a cone shape. The pointy cups held up her large breasts and thrust them outward like they were constantly pointing directly at him.

As Tommy was to discover, his beautiful auntie loved retro styles of lingerie and insisted on wearing only the finest in custom made bras, lacy garter-belts, tight satin corsets and frilly brief style panties. To go along with these, she wore only seamed silk stockings. She considered pantyhose vulgar and believed that a true lady only wore classic silk stockings and elegant, classic styles of lingerie.

Tommy could see his auntie's frilly panties through the gossamer nylon of her black gown. The pair she had on were made from extremely sheer nylon with pretty feminine ruffles of black lace around the leg openings and huge black satin bows at the waist and hips for an extra feminine touch.

Like Yvette, his beautiful auntie also wore a matching black lace garter belt. He could just make out the outline of that sinful piece of lingerie beneath her diaphanous nylon panties. His young eyes followed the frilled garters down her legs to where they attached to her sheer black seamed stockings, and then down to her feet. She had replaced the spike heels she wore earlier with black high-heeled mules, the tops of which were adorned with a tuft of black feathers that moved around lazily in the room's unseen wind currents.

Carrying a martini in one hand, she strolled casually into the room looking exactly like the black and white pictures he had seen in old girly magazines his father had stashed behind a box of tools in their garage. Looking at her made him feel strange inside. He suddenly became hot and flushed. His heart pounded in his chest.

“Ah there you two are. I was wondering what happened to you?” She came over to Tommy and gave him a hug with her free hand and his head felt light as he breathed in her intoxicating perfume. Jacqueline could see that Yvette had been working on the boy and could smell the delicate perfume of the bath and powder on his skin.

“I hope you aren't embarrassed by my attire, Tommy, but we're very casual around here. With just us three females living together — my ward, Yvette and I — and we got into the habit of wandering around in just our lingerie after we settled in for the evening, so I hope you don't mind and you'll be just as casual with us.”

“Yes, Auntie Jacqueline.” The boy thought to himself she was nuts if he would complain about that! Not if it meant she and Yvette were going to walk around in front of him all the time in just their bras and panties!

“Yvette, bon est manque de jeunes sans cheveux?” she asked, looking at the maid.

“Oui, Maîtresse, comme vous avez passé commande.”

“Very good,” his auntie responded. Then turning to Tommy, she said, “Now let's get you dressed, and we'll have dinner.”

Yvette, where are Tommy's clothes?”

The maid went to the closet and brought back the teen's knapsack and put it on the bed.

“Non, non, Yvette, là où sont ses vêtements?” she asked again.

Tommy got a sick feeling in the pit of his stomach as the maid looked around and then shrugged her shoulders.

“Did you get his bag out of the back of the car?” she asked.

“Non, Maîtresse, there was only this sack, rien autrement,” she replied, now looking somewhat worried.

His aunt frowned as she turned to him and said, “I'm so sorry, Tommy, but it looks as if that awful porter at the train station stole your suitcase. Damn! And I gave him a big tip too!”

Tommy felt bad that such a fuss was being made over the loss of his few meager possessions. “It doesn't matter, Auntie. I'll just wear what I had on earlier.”

“I'm sorry demoiselle but I have already sent your clothes out to be laundered,” the maid said.

Tommy looked around the room a confused look on his young face. “Then, what will I wear...?”

The two women exchanged knowing glances, and then his auntie smiled and said, “Well, I'm sure Yvette can find you something to wear, sweetie.”

She looked over at the waiting maid and said, “Yvette, la lingerie rose pour des demoiselle ce soir.”

“Oui, Maîtresse, il sera fait,” the maid replied bowing her head.

Tommy watched his auntie turn and leave the room, admiring her shapely rear in those lacy black panties as she walked away. His auntie had instructed Yvette to find him something to wear, and there were obviously no men or boys living in the house, so what could they offer him? Butterflies exploded in his stomach as he wondered if they were going to ask him to wear girls' clothes.

The thought of that scared him, but he did have to admit that ever since he was a small child, more than just a curiosity, he had a secret interest in feminine things. He would spend hours with his mother,

watching her go through her beauty ritual, helping brush her hair and watching her apply makeup, but he had been especially interested in her lingerie.

His father had always pushed him to get into sports in a vain effort to toughen him up, but he became even more fanatical about it after he caught Tommy fondling some of his mother's lingerie when Tommy was just eleven. It was wintertime and his mother had hand washed some of her lingerie and hung them up to dry on a rack in the basement. He had been wandering around the basement looking for something to do and spotted the clothes rack loaded with his mother's lovely bras and panties. An overwhelming urge came over him to touch the delicate panties and feel what the material was like.

He lifted a pair of white brief-style panties off the rack and felt the soft silky nylon with his fingers. He held them by the thin elastic waistband and put them up by the light, marveling at how translucent and airy they seemed, nothing like his crappy old boys' briefs. He held them up to his waist as he wondered what they would be like to wear and was so enamored with the panties that he didn't hear his father come up behind him.

The old man saw his son holding a pair of his wife's panties to his waist like he was going try them on! What happened after that wasn't pretty, and Tommy shuddered at the memory, but his reliving of that moment was cut short by the sound of Yvette's voice.

“So, demoiselle, Maîtresse has ordered me to prepare you for the evening,” she said, and she placed a hand under his chin and turned his head from side to side as she examined his features. He was shaking a bit; he was so nervous and scared to even imagine what would happen next.

Yvette led him over to the pink vanity, had him sit on the stool, and then pulled the towel off his head. Smiling down on him she picked up a pair of eyebrow tweezers started plucking away at his brows to give them a more feminine shape.

“Ah, Miss Yvette, is this really necessary...? He said hesitantly, wincing a bit at the sharp pain from her plucking.

“Oh, oui, demoiselle. They are touffu! Ah, how you say ... bushy.” She stopped plucking for a moment and tilted his chin until their eyes locked. “Demoiselle, does not mind, non?”

Tommy looked away and blushed. “No, I don't mind, Miss Yvette.”

“Ce bon, demoiselle!” she said, planting a wet kiss on his lips. “Maîtresse said you were very special even as a petit enfant!”

After a few minutes of intense plucking, she put down the tweezers and then set out containers of make up and plugged a couple of curling irons into the wall to let them heat up.

Tommy looked over into the mirror and he let out a little gasp when he saw his new eyebrows. They hadn't been overly thick to begin with but Yvette had shaped them so that they were perfectly arched over each eye, starting out thick at one end and tapering down into near pencil thin feminine lines at the other. The butterflies started fluttering around in his stomach again with a vengeance. He then got a good look at the makeup she had laid out on the vanity top and his stomach flipped.

The thought crossed his mind again, "Should I be allowing her to do this to me?" Yvette seemed to be acting on orders from his auntie, at least it was the impression she gave him. He debated with himself, "Shouldn't I be fighting tooth and nail against them trying to make a girl out of me?" Then again ... there was the pretty maid and the blowjob she had just performed on him, the first he had ever had, and there seemed to be the chance of more. He was naive and didn't understand that was the hook his auntie and Yvette would use to dominate and panty him, but Tommy didn't realize that. He was excited about the very real possibility of wearing girls' lingerie for the first time, and with his auntie's blessing! But inside his head, his boyhood was arguing that boy don't wear girls' clothes unless they were sissies or faggots! As his internal debate continued, he decided to sit tight for the moment and see where all this would lead.

Yvette was aware of his trepidation, but she ignored it and happily carried on with his makeover. To start, she picked up a small sponge and a bottle of liquid base and started to dab it on the teen's face. Like his auntie, the boy had clear, pale skin so she needed to give him some color using the base. Next she used liquid eyeliner to highlight his almond-shaped pale blue eyes and then thick black mascara and an eyelash curler to make his already big eyelashes appear even fuller. With a dark pencil, she outlined his pouting lips, so they would appear more prominent once his lipstick was applied.

As Yvette worked, Tommy tried to steal glances at himself in the mirror, but she kept blocking his view not wanting him to see anything until she was finished. She was purposely making him look even younger than his years but also a bit whorish because she knew that's what her mistress wanted to see, so she was trying to strike a balance with the little girl look and the young prostitute look. For a final touch, she added rouge to give him youthful, rosy cheeks. He tried to steal a look in the mirror once again.

"Non, non, demoiselle, pas jusqu'à ce qu'il est complet," she said wagging a finger at him.

Tommy didn't understand what she was saying when she spoke French to him, but he thought he could decipher some of what she was saying.

Yvette put on his eyelids a pretty shade of glittery pale pink eye shadow that would match his outfit for the evening. The final touch was pink lipstick that Yvette stroked on carefully to stay within the outline so his lips would appear prominent and pouting. Then she applied sealer to his lips with a tiny brush.

"Je suis fini!" she announced proudly and stepped aside so he could see himself in the mirror.

His mouth fell open in shock as he looked at the pretty young girl looking back at him. He turned his head this way and that and pursed like a girl. Tommy was swept away by the illusion and didn't think about the repercussions of what he had just allowed Yvette to do, and she wasn't going to give him the time to brood on it.

She was under orders from her mistress to sexually manipulate the boy until he submitted to being feminized, and she was prepared to do just that even if she had to tie him down to do it. So far, Yvette hadn't had to do anything more than give the teen a blow job to get him to this point.

"You see," she said, "demoiselle is so pretty and we will make her even prettier, non?"

Tommy smiled up at the maid and continued posing for himself in the mirror. He knew it was wrong, letting her treat him this way and letting her put makeup on him; it ran against everything his father ever tried to drill into him, but he didn't care. As he looked at himself in the vanity mirror, he imagined himself dressed in sexy black lingerie just like his auntie.

"Mon Dieu, demoiselle's 'air is un désordre," Yvette said, pulling at tufts of his sandy blond hair as she wondered what she could do with it. Tommy's father had strictly enforced the rule that his son keep his hair cut short, and he had worn it that way his entire life, but once his parents died, he did let it grow and now it was still quite short, but longer than he had ever had worn it before.

Yvette was also gifted in hair styling and taking gel and curling iron in hand she went to work on the boy's short, unkempt hair. When he was turned over to his aunt's favorite hair styling salon, they might be able to do even more with it, but Yvette's job was just to add a bit of feminine style to his short hair for the evening.

After a bit of work, he looked quite cute. When Tommy saw the end result of her efforts he was again amazed at his stunning transformation to that of a pretty blonde teenage girl, even if that girl had rather short hair.

Yvette opened the door to the large walk-in closet and a subtle perfumed scent filled the air as she searched through the rows of pretty party dresses, girlish shoes, negligees, nighties and everything any girl could possibly want in the way of clothes. Yvette leafed through several sheer babydoll nighties and then selected one. "Ah-h-h, mon oui!" she said as she withdrew a particularly pretty pink one and exited the closet.



She momentarily hung the dainty pink babydoll on a hook on the door and then went to the dresser, opened one drawer and searched through the lacy contents until she withdrew a pair of elaborately frilled pink panties, a full brief rumba style with row

upon row of frothy white lace across the rear and a frilly band of the same pretty white lace rimming the leg openings of the girly panties. Delicate pink satin bows with pink rosettes had been added at the front at the waistband and above each hip. The same had been done in the rear with another large pink satin bow nestled right in the center of the bum, set among the multiple frills of white lace and accented with the same delicate little pink rosettes. As if to announce his new status in his aunt's household, embroidered on the front in bold black lettering were the words *Sissy's Sweet Panties*. Yvette smiled over at him as she held the delicate lace panties by the waistband and shook them out. "Come to me here, mon chéri; we must hurry now, *Maîtresse* is waiting."

As he walked toward her, he saw the pink panties she held in her hands, and he stopped dead in his tracks. A wave of anxiety washed over him, the strongest he had ever felt, and his stomach churned as he stared at the pink panties suspended in Yvette's hands — then he read what was embroidered on the front.

No self-respecting boy wants to be called a sissy and the offered pink panties said exactly what he would be if he put them on, a sissy panty boy. Right now he looked like a girl, made over by Yvette's art, but he could wash that off. Could he go back to the way he was after submitting to being pantied as well?

"Miss Yvette, I don't think I can ... I mean I shouldn't..." he stammered as the maid waited patiently for him to come to her.

"Come, come, mon chéri, you know you want to," she said in a reassuring voice as she wiggled her finger at him, inviting him to come near. This was Yvette's favorite part of feminization, slipping a pair of ultra-feminine panties on a subservient boy for the first time. Tommy wasn't the first teenage boy she had done this to, and he probably wouldn't be the last because feminizing boys gave her such a powerful rush.

Tommy took one hesitant step toward her, as a multitude of emotions and memories washed over him. What if his father hadn't been there in the basement that day? Would he have tried on his mother's panties? He looked intently at the offered pink panties in the maid's hands; he thought they were very pretty and so feminine, and he was sure that the nylon would feel wonderful against his skin.

Tommy felt a familiar yearning in the pit of his stomach and he knew he wanted to try the pink panties on; the feeling was just as intense as the day he had held his mother's panties for the first time. As he tried to rationalize his next move, he thought about what was happening to him. He'd already come this far and allowed Yvette to half feminize him with makeup and a hairdo.

Then another thought crossed his mind, was he gay? He didn't think so; he got a major hard-on just looking at Yvette and his beautiful auntie, so he was sure he wasn't gay. He stood there with the internal debate raging inside of him, and then all of a sudden, his mind was clear, and he walked over to stand in front of Yvette. He would let these domineering women have their way with him and see where it would lead. He knew he could change his mind at any time and stop all this, but right now, it was kind of a game.

“Ce bon demoiselle! You make me so happy!” the maid said cheerily. “Now remove your towel.”

Yvette knelt down in front of him and using her fingers she spread the waistband of the frilly rumba panties open and then she held them out before Tommy so he could step into them. The boy let his towel fall to the floor and then stood there for a second looking down at the soft double nylon crotch of his new panties. His eyes furtively traced the frilly band of white lace that rimmed leg openings. He swallowed nervously, then pointing his toes, he slipped his foot past the waistband and out through the leg opening of the obscenely lacy panties.

Having taken his first step into panty submission, Tommy followed it up by placing his other foot in the other leg opening, and with a look of extreme satisfaction on her face, Yvette quickly pulled the pink panties up his hairless legs before he changed his mind. With a final snap of the elastic waistband, Yvette settled the frilly pink panties around his waist to seal his fate. He had been pantied! Something inside him told him he'd never be completely a boy ever again.

Taking his face in both her hands, Yvette looked the feminized boy in the eyes and said, “Maîtresse was right, demoiselle Tommy is a very good girl!”

Yvette kissed him and deeply and passionately tongue fucked his mouth as she slipped her hand down his front and started to rub his penis through his buttery soft nylon panties.

Tommy felt like he was in a dream! He had been right, the smooth soft nylon panties felt wonderful against his cock and balls. He was fully erect again in a matter of seconds. The newly transformed sissy marveled at how silky-smooth the pink nylon felt, and he knew from now on he would never want to wear anything but silky girls' panties.

Figuring she had enough fun with her sissy boy protégé for the moment, Yvette broke their kiss and going to closet door she picked up the hanging babydoll nightie and shook it out. The lacy pink nightie floated up into a voluminous pink cloud as she held it up to the light for him to see.

The skirt of the babydoll nightie was made from two layers of sheer pink nylon trimmed with white lace and was quite short. Tommy could tell it wasn't long enough to cover his frilly panties, and the panties would be left largely and humiliatingly exposed for everyone to see. The nightie had short puffy cap sleeves that were elasticized to grip the arms tightly and each sleeve was trimmed with a two-inch ruffle of white lace and a big pink satin bow.

The scoop neckline of the nightie was and elasticized as well, so it could be worn up, or if the wearer was feeling sexy, off the shoulders, and it was rimmed with the same ruffle of lace. For a final touch, another big pink satin bow was set in the center of the neckline and intended to nestle into the valley of the wearer's breasts. Of course Tommy didn't have any breasts (not yet) but he thought it was very pretty anyway. There was also a matching pink bed jacket trimmed with the same frothy white lace and

two long lengths of pink satin ribbon that could be tied together to keep it in place.

Yvette brought the babydoll over to him and had him raise his arms so she could slip it on him. The skirt of the feminine pink nightie floated down over him, enveloping him in a sheer pink dream for a moment until his head was through the neck opening. Once on, Yvette adjusted the cap sleeves and flounced out the skirt, fussing over it until she was satisfied with the way it fit. She stepped back to admire her handiwork.

“Demoiselle looks magnifique!” she pronounced.

Tommy gave her a big smile and pranced over to the mirror on his tiptoes to look at himself. Yvette watched in amusement as the newly minted sissyboy struck several coquettish poses while flouncing out the skirt of the pink babydoll to show off his panties. Tommy loved how girly he looked in his new babydoll, and he especially loved the panties. Unabashedly, he pushed out his rear so he could admire the pretty ruffles of lace running across his heart shaped bottom.

The maid left him for a moment to enjoy his new lingerie and get used to his sissy role, as she went to the closet to get his slippers. Yvette returned carrying a pair of pink high-heel mules just like the ones her Mistress had been wearing earlier, right down to the tuft of pink feathers on the top. Then she dutifully knelt in front of the boy and helped him put them on.

“What do you think, mon cheri?”

Tommy stood on his tip toes, twisted and turned to admire how his feet looked in the pretty pink slippers, and he loved how the heels feminized his legs, making them look shapelier. His bum looked higher and more rounded as well. He thought he looked like a princess, and he felt like one to.

“Come with me now, demoiselle, our maîtresse is waiting,” she said as she offered him an arm to steady himself. They started out slowly at first so he could get accustomed to his high-heeled mules. By the time they reached the stairs he was moving along fairly well, but Yvette remained at his side supporting him as they descended the stairs.

Tommy could see his auntie Jacqueline waiting for them at the bottom of the stairs. She clapped her hands in delight when she saw him.

“Oh, Tommy, you look so pretty,” she gusted. “If only your mother could see you now!”

At the bottom of the stairs, she told him, “Turn around, let me get a good look at my pretty little sissy boy!”

He spun around while his auntie looked him over.

“Be a good girl for me,” Yvette said, “and lift your nightie for me so auntie can see all of your pretty pink panties.”

The boy blushed but obeyed.

“Oh, my, those look just darling on you, Tommy!” she exclaimed, as she examined the fit at his hips and waist and fussed a bit with the ribbon bows and delicate lace trim. She started to tingle between her legs as she noticed his narrow waist and thought of how wasp thin it would be once she had the sissy trussed up in tight satin corset! “Turn around, now, princess, so auntie can see your girlie bum.”

Tommy did as he was told and bent over to present his ruffled bottom to his auntie for inspection.

“Does auntie's little sissyboy like his new pink panties?”

“Oh, yes, Auntie Jacqueline, they're wonderful! Thank you ever so much for letting me wear them!” the sissyboy gushed, genuinely thankful for the opportunity to wear girls' lingerie for the first time.

By submitting to feminization Tommy had now become a submissive sissy, and he would be taught proper respect for all females because they were his superiors. Both his auntie and Yvette would hammer this home to him from now on so that the sissyboy was ever mindful of his place.

Suddenly Tommy dropped his voice almost to a whisper, and he cast his eyes downward in shame. “You know, Auntie, if my father had ever caught me dressed like this, he would have beaten me half to death. He did once before, you know, when ... when he caught me with a pair of my mother's panties.”

Jacqueline wasn't surprised by this revelation. Yvette hadn't reported any resistance on the teen's part to his swift feminization; in fact, it had almost been as easy as “here put these panties on” to get her nephew into girls' lingerie. If he had been averse to the idea, she would be upstairs right now administering discipline to the boy while they forcibly pantied him, so it was no surprise to her that he had dabbled in girlie lingerie before. And the part about his father, well you shouldn't speak ill of the dead, but he was always a brute anyway. He refused to recognize what she and his mother spotted in the child immediately and that was his obvious feminine traits and his desire to be like a girl.

His auntie put a reassuring arm around her sissy nephew's shoulder and gave him a squeeze. “Don't worry about a thing, Tommy sweetie, if you want to wear panties that's perfectly fine with me. As a matter of fact I encourage you to fully explore your feminine side and then we'll be three happy girls living together under the same roof.”

Tommy couldn't believe what he was hearing. “Thank you, Auntie,” he replied, oblivious to the trap he was falling into.

“Now, let's go have dinner, and later we'll all sit down and have a real heart to heart together.”

Dinner was a pleasant affair with his auntie and him sitting at the table while Yvette waited on them. His auntie even let him have a glass of wine! But the portions seemed quite small to him, and when he mentioned this to his auntie she replied, "A woman must always be mindful of her figure, and from now on, we are going to keep a close eye on yours, young lady."

Tommy didn't know it but from now on besides being small, his portions of food would be also be laced with various body altering drugs that would help transform the pantied sissyboy into a curvaceous shemale. Soon they would alter his cracking pubescent voice so that it reverted back to a higher, softer, more feminine tone.

Hormones would soon make him sprout small cone-shaped breasts but they wouldn't remain small for long. Jacqueline had already planned to have sissy's breasts enlarged to at least a D-cup, as all the women in the family were so endowed. His slight boyish figure would become softer and rounder and more feminine.

When they were done, Yvette brought his auntie Jacqueline an after dinner martini and she refilled his wine glass, then they retired to the living room. His auntie sat down on the large couch and crossed those long stocking-clad legs, and looking over at him, she patted the cushion beside her.

"Come join me here on the couch, princess."

Tommy was feeling quite warm and relaxed because of the wine, and he delicately sat himself down beside his auntie, perching prettily on the edge of the cushion.

"Well, nephew, you've had a little time to try out your new sissy role, and now we need to make some decisions." His auntie suddenly appeared very businesslike. "Do you like the pink panties I selected for you to wear today?"

"Yes, Auntie Jacqueline, they're wonderful." The foolish teen gushed. The alcohol had loosened his tongue and his wits and now he was bound to make even more foolish decisions.

"My panties are everything I ever dreamed of, so pretty and lacy, and they feel so nice against my skin. I would like to wear panties all the time."

It was going exactly as she had planned. She had guessed right that he was enamored with all things feminine, and now she and Yvette had him hooked on girlish lingerie. Boys were so weak, especially at his impressionable age.

When his auntie didn't answer immediately an unreasoning wave of panic washed over him. "You're still going to let me dress like this, aren't you, Auntie?" He blurted out, thinking she had second thoughts about him wearing lacy lingerie. Tommy was already in the throws of his newfound fetish for panties,

and now that it was out in the open, he didn't want to give it up.

“Of course not, princess,” Jacqueline said in her most reassuring tone. “You can wear Claudia's panties all you want, and from now on, you can be Auntie's little sissy panty slave, that is, if you wish it? Is that what you want, Tommy?”

The trap was now laid, and she was confident he'd fall right in!

In his mind, Tommy's beautiful auntie was allowing him to live out one of his deepest secret fantasies, to wear girls' panties whenever he wanted to. But she had taken it one step further by putting him in full makeup, and he knew he wanted even more.

Foolishly, he assumed that when he tired of his female alter ego, he would just revert back to being a boy, especially when school came around. Little did he know that his auntie had altogether different plans for her new sissy submissive, and there would be nowhere for him to go but deeper into her feminization trap and into total enslavement!

Knowing that his auntie was awaiting his response, Tommy steeled himself, and looking her in the eye he said in a quiet voice, “Yes, Auntie Jacqueline, I would love to be your sissy panty slave.”

Jacqueline smiled; the first step was done. Now that Tommy had accepted his femininity and submitted himself to her, she and Yvette could quickly move forward and start to train their new panty slave. She took the teen's face in her hands and looking him straight in the eyes she said, “Just remember, princess, you asked me to do this for you.”

The gravity of the situation finally hit him, and for a moment he regretted his foolish words, but there was nothing he could do now, and he swallowed hard revealing his nervousness.

His auntie released his face and her voice took on a new air of authority that he had never heard before. “In the off chance that you agreed to indenture yourself to me as my sissy panty slave, I took the liberty of making an appointment for tomorrow with a good friend of mine, Madam Giselle at The Salon.”

Jacqueline rose from the couch and stood over him looking very tall and dangerous from this angle. “It will be her pleasure to complete your feminization panty slave, fit you with a lovely wig, and teach you the beauty techniques and mannerisms you'll need to know in your new role.”

The sissyboy felt like a doe caught in the headlights of an on coming truck as she looked down the end of her nose at him. Without another word she drew back the front of her sheer dressing gown so that it was open right to the hips, and Tommy found himself looking squarely at the mushroom crotch of his aunt's lacy black panties!

As if by some silent command, Yvette came back into the room and took up position behind him. Once

there his auntie continued, "I'm very pleased that you've bonded yourself to me to be my sissy and have chosen the road to femdom." Both women looked down on him with queer smiles on their faces. "This will bring us much closer together," she continued, "more so than the diluted blood we share. This will cement us together as mistress and slave."

She paused for a moment and put a finger to her chin in thought. "For your new life you need a sissy name, something feminine to go with your panty slave status. From now on, Yvette and I shall refer to you as Tammy."

"Oui, Maîtresse," the maid replied.

Jacqueline paused, looked down at the lingerie-clad boy on the couch, and waited for him to respond.

After a moment, Tammy took the hint and said, "Yes, Auntie Jacqueline. Thank you."

She didn't look impressed by his response. "As my panty slave you WILL always answer quickly, Tammy, and you WILL obey my every command. Is that understood?"

"Yes, Auntie Jacqueline," he responded quickly, now knowing what was expected of him now.

"Very good, Tammy, I'm glad to see you learn quickly. Now as my panty slave, you must show me the proper reverence, so each day when you enter my presence you will get on your knees and give me a kiss of obedience."

A confused look came over the teen's face, and he was unsure what to do, but then he felt a hand on his arm urging him to move. Tammy looked up into Yvette's face, and she smiled and silently directed him off of the couch and onto his knees on the carpet before his auntie.

Once he was in position, Jacqueline hooked her fingers into the waistband of her black panties and pulled them down until they fell to a silky pile around her ankles. Tammy looked at his auntie's exposed pussy and noticed was the moisture glistening on the outer lips of her hairless labia.

"Don't just sit there; help me with my panties, panty slave!" The whip-crack of her voice shocked him into action, and Tammy lurched forward to help his beautiful auntie step out of her discarded panties.

Tammy held the waistband of the dainty panties, marveling at the soft buttery feel of the diaphanous nylon while running the material between his fingers. Jacqueline watched her new panty slave with amusement while he fondled her panties right in front of her, a knowing smile spread across her beautiful features. She could see Tammy was developing a major panty fetish, and she and Yvette would exploit that fault to dominate and degrade him.

"Hand me my panties, sissy," Jacqueline ordered sticking out her hand. Tammy felt the silky smooth

nylon for a moment more and then reluctantly handed her the soft black panties.

She held them up by the waistband in front of the kneeling sissy and said, "Do you like my lacy black panties, Tammy?"

"Oh, yes, Auntie! They're very soft and pretty; I wish I had a pair just like them," he replied, his face flushed red in embarrassment.

"You will, panty slave. You will." She turned the panties inside out and then pushed the double nylon crotch into his face, holding the stained nylon over his nose and mouth.

"Breathe in your auntie's scent, panty sniffer!" she said as she laughed. Tammy sniffed in her heady musk from the damp crotch of the soiled panties. Jacqueline's juices had been flowing freely so the crotch was soaked right through and Tammy could taste his aunt's juices on his tongue and lips.

Satisfied that her new panty slave had been degraded enough for the moment, she gave him her soiled black panties to hold, then lifted her left leg and placed it on the edge of the couch, causing her legs to spread wide before her kneeling sissy panty slave, fully opening the glistening lips of her pussy to his view.

Tammy wasn't sure what he was suppose to do, so he sat still for a moment staring at his auntie's bald wet pussy, but that didn't last long. Yvette put a hand on his shoulder and pushed him forward while Jacqueline placed a hand on the back of his head to guide him between her legs.

"Give me a kiss of obedience, panty slave Tammy!" she ordered and forced his face into her dripping crotch.

She mashed the soft wet flesh of her pussy against his face, and he followed her instructions. Opening his mouth, he pushed his tongue past her open cunt lips and into her vagina like he was french kissing her. Her cunt was on fire, and he felt her hot juices flow into his mouth. He lapped at her pussy and fucked her hole with his tongue.

Jacqueline held the sissyboy's head tightly to her crotch and rode his upturned face. The boy had talent for his first time eating pussy, and she almost went through the roof when her new panty slave found the swollen nub of her clit.

"OH, YES-S-S-S! THAT'S IT, TAMMY! LICK AUNTIE RIGHT THERE! GIVE HER YOUR OBEDIENCE!" she yelled out.

Yvette was getting very excited as she watched the feminized little sissy panty slave gobble her mistress's snatch. She slipped her hand under her short black satin skirt, inside her own lacy panties and stroked herself.

While Tammy was eating out his aunt's pussy and tantalizing her love button, he was frantically pumping his bald little cock through the double layers of silky nylon of his own pink rhumba panties and his auntie's black panties he held in his hand.

Jacqueline pushed him back on the couch, pivoted around and lowered herself onto his upturned face, pinning his head between her crotch and the couch. She ground her hot cunt into her panty slave's mouth, rudely working her pelvis back and forth soaking his girlish face with her juices.

Tammy was gulping for air and his mouth and tongue were getting tired, but he wasn't going to quit pleasuring his auntie. He was enveloped in a black nylon cloud that was his auntie's peignoir, and his senses were overloaded by the heady smell of her pussy musk and expensive perfume.

The newly transformed sissy was only seconds away from shooting a big wad of cum into his new frilly panties, and the smell and taste of his auntie's bald cunt made his hard-on throb. Pinned the way he was, she was doing most of the work moving her pelvis back and forth, he just had to keep his tongue in there and concentrate on licking her slit and swollen love button.

But Yvette wanted to be part of the action, so she lifted her mistresses' peignoir and started to explore the lady's asshole.

“OH, FU-U-U-U-U....!” was all Jacqueline could utter as she felt her maid's fat tongue stab into her asshole and start reaming it out. She stopped moving her pelvis so Yvette could get better access to lick out her rosebud. Tammy continued licking out her cunt as she bent herself backward, reached down and started frantically fingering her swollen clitoris to orgasm.

As Tammy ate his auntie's pussy he was amazed at how great the silky pink panties felt against his prick, and how wonderfully easy it was to masturbate with his hand slipping over the silky smooth nylon. This was the first time he had ever pleased himself while wearing girls' panties, and now that he had, he knew that he would be doing this a lot! The feeling was so intense he couldn't hold back any longer and with one final flurry of movement his big sissy cock started shooting gob after gob of hot sticky cum right through the front of the pink rumba panties he was wearing and into his auntie's black panties that he held in his hand.

“U-U-U-U-M-M-M-M-M-F-F-F-F!” Tammy let out a muffled scream of ecstasy into the wet flesh of his auntie's cunt and that sent everyone over the edge and everyone started cumming.

“OH, YES-S-S-S, MY SWEET LITTLE PANTY SLAVE!” Jacqueline yelled out. “LE SISSY EST MERVEILLEUX A MANGER LE CHAT!” And she came on her sweet sissy nephew's upturned face.

“DE L'OH MAÎTRESSE OUI! A-A-A-AH-H-H-H-H!” the maid cried out as she came as well.

Tammy lapped at his auntie's cunt as the love juice from her orgasm flowed into his open mouth. The hot love juice flowed, and he swallowed it down.

Finally, Jacqueline was completely spent, and she lifted herself off of her sissy panty slave nephew, smiled down at him, and stroked his cheek. His face was wet from her pussy juices and his makeup was ruined, but he smiled back at her nonetheless.

“That was wonderful, Tammy! I must say that you are by far the most talented panty slave that I have ever had. You're so uninhibited and adventurous; we're going to have a lot of fun together. Aren't we, Yvette?”

“Oui, Maîtresse, demoiselle Tammy is magnifique.”

“As I said, you did a wonderful job, for your first kiss of obedience, but there's one thing that you must remember as my panty slave, Tammy.”

“What's that Auntie Jacqueline?”

“You must never cum before your auntie or Yvette. We are your superiors now, so you must wait for us, and then you may cum, and if we don't cum, neither can you.”

“Yes, Auntie Jacqueline,” the boy replied somewhat chastened.

“That's all right, Tammy sweetie, you're new to this, and it will be our pleasure to instruct you,” she said in a pleasant way, not wanting to dampen her panty slave's spirits.

“Yvette, sissy Tammy needs to change her panties. Let's find her another pair of pink panties to wear.”

The three of them walked upstairs, and when they reached his auntie's room, they paused as she gave him a good night kiss.

“Good night, sweet sissy Tammy,” she said, but before she entered her room, she nodded her head and gave a knowing smile to Yvette.

Tommy and the maid proceeded down to his bedroom and then to the adjoining bathroom. Once there, Yvette reached under the hem of the feminized boy's pink baby doll and pulled down his wet pink panties before depositing them in the laundry hamper.

“Tomorrow, demoiselle, I'll teach you how to wash all of the lingerie we wore today. In the future, that will be one of your regular duties as a panty slave boy.”

“Yes, Miss Yvette.”

“Ce bon, now we must clean demoiselle for bed.” Yvette showed him how to remove his makeup and then lovingly washed his penis and balls. Tammy's sissy cock twitched, and he started to respond to the maid's tender caress. After dusting him with powder, she led the feminized boy back to his bedroom.

“You'll find another pair of pretty pink girlie panties in the top drawer on the right, demoiselle,” she said pointing to the dresser. “I will return in a moment with a nighttime drink for you to enjoy before you retire.”

As soon as she left, Tommy walked over to the dresser, his hard-on bobbing rudely before him as he walked. Nervously, he pulled open the drawer and found several piles of multicolored frilly panties! He had never seen such a display of flowery, lacy, and silky panties before. All of the panties were full briefs because that was what his Auntie preferred, so that was what her panty slave would wear. All of the panties were custom-made from the finest buttery soft nylon with wide double nylon, mushroom-shaped crotches, pillow tabs, ruffles of pretty lace and satin ribbon bows.

Tammy's hands were shaking as he reached into the drawer and withdrew an exquisite pair of snowy white panties. The nylon of the delicate panties felt silky smooth against his fingertips. He held them up by the waistband letting them unfold and read the words embroidered on the front, ‘Tammy's Sissy Panties.’ He lusted for them like nothing before in his life and his bald sissy cock jumped in anticipation of wearing them, but then a thought struck him, how come these panties already had his new sissy name embroidered on them? His eyebrows furrowed together in confusion as he pondered that.

If his sissy name was already on them, then his auntie had planned for his feminization, had already picked a girlie name for him, and had planned to make him wear these panties even before he arrived and even before he agreed to become her panty slave! He threw the silky undies back into the drawer and backed away from the dresser.

“How could she?” he said out loud, his indignation growing by the moment. They had seduced him, pantied him and made him into a prissy little sissy boy, and now it was painfully obvious that his auntie and Yvette had trapped him into this.

He was going to stomp down the hall and yell at his auntie, when he caught a glimpse of his reflection in the big oval mirror in the corner. Hesitantly he walked over and stood before it, looking at the lavish pink babydoll nightie he was wearing and the femmy pink high-heeled mules on his feet.

Tommy saw how pretty he had looked as a girl, and then recalled how thrilled he had been when Yvette helped him into his first pair of lacy pink panties. His Auntie had tricked him, but he hadn't resisted. And between the two lusty women, he had experienced more sex than he ever dreamed possible! His internal debate raged on as Yvette came bustling back into the room, carrying a big glass of warm milk.

“Mon Dieu, demoiselle is still not ready?”

Tommy watched her wearily as she placed the glass of milk on the table beside the bed and then went to the drawer to get another pair of lacy pink panties for the sissyboy to wear. When she got there, Yvette saw the frilly white panties crumpled carelessly atop one of the piles, and when she picked them up and shook them out she understood why.

Yvette did not often blunder when it came to feminizing boys for her mistress, so leaving these panties out where Tommy could see them had been a mistake. How big of a mistake had yet to be seen.

Acting like she had taken no notice, she neatly refolded the frilly white panties and returned them to the pile. Then she withdrew the desired pink panties and closed the drawer.

“Here we are, demoiselle,” she said, walking over to the boy standing before the mirror. She knelt before him again and let the pink panties fall open, before spreading the waistband open so he could step into them. Tommy looked down at the offered panties and then at Yvette.

“Demoiselle is not angry, oui?”

Tommy looked into Yvette's eyes and saw her concern. Then he looked at her full pouting lips, and he remembered the exquisite pleasure of having them around his cock. If he said anything now, he probably wouldn't be getting another blowjob. He had no one to turn to for advice, and until he could sort out his feelings, he resigned himself to his fate and stepped into the offered pink panties and became Tammy once more. Ironically the words embroidered into the front of these frilly pink rumba panties read, Auntie's Panty Slave, and he thought how true that was now.

Once he had both feet in the panties, Yvette quickly slid them up his legs and settled them high around his waist. The sissyboy had obviously thought things through and come to the conclusion that this was the only life for him. She knew how he felt, having made the same painful decision once before in her own life. She would have to work with the teen to be sure he was happy with his new role and make sure he got all the loving attention he needed.

She gathered the teen up in her arms and gave him a big squeeze and a kiss to reassure him and then helped him into the bed with a soft swish as he slid in on the heavy satin sheets. It felt kind of weird to Tammy as the silky nylon of his baby doll and panties were nearly frictionless against the smooth pink satin sheets and he slid around like he was covered with jelly under the covers.

Then Yvette handed the panty boy the glass of warm milk. “I want you to drink that whole glass, demoiselle, and I'll be back in a little while to pick it up.” She leaned down and kissed the sissyboy on the forehead, affording him another clear view of her big tits as the low top of her uniform fell open to his view before she turned and went to her own room.

Tammy sat there in the bed by himself sipping on the warm glass of milk and reflecting on the days

events; it sure had been a weird one! During the course of a few short hours he had been rescued by his beautiful auntie, manipulated into being feminized and shared oral sex with two of the most beautiful and domineering women he had ever met.

Lying there on those soft pink satin sheets he felt intimately aware of the pink nightie and frilly rumba panties he wore. His sissy cock started to get hard again as he thought about his clinging pink lingerie, and his hand strayed to the front of his lacy pink panties to massage his growing cock through the soft, cool panty nylon. Like a jaded sissy slut he spread his legs wantonly while his free hand slipped up under the hem of his pink nightie to pinch the hard little nipple of his left breast.

Tammy's hand slipped easily over the silky pink nylon at the front of his panties as he masturbated himself with long, smooth strokes. He thought about how his auntie had looked in her sexy black lingerie and how beautiful Yvette's pretty pantied rear looked when she had bent over in front of him in the bathroom.

He adored Yvette's black satin maids uniform spiked up with voluminous frilly petticoats. He could see her perfectly in his mind's eye, her shapely rear, her frilly white lace panties, the long frilly garters of her garter belt pulling sensually at the tops of her nylons. He was so wrapped up in masturbating to his panty fantasy that he didn't hear Yvette returning down the hall.

She had changed into a skimpy ice blue babydoll nightie and panties. As she walked, the frilly rear of her panties was clearly visible just below the hem of the short nightie. She paused at the door and peeked through the crack to see what their new sissy boy was doing.

Yvette smiled as she watched their new sissy panty slave pinching his nipples and stroking his prick through his panties like the hopelessly lost, horny little panty slut that he was.

She tiptoed back down the hall a little and made a noise, so he would be aware of her entrance. When Tammy heard her, he jumped and quickly sat up in bed. Then he grabbed the glass of tepid milk from the nightstand and quickly gulped most of it down.

Yvette pushed the door open and entered.

The boy's eyes went wide, and he couldn't help but stare at the scantily clad maid, her large nipples were at full attention and poking out provocatively against the pale blue nylon.

"Did demoiselle enjoy her warm milk?" Tommy nodded his head; he was suddenly feeling ... strange. Little did he know that Yvette had laced his nightcap with more of the drugs that they had given him with his meal, plus a little something extra to make him a bit more agreeable and uninhibited!

Yvette reached out and stroked his smooth cheek, while she waited for the drugs to fully take effect. Tammy stared into her beautiful eyes and once again he thought about the frilly rear of her panties as

she bent over in front of him. Without even realizing it his hand once again moved to the front of his panties and was stroking his swollen member, right in front of Yvette!

The maid smiled as she watched the sissy boy play with himself under the sheets; he was ready now. Yvette untied a ribbon at her neck and the babydoll top opened, revealing her naked breasts.

“Come to me, mon ami,” she said in a sexy, husky voice. “Drink from me...”

Tammy licked his lips in anticipation as he looked at her bare breasts for the first time. Yvette's nipples were about the size of the tip of his baby finger and they looked pretty luscious and full of milk and ready to be sucked! Yvette cupped her left breast with her hand and pinched and rolled the large rubbery nipple with two fingers, while he watched. Then she reached out and placed a hand behind his head and pulled him to her.

“Come to me, demoiselle,” she offered, and Tammy's eyes crossed as they neared the offered breast, then he felt the nipple touch his parted lips and enter his mouth.

He greedily suckled at her tit like a hungry new born. Yvette moaned loudly as the sissy swirled his tongue around the engorged nipple and then nibbled on it like a teething baby.

“Oh-h-h-h, demoiselle, must have been a very sweet petit bébé,” she said while she affectionately stroked his hair.

“Did demoiselle enjoy when I sucked her sissy clittie for her today?”

Tammy wasn't really paying attention as he was concentrating on sucking her tit, but he nodded his head 'yes' anyway. Maybe she was going to do him again! Yvette placed her hand under his chin and forced him to look up at her.

“Would demoiselle like me to teach her how to properly suck a clittie?”

It was a strange question he thought, but he was under the influence now and the only answer rattling around in his prissy sissy mind was 'yes.'

He let her nipple pop out of his mouth and answered, “Yes, Miss Yvette, please teach me how to suck a clittie!”

Yvette took his face in both hands and covering his mouth with hers she french kissed him. Their tongues intertwined as they kissed deeply for a few minutes, then she broke off their kiss, stood up and tiptoed around the room turning out all the lights except one ballerina lamp on the nightstand.

Now that she had set the mood, the beautiful maid stood before him in the dimly lit room and stared at

him as she slipped her fingers into the waistband of her panties and slid them down. She playfully kicked her panties over to him. He caught them in midair and then held them to his nose, like the dirty little panty sniffer that he was. He was expecting to smell Yvette's strong musk on the crotch as he held them to his nose, but instead he smelt ... nothing.



He looked over at Yvette in confusion and his jaw fell open in surprise. She was walking toward him her hand up under the hem of her blue babydoll and she looked like she was jerking herself? Tammy looked down at the hand and Yvette lifted the hem of her nightie to reveal a raging hard six-inch cock!

Stroking her penis, Yvette came over to stand beside the bed and smiled down at the dumbfounded sissy sitting there with his mouth open and holding her panties!

“Do you like my pretty clittie, demoiselle?” she asked in a husky voice.

He didn't know what to say. Tammy looked at the frilly panties in his hands, then at the bald cock pointed at him and finally up at Yvette. He still couldn't believe it: she had a penis!

“Do I shock you, demoiselle? You see, we are de même; we are alike.”

Tommy was both repulsed and deeply attracted to the beautiful shemale at the same time. As he looked at her luscious body he was fascinated by the combination of having a sizeable cock and big firm breasts.

Yvette and her mistress had met years ago in Paris, and soon discovered they were likeminded feminizers and ready to explore the sissyboy underworld together. Tommy wasn't first teen the two of them had feminized. Yvette found it particularly satisfying to be the first to panty an unsuspecting boy and start him off on the road to total feminization. Right now Yvette was going to do what she did best and turn their new panty slave into a sissy slut cocksucking whore.

The drugs had taken full effect now, and Tammy's mind was ready to be manipulated into gay love.

Yvette started to kiss him and placed both his hands on her breasts, encouraging him to massage and pinch her generous nipples while they necked. Once he began working her breasts, she started to stroke his cock through his pink panties with one hand while massaging his balls with the other. Tammy was lost in a haze of sexual desire as he squeezed the maid's luscious tits. Repeatedly, she expertly brought him close to cumming but then squeezed his cock at the base to hold him back. Then he felt something strange rubbing against his hard-on; it was Yvette's own erect cock! As she rubbed her hard-on against his, he looked down and watched in wonder as their cocks danced, his inside his pink panties, and her rubbing up against the outside of his panties. In Tammy's fogged mind it looked very erotic, and at

Yvette's insistence, he took her cock in his hand and started jacking on it and rubbing it up against his own cock with his panties.

“OH-H ... oui demoiselle ... be gentle!” She said as covered his hand with hers and gently guided his stroking, teaching him how to masturbate her. To Tammy, it was weird to be holding someone else's penis in his hand, and he was understandably clumsy at it at first. It's amazing how quickly things change; if anyone had suggested a few days ago that he'd be dressed in a pink babydoll and panties with his hands wrapped around a fat cock jerking it off, he would have punched them out!

Now, as he slowly learned how she liked it, he milked her penis with long smooth strokes, and in imitation of her, he dropped his other hand from her breast and cupped her balls to fondle them.

Yvette tenderly stroked his hair for a moment while he pumped her then she placed her hand on his shoulder and pushed downward. Tommy looked up at her unsure if he wanted to take that next step. He knew what the beautiful shemale wanted, but that didn't stop him from going down on his knees before her. Tammy still had a firm grip on Yvette's cock and he looked at it and then up at her as he continued to slowly stroke it while he tried to think about what to do next, but his mind was clouded.

His thoughts drifted back to when Yvette had sucked his sissy cock earlier in the day and how heavenly that had felt. He came back to his situation and seemed to wake to the fact that he was on his knees level with Yvette's six-inch hard-on, which he was still stroking! He was wearing a pink babydoll nightie with a pair of frilly pink panties, and he was jacking on his own cock through his pink panties as he continued to jack on Yvette's cock. He made his decision, and at Yvette's gentle urging, he leaned forward and took the maid's cock into his sissy mouth.

Looking up at her for instruction, he tentatively started moving his head back and forth on her shaft, imitating what she had done to him earlier, but unsure of the technique.

“Oui, demoiselle ... oh-h-h-h ... très bon!” she said as the sissy boy bobbed his head up and down. Yvette praised his efforts though he had a lot still to learn about sucking cock. As part of his daily duties, he was going to have to suck her everyday and swallow, so she wanted him properly trained from the start.

“Mon oui demoiselle, très bon!” She said and she stroked the teen's hair lovingly while she watched the sissyboy gobble her cock. He was very talented indeed and all indications were that he was very pliable as well.

Tammy had proven himself to be an ideal submissive; accepting of his domination and feminization and willing to degrade himself at the whim of his superiors. Yvette expected more resistance from the teen the first time he was presented with her hairless cock to suck, but he seemed predisposed to it and had dropped to his knees before her without much resistance.

While locked in their rude dance, neither noticed that Mistress Jacqueline had come down the hall to

watch Tammy give his first blowjob. She smiled proudly as the sissyboy sucked away. Absentmindedly her hand went to the crotch of her black panties, and hooking a finger under the elastic and lace ruffle at the leg opening, she slipped her middle finger into her moist pussy and fingered herself.

Now under her and Yvette's expert tutelage they would mold the confused teen into a model submissive. He would be pantied the way he always desired and dressed in outrageously girly clothes, and eventually through hormones and surgery, he would be transformed into a beautiful shemale sub who would eagerly do their bidding. As she thought about her perverse plans for the unsuspecting teen her finger became a blur.

Yvette was now fucking Tammy's mouth hard. She was holding the sissyboy's head with both hands and was thrusting hard into his hot little mouth. All Tammy could do was hold on and keep sucking as the beautiful shemale had taken complete control and would not allow the feminized teen to pause.

As Yvette shot her first hot load of spunk down the back of his throat, he gagged and pulled back. Yvette's cock popped out of the boy's mouth and shot ropey strings of hot cum in his face. But Yvette wasn't done filling his mouth so she pushed her cock back into his mouth and proceeded to fill it until it oozed out his lips and down his chin.

Tammy sucked and swallowed as fast as he could to capture the last of the shemale's cum while he pumped his own sissy clit feverishly. Suddenly he shot gobs of cum that penetrated his panties, coated his hand and spilled onto Yvette's delicate red painted toes.

"C'était magnifique demoiselle!" Yvette said. "But now it is time for bed. First we must clean up, so lick that sweet sissy goo off of your hand."

Tammy did as instructed and lapped up his own cum from his hand. "Mon dieu! It seems demoiselle has wasted some of her cum," She said pointing at the string of cum across her toes and on the top of her foot. "Lick it off!" She ordered.

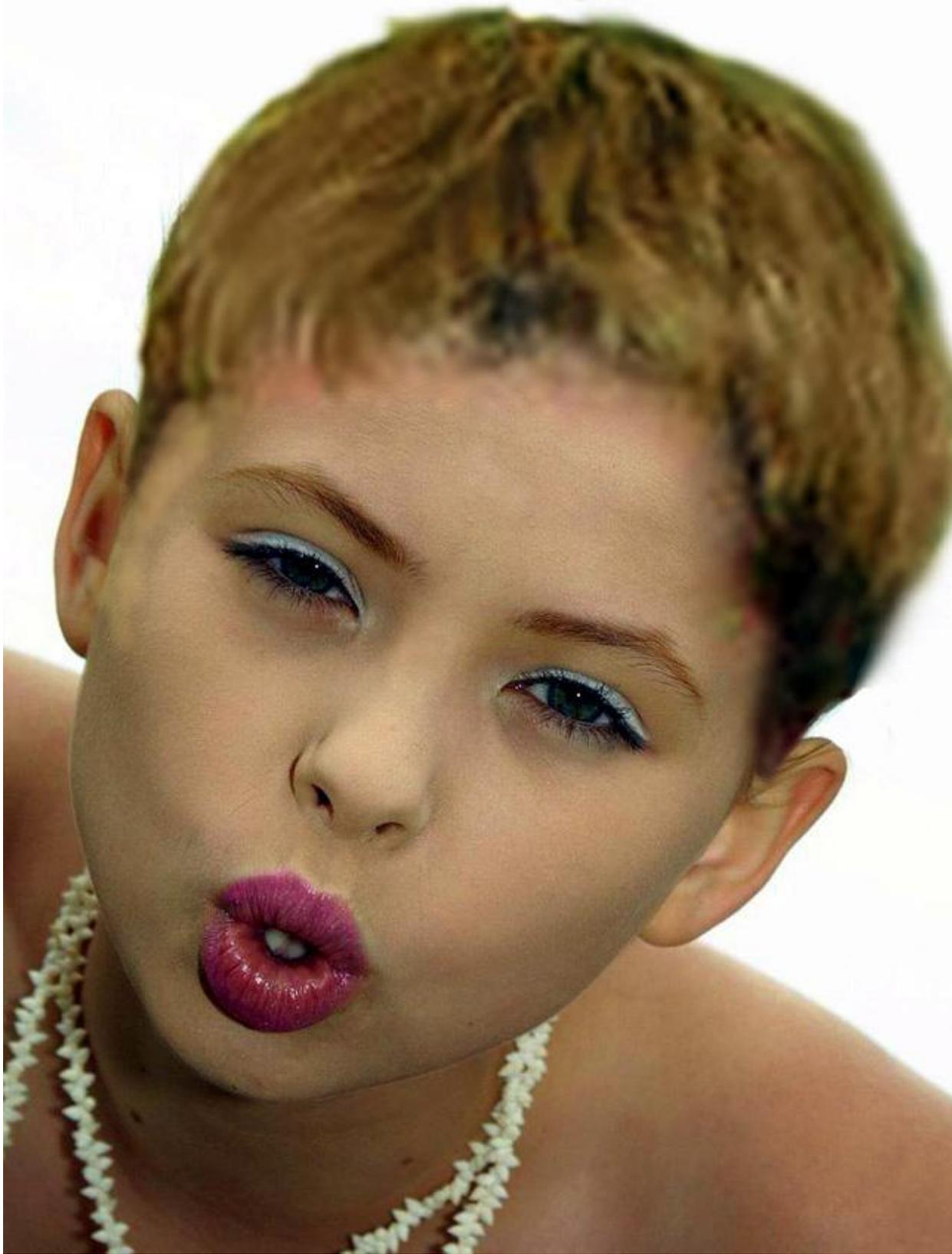
"Yes, Miss Yvette," the boy answered in proper submissive fashion before getting down on all fours and leaning forward to lick and suck Yvette's cum-smearred toes just like he had sucked her cock.

Yvette led the way to the bathroom where they washed each other's sissy clits and then powdered them down. Yvette put on her panties while she watched Tammy pull up his own pink panties and wiggle into them without a second thought. The sissyboy seemed quite nonchalant about wearing lingerie and appeared to have accepted his new role in life.

Yvette hustled him back over to the bed and once under the covers she tucked him in. Tammy's eyes were now heavy, his eyes half closed in weariness at the long day's activities. Tammy slipped into a deep drug-induced sleep and his head was filled with explicit erotic dreams of being dressed in lacy lingerie and sucking off dozens of big-cocked shemales.

Revised by Princess Lacey

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*Tommy, now known as
Panty Slave Tammy,
tries on his first wig.*



