

Pussy Boy Pager

Reader's Stories & Pics

Volume 9

Paraded Before His Family

*Sis caught him jacking-off in panties,
and his dad gave him a paddling.*

Teacher Panties & Spanks

She loved to humiliate bad boys.

Diapered & Dressed Up

*His parents put him in diapers,
dresses and panties to cure him.*

Mom's Friends Watch

*They unexpectedly walked in on him
in the throws of his sissy orgasm.*

Aproned and Ready

He has no choice but to comply.

Premature Ejaculator

*His wife accuses him of being a
sissy, and makes him into one.*

Watching Auntie

*True story of how one boy
became a sissy.*

Plus a lot more!



Adults Only

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

Since 1981

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Pantywaist Caught and Paraded Before His Family!

One day when I was ten years old, I was putting my dirty clothes in the laundry basket when I saw a pair of my mother's panties. Out of curiosity I stripped naked and put them on, the feeling was electrifying, my tiny cock hardened immediately, and I stroked myself to my first dry orgasm. After that memorable day, I took to scouring the laundry basket for different panties to wear. This was in the mid 1940s when panties were generally rayon or silk.



I had three older sisters who were not averse to having sex with GI soldiers stationed in England. Then one day when I was twelve, I found a pair of my eldest sister's full-cut rayon briefs in bright yellow with wicked black lace on them. I examined them closely and found the crotch hard and covered with a thick white substance. I licked it to see what it tasted like, and then I slipped them on and got instantly hard. I barely touched myself and I started coming all over them -- this was the first time I produced jism; it was a thin watery fluid. Terrified that I had ruined the panties, I hid them at the bottom of the laundry basket. There was never any comment about the soiled panties, so from that day on, I was a confirmed panty wearer and regularly spurted my jism into my mother and sister's silky panties.

Then a short time later -- oh the shame of it -- I had forgotten to lock the bathroom and my eldest sister entered and found me stroking my an erection through a pair of mum's pink panties I had put on. She took me by the arm and dragged me into the living room, saying, "Look, I caught our sissy brother in the bathroom fingering himself and wearing mum's best panties. I think Tony wants to be a little girl."

My mother and sisters started laughing at me and calling me names like pantywaist and girlie-boy.

My father took of his belt and beat me soundly whilst I still had the panties on, saying, "I won't have a sissy-panty wearing son in my house. This will put an end to his perverted behavior."

BUT IT DIDN'T!

[Index](#)



Teacher Puts Boys in Cancan Petticoats for a Spanking

I am a schoolteacher and a confirmed advocate of corporal punishment. As a firm believer in spanking, I used it frequently in my classroom until the state banned it in public schools in 1988. With this important means of



keeping my students in line taken away, I lost interest in teaching and took an early retirement. The following is how I used to discipline my kids.

Lest we stray from the desirable objective of spanking an offending youth for the purpose of teaching, we must strive to win maximum effect from such punishment. The most important ingredient, I have come to realize in the course of personally administering many, many spankings, is the humiliation that goes with such punishment. Too frequently young people forget the pain suffered from a spanking shortly after they are able to sit down comfortably again. The humiliation -- depending upon its degree - has a far more lasting effect for making an impression on a spankee than the pain that goes with such punishment. Boys need far more lessons in discipline than girls, and therefore, greater emphasis must be given to the humiliation aspect of a spanking when administering to boys.

There is a serious problem to overcome in the case of spanking boys since it's not considered a disgrace among boys for them to be punished. The boy who gets a spanking wins the admiration of the other boys if he shows that he "can take it;" in other words, suffer a spanking without crying. The way to counter this admiration from other boys is to impose a humiliation with the spanking that will belittle the culprit in the eyes of his peers.

When a child in my class was to be spanked, I required him or her to appear before the class in a special spanking costume. Both the girls and the boys were required to wear a very short full-length petticoat with a cancan-pleated chiffon skirt over nothing but a pair of skin-tight, pink panties. The very thinness of these sheer panties insured that the culprit would receive the maximum benefit of a stinging paddle or cane. After being brought before the class, I'd make the child bend over my desk. For decency's sake, if it was a girl, I'd position her so her bottom was facing away from the class, but if the wrongdoer was a boy, I make him bend over the front of my desk with his bottom facing the class. His petticoat slip was usually long enough to cover his panties until I was ready to spank him, but when I'd pull up the skirt, the kids would let out with a razzing cheer and catcalls at the sight of the boy's pink-pantied bottom fully exposed and prettily encased in pretty nylon girls' panties. I'd administer the spanking with his (usually) crying face reflected in a large mirror at the front of the room so the class could see him bawling like a little girl. Then for the rest of the day, I'd make the child remain in his spanking costume to be terrorized and teased by his peers, who loved pulling up his cancan petticoats to see his pink panties and well-spanked bottom. After being sufficiently spanked and humiliated in this manner, a boy could never again attain hero status in the schoolyard!

Especially if the spankee is a boy, I'm confident that punishment administered over panty-clad buttocks has a more lasting effect than if such punishment is given on the bare skin.

J.C.

Phoenix, Arizona

[Index](#)

Mom and her Friends Watch Me Shoot Off!

I just wrote the following details of my first climax to share with a lady who sells lingerie on eBay and with whom I have started to exchange intimate emails. Here's what I wrote to her:

In your long letter you told me about the first time you discovered how wonderful it was to have an orgasm. Here's my story.

I was in the eighth grade and had been wearing lingerie, nightgowns and all kinds of girls' things for four years with the full support of my mother. Besides loving the fabrics and colors, I was very fond of the feelings produced by touching and rubbing (or being touched) through the silky nylon, satins and lace. I was excited being a boy sissy -- looking and feeling like a girl with my loving mother and her women friends!

My mother had bought me three very skimpy sheer chiffon babydoll tops with matching panties that didn't conceal much of my sissy little body. Not only did I enjoy seeing myself in the mirror, but I'd pose for her as well. In addition to the sexy lingerie mom would buy for me, I was still strongly attracted to her exciting clothes, and from time to time I'd borrow her panties and bras, fragrant with her perfume. I even loved her aroma in the dainty little stains in her freshly worn bras and panties. I know -- I'm BAD!

One day I saw she had this lovely new pair of pale blue Kayser full-cut panties with delicate white lace around the legs. I began to wear them every chance I got, and the third time I tried them on my cock felt different as I rubbed her panties over it in that special way. The feeling was so incredible I didn't want to stop, but it was also so intense and I kept doing it for so long that I thought my dick was on fire and would burn up if I didn't stop. So I tried to cool my stroking but couldn't resist returning to fondle myself over and over again!

Suddenly I wanted to kiss my own penis! Repeatedly, I tried to position myself in various ways to see if I could do it. I had taken dance and acrobatic lessons for three years and was quite limber, so eventually I found I could do it! It was quite demanding in terms of body flexibility and perseverance, but after numerous tries, I could not only lick the tip of my nylon-covered penis with my tongue but, with a great deal of extra effort, I could almost get the entire head of my pantied penis into my hungry mouth!

One evening during this self-discovery my mother told me to get dressed for bed early and sleep in her room as several of her friends were coming over for a card party and visit; because the next day was a school day, she didn't want me staying up late. I changed into a sheer, waltz-length pink nightgown,



kissed her good night and went up to her room shortly before her friends arrived.

She had turned back the covers and set out her own pretty nightie for later. Just on impulse I checked her laundry hamper and right there on top where those lovely pale blue Kayser panties that I so loved to wear and play with! So I slipped them on and took off my nightie and borrowed a bra as well (she was a 34A) and then put my nightie back on and started to arouse myself while listening to the chatter of the ladies in the living room below! They were talking loudly and I could hear them clearly if I leaned over the edge of the bed and listened by the open heating duct. And mom was telling them a lot about me. They all knew what a pantywaist sissy I was and loved hearing my mom tell them what sissy things I had been up to lately.

My passionate desires were soon in full blossom, and I noticed that her panties had a tiny wet spot at the end of my hard cock! I pulled the panties down so I could touch the end of my penis. I rubbed the end of my penis, got some of the juice on my fingertip and brought it to my mouth and tasted it. It was great! And I wanted more! And I knew what I wanted to do. I pulled up my mom's panties, took off the nightie and bra so I could roll up into a ball and suck my cock.

I arranged my mother's pillows under my head and flipped my legs up over my head and proceeded to lick the head through the sexy panties. I struggled a bit but finally got the head fully into my mouth! I was sucking like crazy, and the waves of pleasure were washing all over me! It must have been but a few minutes -- but most certainly the best few minutes of my life (until that point in time!) when suddenly I was overcome with the most incredible sensations and my cock spurted my first ever cum into my mouth and totally freaked me out!

I had no idea what was happening!

In shock and recoil it popped out of my moth and continued to spurt cream on my face and on my mom's panties!

With goo on my face, I looked up to see my mom and her friends in the doorway staring at me. They all laughed as I was shooting off. I had no idea what had just happened, but I was completely drained and embarrassed with them watching me. Mom quickly came to my aid. She grabbed me up, hugged me and kissed me as she stroked my still-throbbing cock through her saturated blue panties.



[Index](#)

Aproned and Ready to Serve

Aproned and Ready to Serve

As usual after work, Richard walked home and as he approached the house, the old familiar feelings of shame and fear and a churning in his stomach quickly spread down to his genitals; his penis began to swell. He was about to encounter his aunt. As required, Richard entered the rear door of the house he shared with his aunt and her maid.

While climbing the stairs and entering his bedroom, he his penis ached to be touched. He wanted to rub it, but in Aunt Minnie's house, it wasn't his penis; it belonged to her and he dare not excite himself without her permission. Auntie never referred to it as a "penis." That and other adult words for the disgusting male sex organ gave it undue dignity. Instead, she insisted he refer to it by childish names, such as his "peepee" or "dinky."

As these thoughts went through his mind for the thousandth time, he began to undress and by the time he was stepping out of the panties she made him wear under his work clothes, his penis was fully engorged, bouncing lewdly and aching for attention. As he drew on a fresh pair of pink panties, he couldn't resist running his fingers down the length of his cock, but he did so nervously. Masturbating without permission was a major violation of one of Aunt Minnie's strictest rules, and her punishments for doing so were severe.

Just in pink panties, stretched out by his firm penis, Richard turned to view himself sidewise in his full-length mirror. Even as a small child he had enjoyed looking at himself in panties. His cute baby face and small size made him look like a preteen boy, and a distinctly feminine boy at that. His hips and thighs were girlishly round and full, and his legs and body were hairless because they were regularly shaved smooth by Aunt Minnie's maid in a mortifying little ritual intended to keep him properly submissive.

As she did every day, Minnie had laid out neatly on his bed the clothes she wanted him to change into for the evening. Tonight's outfit was a frilly little apron that would barely cover his panties penis and balls and leave his pink nylon-covered buttocks completely exposed. The apron provided just a minimum of cover. The sash tied in a big bow over in back, and the skimpy bodice stretched tight emphasizing rather than concealing his nipples. It was a delicate shade of pink covered with dozens of small red hearts and edged with a wide ruffled fringe. She had also provided white anklets and red patent leather shoes with moderately high-heels. His unusually smooth and shapely legs needed no hosiery to enhance their appeal. Richard knew that he would be serving company in this skimpy feminine costume, but the anxiety of doing so only increased the pressure building in his bobbing penis.

Aunt Minnie had waited until mid morning to call him at the accounting firm where he worked to inform him that the ladies from her "Bridge Club" would be visiting them that evening. She had deliberately prolonged the phone conversation and made him repeat responses of, "Yes, Aunt Minnie," and, "No, Aunt Minnie," with his voice raised to a level sure to be overheard. Although Richard performed his clerical duties competently, his coworkers regarded him as a feckless mommy's boy and loved to see

him squirm. They teased him cruelly and made no attempt to conceal their contempt for him. He often felt like quitting his job but he knew Aunt Minnie would never allow it.

Richard showered and applied the cheap perfume he was required to buy at the dime store. (Aunt Minnie always accompanied and supervised him during these purchases of perfume and panties and caused him to make a spectacle of himself by tediously counting out pennies, nickels and dimes from a little girl's change purse at the cashier's counter.) He made a last check of his appearance in the big mirror and struck a couple of artificially smiling poses before hurrying nervously downstairs to report to his aunt.

He knocked hesitantly at the door of her sitting room and, as required, after being given permission to enter, performed a perfect curtsy in her direction and then knelt in front of the diaphanously veiled bay window. Although an hour might pass before he was formally acknowledged by his aunt and allowed to move, he had to remain still and on display "in the window" that was open to the busy street outside. His presence barely hidden by the extremely sheer curtains. Anyone outside who cared to look could rather clearly see the aproned boy kneeling in full view. Often, he was sure he was being observed by startled passersby. At times, he was sure he could hear laughter, but he was required to keep his eyes downcast, so he never saw the people he imagined were laughing at him. This evening his time in the window was short and only a few minutes passed before a peremptory "Come here, Richard!"

Aunt Minnie made her usual thorough inspection, making him model the outfit for several minutes before deciding it was just right for his duties as a serving maid. She was dissatisfied only by the prominence of his trembling erection under the little skirt. Minnie was pleased by her nephew's hard-on tenting up his panties and apron, but while it might be amusing to the ladies, in this case it spoiled the otherwise perfect lines of the little pink apron. She ordered Richard to lift the skirt so she could examine his penis, and he couldn't resist the groaning as she assessed the problem by stroking his enlarged organ through his silky pink panties.

She called for her maid, Della, to join them, and had Della remove his apron and hold him securely. Auntie took a wispy can from a nearby chest. After a few test strokes through the air, she smacked his pantied ass with the cane with six solid strokes. He flinched on the first, yelped on the second and cried like a sissy girl through the remaining strokes, and with each crack of the cane he thrust his hard penis up against Della's warm body. Upon the last stroke he moaned, jerked himself repeatedly against the uniformed maid and spurted his cum, drenching the front of his panties as well as her apron and dress.

Aunt Minnie had Della take him to the bathroom to clean both of them up and then back up to his room to put him into a clean pair of pink panties. They soon returned and helped him back into his apron, the skirt of the apron was long enough to modestly cover his naughty genitals now depleted and neatly tucked away within the comfy crotch of the pink panties. She laughed when he turned around and showed off his prominent behind covered only by the thin nylon panties sticking out of the back of his apron.

Auntie loved how the welts from his caning showed through the very thin nylon of his panties, and satisfied that things were in readiness for what promised to be an amusing evening, she continued to abuse his little fanny with a series of stinging slaps on his butt to intensify the pink glow. These little spanks were interspersed with fondling caresses, a perfunctory exercise that served no purpose other than to demonstrate that such liberties were her prerogative and required no pretext. With his bottom nicely colored he was instructed to go to the entrance hall and stand in the corner. When the ladies began to arrive he was to admit them and attend to their needs.

[Index](#)





Panty Love

By Lamb

After a long day at the office, I arrived home late and began to feel that irrepressible longing for lingerie indulgence! Little did I know that I was not alone, as my live-in flat mate had decided that this was the night!

As I opened the door, I saw him dressed in a pair of my high-waisted pretty pink panties with black lace trim around the waist and legs, and with his legs encased in a pair of my finest black silk stockings and his feet in a pair of my strappy high heels, he was steeping into the top of my pink babydoll pajamas top. I stood in shock, but he just stared at me with a big grin on his face as he continued to wiggle himself into the frilly pink top. Once settled in place, it hung in such a gorgeous way I felt faint with arousal!

He smiled sheepishly and said, "I hope you don't mind. I couldn't stand it any longer! I've known about your secret stash of lingerie almost since the day I moved in here with you four months ago. You see, I have a fetish for lingerie too, but I just didn't know how to tell you. I've always felt like a little girl inside. I hope you understand and won't throw me out!"

"Oh, god, no!" I cried, "This is wonderful! You're my dream babe, and I'd absolutely love to be a little girl with you! Come into the bedroom and help me get dressed too. We'll be having fun tonight, and I hope for a long time to come!"

[Index](#)



What I Learned From Watching Auntie

By Ritagirl

My Auntie Barbara was the first to teach me what women are about, and especially what they looked like under their dresses. My parents never seemed to want me around. They were always pushing me off to stay at someone's house, and most of the time I ended up going over to Auntie Barbara's; which was fine with me because she was my favorite aunt. She had two boys, Marty and Noel, close to my age, and a younger daughter. Her boys were wild, and I always had a good time playing at their house. She was like a mother to me and always had things for us to do and made things fun, things like going to the park and beach and picking strawberries. We never missed a carnival or circus that came anywhere near our town.

All of a sudden one day when I was ten, I began to notice her womanly assets. Almost instantly, Auntie Barbara became my ideal female role model. Innocently enough, she was making us breakfast, wearing just a sheer white nightie. And as she bent over, I could clearly see the shape of her body and the clear outline of her pink panties through the filmy nylon. This was in 1965, so she was wearing lovely full-cut lacy pink briefs. I loved the sight of her frilly panties and how they concealed yet revealed her womanly curves, the shadowy area between her legs and the crack of her butt. I was getting hard, and I knew my PJs wouldn't hide it, so I quickly took a seat at the table and didn't move. I watched her as she continued preparing breakfast. The front of her white nightgown had flower appliqués but they didn't hide anything, I could clearly make out the shape of her boobs. The only boobies I had seen before this were in pictures, and now here were real boobs right in front of me -- and they moved! They gently swung back and forth, and I could clearly see her two nipples poking through the blue flowers on the front of her nightie. I was totally aware of every move she made.

Later that day, she came out to pick vegetables from their garden while we kids played, and each time she bent over, I watched her in her white shorts and a red top. Her butt had a graceful pear-shape, and her tapered waist was exposed since she had tied together the lower part of her blouse. I got flashes of her pink panties as they peeked out over the top of the waist and under the leg openings of her short shorts. She wiggled when she walked and moved, not like the girls in school, but in a different way, and her movements made the little peeking expanses of her panties ripple and tease like they were winking at me! As I played, I kept moving closer to the garden to get a better view as well as offer to help with whatever I saw Auntie Barbara carrying. She always thanked me with a smile and sometimes a peck on the cheek, which usually gave me a free peek of her lacy bra down the front of her blouse. At night I wondered what she looked like in bed, and if my uncle made love to her, and what she looked like in lingerie and undressed.

Down in their basement I found the laundry chute and the first time that I picked through it I found several pairs of her panties. They were pastel blue, pink, white and ivory and some had delicate lace panels around the sides and some had a lacy panel in front. I picked them up and was amazed at how light the gauzy they were. I rubbed them against my cheek and the smoothness started a feeling between my legs. I opened them up and there was a chalky white spot in the middle of the crotch that made it stiff. I had a feeling what this was and brought it to my nose and sniffed. Never before did I have an idea what a woman's pussy smelled like, but my first smell of that pungent female aroma me sigh. I licked the crotch. It tasted salty. As my tongue moistened the crotch, more of her female aroma was released.

My penis had already been erect, and now it was ready to burst. Without even thinking, I did what was natural and quickly stepped out of my shorts and briefs and pulled on her sexy pink nylon panties. They felt so good sliding up my hips. I pulled them way up above my belly button. Auntie Barbara was bigger than I was, so my erect dick had plenty of room to rub against the smooth nylon, which brought moisture to the head of it that leaked onto the panties. I had been masturbating for a while, but only to pictures of women -- but now, wearing my aunt's panties, I felt like a girl.

I rubbed the smoothness of the panties against my tummy and cupped my balls through the nylon and then slid my hands down around my body to fondle my silken ass cheeks. I imagined some man who loved me was stroking my pink pantied fanny. I knelt before the toilet and stroked myself inside her silky panties. I picked up another pair, put them on the seat and breathed her womanly fragrance while I felt my boy pussy inside her panties was going to explode. When it did shoot, it covered my hand and the front panel of the panties with a thick white coating of cum.

After the erotic trembling of my orgasm ended, I stood up and felt the cooling wetness of the panties against my cock.

I realized that I couldn't put my cum-filled pair of panties back in the laundry, so I pulled them up over my hips and slid on my shorts. I scooped up the other panties and my old underwear and put them in the basket at the bottom of the laundry chute. I walked up the stairs and reveled in the smoothness of Auntie's panties rubbing up against me under my shorts. Now everything felt so silky and my ass was free to wriggle around. I put my hand in my pocket and could feel the lace panel on the side. I cupped my dick and felt a shudder as I quickly became erect once again.

I wore those panties all day, and at night, I hid them under my mattress. Every time I was at Auntie Barbara's, I would raid her dirty laundry and put on a pair of her girly-girly sweet smelling panties. If I could put them back before I went home, I would, but if I couldn't, I would just wear them home and add them to my growing collection. I'll always remember what the tag on her panties said, "Vanity Fair, size 5, 100% nylon."

One time I wore them under my suit to Sunday mass, and I had a boner the whole time. I had to hold my

hands in front of myself and walk hunched forward when I went up to communion. I couldn't wait to get home and stroke myself through my panties and back to sanity.

I started to notice her bras coming down the chute too. They were mostly white Maidenforms, 36B. I'd borrow them too and pad the cups with tissue or nicely used panties. With my T-shirt on, I could look in the mirror and see my feminine silhouette with my breasts filling out my shirt. I got used to feeling the straps around my shoulders and back and learned how to put on my bra with the hooks in front and then slide the bra around and poke my arms through. With a lacy pair of panties on and Auntie's bra giving me breasts, I would look into the full-length mirror, feel myself up and repeatedly adjust the bra and smooth the panties over my hips. I would walk around and wriggle like Auntie and then lie on my bed with my legs spread and pretend that I had a cock inside of me. Sometimes I would take a pencil and put Vaseline on it (like when I would get sick and Auntie would Vaseline the nozzle and give me an enema) work it in and out of my butt. I'd moan and move my hips until my man came inside of me.

I started wearing my panties to school every day except on gym days, and I would walk down the corridors with my cock being caressed by the silky panty nylon. Sometimes I couldn't wait to get home and would go into the boys' room and stroke myself through the silky panties. It was a thrill to wear them and to keep them a secret from everyone else.

Summer vacations from school were the best; my mom worked all day, and I was home alone. I used to shower and then rub a nice smelling lotion all over my breasts and tummy and inside my crack as if I was getting ready for my date. I wanted to smell like a girl. I used Auntie's bra and panties as my own mother's panties were plain white cotton and boring, besides I hated that witch. I would dress for my date by hooking my bra on and padding it out with used pairs of panties. I would carefully choose the panties I was going to wear, remembering that my date would be seeing them and touching me through them as he made love to me. I'd take a pair of my mother's nylons and a garter belt and put them on. The swishy sound the stockings made as my legs and thighs rubbed together would get my cock standing up hard right away. My sister's dresses fit me pretty well, and I always chose a pretty one that showed off my padded breasts. I would sway my hips as I walked around the house and talk to my "date." Sometimes I would sit on the couch and look across at a mirror so I could see between my legs to see my boyfriend's view of my pouting boy pussy pressing up against the crotch of a silky pair of cute yellow panties. He would start to rub my tits through my bra and pinch my nipples, sometimes I would protest, but I'd soon give in as his hands found their way up my dress. He would run his finger up and down the crack of my pantied boy pussy until I could feel the wetness at the end of my penis soaking through the nylon. He would undress me and make love to me until he came and I could feel his warm cum spill out of me. I felt so secure and loved. Then I would wash and dry my bra and panties and put back my mother's nylons and garter belt back and return my sister's dress.

I also used to pretend that I got a monthly period, and I used mommy's sanitary napkin belt and a Kotex pad. With my soft dick, I could pee into the napkin and pull up my panties and feel the warmth of my menstrual flow between my legs.

The only store that I could walk to was a Woolworth's, and I would shop there for more panties. I would only buy the fanciest nylon panties available. I'd buy pairs of elegant white panties that I pretended I was going to save for my wedding night, and I'd buy pretty powder blue and pink ones for everyday wear. At the checkout counter, I would always throw in some comic books or a bag of toy soldiers just to keep the salesgirl off balance. Once I bought baby bottle nipples too and would put them in my bra so it looked like my big nipples would show through my dresses.

Thus began my life as a girlie-girlie female.

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[Index](#)



Diapered and Dressed Up: Bobby's Start

By Laurie Ann B

As a preschooler, sometimes while playing I would wait too long to go into the house and use the bathroom, and I'd wet my pants. I'd get teased and called 'a baby' or 'a sissy pants' whenever it happened, but I'd just endure the ridicule and swear to myself that I'd never do it again. But it did happen again.

During the summer just prior to entering the first grade, I was playing Go Fish in our backyard with my two sisters and one of their girlfriends. The day was hot, and I was drinking a lot of Kool-Aid, when all of a sudden, I had to pee.

"Ah... Carol," I said to my oldest sister, "can we take a break. I have to go in and use the bathroom." I asked her because she was the oldest and always bossed the rest of us around. I squirmed and the urgency of my request was obvious to her.

"No," she said. "If you leave, you lose your turn. No time-outs in this game." She knew I was on the verge of winning, and if I'd lose a turn, she'd have a chance of winning.

"Carol, let him go and pee. I don't care. We can wait for him," said my younger sister, Beth, in my

defense. Beth is a year younger than me, she can be a pest and pretty nasty at times, but I always liked her much better than my older sister.

“No way! He can run in and get back before his turn, lose his turn, or pee his pants, like he usually does anyway,” Carol shouted. She is two years older than me, and when she talked it always sounded like she was barking orders.

Emily, her friend, and Beth both giggled at that and I turned red in the face.

“I... I... I haven't peed my pants in a long time and Mom said you weren't supposed to tease about that anymore. Anyway you pooped in your panties this year,” I said like a smart-aleck.

“Yeah, well I was sick so what's your excuse, BABY?” she shouted.

Well, by now I was really in trouble. I could feel the urine leaking in spite of my hardest efforts to hold it back. I knew it would only be moments until the dam would burst. I jumped up, grabbed at the end of my penis through my jeans to try to squeeze off the oncoming flood and ran for the house. As I started up the stairs towards the bathroom, it let loose, warm urine ran down my legs soaking my pants, socks and shoes and left a trail behind me. Tears flowed down my cheeks. In the bathroom, a puddle of piss formed around my feet as I fought to get my penis out of my pants to shoot whatever was left into the toilet. I stood there crying as I dropped my jeans to the floor and stepped out of them. That's the way Mom found me.



She looked down on me in anger and disgust. “What the hell happened? You peed your pants again! Look at this mess, the whole way down the stairway. Get out of those clothes while I go clean this mess up. What is wrong with you? You're too old to be peeing your pants like a baby. Even your sister Beth doesn't have these accidents anymore,” Mom ranted as I continued to cry without even an excuse to offer.

I picked up my soiled socks, shoes, pants and underwear and kicked the bathroom door shut as I heard Beth, Carol and Emily coming up the stairs, saying among other things, “Where's the baby? Did he have another accident? Oh, boy, he's in for it now!”

My tears were subsiding when the bathroom door burst open. There towering above me was my dad. I saw the anger in his eyes. Not only had I committed an act of unmanliness, but all the commotion had awakened him prematurely from his sleep. He had to sleep during the day because he worked the night shift at the cannery. I froze and knew I was in for a spanking because that is what he had done to me all the other times I had peed in my panties, and I felt I'd get it twice as hard for waking him up.

“What the hell happened? You pissed your pants again? What's wrong with you? You can't control yourself like some little baby? What the hell are we going to do with you? You sure as hell can't go to school this fall still peeing your pants. Do you want to wear diapers to school?” He had been shouting but then paused for a moment. I could tell he was thinking about what to do with me. Then he said, “Get into the tub and clean yourself up, and you better be quick about it. I'll deal with you later.”

I got in the tub and scrubbed myself clean quickly, and then dried myself off and just stood there awaiting further instructions. Mom stuck her head in the door and with a disheartened voice told me to go to my room—my father was there waiting for me. With great trepidation and the towel wrapped around my waist I moved like a prisoner on his way to the electric chair. I could imagine the beating I was about to get, and without any clothes to protect me from his calloused hand, it would be brutal.

In my room, Dad sat on the bed, and next to him the three grinning girls stood silently, all anxious to witness my humiliation. Mom followed me in.

“Get over here, you big baby. You act like a baby, so you'll be treated like one. Now get over here and lie down on the bed,” Dad instructed in a commanding voice. It was then I saw the diaper on the bed where he had pointed for me to lie down.

“NO, DAD! I'm not a baby. I'm not going to wear any diaper. It won't ever happen again,” I shouted as my tears flowed.

“Oh, yes, you will! And you'll wear them until I'm sure you're potty trained,” he shouted as he grabbed my arm and swung me onto the bed on top of the diaper.

I kicked and struggled and squirmed, but I was no match for him as he held me on the bed. Mom sprinkled baby powder on me and then pinned the diaper securely around my hips. I cried and continued my struggle begging them not to do it, but an instant later, my loud cries and protests were drowned out as the girls shrieked and laughed as Mom put my feet through a pair of rhumba panties with white and pink ruffles across the butt, and then pulled them up my legs and until they were over the diaper and high around my waist. All at once, Dad released me. I jumped up and began pulling the sissy panties and diaper off me.



“You take those off, and I'll give you the strapping of your life, plus you'll be wearing diapers and panties everywhere you go, even when you start school next month. Now pull them back up and get back over here.”

With fear of my dad, I pulled waistband of the silky panties up. I cried and walked over to him.

“Since only babies and sissies pee their pants — and you're too old to be a baby — you must be a sissy. So that's why you're wearing girls' panties in addition to your diapers. Now hold your arms up, this will make changing your diaper much easier.”

I was bawling like a baby as he pulled one of Beth's old party dresses down over my arms and head. The ruffled dress was a close match to the panties. Mom buttoned me into the dress and tied the sash into a bow behind me. As I looked down through tear-filled eyes, I saw the flounced skirt of the dress barely covered my ruffle-pantied butt. I was now sobbing so hard, I didn't even have a voice to protest or beg for mercy.

With big eyes and smirking faces, the girls had watched the total process of me being sissified and humiliated.

After he stood up and said he was leaving for work, Dad turned to the girls and said, “Here's your new sissy sister. Take good care of her and be sure to tell your Mother when she needs her diaper changed.”

“And you, sissy,” he said to me with glaring eyes, “you better still be wearing your diaper and panties when I get home tonight. And you'll be staying in your panties and dresses until you can prove you're properly potty trained. Your mother will get out Beth's old potty chair, so you can practice going potty.”

As soon as he stormed out, the girls surrounded me.

Carol began, “Oh, look at the pretty little sissy girl. Isn't she so-o-o-o cute in her pretty little dress and ruffled panties?”

Emily added, “Oh, he does look like a girl baby, doesn't he? Maybe baby is hungry and needs his tittie bottle?”

As they all laughed, I spun around to get away from them, but they grabbed onto me to keep from escaping, and the short skirt of the dress flew up giving them all a good look at my pink and white rhumba panties. The strange feeling as the dress hem teased my legs and the weird fullness of the diaper and silky panties made my penis hard. I had no control of it. Emily was the first to notice my penis tenting out the front of the diaper and panties.

“Oh, look! His little thing is making his nice panties stick out in front. Does sissy like his diaper and panties?” she teased, amid a new flurry of giggles.

Mom finally came to the rescue. As she took me by the arm and pulled me out of the bedroom, she admonished the girls, “All right! That's enough out of you three. You've had your fun.”

Turning to me she said, “And you, sissy pants, quit bawling, or I'll give you something to really bawl about. You brought this on yourself. I've told you a hundred times if I told you once, your dad isn't going

to put up with your accidents anymore. Now come downstairs. You can play or watch TV until supper.”

I sniffed and sobbed a few times trying to control myself in fear of additional punishment. I went into the family room and turned on the TV jumping up on the couch and folding my arms tightly across my chest in hopes of hiding the little dress wrapped around me and sat with my legs crossed Indian style.

The girls followed me down. Carol and Emily were on their way outside, but they paused at the doorway. Carol teased, “Look at the pretty baby still pouting. Now, be a good sissy baby, or we'll bring over some of your little friends to you.”

“Mom,” I screamed, “Carol's teasing me again. She said she's going to bring kids here to see me. Tell her she can't.”

“Carol, quit teasing your brother, or you'll be grounded for the week,” Mom shouted from the kitchen.

Carol and Emily left as Beth sat on the couch next to me. She fingered the ruffled hem of the dress. “That was always one of my favorite dresses. It looks really pretty on you. Will you pretend to be my sister, so we can play together?”

Sniffing, I begged her, “Beth, please, don't tease me. I hate this. I'm a boy. I hate dad doing this to me. I told him I'd never pee my pants again.”

“Yeah, but you have to wear it – so if you have to wear it, maybe you could pretend and we could play house or something. I'll be nice to you. Ple-e-e-e-ase, Bobby?”



I knew she didn't have a lot of friends, and I felt she was just trying to be nice to me and make the best of the situation, so with a nod, I whispered, “Well, I guess.”

“Oh, Bobby, thank you,” she squealed and gave me a big hug.

She ran up the stairs and moments later returned with her arms full of dolls and her tea set. She dumped them on the floor and then began setting up the plastic tea service on the coffee table. My dress slid all the way up in back as I slid off the couch and sat on a stool by the table. Beth laughed and told me I had to learn how to get up from sitting without showing everybody my panties. Imagine, me – a boy, getting lesson in how to be a sissy little girl from my five-year-old sister! She handed me a doll, which I took without hesitation and began to cuddle it in my arms as she started our little fantasy: Two ladies at tea with their children talking about their husbands, raising the children, shopping and doing housework.

Beth began calling me Barbara, and with the pretty dress on it made sense, so I didn't stop her. I had gotten so engrossed in our playacting that I didn't hear Mom come in.

“Well, well isn't this cute, my little girls playing so nice and quiet together.”

“Ah-h-h-h, Mom! Please, I was just trying to play nice with Beth.”

“I know, dear, and I think it's really nice too. You almost look like twins sitting there like that. Why don't you let me put a ribbon in your hair like Beth has in her hair for while you play? And I can get out the socks and a pair of shoes that match the dress. I'll be right back.”

“Mom, I'm not a girl. You called me a girl,” I protested, as she left the room without acknowledgment.

I wanted to argue with Mom, but I had enough punishment that day, so I didn't say anything when Mom combed my hair forward to make bangs and then tied a ribbon in my hair. My hair was shaggy and a little long, starting to cover my ears. She bemoaned the fact that it wasn't longer so she could put it into nice ponytails like little girls wear. I was in a daze as she slipped the white lace-topped ankle socks on my feet. I raised my legs so she could put them on, causing Beth to giggle and tell me again that she could see up my dress all the way to my panties. Mom laughed a bit too and then buckled me into an old pair of Carol's shiny black Mary Jane shoes.

“Now you really do look like twins. The prettiest girls in town,” Mom said smiling at us.

I just ignored her reference to girls and smiled back at her. Beth and I continued with our fantasy tea party. I got the urge to pee again, so I called Mom. She took me by the hand and led me to a corner in the kitchen where the little potty chair sat. She had me hold up my dress as she pulled my fancy panties down around my ankles and unpinned my diaper and took it off. She told me to pee into the potty because Dad would be checking to make sure I used it.

While holding the frilly folds of my full skirt up, I squeezed my bottom onto the potty and tinkled like a toddler. When I stood up, Mom took a tissue and wiped my penis clean of the last few drops of peepee.

“Mom, please, can I change clothes now? I used the potty,” I begged.

“I wish you could, but your father would have a fit if he came home and you weren't wearing the dress and diapers. But I'll tell you what, I'll get you some underwear to put on until bed time, then you'll have to be back in your diaper.”

“Ah-h-h, well-l-l-l-l, OK, I guess.”



Mom disappeared and returned with a pair of girls' pink panties. They were plainer than the big ruffled rhumba panties I had on but still had a lot of lace and bows and stuff on them in front. I didn't protest, happy to step out of the rhumba panties and not have to put the diaper back on – at least for a while. She cut a price tag off the panties, and then held the panties out for me to step into. She saw me with a funny look on my face and knew what I was thinking.

“Yes, Bobby, these are new panties. I bought them for you after the last time you peed your pants. Your dad had me buy a couple of pairs of rhumba panties and half a dozen silky lace-trimmed panties just in case you did it again! Putting you into diapers and girls' panties wasn't my idea. It was his idea. I think they make you into a bigger sissy than you already are, but if they cure you of wetting your pants – or should I say ‘wetting your panties’ (hee-hee), I'm all for it!”

Knowing that my father thought so little of me that he would degrade me in this way, silent tears washed down my cheeks. Mom held the flimsy pink panties open for me to step into. I did, and tears just flowed nonstop. She pulled them up my legs and kept pulling up on them until they were high around my waist. Then she let the waist elastic go with a hard snap against my tender tummy.

“Ouch!” I screeched, as Mom laughed.

“Your dad and I bought these panties almost a year ago. He helped me pick them out. He looked for the fanciest ones we could find. He even told the old saleslady that we had a sissy panties-wetting son who needed some pretty panties top wear to encourage him to stop wetting.” (Mom said that like it was all very unimportant, incidental information, but the thought of my dad taking such an active part in my planned panty humiliation made me shake, thinking how low I had sunk in his eyes.)

Mom went on, “I'm glad to see these panties still fit you. You haven't grown much in a year. Beth is catching up to you. I was about ready to give them to her, but I see you have a need for them right now.”

I really didn't want to admit it, but I did notice the panties actually felt nice, especially without the diapers in between the panties and my hips and penis. I bent forward a bit to make sure the short dress covered them as much as possible because my penis ached as it got very hard and stood up and pushed outward at the sleek nylon panties. The panties increased all the silky sensations I was feeling from the petticoats sewn into the skirt of the dress. They tickled teasingly over my panty-clad penis and bottom.

I kept my dress pulled down and returned to the family room with Beth so we could finish playing tea party. As I passed the hall mirror I saw the cute little girl in the mirror. It was me. It was Beth. I did look just like her. Even our hair looked a lot alike. Hers was just a little longer. I paused and turned this way and that to look at myself completely. I blushed when I realized I was pretty! Walking around in just the silky panties without the diaper felt weird but nice. As an add benefit, I thought that maybe I would be teased for looking like a sissy, but without the diaper, maybe I wouldn't get teased about being a baby.

Beth and I played awhile longer and then Beth got bored. "Barbie (she called me), I'm tired of this, aren't you? Why don't we go out back and play on the swings?"

"Beth, I can't go out like this. Someone might see me."

"Oh, pooh! No one can see over the fence. I'll push you on the swing. Anyway, you're not wearing diapers anymore, so who cares."

"Beth, I'm still wearing a dress, ribbons in my hair and everything."

"Oh, come on, please, Barbie? Please? I'll lock the gate, and no one will see you, ple-e-e-e-ase?"

Against my better judgment I followed her out the back door, saying, "Okay, but no one better see me."

Wearing a dress and swinging on a swing was a really new experience. I climbed up on the swing for Beth to fulfill her promise to push me. I was surprised by her strength as she pushed the swing, as I pumped my legs to get going really going high. The tummy tickles started and I was trying to hold the giggles back and keep from peeing in my panties. My dress would fly out as I cut through the air pushing the crinolines up over my lap. I was surprised that I liked the feeling the silky clothes gave me, sensations I had never felt before. But I tried not to think about it, because it certainly wasn't something a boy should admit that he liked — a boy shouldn't even admit something like that in secret to himself!

I was giggling like a little girl, and Beth just kept pushing me higher and higher.

I didn't hear anybody else until Carol yelled, "Hey, Bobby, be careful on the swing when you are wearing your dress. All of us can see all the way up to your pretty pink panties."

She then got closer and tried to get a better look as I was quickly trying to stop the swing but my skirt continued to fly up with every forward swing. The she asked, "Hey, what happened? You aren't wearing diapers? Did our little panty wetter already wet himself so much that Mom ran out of diapers?"

I looked over at Carol and she was with Emily and George, a boy who was about two years older than her. Now, they were all laughing and pointing as I tried to get off the swing to escape their ridicule. I had seen Beth lock the back gate, so I knew they had to have come through the house.

Carol continued, "See we told you, George, he's wearing a dress, and look, Emily, now he's even wearing hair ribbons. So, George, what do you think of my little sissy brother."

"Bobby, I didn't believe them. You really do look like a girl. What a little sissy. And girls' panties too! Wow!" George bent over laughing wildly and pointing at me.

I burst into tears and jumped from the swing landing on my hands and knees with the dress up over my back exposing my pink pantied ass to them, as they roared with laughter. I tried to run past them and into the house, but George grabbed me.

“Oh, my! What a pretty little girl you make, Bobby.” While holding me tightly, he lifted the back of my dress, vigorously ran his hands all over my panties and grabbed big handfuls of my pantied ass and squeezed them. “Wow! Nice set of buns for such a little sissy.”

“Look, Mom has him wearing a hair ribbon and an old pair of lace socks and dress shoes,” giggled Carol. “Mom is really making a complete girlie-boy out of him for dad!”

George was laughing so hard, I was able to rip myself out of his grip and run toward the stairs going into the house. Blinded by my tears and inexperienced in walking in the slippery soled Mary Janes, I slipped on the stairs and again fully exposing my pink-pantied ass to my tormenters.

They chased after me, and as I made my way upstairs to my room, Carol was screaming out to Mom.

“Mom! Mom! Bobby isn't wearing his diaper. Look, Mom! He's just wearing pink panties, and they're not my panties. Boy are you in trouble little girl when Dad finds out.”

Once in my bedroom, I locked the door behind me, fell on the bed and sobbed. I'd never be able to show myself in public again. Maybe Mom could get Carol, Emily and Beth to keep it all secret with threats, but I knew George would tell everybody about me – Bobby, the panty and dress-wearing sissy boy!

I heard Mom catch up to them and say, “What's going on here? Carol, I thought I told you not to bring anyone here today?”

Turning to Emily and George she said, “You two should be ashamed of yourselves. Bobby is being punished by his dad and is embarrassed enough by what has happened to him without your teasing. I think you better go, and you better keep this to yourselves, or I'll be calling on your parents to tell them how mean you've been. Now, get going, and if I hear you are spreading this story, you'll both be in trouble. Understand?”

“Y... Yes, Mrs. Brown, we w... w... won't say anything,” Emily said.

I hoped she was speaking for George as well as herself. My life was now in their hands!

“Now, you, young lady,” Mom said turning her anger towards Carol, “you deliberately disobeyed me. You think it's funny, do you? Well, we'll see just how funny you think your brother's punishment is after I take care of you! Now, get up to your room and stay there. Don't even think of going anywhere.”

“B... but, Mom, I... I didn't know he'd be still all dressed up like a girl and wearing hair ribbons and girls'

shoes and everything. I didn't even think he'd be anywhere where anyone could see him. And he isn't wearing a diaper like Dad said he had too," Carol whined.

"Don't you even worry about what your brother is wearing or what your father said. Just get up to your room and stay there until I have time to deal with you. What do you think is going to happen if Emily or George spread this story all over the neighborhood? What do you think his life at school this fall will be like if the kids there find out? And don't you think the fallout will affect you? A lot of kids would probably not want to hang around with you if you have a perverted little sissy baby for a brother. For your own sake, I thought you would be smart enough to keep this all a secret. And I just don't understand you and how mean you can be to your kid brother. Now move it, missy," Mom said raising her voice in a disgusted tone. The next thing I heard was Carol running up the stairs and then her bedroom door slamming closed.

I had heard most of the conversation from the raised voices, but I still dreaded what would happen when I went outside, went anywhere, and went to my first day in first grade within a few weeks. I was angry at how things were getting out of hand. Then I heard Mom trying to open my bedroom door.

"Bobby! Bobby! Open the door. Come on, sweetie; let me in so we can talk."

Embarrassed to the core, I reluctantly unlocked the door and scurried back to the bed, crawled up on it, and curled myself into the fetal position, facing away from her. The short frilly dress and crinolines were pushed up in back fully exposing my silk-pantied bottom, but I was beyond being ashamed. I didn't care.

Mom entered and eased herself onto the edge of my bed. She tugged gently on my skirt, trying to minimize my immodest panty-boy display. She pulled on my shoulder to roll me over toward her and used her soft hand to brush my girlie bangs back from my forehead. She began, "I'm really sorry all this happened. You know how your father is at times. But you really do need to learn to control yourself better. I know how mean your sister can be, and I'll see that she doesn't tease you anymore. Tell you what, why don't you put your jeans and shirt on and you can wear them for supper and until bedtime, okay? What your dad doesn't know won't hurt us, right?"

"But Mom, George and Emily will tell everybody. I know they will! I can't go to school now! Everybody will call me a sissy and a baby," I sniffed.

"Oh, let's not worry about that right now. I don't think this story will go any further. Now, dry your tears, change your clothes, and I'll call you when supper is ready." Again, she smoothed the dress down over my pink-pantied bottom, kissed me on the forehead, and then headed for Carol's room to deal with her.

As soon as she shut my door, I was off the bed and struggling out of the dress. I went to my drawer to get some clean underpants, but there weren't any there, just a stack of diapers and a stack of lacy girls' panties in sissy pastel colors. I was momentarily stunned, but then I remembered my dad telling my mom to take all my underwear out of my drawer so I couldn't secretly try to wear them. So I left on the

new pink panties mom had bought for me and put my jeans on over them. I pulled on a T-shirt and then heard some yelling and arguing coming from my sister's room, so I opened my door and tried to listen down the hallway. I heard Carol sob a few times, but I couldn't hear what was being said or done.

It wasn't long until I heard Mom calling, "Come on, kids, supper is ready. Hurry up, before it gets cold."

I was quite hungry after the emotional day I had suffered through and was first to the kitchen table followed closely by Beth. Beth looked at me and frowned, saying, "Oh, Bobby, you changed. I wish you hadn't. You looked so pretty before."

"Beth, don't tease me, please. I'm a boy and I don't wear dresses."

"But you're still wearing your hair ribbon and lacy socks, aren't you? Do you have panties or a diaper on under you jeans?"

I turned red; I was so upset about having to keep on the panties, I didn't even think much about the hair ribbon, ankle socks and Mary Janes I was still wearing. "Ah... ah, I... I, oh, I just forgot about them," reaching up to untie the ribbon and untangle it from my hair.

Mom laughed a little but then took the ribbon from me and fixed it back into my hair. "It's, okay, Bobby. The ribbon looks so nice in your hair. I've given you a lot of leeway here from your father's punishment, but I don't want you to forget this lesson, so keep it in your hair.

"Since I took all your underwear out of your drawer, I assume you still have your pink panties on..."

"M-o-o-o-m!" I complained.

That answered her question. She smiled. Beth is smart for a five year old. She understood too and she giggled a little.

I held back any tears, sat down and started fixing my plate, as Mom yelled, "Carol, get down here for supper. I don't care if you eat or not, but you'll sit here with us at the table."

I dropped my fork as Carol entered the kitchen. She had on a frilly pink satin and chiffon little girls' party dress. I knew it was one of her old dresses, and she was squeezed into it, but now it didn't come down much below her waist. Her hair was done in high set ponytails on each side of her head and tied in pink ribbons with long tendrils hanging down. She was walking funny, and I immediately realized she was in pain with her feet crammed into an old pair of white Mary Jane shoes with little girl pink lace-top ankle socks. The short dress exposed her big pink ruffled tennis panties covering a very bulky and obviously well-diapered bottom.

Beth jumped up and squealed, "Oh, Carol, you're so-o-o-o pretty. You look so pretty in that dress. But, Mommy said I could have it when you got too big for it."

I couldn't resist. My turn to tease! "Oh, look at the baby girl. Look who's wearing the diapers now!"

With a harsh frown disfiguring her usually pretty face and fire in her eyes, she spat at me, "Well at least I'm a girl — not a boy wearing a dress! Look at you still wearing girls' shoes and a hair ribbon?"

"What do you think Dad's going to do to you when I tell him you weren't wearing your dress and diapers today?"

"That's enough you two!" Mom said and then looked down at Carol. "If your dad finds out, I'll know where it came from. And then I'll tell him that you exposed your brother to George. Your dad is really angry with Bobby, but he doesn't want his diaper and panty punishment known all over town. It would come back to haunt him too, to be known as the father of a babyish sissy son.

"Right now, young lady, for exposing your brother to George's ridicule, for a solid week, you'll have to wear this sissy little girl outfit every minute your father is not home. And if you tell him I let up on Bobby's punishment, or if George or Emily start circulating rumors of Bobby's punishment, I'll tell your dad what you did, and he'll be angrier with you than he is with Bobby. I'll suggest to him that you should get the spanking of your life and then until school starts you should be made to wear this sissy little outfit of yours — including the diapers — AND you'll have to do all your bathroom duties in your diapers that whole time! Do you understand me?"

That ended the conversation. We ate in silence and watched the television until bedtime. I couldn't resist smirking and making faces at my older sister all babied up for the evening. She would retaliate with her own smirks and by making faces back at me — these actions, of course, all out of sight of our mother.

I finally got to get out of the panties, hair ribbon and socks as I took my bath and headed to my bedroom to get into my PJs. Mother met me in my room. On the bed was a white diaper and pink-headed diaper pins, along with a pair of yellow ruffled rhumba panties.

"Mom, I... I thought you said I could wear my own clothes?" I whined.

"Sorry, Bobby, but when your dad comes home. He'll probably come in to check on you, you had better be wearing the diaper or it's hard to tell what he might do. Don't worry about it. Nobody is going to see you. It's just for tonight. I think dad will soften up and let you out of your punishment in the morning."

I reluctantly climbed up on the bed and onto the open diaper.

Mom powdered my entire bottom as well as my penis and balls, explaining that the diaper might rub me raw under the rhumba panties if she didn't powder me well. My cock got hard in her hands. She did keep stroking it until I started panting heavily. Then she stopped, pulled the diaper up around me and

pinned it into place. She then slipped the bright yellow silky panties up over my legs. I raised my bottom off the bed as she pulled them up as high as they would go around my waist. I had lost the initial embarrassment of being put into a diaper and sissy panties, but was blushing from my mom's handling of my hard cock.

"Can I put my PJs on now, Mom?" I asked.

That's when she turned around holding out a frilly yellow nightgown belonging to Carol. She said, "Sorry, honey, but I think you better be in a nightgown for Dad's inspection. We don't want to give him any reason to get mad again, do we? Maybe he'll see how his only son looks and start to feel a little sorry for you and let you off of your punishment. He wants a real boy for a son, not a sissy, so once he's over his anger, I think he'll be in a rush to end your sissy punishment. You disappointed him. He's hurt and he's reacting. That's all. Now hold up your arms and stand up."



I let my mom slide the silky gown over my head. It made me feel like I was in a dress again. The sleeves were short and there was flowered decoration on the front. The hem went down to my thighs and tickled me at it settled into place and every time I moved.

"My you do look pretty in that. Your blond hair and big eyes are prefect for that gown," Mom said smiling as she pulled back the coverlet and helped me crawl into bed.

"Mom, quit teasing me, please!"

"I'm sorry, honey. It's just that you look so much like Beth. Do you want me to brush your hair out before I go?"

"Mom-m-m-m-m-m! No just let me go to sleep and get this over with. Good night, Mommy... er I... I meant Mom."

"Good night sweetheart, I'll see you in the morning."

[Index](#)











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