

# Pussy Boy Pages

Reader's Stories & Pics

**Volume 21**

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*Wanked me into sissyhood.*

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***Panties Review #2***

*Student nurses tell how they  
get boys to wear panties!*

***And 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"

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At this Japanese school, they punish naughty boys by making them wear a schoolgirl uniform, and as in this photo, this boy is not too happy going to school in a girls' outfit with his kid sister.



## **Trained and Then Abandoned**

One day my wife admitted she loved to fantasize about watching me give a guy a blowjob. It wasn't long after that she purchased a vibrator for herself and an 8" dildo for me from one of those sex aid ads in a women's magazine. She also bought some panties in a large size. She showed me the things she bought and then had me to put on a pair of the new panties. I had fairly long hair, so she fixed it in a feminine style and even sprayed perfume on me before beating my pink pantied ass with a paddle while telling me things like what a lousy cocksucker I was and making me promise to do a better job next time and to deep throat the guy's cock and then swallow his whole load. Of course, this was all fantasy play. I'm not gay, but I went along with

her because I knew it so excited her.

Then she had me take the dildo and suck on it while she played with her vibrator. Periodically, I took a break from deep throating the plastic cock, and she'd shove it deep into her pussy and make me lick her clit. She'd work the vibrator around the outside of her pussy and periodically slip it into my mouth. She finally pulled the dildo out of her twat and ordered me to suck it clean, which I did. She had the most fantastic orgasm.

We played this game for a while, and then she started making me wear the panties more and more, even under my clothes when we went out and eventually even under my suit when I went to work. And around the house, she made me go around in just my panties, sometimes with a garter belt and nylons and a bra or a slip too, and she made me constantly walk around with an erection. I had to constantly tease myself to maintain a hard-on in her presence, a sign of respect for her, she said.

Then she bought a larger dildo for us to use. And she started to fuck me in my ass with it and then make me suck it! Then the nipple clamps came into play. So one day I came in from work, she made me strip down to my panties (that I was wearing 24/7 by then), and then fixed my hair and beat my ass.

After a knock on the door, she allowed two young strangers in. As soon as they came in, they laughed at me in the panties and stripped off their clothes. I asked my wife what was going on, and she reminded me of the many times I told her I loved her and would do anything she asked.

“Well, I wanna see you get fucked at both ends, so get down on all fours, you panty-wearing faggot; these are here to do it.”

I was protesting all the way, but I also let her guide me down on all fours on top of the coffee table. One guy shoved his cock in my face, and the other guy was having a lot of fun feeling me up through my panties, alternately stroking and pinching my dick through the panties. Eventually, the first guy shoved his cock between my lips, and the other guy eased aside my panty leg elastic and pushed his cock up to my asshole.

My wife was hovering over us and acting like a movie director calling the action, telling me how best to suck that cock and telling the guy raping my ass not to be gentle with me! Once the action was going to her satisfaction, she sat in her reclining chair teasing herself through her panties with her vibrator, only stopping for a moment here and there to pinch the shit out of my nipples or my cock and balls or to tell me things like “Suck it, bitch.” “Oh, yeah, you love sucking cock, don't you, ya little faggot?” “Suck it, you little pansy cocksucker!”

After both guys had fucked me to completion, I became really embarrassed realizing I had cum in my panties from the cock reaming my asshole and pressing up against by prostrate.

My wife yanked me up by my hair and made me to stand in the corner facing the wall in just my panties. All I could hear was the grunts and moans of sex play, sloshing of cocks and pussy, and the slurping of cocks and mouth. I stayed in the corner and every now and then I'd look over at



them without getting caught. After about two hours of this she was finally finished. I was ordered to lick their cocks clean and dress them.

After they left, she told me to jerk off as I thought about what had just happened. She loved watching me tickle my penis in my panties until I blew my cum. With a big grin on her face, she stretched out on her recliner and went to sleep. We did that scene twice more, the last time it was with six guys at once.

Then for whatever reason out of the blue she left me. She now lives in a trailer on her parents' property and won't talk to me. When I went there one day to try to convince her to come back, right in front of her parents and her ten-year-old sister, she asked me if I had my pink panties on. I nodded that I did. She made me take down my pants and show her parents and sister and then called me a worthless panty-wearing sissy cocksucker.

Her sister was all eyes, and she told her she could get a close-up look at my panties and even touch my dick if she wanted. That little minx came right over to me with her face just inches away from my panties. She was so close, I could feel her exhale on my panties. My cock got hard and she grabbed it through my panties and jerked on it wildly. I tried to back away and tried not to cum, but the little whore had me spurting in my panties in seconds! I had never shot my load so fast in my entire life. Her mother said I wasn't a man but a freak, and her dad said if I hung around there more than ten minutes, he'd fuck me in the ass because I had a better looking ass than his fat assed wife.

They threw me out of the trailer, laughing at me as I struggled to get away while desperately trying to pull my trousers back up over my cum-drenched panties. This is a true story.

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## **My Babysitter Wanked Me into Sissyhood**

When I was five years old, my baby-sitter put me into a pair of silky panties she had brought from her home. They belonged to her little sister and my baby-sitter wanted to see how I would look in them. The silky panties made my little cock hard and she played with it and made it ache. After that, almost every time she came over to baby-sit me, she'd play that little game after my parents were gone. And she started bringing over more clothes like little dresses and slips and shoes, but she always ended up tickling my penis in my silky panties until she had me going crazy with pleasure and begging her to stop because I couldn't take it anymore! I remember it very well. About two years later, for some reason, Mom started using a new baby-sitter for me.

My old baby-sitter was friends with the two teenage girls who lived next door to our house. And when I was eight years old, she told them how she use to play with me and the three of them began to 'kidnap' me whenever they saw me out playing, and then they'd take me to their bedroom to force me into their bras, slips and panties and play with my hard-on. At first I really was frightened and resisted them, but I really got to like it and didn't fight them off. At that point,

they became bored with the game and stopped doing it. I guess it wasn't fun for them anymore once I started to like what they did to me, but I was hooked and looked for opportunities to see panties and other lingerie, steal them from clotheslines, and peek under girls' skirts.

By the time I was in junior high school, I was pretty effeminate and didn't care what people thought of me and didn't mind it when they called me a sissy. I just didn't like being beaten up and physically abused by nasty boys. Then a dominant little girl named Cathy approached me and told me how much I looked like her girlfriend who was in high school. She kept asking me to come to her house and meet her friend.

She would tell me I was a sweet girl or say how cute I was and would delight in my embarrassment. I finally agreed to go home with her. As soon as we were in her room at home she demanded that I dress up in some of her clothes so she could see how much I looked like her girlfriend. I told her I was a boy and too embarrassed to do it (even though I was dying to do it!), but she told me I was a sissy so it didn't make any difference. She talked me into it and put panties, a bra, a half slip and a light green party dress on me and then made me up with her mother's makeup.

She called her girlfriend who came over. I was stunned at how feminine I looked when they put me in front of a mirror. They said I looked like the girl. I didn't think I looked like her, but I did think I looked like a real girl, and I did think I was much prettier than both those girls! The girls made me into one of their regular playmates but always made me dress up in girls' clothes whenever we all could get away with it. Sometimes they would make me masturbate for them or they would take turns pulling aside their panties and having me lick them their bald little pussies.

We became the closest of girlfriends. At times we'd sneak out of the house with me dressed up in girls' clothes and no one ever guessed I was a boy even though several times we ran into other people who knew me as a boy! That was a great high, both thrilling and scary to be around people I knew without being caught. We even came home late one day and her mother was already home from work and she thought I was just another girl.

Our relationship lasted for three years until my dad got transferred and my family moved away, but I never forgot those beautiful girls who taught me the fun of dressing like a girl. I wasn't able to find anyone else like them and led the straight life and became married. I would wear my wife's clothes when she was away, but she came home unexpectedly one day and caught me. She couldn't understand, so our marriage ended in divorce.

I have since been married twice more and still dress up. My present wife knows about my past and accepts my dressing up to a point. She tells me to do my girlie thing when she's going to be out for the day shopping or with her girlfriends.

However, she does let me wear panties under my clothes and lets me wear panties and a babydoll to bed. She buys me new panties for my birthday and Christmas and keeps all the panties I soil perfectly laundered and fresh. She even irons my panties! Most of our sex life is mutual masturbation in bed, touching each other through our panties while she tells me stories about girls capturing boys and forcing them to dress up and masturbate through their panties. She's

very creative, so the stories she makes up are sensational, and she loves to make me squirm as I try to hold off as long as possible from spurting in my panties.

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## Sissy Learns from an Old Fag

I lived with my aunt and she was quite dominant. I loved that about her and envied her. Conversely I was a weak little nelly. The kids had been called me a sissy for as long as I can remember. When my balls dropped and I became sexually active, I liked to imitate females and got excited seeing naked boys. I liked to steal my aunt's panties and wear them to school and when I went outside. I liked to wear her perfume too.

I knew she knew all about it, but she just thought it was funny. A lot of times she would put a couple of pairs of panties in my drawer in my size. I suppose she did it so I'd stop taking hers! But we never talked about it. I wore the panties; she would launder them and place them back in my dresser.

When I wore the panties, I didn't care if anyone saw me in the panties; the kids couldn't tease me any more or make any more trouble for me than they already did. Whenever I'd get real sexy feeling, I'd go to the park near my house and let people see my panties sticking either above the waistband of my trousers, or out from under the leg of my short shorts. I wanted people to humiliate me.

I heard stories about old gay guys hanging around the park, and I noticed them more and more. It thrilled me when one of them would notice my panties and sit down next to me and try to start up a conversation. They'd start talking about sex things, and I'd get nervous, not because I wasn't interested, but I just didn't know a lot about sex, especially gay sex. Sure I heard about blowjobs and being fucked in the ass, but I had a hard time imagining it.

We talked about the weather for a moment, and then he reached out tugged at the lace peeking out from beneath the leg of my shorts and said, "Hey, great panties ya got on, little sissy."

"Thanks, do you like them?"

He put his hand on my thigh and began to rub up close to my crotch. I liked this guy, and I didn't stop him when he flicked open the zipper in the front of my shorts and began to rub my tummy through my panties.

"Hey, so you have perfume on? You smell like a pussy girl."

"I am a girl, a girl with a penis, is that OK?"

"In my mind, that's the best kind of girl," he said with a laugh as he reached down deep into my shorts and rubbed my penis through my panties.

I told him I liked what he was doing, but I was a little afraid because I didn't know about sex and didn't know what I was supposed to do. He said he'd gladly teach me and made arrangements to meet me in the park on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons, and we'd talk, and then if and when I

felt comfortable about it, he'd actually show me all about sex.

After we met three times, I said to him, "Do you want to rub my penis? I'm really hot!"

He laughed like hell and said, "Well, I'm hot as hell too."

"Hey, there's an abandoned house around that corner, do you want to go there with me? I can treat you like a real little girl there, play with your panties, play with your girlie penis, even suck on it if you want me to like I told you about. And you can play with my big cock too; I'd love to see a little girlie boy like you swinging from the end of my cock."

I zipped up my shorts and let him lead the way!

Soon we were meeting three times a week (and I wanted more!), and we were meeting at his house. He was married! And he would let me dress up in his wife's lingerie and her wig with makeup and everything while she was at work! Then he would take pictures of me. He told me he never had sex with his wife anymore and jacked off to my pictures when we couldn't be together!

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# My First Date

By Billie

My first experience in panties happened while I was in high school at a time when I was shy and without any experience around girls, so it was extremely difficult for me to get up the nerve to ask a girl out. I was completely taken by a girl named Donna, and she knew I was attracted to her, but I was only able to ask her for a date after she teased me as she wondered if I was ever going to ask her out.

Over the next few weeks, we dated and she taught me how to kiss and hold hands and all the things involved in a first romance. I was always trying to go further than I should and she constantly told me to behave myself. When I tried to slip my hand up her skirt, she'd slap it, but being young and extremely horny, I'd soon try again.

One night while we were parked in our favorite making out place, an orange grove, I tried again. She stopped me but instead of slapping me, she asked me what I'd be willing to do if she let me touch her panties. Well without hesitation I volunteered to do anything she asked. She made me promise several times that I would do whatever she asked and each time I promised. First I had to take off my pants and underwear, well this sounded all right to me so I agreed and off they came. She then told me to close my eyes and keep them closed, so of course I did. After a little bit she started to fumble with my feet, I started to say something and she told me to shut up and relax. She began to pull up my legs what I thought was my underwear, but I did feel they were smoother and felt nicer. She had me lift up to finish pulling them up and then told me to open my eyes.

I looked down and saw I was wearing a beautiful lacy pair of pink panties, I protested but Donna slapped my cheek and reminded me that I said I would do anything she asked, so I calmed down even though I was embarrassed to be wearing girls' panties. She told me to put my pants on, which I did, but not before I asked for my underwear back to which she answered I wouldn't need them anymore. I disregarded the significance of what she said and anxiously went back to pursuing my prize, so I moved over and started putting my hand up her skirt. She slapped my hand away. I asked why she wasn't going to follow through with what she had promised me.

She laughed and said, "Sissy you are touching my panties. YOU'RE WEARING THEM!"

I protested, but she insisted she had lived up to her end of the bargain. When I took her home, I was still wearing those panties under my trousers. And when I dropped her off, she told me that whenever we went out she wanted me wearing panties. On our next date, the first thing she did was reach down into my pants. She discovered I wasn't wearing the panties and immediately sent me home. I tried calling her several times over the next week, but she just kept hanging up on me the moment she heard my voice.

Finally, she did take my call, and the first thing she asked was if I was wearing her panties, I told her I wasn't. She told me to go put them on and then call her back. I did and then she agreed to another date. That night she gave me a bag of four pairs of frilly nylon panties in assorted colors and told me to wear a pair every time I wanted to talk to her, see her or go out on a date with her. She said that if we saw each other on the street and I wasn't wearing panties, she warned me not to even attempt to talk to her.

Soon after, I was greatly disheartened when I discovered she was dating other guys in addition to me -- and big masculine guys into sports -- you know the type. I asked her if she was making them wear panties too, and she said, "Of course, NOT! The other guys I date are real men. You're my sissy, and I only need one sissy boy to be my plaything."

And that's how it went over the next year as we dated until her family moved out of town. After she left, I soon found I missed the sensation of wearing silky panties, and I shocked myself as I began wearing them from time to time completely on my own. I began wearing them more and more until I was wearing them almost constantly by the time I went off to college. I still love wearing panties every day, but it's not quite the same as being made to wear them by a beautiful and domineering girl.

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# Panties Review

*The newsletter for girls who love to see boys in girls' panties!*

**Issue 2**

**January 1999**

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## Girls tell us how they like to get a Boy into Panties!

### First Experiences

**Wendy:** I like to physically force a boy into panties. There is no greater thrill than to overpower a boy by sheer physical strength and then underline your superiority by undressing him and putting him into a frilly pair of girls' panties. The more they struggle, the better I like it! I love it when they plead with me not to dress them in panties, and I love the look of horror on their faces when they realize I'm slipping silky panties up their kicking legs.

**Helen:** I like to tempt boys into my panties and then blackmail them so that they have to wear panties whenever I order them to!

**Mary:** I like to encourage my girlfriends at school to get their brothers into their panties. I love the feeling of power knowing they're wearing their sister's panties under their trousers!

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**Wendy:** My younger brother used to be a complete pain. We used to have fights when he wouldn't do as I wanted, and I would have to drag him over my knee and spank him until he cried and agreed to my demands. Eventually, I progressed to yanking down his pants and smacking his bare bum. One day, I was doing this when I saw a pair of my pink nylon panties on top of a stack of fresh laundry waiting to be put away. I realized it was an opportunity to show him I was the boss! Holding him across my knees with my left arm, I pulled off his shoes, socks and pants with my right arm. Before he realized what I was doing, I had grabbed my pink panties and slipped them over his feet! Slowly I eased them up his kicking legs.



“What are you doing?” he cried in horror.

“I'm going to make you wear my pink panties!” I replied. I was getting more and more excited as I pulled them up until finally the elastic was around his waist. His bum looked cute in pink panties! Then I began to spank him and suddenly realized his cock was getting stiff in my panties!

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## **I dressed my brother in my panties!**

“You dirty little boy,” I shouted, as I slipped my left hand under his body, and began to play with his cock through the silky material. His struggles became weaker and finally I felt his cock throbbing as he came in my panties! I threatened to tell Mummy I had caught him wanking in my panties, and I made him wash the panties he had soiled. The next time he was naughty he knew what was coming when I came out of my room holding a pair of my pink panties and forced him over my knee.

**“Please, Wendy,” he begged, “please don't put your panties on me again.”**

**“But I think my little brother likes wearing his big sister's pretty panties!” I mocked as I mercilessly stripped his pants off and threaded this pair of panties, my frilliest pink panties, over his legs. This time he became stiff as soon as his cock was in the panties, and once again I fondled his cock as I spanked him. Later I realized he was being deliberately naughty to get me to punish him with a spanking and a wank while being forced to wear my panties, so I added a new twist. After spanking him through my panties, I made him stand up and gave him an enema as I masturbated him through the panties! He shot a huge surge of spunk that went flying right through the thin nylon panties and landed three feet away on my dress I had just taken off so I could administer his spanking! That angered me, so I made him keep on the spermed-up panties and then made him wear my dress too with his ribbons of nasty slime streaked all over it! Furthermore, I forced him to hold in the enema until he was on the floor squirming to retain it and screaming in pain from the cramps.**

**When mother saw him and wondered what he was doing in my dress and rolling around on the floor moaning, I made him explain as he gasped for breath and strained not to soil himself. Mother laughed at him and called him a perverted little boy. We both helped him to the toilet and pulled up his dress and pulled down his panties and finally let him expel the enema churning in his guts. We then watched over him as we made him wash himself up and then wash out of the panties and dress.**

**Then Mother decreed he was a disgrace to the family and said he was to wear old pairs of my panties from then on since nylon panties so excited him. Now, whenever she is so moved, she makes him take down his trousers and show her friends and sometimes even store clerks and strangers that he is wearing my panties, and half the time, those panties have sperm stains all over the front! Boy, do mother's friends ever laugh when they see that! And I know for a fact Mother is not beyond demanding he perform an act of self-abuse for her closest friends for their entertainment as she demonstrates how excited he gets in nylon panties and just how ridiculous he looks jerking around pumping on himself until he floods the panties with his smelly jism. Some of the ladies even bring their young sons and daughters around on such occasions. Invariably, the little girls laugh and find it highly fascinating, and the little boys are shocked and shamed for whatever reasons. Some of the mothers and girls tease the boys and try to entice them into panties too, and mother said in her last letter to me that they have had some exciting successes in pantying boys and promised to give me some demonstrations on my next visit home.**

**\* \* \* \* \***

**Helen: I used to live in a foster home with four other kids, another girl and three boys. When I suspected one of the boys had been tampering with my lingerie, I drilled a small**



spy hole from the room I shared with the other girl to the boys' room, and I began deliberately leaving my nicest panties on the top of our stacks of freshly ironed clothes in the laundry room and then neglected to pick up my clothes for the longest time. One evening, I noticed a pair of my panties missing, and one of the boys, Jerry was his name, had gone to his room instead of joining us for television time. I went to my bedroom and I spied on him. He had the missing pair of my nylon panties and was closely examining them. Then, to my delight, he held them in front of his trousers and looked in the mirror.

“Go on,” I willed, “put my panties on!”

He was obviously battling with himself, but eventually he took down his trousers and pants and stepped into my lacy panties. He slowly pulled them up, and as soon as they got up around his waist, his cock erected. He moaned and the front of my panties darkened as he almost instantly shot a load of his spunk. When he came out of the bathroom, he tried to carry on as usual.

Then next day, I saw the panties added back to my stack of clean clothes. They had obviously been hand washed before being returned, and it was a poor job of washing. The panties still had a light stain and some stiffness in front.

Next, when the boys were all out, I stuffed wadded up paper into the socket of the lock on their bedroom door, so I could force my way in even if the door was locked.

Once again I left three pairs of my prettiest panties on my stack in the laundry room and waited. Except for our foster father who was busy out in the garage, I was in the house alone. Then Jerry came home, and when I saw him go into the laundry room, I retired to my room to spy on him. He came in with a pair of my pink panties and immediately began playing with them, my sexiest panties, pink nylon panties with very frilly leg holes. I knew he couldn't resist them, and then he started to take off his clothes, obviously in preparation of putting on my panties, but I was shocked to see riding above the top of his jeans was a flash of pink nylon. He was wearing a pair of panties under his jeans! I had



my Polaroid camera ready and I grabbed it and pushed my way into the boys' room, taking a picture the instant I opened the door.

**“Why are you wearing my panties?”**

“You little pervert, I can see you are wearing girls' panties! Wait until I tell the others!”

Instantly he began crying and moaned, “I'm

sorry. Please, don't tell anyone."

"OK, but only if you do exactly as I say.

"Take your trousers down. Now!"

When he took them down, I saw he had on a pair of my panties that had gone missing weeks before and I had forgotten about! In a burst of anger, I slapped his face. He went bright red and tried to cover the bulge his dick was making in my panties. I made him stand in front of me with his hands on his head while I sat on the bed and slowly pulled the panties down and took my time examining his cock.

"Ask me to dress you in my pretty pink panties, Jerry, and ask prettily!"

"Please, Helen, please dress me in your pretty pink panties. Please, pull your pretty girls' panties up my legs! Put me in your girlie panties!"

Slowly, I pulled the pink panties up and down his legs, snapping the elastics going around his waist and legs and jiggling the silky material against his erect cock. Up and down I went with the panties, teasing him, and making him repeatedly beg me to fully panty him. Finally, I pulled them all the way up and firmly grabbed a hold of his pantied cock. His legs buckled as he had a tremendous orgasm in my panties.

I made him stand there and before he realized quite what was happening, I had taken a picture of him with his slime wetting the front of my panties. He tried to hide, but I wouldn't let him. I told him I already had two nice Polaroid pictures of him in my panties, and if he didn't let me take more, I would show them to our parents. I made him pose as I took several more photos. I immediately hid the pictures in a safe place. By threatening to show the photos to mom and dad and his school chums I was able to make him do whatever I wanted.

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**Mary:** The first time I got my brother into a pair of my panties was after I found some girlie magazines in his closet. I called him up to his bedroom and confronted him. I flung the magazines on his bed and watched him melt in horror. Our parents are very puritanical, and he was terrified I would tell them.

"You dirty little boy! Ogling pictures of girls in their panties! Wait till I tell Mum and Dad."

"Please, Mary," he begged, "don't tell them!"

"Well, how would you like it if you were a girl and boys were playing with themselves while looking at pictures of you in your panties?"

**“I dunno know.”**

**“Well, I know what we can do. If you put on a pair of my panties in front of me, I'll look at you and you can see how humiliating it is. Then, I'll keep this as our secret!”**

**I almost died with excitement when he agreed. I was going to watch my kid brother put on a pair of my panties! I went to my room, collected a handful of panties and returned to his room.**

**“Get your clothes off while I pick out a nice pair for you!”**

**He stripped off, trying to hide his little dickie with his hands. I slapped his hands away.**

**“I'm a nurse, you know, so put your hands down. You have nothing there I haven't seen before,” I mocked.**

### **My favorite party panties!**

**I picked up my favorite party panties. They were made of light blue silk, very high-waisted full brief-style panties. I handed them to him. He hesitated and blushed bright red.**

**“Come on, Jerry, put on my panties!”**

**He stepped into them and pulled them up.**

**“Slowly!” I ordered, noticing that his cock was beginning to stiffen. It was sticking right up when he eased the silky panties over it, so that it made a most exciting bulge in the panties. I can only imagine how he must have felt, standing in front of me, his sister, while he was wearing my panties and obviously sexually excited.**



**I made him stand in front of me and masturbate in my silky blue panties. I just loved the way the silky panty material rippled as he fondled and rubbed his erect cock.**

### **“I'll wear Mommy's panties!”**

**I told him, I was going to make him wear my panties under his pants every day, except for situations in which mom or dad might find out. His erection and his intense breathing**

actually increased when I said that. I knew I had him! It was obvious he was thrilled to wear my sassy silk panties even though it was very embarrassing for him to do so.

I made him say dirty things to increase his humiliation, like, “Look at me, Mary, wanking in your pretty panties. I'll wear your panties whenever you want me to.” Or “Please, let me wear your friends' panties, Mary, or even mommy's panties.” And “Can you please take me shopping to buy my very own girlie panties?” I laughed when he said, “Mary, every time you look at me, I'll know that you know I'm wearing girls' panties under my trousers.” And when I told him I was going to make him lie on the floor and eat my cunny through my panties, he gasped and moaned, “Oh, Mary, oh, ooooooh!” I watched fascinated as my little brothers cock spurted inside my panties. He was now my panty slave! I promptly put him on the floor, mounted him and made him eat my cunny until I orgasmed!

Afterwards, I he had to wear a pair of my panties whenever I wanted him to, and I would make him drop his pants and prove to me he had them on whenever I so wanted, and I loved to do that when other people were nearby, and many times he came very close to being exposed with his pants down and his hard cock sticking up in a pair of my fancy panties.

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# Bobby's Training Bra

By Training Bra Boy

A gang of bullies were hurling taunts and teasing comments at Bobby as he hurriedly walked home from school.

“Hey look, there's Boobie Bobby.”

“Just ignore them and they'll go away,” Bobby thought.

The nasty boys surrounded him and started pushing him. One of them grabbed at Bobby's chest.

“See, he does have tits!”

“I bet he's really a girl. Do you have a pussy too, pussy boy?”

Bobby struggled to continue walking home, determined to not get into a fight, but the taunts nagged at him. “Why are they so mean to me? Don't they know I'm dying?” he thought.

Bobby had turned thirteen just two months before and one day shortly after his birthday he noticed an itchy swelling in his chest. After a few weeks he noticed the swelling was increasing. Several weeks later his nipples grew to where they resembled big bug bites. Maybe they were bug bites, he thought. It could only be a rare disease from some exotic country. Yep, that was it. A mosquito had carried it from some country he couldn't even pronounce and infected him with it. And now he was going to die. He was too afraid to tell his mom about his disease. Since his dad died in Vietnam, he was all his mom had in this world. And now he was going to die too.

One of the boys reached around to Bobby's belt and tried to undo his pants. “Let's see if he has a pussy.”

Bobby fought him off, broke free and ran as fast as his little legs could carry him. If he could just get home, he'd be safe. His mom would protect him. He could have some cookies and milk and watch Kimba the White Lion on TV. Maybe his friend Judy would come over and they would play together.

But, the bullies gave chase and caught him. One grabbed his left leg, the other his right leg. A third grabbed his right arm and a fourth grabbed the left. Before he knew what was happening they were carrying him spread-eagled down the sidewalk. And then it happened; they rammed his crotch into a telephone pole. Waves of pain surged from his crotch through his body as he screamed in agony.

“Did we hurt your pussy, little girl?” the bullies taunted as they dropped him into the mud at the

base of the utility pole.

Bobby's mom kept an eye out for him after school because the neighborhood bullies sometimes liked to tease and chase him. She came running out of the house when she saw the boys attacking him. "Bobby! Oh no! What are you boys doing?"

The gang scattered. Bobby lay in mud, crying. She helped him up and into the house.

"Why did they do this to you," his mom asked.

"I can't tell you," Bobby sobbed.

"Why not? You're all covered in mud. Let's get this dirty T-shirt off you."

He struggled with her so she couldn't get his T-shirt off; he didn't want her to see his developing breasts, but the pain from being ramming into the telephone pole had left him powerless, and in one quick move, his she yanked his T-shirt over his head, and then she saw his girlishly budding breasts.

Bobby's mom sighed. "I think I understand." She took him into her arms and cuddled him. "It's OK. It's OK. Those boys are sons of bitches."

Between the tears Bobby pleaded, "I don't want to die, mom."

"Die? Who said you are going to die?"

"From this disease in my chest."

Bobby's mom knelt next to him, ran her fingers through his hair and smiled. "You don't have a disease. No one is going to die. It's just something called gynecomastia. Boys your age sometimes get it."

"Gynelastica?" Bobby asked.

"No silly," his mom said as she tousled his hair. "Gy-ne-co-mas-ti-a." She paused a moment to carefully phrase her words so she wouldn't scare him. Mrs. Westin walked over to the refrigerator.

"Well, you know that you just turned 13 ...," Bobby's mom said as she got a quart of chocolate milk and poured a glass for him and then offered him some Rice Krispies squares.

"What's happening to you is part of your body changing now that you are a teenager. Chemicals called hormones are making your body develop into an adult body."

Bobby's defenses started to drop and he grew less self-conscious about having his T-shirt off in front of his mom.

“At your age changes happen all over your body. And this is what is happening in your chest. It happens to girls too.”

Absentmindedly, Bobby reached up and scratched an itch around his one nipple.

“Sometimes for girls, their chest gets all puffy, and itchy. Is your chest itchy too?”

“Yeah, I suppose.” Bobby said.

“See, that's perfectly normal then.”

“But, mom, am I going to die?”

“No, not all! I'll tell you what; tomorrow we'll stop by and see old Doc Troy. He's known our family forever. And I'm sure he'll tell you there is nothing to worry about. Now, go take a shower and put on clean clothes.”

As Bobby ran upstairs to the bathroom, he felt his swelling breasts jiggle. After he showered, he looked in the bathroom mirror. His little breasts didn't stick out too much. He hated to admit it, but he did like how they looked. And he liked how they felt when he ran his hands over them and touched his nipples. Then he pulled on clean clothes and ran down to go watch TV.

The next day, Bobby and his mom went to Doctor Troy's office. He was a likable old man who smelled of pipe tobacco.

“So Bobby, your mom says that you have a bit of gynecomastia. Ah, well, let me see. Pull up your T-Shirt, please.”

Bobby did as he was told and the Doctor examined him, by cupping his hands over the soft mounds of breast tissue and massaging them. When he gently tweaked the boy's enlarged nipples between his fingers, Bobby groaned and hurriedly sucked in a huge draught of air. And his dick got hard!

“U-hm,” the doctor said. “Yep, gynecomastia all right, a classic case of it if I ever did see one. I had it when I was your age too.”

Bobby's eyes got as big as saucers. “You did? I'm not sick?”

“Yep. It's perfectly normal. You're fine, my lad, just fine.”

It was comforting to know other boys had this same problem -- even the doctor himself! Bobby did like the big nipples and cute mounds on girls' chests, and he loved his mom's big titties. He liked the fact that he was growing titties like girls do, but that was also a problem. He asked, “But, doctor, boys aren't supposed to have tits, are they? What will other people say?”

"Generally, no, but sometimes they do. A boy's breasts can keep on growing over several years until they get to be as large as any girl his age. It happens often, but most boys with breasts don't want other people to know, so they learn tricks how to disguise themselves so people don't notice. And then, mysteriously, they usually shrink and go away, but that can take several years too.

"I don't mind them too much, but it's weird how they bounce when I walk fast or run, and sometimes they get real itchy?"

"They itch because the skin on your chest is stretching as your breasts grow, nothing to worry about. Now, go out and see nurse Cramer in the waiting room. Tell her I said it was OK for you to have some candy. I want to talk to your mom for a minute about getting you clothes that will give you support and help disguise your problem as well as help with the bouncing."

Bobby hopped down off the examining table, tucked his shirt into his pants and bounded out to the outer office.

"Mrs. Westin, Bobby will be just fine. As for the itching and bouncing, some moms buy a training bras for their sons. We're heading into summer; he'll be home, so you might try that.

"A training bra for a boy? You think that will help, Doc?"

"It did for me, Mrs. Westin. I was a heavysset kid, and had quite a bit of breast development as early as ten. My mom had me wear training bras for several years, and I got to like them. Nothing says training bras are just for girls. Besides, if I may be so forward: I couldn't help but noticing -- how can I say this diplomatically -- Bobby is, uh, may I say ... a bit effeminate ..."

"Yes, I know. It's OK to say it: He's a sissy."

"And I should know. I was a real mama's boy and a big sissy myself at his age. When Bobby first came in, he was mostly worried about having some disease, but once I dispelled that notion, did you see he didn't seem to be too worried about having breasts -- only worried about how other people might react? Most boys with his problem cry constantly and are ready to do anything, even have immediate surgery to cut them out. And did you notice he got an erection when I massaged his breasts? It's my guess he's not just a sissy, but sexually excited about having breasts. I think he'll love wearing bras."

Just then Bobby came back into the doctor's office with several long strings of red licorice in his hands.

"Yep -- that and a banana split from the soda fountain at Horton's Drug Store will fix Bobby up just fine."

Bobby's ears perked up.

"Can we? Can we?"



Bobby's mom smiled, "OK, but let's not spoil your dinner."

From the doctor's office they went to Horton's, and while Bobby was busy digging into a banana split smothered with whipped cream, his mom used the pay phone. Bobby could only overhear bits and pieces, but nothing mattered as he happily smacked his lips after eating a maraschino cherry.

"Yes. After four. Fine. Thanks, Mrs. Hopewell. We'll be there."

Mrs. Hopewell was a pleasant grandmotherly type with a blue tint to her silver hair. Her smiling face lit up the room and her sing-songy voice could put anyone at ease. She ran a small dry goods and clothing store just at the edge of town.

"Well, is this the lucky boy?" she asked as she lowered the blinds on the door of her shop and locked the door. "There, now, we'll have some privacy."

"Lucky?" Bobby said as they walked past a display of boys' clothes and went straight to the girls' department. They stopped at a rack filled with training bras. A display ad above pictured a girl Bobby's age and the words "Teenform... for girls who grow and glow more special by the moment."

"Why, yes, indeedy," Mrs. Hopewell answered. "Not too many boys get wear a training bra just like girls do. Let's measure you for a proper fit."

Did he hear her right? "Wear a training bra just like girls do!" Most boys would have been scared out of their wits at such a comment, but the thought didn't upset him. Mrs. Hopewell measured his chest twice, first, right below his budding breasts, and then at his nipples. From the rack, she picked up a small box and pulled out a training bra and showed it to Bobby.

"Bobby, I think we should start out with this Teenform Pretty Please Training Bra," she said before turning to his mother. "I always recommend it for girls at his stage of development." Smiling like only a woman in the process of feminizing a boy can smile, she handed the training bra to Bobby. He examined this foreign object and realized they expected him to wear it.

"Let's try it on, shall we?" she said. "Take off your T-shirt."

When he hesitated, Mrs. Hopewell consoled him, "Nothing to be shy about. All girls go through this. As do some very, very fortunate boys! Most boys never get the chance to discover how comfortable and reassuring it is to wear a bra once you get used to it. Now pay close attention because you'll have to do this everyday from now on." From behind she wrapped the bra around him and snapped the hooks at the front of his chest.

"Isn't that the wrong way, ma'am?" he asked.

"On, no!" she explained. "You fasten the back strap in front and then slide it around to the back."

Go ahead, you do it. Clip the clasp together and then slide it around to the back.”

Bobby studied the clasp for a moment, and then hooked it closed and pulled the bra around until the cups were at the front.

“Now slide your arms through the straps ... excellent!”

Mrs. Hopewell adjusted the straps as she explained, “Training bras are designed to shape and support your growing breasts, Bobby. This special bra will expand as your breasts grow.”

Bobby smiled as he looked at his reflection in the mirror and saw himself in his very own training bra.

Bobby looked down at his chest. The embarrassing little mounds on his chest looked a bit better now that they were covered, but the bra was a very feminine garment with delicate lace around the edges. Not that he minded. He loved feminine things, loved watching his mother when she walked around in just her lacy slip or just her big cup bra and frilly panties. During secret moments, he often went into his mother's room and looked at her lingerie. And now he was wearing a bra! He liked it but didn't want to appear too happy about it in front of his mother and this strange woman, lest they think he was a fruit or weird. Just thinking about what the bullies would do to him if they found out he was wearing a bra under his boy clothes was enough to scare him. He trembled a bit and had a worried look on his face. His mother noticed.

“What's the matter, dear?”

“If I wear this all the time, those bullies would kill me if they ever found out. I really do like it and know it will help me, but can I maybe wear it just at home?”

“That won't work, dear. You have to wear a bra every day and all day long for it to give you the support you need for as long as you have this little problem. You have to prevent your breasts from sagging. If they sag, you never will be rid of them. As you saw, the doctor doesn't have any breasts now and he attributes that to his mother making him wear a bra all the time he did have breasts. As for the bullies, just be careful. I can arrange for someone to take you to school and pick up each day. And I'll explain the problem to your principal and your teacher ...”

“Mrs. Cromwell and Principal Mason? They have to know?”

“Of course, dear, I'm sure they've had many other boys with this same problem over the years. I'm sure they'll understand.”

“But won't they laugh at me? And tell everybody about me?”

“Of course not! They're professional women and only tell anyone who has to know.”

“Who has to know ...?”

“Like your gym teacher. She'll have to excuse you from some sports and give you a private place to change your clothes. Maybe you can use the teachers' rest room and lounge.”

“But, mom, I'm a bit scared. The kids already know my chest is getting bigger. A lot of them call me a girl and a sissy and stuff like that, even some of the kids who used to be nice to me.”

“Well, don't be afraid, darling. I'm sure everything will be fine. You have a problem, and we just have to deal with it.”

Turning to Bobby's mother, Mrs. Hopewell said, “You should probably get him three bras to last the summer. In the fall, if his chests get even larger, then we can fit him for a larger size bra, perhaps move him into a regular teen bra. We have some lovely styles in regular bras that I'm sure you will adore. And I would also suggest you get a couple of sleep bras for him too.”

“Sleep bras?” Bobby questioned.

“Yes, dear,” she said, “sleep bras are light and soft but strong enough to give your little titties support while you sleep.”

Bobby giggled at her use of the word titties.

“Let me show you and your mom some of the other styles we have in training bras and then I can show you some sleep bras.”

Bobby already liked wearing a training bra. It made him feel very special even if he did fear being exposed wearing a bra to the bullies. His mother was a little surprised about how girlish the other bras were. Some were made of heavy satin, and they all had lace and other very girlish decorations on them. “Do you like any of these styles, dear?” she paused as she asked her son.

“Oh, yes, mommy, I like all of them.”

“We'll, OK, so I guess we'll take one each of these three different styles. You can pick them out, honey.”

Bobby wasn't embarrassed in the least to pick out one each of the Sweet Sixteen, the Embroidered Dawn, and the Littlest Angel styles. His mom was stunned by the girlish trim on each.

As Bobby stared at his reflection in the mirror, Mrs. Hopewell began to total the bill, but the insightful woman paused for a second to look at the prissy boy flaunting himself in the mirror, and then said to his mother, “You know, I have a big sale on panties this week. Do you think Bobby would like some panties to match his pretty new bras? Personally, I think it's a shame for him to be wearing a pretty bra with boys' underpants.”

Bobby's mother was taken aback. She hesitated, but Bobby didn't. He smiled a grin that spread from ear to ear as he skipped over to his mom and said, “Can I, mom? Can I, please? Oh, please,

mom, will you buy me some panties too!”

“My, oh, my! Well, sure, honey, I guess if you really want them. I suppose it only seems natural. After all, you're wearing bras now, so I suppose some pretty panties are the way to go. Bras – especially some rather plain ones – a lot of people could understand bras for a boy with your problem, but panties ...? You know, people would call you a sissy and really get on your case if they found out you are wearing lacy panties.”

“Mom, they already call me sissy, and sometimes faggot and queer, and other bad names. So what's the difference?”

“Well, you will have to be discreet wearing fancy panties. A lot of people just wouldn't understand. OK, Mrs. Hopewell, let him pick out ten pairs of nice panties to match his bras.”

Mrs. Hopewell led them over to a long glass-top counter with panties on display. She stood behind the counter. In back of her the shelves were stocked with boxes and boxes of panties. Bobby wanted just about every pair of panties she held up to show him, especially a pretty pink pair with lace and embroidered flowers. His mother finally made him stop after he had selected a dozen pairs of the fanciest and frilliest panties in the store.

“Maybe Bobby would like to wear those pretty pink panties right now and wear them home, the pretty pink panties that he seems to like so much,” Mrs. Hopewell offered.

Bobby's eyes popped wide open, “Oh, mommy, please, may I?”

“I don't see why not. Put them on in the changing room.”

She paid Mrs. Hopewell, as Bobby went in the changing room, pulled off his boys' clothes and put on his new panties. He wanted to stand there all day admiring himself in the mirror.

His mom knocked on the door. “Let's see how you look?”

Bobby, blushing heavily but happily, stepped out into the store.

“Well turn around and let us see,” Mrs. Hopewell said.

Bobby did and both Mrs. Hopewell and his mom excitedly expressed their approval.

“Oh, my, look at the time! Bobby, put on your clothes over your bra and panties so we can get on home. Toss your old boys' underwear in the trash. I'm sure you won't need them anymore.”

As Mrs. Hopewell placed Bobby's new bras and panties in a bag and his mom finished paying the bill, it didn't go unnoticed by the ladies that Bobby was looking through a rack of dresses.

“Bobby, c'mon, let's head home. What do you say to Mrs. Hopewell?” his mom asked.

“Thank you for all my new bras and panties, Mrs. Hopewell.”

As they walked back the car, Bobby asked, “Mom, I’m a little embarrassed to be wearing a bra and panties, especially thinking about the other kids finding out, but I like wearing them a lot. Don’t be mad at me, mom, but I’d even like to ... well ... do you think that maybe sometime we could buy me a dress? Like the pretty pink party dress cousin Judy wears.”

His mom stopped and kissed him on the forehead. “Of course, sweetie! If that’s what you want, I can’t be mad at you for that.”

That evening, Bobby’s mom had him sit on his bed in just his new training bra and panties. She wanted to take a picture of him on this first day in lingerie – his own bra and panties. He was blushing as she took the picture and felt fear inside him if anyone other than him and his mom ever saw that picture. But he tried to put himself at ease with the realization that sometimes you have to pay a price, a high price for doing some of the things you love to do in life. And he was ready to pay whatever price would be demanded of him for wearing pretty lingerie and other girly clothes.

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