

Pussy Boy Pages

Reader's Stories & Pics

Volume 28



Auntie Made Me into a Cocksucker

She thought his panty fetish was funny. She bought him his own panties but warned him other people might give him a hard time, but since he didn't care, auntie prepared him for the consequences!

My Son's Prank Earned Him Time in Dresses and Panties

As a joke he put on his sister's clothes, but when they discovered he had shot his cum into the panties, his dad sentenced him to a life in dresses and panties.

Everybody Knew I was a Sissy Baby Before I Did

After getting caught wetting the bed, his auntie put him into diapers and fancy panties and made fun of him!

Boy to Schoolgirl Plus New Artwork

Plus a lot more!

Adults Only

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Everybody Knew I was a Sissy Baby Before I Did!

Shortly after my 9th birthday, my parents separated and my mom had to go to work full-time, I was sent to live with my Aunt Doris, a big strapping woman who brooked no nonsense from clueless little kids like me. She picked me up from the bus station and drove me to her house. We had dinner with her two daughters, eight-year-old Janie and twelve-year-old Janice.

Then it was off to bed. It was not unusual for me to wet the bed in those days, but I did struggle each night to stay dry, as I did on this first night at auntie's house. However, my life had been

turned upside down, and I was uncomfortable in my strange new surroundings. I ended up peeing all over myself that night.

In the morning I didn't say anything to my aunt; I just left my pajamas in a heap and hoped the bed would dry so she wouldn't notice it. After breakfast, Aunt Doris called, Ann, one of her lady friends, who then came over to the house. They talked for a while, and then auntie announced she had some shopping to do, so Ann was going to take my cousins and me and on a trip of Tampa to show me around the city. We had lunch downtown and spent the day on the town, and when we got home, it was dinner time.

After dinner, Aunt Doris had us kids wash the dishes and clean the kitchen, and then she said, "Everybody come up to Clifford's room because I have something to show you."

We followed her up to my room. When we got there, she handed me a shopping bag, told me to open it and place everything on the bed.

When I opened the bag and looked inside, I had a sinking feeling and tears welled up in my eyes. Out of the bag I took a stack of diapers, diaper pins, pink plastic panties, and three pairs of girls' pink nylon panties. I placed them on the bed.

"Do you know who the diapers are for?" Aunt Doris asked.

I just looked at my feet, and tried not to cry.

"They're for you," she said. "Look at your cousins and tell them why you need to be put back into diapers."

I looked at my cousins and said, "Because I wet my bed." I started to cry.

"What kind of children wet their bed?" Aunt Doris asked.

"Babies do," screeched Janice.

"That's right," said Aunt Doris. "And what do little babies wear to bed?"

"Diapers and plastic panties," answered Janie.

"Right again," said Aunt Doris. "Clifford, tell me, if you wet your bed like a baby, don't you think you should be put in diapers like a baby?"

I began to cry again and without the nerve to look any of them in the eye, I just kept looking down at my feet.

"Answer me!" angrily commanded Aunt Doris, this time raising her voice.

"Yes, ma'am," I said weakly.

“Speak up. Tell your cousins about being a bed wetter just like a baby.”

“I’m a bed wetter just like a baby,” I said with tears in my eyes.

“And what should bedwetters wear to bed? Face your cousins, look at them and tell them!”

I finally faced my cousins and said weakly, “Since I wet the bed like a baby, then I should wear diapers like a baby.”

This was the first time I actually peeked up and looked at my cousins' faces. I hadn't heard them giggling or making any sounds, but when I looked at them, they were laughing at me with their eyes, rosy cheeks and toothy grins. If they had been rolling on the floor in laughter, it wouldn't have hurt me any more than those shaming smirking little girls not making a sound, just staring at me with their horrifying wide-eyed expressions. Little Janie even stroked one finger over her index finger as she mouthed the words, “Shame! Shame on you!”

Aunt Doris then pulled me to her, undressed me, and put me on the bed. My face had to be bright red because I could feel my cheeks burning and my little penis stiffening. I tried to cover myself with my hands, but Aunt Doris placed my hands at my side and told me to leave them there.

Janie and Janice both stood beside the bed as Aunt Doris folded two diapers together, pulled my legs up, and placed the diapers under me. She then produced a can of baby powder from her apron pocket and sprinkled powder on the diaper. She brought my legs down and spread them apart. She powdered my tummy and spent a lot of time rubbing powder on my now fully erect penis and tightening balls. Then she pulled the diapers up between my legs to cover my little boner. I begin to cry harder out of shame and embarrassment.

“Crying won't do you any good,” said Aunt Doris. “If you are going to wet your bed like a baby, I'm going to diaper you like a baby.” She proceeded to pull the pink plastic panties up and over the diapers. She had me stand up and made me wait as she went out of the room for a moment.

I stood beside the bed, and Janie and Janice with both staring at me and now openly giggling. I could see myself in the mirror with my hips and bottom bulging out wearing nothing but diapers and sissy pink plastic panties.

Aunt Doris came back into the room a few minutes later with a baby bottle and one of my older cousin's white lace nylon nighties. She pulled the nightie over my head, put me in bed, and gave me the bottle.

“Why can't I wear my own pajamas?” I asked still crying.

“Your pajamas are dirty from you wetting them,” she answered. “You will wear Janice's nightgown tonight and every night as long as you are in diapers because it will make it easier for me if I have to change your diapers.”

I finished the bottle and went to sleep.

The next morning Aunt Doris came into my room and woke me. She pulled the covers back, pulled my nightie off and took the wet diapers off. Then she took me into the bathroom and gave me a bath. After my bath, she took me back into my room.

“Do you wet your pants in the daytime too?” she asked.

“No,” I said.

“Well, I had better make sure you remember to use the bathroom throughout the day,” she said, “so I have a reminder for you.” She held up a pair of the pink lacy panties that had been in that shopping bag and now had been stashed in my drawer. “You’ll wear girls’ pink nylon panties during the day as a reminder until you can stay dry both night and day.”

She took me to my cousin’s room and picked out one of my younger cousin’s pullover tops. It was a plain white top with short sleeves and characters printed on it. She put the top on me and said it was time for breakfast.

The girls loved it and told me how pretty I looked when I came into the kitchen wearing just the sissy top and pink nylon panties. When my aunt wasn’t looking, both of them would reach out, feel my nylon panties, snap the elastics and even pinch and tickle my penis through the panties to make me squirm.

Over the summer, a top and panties was my standard outfit while in the house. When we had to go somewhere outside, my aunt would put me in a pair of my girl cousins’ shorts – usually pink or lavender. No one was fooled into think they were boys’ shorts. And throughout this time, it was diapers, silky nightie and pink plastic panties in bed every night. Auntie bought me three nighties that fit me better than my cousins’ things and three little girl pullover tops. The nighties were all long with either lace or ruffles, and the tops were lacy too and obviously for a girl. The tops only came down to the middle of my stomach, so my naked tummy was always on view above the waist elastic of my brief-style panties.

At first when I would wet my diapers in bed, either my aunt or my older cousin wouldn’t change me to teach me a lesson. Finally, they would take my wet diapers off and give me a bath. About a week before school was to start, Aunt Doris took me into the bathroom, and my younger cousin, Janie was already in the bath tub. I had to get into the tub with her. When auntie stood Janie up to rinse her off, they saw me staring at her.

“Doesn’t Janie look pretty all over? Especially down between her legs where she’s all nice and smooth?” asked Aunt Doris.

“Yes, ma’am,” I answered as I looked at her hairless pussy lips. I could feel my little penis becoming hard.

She finished bathing Janie and then stood me up to wash me. She said, “Now, look at yourself.”

I looked down at my erection. Janie was staring at it too.

“Don't you wish you looked as pretty as your cousin down here?” She said as she stroked my cock with her soapy hand. “If you didn't have this ugly little thing, your pretty panties would fit nicely and look ever so much nicer on you. Wouldn't they?”

I was wobbling back and forth from her long, slow penis strokes, and all I could do was moan out my answer, “Uh, oh, yeah, yes, auntie.”

After my bath, Aunt Doris took me into my cousins' room, picked out a fresh pair of pink lacy panties and put them on me. When she pulled the panties up, my penis became very erect, and it excited me to feel the silky nylon of the panties covering my hard-on. It also embarrassed me to be put into panties with my dickie sticking out in front of my cousins.

“I don't want to wear panties,” I protested. I begin to cry. “I'm not a girl. “

What do you mean, you're not a girl? What do girls wear?

“Panties,” I answered.

“That's right, and what are you wearing?”

“Panties,” I said weekly through the tears.

“Then you must either be a girl or a sissy because only girls or boys who are sissies wear lacy panties. Now go get dressed.”

I went into my room and closed the door. I took the panties off and then looked in my dresser, took out a pair of my boys' underpants and put them on. I hid the panties.

Later that day, Aunt Doris came in the living room where I was watching TV. “Come here,” she said.

I walked over to her. “Are you wearing the panties I put on you this morning,” she asked.

I looked down and didn't answer.

Aunt Doris opened my jeans and pulled them down. She saw my underpants. She obviously had found the panties where I had hidden them under my bed because she then pulled them out of her apron pocket and said, “I found where you hid your panties.”

She undressed me and sat herself on the couch. She pulled the panties back on me and then took me over her lap and thoroughly spanked me on the panties. Then she made me stay in just the panties for the rest of the day.

The next morning after my bath, she took me back into my room. She placed the panties on the bed, and she said “You can either wear panties or diapers. Which will it be? You decide.”

I begin to cry. She said “Well, which will it be?”

“The underpants,” I said.

“What underpants? These aren't underpants; what are they?” she said holding up the panties.

“Panties,” I said through my tears.

“Well, then tell me what you want to wear.”

“I want to wear the panties,” I said meekly.

“Well, then, put your panties on, sissy boy.”

I took the panties and put them on.

She opened the drawer in the dresser and took out all of my underwear. “You won't need these anymore, will you?”

Before I could answer she had swept up all my boys' underpants and said she going to put them in the trash compactor.

That day Aunt Doris went to the store and came back with ten pairs of panties for me. She took my cousins and me in my room. She told me to open the packages, and they all commented on how pretty the panties were, and how pretty I would look wearing them.

After that first time, my aunt bathed Janie and me together almost all the time. She continued to point out how ugly my penis was and how pretty Janie's cunt was, and she continued to ask me if I would like to look that pretty.

I didn't want to admit I liked wearing girl's clothes; I was a boy and just wanted to be a normal boy, but girls' clothes, especially silky panties made me feel very different, and I couldn't explain that feeling, and much to my dread,. I was beginning to feel more like a girl than a boy.

The crowning moment came a couple days before school was to start. Aunt Doris was going to take my cousins and me to the mall to shop for school supplies and school clothes. She gave Janie and me our baths, and then I went to my room to get dressed. I put panties on, and then Aunt Doris came in and said I had to save my jeans for school. She took me into my cousins' room and picked out one of Janie's dresses. She put the dress on me and began to brush my hair my short hair, telling me she was going to let me grow it as long as girls wear their hair. She stood me in front of the mirror, and what I saw was a little girl with short hair; I imagined myself with long hair, and I didn't look like a boy at all.

Aunt Doris had a friend who lived a few houses away. Her name was Ms. Ann; she was over all the time and frequently when it was time for me to get ready for bed, so she knew I wore girls' clothes most of the time, but it still embarrassed me to have her see me in panties and dresses. At

bedtime, she'd come into my room with auntie, and after I'd put my nightie on, they would take off my panties and put me in my diapers and plastic panties.

Ms. Ann would often baby-sit for us if needed. She has a son, Raymond, who is a year older than I am. One night she came over with Raymond because auntie had to go to a parent-teacher dinner at school, and when she came into my room and told me to get ready for bed, I didn't take my clothes off and put my nightie on as usual because Raymond was there and he didn't know about my nightie and the girls' panties I wore under my clothes. So I just stood there waiting for him to leave, but he didn't. Ms. Ann got tired of me stalling, came over to me and began to undress me. She pulled my shirt off and then unzipped my pants and let them fall, and suddenly I was standing in front of her and Raymond in just a pair of my pink lacy panties.

Raymond stood beside the bed and stared and grinned as his mother put my nightie on me. She then put me on the bed. She laid out my diaper and plastic panties but said I could stay up for a while and play with Raymond in my room, and she would diaper me when it was time for me to go to sleep.

Soon after she left the room, Raymond came over to me and lifted my nightie. "You're wearing pink panties like a girl," he said. "When my mom told me you did, I told her I wanted to see for myself. And you really do! I guess you want to be a girl."

I wanted to tell him I didn't want to be a girl, but I was just kind of numb and lay on the bed with him staring down at me in my nightie and panties. He then opened his pants and pulled them and his underwear down, exposing his now very erect dick. It looked big compared to my little sissy penis. He took my hand, put it on his cock and began moving my hand up and down on it. He let go of my hand and told me to keep doing it, but a little faster. He moved closer to me on the bed and rubbed his hands over my nylon panties and silky nightie while I jacked him off. Soon he began to moan, and I felt his dick swell, and he then shot four streams of cum across the front of my panties.

When he finished, he left the room, and his mom came back in with a baby bottle and a damp cloth. She gave me the bottle to drink as she lifted my nightie and used the cloth to wipe Raymond's cum off of my tummy but left his cum that was decorating my panties. Then she diapered me over the cum-soaked panties and told me to go to bed and dream about her Raymond, my new boyfriend. I was confused. I cried myself to sleep, feeling every drop of his cold, sticky cum clinging to me through the panties.

The next day after school, I came home and went into my room. Aunt Doris came in and showed me three dresses she had bought that day.

"These are your dresses, and when you get home from school each day, you can change out of your boy clothes so we can keep them nice for school," she said as she undressed me down to my panties and then pulled one of the dresses over my head. It was a yellow cotton dress with wide straps at the shoulders, and white lace on the bottom of the skirt. She put a small yellow bow in my short hair, stood me in front of the mirror and commented on how pretty I looked.

A few minutes later Raymond came over. He came into my room and closed the door. "Show me your panties," he said.

I just stood there, so he pulled my dress up to my waist and looked at the little girls' pink nylon briefs I was wearing. He had me keep holding up my new dress while he pulled his pants and underpants down and held me close. At his command, I reached down and began to rub his hard five-inch dick. He moved closer to me and held me with his arms around my waist, so the head of his dick rubbed up against my silky nylon panties as I jerked him off. Soon I felt the stream of his cum hitting my panties, making them all wet and sticky. For some strange reason, my own little penis was hard and aching as it throbbed inside my panties. After he left, I had to rub my pantied penis. It felt good even if it felt weird because of his smelly cum on my panties.

Raymond would come over almost every day after school, and I would end up jacking him off. He would always want to see my panties, play with me in them and cum all over them.

After about three weeks, we were in my room. I had my dress up, and I was rubbing his throbbing dick. After he came, I turned around and Aunt Doris was standing in the doorway.

I was very nervous about her seeing me like that, but all she said was it was time to get ready for bed. She told Raymond he could come back the next day.

I took my dress off and put my white nightie on. While Aunt Doris was taking my panties off and putting the diapers on me, she said "It looks like you are Raymond's girlfriend. He shot his boy juice all over your panties again tonight. That's what boys do to girls they like. I've been seeing his jism in your panties almost every day, so I guess you love it too. Ms. Ann told me how much Raymond likes to make sissyboy love with you."

Raymond came back over that next night, and we did the same thing. He kept coming over after school, and I kept jacking him off. I finally had to admit to myself I was truly a sissy because I didn't do anything to stop him. I got used to doing it, so I guess I decided I really did belong in panties and dresses and as a panty cum target for him.

Then one night as I got ready for bed, Aunt Doris asked, "Have you given Raymond a blowjob yet?"

"No, ma'am," I answered.

"Ms. Ann tells me he will want a blowjob from you soon, and you'll have to do it for him. How do you think you'll feel having his dick in your mouth instead of just in your hand?"

I didn't answer; the idea scared me a little. I had never thought about it before.

Aunt Doris began to explain the difference between boys and girls to me. I had been bathing with Janie, so I had seen a girl naked many times. Aunt Doris explained a girl has a pussy and a boy has a dick. She had my nightie up, looking at my penis in my panties. It barely made a bulge in the panties.

“From that first night you wet the bed, and the next day when I got you into panties and diapers without any complaints from you, I knew you were a sissy. And when I saw how little your dick was for the first time, I knew for sure. You're a sissy so you really don't have a pussy or a dick. You have a little baby-size sissy penis.” She then massaged my dick in my panties. I got hard, but she just laughed. “See, even when you get all hard and excited, you don't have much of a dick,” she giggled as she put a diaper on me over my panties and put me to sleep with a hard-on in my panties and diaper.

The following Saturday morning after my bath, Aunt Doris took me to a department store, and in the little girl's department, she began looking through a row of little girls' party dresses. She finally settled on a pretty pink pinafore style dress and took me into a dressing room to try it on. The dress was shorter than my other dresses. It stopped just at the bottom edge of my lacy panties and left them peeking out no matter how straight I stood. She then began looking at panties and picked out a pair of pink nylon rhumba panties – party panties. They had white lace on the around the legs and all across the back. She then picked out a satin training bra and a white half slip.

We went home, and she helped me change. I put on the panties and the half-slip, and she helped me with the bra. She stuffed some Kleenex into the cups of the bra so it looked like I had small breasts. She helped me with the dress and brushed my hair that was now just long enough for her to put two pink barrettes in it on the sides.

“Why don't you go to Raymond's house and show your boyfriend your new dress?” she said.

I walked to Raymond's house, and Ms. Ann met me at the door. “My, don't you look pretty today.”

Raymond came downstairs, and we went to his room.

He soon had my new dress and half-slip up and was admiring my new rhumba panties, sliding his hands all over the lacy backside of the panties as his mother came into the room. She sat down on the bed and looked at me.

“I know your aunt talked to you about giving Raymond a blowjob.”

“Yes, ma'am,” I answered.

“Well, it's time you learned more about it. You see, when your boyfriend gets excited, he needs some relief, and it is a girl's job to provide it. Giving him a handjob is sweet, but what boys really want is a blowjob. Real girls pleasure a boy by letting him put his cock into their pussy hole, but you aren't a real girl, so you'll have to learn how to give a boy pleasure with your mouth. Besides, most boys like a blowjob better than putting their dick into a girl's pussy anyway.

“A boy will want you on your knees. All you have to do is open your mouth, and he'll stick his cock in. When you feel it in your mouth, be careful not to touch it with your teeth. Close your

lips around it and let it slide up and down on your tongue. Suck gently and move your head up and down on it. After a few minutes he'll shoot his cum and you'll taste and feel his jism in your mouth. Swallow every drop of your boyfriend's juice. You excited him with your mouth and this is your reward.”

With that, Ms. Ann stood up and left the room.

Raymond stood up and undressed. That was the first time I had seen him completely naked. I stood up in front of him, and held his erect dick in my hand. Raymond put his hand on the back of my head and pushed me down on my knees.

I felt the head of his hard cock against my lips, and I nervously opened my mouth. Raymond pulled on my head, and his dick went into my mouth. I could taste a slight saltiness, and I could feel the warm smooth skin on the head of his dick with my tongue. I closed my lips around his cock and begin to suck up and down like Ms. Ann had described.

With each stroke of my lips and mouth I could feel his dick flex and swell. Soon he began to increase the pressure on the back of my head, and it was all I could do to keep him from shoving his dick all the way down my throat. I felt his dick get bigger and tighten, and then he began to cum. I tasted the first salty spurt of his cum. I felt it hitting the roof of my mouth and shooting down my throat. I gagged a bit but remembered to swallow; I swallowed as quickly as I could because I felt like I was drowning in his boy juice. There I was, on my knees with my boyfriend's dick in my mouth. There I was, the little pantywaist, dick-sucking, panty-wearing, bed-wetting sissy that I knew I was all along. There I was taking my boyfriend's cum and giving him pleasure with the closest thing I had to a pussy for him.

After that, at school, I wore a training bra and nylon panties under my slacks and top (they kind of looked like boys' clothes but they had been purchased in the girls' department). Within a week everyone at school knew I wore a bra and panties. I was labeled a sissy and had to suck off any boy who wanted it. I came home every day with splotches on cum on my face and blouse. I had never wanted this for a life, but I just got used to it and let people do what they wanted with me.

I knew for sure I was a sissy faggot and a panty-loving pansy when I started to cum in my panties while giving boys a blowjob in the boys' room at school. I now know some boys are like me and meant to be pantywaist sissies, and they just don't know it until other people see the raw sissy material in them and train them to be what they are meant to be.

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My Son's Prank Earned Him Time in Dresses and Panties

I have four children: three girls and a boy. The boy and one of my daughters are twins, twelve years old, and are the youngest in the family. My husband oversees operations for a hotel chain and he travels a great deal, and as a result, ours is usually a very female-oriented household. That fact and the fact that he has a twin sister may have a lot to do with his feelings.

All the children help with the chores, and a few months ago, Craig, my son, was helping me with the laundry, when out of the blue he asked me why his sister got to have so many clothes and he didn't! I was quite surprised, and I simply told him that most girls are very interested in clothes and boys aren't, and therefore, I didn't think clothes were very important to him. I paused for a moment, and then asked him why he was asking.

He said he didn't think it was fair that she got to wear nice dresses all the time and I was always complimenting her on how nice she looked, but I never said anything like that to him.

Well, at that moment I realized he was right. He was kind of left out of a lot of things because the rest of us were females and he was the only boy. And often, I guess, I did favor his twin sister just because she is a girl. Certainly in terms of taking her shopping and getting her pretty clothes and complimenting her on her appearance. So what's a mother to do? I gave him a hug, told him I loved him as much as his twin sister and asked him how I could show him my love.

He said he'd like me to buy him some new clothes and some new shoes too, like some of the cool things kids wore at school. I agreed and told him I'd take him shopping as soon as possible. Well, for one reason or another I kept putting off the shopping.

A little over a week later, my two daughters and I were sitting in the kitchen having lunch and we were floored when Craig came waltzing in wearing a flowered dress belonging to his twin sister. He didn't say a word, just grabbed the hem of the dress did a spin and then took his seat and started eating lunch!

Of course the girls were screaming in delight. I remained calm and asked him what he was doing. Flippantly while waving an exaggerated limp wrist, he said that since he didn't have any nice new clothes to wear and his sister had more than she could ever wear, he thought she wouldn't mind if he borrowed some.

Then Carol, his twin, started screaming because she noticed the dress was torn down the back.

Playing a joke like that was fine but he had no right to wreck her dress, and it was a rather expensive one. I apologized to him because I hadn't shown my love for him and taken him shopping as I had promised, but it gave him no right to wreck his sister's expensive dress, and I told him he would have to be punished.

Carol and Katie said he should be made to pay for the dress out of his allowance and then the dress would be his and he could then wear it in front of his father and taken outside so his sisters' girlfriend could see him in the dress.

Yes, I was going to make him pay for the dress, but it would take his whole summer of allowances. I made him keep the dress on for the rest of that day, and his father came home from one of his trips that night. He took one look at Craig and called him a sissy, pulled him over his lap and gave him a spanking, and that's when we discovered Craig was wearing a pair of his sister's lavender panties too! Seeing those panties ignited a spark in his dad, and he gave Craig the worst spanking of his life.

When he got undressed that night, I discovered he had masturbated into the panties. I asked him about it and he said the nylon panties were very soft and had excited him he couldn't help it. After I showed his father and the girls the panties, his father told him that if he wanted to wear panties and a dress it was fine with him because he was always a poor excuse of a son for him anyway. For punishment I made him wear the dress around the house for two days, and during that time I inspected his panties frequently to make sure he wasn't spurting off in them.

Well, since then, Craig has spent a lot of time dressed as a girl. The first thing I did was to buy him a big supply of his own panties; I couldn't take a chance of his sister wearing a pair of panties he has slimed and possibly get her preggers. And now, when we go shopping for his sister, I usually get a matching item for him. His father isn't pleased with this, but he's not around much, and he's pretty much given up on him anyway.

And since Craig continues to spurt off in his panties, I know he likes dressing up, even though he tries to hide his dirty panties from me, I find them and make him stay in dresses a few days every time he does it. At this rate he may never get out of girls' clothes. He is allowed to wear boys' clothes outside and to school, but even then I make sure he always has on his pretty pastel-colored nylon panties underneath.

I've explained to his dad that our son is just exploring all sides of himself and there is nothing wrong with a boy wondering what it's like to be feminine. The girls really like having a new "sister." Katie has been very supportive and encouraging and tells my son all the time how pretty he is and how much she likes him when he's dressed up and how much nicer it is to be a girl than a boy. Certainly, he looks adorable when he's dressed up, and he now gets a lot more attention and more compliments from me too. This picture of him was taken on that fateful day he first came into the kitchen in his sister's dress. Luckily, I had a camera handy and made him pose for the picture.

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From Shorts to Panties - Boy to Schoolgirl

When I was in elementary school, our standard school uniform included navy blue shorts for summer and gray flannel trousers for winter along with a blue-and-white striped shirt and a blue V-neck sweater and blazer. Upon advancing to junior high, the shorts portion of the uniform became optional, and all of us seventh grade boys considered shorts childish and none of us

wanted to wear them. And the kids whose parents made them wear shorts were mocked by their classmates. Unfortunately for me, my parents made me wear shorts, all the time, winter and summer, in and out of school. We lived in a fairly warm climate (Georgia), so the weather usually wasn't a problem because it didn't get too cold on most winter days when I had to brave freezing weather with bare legs, but the harassment from other kids was a problem, and it only intensified when I advanced to high school and still had to wear my shorts uniform all the time.

Having had enough teasing from my friends, I begged my parents buy me long trousers to wear to school, but they refused. And then with my own money I bought a pair of long trousers, kept them secretly in my book bag and would go behind bushes and change into them on my way to school each day.

Well, my parents found out and punished me by having some of my shorts altered to be extra short. The only problem, my underwear would peek out at times. They did sympathize with me on that count, so my mom solved the problem by having me wear a pair of her nylon panties under the shorts! I was appalled, especially since the panties weren't much smaller than my boys' underwear and the possibility of them creeping down my legs and peeking out from beneath the legs of my shorts was a horror I couldn't even bear to think about. After the first time mom made me put on a pair of her white nylon panties under my shorts, I protested and I went to my father, hoping he'd see mom's panties were not a satisfactory solution for a boy. However, he had no sympathy for me and told me I would be wearing panties from then on. I screamed in protest and struggled to rip off my shorts and the panties right there, but much to my shock, my father grabbed me, put me over his lap, pulled down my shorts and harshly spanked me on my pantied backside until I agreed to wear panties every day.

Mom then said I'd have to have a supply of my own panties, so dad gave her money to buy them for me. When she went shopping later that day, she asked if I wanted to go along and pick out the panties I'd be wearing. I refused because I didn't even want to go out of the house with mom's white panties on under my shorts.

When mom came home from shopping, she came to my room and gave me a bag containing the panties she had gotten me. I was stunned to see she had bought panties that were very frilly and feminine. I had assumed she would have gotten me plain white nylon panties like she always wore. Instead the panties she got for me were in pastel colors, all silky nylon or nylon satin, and all trimmed with lace along with other frills or embroidery. When I objected, she said it was my fault because I had not gone along with her to buy them, so she bought me the prettiest panties she could find since she wanted me to always look my best.

Was she crazy? Surely my dad would back me up on this point! I grabbed a handful of the distasteful panties and ran to my father to complain, but all I got was another spanking after being forced to change into a pair of those panties on the spot and then commanded to wear those panties every day, and if I ever again complained about them, I would just be spanked again and still have to wear them. Furthermore, within the house, dad ordered me to permanently go without my shorts and just be allowed to wear my frilly silky panties. That way, he said, mom and he would be sure I wore them and not secretly changed out of them like I did on those days when I had changed into long trousers for school against their wishes.

The next summer, I was fourteen and grew a lot, further putting a strain on my tight little shorts and giving me a full-time job of concentrating on not doing anything that would expose my girlish panties. I developed a prowess at tennis and had successes in local tournaments. Short shorts were in fashion at the time in tennis, but my shorts were even shorter than what all the other guys wore, but by then all my classmates and tennis partners were accustomed to seeing me in those little shorts, and people rarely commented about them anymore.

Then a beautiful new girl became a member of our tennis club. She was sixteen and had spectacularly great looking legs, which she obviously liked to show off, as she always went around in short shorts or miniskirted tennis outfits. I was enthralled with her, especially after she made a comment to me one day that she thought I had great looking legs for a boy – good enough to be legs on a girl --and she loved that I wore the smallest possible shorts. Despite her approval of my appearance, I was still very shy with girls and turned red every time she passed me. She realized I was reacting to her presence, and it made her laugh as well as incite her to periodically pull me aside and talk to me.

After a couple of weeks, Carmine and I became good friends – this gorgeous, sexy, older girl becoming my friend was so astonishing that I had wet dreams in my panties about her almost every night. Plus, I started having erections whenever we met. Wearing my short, tight-fitting shorts, my hard-ons were difficult to hide and she noticed them without fail, usually causing her to laugh hilarious at my discomfort, and from then on, she'd do anything to embarrass me in that way.

For instance, after a game, we'd have a drink, and while sitting next to each other and talking with other friends, she'd lean over, put her hand on my crotch for just a second and whisper something in my ear like, “Your legs look ever so pretty today. Did you shave them for me last night?”

That was another thing; general hairlessness was a trait of the males in my family. Other than the hair on my head, my beard was sparse and the hair on my legs and the rest of my body was practically nonexistent. Upon hearing her say such things, I'd immediately get a huge erection that I feared would burst open my shorts. Next, of course, she'd ask me to get her a soda pop from the bar. I'd try to stall for time, hoping my erection would go away before having to stand up, but she would soon become insistent and prod me to be on my way to get her drink. Sometimes, I was fortunate to have a sweater nearby I could carry with me to disguise my excited condition. It was horrible, but I loved it. Most of the time, I managed to hide my shameful state from others, but on several occasion I was not so lucky and someone had noticed and made remarks about it, making me turn red and stammer.

One day she asked me to come over to her place because she wanted to show me something. Nobody was at home at her place. I soon learned that was frequently the case. We went straight to her room, where she opened her wardrobe to reveal the largest collection of shorts I had ever seen. She had shorts in all colors and all kinds of models and shapes that one could imagine. She started taking out her favorites and asked me which ones I preferred over others. After I had strongly defended my preference for one pair she thrust them into my hands and told me I could have them. When a few minutes earlier I had fervently defended the attractiveness of that

specific pair of shorts, I hadn't thought about my wearing them. It was a very girly model, made of red and white stretchy gingham fabric. They were very short, with an elastic waist, no fly and fake pockets in back. Being taken by surprise I didn't know how to react except to thank her. But that was not what she had in mind. She told me she wanted me to try them on. I didn't want to refuse her as it might upset her, so despite the fact that they were quite girly, I went to the bathroom and a few minutes later came out wearing them. Of course I had another erection. Carmine came up to me, put her hand on my thing and told me I looked lovely in her shorts and gave me a short kiss on the lips. I was of course in heaven.

From then on we would often spend time at her place and she would make me try on different kinds of shorts. She always insisted I try on the more girly models. So I would wear pastel colored shorts with a high waist, closing with a short zip on the side or the back, or bright-colored shortalls, or extremely short cutoffs. One day I caught her looking down at my legs and smiling. I soon saw what she was smiling about: the lacy hem of the pale blue panties I had on that day were peeking out from the leg opening of my shorts. I hurriedly tried to tug my shorts down and modestly cover my shameful panties, but she grabbed my hand and told me it was OK. She said she had known I wore girls' panties almost from the time she had first met me. I cried and told her not to think any less of me. I explained to her how my parents initially started making me wear panties for punishment and then continued to make me wear them, and luckily no one else until that day had ever discovered me wearing them.

Then she shattered my world.

“But, Bobby, everybody knows you wear girls' panties. They just have been kind to you and not teased you about it!”

I stayed home from school feigning sickness for three days, my mind in full torment. Finally, my mother made me go back to school. I looked down that whole first day, unable to face looking anyone in the eye. But no one teased me or gave me a hard time. I gained some sense of relief, and over the next few days I adjusted.

The next thing Carmine did with me was to take me to a department store to buy new shorts, matching girls' shorts for the both of us. I found it incredibly exciting to go into the same dressing room with her and both of us strip down to our panties and try on identical shorts. We did this on a number of occasions, and at those times, she loved to comment about how pretty my panties were and she'd often touch them to feel the silkiness and lace. Of course, I'd spring a giant hard on that would make her laugh as I then tried to stuff it down into my panties so I could try on the shorts we were considering buying. The way the staff looked at me embarrassed me of course, but at the same time I enjoyed these shopping sessions tremendously. Except for a few conservatively designed pairs of shorts, the shorts we bought we only wore when we were together at her house.

Carmine became my tennis partner in double mixed matches. She lived very close to the tennis club from where the bus would leave to bring us to tournaments. To save time in the morning on the nights before matches, I'd stay over at her place. Her parents were usually not there, so our game would continue during those nights. On one of our first visits to the shopping mall we

bought fairly plain, identical girls' satin pajamas for both of us to wear whenever I slept over at her house -- hers pink, mine in pale blue.

Towards the end of that summer she insisted we go outside with both of us wearing one of our more girlish sets of matching shorts. At first I refused but relented when she insisted. I was hopelessly in love with her and couldn't refuse her anything. After that, I occasionally wore girls' shorts in public. Although I took care to choose the less conspicuous models, it didn't take long before our friends started noticing and making fun of me.

To my dismay, Carmine enjoyed seeing me humbled and even joined in teasing me. Our shared private secrets didn't prevent her from treating me like I was her kid brother in public. Older boys frequently ignored me, brushed right past me and started conversations with her much to my dismay. Many of her girlfriends weren't any nicer to me, and Carmine would often send me away at those times, obviously preferring the company of her girlfriends or older boys. She always did it in a friendly way, but nevertheless, I was hurt every time. For instance, she'd remind me I had told her I had a lot of homework to do. Or worse, she'd point to a group of younger boys, and tell me I should go play with them since I probably had more in common with them. I always took the hint and went away, leaving her with the others.

During the last weekend of August that year, the tennis club organized a holiday party. And since Carmine and I had won the finals in the double mixed club championship, I looked forward to the party at which we would be awarded our trophies. The party started in the late afternoon with cocktails and then a dinner followed by dancing. The prizes were given out during the meal. Receiving the trophy with Carmine was without doubt a real high moment of my life, but it was immediately followed by a huge letdown. She had several cosmopolitans, and by the end of the meal she was giddy. I had to use the rest room, there was a long line after dinner, and by the time I got back to our table, Carmine was sitting with a boy I had never seen before. She introduced him as a tennis star from a nearby college, and she was hanging on him starry-eyed. He looked at me strangely, and my girlfriend was laughing as she told me to face away from everybody else, discreetly open the side zipper on my shorts and show the boy I was wearing pink panties matching the ones she was wearing – and she gigglingly admitted she had already let the boy have a glimpse under her skirt at her panties.

I loved her and was astounded at her request, but with tears rolling down my face, I unbuttoned and unzipped the side of my shorts and gave the boy a good look at my pink panties. He laughed pretty loud. I was afraid he was attracting the attention of others, but then he stunned me as he grabbed my panties by the waist elastic and momentarily felt the silky nylon and lace before letting the waistband go with a loud snap. While laughing with a big belly laugh, he said he couldn't believe it and had to touch them to verify what he was seeing. As I struggled to redo the zip and side button on my shorts, he asked Carmine, “Why do you hang around with a fairy who wears panties? Com'n, baby, you must be in need of a real man, let me take you home!”

With that I ran out and cried all the way home. I was so upset I even forgot to take my trophy. I didn't see Carmine the next day. Finally, that evening, she called, apologized and admitted she had been a little drunk and not very nice to me. I reminded her she wasn't even old enough to drink. She told me she didn't go home with that boy. She had passed out, and one of her

girlfriends had taken her home and brought home both of our trophies. And now she wanted me to come over the next day to get my trophy and she'd try to make it up to me.

As time went on, Carmine quickly went back to humiliating me in front of her friends and even strangers. I often wondered why Carmine treated me like that, and why I went along with it. At the time we sometimes talked about it. I was her pressure-release valve, she explained to me. Her parents had totally spoiled her but also always pressured her to be the best, and she released that pressure by acting like an irresponsible little girl with a big streak of nastiness, and I had fit perfectly into her need to humiliate someone. She begged me to understand how she needed that to make her feel superior and whole inside. I told her I was so much in love with her that I'd do anything to be with her, even withstand all of her abuse.

I'm not quite sure how our wearing of short shorts was part of all this, but we agreed we just loved the way they looked. And Carmine love to tease me and tell me she found my legs sexy. Our little games had an erotic nature, and Carmine often rewarded me with a kiss, sometimes stroked my legs or furtively touched my pantied crotch, but we never went beyond those almost brotherly contacts. My sex life was limited to going home each night and masturbating into my panties. (Over the years, my mom washed all my panties and never once mentioned anything about the smelly, crusty stains. There was no way she could have missed them!)

I guess Carmine and I were both testing our sexuality. I was in deep thought about my gender and sexual orientation, although "gender confusion" was an unknown term at the time. Since I knew little about crossdressing and homosexuality I wondered if I was gay, and the fact that I was only attracted to girls didn't make it easy for me to understand. For Carmine on the other hand, I think I was a safe way to experiment with some lesbian or bi-sexual tendencies.

This female domination streak in Carmine played out in various ways. I enjoyed obeying her and unconsciously took pleasure being humiliated in front of my peers. Carmine enjoyed ordering me around, teasing and humbling me.

Then, just as suddenly as it had started, my parents forcing me to wear shorts and girls' panties ended. About four months after they first decreed it and when I was about to start the fall term at school, I unexpectedly discovered gray trousers hanging in my wardrobe with a note saying I could wear my shorts or trousers in the house too. I also discovered two additional pairs of trousers, one for casual wear and one for more formal occasions. My parents didn't say anything about the trousers, and I simply started wearing them to school. My parents never said why they decided to lift the ban and nothing was said about the panties. I wondered if boys' briefs would soon appear in my underwear drawer, but they didn't, and on the next occasion when my mother asked me if many pairs of my underwear were wearing out and needed replacing, I said a few pairs were quite worn, but I still had a lot that were in good shape. She said she'd buy me some more on her next shopping trip. I was mad with curiosity, wondering what she would buy me – boys' briefs or girls' panties! A few days later, I found a pink paper bag on my bed and inside were ten pairs of girls' nylon panties, as frilly as anything I had ever owned and all in decidedly feminine pastel colors. Nevertheless, except for fairly cold weather, I continued to wear shorts after school since Carmine insisted I do, and of course, I continued to wear panties.

My parents just assumed her parents were there and overseeing me whenever I stayed over at her house, but the truth was, I only stayed over when her parents were gone on one of their frequent mini trips. On Valentine's day Carmine had arranged for me to sleep over once again at her place. After dinner she took me to her room and gave me "our present." They were matching babydoll nighties in a light, flower-print nylon fabric with puffy short sleeves and billowy bloomer panties. Hers in pink, mine in baby blue.

I was horrified, but when Carmine insisted, as usual, I relented and wore them that evening. And once I had accepted and put the babydolls on, I settled into little girlie-girlie play with her, both of us on the floor playing with her huge collection of dolls. It was a weird kind of fun, but having been made to wear the thoroughly feminine nightie and bloomer panties bothered me more than I had realized at the moment. I had so enjoyed the experience, and that troubled me into thinking I might be queer. I didn't want to repeat the experience, fearing some loss of my masculinity (the little that I had!). Then, on one horrific night a couple of weeks later, my feminization was quickly hastened.

The tennis club was having a costume carnival party and Carmine accepted to be my date. It was the first time we had a real date—date. I thought it was her way of rewarding me for going along with her and wearing the babydolls on Valentine's Day. I let her decide on the costumes we would wear, and on the day of the party, she came over to my place wearing an old school uniform dress. It was a navy blue skirt and sailor-style blouse with white, lace-edged ankle socks and sneakers. She asked me to take out my old navy blue shorts school uniform with the striped dress shirt and navy blue V-neck sweater. Understanding we would go as a couple of school kids I thought it was not very original, not to mention a bit embarrassing.

But then Carmine took off her blouse and skirt and told me she would dress in my clothes and go as a schoolboy and I'd dress in her clothes and go as a schoolgirl! At first I was a bit angry. For months now, among our friends and even strangers, my reputation as a male had been in question and the subject of teasing comments, and now, having to appear as a schoolgirl before people we knew scared me. Of course after a while, as always, I went along with her wishes. I was totally uncomfortable the whole time, but we were a big hit that evening. I had to endure an enormous amount of mockery, teasing queer boy comments, and guys putting their hands up my skirt to feel me up in my panties. It was a devastating experience!

A month after that, Carmine greatly geared down our relationship. She admitted to me she realized she was a lesbian and didn't like guys in the least. I was lost, of course. She had been my one true love, and at that point, I felt betrayed, and subconsciously, I started on a road that switched my love from her and all females to female clothes, especially sissy shorts and frilly panties, and that is still my entire sex life to this day.

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Auntie's Influence Turned Me into a Cocksucker

I lived with my aunt and she was quite dominant. Being a weak little nelly boy, I loved that about her and envied her. I have photos of her dressing me up as a girl in fancy dresses when I was a preschooler. Her influence made me into a sissy boy, and I loved her for it. I don't remember those early dress up games she played, but a few years later when I saw some of those pictures, she laughed and explained to me she and two of her friends enjoyed dressing me up like a girl because those two women only had daughters, and they wouldn't play with me unless I was dressed up like a pretty girl.

I do remember a lot of kids calling me a sissy because I liked to imitate girls and I was always trying to see boys naked. I would steal my aunt's panties and wear them under my boys' clothes,

but they were too big for me and kept falling down. I didn't think auntie would like me taking her panties, so I only wore them when I could hide in my room while she was busy doing things.

As I grew older, I still played with the daughters of her two friends, but I was always dressed as a boy. One day when I was playing with them at their house, I found pair of one the of the little girl's panties in the bathroom and stole them! I hid them at home and was constantly afraid auntie would find them and punish me for stealing because preached to me about stealing people's things.

Eventually auntie did find out about me wearing her panties I' take from the laundry hamper and even found the panties I had stolen from her friend's daughter; she didn't even scold me, just laughed and said she always knew I was a sissy! So after that I got into auntie's clothes all he time. One time her two friends were over and she bought me out to show them how I looked in one of her nylon blouses that hung down on me like a dress. I had put on auntie's perfume too. The women laughed and that was the first time I heard the stories about how they used to dress me up to play with their daughters. I loved hearing about that, and felt empowered to play at being a girl even more. I stole more panties from the ladies' daughters. Auntie did find out and scolded me. She made me return the panties to the girls. That was humiliating because I felt so shamed about breaking one of auntie's rules. Auntie then took me shopping for my own panties

but warned me about having other kids, especially boys, find out I wore girls' panties because they would probably make life rough for me. She said it was my job to keep my trousers up around boys so they didn't see I was wearing lacy panties.

Auntie thought my panty fetish was funny, and she'd tease me about it. A lot of times she would put a couple of new pairs of panties in my drawer to make sure I didn't have a need to steal panties from her friends' daughters. After a while, auntie just accepted I wanted to continue wearing girls' panties for underwear, so she just kept me supplied and we didn't talk about it much anymore. I wore the panties, and she would launder them and then place them back in my dresser.

Despite my aunt's warnings about keeping my panties a secret, I soon evolved to not caring if anyone saw me in my panties; the kids couldn't tease me anymore or make anymore 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 out either above the waistband of my trousers or out from under the leg of my short shorts. I wanted people to see them and react. Even if they made fun of me or humiliated me, I didn't care. I loved any kind of reaction!

Half way through grade school, I heard stories about old guys in the park who were interested in doing sex things with young boys. I didn't really understand about gay sex but I was curious! I heard most of them hung around the park in the evenings when I couldn't be out of the house, but I noticed some men in the park during the day and I wondered if some of them were queers like the ones I had heard about. I began to flash men my panties, and it thrilled me when one of them would notice my panties and smile or frown or just look at me funny. A couple of them would sit down next to me on a park bench and try to start up a conversation. I was generally tongue-tied and nervous. I didn't know what to say, but I did let my panties peek out at them even more. They'd start talking about sex things, and I'd get even more nervous, not because I wasn't interested, but because 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 wondered if those were just made up stories and not real. I had a hard time imagining such sex acts. Sometimes the guy would get nervous, I suppose because I was so young and nervous myself, and they'd just get up and leave.

One day, a grandfatherly looking man sat next to me and started talking to me about the weather. Then, he reached out and tugged at the lace peeking out from beneath the leg of my shorts and said, "Hey, great panties ya got on, kid. I guess you really are a little sissy."

Breathing heavily, I groaned, "Do you like them?"

He moved closer to me, put his hand on my thigh and then slid it up under my shorts and rubbed my silky panties. 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. It felt wonderful, so good that I thought I was going to pass out!

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

“I really am a girl. I just happen to have one of those things in my panties,” I said as I pointed to my little cock he continued to rub it though the panties. “Is that OK?”

“To me, you're the best kind of girl,” he said with a laugh as he reached down deep into my shorts and rubbed my balls through my panties too.

“I like that,” I said, moaning nervously. I wasn't so much afraid as just not knowing how to act for him sexually. I blushingly admitted I 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 each Tuesday and Thursday afternoon, whenever I could get there after school. He said we'd talk, and if and when I felt comfortable about it, he'd show me all about how to have a lot of fun experimenting with sex.

When we met the next time, I said to him, “Do you want to see my panties and rub my penis? I'm really excited!”

He laughed loudly and said, “Well, yes, my dear girlie boy. I'm hot as hell too and can't wait to see the pretty panties you have on today and then rub your dick to give you pleasure like you're in heaven.”

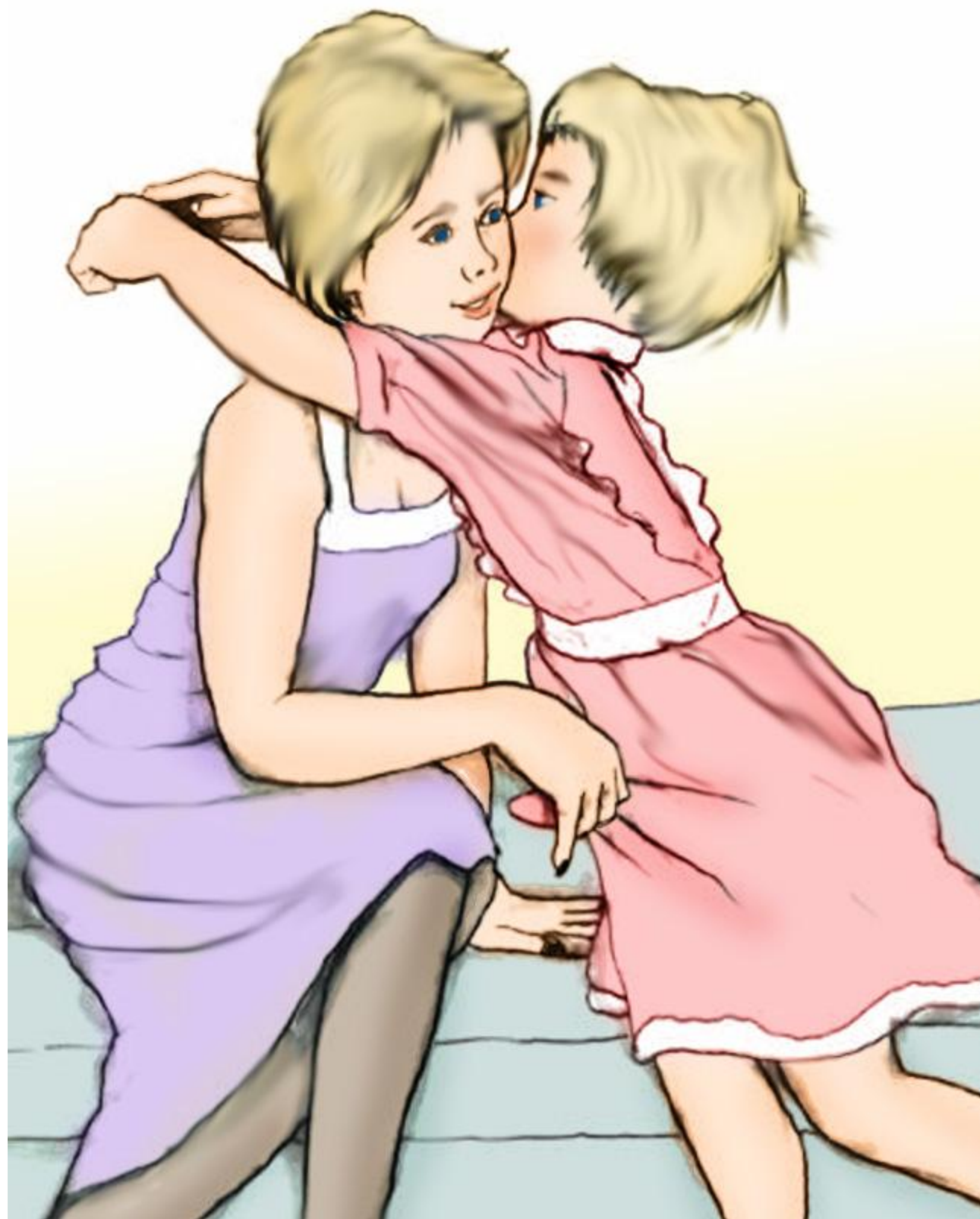
He pointed down the street and said, “Hey, there's an abandoned house at that corner; do you want to go there with me? I can treat you like a real little girl there, play with your panties, play with your girlie penis, even suck on it if you want me to like I told you about. And you can play with my big cock too; I'd love to see the tiny hands of a little girlie boy like you jacking on my dick, and even more, I'd love seeing a pretty panty sissy boy like you with your lips like a suction cup around my cock and swinging from the end of it.”

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

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*Paulie is a sissy, and when
his mommy couldn't take it
anymore, she ran off. Paulie's
father became vey angry and
now makes him dress in her
jewelry, makeup and lingerie,
and makes him perform all the
much needed wifely duties.*



In the Pink

It wasn't the first time she baby-sat for him, but it was the first time she sat for him at her house instead of his. She took his hand and led him to the bathroom. The tub was filled with hot bubbly perfumed water. "A nice, little bubble bath for you, Bobby," she said. She helped him take off his clothes. When she got to his shorts, she said, "I don't like your underwear. I have some nice new ones for you to wear after your bath. Just dry yourself off, put this towel around you and then come to my room. I'll be ready for you."

As he soaked in the hot water and played with flowery smelling bubbles, he was enjoying himself much more than any other bath he has ever taken, but he was also anxious to go to her bedroom and see what she had waiting for him to wear.

He got out of the tub, dried himself with the big pink towel she had left for him and then wrapped it around his waist. As he entered her bedroom door, he smelled a sweet and dizzying perfume. The room was dimly lit in soft pink light. The king-size bed had pink satin sheets and a soft pink comforter. The dust ruffle was also pink with white lacy ruffled edges. One wall of the room was a big mirror.

She had him drop the towel and smiled as she held open at his feet a pair of fully ruffled pink rhumba panties. "You'll be surprised at how wonderful you'll feel once we put these on you," she said as she took his left foot and placed it in one leg opening of the panties and then guided his other foot into them. She slowly raised the pink panties up his legs and over his little boy cock and balls. Cupping them in her warm hands through the cool nylon panties she massaged him intimately and felt his cockette pulsating as it got bigger and bigger. She slowly rubbed her hands all over his silky pink panties, front and back, and ended by giving his penis more little tugs and squeezes. He exploded into a dry cum that shook his frail little body, took his legs right out from under him and made him collapse into her arms, huffing and puffing for air.

But a young boy's spermless cums leave him hard and wanting more, and she was going to give him more, but she was going to bring him to an even higher level. As she took off her dress, she said, "You look lovely in your pink panties, baby. Don't they feel soft and sexy?"

"They feel real nice, Miss Atwell, but am I supposed to wear them? They are just for girls, aren't they?"

"Oh, no, dear boy, pretty clothes like these panties are for anyone lucky enough to own them," she said as she smiled and patted the bed where she wanted him to sit. As he moved to the bed he noticed more lingerie arranged on the bed, all in pink: a pink garter belt with little roses on it, silk stockings, a soft pink half slip trimmed in white lace, and a tiny pink training bra.

"These are for you to wear, baby," she whispered.

He blinked and stared at the frilly clothes. "But those are girls' things too. Whose clothes are they?" he asked.

"Why these clothes are yours, baby. I bought them just for you to wear."

He didn't know what to think as he sat on the bed next to her. The bed and the satin sheets were very soft, and everything smelled so wonderful. As she picked up a pink stocking and gathered it up in her fingers, she asked, "Hold up your leg."

He extended his leg, and she slipped the sexy smooth nylon stocking over his foot. She slowly pulled the silky material up his leg, and when she reached the top of his leg, she could see his hard cock fully erect within his rhumba panties. She took the other stocking, and as she smiled at him, she slipped it over his other foot and up his leg. He couldn't get over the exciting feeling he got with his legs encased in the shiny stockings.

"How do they feel, Bobby?" she asked.

"Really good."

"Well, just wait until I put the rest of your new things on you," she said.

She touched his cock trying to burst through the panties, wrapping her fingers around his hot little shaft, stroking gently, teasingly gently, as she looked into his moist eyes and whispered to him.

"I know you feel funny wearing girls' panties and stockings, Bobby, but let yourself go and get into your girly self. Did you know that everyone is part male and part female? And you will really feel complete if you learn how to enjoy the girly side of yourself. Really nice feelings await you if you do -- nice things like wearing pretty, exciting, soft and smooth panties and nylons and dresses."

She made him feel better about the strange excitement he felt in his cock. He was a boy, but these girly clothes made him feel more excited as a boy than he had ever felt before. He smiled meekly, appreciating how she was helping him accept the wonderful feelings surging inside him.

As she let go of his cock, she picked up the pink garter belt. "Stand up," she said.

He stood in front of her; she wrapped the belt around his waist, hooked it in the back and then fed the satin ribbon straps through the sides of his panties and down to be attached to his stockings. She adjusted each garter to the right tension and then gave the last strap a little snap that stung his leg but felt really good too. As he faced her, she saw his firm little cock pointing straight up into the nylon panties, begging for her attention. She bent forward, opened her lips, took his penis into her mouth and slowly sucked on it through the exciting silkiness of his new pink panties. He was so turned on that he almost came again, but before he could, she backed off and left him panting as she let his penis slip out of her mouth.

"Not yet, baby, we've got a lot of exciting things to do and a lot more pretty clothes to put on you first."

Now came the bra. It was pink with lace trim. He felt a little funny about wearing a bra, but she assured him it was all part of the experience. Next came a camisole top she slipped over his head and then smoothed over his body. It too was soft and silky like his panties. Next was an incredibly soft pink half-slip that clung lovingly to his body. She pulled it up over his pink panties and garter belt, but it bulged too as it couldn't disguise his wildly needy cockette showing itself off within his sissy panties.

"How do you feel now, Bobby? Doesn't all your lingerie feel so good on your body?"

He was so excited that he could only nod in agreement.

She had him look at himself in the huge wall-size mirror. He couldn't believe how beautiful he looked and how much he looked like a girl, dressed all in pink lingerie next to a beautiful woman, rubbing her hand over the bulge in his panties. She pulled him close, slipped her breast out of her bra and put its nipple into his open mouth. As he sucked on her, she rubbed his cock more fervently through his soft pink panties.

"Don't get too excited, yet, baby," she said. "The night is young and we have a lot more to do!"

She helped him into a simple pink dress, so typical of a prim and proper little girl. He loved the way he looked in the dress even though he had to keep pushing out of his mind the idea that boys weren't supposed to wear girls' clothes – at least not normal boys. Those boys they called sissies were like girls and he had heard they liked to pretend they were girls and wear girls' clothes, but he wasn't a sissy – still he loved the sensations he felt as she played with him in his new girlie clothes – HIS clothes! She boldly grabbed his pantied penis right through the dress and as she jerked on his cock through the multi layers of dress, half-slip and nylon panties, he gasped for gulps of fresh air, like he had just surfaced after holding his breath under water.

He started breathing really heavily and as he watched her undressing to her own pink bra, garter belt, stockings and lacy satin panties.

From the nightstand, she took out a long, thin vibrator. He was about to laugh because it looked like a penis! Then he thought, 'What is she going to do with it?'

"Turn over on your tummy, Bobby, and raise up your little butt so I can put this pillow under you."

He did as she asked, looking over his shoulder as she pulled up his dress and half-slip and then slipped down his pink panties to the base of his ass cheeks while leaving the panties covering his hard cock in front.

"Relax, baby. This might hurt just a little at first, but then it will feel very good. Something new you have never felt before."

She kissed his baby soft ass cheeks, then pulled his buttocks apart and pushed her tongue into his asshole. He let out an audible gasp as her snaking tongue explored his dark hole. She moaned into his ass and made little sucking sounds as she worked her tongue into him.

He couldn't believe the wonderful sensations he felt as she licked and sucked on his butt hole. With one hand she grabbed his raging cock and began to work it back and forth through his panties in rhythm with her tongue probing his bottom. She then slipped her tongue out of his hole and gave his butt a little slap before taking the long, thin vibrator and slowly inserting the end into his hot butt hole. After it was all the way in, she turned on the vibrator. It gave out a soft buzzing sound and caused him to jump around wildly as she slid it in and out. Her other hand was curled around his rigid pink pantied cock. He had never felt such a great feeling in his prick or his ass. She worked his cock and ass faster and faster, bringing him to the very brink of cumming. But before she let him cum, she stopped, slipped the vibrator out of his ass and put it on the nightstand.

"Now I need a little sucking, baby," she said.

She turned him over and put his head on one of the big pink pillows. She lifted one leg over his chest and moved up to his face. The pink panties she was wearing were right in his face. She slowly lowered her wet pussy over his open mouth, her wetness dripping from the perfumed crotch of her panties. As she settled down on his face, she let out a conquering moan of pure pleasure. He also let out a soft moan, but it was muffled by her hot, wet pink pantied pussy jamming up against his pussy-licking lips.

"Oh, baby, that feels so good! Suck my cunt! Suck it! Suck it!"

She rocked on his face and settled her cunny fully onto his mouth as she instructed him on how she liked him to pleasure her. He licked and sucked on her cunt lips and pulled her little clit into his mouth. Moments later, she came all over his face while letting out a long, slow yell.

Once her trembling slowed, she rolled off his face and curled up next to him reaching down to touch his cock some more. She gave it a little pull and a firm squeeze to keep him hard. He was grinding his erection into her hand, wanting her to finish him off, but instead, she said, "I've got another little surprise for you. Close your eyes."

He did as she told him. She was fumbling around with something, but then commanded, "Now, open your mouth."

When he did, he heard her moan and then felt something slip into his mouth. He opened his eyes and saw her pussy in front of his face. The legband of her panties had been pulled aside and coming out of her pink pussy lips was a cock! Not a real cock, but a very real-looking rubber cock. The other end of the cock was now in his mouth. He began to suck on the rubber cock in his mouth and at the same time she began to work it both into his mouth and all around her cunt. With one hand on the rubber cock, she reached her other hand down to his rock-hard dick in his panties and worked both cocks at the same time.

"Suck that cock, Bobby. Suck it good, my little faggot panty boy," she moaned.

They both worked the rubber cock into themselves. The cock got wetter and wetter as it went in and out of her cunt and his mouth. She knew he couldn't hold out much longer. She slipped the cock out of his mouth and turned her body around so they were in the 69 position. She put his cock into her mouth with the soft panties still covering it. She sucked him through the panties. He lapped at her wet, hot cunt as she pushed it into his mouth. She slapped his butt as she took his cock completely into her boy-hungry mouth. The bed rocked with them as they both let go into each others' mouth and let loose with cries of deep pleasure.

As they both lay on the pink bed in their pink lingerie -- Bobby and his babysitter, she told him of other fun things they could do the next time she baby-sat him at her house. She even promised Bobby to introduce him to her young sister and brother. They were twins and loved to fuck like minks while her little brother was fully dressed in elegant lingerie. He said he even wore panties twenty-four hours a day and told Bobby once he got to love his lingerie, he would get up the nerve to ask his mother to buy him panties and other girlie clothes to wear, but of course he'd have to do that on his own because she couldn't admit to being a party to his interest in lingerie. Bobby said he could never do that, but she assured him that once he got to the point that he couldn't live without his panties, slips and other girlie clothes, he'd ask his mother. This had been a good start to Bobby's lessons in lingerie.

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Two Drawings from Sissy Boy Wilkins

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Bondage this morning is severe. Ten-year-old Susan is shackled, panty gagged, high-heeled and mono gloved as he's led into the garden to join the other males. His Daddy is trussed to a tree, panty blindfolded and his mouth stuffed with dirty panties, supplied by his fifteen-year-old son, Betty, who can't stop masturbating into his panties a minimum of ten times day. As the maid takes Betty shopping to buy more panties, little Susan watches, knowing he will soon be a sissified panty spurter too!



David, doesn't daddy look pretty as a lady?
Well, you've been having fun playing with
yourself in your little panties long enough.
I think it's time we make you into a girl!

Daddy!
Me a girl?