

# Pussy Boy Pages

Reader's Stories & Pics

## Volume 1

### ***Only Fit to Be a Whorehouse Maid***

*Woman turns her bigoted cuckold husband into a sissy maid to wait on her and sexually satisfy her black lover.*

### ***Sissy Showcase***

*Wives and mothers bring husbands and sons to this special club and enter them into sissyboy competition.*

### ***A Brief Story***

*A mother, two sisters and two girl cousins like to dress a boy up in their clothes, and he gets very excited!*

### ***Halloween Forever***

*A woman lets her son dress up like a girl when his father isn't around. Then daddy comes home unexpectedly.*

### ***He Loved Being Her Daughter***

*Doting single mother turns her son into a girl and calls him Michelle because she wants a daughter.*

### ***Happily Married***

*A lifelong panty fetishist confesses his love of lingerie to his wife. She wants to see him jack-off in his panties.*



*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

**A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION**

## Only Fit to Be a Whorehouse Maid

By Tim

My humiliation began ten months ago when my wife, Claudette, and Marcus, her black lover, turned me into a cuckold and then a whorehouse slut maid. It all started innocently enough when my wife suggested we start getting together for drinks with Marcus. She worked with him and said she took pity on him because he was a widower, living alone with a rambunctious teenage son. I agreed, and every Friday night, I'd meet up with them at a bar close to Hyburn Latex, where they worked. The company made a wide range of products from surgical gloves to Halloween masks. Many locals jokingly called it the "surprise baby factory" because the plant also made prophylactics, and the slur suggested the rubbers they made were of poor quality and didn't work very well. At our little meetings, my wife and Marcus often joked about the rubbers too, especially since Marcus was an inspector in that area of production.

On a couple of occasions – after a few drinks – my wife said it was rumored Marcus was especially well-endowed, and he should be a company tester for the rubbers instead of just an inspector. He always laughed it off, but my wife kept mentioning it. Then one night, in a drunken slip of the tongue, she told him I was small in that department and she had always wanted to see a big one, so she asked Marcus if the rumors were true. Did he really have a big one? She insisted upon seeing it! I was stunned when he had the temerity to unzip, pull down his pants and shorts and show us! It was huge and it wasn't even hard! I already had more than my share to drink, and I lost it! I became enraged, started calling him names, and even threw in a few racial slurs. Well, I knew I was wrong the moment I said those things, but I couldn't take them back. I tried to apologize but my wife said my apologies weren't good enough and she said she'd apologize for me. Then to my disbelieving eyes, she put her hands on his cock and stroked it up and down, saying she wasn't satisfied seeing it soft; she wanted to see it fully hard! As I watched in awe, that big black monster grew larger and larger in her little white hands.

Claudette told me, "Tim, go home!"

But when I told her I wasn't leaving without her, she said, "Suit yourself; I'll just be a moment."

Then she bent over, put her lips around that huge piece of meat and sucked him off! I was protesting like crazy but trying to keep my voice down to prevent others from noticing what was going on in our booth. I knew I couldn't fight Marcus, who was a big brute of a man, so all I could do was stand up and try to block the view of anyone walking by.

When he stared cumming, Claudette pulled back, let him shoot one shot across her face and then aimed his spurting cock in my direction, and I got hit with several thick ribbons of jism before I could jump out of the way. And when I did lurch backward, I bumped into another one of the guys Claudette works with. I turned around to see four other guys from the plant standing there watching the whole show! The next thing I knew they were applauding and congratulating my wife on giving Marcus one fine blowjob. Two of those guys told her that anytime she felt so inclined at work, they'd be happy to have her do them too.

Well, by the time we finally left the bar, I was thoroughly pissed, but Claudette was even madder at me for making those racial remarks. A lot of blacks were employed at Hyburn, and she said it would be rough for her working there if word got around she had a bigoted husband. Besides, Marcus was her friend, and he had been highly offended. She just hoped he wasn't angry enough to put in a complaint with the union or file a lawsuit!

The next day was Saturday, and on Saturdays, we usually went out to the movies, while Shelly, our fifteen-year-old daughter, usually went out with her friends. In my opinion, the kids she hung out with were a bit too old and advanced for her, but that's another story. Anyway, instead of our usual movie night, my wife announced she and Shelly were going out, and I should stay home by myself. But before they left, she took me into our bedroom and read me the riot act once again about my behavior with Marcus. When I complained it had been her behavior that was disgraceful, she asked me if I wanted a divorce because that was the direction in which I was headed. I told her I loved her and never wanted to be separated from her and our daughter.

Then she said, "Okay, I'll let you prove it. Here, take these panties and wear them. They should make you feel properly humble and show me you are willing to take your punishment for what you did." As she was saying that, she had dug down deep into her lingerie drawer and picked a blushing hot pink

**Pussy Boy Pages #1** is published by Princess Productions, PO Box 1184, Des Plaines, Illinois 60017-1184. Contributions are welcome, but the publisher does not assume responsibility for the loss of any materials and does not guarantee the return of any materials. Any letters and other materials sent to Princess Productions are considered intended for publication. With the exception of news items, real names are changed and true identities are kept confidential. Copyright © 2011, © 2007, © 2004 Princess Productions. All rights reserved. The words accompanying photographs are not meant to describe the actual conduct of the pictured subjects. Any similarity to real persons is purely coincidental. With the exception of original news items, most of the photographs contained herein have been artistically altered either by computer or in other ways to simulate certain activities as well as to conceal the identity of any real persons. Many photographs have been supplied to us from readers and presumed not under copyright protection. If any copyright holder can prove that is not the case, they should notify Princess Productions and those photos will be deleted. Neither Princess Productions nor anyone connected with Princess Productions advocates violent or abusive behavior of any kind. While story lines may suggest such behavior, these are just fantasies meant to enlighten and entertain adults who would never wish those fantasies to become reality. This is a fantasy publication meant to comfort an oppressed minority of individuals created by our society and then rejected by that same society. Transvestites, panty fetishists and submissive males are scorned in most families and cultures. This publication is designed to soothe the souls of these often frustrated and lonely individuals by exploring situations similar to their own upbringing, personal experiences and fantasies and intended to make such individuals feel that their fantasies are just as legitimate as anyone else's as well as be an aid to masturbation, a safe alternative to risky sex practices. Printed in the USA.



*Tim, the whorehouse maid.*



pair of her lacy panties. They were big panties, granny-style panties from years ago that she didn't wear anymore.

My eyes had to be sticking out of my head as I looked at her thoroughly shocked. But she just lecherously grinned, held the panties by the waistband and danced over to me like she was flagging a bull.

"You got to be kidding!" I squealed.

"Put them on now or move out in the morning!"

I stepped back, then fell backwards and ended up sitting on the bed. I never had been a match for her when it came to winning an argument. When she was determined to do something, I went along with it. I'm an 'it's-easier-to-give-in-than-fight' kind of guy. But this was ridiculous!

"Tim, I have to fill you in on a few things," my wife announced. "You'll probably be angry with me, but that's just tough shit! Since last night, when I saw Marcus' big cock..."

"Saw?" I complained.

"Saw...touched, sucked...it makes no difference! My point is I've been thinking about his cock ever since last night! I even dreamed about it and the dream was so real I woke up and had to masturbate myself to several orgasms. I'm surprised I didn't wake you up the way I was jumping around on the bed!"

"Claudette, I don't want to hear any more. This is making me sick," I said as I started to get up.

"Stay right the fuck where you are. I've got more to tell you, and you'll sit here and listen! I'm the one who's been cheated on all these years. That thing you have is not a cock. I'd be complimenting it to call it a pimple!"

"Anyway, my point is that I loved Marcus' big cock from the moment I saw it! I couldn't help it. I couldn't believe it was so big. I've seen pictures of men's cocks, and I've talked with my girlfriends. I've always known you have a pretty small dick. And I always told myself it didn't make any difference, but after experiencing Marcus' big cock, I immediately fell in love with it! I discovered what I had been missing all these years with you and that little thing you have between your legs. And that's the reason for the panties. Face it, Tim, you're not man enough to wear men's underwear; you belong in panties and that is what you'll wear from now on! Put these pink panties on now and spend the night here at home and alone. You can think about our future and imagine some of the changes that are going to be taking place. I'll tell you right now that I want to experience Marcus' huge cock in my cunt just as soon as possible. And unless you want to sign everything over to me and pack your bags, you're going to go along with it! Now, get out of your clothes and put on these panties. I want to see how

they fit because I'm going out tomorrow afternoon to buy you a whole supply of the most girly-girly panties I can find. Lacy panties are the only kind of underwear you deserve to wear."

I was protesting and complaining all the way, but I didn't resist as she helped me out of my pants and shirt. When she pulled off my under shorts, she just stared at my shriveled up dick for a moment and chortled.

"The sooner we get that little thing of yours into pink panties, the better off you'll be! Just think of it, Tim, by wearing girly panties you won't feel like you have to measure up to real men. I think you're really going to like panties. They're so silky and lacy and so-o-o pretty. You're a lucky boy to have me for such an understanding wife."

I cringed, hoping this need in her to be mean to me was just some passing whimsy. I didn't want to fight with her. As she stooped down and held the panties open for me to step into, tears rolled down my cheeks. I tried to discreetly wipe them away so she wouldn't see me crying. She made a big deal of sliding them up my legs. As they traveled upward, she repeatedly snapped the waist elastic against my legs and ran her hands over the soft fabric to impress upon me how silky they were. When they were all the way up, she kept pulling up very hard on the waist elastic all around my body until they were high up on my chest and crushing and irritating my pitifully small penis and balls.

"There we go! My husband in panties! Wow! I never! Panties become you! And the size is fine! Now, just stay that way. Don't put on any other clothes for the rest of the night. I want you to be well aware of the panties and get used to wearing them!"

"Tim, I do love you in my own way. I don't want you to leave, but your lack of manhood cheats me out of my wifely rights, and things have to change. You never have been able to satisfy me with your little cocktail-size wiener, but you do have a good job and make me happy in many other ways. It took last night with Marcus to make me realize how exciting and energizing a really big man's cock can make me feel. Tim, I'm sorry if it made you upset at me, but you have to look at it from my point of view and understand how angry I am because all of a sudden I realized I had been cheated of a good fuck all these years. You have to admit you are not man enough to properly love me – in a physical way. So now, you have to give me room to enjoy myself. I've been the faithful little wife far too long, but now that I have had a taste of what I've been missing, I want more! And since you're such a doll and put on the panties for me, I guess you know how inadequate you are. In your heart, I'm sure you know this will be good for both of us. So, don't give me any grief, panty boy!"

"And remember last month when Shelly accidentally walked in on you changing at the beach? Well, she told me about it. She was worried that you had an accident or something because your penis was so small."

“Our daughter! She saw my penis?”

“Yes. Well, I explained to her that you just were not that big. She told me she’s seen three penises so far in her life. Two of them were on guys she’s dating, and one on her cousin Arnold. That was last June when he was teasing all the girls at his birthday party and they ganged up on him. They just wanted to pull down his trousers and give him a good birthday spanking, but a few of the girls decided to strip him all the way. Anyway, the point is that Shelly said all three of those penises – including eight-year-old Arnold’s – were a lot bigger than yours! That’s why she had wondered if you had been in an accident or something.”

“Shelly has seen her boyfriends’ penises?”

“Yes! Get with it, Tim! This is a new century. Girls are growing up a lot faster than they did in our day. Don’t worry though; she hasn’t had sex with any of those boys. She just masturbates when they get too hot from making out with her. She did admit to me that she’s anxious to suck cock and get fucked, but she promised to let me know when she’s ready to do that.”

“Our daughter? I can’t believe...”

“Well, believe it! Something else Shelly has mentioned to me on several occasions: she thinks you’re a bit on the feminine side. I laughed the few times she said that, but I have to agree with her. At times, you hold your arm like a fag, and what’s with you always wearing pastel-colored shirts and silk socks. And the way you insist on ironing your shirts and pants so they are perfectly neat in this day of wash-and-wear clothes?”

“I just like to be neat. My mother brought me up that way.”

“Oh, yes, your mother! But there are many other things about the way you act. I don’t have to tell you. Shelly is sensitive to those things. You embarrass her at times. Your mother did a good job of raising you, but she trained you to be a better housewife than a husband! That’s what made me think of the panties. I think they’ll make you feel free. After all, no one expects a man in panties to be rough and tough and all that man stuff. Now you can relax for probably the first time in your life!”

“Shelly? Shelly talked like that about me? Called me feminine?”

“Yes, silly! You know how mothers and daughters talk. But don’t worry your little head about it. I think I’ll just go along with your natural inclinations, and I think you’ll enjoy not having to measure up to real men.

“Now, Shelly and I will probably be out late. Don’t wait up for us. And when you go to bed, keep the panties on, just panties, and no pajamas. Tomorrow, when I go shopping for your new panties, I think I’ll get you some nightgowns too. We can’t have a little sissy like you wearing men’s pajamas anymore. Can we?”

There I was before my wife naked except for a pair of her pink panties and in total shock. Before I could say anything about this belittling of my manhood, she was headed downstairs and out the door. For the longest time, I just sat on the bed alone, woefully distressed and emasculated. I looked down at the panties. I knew my wife was right. I did have a pretty small penis. When I was a teenager, I used to measure it all the time, hoping it would have grown bigger every time I pulled it out and sized it up against a ruler. I’d get it as hard as I could and measure. It never even got to four inches. I kept telling myself it would grow with time, but it didn’t grow even a fraction of an inch since those days twenty years ago. Then as I sat there and starting thinking crazy thoughts like maybe I did belong in panties, I really started getting pissed off at myself, but I kept the panties on. Even though it was only seven o’clock at night, I just crawled under the covers and cried myself to sleep.

I woke up at about one AM as my wife was giggling to herself, undressing and climbing into bed. I smelled alcohol on her breath. She pulled back the covers and ran her hand over my silken hip, obviously checking to see if I still had the panties on. I pretended to be asleep, but she either didn’t buy it or she didn’t care. She poked me in the ribs and told me to get down between her legs and eat her pussy -- something, she told me I did well.

She was all hot and sweaty like she had just been to the gym, and as I pulled her panties aside I noticed they were drenched. As I stuck my tongue out and got ready to dive in, I smelled the musky perfume she always dabbed between her legs, but I also smelled another equally pungent but strangely different aroma. Before I could figure out what it was, she had her legs locked around me and was using her hands to push my head into her crotch and force-feed me the goo in her slimy cunt. I was audibly crying as I ate her pussy because I figured out what it was: Her pussy was loaded with a man’s cum, and I didn’t have to think twice to figure out whose cum it was!

She didn’t give me a break as she went from one orgasm to another. Finally, after I had eaten her raw, she suddenly opened her legs and shouted for me to stop; she was exhausted, had enough and couldn’t stand anymore!

I backed off, stared at her with my face covered with her juices and some black guy’s cum. I’m sure my eyes said it all. I didn’t even have to ask.

“Yeah, I fucked him,” she said. “And it was the greatest thing ever! And you eating me out afterwards is fucking fantastic, like icing on the cake! Now lay there and jack-off in your pretty panties for me. I want to watch you make a sissy of yourself as I drift off into dreamland. Come on, I know you want to do it. That little thing of yours is as hard as I’ve ever seen it. I guess I was right. You do like wearing ladies’ panties.”



I looked down. She was right. I was hard. Very hard! I had always enjoyed eating Claudette's pussy, so I chalked it up to that – not to the panties. But her pussy was smelly and gooeey and not like the sweet thing it always had been in the past. I definitely didn't want to think about eating another man's cum. I was hard, and I was overdue for a good cum. On her command, I started stroking myself. Yes, the panties felt good on my hard dick. Why wouldn't they? They were made of nylon, so sure they felt good. By the time I had done all that analyzing, I was bouncing around and shooting! It happened so fast; it even surprised me. Claudette looked at me through sleepy eyes with a knowing smile on her face. "I knew you'd like wearing my panties. They feel good on your little pimple dick, huh? I guess you liked sucking up Marcus' cum too! I know you're going love being a cuckold."

"You know, Marcus lasted over an hour in me before he shot off. He said he did all he could do not to shoot off before then since I was so tight! He was ready to go again right away and wanted me to stay the night, but I told him I had to get Shelly home, and we had to get some sleep because we have church in the morning. And I have some shopping to do afterwards!"

She was making fun of me for having a little cock, for getting excited in panties, for not having any staying power, for shooting off so quickly (another one of my problems), and for not being able to do it a second time in a night – something I was only able to do once or twice during the whole time we had been married.

Just then I realized that while Marcus was fucking my wife, our daughter had been with them! I pressed her for what happened and asked about Shelly. Claudette just rolled over, told me not to worry. She said Shelly is the sweet little girl she always has been and nothing bad had happened to her.

I was a little relieved, but things were moving too quickly. I wondered if "nothing bad" in my wife's book meant the same thing it meant in my book. I got out of bed, washed myself off, and then tried to get back into bed without the panties on, but Claudette reached a hand behind her and touched my hips. She mumbled, "Clean panties are in the bottom drawer. Use the old-fashioned ones I don't wear anymore. I was going to give them to Salvation Army, but they're yours now. Put a pair on and go to sleep. I know I'll have sweet dreams, and I think you will too!"

I had anything but sweet dreams. I tossed and turned the entire night: First, because I had already had several hours of sleep while the girls were out. And second, lying there next to my cheating wife with me in those damn silken panties, I couldn't get my mind off them! I felt them with every nerve in my body. Finally, just out of sheer exhaustion, I did get some sleep. In the morning, we got up for church. Claudette made sure I put on another clean pair of panties, since she said she noticed a few little dribbles in the green ones I had put on. Having selected

them in the near total darkness of our bedroom the night before, I didn't even realize they were green until then — and they were funky girlie! I was glad to get out of them because they had pink flowers all over them; they were really gaudy with a big row of lace on the legs, something like little girls wear. I hurriedly slipped them down and off. Claudette told me to pick out my own panties. I chose the plainest ones I could find. Some white ones with a panel of cream-colored lace going down each side.

Even though Shelly was smiling a lot at me that morning, I tried not to read into it, but I couldn't stop wondering what our winsome little daughter knew. All I kept thinking about was what Claudette had said — "Mothers and daughters talk about everything!" When Shelly was with my wife the night before, how did she not know Claudette was fucking Marcus?

It so bothered me that I discreetly asked my wife about it at the first opportunity. She assured me Shelly didn't see a thing that went on between her and Marcus. They had her watch some videos while they said they were going out for a walk, but in reality, they went into his bedroom and fucked like minks — and that's just how she said it! Then I had to ask her if our daughter knew anything about me being made to wear ladies' panties like some kind of pervert.

"As far as your panties go," my wife said, "Shelly will find out about them sooner or later, after all, she saw your naked penis just a few weeks ago. I'll tell her when I think she's ready — probably very soon. I wouldn't want her finding out on her own and then getting wrong ideas about her wimpy little father. Yeah, I'll tell her about you being in panties, so just get used to the idea. I think she'll love it!"

At church, I couldn't wait any longer, I pulled Claudette aside in the vestibule, and in a tone of voice a little louder than the whisper I had intended, I tried to ask her if she was going to let Shelly know about her fucking Marcus, but I could tell she was getting ticked off at me because of where we were and because I was asking so many questions. Some nosy parishioners perked up their ears as they tried to eavesdrop. I simply told my wife we'd have to talk about it as soon as possible.

Claudette dropped me off at home — she always drives — and took Shelly with her shopping. I dreaded that. If she really was going to buy panties and nightgowns for me (yikes!), how was she going to hide that from Shelly? Maybe she'd pretend to be buying them for herself — that was all I could hope for. I spent a nervous three hours waiting for them to return. To keep myself busy, I made an early dinner, an old-fashioned Yankee pot roast including homemade biscuits and all the trimmings! I guess I was hoping to turn back the clock a bit with some down home cooking — my mother had taught me well. I was struggling to keep my life from going right into the humiliation dumpster!

When they got home and smelled what I was cooking, they couldn't wait to eat. Claudette paid me a compliment about

what a good cook I am, saying something about how well my mother had trained me. Neither one of them said anything about the little white apron I had on. I always wore it when I cooked. Once again, Mom's training, and they were well used to it. Claudette also made another reference to what she had said the night before about my mother making me into a better housewife than a husband, and then said she should buy me a lacy apron instead of the plain old white one I always wore. I frowned more than smiled as I thanked her for the weird compliment. She winked at me, and our daughter giggled at the suggestion!

We went to our local amusement park for the afternoon because Shelly wanted to meet up with some of her friends there, and soon after we arrived, we let her go on her way after she agreed to meet up with us just before the park closed. It was good we went there. It helped me take my mind off everything going on even though the panties under my clothes were a constant reminder. The elastic waist and legs bands would twist and bind or tug against me at the oddest moments, especially if I stretched to reach for something; I couldn't ignore the foreign sensation of the silk against my hips. Whenever I sat in a seat and then simply slid forward an inch, I could feel my butt slide against the nylon panties. Weird! And being out in public with ladies' panties on under my clothes made it a rather terrifying experience. At times, I swore, people looked at me in a funny way and knew I had lace panties on! Sure, I was paranoid. What guy wouldn't be?

During all that time, my wife said nothing about buying me panties or nightgowns that day, so maybe she had just been teasing me and didn't really do it. I did notice that when she came back from shopping, she didn't have all that much stuff with her, just a couple of small bags. I wasn't about to bring up the subject. I hoped she had forgotten all about it, and it was simply something she had said the night before when she was in the crazy mood she had been in. Then it was getting late. We met up with Shelly — she looked a mess! She explained she had gone on all the rides with her friends and her hair and clothes were now in disarray. I'll say they were! Anyway, when we got home, Claudette told me she needed me to bring in something from the trunk. Well, when I opened the trunk and saw the big lavender bag in there from some girly-girly boutique, my heart dropped. I knew what was inside. She didn't have to tell me. I simply went right upstairs to our bedroom and put the bag on our bed. I went back downstairs, and we watched the news while Shelly got ready for bed, and then we retired ourselves.

Once in the bedroom, we didn't talk much. She handed me an empty cardboard box marked on the side with the words "Salvation Army" and told me to load in all my underwear, undershirts and pajamas. Then she pointed to the bag and told me to take all the price tags off of my new underwear, fold them neatly and put them away in my underwear drawer. There were a dozen camisoles, three nightgowns in different lengths and a dozen pairs of panties! Oh, god! Were they awful! Everything was pink and light blue and other pastel colors. Everything had lace and bows and frills on them. Everything was much

fancier than any of the lingerie she ever buys for herself, and everything she owned was pretty fancy! She told me that each day I would have to select my own camisole and panties. They didn't have to match, but she insisted they complement each other and make a pretty combination, and since I had an eye for color and style with clothes (mom's training!), Claudette knew I'd do a good job of selecting nice lingerie to wear every day. I tried to ask her about going out with my golf buddies — because we had to change in the locker room, and other things -- and what I could do when I had to go to the doctor's office.

She just ignored my questions and told me, "Deal with it!" Then she picked up (what I now know is a) waltz-length nightgown made of two layers of nylon, pink underneath with a thin layer of white nylon chiffon on top. It had a wide pink satin ribbon trimming the neckline and short puffy sleeves. The bottom hem had a wide swathe of lace that tickled my legs constantly. She just stared at me after she helped me put it on. She didn't say a thing. Her eyes said it all: She looked at me like I was the world's last sissy boy and totally beneath her. Grinning and chortling as she got herself ready for bed, she moved with aplomb and a strength I had never noticed before. And whenever she did say anything to me — her abashed little sissy husband — her words stabbed ferociously at my quickly vanishing masculinity.

"Sweetie, when you get home tomorrow night, cook dinner. Grill some steaks and bake that strawberry-rhubarb custard pie you make so well. I'll go shopping and have all the ingredients in the fridge for you by the time you get home from work."

Before I could verbally ask her what the occasion was, my questioning expression said it for me.

Barefaced and expressionless, she simply stated, "I invited Marcus for dinner, and after you fix and serve us a nice meal, I want you to make a proper apology to him for the name-calling and the horrible way you treated him at the bar. It's amazing he didn't get right up that night and beat the shit right out of you, but he's a real man, so I guess he just took pity on you. Now go to sleep, and don't keep jumping around in the bed all night long like you did last night. I know it might take some getting used to wearing silky panties and nylon nighties, but please! Try to control yourself. I need a good night's sleep."

Reluctantly, I agreed to make dinner and offer Marcus an apology. What else could I do? All day at work the next day, I thought about what that night would be like, and I thought a lot about Shelly. I hoped she would never find out about her mother and Marcus. Also, I hoped our daughter would never find out about me wearing lingerie every day under my clothes like some kind of sissy fag. Claudette had told me it would be only a matter of time before she found about both things, but I was hoping that was just one of her controlling threats and prayed it would never really happen.

Our 15-year-old daughter is a rapidly developing, beautiful young woman. She is a younger version of her exotic mother.

Shelly is two inches shorter with small, exquisitely shaped breasts and great legs. All the boys in her high school are crazy about her, but she thinks boys her own age are immature, so she hangs around with senior boys. I repeatedly tried to warn her that boys that age only had one thing on their minds, but she'd just laugh and say she knew how to handle them. Well, before you knew it, the day was over, and I hurried home to start dinner. I barely had enough time. The pie I always make from scratch, and it alone takes the better part of an hour to create before putting it in the oven. If I were lucky, everything would be ready by the time Marcus showed up at seven thirty.

When Marcus arrived, I was thankful he was pleasant toward me, and the dinner came off very well. Afterwards, he along with my wife and daughter went into the living room while I cleaned up. While making the dinner, my wife told me not to wear my chefs' apron, but one of the many aprons my mother has given me over the years. I picked the simplest one, a white one with a slightly ruffled border that was noticeable if you looked closely – feminine, but not too incriminating. Mother gives me a new one every Christmas, and I always have to open it up in front of relatives gathered around the tree. It was the same kind of practical apron she has worn her whole life, and the same type she had me wear when I was a kid and helped her in the kitchen. But on this night, I had taken it off before serving up dinner and sitting down to eat with them since I didn't want Marcus to see me in it. But after dinner, Claudette – probably a little heady and feeling malicious after the two bottles of nice Chateauf-neuf-du-Pape we had with the steaks – put the apron on me in front of Marcus before sending me out to do the dishes. Marcus smiled at me; his smile neutered every masculine fiber in my body.

"That's cute! Frills look good on you, boy," was all he said, but it was devastating to me. And he had called me "boy!" like I was nothing in his eyes – well, I guess I already knew that.

Shelly smirked and said, "Mom, I think you should get Dad some nicer aprons. Maybe some like Mrs. Marshall wears."

I snapped my head around and looked at her with glowing eyes. I couldn't believe she said that! Mrs. Marshall dressed like Betty White's character Sue Ann Nivens on the Mary Tyler Moore TV series — except everything Mrs. Marshall wore was even more frilly, especially her aprons. Her house next door was outrageously feminine with lace doilies on all the furniture, ruffled curtains galore, ribbons on everything, and she was always dressed in full skirts with peeking petticoats like she was on her way to a square dance, well, you get the idea. Thank goodness Marcus didn't know anything about our neighbor Mrs. Marshall. But just Claudette laughing about Shelly's suggestion to get me aprons like those worn by that prissy old lady was enough to thoroughly embarrassing me and I'm sure Marcus got the drift!

"Tim, don't you dare glare at our sweet little daughter like that!" Claudette said. "She was just trying to make a constructive sug-

gestion. Now, hurry along, and when you get done cleaning up, keep the apron on and come in here. It will be apology time."

When I was finished, I came into the living room and saw Shelly listening intently as my wife was explaining in detail about her relationship with Marcus. The two of them were sitting on either side of him, and he had his arms around both of them. They ignored me, so I sat down in a side chair and began feeling very depressed as I listened. Our grinning daughter was visibly excited as Claudette talked about Marcus' big cock and explained she had been fucking and sucking Marcus and was going to continue to do so as much as possible. I squirmed in my seat and my face probably turned a dark shade of crimson when Claudette began talking about how she was going to feminize me. Was she joking? Where did she get these crazy ideas?

"Tim, stand in front of us," my wife commanded. "Shelly, open your father's pants. I want to show Marcus, why he doesn't have anything to fear from my little husband."

Shelly told me to hold up my white ruffled apron so she could unbuckle and unzip my trousers, which she did with ease. I guess she had some practice on her boyfriends. She let loose with a high-pitched squeal as my pants fell down around my legs: "Oh, Mom! Those are the pink panties I picked out for him yesterday when we were shopping. Daddy, they're so-o-o cute!"

Marcus did more of a snort than a laugh, but I could well imagine what he was thinking. Then my wife grabbed my soft cock in the panties and pulled on it.

"My, god, woman," Marcus said, "is that all he's got? No wonder you need a real man. That thing is pathetic! That tiny little dickie does belong in pink panties. I don't think I have ever seen a full-grown man with such a dinky little thing like that!" I shut my ears to the laughter and humiliating comments until my wife said, "Go to the bedroom and put your new pink babydoll nightie on over your pretty panties and come down and model it for us."

As I got up to go, I could see Shelly's face. She wasn't shocked or shamed. She was royally excited by these revelations. I was destroyed as a man in Marcus' eyes, my wife's eyes, and now my daughter's eyes — even in my own eyes. No, I didn't want my marriage to end. I couldn't leave, but I knew as long as I stayed my humiliation would surely increase. I knew I was a lot less than a real man. Not knowing how else I was supposed to act, I walked upstairs with all these horrible thoughts going through my mind, and in the bedroom, I got out the nightie, put it on and then walked back downstairs.

By the time I got back to the living room wearing my pink babydoll nightie, Shelly and my wife were sharing a sloppy open-mouthed, three-way kiss with the muscular black man as my two favorite females massaged his crotch through his jeans. His cock was making a big bulge in his pants. The guy was huge! I had seen it before, but I was still amazed.



Before I could sit down, Marcus said, "Get on your knees, bitch, between my legs; show Shelly how you suck a real man's cock."

I wasn't sure if I had heard him right, but a mean look from Claudette along with her pointing toward the floor in front of him let me know I hadn't imagined it. He had actually told me to suck his cock! Shelly squealed her encouragement, "Oh, yes, Daddy! Show me, Daddy! Show me how to suck cock!"

If it were a dream, it was a nightmare, and I was the star attraction. Standing there in pink panties and a babydoll nightie, I was already humiliated to the core. I was a broken man, my masculinity besmirched beyond repair. I suppose I belonged on my knees before this behemoth of a man. I looked up to see Marcus cupping his big hand over Shelly's small breast and massaging it through her pink satin bra.

"Time to apologize and this is how you're going to do it," Claudette said as she pointed to his crotch, and I knew what she was demanding I do.

I shuttered as I unzipped his pants and had a difficult time trying to ease his penis out. He had to lift up and push his jeans and underwear down to his thighs so I could retrieve his huge black cock. In a moment, I had his prick in my mouth like a slut. I was a cocksucker! I now knew for sure I was no longer any sort of man, and I was doing what my wife and my daughter wanted me to do! After I had him hard, Claudette had me back off and just concentrate on licking and kissing the big head of that monster. My wife had Shelly cup and massage his big balls with one hand and use her other hand to ring his cock and stroke it pleasuring him while I continued sucking on the hammerhead of his meat. With glee, Shelly let us know she had never before held in her hands such a big penis. I could see goose bumps on her arms as she milked him, each time sliding the flesh of his cock up toward my lips and then back down again. Her bra was now pushed up and out of the way, and I could see Marcus fondling her hard little nipples. He helped Shelly pull her T-shirt over her head, exposing her beautiful young tits. Obviously, Marcus had discussed this with my wife before this moment. Claudette removed all of her clothes down to her lacy black panties to lessen Shelly's youthful embarrassment. After a little petting, Shelly let Marcus pull her shorts off and finger her pussy thorough her virginal white satin panties. As he played with our daughter's pussy, she gasped and involuntarily spread her legs to give him better access. Shelly was still stroking his big stalk of muscle, having fun banging it up against my lips and periodically withdrawing it from my mouth with his precum oozing out of the tip of his penis to wipe it across my lips and cheeks. Then it was back in my mouth for another round of me licking and sucking away on the huge head of his intimidating big black cock. He paused for a moment, pulled his cock away from me and told me to look between Shelly's legs to get a peek at my young daughter's virgin cunt as he spread her tight pussy lips with the fingers of one hand. I could see deep inside her moist pussy. He commanded me to look at her lovely little titties too.

"Tim, did you know your little daughter has such a beautiful fuckable little pussy?" he asked.

As I stared, Shelly smirked at me, stuck her foot out and used it to stroke my penis in my pink panties. Obviously she was really enjoying teasing me throughout her perverted, incestuous sexual awakening.

My wife pushed my head aside and swung her leg over Marcus' lap. She positioned her pussy just above his erect cock. She looked back at me and said, "Bitch, put Marcus' big cock in your wife's tight, hungry cunt -- unused except for your tiny dickie."

I obeyed. I spread her pussy lips with one hand and ran his cock along her slit until she lowered herself onto his meat bit by bit. Shelly was watching everything intensely as Marcus continued to play with her pussy. Claudette was now pumping her pussy up and down on him, with her tits bouncing in Marcus' face. Both women were moaning and breathing heavily as Marcus pleased their little cunts, one by hand and the other by hot cock. After an exhilarating ride, Claudette took a break and wanted to cool down and then build up to a massive cum. She eased herself off Marcus, looked down at Shelly and asked her if she wanted a hymen-breaking spin on his cock. Shelly nodded and took her place on Marcus's lap. My wife told me to put Marcus's cock in my young daughter's virgin pussy. I had never touched Shelly there before, but that night I spread her cunt lips and placed Marcus's cockhead between them. She was wet and ready for a fucking. He took her virginity, being gentle with her. It took him about ten minutes to gradually penetrate her with his monster cock. She cried out in pain several times and then, her panting and moans changed to sounds of frenetic pleasure. In no time at all, she was humping away as she bounced up and down his big black cock like a seasoned whore. He leaned forward and nibbled at her hard little nipples making her even more animated and lustful. After thirty minutes of hard fucking, Marcus grabbed my daughter's ass in his big, black hands and tightly held her cunt all the way down on his throbbing cock as he filled her with a huge load of cum into her womb.

"I'm giving you my black baby! Now, thank me and tell me how much you want my black baby to swell you up, skinny bitch!" Shelly yelled and screamed in pleasure and assured him she wanted to be pregnant with his black baby! For a long time, she stayed on his lap as they kissed and caressed. All the while Claudette had such a satisfied look on her face, having successfully recruited our hot young daughter for her big black lover. She added that even though Marcus worked making rubbers, he never believed in using them himself because he wanted as many black little kids running around as possible. Marcus said he loves turning little girls like our daughter into slutty little whores who would make him lots of money!

Claudette said "Yes!" to everything he said and also hoped she too was already pregnant with one of his beautiful black babies.

Shortly after that night, Marcus and his fourteen-year-old son moved in with us. Of course, Marcus took over our marriage bed. I got to sleep in a sleeping bag at the foot of their bed. I could hear their lovemaking every night. Marcus would also fuck Shelly almost every night. Marcus started ass fucking me about twice a week just to keep me in my place. He'd pull aside the leg opening of my panties and do it in front of everyone. Every time he would lay me over the arm of the sofa in our den for a public fucking, I would swear to myself I was not going to enjoy it. And as time went on, he continued to have my wife and daughter feminize me more and more. Soon I was wearing full female attire not only in the house but most of the time when we went out too. Makeup, heels, perfume, and all the other feminine extras were my lot.

Now, on weekends, Marcus whores out both Claudette and Shelly, and they are making him a lot of money. He made me quit my job and work as a feminized sissy slave cleaning up after all these fuck fests. Many times for fun and to entertain the guests while they are in line for a fuck, Marcus has his son Antoine fuck me. Antoine really enjoys fucking me while calling me degrading names. He thoroughly gets off on debasing me, an older white man. They even let my mom in on our lifestyle. I couldn't believe it, but the night they brought her over, Marcus had it planned so as she entered I was on my knees giving Antoine a blowjob. Mom was confused as first, but after seeing Marcus' big cock, she understood why I was now a sissy faggot. She said she always feared for me because I was so woefully under endowed. Marcus gave her a free ride on his cock, and she was eternally grateful! It was her idea to fully fix me up like a maid for his little whorehouse, and she went out and bought me a frilly maids' outfit with the full apron, petticoats and little black dress.

As if all of this hasn't been bad enough, my wife told me she's going to have me suck off her father! She says he has a big cock, and I'll love it! She admitted he had molested her when she was a kid, and because of that she had always distanced herself from him, but since Marcus has made her into a whore, me into a bitch cuckold, and our daughter into a teenage sex maniac, she has taken a whole new look at sex and now realizes how great it really was with her dad when she was a kid. Recently, she had a heart-to-heart with her father and finally forgave him after all these years. She sealed the deal by letting him fuck her while grandma watched! But when the old man heard about how Shelly and I have changed, he told her he wants to fuck our daughter as soon as possible, plus he admitted to enjoying face fucking a fairy, so he wants me to be available whenever he needs a blowjob. And what's more, he wants me to start coming over every Thursday night to be a maid at the weekly poker game he has with his buddies, and he expects me to give all the guys blowjobs or whatever other kind of sissy sex they want!

Based upon "Wife and Daughter Taken" by Tim.  
Rewrite by P. Lacey

## Sissy Showcase

"Girls! Oh, girls! I know you're all excited about this month's showcase, but we're running late already, so please take your seats, and we'll get the show underway."

Every month, this little club of feminizing women puts on a Sissy Showcase. This fast growing group now has thirty-five members and most of them are in attendance tonight along with their panty boys. Since the club's inception, Mrs. Newcomb, the leader, has held the meetings in the basement of her home, which is outfitted with theater-style seating and a two-foot high stage, complete with plush pink velvet curtains. But the increasingly popular get-togethers are now threatening to outgrow her spacious basement rec room.

As the crowd of females quiets down, Mrs. Newcomb takes center stage and motions to two young ladies in the wings to bring out their sissies for the evening's competition. Each panty boy has his hands tied behind his back and each mistress pulls him onstage by a dog leash attached to a collar around his neck.

"Ladies, I'm sure you all know Mrs. Julie Stein and she is please to present her little sissy, Angela, formerly named Andy.

"And this, as you know, is Tiffany Blair. She brought along for your enjoyment her panty boy, Bobbie, formerly called Robert.

"Both femmy boys have met all of our entry requirements, completed our training program and are now certified as properly submissive. Let's make both of their mistresses feel welcome with a round of applause.

"On their behalf, I thank you.

"Backstage, our contestants looked highly excited and ready for action. They appear to be as hopelessly sissified as any contestants we have ever had. I saw Sissy Angela begging every woman and girl he saw if he could peek at her panties. And Bobbie! He tried to hump my leg; right on my new pure silk stockings, mind you! Both have had their sissy sticks locked in a cage for the required past seven days, so I think these panty boys are going to be spurting in no time flat.

"That reminds me, ladies, I'm sure many of your little sissies watching the action will be making a mess today so, as usual, boxes of Kleenex are strategically placed around the room so you can catch any spurts and dribbles. I know my own little sissy will have his panties wet in no time at all! For any of the new attendees to our Sissy Showcase, permit me introduce you to Georgina, sitting there on the end of the first row. He used to be my husband George, but now he's nothing but a cuckold and panty faggot. Jesse, standing guard at the door, is the real love of my life these days. His ten incher fills all my needs, so to speak.

"And sissyboys remember our tradition here: if you spurt, you have to eat your cum-filled Kleenex.

"Now then, our contestants have been rehearsing their sissies at home, and they're throbbing to go ... I mean cum ...whatever! So without any further ado, let the game begin!"

Poor little Andy is nervous as his mistress wife pulls him forward on the stage before the grinning crowd of females and their embarrassed panty boys with their skirts bunched up around their waists, each exposing a hard little penis tenting up his panties. Andy felt like he was dying with all the humiliation of the moment. He couldn't help but think about the things that had happened that brought him to this point.

When he first married Julie, he had no idea what kind of life he would be living. She is a successful lawyer and very domineering, but he had been brought up by a strong-willed mother, so he found her highly attractive. Andy is a true sissy. Very pretty and quite girlish, he's also very shy. He craves female love and attention; he needs to be told what to do at every moment. His little sissy mind is too well conditioned to ever oppose anything his mother or his beautiful young wife tells him to do. While they were dating, he did not know his future wife had told his mother all about this weird club and even brought her to several of the meetings to watch these women entertain each other by putting their sissy panty boys through their paces.

Julie had been training Andy almost since the day she met him less than a year ago. They have now been married for just three weeks. They had to wait until he turned seventeen, the legal age for a male to get married in this State. On their honeymoon, Andy was shocked when she told him about the club and announced he was going to be introduced to the club members at the next Sissy Showcase. Tonight is the night, and he did not argue when commanded to wear his prettiest virgin white panty and bra set under a sexy little girl dress for this contest.

To prepare him, all Julie told him was, "You'll be tested on your ability to obey and perform and probably humiliated more than you have ever been humiliated in your life."

Now he is on stage, being greeted by a cheering crowd with his mother sitting in the front row with her legs spread flashing him with her old-fashioned peach-colored rayon bloomers like the silky bloomer panties Bobbie had been trained on since he was a toddler. Julie now unties his hands and strips him of his red-and-white checkered little girl party dress and his mass of frothy cancan petticoats, leaving him standing in just his flat little white satin training bra and silky, lace panties. She reties his hands behind him, pulls him to the front of the stage by his dog leash and makes him slowly turn around, so the crowd can get a good look at his shameful lingerie from all angles. He trembles inside as the audience laughs and comments amongst themselves while pointing and staring at him. He shakes with shame and sissy little tears roll quietly down his rouged cheeks,

but he is also highly excited by what he sees -- a mass of strong females, sitting with their legs akimbo, blatantly flashing their colorful panties and wantonly shoving forward their tits spilling out of their fancy bras and low-cut dresses. To his right is a panel of four women sitting on stools teasing themselves through their panties. They are the judges, and they are getting themselves properly worked up to fully appreciate the sissy duel they are about to see. Andy has never seen so many powerful, male-stomping females at one time. His slender young body quivers. His trembling is noticeable, and Julie knows that means a sissy is supremely fearful and apprehensive, afraid of what he is going to be made to do before all these leering females and panting pantywaist sissy boys. Andy's tender pinkish white skin contrasts femininely with his bright white lacy bra and panty set. Because the basement is kept purposely cool, everyone can see the goose bumps covering the otherwise smooth skin of his arms and shoulders. He has no hair whatsoever on his body except for his head.

Bobbie, a young boy, is the other contestant. Tiffany, his mother, raised him to be a sissy from the day he was born. Now he's fifteen and ready to be fully indoctrinated into his mother's new club. Both boys are well matched. Both are cringing in fear and virginal in so many ways, but they have been warned that a lot of their virginity will be sacrificed on this night.

The boys are made to stand sideways to the audience, facing each other at marks on the stage about 20 inches apart. The first part of this three-part competition is a masturbation contest. Each boy has his cock cage removed and his panties lowered just far enough to expose his erect little cock, and each boy is given his mistress's freshly removed panties. The boys have to masturbate themselves with the panties as they aim their cocks at the other boy's face. The first boy to cum is the winner, and if they both cum at almost the same time, the one who shoots his cum closest to or directly into the open mouth of the other wins.

The boy to do best in the two-out-of-three-part contest is the winner. His mistress is rewarded with an induction into the group as a full member. The mistress of the losing boy remains an associate member and has to wait until another contest for her sissy boy to have a chance at winning a full membership for her.

The boys know they have to perform well tonight or risk punishments once they get home. Training has set these boys up for this contest. Club members believe a true sissy can spurt a sizable load even under the most shameful conditions because it is well known that a true sissy desperately needs humiliation. They need abuse and they need to be shamed. Indeed, they function at their best when being so treated.

Music begins to play over the loudspeakers and the contest begins. The giddy audience goes still and quiet. The slave collars are removed from each of the sissies and their hands are untied. Julie hands Andy her warm panties. He's thankful to be able to cover his piddling penis with them, and he can't



resist manipulating himself through them. He has long been addicted to masturbating into her panties. Then each mistress carefully arranges her panties around her young sissy's cock to expose just the cock head pointing toward each other's face an open mouth. Bobbie is mortified at the exposure and what is expected of him.

At the ding of a bell, the boys start; these boys are seasoned masturbators. Their hands are beating on their sissy sticks in a blur of motion, less than twenty seconds later, Andy is spurting his semen directly at Bobbie's face. As commanded, Bobbie has his mouth wide open, but none of the jism finds its target. The closest is a few drops that hit his chin. Seconds later, Bobbie begins spurting. His nasty boy juice does hit Andy's face, directly on his lips, but the frightened boy, closes his mouth at the last instant! So even though Andy came first by a few moments, Bobbie was declared the winner. Andy's homophobic reaction, closing his lips, disqualified him and cost him the win.

Score Bobbie 1, Andy 0.

The second part of the contest has both boys standing side-by-side and facing the audience as each mistress masturbates her boy. The winner is the one to shoot his jism the farthest. The women are allowed to manipulate their boy's penis in any way, but with panty slaves, of course, panties work best, so Julie and Tiffany bring out specially prepared (many days old) pairs of their panties to use to excite their boys. Unlike the first part of the contest, the object is not speed and accuracy, but distance, so the mistresses take their time building up each boy's excitement and pump him to produce a sizeable wad that will shoot as far as possible. An added feature is the six pantied sissies they recruited from the audience to catch the airborne sperm. These wide-eyed, humiliated and anxious sissies kneel on the floor in front of Andy and Bobbie, ready and waiting to vie with each other to catch the flying slugs of semen in their open mouths.

Just as this part of the contest is getting started, a number of moans and groans are heard from the audience. Jesse, who is there to keep order, approaches a number of the panty boys and warns them to keep quiet during the contest. One ten-year-old pansy, named Michelle, can't hold back his cries and disrupts what is happening onstage. He's not old enough to shoot cum yet and his penis is sore from his mother's rough handling of it through his panties. He writhes and moans in pain as well as pleasure. His mother can't wait for him to be able to shoot cum so she can become a full member. But Jesse doesn't give a shit. He's there to keep these sissies quiet. So he pulls out his giant black cock and shoves it into the little boy's open, moaning mouth. The boy, whose eyes had been closed as he wallowed in his ecstasy, now has his eyes bugging out. Everyone gathers around to watch the tiny kid with his mouth full of big black cock, his lips are straining around the monster, and tears wash down his puffed-out cheeks; he makes no sound as he cries and silently gags on the sweaty uncircumcised black cock. With a nod from Mrs. Newcomb, Jesse gets the green light to fill the boy's tummy with slimy hot cum. As he cums down the boy's

throat, Jesse sneers, "You fucking, pantywaist faggot. Don't lose a drop of my kingly juice or I'll flip you over and shove my meat up your asshole! Swallow every bit, you motherfucking pantywaist sissy! Swallow, bitch! I'm making you a full faggot now. Enjoy your first man load, you pantywaist faggot sissy!"

The boy struggles to swallow Jesse's hot slime as fast as it is shooting down his throat. As he finishes with a fit of coughing and gagging, everyone starts drifting back to his or her seat to sit down and wait for the show to continue.

Onstage, Julie and Tiffany are ready with their boys. At the bell, Tiffany takes Bobbie's baby-sized and perfectly hairless penis and wraps it in the folds of her recently worn panties, leaving just the tiny head of his penis peeking out with an unobstructed path for his soon-to-be shooting sperm. Bobbie is so frightened and ashamed that tears pour out of his eyes. Yet he knows he has to perform well for his mistress mother or he'll be in trouble when they get home. He's thankful his mother has wrapped her panties around his penis. He appreciates that they hide his embarrassingly small cock from everyone's view. He breathes heavily; Tiffany already has Bobbie 'in the panty zone.'

Tiffany's cool hands squeeze and fondle Bobbie's little dick and balls. It's a feeling that overwhelms him. Before this night, it has been a week since she allowed him to cum. He loves her touching him. He can't help responding. To be publicly panty masturbated is extremely humiliating, but he craves the sensation more than the embarrassment interferes with his concentration. His adorable tiny penis erects to its full 3 1/2 inch length, barely larger than his mother's thumb. As it grows, his foreskin recedes and his sissy pink cockhead reappears. Soon his excitement lubricates the tip of his little shaft. It gets very hard despite the shame of being on public display!

Andy is in full agitation too. The two mistresses have their boys highly engaged and bucking their hips and moaning with more pain than pleasure from being manipulated so aggressively and so soon after their first orgasm. The bra and panty clad boys appear to be lost to the world. With eyes half closed and mouths agape and breathing rapidly and heavily, the boys are teetering on the brink of ejaculating. Their mistresses know their boys and now is the crucial time to keep them on the edge of exploding for a good five minutes before letting them cum. That toying with the edge of supreme excitement is what makes for intense spurting that can spew semen quite a distance.

"NOW!" Tiffany hisses at her son. Bobbie knows it is time for him to let all his little sissy feelings go and prove to the judges that he truly is nothing but a whimpering little pantywaist sissy! He blindly gives himself up at his mother's command.

"Oh, yes, Mommie!" With a pressure-releasing scream, Bobbie shoots his wad. A watery glob of sissy jism flies high into the air. One sissy receiver follows the path of the descending globule, and with an athletic stretch sideways, catches it in his mouth. Just as the catcher acknowledges the audience's cheers,

a second splotch of jism hits him squarely between the eyes. He's startled for a moment, but then realizes what happened and with a sheepish smile laughs with the crowd.

Andy's mistress is taking more time to get him to where she wants him. All the while she's whispering into his ear.

"Come on, my little sissy husband, build up a big load for me. Show these other pantywaists what a silly little sissy you are. Show them how much you love to juice your panties. Think about me stroking your thimble-sized cock with my pretty panties. Do a good job for me sissy, and I'll let you spend the night in my bed with your head in a dirty pair of your mother's rayon bloomers while your mother and I lie next to you and get fucked by a couple of real men."

That kind of talk is too much for Andy, and he can't hold back any longer. His cum goes flying, shooting farther than Bobbie's spunk had gone. The last cum catcher in line, over sex feet away, is the embarrassed recipient of the nasty, smelly pent-up boy droplets. Julie immediately reacts to her victory by continuing to yank viscosly on her husband's cock, sending his second and third spasms flying almost as far as the first. All the open-mouthed candy ass boys compete for the flying seed. Andy moans in pain from the violent stroking his wife has given him and falls down squealing.

Score: Andy 1, Bobbie 1.

After a break for coffee and cake, the third part of the contest has the boys sucking each other off through their panties. A big overhead mirror is angled so the entire audience can appreciate the action. The boy who comes in the other boy's mouth the fastest is the winner. And just to make sure that there isn't any sandbagging and to make sure that the boys do their very best sucking, a judge stands behind each boy, and if the judges think a boy isn't trying to cum or isn't doing his best to bring the other boy off, the judge starts hitting the kid's pantied butt, that quells both a boy's ability to suck and ability to cum. The threat of being paddled makes these boys do their best. The idea of the game is to make the boys want to suck cock and want to cum in a boy's mouth. That's why the one to cum first is the winner and not the one doing the sucking.

Andy draws the first lot; he's down on his knees facing Bobbie. For Andy it's difficult to do this even though his mistress wife had told him what is to be expected of him, and she has had him in training with plastic cocks for several weeks. But he has never had homosexual contact with another boy, so he is terrified. Still, he is very sensitive to pain and dreads being paddled. He closes his eyes as his lips go around Bobbie's pencil dick, sucking on the kid through his silky panties and causing the little boy to start breathing heavily almost immediately. Andy looks up at the boy attached to the cock he is sucking.

The kid begins twisting and shaking. Andy finds it unbelievable that he is exciting another boy! Bobbie takes exactly six minutes

and twenty seconds to blow his wad into Andy's slurping mouth. Andy gags but doesn't get sick as he backs off and opens wide to show the judges the glistening slime in his mouth. Then he swallows his first load of boy juice while Bobbie moans with girlish glee, "Oh, Mommie, my sissy wee wee! Oh, Mommie, it feels so-o-o-o good! He's made me cum, Mommie!"

After a five-minute rest, Bobbie kneels before Andy and starts sucking on his competitor's dick through the older boy's white satin panties. Bobbie looks bug-eyed as he hears a buzzing sound. Julie is shoving a battery-operated dildo down the backside of Andy's panties, as she hisses, "Talk to me, sissy boy. Talk to everybody. Tell everybody what kind of a boy you are."

"Oh, honey," Andy moans to his wife, "my peenie feels so-o-o-o good, sweetie. Oh, I'm such a wimpy little sissyboy. Oh-h-h-h-h, my peenie, my boy pussy, oh-h-h! Oh, help me cum, mistress!"

Andy wants to please Julie. He looks right into the eyes of the audience. He can see many of the little sissy boys with their dicks out and furiously wanking them. He spreads his legs farther apart and begins to gasp in sexual ecstasy. The deep humiliation he is feeling makes his little cock stiffen up as his mistress wife works to bring him to a powerful climax.

"I like to wear panties and little sissy bras. I like to nurse on my mistress' breasts ... I like to ...." Andy is yelling out the words now. His cock is jacking up to an intensity he has never before experienced ... "I like to shoot for Mommie. I'm a Sissy, OH, PLEASE, I'M A BIG WIMPY Sissy CLIT CUNT BOY ... OH, HELP ME, MOMMIE!"

Like they did with Bobbie, many of the women and girls are calling out encouragement to Andy. "Cum, you little sissy. Cum, you fucking little pantywaist cocksucker!"

Julie had been snapping her husband's panty elastics, playing with the pink panties across his ass and tickling his anus with the vibrating dildo, but now she's shoving the greased, vibrating invader up her sissy husband's ass, causing him to become fully aroused despite having already cum twice. Andy is now shouting louder than Bobbie had, and his hips are jerking wildly in and out. His legs are spread wide apart, and Julie has the vibrator jacking in and out of his asshole. He isn't holding back. He can't. He wondered what is worse, purposely not winning the contest or willing himself to enjoy being sucked off by a fag panty boy just so he could win for his mistress wife. But the excitement the vibrator creates in his loins takes away his ability to make such a decision. He gives into the artificial dildo combined with the expert blowjob being done on him. He's ready to shoot his load in two minutes and seventeen seconds.

"Oh, my wee wee, Mommie. Oh, my wee wee! Oh, Mommy, your little sissy cunt-boy is ready. Mommie fuck me, fuck me! Mommie; my peenie's gonna' shoot, Mommie!"



"Now, Mommie! Your little pantywaist sissy boy is, ah, cummmmmminngggggggggggggggggggg!"

Andy wins 2 to 1!

As Andy's cock shot out his cum. Little Bobbie was ready and gobbled it down without blinking. He didn't even pause to show his mouth full of cum to the judges. Andy had won. There was no need to. It was the first time he ever had gay sex, but he wasn't angry. It had felt wonderful, and he even had good

feelings toward the little boy lapping up the last bits of cum still drooling through his panties. He felt sorry for the boy as Jesse took a chair on the stage. Jesse was naked with a huge erection pointing toward the ceiling. It was officially announced, that Bobbie, the loser, was about to be given a ride on Jesse's monster cock. One of the judges was already advancing towards him with a glob of K-Y jelly. Bobbie began to whimper and CRY!

Rewrite by Princess Lacey



## A Brief Story

I was very young, so I don't remember much about my initiation into girls' clothes, but I've seen so many pictures and heard the stories so many times that it seems like I can remember it.

My dad was nowhere around, so I grew up with just my Mom and two sisters, who are eight and ten years older than I am. I was the caboose. We were visiting with my aunt on her farm over a period of time that included my 5th birthday. My aunt has two daughters, who are younger than my sisters but older than I am. They didn't have a dad in their family either. As it happened, in the hurry for us to leave town, none of my clothes had been packed, so I ended up wearing my cousin's cast off panties, jeans and blouses. I don't think I noticed much difference from my boys' clothes, but the many pictures I have of those days show me dressed up in their hand-me-downs, appearing happy and relaxed with my sisters and girl cousins. I even have one photo of me in a little girls' Barbie nightie playing with their Barbie dolls.

My epiphany came the day Mom wanted to go into town to buy me some clothes to have me dress up nicely for my birthday, but

my aunt wouldn't hear of it. She said they had plenty of clothes and surely could find me something nice to wear. I remember a little bit of that day. They were all having a great time dressing me up in various blouse and slacks combinations when one of my cousins brought out a little girls' party dress with a rustling full slip and white rhumba-style lace panties and said I should wear it for my birthday. They all laughed but just for fun put me in the dress anyway. I enjoyed the attention, so I didn't protest. Mom took pictures, and I still have those pictures to show for it. They all agreed I should wear it for my birthday.

The next day was Sunday, the day before my birthday. They put me into a blue jersey dress for church, and I wore it for the rest of the day. From the pictures, it seems I spent most of the next two weeks in dresses until it was time for us to go back home. Mom let me keep on the dress and panties but said I couldn't dress like that at home because our neighbors wouldn't understand. Then on my sister's birthday, my sisters and I wanted me to dress up again, and finally mother said OK. So my sisters dug through boxes of old clothes and soon I was in a dress and panties once again. I remember my sister Kate stroking my tummy and butt through the silky slip and panties before putting makeup on me and rollers in my hair. I thought it was great pretending to be her sister. I then realized how much

I missed wearing the pretty clothes and acting like a girl.

After that I wondered when I would be able to get dressed up again, but no one initiated it, so I started sneaking panties out of my sisters' dresser drawers or their dirty panties out of the laundry and wearing them under my boys' clothes. Mom knew, but didn't tell me not to wear them. One time our cousins visited and they hugged me and asked why I wasn't the nice little girl I used to be. They asked Mom if they could turn me into a girl again and pretty soon I was fully dressed in girls' clothes for the weekend. Life continued with me dressing on and off for years on occasions like Halloween or when we visited our cousins or they visited us. Holidays and birthdays were occasions to feminize me, and as I became older everyone realized this had to be a family secret.

At twelve, I began having wet dreams, cumming in my panties frequently during the night. Mom got some diapers and rubber panties and put me in them, but that



didn't last long. She gave me the birds and the bees talk and suggested I milk myself whenever I felt the need rather than messing up my bed. At the time, I was dressed in panties, nylons, a slip, bra and dress. Mom took me over to my mirror and suggested I admire myself in all my pretty clothes while I rubbed my penis through my silky slip and panties. I fumbled about, not knowing quite what to do, so she reached down and rubbed my cock through the panties. When I got an erection, it embarrassed and rattled me. She whispered sweetly to me, telling me how pretty I was as a girl and how I was like another daughter to her as she kept teasing me and telling me how exciting the silky smooth clothes must feel on my body. I clearly remember her thumb and one finger with red nails gently stroking me through the pale green panties, telling me, "Just relax and let it go."

"Let what go?" I said, wondering what she meant.

---

## Halloween Forever

When I was a young boy, I always wanted to dress up as a girl at Halloween. My father wouldn't allow it and called me a "sissy" for wanting to do it.

The year I turned twelve, though, my dad was out of town over the Halloween weekend, and I asked my mother if I could dress up like a pretty girl. She thought it was a fine idea and was anxious to help me.

With my youthful, boyish face, there wasn't need for much makeup. Just a dab of rouge on each cheek and a smear of bright red lipstick, and I looked like a perfect little girl. I got into a pair of my mother's old high heels, and I walked with a wiggle like the glamour girls I had observed enviously on television.

My mother got a big kick out of it, and I remember dressing in her clothes being so much fun! She let me try on some of the nicest things in her closet. Having become a proper housewife, she was no longer interested in fancy clothes, like the elegant ballgown she had worn to a costume party when she was a slim and sexy newlywed. To our amazement, once she had tucked it in here and sewn it up there, it fit me just fine. The floor-length full petticoats I wore underneath drove me crazy with all the ticklish sensations they gave me as they slid back and forth over my panties, waist-cincher garter belt and long silk stockings.

"Why, you look even prettier in it than I did," Mom joked with me, as she put a blonde wig on me with the hair fashioned into a long braid. She made me pose as she snapped some photos.

It was great being outside in a dress and going from door to door trick-or-treating, and it was so exciting fooling people and having them think I was "such a pretty little girl," which is what almost all of them said when they saw me.

Mom giggled and said, "Let you boy juice go. Now you're my lovely little girlie girl in your panties and nylons."

A sensation swept over me at those words, and I wondered if I were going to faint. My penis jerked and spewed as Mom kept firmly stroking me faster and faster with one hand while massaging my balls through my panties with her other hand.

After that, Mom milked me every month continuously for four days in a row. She called it my period. I was always dressed completely like a girl with full makeup for this treatment. And now, for me, dressing up and cumming are forever and inextricably linked together.

By Hhaus  
Rewrite by Princess Lacey

One old woman didn't answer her door when I came around, but I knew she was in there because her lights were on, and when she heard me knocking, the volume on her television went down. I guessed she had turned it down to make me think no one was home. I knew she was an old bitch, and I wanted to give her a good scare, so I started kicking at her door. I didn't time it well, though. The old buzzard came running after me from around the back of her house with a stick in her hand.

Grabbing me by the scruff of my neck from behind she screamed, "Hey, stop bothering me, ya little bitch!" She surprised me with her strength as she held me and started beating on my butt with that stick until I was crying and begging her to let me go. Although the incident upset me, I was secretly pleased I had fooled her into thinking I really was a girl.

However, some real girls were not as easily fooled when they saw me walking down the street somewhat shaken up just after being paddled by the old witch. They looked closer and started pointing at me and laughing because they recognized me.

One of them said, "Is that you, Norman?"

"No," said another. "That's not Norman. That's Norma!"

They laughed and laughed, and from that day on, I was called Norma by some of the kids at school. Even some of the boys started calling me that. Apparently, the girls had told them about seeing me dressed up that way.

When I got home from trick-or-treating, I was upset from the teasing and from knowing that those girls were going to expose me to the whole neighborhood. I ran up to my bedroom, slammed the door behind me, and fell down on the bed. But the door was soon thrust open. My dad had unexpectedly arrived back home, had seen me run in the house and he was mad as hell. Mom came in to restrain him from attacking me, but he



was impossible to control and screaming his head off.

"I come home and find you in a fucking dress! How dare you insult me, ya dumb shit, you pussy! Dressing up like a pansy girl!"

To emphasize his words, he pulled up the lacy hem of the dress to spank me and exposed what I had on underneath. As mom cried for him to stop, he yelled, "Oh, my gosh! He's got fucking lace panties on too!"

He began spanking me on my panties. He really was hitting me hard, and I was crying uncontrollably. The bizarre scene rocked me emotionally. I hated what was happening, but I felt my cock harden beneath the ruffles of my panties. Dad froze looking down at my hardness. He showed his disgust with me by kicking me in the groin. His heavy booted foot hit me directly on my cock and balls. I yelled in agony and rolled on the floor in pain.

Mom threw him out of the house that night and they got divorced a few months later. But the kick he gave me symbolically killed my manhood, and I knew I'd never be a man, but then I hated the idea of growing up to be a man like him, anyway. And with the kids starting to call me "sissy" and "Norma," I knew I'd never have any friends, so I gave into my craving and dedicated myself to a life as a full-time sissy.

Adapted from "Transvestism - Forced To Be She-Males" #01071-P







### He Loved Being Her Daughter

“You see, dear,” his mother began, “my Michelle has always been a rare and splendid person. When his brothers were running wild in the streets, growing up as dirty ruffians, he was just a perfect angel, and my only comfort after his father died.

“After school, instead of playing with his brothers and the nasty boys in the neighborhood, he would come home directly to me, his momma, and I would fix him a luxurious bubble bath. Oh, he loved that. Didn’t you, dear?”

“Oh, yes, mother! I loved soaking in the tub covered with the perfumed bubbles as you played with my penis under the water and excited me. After my bath, you’d lovingly kiss my boy pussy and then powder me all over with scented bath powder, so I’d be all fresh and lovely.”

Right from the beginning, she treated him like a girl. She always wanted a girl. He was the youngest of her four sons. It didn’t seem like she’d ever have a daughter, and when her husband

died, she was sure of it. Although he had been christened Michael even as a baby she called him Michelle and dressed him in pink. At first, she dressed him just in sissified boys’ clothes, but she started dressing him in dresses and complete girls’ outfits after her husband died. The neighbors gossiped but didn’t harass her about it – giving her space since she was grieving over her deceased husband.

While, his brothers were out playing ball, he would be home playing with dolls and chatting with his mom about fashions, cooking, and other typically female things.

“Of course, I knew the world out there is a cruel one,” his mother said. “People have no use for a boy who is superior, a boy who is as soft and as sweet as any girl with delicate sensibilities and feelings.

“That was why I told Michelle he must stay away from bullies. I bought all of his underthings, and of course, and I bought them in the girls’ section of the store. Once he was out of diapers, I began supplying him with soft nylon panties to wear under his boys’ clothes. He loved them. I could tell because his penis was always getting hard in his panties. They were usually pink with delicate flowers, lace and ribbons on the clinging silk or nylon satin panties he loved.

“When he reached high school age, he was picking out his own underthings, and he had a preference for nylon satin.”

“It feels so good on me,” he said. “Why anyone would settle for anything less is beyond me. Even if you can’t see them from the outside, from the inside, silky satin lingerie can certainly be felt, and it influences everything you do.”

“Of course,” his mother added, “when it came to gym classes where Michelle would have to undress and expose his superior dressing habits, I couldn’t have him terrorized about it, so I had our doctor write a note to excuse him for medical reasons.”

Michael explained he had a special relationship with his mother. They would pamper each other, and do things like taking turns sewing bits on each other’s lingerie or taking turns playing maid to each other. For example, one day, Michael, or Michelle as she called him, would be the maid. He’d come home from school and draw his mother a bubble bath. While she bathed, he’d prepare dinner, and then return to perfume her naked body after he had dried it with a bath towel. He’d tongue her pussy until she shook with delight, and then dress her in something pretty, so she would feel feminine and alluring, even without a husband.

She never was, she explained, all that excited about engaging in missionary-style sex anyway. She did love the excitement of the buildup and the intimacy she received from her pussy-licking sissy son, and that was enough for her.

On other days, she would be his maid, fixing a bubble bath for him, mouthing his penis, drying him off with a fluffy towel



and then perfuming and powdering him. She would then dress him in fancy girls' things, and he would be completely happy.

His mother took some snapshots out of her purse. She showed them to me with all the pride of a mother excitedly showing pictures of her beautiful young daughter!

"This is Michelle going to tea with the little girls in the neighborhood. Here's a picture of him when he was very young with a birthday gift in his hand. He was attending a birthday party for one of his little girlfriends. And this last picture is one of my favorites. It was Christmas and he's wearing a purple velvet holiday dress and opening up some of his girlie presents. My little Michelle is the prettiest girl for miles around. Look at that darling face and those cute legs! Look at the way he's so comfortable in a dress and pretty clothes. Look at his magnificent full head of lovely blonde hair. It's styled like that so he can go out as either a boy or a girl. Of course, if I had my way, I'd have him as a girl all the time!" She would go on and on at great length, praising her Michelle's remarkable beauty.

01071-P Transvestism - Forced to be She-Males





## Happily Married

I'm thirty-three years old and happily married to a woman who is in the process of accepting my love of lingerie, which started when I was twelve. My fetish began the moment I first put on my mother's soft panties and a lacy full slip. The brief-style panties were silky and pale blue satin. The slip had a lovely lacy trim. After I put them on, I became so excited I had to move my hips in the open air. I got hard and came for the first time in my life. It was great. I was very ashamed of myself but unable to control myself from doing it again and again. I was hooked for life. The routine I perfected in my teenage years is still the way I jack off today and begins with my wearing a silky full slip and lacy panties for a while and then dry humping a pillow through both layers of nylon until I cum all over the inside of the panties. I know my mom knew what I was doing but never said anything to me. I tried to stop doing it in my 20s when I got married, but I'd keep getting the urge and couldn't stop myself. Finally, I told my wife about my fetish and how I loved to cream myself in my girly panties.

My wife was shocked at first and had a difficult time dealing with it. I couldn't stop jacking off in my pretty panties, and I lied to my wife about it, but she knew better, and it almost cost us our marriage. After a few rough years, I stopped lying to her about it, and she is making an effort to understand me and is accepting it more and more.

She wanted to see me do it, so I wore a fancy slip and panties for her, and for the first time in my life, I let someone watch me as I dry humped a pillow.

It was exciting for me but very embarrassing at the same time.

