

# Pussy Boy Pager

Reader's Stories & Pics

## Volume 27

### ***I Got Caught the Very First Time I Tried on Mom's Dress***

*I had often thought about trying on my mom's clothes, and when I finally got up the nerve, the beautiful lady who lives next door to us found me, and let me be the sissy I am.*

### ***Forced to Be a Bully's Sissy***

*Since I was very small for my age, I got picked on a lot at school, and one of the bullies made me into his fag sissy.*

### ***Panty Therapy Randy Teenager***

*He kept getting excited while a nurse gave him an ultrasound treatment, so she put him in a pair of her panties to embarrass him out of his having an erection, but they only excited him more!*

### ***Naughty School Boys are Trained to be Little Diapered & Sissy Girls!***

*Not knowing what else to do, the parents fully support the new school program to teach their boys to be respectful and obedient toward all females!*

***Plus a lot more!***

Adults Only



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

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## **The First Time I Put on a Dress, I got Caught and Was Forced to Confess**

One day when I was fourteen and had just taken a shower, I realized I had forgotten to bring any clean clothes with me into the bathroom, but no one else was home, so after drying myself and completely naked, I went looking for my best pair of jeans down in the basement because my mom had washed them the night before and they were hanging on the line down there. (Mom was always trying to save money from using the dryer by letting our clothes drip dry whenever possible.)

As I reached up to unpeg my jeans, my naked backside brushed up against a bright yellow nylon and chiffon dress hanging on the line behind me. It was my mom's dress and its contact with my naked body sent a wonderful charge of electricity shooting through me. I turned to see the slip-like skimpy dress and without even thinking, I wrapped my arms around it, and as I hugged it to my body the soft nylon tickled my front and gave me an instant stiffy. I gyrated my hips and massaged the nylon dress over my cock.

I had never even thought about wearing one of my mom's dresses before, but for some reason, I took the dress off the line and wanted to put it on. I thought as long as I was going to put on the dress, I might as well go whole hog and put on some of my mom's underwear too. I HAD thought about trying on my mom's lingerie a few times before because I saw it all the time hanging up on the bathroom rack where she let them dry after hand washing them. I touched them a few times, and just touching her slips and panties gave me the chills in a really good way, but I never had the nerve to actually try them on. So I don't know what was different on this day, but as long as I was going to put on the dress, I decided to put on a pair of my mom's panties too.

With the yellow dress in hand I went back to the bathroom and got a garter belt, a pair of nylon

stockings and a pair of my mom's silky white nylon panties off the rack and took them to the den to change into them where I could look out the front window and see my mom driving up in case she came home early. I put the garter belt around my waist and then pulled on the panties. I almost blew my load the very instant the nylon panties went up over my throbbing cock. I stood there shaking, breathing like I had run all the way home from school and sweating like crazy just trying to hold back from spurting my cum all over those sleek panties. Finally, I took a deep breath and slipped the dress over my head, and as I let the slinky dress slide down over my body, I nearly fainted.

The effect was like nothing I'd ever experienced. My cock twitched and it felt as though it was made of steel. I slid my arms into the long chiffon sleeves and then tried to zip the dress closed, but halfway up my back, the zipper caught. That's when I heard the back door to our house opening and someone coming in. There was only one way out of the den and that was past the hallway to the backdoor. I panicked and struggled to get the dress off and in the process actually ripped both of the thin chiffon arms right off the dress and tore it in several places, and when I heard a voice behind me I just fell forward on the couch and cried.

"Christian, is that you?" she asked as she reached the doorway of the den.

"Oh, god," I prayed to myself, "please, don't let her see me this way!"

It was our neighbor Mrs. Kay. She's gorgeous, sexy, real hot masturbation material. She wears icy pink lipstick, minis, thin blouses exposing her sexy bras underneath, and high heels and stockings. She always dresses like she's going to fancy party. I panicked. There was nowhere to hide and no escape.

She entered, paused for a second and said with a lilt in her voice, "My, my, Christian, don't you look pretty today."

I kept my face buried in the sofa and through my tears I pleaded with her, "I'm sorry ... it was ... I just wondered ...." I stammered and cried. I couldn't even speak a coherent sentence.

"Sit up," she commanded.

I scooted around and sat, but kept my head down. As sexy as she always was, I had no desire to look at her at this moment. She sat on the sofa and pulled me to her and motioned for me to sit on her lap. I was beet red and shaking. I wanted to run, hide, scream, and tear the rest of the dress off, but the stuck zipper held the dress tight around me. I sat on her mini-skirted legs and she put an arm around me and tried to comfort me.

"Christian, please don't cry. I'm not going hurt you or make any trouble for you. I understand young boys like you get excited by women's clothes. It's perfectly understandable. I get excited by my own pretty clothes every day. Girls are so lucky to be able to wear such nice clothes. So I know what you are feeling and I can imagine how tempted you are to put on your mommy's clothes."

I moaned out to her that I had never done it before and I don't know why I did it this time. She told me not to be upset about it, and it was perfectly normal for boys to wonder what ladies' clothes felt like to wear. As she hugged me with my head on her shoulder, she kept rubbing her hands over my back and sides in the dress and panties, and it felt so-o-o-o good!

“And you ARE pretty in these clothes, you know,” she whispered to me in a throaty voice. “Very pretty. Except for this,” she said as she reached down and grasped my cock through the nylon of the dress and panties. My cock went from limp to rock hard with two strokes of her hand. I looked down at her long red fingernails and delicate hands stroking my hard on and gasped for air. It was so fucking amazing! But it was all too much for me. I was ready to blow my cum in the panties and into her hand, and I got scared.

“Oh, please, no...don't,” I cried. “I, I, uh, don't want to ....”

But she just pulled me closer and whispered in my ear, “It's OK. You're going to love this. I'm going to make you feel real good in your mommy's clothes, and after today, I'll dress you up in my clothes anytime you want, and we'll do this often.”

Three more strokes and I exploded in my dress and panties, trembling in her arms. With a mixture of supreme thrills, chills, shame and sense of total depravity, I hugged myself to her and never wanted to let go. Finally, my emotions waned. She helped me up and we washed out my mom's panties and hung them and the garter belt and nylons back on the rack in the bathroom.

“It's a pity you didn't have a chance to put the stockings on. I know you would love having them on your legs; all boys like you love silky stockings almost as much as they love nylon panties making love to their hard little cock! But it gives us just one more thing we can do together when you come over to my house for some more dress-up fun. I think you'll like wearing my nylon stockings and all the pretty clothes I have for you to wear.”

No shit! She had the prettiest clothes I had ever seen any woman or girl wear. I got hard again just thinking about them!

Without any panties on, she noticed my hard-on pushing itself up under the dress.

“Getting hard all over again just thinking about dressing up in my clothes? What a randy little boy you are. God, how I love young boys and their constantly hard dicks!

“We don't have any time today, but you can come over to my house tomorrow afternoon. I'll tell your mom, I need you to help me clean up my basement. But right now, we have to get you out of this dress and see what we can do to fix it.”

She unjammed the zipper and pulled it off me; we looked at the dress, it was ruined. She told me she wouldn't tell my mom about catching me dressed up, but made me promise to tell my mom that I had torn the dress while trying to put it on. She said she wanted me to be very brave and confess to my mom I was interested in her clothes, wanted to try her dress on, and I had ruined it in the process. She told me to tell my mom that I would promise her never to do it again. She

said I had to do that or we could never play girly dress up games again. I was stunned. I didn't know if I could do that, but I had no excuse for the torn dress, so I knew I'd have to say something to my mom about it. Mrs. Kay insisted I admit to my mom my desire to wear girls' clothes, and to give me added motivation, she reached up under her miniskirt, took off her gleaming white satin panties and handed them to me.

“Here, Christian – hey, maybe I'll start calling you Chrissy! – Here, you can have this pair of my panties. Sorry but they are a little moist! Seeing you in your girly clothes has gotten me quite excited. You can use my panties to masturbate whenever you have the need. And now you know how to wash them out, so you can keep them clean for the next time you want to use them.

“Now, if your mother finds my panties, I'll deny giving them to you. I'll tell her that I have been missing panties from my clothesline lately, and you must be the one stealing them!

“And don't try to think up some other kind of excuse to explain to your mother about her torn dress. Tell her you wanted to wear it, but you can promise her never to do it again. But I'll tell you right now that she probably won't believe you won't be tempted to do it again. But I want to see how she reacts. You know your mother tells me everything about you. I think I know all your secrets, and now I really do know your most important secret. So don't lie to your mother, or I'll find out and then there will be no fun dress up games at my house!”

“But, honest, Mrs. Kay,” I said with tears running down my cheeks, “honest, I never wanted to put my mom's dress on before. I don't know why ...”

“But you have played with your mom's panties before, haven't you?”

“Wha...?”

“Now, don't lie to me, and when you tell your mom, don't lie to her about wanting to try on the dress. She's told me she finds her panties moved around on her drying rack all the time.”

“She-e-e knows...” I said in disbelief.

“Christian, your mother told me she wondered if you were maybe gay, you know because queer boys sometimes like to dress up in their mommy's clothes.”

“Oh, NO! I'm not gay! I like girls. Really! I never tried on her panties before today!”

“I'm sure you do like girls, and I think our little fun today kind of proves that. Anyway, so you see, your mom already thinks you're a bit of a sissy, so don't lie to her about the dress. Good luck,” she said as she kissed me and then went out the back door and back to her house.

I got my courage up to talk to my mom, but as I saw her car pull up and she came walking up to the front door, my courage vanished, and when she walked in I was in tears and her torn sexy yellow dress was beside me on the sofa. It was the most difficult thing I had ever done in my life, but I admitted trying on her dress and tearing it. She was really upset about the dress, but

eventually calmed down and gave me a hug. Then she sent me to bed without my supper and said she needed time to think.

Later she came up to my bedroom and brought me a ham and cheese sandwich and a soda pop and talked to me. She said she didn't want me to become a queer boy. I assured her that I liked girls and I wouldn't. So she wondered why I was interested in her clothes, and I cried a lot as we talked. I told her I couldn't explain it, but they looked so nice on her I wondered what they would feel like to wear because boys didn't get to wear pretty, silky clothes. She told me to come to her whenever I had those urges and maybe she would get me some pretty girlie clothes of my own that I could wear in private in my bedroom whenever I felt the need.

After I went to bed, I heard her on the phone. I was sure she was talking to Mrs. Kay and telling her everything – and that's exactly what she was doing! After that, mom got me some pretty girls' clothes, and I had many, many visits to Mrs. Kay's house to help her 'do chores' that ended up being dress-up and mutual panty masturbation sessions!

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## Forced to Be a Bully's Sissy

As a small, skinny seventh grade boy, I had problems. Almost all the other boys in junior high were bigger and stronger than I was, and they picked on me as well as the other smaller and weaker boys. It was just part of school, but it got worse when I my room got transferred to the wing with the 8th graders. One of them, Billy, decided to make me his favorite punching and pinching target. It seemed like he was always around, throwing a punch at me or giving me a nasty pinch and calling me his favorite name for me, 'sissy.' He'd come up to me, grab my penis and balls with a claw-like grip through my pants, yank and pinch them and ask me if I had a pussy between my legs like all the other little girls. The other kids thought it was funny when the bullies picked on us and I suppose they were all glad we kept the bullies away from them. My life became more miserable each day, and when I complained at home I was told I had to learn to stand up for myself. Even when any of us complained to the teachers, they didn't do anything except tell us we had to learn how to fend for ourselves. This was the 1960's, and the world ignored the schoolyard problem of some kids bullying other kids, like me.

Finally one day Billy found me on the playground and shoved me hard up against the brick wall of the library, saying, "Hi, Sissy."

I just stared down at his shoe tops and didn't try to run away.

He said, "Tell me your name; tell me what you are," as he smacked my face and I felt a tear run down my cheek.

"Sissy," I said, knowing how he wanted me to answer that question.

He chuckled and said, "That's right; your name is 'sissy' because that's what you are. Now say it again."

I said, "Sissy."

He laughed and grabbed me by my hair and forced my head up to look at him. He asked, "What are you?"

"I'm a sissy. Please, don't hurt me! My name is sissy."

He laughed and left me standing there crying. After that day he quit hitting and pinching me but when he would see me he would say, "Hi, sissy," and I would answer, "Hi, Billy." And he'd chuckle.

Sometimes he would come up to me and ask me, "What are you?" and I would answer, "I'm a Sissy." He'd just laugh, give me a friendly pat on the head or bottom and walk away. Sometimes other kids heard it and laughed or giggled and turned away. No one wanted to step in and tell him to stop bullying me. They probably didn't want to take a chance of being his next victim, plus some of them liked seeing and hearing me being humiliated.



Then one day he came up and pushed me into the boys' restroom. I was scared and trembling and he asked, "What are you?"

As usual, I said, "I'm a sissy."

And instead of letting me go and walking away from me, he pushed me up against the bathroom wall and hissed, "Are you lying to me?"

Tears filled my eyes, as I desperately said, "No Billy, I'm a sissy. I will never lie to you. My name is Sissy."

"Well, you need to show me you ain't lying, sissy," as he pulled my head back by my hair like before. It hurt. He then asked, "You got a sister, sissy?"

I answered, "Yes."

"How old is she, sissy?"

"Ten," I said.

"I bet she's almost as big as you, huh, sissy?"

My sister was just as big as me even though she was two years younger. How did he know that? Maybe he just guessed it. When I didn't say anything, he pulled hard on my hair and shook my head and said, "You start wearing her panties to school. Start tomorrow or I'll knock out your sissy teeth." He held his clenched fist up to my face and made me promise to wear my sister's panties to school every day starting the next day. "I'll be checking you. If you don't have panties on tomorrow, you'll have no teeth and a bloody face, and you know nobody will do anything to me for doing it if you tattle. Understand, sissy?"

He turned and walked out of the bathroom without waiting for me to answer his question. I stood there stunned and crying.

That night, at home I tried several times to tell my Mom about Billy, but I couldn't. I was too ashamed. The next morning while my little sister was in the bathroom I slipped into her room and opened her underwear drawer and with trembling hands grabbed the first pair of panties I saw and ran to my room and put them on. All morning long I couldn't concentrate on school because I was so nervous wearing my sister's pale blue nylon panties that kept rubbing up against my little cock and balls and making me squirm in my seat and roll my hips when I walked.

I saw Billy at lunch and he grinned at me and said, "Hello, sissy."

I reddened and looked down at my shoes and said, "Hello, Billy."

"Do you have something to show me, sissy?"

I nodded.

He chuckled louder than usual and commanded, "Go to the restroom; get a pass and meet me there in two minutes."

I hurried over to a teacher, got a pass to the restroom and hurried to get there as a tear of humiliation ran down my cheek. Billy came in behind me and pushed me into a stall and asked, "Are you a pantywaist sissy?"

I nodded.

He reached out and undid my pants and yanked them down to my knees to expose the little girls' pale blue nylon panties with lace on the sides. He laughed out loud and then turned me around so my back was to him. I began to cry harder with shame as his big hand massaged my pantied bottom and he said, "Every day, sissy, every day you'll wear your sister's panties -- every day, understand me?" He was angry.

I sobbed, was scared and tried to be submissive to him so he wouldn't beat me up. I said, "Yes, Billy, I'm a sissy pantywaist. I'll wear panties for you, but please, don't hurt me, please."

He pinched my penis through the panties. I shrieked and he laughed.

"Does your sister have any pink panties?"

I shrugged my shoulders, indicating that I didn't know.

"Well, you better hope she does because these blue panties are kind of cute on you, but blue is for sissy boys, and I want you to be my sissy girl, and real girlie sissy boys wear pink panties. So start wearing your sister's pink panties, and if she doesn't have any pink panties, I guess you better ask your mom to buy you some or steal some from the shopping center or get them from somewhere else. I don't care where. Because I want you in pink panties all the time, and your life will be hell if I ever catch you not wearing pink panties."

He leaned over and whispered in my ear, "Tell me you want me to treat you like a girl, sissy."

I sobbed and choked on the words, "Please, Billy, I want you to treat me like a girl." Tears rolled down my face as he pressed himself up against my back side. He had his hard cock out and was rubbing it all over my butt in my pale blue panties.

"Sure, I'll treat you like a little girl, sissy. We're going to have a lot of fun together. I'm going to have you over to my house as soon as we can get some time when my mom will be out shopping or something ... maybe this weekend. But until then, remember to get yourself some nice pink panties and start wearing them all the time, or I might pinch your little dick so hard it will fall off and then your mom will buy you pink panties for sure!"

With that he pinched my dick real hard, so hard that at first I didn't even feel him slip his dick under the leg elastic of my panties and shove it up against my asshole. He shot his slimy cum all over my butt and inside my sister's pale blue nylon panties. Then as the pain in my pinched penis died down, I felt the cold wetness of his boy cum coating my butt and soaking through the panties. Next he was pulling up his pants and laughing, his laughter echoed off the hard walls of the bleak restroom as he left me there crying.

At home, I searched my sister's dresser for pink panties. Thank goodness she had some, but just two pairs! All the other ones were all other colors or white. I took one pair to wear the next day, but wondered what I was going to do after that. If I kept borrowing my sister's pink panties every day, pretty soon Jeanie would wonder what was going on and surely catch me. I was scared, scared of Billy and scared of my sister and my mother. They wouldn't understand that I had to wear pink girls' panties. I feared Billy more than my sister or even my mom, but asking my mom to buy me some of my own pink panties was out of the question. I thought about stealing them from a store but that scared the hell out of me too. I had never stolen anything in my life except some bubble gum from the candy store, and I had gotten caught doing that and my mom really gave me a beating for doing that. The tears continued to roll down my face as I wondered what I was going to do. I was lost, and I just kept mumbling to myself, the words Billy had made me say, "Please, treat me like a girl. Please, treat me like a girl. Please, treat me like a girl."

Somehow I survived that year in school, but not before Billy butt fucked me or made me give him a blowjob once or twice every week. Then I found out he was constantly abused by his older brothers who would ass fuck him and make him give them blowjobs. Billy still lives in the same house he grew up in, and these days I know he is totally gay, and as for me, I guess you'd call me bisexual because of my experiences with Billy, plus I got pushed around a lot by one of his friends who shared some classes with me at our community college. Somehow he found out about me being forced to wear panties and give Billy head during grade school and he made me give him blowjobs too. He didn't have to force me to wear panties because that is one thing I did willingly. Ever since 7th grade, I've worn panties as often as I could (I ended up stealing them from friends' homes every chance I got), and once I moved out of my mom's house I began wearing panties 24/7. But when it comes to sex, I do prefer females, any female who can handle me wearing panties while we make love!

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## **Panty Therapy for a Randy Teenager**



I'm sure other guys like to do what I do with my granny panties -- shoot my cum all over inside them and then go to sleep in them as the cum quickly cools and leaves a wet and sticky mess in the panties. In the morning, my dick is stuck to my panties. I love the sensation of peeling my starched panties off my dick. The cum I shot inside the panties is a patchwork of congealed and crusty clumps and stains. Then I promptly stuff my slimed panties into my mouth. Here's how I got into a habit of masturbating this way:

In 1965, as a randy fourteen year old, I had read a porn story about a frustrated middle-age housewife seducing a teen boy like myself. I loved that story and read it dozens of times as I masturbated. Then when I was fifteen, I had strained the muscles in my groin playing basketball and for part of my rehab I had to have physical therapy. I was sent to a therapist who was a sweet, rather attractive thirty-something lady with long brown hair down her back and a very slim body. She wasn't really sexy, but for some reason she excited me. Then again, like most boys at my age, most any female or female thing had the potential to excite me! I liked looking at her in her modestly cut but thin white nurses' uniform, and my fantasies were triggered because I could clearly make out her full slip, bra, brief-style panties and even the outline of her garter straps holding up her white nylon stockings right through her uniform. (This was during the golden age of lingerie and all women and girls wore beautiful lingerie like that.)

When I went there for my first treatment, she told me to strip down to my underwear and lie down on a long cold metal table for an ultrasound treatment. When I hesitated, she asked what the problem was, and I told her that I didn't wear underwear. Well, she gave me a small piece of thin cotton cloth just large enough to cover my hips. I got naked, got on the table, put the cloth over myself and then told her I was ready for my treatment. The cold table, the funny vibrations of the ultrasound, and her standing so close to me in her thin uniform combined to turn me on as she firmly pressed down with the handheld microphone-like head of the device and slowly moved it over my various groin muscles combined to excite me.

That thin piece of cotton was all that covered my hardening cock and eventually it was too much to bear. She ignored my cock pushing itself up under the cloth. I couldn't help it, I just had to touch my cock and reached under the cloth and tried to shove it aside, but my cock only got harder in my hand. I didn't know what to do, but it felt wonderful touching it with her right there so close to me. Surely, she saw what I was doing. I became more adventurous since she didn't say anything when I handled myself and I became bolder, very gently pulling my foreskin back and forth covered only by the cloth that kept slipping down and either she or I kept pulling it back to cover my genitals and my hand doing a slow jerk. Still she said nothing, so I started to speed up my rhythm until I was essentially masturbating right in front of this exciting mature lady.

Then, to my horror, she simply said, "I think we need to get rid of that!" She stopped the ultrasound and walked off.

I was terrified; I was lying there with my hard cock in my hand but now didn't know what to do. My shame took hold me, and I let go of my cock. She was still in the same room, her back to me as she opened a closet and got something out. She turned to me with something white in her hands, told me to get off the table and said that since the cloth kept sliding off me, she wanted

me to put on what she handed me. It was a plain pair of ladies' white nylon panties! Shamed into submission, I simply stepped into the panties, quickly yanked them up and then got back onto the table.

“You are a naughty boy. Perhaps this spare pair of my panties will embarrass you enough to put your mind on other things and get rid of that disgusting protuberance.”

I had never heard the word protuberance before, but I wasn't stupid and knew she surely meant my hard cock. My embarrassment at being shamed into wearing ladies' panties did deflate my penis, but it was just temporary.

Now, back on the table, I tried to relax as she went back to giving me the ultrasound. The panties worked fine because they didn't slide off me. She'd pull them aside to get at the muscles she wanted to work on with the knob end of the machine. Then, all of a sudden, I couldn't ignore the silky fabric of the nylon panties and the tight elastic waist and leg bands biting into me. My cock quickly began to rise again, and within the very stretchy nylon panties, it stood right up bigger than ever. I immediately grabbed it to cover it, but my hand on my cock over the silky panties sent me right over the edge, and I started spurting round after round of my cum. Some shot through the panties and got on her fingers. She was in shock, looked down at her hand in disgust, and without giving it a second thought shoved her fingers into my mouth.

“Lick it off, you disgusting little boy!”

I did!

She turned away from me and washed her hands in the sink. I didn't know what to do: I was lying there in her panties filled with my cum!

With her back to me, she berated me, calling me a pervert. When she turned back around, she avoided eye contact with me but could see me lying there like an idiot with my open hand dripping with cum.

“You're dripping that nasty juice of yours on my floor. Stop it this instant! Clean your hand off! And get my good panties off and clean them up too!”

I didn't know what to do or exactly what she wanted me to do, so I just stuck my fingers in my mouth and licked my cum off of them like I had licked her fingers. And she stood there staring at me in awe as I peeled the wet panties off, slid them down my legs and stuffed them in my mouth!”

She saw me and said, “What a freak you are! I meant for you to wash up in the sink. You're a pervert! No normal boy would get hard and excited in women's panties, dirty them with their cum and then suck it all up!”

One other thing that made this all that much more exciting: she was from somewhere in Eastern Europe and had a real cool accent, and when she said the words ‘women's panties’ she



pronounced the 'w' like a 'v' and broke the word panties into two words ending and beginning with a 't,' and it sounded like 'vimin's pant-ties' – and her saying it like that drove me nuts! To this day, I can still hear her in my mind say those words and instantly get a hard on!

Then as she walked out of the room, she told me she couldn't treat me, and I should get another therapist. I knew I had been very naughty, so I quickly dressed. I didn't know what to do with her panties, so I just stuffed them in my pocket and got out of there as fast as I could.

Afterwards at home, I took the panties out and looked at them. They were plain white but so silky and with a cute trim of white lace around the legs. Handling them got me all excited all over again, and I just had to put them on again, jerk off in them and then lick the panties clean! It was the beginning of a pattern that I religiously follow to this day in my daily masturbation ritual.

The enclosed picture isn't of very high quality because I took it with a cheap camera, but I think you get the idea of how excited I got in my white nylon panties!

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## **Trained To Little Diaper & Sissy Girls**

The Sisters of Sacred Heart at Holy Family Elementary School and St. Joseph's High School are upset because every night they get calls from parents, mostly mothers, complaining about the boys who constantly harass, tease, humiliate, and

even in some cases, hit and beat up girls at school.

Almost all of the boys from the sixth to twelfth grades have no respect for females of any age. The girls hate the way they are treated by the boys and wish there was a way to stop it. The boys knock down the girls on the playground so their lace petticoats and pretty panties are exposed for the boys to laugh at. Some of the boys think it is a lot of fun to sneak up on girls and lift their skirts or peek up their skirts while they are going up stairs.

A few boys, like Carl, treat the girls nicely, but boys like him get teased, beaten up and treated like a sissy. Carl was in the sixth grade and a sissy in every sense of the word. His voice was high pitched like some boys his age. His mannerisms were girlish, and he didn't like playing with the other boys. He enjoyed playing with the girls, jumping rope and playing other games little girls play. He has dolls at home he plays with and likes to play house with his sister.

Carl lives with his ultra feminine divorced mommy, who loves to treat him like a little girl, and he loves it. Carl has always been put into diapers and plastic panties at night because he is a bed wetter and can't help himself. On weekends and holidays, his mommy keeps him in diapers and plastic panties all day long. Carl loves being pampered as his mommy's little baby girl. He wears a frilly nightie to bed and little girls' ruffled nylon rhumba panties under his clothes when he goes outside and to school. He is also kept in silky padded bras along with his sissy panties. He loves wearing petticoats and frilly party dresses. His mommy would like him to wear his girls' clothes to school but he cannot. His mommy always calls him Carol or Baby Carol because as she told him, "If you want to be a girl, you should have a girls' name." It didn't bother him; it made him feel more feminine.

Another boy in Carl's class, Peter, is just the opposite and always mean towards the girls. Because of his small size, he feels he has to prove himself to the other boys so they won't pick on him like they pick on Carl and the other sissy boys. So he teases the girls and pulls up their skirts to embarrass them.

Five weeks into the new school year, the nuns held a meeting and invited the parents to take part in the discussion about the problems they were having with the boys. Most of the mothers came, but most of their husbands decided they had better things to do and didn't think there was any real problem; the boys were just being boys. But the problem had grown into serious proportions, and at the meeting, one of the women brought a teenage girl with her who look like she was about ten years old because she was wearing a light blue chiffon party dress with ruffled petticoats that made her dress flare way out from her waist. As she walked, the sounds of rustling petticoats made people's heads turn. The woman and her daughter took a seat and listened to a woman psychiatrist try to explain why the boys were acting as they were, but she had no answers either.

Then the woman, Mrs. Johnson, stood up and was recognized by the Sisters. She introduced herself and said, "The problem is very serious, but the solution is quite simple. The best thing I have found that works is called petticoat punishment."

"Petticoat what?" one woman said. "What's that all about?"

Mrs. Johnson explained, "What is the one thing males fear losing more than anything else?"

"Their manhood! All you have to do is take it away and an instant change in their behavior and lifestyle follows. It's very successful and easy to do: Just take away their trousers and force the boys to wear petticoats and frilly dresses. Then they get a taste of their own medicine and see how it feels as the girls tease them, call them sissies and lift up the boys dresses exposing their pretty slips and panties for all to see."

"Sounds like a great idea, but will it work?" asked another lady.

Another lady agreed and said her sister has kept her son under petticoat punishment for over a year and his behavior had improved greatly from the moment he was introduced to his little girl lingerie and dresses. She said his mother believed females are superior to males, but the boy

didn't believe it until she mastered him, and now he's completely feminized.

When someone else asked for proof petticoat punishment works, Mrs. Johnson explained “Ladies, last summer I sent my son, Sean, to my sister Sarah's. She is a firm believer in petticoat punishment and uses it full time on her husband and two sons. As for proof, I must ask the Sisters who have him in their classes and ask them if they don't agree that Sean's behavior is much better this year.”

Several of the nuns nodded in agreement, and Sister Dale, his homeroom teacher, said he is a perfect angel and never gives the girls any problems.

“Naturally Sean didn't like the way he was treated by his aunt Sarah, but after a few spankings and a month of nothing but ruffles, panties, petticoats and fancy dresses, he accepted his new role as a sissified and diapered little girl. Yes, diapers! At first my sister had a hard time get my rough and tough little boy to keep his girlie clothes on, so she reduced him in age to a toddler, put him into diapers and let friends and neighbors see him. It so shamed him that he agreed to do whatever she wanted. And after that he was diapered only at night to remind him of his status, and as long as he was good, he was allowed to wear his fancy nylon panties during the day. I have to tell you about panties -- at least on my boy -- he fell in love with them immediately, and I have to keep an eye on him because they so excite him, he frequently soils them. But I am training him to control himself, and I'm delighted with his progress on that and all fronts. And now he enjoys himself, I mean herself, very much. Don't you sweetheart?” Mrs. Johnson said as she gestured toward the cute little girl sitting next to her.

Blushing heavily, Sean stood up so for everyone to get a good look at him, and then he said, “Yes, mommy, I'm so happy now.”

To prove he was indeed her son, she removed his curly blonde wig and displayed his short boyish haircut. A few giggles and moans came from the audience. Some found it hard to believe that under all the lace and frills was Mrs. Johnson's once most disrespectful but now very polite son. Knowing the way Sean used to be and seeing him now, many were convinced petticoating was an excellent idea that might work on their boys too. In the discussion that followed, Mrs. Johnson made Sean answer questions and explain how he now felt about his treatment and how he thought petticoat punishment was the best thing that ever happened to him. He heartily recommended that all boys should experience the same thing because it would keep them in line and make them into much better individuals.

The psychiatrist agreed saying he had heard cases of this sort did generally work out very well. He said, most boys, once they get used to the feel of nylon, lace and girls' clothes, they can't seem to give it up and become addicted. She said in her current practice she was treating several transvestites for various disorders but all of them had no problem with their crossdressing. In fact, they wouldn't trade it for anything in the world. She further explained those TVs mostly wanted help coming out of the closet with friends and family and be able to handle themselves confidently out in public in their female persona.

When the meeting began to break up, many of those in attendance approached and wanted to

inspect Sean's outfit. As the ladies talked among themselves, his mother made Sean stand still while the women fussed over his pretty dress and petticoats and lifted them up to see his frilly panties. They chuckled and commented about the little bump in the front of his panties.

When his mother noticed Sean was getting excited in his panties, she admonished him, saying it wasn't very feminine and he should do something about. Sister Gertrude, Sean's teacher, overheard that comment, and said she'd be glad to help. Sean looked scared as the laughing nun grabbed his panty-covered penis and panty wanked him to a knee-buckling orgasm with less than two dozen rapid strokes. Despite the shame of ejaculating into his panties in front of an audience of grinning and cheering mothers and nuns, Sean was thrilled with the attention to his overly needy penis and happily spurted his little boy cream into his panties.

The crowd's enthusiastic response made it appear a program of petticoat punishment would surely be adopted, and another meeting was scheduled for the following Sunday to further investigate petticoat punishment and work out how it could be implemented.

Carl's mommy wasn't able to make the meeting, but when she learned what had been discussed, she was thrilled. Ever since school had started, Carl was disappointed because he had seen the cute uniforms the little girls wore, and he would have given anything to be able to wear one too. When his mommy explained some of the mommies and teachers wanted to use petticoat punishment on their sons to make them behave, Carl was very happy because he knew then he might be able to go to school as the little girl he so enjoyed being.

Carl's mommy knew what petticoats and dresses could do to change a boy's behavior for the better and decided to buy her son a complete little girl wardrobe anticipating he could soon wear them outside and to school. She got him everything from party dresses, silky panties, padded training bras, nighties and lingerie to add to his increasingly vast collection of girls' clothes.

Carl's mommy learned the details of the meeting and heard about Mrs. Johnson and her feminized son, Sean, who was kept in girls' clothes as well as diapers and baby panties at bedtime. So she got in contact with Sean's mother, and after talking to her on the phone, she discovered Sean had come to love his clothes and admitted he had a wetting problem and many times during the day when he was at home he wore diapers because he had trouble controlling himself. She also learned he wore specially made nylon training panties with a thick lining to school under his boys' trousers because he never was fully potty trained and they were comfortable to wear.

Carl's mommy met her son after school the next day to “get you proper attire for the rest of the school year,” and they went to the store run by the Catholic school district and staffed by nuns who sold school uniforms for all the local parochial schools. Carl was attired in his boys' school uniform but had on his usual training bra and lace panties underneath when they arrived at the store.

“How can I help you?” the Sister asked.

“I'd like to have my son fitted with the proper uniform the girls at Holy Family wear. I'm sure

you're aware of the new policy that will probably go into effect very soon?"

"Oh, yes, I am quite familiar with it," the Sister said. "Are you punishing your son for being disobedient?"

"Oh, no," Carl's mommy said. "I have him dressed as a girl most of the time and when I found out what is happening I promised Carl I would get him some of the official girls' school uniforms to wear from now on. He can't wait to be fitted!"

Sister explained, "Your mommy is right; boys' clothes are not very becoming of a little girl. We'll have to dress you properly, so let's get your clothes off and see if we can fit you with a nice uniform. Do you have a favorite color?"

"I want a pink one like Mary Jo Bella wears," Carl said pointing to the pink dress on the rack. He removed his shirt and pants exposing his tiny yellow satin bra and matching lacy panties.

"Cute bra and panties -- for a boy," the nun said with a smirk.

"I would like him to wear his diapers and plastic panties at school also, but I'm not sure if the Sisters would permit it."

The nun turned to Carl and asked, "Are you a wetter?"

His mommy explained he was regressing and rapidly becoming incontinent, so she kept him in diapers and plastic panties at night but though he would soon need them during the day too.

"I'm sure it can be arranged. I know two girls going to Holy Family are incontinent. They wear diapers under their full-skirted uniforms and no one is the wiser. The school is thinking about turning a classroom into a nursery for those who need it."

Carl's eyes lit up at hearing this, he wasn't the only one unable to keep dry. As the pink dress was being pulled from the rack, his mommy pulled two pads from her purse and put them into Carl's training bra, filling it out very nicely. He was put into two multilayered petticoats with lace trim and then the dress was pulled over his head. Sister zipped up the back and arranged the skirts to cover the petticoats. The uniform fit him well, and he loved the way it flared out.

"Can I wear it home?" he pleaded.

"Of course, you can, sweetheart, but let me fix you up so no one will know you are a boy."

Having anticipated that, she had his auburn wig in her bag and got it out and arranged it on Carl's head. She brushed it into place, giving him the appearance of a very young girl. She selected additional uniforms for him in yellow, lavender and powder blue and added two more petticoats to her purchases.

Carl said. "Thank you, Sister, the uniforms are very pretty and I promise to wear them to school



from now on.

"And thank you, mommy. I've always wanted to have a uniform just like the girls get to wear and now I can wear one too."

Carl's mommy felt better knowing Carl would be allowed to wear his diapers and plastic panties to school as well. They would give him a feeling of security in case of an accident.

At the meeting the following week, many mommies brought their sons and husbands, some of whom were horrified at the proposed petticoating program but were unable to derail the proposal. There were exceptions; Mrs. Karr had a pantywaist husband who looked quite feminine even dressed as a man. Many people at the meeting took him for an attractive woman until his secret got out. Carl and his mommy were there too, and he was dressed in his new pink schoolgirl uniform.

After extended discussion, it was decided they would start the program Monday, the next day, with a message sent to all parents explaining that all the boys are to be subservient to all women and girls regardless of a female's age. And any boy who does not do what any girl tells him to do would be subject to petticoat punishment. Of course, the females can not permanently harm boys in anyway, but after a teacher review of any situation, boys can be subjected to severe corporal punishments, such as spankings, and intense mental humiliations, all with the purpose of aggressively retraining the boys who have been left to run wild for far too long. For the first offense, boys disrespectful or disobedient toward any girl would be punished and immediately taken to the school outfitter and dressed in a girls' uniform for a week. Subsequent violations would be dealt with by longer and more humiliating petticoating time. Each boy's mother was asked to send to school a complete set of lingerie for her son to wear under his schoolgirl uniform should he be punished.

On Monday, despite his mother's warnings to be respectful and obedient to the girls, Sean, the most abusive boy at Holy Family, as usual picked on three girls on his way to school, unaware of what was in store for him once he was reported. A ritual at the start of each day for the students of both Holy Family Elementary and St. Joseph's High was morning mass, and on this first day of the new regime, Father Gagen kept all the students in their pews after mass and officially put the boys on notice. He let the high school principal, Sister Monica, explain.

"There will be changes in the dress code and punishments for any boy who is disrespectful towards the girls at school. An updated copy of our school's punishment policy and the new rules boys have to follow will be distributed to each of you as you leave church. Any boy breaking any of these rules will be forced to dress in the girls' uniform for the rest for one week or more depending upon the offense and a review of the situation."

The boys reacted with gasps and the girls with giggles.

Sister Monica continued, "Boys being punished not only have to dress as girls, complete with lingerie, but they also have to act like girls and do everything the girls do. Details are in the new policy booklets. By treating the bad boys like girls, we hope to reform them and teach them the

proper way of act.

"Boys, I'm warning you: Most of you are horrible human beings destined to failure and possibly even a life of crime unless you get help, and we are going to change the direction you are headed even if we have to completely and permanently turn you into girls, so be aware you are on trial and your every act will be scrutinized -- step out of line and you'll be feminized, and any objections you have will not be heard."

Sister Monica also told the boys part of undergoing petticoating would be frequent and humiliating upskirt inspections of their lingerie to make sure the boys were dressed properly.

Since Carl was already in petticoats, he was led out in front for all to see. He looked cute in his pink uniform, puffed out with big petticoats. Sister Monica said Carl now was to be referred to as Carol and he was going to be dressed as a girl at all times. She had him explain to the students why he was dressed like a girl. He explained that his mother kept him as a girl at home ever since he was a toddler, and it was his punishment for being a boy.

As he spoke, the kids reacted with a muffled chorus of teasing and laughter. When he was finished, Sister explained boys who broke the rules would be dressed similarly. As the students returned to class, Carol got into line with the girls. The other boys didn't know what to think. Many of them were sufficiently scared to keep quiet and wait and to see what happened to any boy who did get into trouble. It didn't take long for them to find out as Peter would soon learn.

At morning recess, the girls were teasing the boys about being turned into little girls, trying to get them into trouble. Peter took the bait and started fighting with a little girl named Maureen, and when she turned her back to him, Peter pulled up her skirt and laughed at her lacy pale yellow lingerie. Maureen just happened to be incontinent and her panties were puffed out and full and it was obvious she had diapers on under her panties. Peter laughed hysterically and made fun of her for being diapered like a baby. Maureen cried at the exposure and his teasing. Several other girls told him he was in trouble.

He just shouted back, "Nobody is going to turn me into a stupid diapered little girl."

The only problem was that two nuns had witnessed the whole incident. Sisters Mary Anne and Mary Anton walked up behind him and each took hold of him, one by pulling on his ear and the other by putting a claw hold on the back of his neck. They led the struggling and complaining boy to the rectory for his punishment. The girls laughed at him as he was dragged off.

"I bet he makes a real sweet sissy baby," a girl said to the others.

"Yeah, I can't wait to see how they fix him up," another said.

Once in the rectory, Peter became very unruly and it took three nuns to hold him down and another to administer a sound spanking and then they tied to the large table until he quieted down. Then the Sisters ripped off his clothes, and he received another spanking to remind him to obey them. Crying, he pleaded for mercy sobbing and promising, "I'll be a good girl!"

Sister Anton untied him and Sister Anne handed him a pair of pink panties with ruffles across the seat and ordered him to put them on. His new name, "Pammy," was embroidered on the front of the panties. When his boyhood stiffened in his panties, the nuns gave it three hard cracks with a wooden ruler. Next he was put into multilayered petticoats and white knee socks and then a pink schoolgirl uniform was put over his head, pulled down into place over his fluffed up petticoats. The Sisters admired their work and agreed he now looked acceptable. A blonde wig was pinned onto his head, and with his petticoats swishing around him; he was led back to his classroom. Peter, now called Pammy, was introduced to his classmates.

He mumbled loud enough for his homeroom nun to hear, "I'll be out of these dumb clothes in a week; this is no big deal for a punishment. It's just stupid."

"Well now, we'll just see about that," Sister Justine told him. "Just remember, you'll be in panties, dresses and petticoats for much longer than a week if your behavior isn't exemplary."

Peter/Pammy was made to tell the other students why he was being punished and how he was sorry to the girls he harmed and offended. The rest of the students laughed and teased him, calling him a sissy and telling him what a pretty girl he made. The class was brought to order by Sister Justine, and Pammy was told to take her seat. He sat down in a most unladylike fashion as his dress bunched up under him and his petticoats were fully on show. The girls giggled, and the boys laughed quietly. Some of the boys looked quite scared, now realizing petticoat punishment was a real part of this new school policy and something they would be subjected to if they got into trouble.

At noon, Pammy was made to get into line with Carl, now called Carol, and all the girls for lunch. The girls made the two petticoated boys sit across from each other in the middle of one of the long lunch tables with girls sitting on both sides of them. They asked the boys how they felt being treated like girls. Sissy boy Carol readily admitted he loved being a little girl, something he always had wanted to be. Pammy just glared at him in disgust and simply sat quietly and played with the food on his plate; he had lost his appetite. After lunch, the boys had to play on the girls' side of the playground, and both of them had to play jump rope or be reported for being disobedient. So the boys skipped and jumped, making their skirts fly up to expose their petticoats and fancy panties much to the delight of the girls.

When school was out for the day, a pack of girls followed each boy on his way home, teasing him and lifting up his dress to make fun of his big slips and ruffled baby panties. The poor boys could do nothing but take the teasing, in fear of being reported for not being obedient to the girls.

When poor Carol's dress was lifted up by the girls, his babyish diapers and plastic panties were exposed. They teased him for being a diapered baby girl and kept asking him if baby was dry or if he was wet and needed changing. Carol was so humiliated and upset he involuntarily soaked his diapers. He cried, "I wet my diapers! I have to get home right away so mommy can change me." The girls laughed and patted the boy/girl Carol on his thick diapered bottom. One girl stuck her hand in his diaper and said, "He's wet, all right!" She made him say why he wore diapers, and he said, "My mommy keeps me in them because I am a bed wetter, and I can't help it that

wet and mess myself like a baby.”

The girls following Carl home were invited in by his mommy for milk and cookies. One girl said, “I didn't know Carol wore diapers and plastic panties until we lifted his skirt and saw them. He told us he is a bed wetter. Is this true?”

“Yes, that's true. He's in diapers all the time now because he wets and messes his diapers just like a baby.” She then asked the girl if she would like to give him a baby bottle of milk. The girl's eyes widened and with a hearty laugh, she agreed. The girls were aglow, enjoying poor Carol's embarrassment as his mother exposed his up-until-now secret baby sissy life. But the boy's shame didn't end, as his mother took the girls to his bedroom, which was set up like a nursery, and they got to see the crib he slept in every night and his roomful of baby and girls' clothes along with every imaginable baby and girls' accessory.

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Peter/Pammy ran ahead of the girls following him home. He was surprised to see his mommy waiting for him. She smiled when she saw her son all dressed up in his schoolgirl uniform and said “Hi, Pammy, are the girls teasing you?”

He was shamed to be called by his girl's name by his mother and ran past her and up into his room to hide. When his mommy came in, she found him trying to undo his dress. He couldn't get it off and screamed he wouldn't let anyone dress him like a little girl again. She told him to stay in the dress so his father could see how nice he looked. His daddy was going to be home soon. When his father did come home, Peter appealed to him to make everyone stop his punishment, but rather than sympathize with him, his daddy pulled the shamed boy over his knee and gave him a sound bare hand spanking. Peter pleaded with his parents, “Please, don't spank me any more. I promise to be good.” Then his mother gave him two dozen whacks with a wooden paddle. He finally begged her to stop with a promise to do as he was told, including the continued wearing of little girls' clothes. His parents told him he would remain a little girl, at home as well as in school, for as long as they wanted and at least until he became the best child in school not the worst.

His mommy said, “I'm sorry we have to do this to you, but you have been out of control. Now being a girl will be your life; get used to it. Do you understand, Pammy?” She then helped him out of his school uniform and into a baby blue taffeta party dress. During the day, the nuns had sent over a starter wardrobe for his parents to dress him in as a girl when he wasn't in school since part of the new program encouraged parents to continue the petticoat punishment of their naughty boys during off school hours. And Peter had been singled out for added punishment.

Then his parents took him out to the car. Pammy asked, “Where are we going?”

“It's a surprise, you'll see,” said his mommy as she then drove them to Marla's Curl Up & Dye, her local beauty salon.

"Please mommy, don't make me go in there. I'm not a girl. This place isn't for me. The women in there will laugh at me."

"On the contrary, you're a sissy now and since you'll be wearing dresses for a while, we're going to make you into a girl as much as possible. Your dad is here to make sure you cooperate."

"But, mom, my punishment is only for one week. Why are you putting me through all this just for that short amount of time?"

"Well, I might as well tell you now. You are going to be in full girls' clothes for the rest of the school year. The nuns agreed that since you are by far the worst offender in school, you are to be made an example, so all the other boys will fall into line for fear of ending up being punished like you!"

When they entered the salon, the women there began talking about the funny sissy boy wearing the pretty dress. Barbara, the owner, greeted them saying, "I'm looking forward to working on you, Pammy. Your dress is so pretty. When I get done with you, no one will ever know you were a boy."

"Gosh," he thought. "How far is all this sissy stuff going to go? This woman already knows my stupid girlie name and is all set to do to me whatever strange things they do in a place like this." Peter had all he could take and blurted out, "No way! You're not gonna turn me into a stupid girl. I'm out of here."

But as he headed for the door, his father grabbed him and spun him around. "We expected you might throw a childish tantrum. Now, you'll let this woman fix you up with a nice wig and turn you into a sweet little girl, or I'll take you home and bring out my old shaving strop and beat you to within an inch of your life, and then we'll still make you dress like a girl and probably a baby too, so you're going to do this willingly or get beaten into it, the choice is yours."

Cowering before his dad, mom and all the patrons of the salon, Peter, now crying, agreed to let the stylist give him the full girlie treatment. And just to make sure he got the message, his panties were pulled down and he was given a mild spanking by his mommy, signifying her will would be done. Afterwards, Peter was photographed both with and without his wig.

*Adapted from a story by Baby Carol, 1988*

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**Drawings #1 by "PPP"**

Click on pictures for a larger view





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IN YOU COME YOUNG MAN... HAVE YOU MET SUSAN?  
MY NEPHEW... OR SHOULD I SAY... NEICE!

HAS OUR GUEST ARRIVED THELMA? HA...HAAA!  
BRING HER IN....THE GIRLS CAN STRIP  
HER OF HER NASTY MALE CLOTHING!

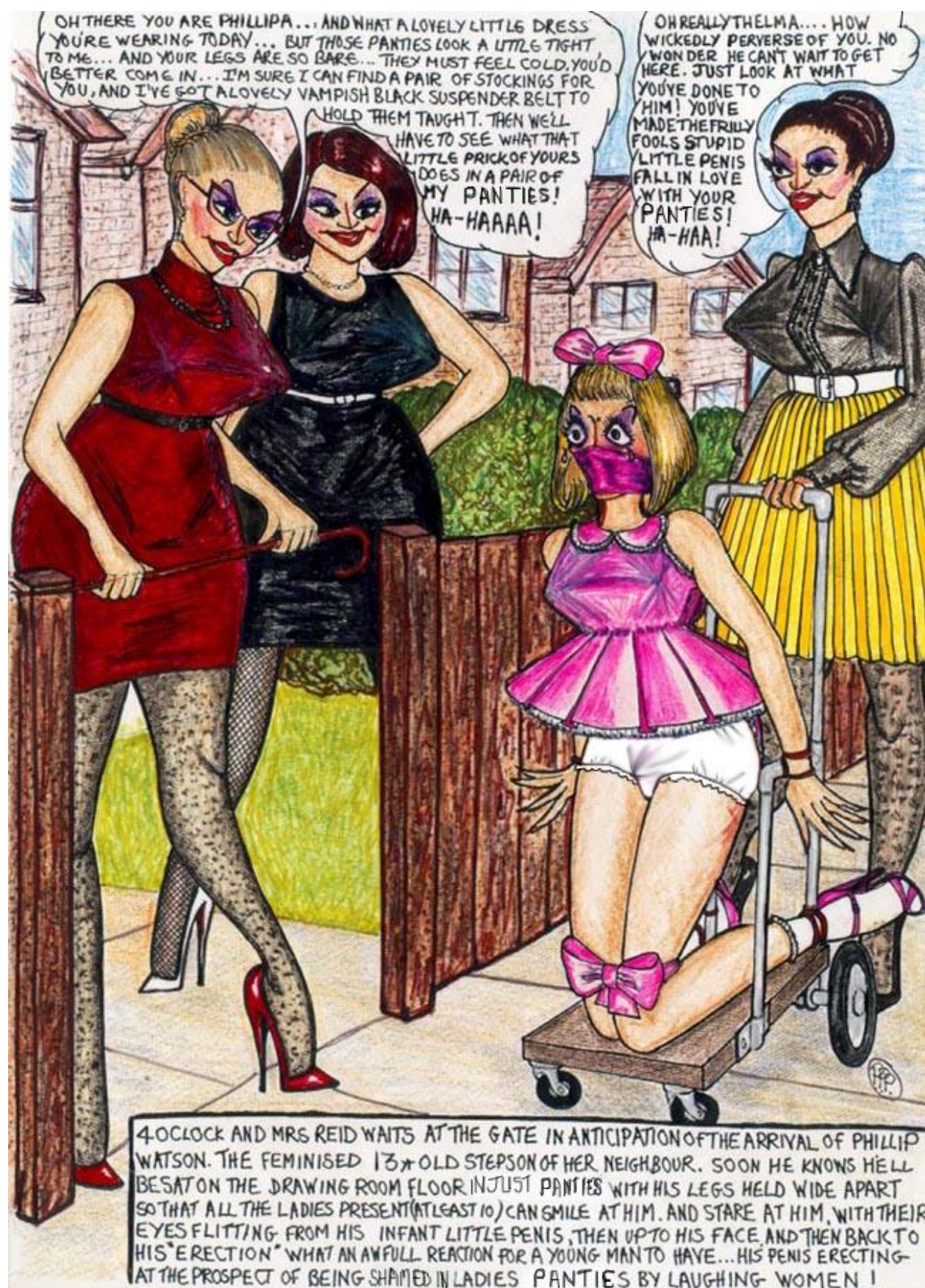
THAT'S RIGHT  
YOUNG MAN,  
YOU'RE **NEXT!**  
WERE GOING  
TO DO IT TO  
YOU!

OOH NO  
PLEASE!  
DONT DO  
THAT TO  
ME!



YOUNG MR PHILLIPS IS  
INVITED TO 'TEA' AT  
THE MANOR UNAWARE OF  
LADY STAMFORD AND  
HER SISTERS' INTENTIONS!





OH THERE YOU ARE PHILLIPA... AND WHAT A LOVELY LITTLE DRESS YOU'RE WEARING TODAY... BUT THOSE PANTIES LOOK A LITTLE TIGHT TO ME... AND YOUR LEGS ARE SO BARE... THEY MUST FEEL COLD, YOU'D BETTER COME IN... I'M SURE I CAN FIND A PAIR OF STOCKINGS FOR YOU, AND I'VE GOT A LOVELY VAMPISH BLACK SUSPENDER BELT TO HOLD THEM TAUGHT. THEN WE'LL HAVE TO SEE WHAT THAT LITTLE PRICK OF YOURS DOES IN A PAIR OF MY PANTIES! HA-HAAAA!

OH REALLY THELMA... HOW WICKEDLY PERVERSE OF YOU. NO WONDER HE CAN'T WAIT TO GET HERE. JUST LOOK AT WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO HIM! YOU'VE MADE THE FRILLY FOOLS STUPID LITTLE PENIS FALL IN LOVE WITH YOUR PANTIES! HA-HAA!

4 O'CLOCK AND MRS REID WAITS AT THE GATE IN ANTICIPATION OF THE ARRIVAL OF PHILLIP WATSON. THE FEMINISED 13\* OLD STEPSON OF HER NEIGHBOUR. SOON HE KNOWS HE'LL BE SAT ON THE DRAWING ROOM FLOOR IN JUST PANTIES WITH HIS LEGS HELD WIDE APART SO THAT ALL THE LADIES PRESENT (AT LEAST 10) CAN SMILE AT HIM. AND STARE AT HIM, WITH THEIR EYES FLITTING FROM HIS INFANT LITTLE PENIS, THEN UP TO HIS FACE, AND THEN BACK TO HIS "ERECTION" WHAT AN AWFULL REACTION FOR A YOUNG MAN TO HAVE... HIS PENIS ERECTING AT THE PROSPECT OF BEING SHAMED IN LADIES PANTIES BY LAUGHING WOMEN!









POOR MR PHILLIPS! THE STUDENT TEACHER TAKES A WRONG TURN AND WALKS INTO THE ROUGH END OF TOWN. RECOGNISING THEIR NEW TEACHER, THELMA AND HER GIRL-GANG INVITE HIM IN FOR 'COFFEE'. JUST LOOK WHAT THEY'VE DONE TO HIM! HOW AWFUL! THEN THELMA'S BOYFRIEND CALLED ROUND! VIDEOS WILL BE ON SALE SOON!



**Sissyboy Lucy**

**Photos by**







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