

Pussy Boy Pager

Reader's Stories & Pics

Volume 30

Pantywaist Jesse to Pretty Jessica

One long story about an older woman who marries a wimpy teenage boy, turns him into her cuckold panty boy sissy while she has sex with real men. Many great sissy panty boy photos.



Adults Only

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Pantywaist Jesse to Pretty Jessica

Chapter 1 Jesse

My name is Jesse Winslow and I'm married to the most wonderful woman in the world, just having her as my wife and knowing she loves me more than makes up for anything she has done to me.

Laura and I met at a party when she was twenty-nine and I was seventeen, and we were immediately attracted to each other. She worked as an investment banker and was on a fast track to become a full partner. I had been home schooled by my mother a college physics professor. I was the classic nerdy computer kid and entered college at fourteen. When I met Laura I had just received my degree in computer science and my mother had passed away from a brain tumor. Laura was a strong but very feminine woman like my mother, and within six months, I turned eighteen and we got married. I took a job for a consulting firm that installed complex computer systems.

I first remember her trying to feminize me about four months after we were married. We were sitting in the living room watching TV, and Laura was doing her nails, when she looked over at me with a smile. "Would you like to have some fun?"

"Sure," I replied, "what did you have in mind?"

She slid over to me on the couch, took my hand and started filing my nails. "I'm doing your nails."

I hadn't trimmed them recently so she was able to file them into nicely rounded tips. Then she picked up her bottle of nail polish and shook it.

"Oh, no! Not nail polish!"

"Yeah, nail polish. I'm going to make your nails look pretty."

Looking back, maybe I should have stopped her right there, but I didn't. When she was finished, my nails were bright red and

very shiny. She seemed turned on by what she had done and aggressively came onto me, undoing my trousers, reaching in and masturbating me. All during this time she kept telling how pretty my hands were and that I should wear pretty nail polish more often. After I orgasmed, I started to masturbate her. She got excited, quickly, and as she neared a sexual high, she said, "Come on, shove those pretty red fingernails deep inside me. Faster, little girl, faster!" Putting nail polish on soon grew into a regular part of our sex sessions and quickly led her to feminize me more and more.

At the same time, she got a new boss at her firm, named Sam, and I noticed they were showing a lot of interest in each other.

Chapter 2 Laura

Jesse is the dearest, kindest man I have ever met, and I think he looks prettier as female than a male. Sure he is deeply in love with me and that has made it fairly easy to feminize him. Any real man would have put up a vigorous fight regardless of how much he loved me. But Jesse was easy. But to listen to him you might think I'm an overbearing woman who doesn't care for anyone's feelings but my own.

When I met Jesse, I was coming off of a relationship with a man who was very dominant and self centered. Jesse is just the opposite, and one of the reasons I was attracted to him. He's been very good for me, allowing me to be in charge of our relationship. Whenever we go anywhere or do anything, Jesse always defers to me. He frequently surprises me with flowers and little presents and often does something special for me. Sex is the only area Jesse leaves a lot to be desired. I do love him very much. Just having him as a husband and friend would be enough even without sex, but from the first time we tried to have intercourse, he had a hard time reaching orgasm. After that, most of the time,

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he wouldn't reach orgasm at all, and that made him depressed. I tried to comfort him, telling him that it was OK and not all that important to me, but it didn't seem to help.

An incident occurred before we were married that stuck in my head. Jesse and I were coming home from a date and sitting on bench waiting for a taxi. As I took out my compact and powdered my nose, I looked at Jesse and realized he was watching me intently. Just as a joke, I loaded up my makeup brush and said, "What's the matter? You want some powder on your sweet little face too?" I brushed his nose and cheeks. I had just intended to have a little fun, but Jesse's mood changed, and he closed his eyes like he was dreaming and gave a deep sigh, like he was excited. Finally I asked him if something was wrong. "No, no, nothing's wrong,"

he said as if startled by the question. Then he made an effort to act normally, but I knew something was going inside his mind.

That incident alone didn't make me suspicious, but then another incident did. Shortly after we were married, I had just arrived home from shopping; it was raining very hard. I had just taken off my hot pink, plastic raincoat and draped it over a chair on our porch to dry when Jesse went to the door and announced he was going out to the mailbox to get the mail. I said, "Jesse, don't run out in this rain, you'll get soaked. Here, throw my raincoat on to keep yourself dry." Jesse looked surprised, almost scared, but then picked it up and put his hands into the sleeves. I slid the coat up over his shoulders, turned him around, zipped up the front and pulled the hood up over his head. "There you go. Now you'll not only stay dry, you'll look cute running out there to get the mail," I said jokingly. I went into the kitchen to make myself some lunch. I must have taken at least five minutes and when I came back to the front room, Jesse was sitting on the couch, still wearing my raincoat. He was looking intently at it, rubbing his hands up and down the sleeves. "Gee, if I knew you liked it so much, I'd have bought one for you."

That's when I began to grow suspicious, and I decided to conduct an experiment. The next night we had sex. I had just finished masturbating Jesse. Just to satisfy my



curiosity, I picked up my panties. Jesse had not noticed what I had done and when I looked at his penis it was not erect at all. I took the panties and dangled them over his naked body. "Do you like my panties?" I asked in as sexy a voice as I could. I lowered the panties down so they touched his penis. Then I slowly dragged them up his body until they were over his face. Then I brought them back down until they touched his penis again. By this time he was fully hard. "Oh, I guess you do!" I said with delight.

"No, I don't!" he said with some irritation in his voice.

"You do too. Look at how excited you're getting." I continued to slide the panties up and down his body, just letting the crotch brush up against him. I laughed as he got more and more excited.

"Jesse likes my panties... Jesse likes my panties," I said in a sing songy voice, taunting him in jest.

The more I teased Jesse with my panties, the more excited he got, so I decided to try and find out just how far I could take it.

"I bet you'd like to wear my pretty panties, wouldn't you?"

"Oh Laura, please," Jesse said with desperation in his voice, as if I was getting dangerously close to a secret he didn't want me to know. But I continued on. "Come on, Jesse, tell me. Would you like to wear my panties? They seem to excite you more than I do! What's going on here? Tell me, are you attracted to women's clothes? Do you like to wear them?"

He didn't say anything, but he was sweating and very nervous. I could tell I was striking a chord.

"Tell me all about it, dear." I tried to sound sympathetic, but I wasn't

quite sure of my own feelings at that very moment.

"Well, uh, one time, but I don't know if I like women's clothes or not."

"A time? What time?"

"Um, a couple of girls—. No, it's too embarrassing."

"Tell me about it."

"Please Laura. You don't want to know."

"But I do want to know."

He was growing very uncomfortable. I reached down and grabbed his testicles and started to squeeze.

"Ow. That hurts!"

"It's going to hurt a lot more, unless you tell me." I squeezed a little harder.

"OK, OK! I'll tell you!"

I loosened my grip a little, but still kept my hand there. "Go ahead, I'm waiting."

"You know, I grew up with just my mother and older sister, Jennine, and, uh, and when I was ten, my mother lost her job and money was very tight."

He hesitated, and I had to press him to continue.

He cleared his throat and looked away from me as he spoke. "Well, all of my underpants were getting quite worn with holes in them and the elastic bands wearing out. Mother told me she couldn't afford to buy me new ones, so I would have to share my sister's panties until she could afford to buy me new boys' underpants. I was shocked and embarrassed, and protested. I told her I'd be willing to go without wearing any underwear, but she said I couldn't do that and I would just have to wear some of sister's panties because she had a big supply of them that she would probably outgrow before they would get worn out, so I should just go along with her on this for a while and help the family save money.

Jennine thought my having to wear her panties was very funny. Mom told her not to tease me about it, but she couldn't resist whenever mom wasn't around, and every morning, she would bound into my bedroom and with great fanfare, bring me a clean pair of her panties, and she always seemed to give me a pair of her fanciest and frilliest panties. I knew she had some rather plain pairs of panties, and whenever I asked if I could have a pair of them, she'd just say she didn't have any plain pairs of panties clean. I didn't know it, but she had told her friends and soon after I started wearing her panties, a group of older girls came up behind me as I was walking home from school and one of the girls yelled out, "Hey, I hear you wear girls' panties."

I didn't reply. I was very scared, so I just started to walk faster, but the girls ran up to me.

"So, do you wear panties?"

Still I didn't reply.

Then one of the girls said, "Maybe we should make him show us." All of the girls started to laugh, and they all cheered and agreed I should show them the pretty panties I was wearing under my pants. One of the girls grabbed me. I tried to run, but these girls were bigger and faster than I was, and they soon forced me to stop and formed a circle around me. They insisted I undo my pants and show them what I was wearing. I refused and started to cry, but the leader said if I didn't show them, they would pull off my pants to find out for themselves, and then they

wouldn't let me have my trousers back. I told them to let me go, but they just laughed in my face, pushed me to the ground, and Sandy, the leader, started to undo my pants and the other held me down. I started to scream and struggle, but the four girls overpowered me, and I had no ability to stop them.

That morning, as usual, Jennine had given me one of her laciest pairs of panties. They were bright pink with ruffles around the legs, and across the back. They were a pair of party panties she hadn't worn in years, but she gave them to me and was delighted I could fit into them. I had protested when she gave them to me, but she said they were the only clean pair she had. I knew she had a lot of panties, so I found that hard to believe, but I had no choice but put them on because complaining to my mom got met with deaf ears.

So there I was, on this day of all days, to be stripped of my trousers in front of those girls, naked from the waist down, except for this ridiculous pair of lacy, pink party panties. One of the girls said I looked so cute wearing the panties that they should remove my ugly boys' shirt. The girls then tore my shirt open, popping every button and ruining it.

"Put some lipstick on him," Sandy said.

One of the girls got out her lipstick and applied a coat to my lips. Another girl got out a bottle of perfume and almost emptied the whole thing on me. After that they let me up. The leader asked me if I wanted my pants back. When I reached out to take them she pulled them away and told me to show them how I could walk like a girl. They taunted and teased me for about ten minutes. Then I guess they just got bored. They threw my pants back at me and then ran away.

"I was able to go through the woods to get home, crossing roads only when absolutely necessary. When I got home I snuck in the back door and upstairs to the bathroom where I washed off the lipstick and took a shower to wash off the smell of the perfume as best I could. I hid the shirt in a bag of rags.

Mother had me wearing panties for quite a while after that."

"How long?"

"I don't remember exactly, but a lot longer than necessary."

"How do you know that?"

"Because she had found a job and had gotten Jennine several new outfits before she finally bought me new underwear."

I don't know if Jesse had intended to tell me all he had. Before he had started his story he had admitted he wasn't sure whether he liked women's clothes. Then, once he started to talk, it was as if a dam had burst and he told me the whole story in great detail, as if subconsciously he had wanted to tell someone for a long time. As he talked his penis was hard and remained that way.

I realized what made my husband tick sexually. "Afterward, did you like those girls and what they did to you?" I asked.

"What do you mean? They forced me, how could I like it?"

"Just a few minutes ago, before you told me the story, you said you weren't sure you liked it." "Oh. Well, I don't think I liked it."

"Are you sure? What if I made you wear my panties. Would you like that?"

"Oh, Laura!" Jesse moaned as if in pain, but I could see he was very excited.

"Maybe I'll make you wear my panties, and then I'll put



lipstick and perfume on you, just like those girls did!”

I wrapped my panties around Jesse's penis, and I felt it leap in my hand and throbbing hard as a rock. I started to masturbate him, sliding my panties up and down his cock. “But I won’t stop there, I’ll make you wear a bra and put stockings on you. Then I’ll make you wear a dress and high heels. I’ll put ribbons in your hair and make you wear earrings. I’ll make you be a girl for me. How would like that?”

“Oh, Laura, Laura!”

“Yes, that's what I'll do. I think I'll turn you into a little girl.”

Jesse went out of his mind bouncing up and down on the bed as I jacked him off until he shot his load and then lay there totally exhausted. I had found the key to turning him on. It took him quite a while to regain his composure, but then he masturbated me with enthusiasm and satisfied me more than ever before.

I soon realized I would enjoy sissifying him, and a few nights later while I was doing my nails and in a playful mood, just for

fun, I decided to do Jesse's nails, and as I was filing his nails I was getting turned on by how feminine they looked. I did his nails several times since and each time I would leave his nails a little longer until they were longer than most men have them.

Chapter 3 Jesse

Though our sex was pretty much limited to mutual masturbation, things were going fine sexually, but as time went on Laura grew more demanding and more aggressively feminized me. One night, a few weeks after she first put the nail polish on me, we were having sex. She was telling how she was going to make me wear her panties the next day. This was not unusual, but when she told me things during sex, usually it was just a fantasy,

especially if it was something daring like making me wear her things out in public.

The next morning as I was getting dressed for work, she approached me with a mischievous grin and holding something behind her back. "I have a surprise for you," she said. "What is it?" I asked. She brought her hand out and held up a pair of her yellow panties. "These are the panties I wore yesterday."

"And what do you want me to do with them?"

"Well, I told you last night I was going to make you wear my panties today."

"But, but, I have to go to work."

Ignoring my comment, she said, "Now, here, let me help you." She got down on one knee and held them open.

I don't know why, maybe I should have argued, but I stepped into them without argument, and she pulled them up into place.

"There you go, you look sweet. Now put your pants on."

That day at work, wearing my wife's panties, I was scared and embarrassed, fearing someone would find out. Several times during the day I remembered those times in my childhood when my mother made me wear panties to school and I had a strange feeling that this would not be the last time Laura would make me wear her panties to work. I was glad to get home that night.

Things went on fine for about a week. Laura had not made me wear her panties, and I was beginning to think that might be the end of that. But then one night a week later, she painted my toenails with nail polish and during sex told me she was going to make me leave it on, but in the past, she had threatened to do a lot of things but hadn't actually made me do them.

So after sex, I went into the bathroom to take the nail polish off; she followed me and asked, "What are you doing?"

"Taking the polish off."

"I told you to leave it on?"

"Yes, but—"

"No buts, leave it on and come to bed."

She didn't let me take it off the next morning either, and a week later when it started to chip, rather than let me take it off, she took it off herself and reapplied new nail polish. Three days after she had painted my toenails the first time, she had me wear her panties again. The next day, she had me in panties again, and during sex, she kept talking about feminizing me, and I began to realize it more than just a fantasy with her. She really wanted to do it. Before long I was wearing her panties more than I was wearing my own underpants.

I was doing some free-lance work, and I landed a big job with a chain of beauty salons installing computers with a custom-made CAD (Computer Aided Design) System to allow them to take a picture of a customer, scan it into the computer, and then show the customer what they would look like with a variety of different hairstyle and makeup changes. This was the break that I had been looking for to start up my own business.

The entire system would bring me in over two hundred thousand dollars and take about six months to install, so I quit my job and started working full time for myself.

About four weeks after I had started at the salon, Laura and made me dress in a pink panty and camisole set that she had worn the previous day.

"But, Laura," I said, "what if the girls at the salon see the

camisole through my shirt?"

"Well, then I guess they'll find out what a sissy you are."

I did get a few funny looks that say. I know they noticed.

As time went on, she kept adding feminine touches to my daily wardrobe both at home and when I went to work, and if I protested, she would become upset with me. The worst time was one when she got a pink babydoll nightie and wanted me to start wearing it every night to bed. When I told her that I didn't want to she became furious and decided to punish me for my unwillingness. It triggered a low point in our relationship.

Chapter 4

Laura

I was a bit out of line that first night I forced Jesse wear the babydoll nightie, but more about that later. Jesse has left out a lot of details that I'll try to fill in. When he first told me what the girls had done to him when he was younger, I discovered I could excite him by telling him I was going to force him to dress like a girl, and I realized I got excited with these little fantasies too!

When I first I told him I was going to make wear my camisole to work, he protested, saying people would notice it through his shirt. I told him I didn't care and that he was going to wear it anyway. As soon as I said that, I felt his penis grow in my hand and he began bucking and pumping his cum into the nylon panties of his babydoll nightie.

The next morning, when it came to actually doing it, Jesse protested again about wearing the camisole. I grew annoyed and he immediately reciprocated and put it on. He put on the darkest shirt he had, which was a medium blue, and unless you were really looking for it you could not tell he was wearing it. And people surely did notice that day. So the fuck what! It was good for him to out himself as a sissy, good for our masturbatory sex life, and good for my feelings of superiority over him.

It wasn't long before he stopped complaining altogether.

Chapter 5

Jesse

That morning I went to work. I always brought my own lunch from home, and so did Colleen, the salon owner. At 11:30, I accepted an invitation from her to join her in her office for lunch. When I went in, she sounded a little nervous as she patted the couch, indicating she wanted me to sit next to her.

"I want to start off by saying all of us here at the salon like you a lot. Now, you can tell me this is none of my business and I'll shut up, but why are you wearing women's lingerie?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, my wife enjoys making me wear her panties and camisoles and teddies instead of my men's underwear, and I go along with her even though I am embarrassed about it. I am sorry, and I don't want anything to jeopardize working for you, so if you, your staff or your customers have noticed and are offended, I'll better have my wife stop this little game of hers."

“Well, what you and your wife do is your own business and you don’t have to stop on our account. All the hairdressers have noticed too and they don’t mind. As a matter of fact, Sally, the tall redhead, said she thought you’d make a cute girl. The other girls agreed, and I promised them I’d ask you about it. I see you’re embarrassed, but really, as far as all of us are concerned, it wouldn’t bother us if you came to work in a dress and heels.”

Chapter 6

Laura

When Jesse got home from work that day, he told me everything Colleen had said, and it emboldened me, and I found myself wanting to add more items of feminine wear to his daily attire for both home and work. Jesse had been wearing my lingerie, but that was the day that I decided I should buy him some of his own female clothes.

Whenever I became upset with Jesse for not wanting to do something he immediately crumbled and gave into my wishes. One afternoon, I was shopping for a new dress to wear to an important meeting the next day. Things were going very well at work and I wanted something to make a good impression on my new boss, Sam. After I got my dress, I happened to pass through the lingerie section, and a babydoll nightie on display caught my eye. There was only one of them in shocking pink, and oddly enough it was in Jesse’s size. As I held it, I could picture him wearing the childishly designed sheer top and ruffled panties. I bought the nightie, and I couldn’t resist buying him ten pairs of the fanciest and laciest panties for him too. It was about time he had his own panties to wear! When I got home, I began planning how I was going to spring it on Jesse. I knew him quite well and guessed my buying him some women’s clothes of his own might make him quite uncomfortable, but I figured if he gave me any resistance, I was just going to make him wear it.

“Maybe if he gives me a bad time, I’ll punish him,” I thought, and the idea greatly turned me on. “Maybe I’ll humiliate him. Yes, I might dress him up in the nightie and put lipstick and my new blonde wig on him as well as some of my perfume. Then I’ll invite some of my girlfriends over to show them what I do to my husband when he disobeys me. I’ll make him prance around before them, and then have him take off the nightie and do a fashion show with him modeling all of his prettiest panties.” Although I knew I would never do that to Jesse, I took great pleasure thinking about it.

When Jesse got home from work that day, I led him to our



bedroom and told him to remove his clothes. I set out the stack of pretty panties and then held up the babydoll for him to see. “See what I have for my pretty girl to wear.”

“Laura, where did you get that pink thing?”

“That pink thing’ is a babydoll, and I bought it for you today to wear, what do you think?”

“But it’s so... so... frilly,” he managed to say.

“It’ll make you look like the little sissy you know you are.”

“I don’t want to wear it.”

“Well, you’re going to. Now get over here!”

Jesse walked over to me. I dropped the babyish top down over his head. I held the panties open and watched my little girl step in to them. Then sprayed him liberally with a flowery perfume and put my blonde wig on him. When I had him turn around to get a good look at him, I was flabbergasted. He looked like a

lovely and very young teenage girl, a helpless little girl, incapable of making any decisions by himself. As I looked at him, I knew my fantasies were becoming reality, and I wanted to dominate him more and more, feminize him more and more, and humiliate him more and more. I immediately took the nightie off of him and had him model the ten pairs of panties I had also bought for him that afternoon. In my mind, I pretended he was modeling them for a roomful of my giggling, teasing girlfriends. I then imagined I was having an affair with my new black boss and making Jesse model his panties before Sam just prior to having Sam fuck the hell out of me right in front of my pussy boy husband in panties.

"You're embarrassing me, honey. You're making fun of me. How long do I have to keep this stuff on?"

"Until I say you can take it off!" I replied indignantly.

I made him put the babydoll back on, and we sat there watching TV. Eventually I got up to go to the bathroom. When I came back Jesse had taken off both the babydoll top.

"And just what do you think you're doing!"

"Aw common Laura, this has gone far enough!"

"So, my little fairy girl thinks this is some sort of game?"

I went into the bedroom and returned a few minutes with two pairs of dirty panties from the hamper.

"Stand up and put your hands behind your back."

"Laura, please don't do this."

I tied his hands behind his back with one of my stockings.

"You've been rude, foul mouthed, and uncooperative, and I'm tired of hearing you griping. I know what's best for a budding sissy faggot like you. Now open your mouth."

He just stood there. After I slapped his face and gave him the order again, he opened his mouth, and I rolled a pair of my dirty panties into a ball and stuffed them into his mouth.

"Now keep that mouth open!"

He held his mouth open as I pulled the other pair of my dirty panties over his head, the crotch against his nose and his sad eyes peeking through the leg holes. I tied another nylon stocking around his head to secure the panties tightly to his head and keep the panties in his mouth.

"Now stand in the corner and don't move."

As I watched TV I felt a rush of power having controlled and humiliated my husband and he had given in to me. I watched him standing there tied up in his sissy clothes. With my excitement growing, I lifted my dress and began to stroke myself through my panties. I was surprised by how wet they were, as I savored my dominance over him.

I was interrupted by a call from Sam, my boss.

"Laura," he said "they are starting to talk at the firm about the next group of associates to make partner and your name has come up. I would like to work closer with you over the next few months. I think I can help you get your promotion."

I thanked him, and then realized that I was still playing with myself as we talked. Talking to him while Jesse was in the same room, bound up in my panties and a nightie, was extra thrilling.

Sam continued, "It will take a lot of work, including evenings. Can you put in the extra time?"

I eagerly replied that I was. Sam is tall and handsome and when I compared him to the little sissy boy in front of me, he

seemed especially masculine and virile. My mind raced ahead and I could see the advantage of having a compliant little sissy at home.

We continued to talk about work for a while until I couldn't hold back any more and I began to masturbate in earnest. Doing it in front of my blindfolded little sissy helped and I had an explosive orgasm. At that point Sam asked if I was OK, and I told him I was walking on my treadmill while we talked, and everything was OK. I'm sure Jesse could clearly see what I had been doing through the thin gossamer fabric of the nylon panties covering his eyes. What I had done to Jesse was rather cruel but ever so exciting.

I walked over to him, untied his hands and removed the panties from over his head and mouth. I could tell he had been terribly humiliated; he looked about as embarrassed as a human being could get. He just sat there with the saddest expression I had ever seen.

Finally I spoke up. "Get washed up and ready for bed, but put the babydoll back on. It's what you'll be wearing to bed every night from now on."

In bed, he was more excited than ever; I knew then there was probably no limit to how much I could humiliate and feminize him. My heart leapt for joy. I had always had a fantasy of dominating Jesse into sissiness and here he was showing me I could have my way with him.

I made him admit, "If you want me to wear or do something or if you want to feminize me in any way, I will do it for you because I love you so much, and I'll do it even if I don't want to do it."

"OK, then, let's do it up right." I went and got a legal pad. "I'm going to put down in writing and then you'll sign it."

I began writing: "I Jesse Winslow do solemnly swear to wear any girls' clothing my wife wants me to wear, for as long as she wants and at anytime and any place she wants. Furthermore, I will do anything she wants me to do regardless of how I may feel about it." I handed the paper to Jesse. "Sign it."

He did, and I then put it in my wall safe.

"And now I think it's time for Mommy to get her little girl back again," I said to him in the same tone of voice that a mother speaks to her young child. Without saying a word Jesse leapt forward and hugged my neck.

"Yes, I think Mommy is going to turn you into her little girl again in every way I can thin of."

I could feel Jesse's arms tighten around my neck as if to say, "Thank you, Mommy, thank you!"

I finally understood. This very young man, who could single handedly design and program computer systems worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, was an emotionally hurting person who needed loving kindness and compassion after the loss of his mother. I was impressed by this super bright boy and greatly touched by needs. Inside, he was just a child who desperately needed someone to help him, and I soon learned he needed help confronting deep, dark secrets from his past.

With all my intelligence and intuition I realized there was a small child inside Jesse who wanted to be controlled by a caring female and forced to do what he desperately, but secretly, wanted to do. We were still going to play our little dressing

games, but I was going to put more effort into dressing him and do it more frequently. With this realization, I took him upstairs and had sex with him with tenderness and understanding.

The next morning while Jesse was getting dressed I handed him a lace-trimmed pink satin training bra I had secretly bought for him a few weeks before from a store that specialized in clothing for chubby little girls. I told him I wanted him to start wearing a training bra everyday under his regular clothes.

“Oh, honey, that will show through the shirt!”

“Come on, everybody at the salon already knows.”

“Yeah, but, this will be even more obvious.”

“That’s OK, they don’t mind and besides I want you to do it.”

Jesse stopped protesting and slipped his arms through the straps of the bra and pulled it up into place. I fastened the front clasp, smiled and gave him a kiss. “That’s my good girl.” I walked out of the room. He came downstairs a few minutes later. It was easy to tell that he was wearing a bra. His breasts, outlined by the bra and the shoulder straps showing through his shirt, made the bra almost impossible to go unnoticed.

Chapter 7

Jesse

At the salon, Miss Summers immediately noticed the bra. With a smirk, she even suggested I should pad it out a little. I knew then I didn’t have to worry about wearing whatever female clothing Laura wanted me to wear to work. So I barely protested when my wife made me wear start wearing a garter belt and nylon stockings too. At first I didn’t like wearing them. The raised dimples of the garter tabs showed through my slacks when I was sitting, and the garter straps constantly being pulled tight and then relaxed as I moved about. It was impossible not to think about them. When I complained to Laura how disconcerting it was to wear stockings under my clothes, she simply said, “Good, I want you to be fully aware of them. You’ll wear a garter belt and nylons every day from now on. Get used to it, and learn to love it.”

Laura was working late now on a regular basis. I wanted her to make partner and not have to worry about household chores so she began leaving me a list of things I had to do each evening before she came home. My favorite job was hand washing her lingerie. She was very appreciative and started calling me mommy’s little helper. She even bought me a lacy apron to wear while I did my chores.



Chapter 8

Laura

Each night we sat down and talked about how he was feeling. He admitted to a lot of things: the fear he felt out in public in female things, the excitement as well as the shame of being forced into femininity, his desire to please me in all things, etc. Then one night I dressed him up extra completely in full makeup, earrings, high heels, and even some of my most expensive perfume. I made him explain to me in detail about how he felt. I did it several more times over the following week, and I noticed a pattern emerging. On the nights I dressed Jesse up in full, he seemed the happiest. He admitted he was having fun doing it, but showed an immense fear of having anyone else see him like that.

“Jesse, I think that time in your childhood when those girls dragged you into the woods and stripped you so they could see

your panties, affected you very deeply. I believe you experienced a sexual high as well as intense humiliation. And now, you tell me you have a fear of anyone seeing you fully dressed as a female, but deep inside, I think it would greatly excite you -- I know it would greatly excite me."

"Oh, no, honey, I don't think so. I would be so embarrassed, so ridiculed for being a man who allowed his wife do that to him. I don't think I would be excited by it in the least."

"We'll see," I said.

He greatly doubted my theory, but barely let out with a whimper when I came to him the next morning, and said, "I want you to wear more female clothes during the day and some special things when we're alone together at night."

"Like What?"

"Well, first, I want you to start wearing my shoes to work. This weekend, we'll get you some of your own. When you become accustomed to women's shoes, I want to start wearing a little makeup, for starters, just a bit of lipstick and some blush. Eventually, I'll start you on eye makeup. Then it will be pale pink nail polish, and over a few weeks, I provide you with ever more intense shades of pink polish. Then, it will be a short jump to get you to start wearing skirts, blouses and dresses to work. By then, we should have your hair done in to a chic feminine style. The girls at the salon have already told you that you would make a pretty girl, and I'm sure they would jump at the chance to give you a real makeover. Plus, I'm sure they'd welcome you coming all the way out of the closet and begin working full time as a female."

I went over to the dresser, out his pink satin babydoll and helped him into it. He sensed I was upping the ante, and he was right. I realized I was going to have to be more forceful. I slapped him in the face as hard as I could. A tear appeared in the corner of his eye and he started whimpering like a little baby.

"I'm sorry, I had to slap you, baby, but I saw resistance in your eyes, and you always have to listen to your mommy." Then, from my dress pocket, I pulled out a pacifier I had purchased earlier that day in an adult bookstore. (That was a harrowing experience!) The pacifier was about four inches long and shaped like an erect little penis. My little girl opened her lips to accept it and started to suck on it, as those tears broke loose and trickled down her cheeks.

After I had Jesse all dressed up I pulled down the bed sheets, laid him on the bed and pulled the covers over him. He just lay there with a baby-like expression on his face. I sat down on the bed next to him, stroked his hair and whispered, "I promise you Jessica, Mommy will take good care of her little dolly."

Jesse closed his eyes and continued to suck on the pacifier until I unbuttoned my blouse and replaced it with my nipple, which he eagerly nursed on until he fell asleep.

About an hour later, I got a call from Sally from the beauty Salon, asking if she and some of the girls could come over to visit. I know they knew about him wearing lingerie, so I decided to take a chance and share with her some of the details of my sissy boy husband's home life.

"Well, I think you know Jesse has been wearing my lingerie."

"Yes, all of us at the shop noticed. Jesse told Colleen it is some sort of game you like to play."

"It may have been my idea, but he gave me the idea by staring at me every time I put on my makeup on and dressed and undressed. And after I got him to put on my nail polish and panties in some of our bedroom games, I found he got very excited, and eventually, it was the only way I could get him really sexually stimulated."

"Laura, I'm intrigued and am thrilled hearing what you are saying, but are you sure that you want to tell me all this? I mean, what a woman and her husband do privately is their business."

"Oh, I'm glad to talk to you about it. In fact, it's nice to talk to anyone about it because Jesse gets turned on even more for me if I not only force him to dress up in my things but also when I force him to wear them to work and all of you girls notice. He's a complex and sweet little boy dealing with some issues from his childhood. It may appear he's embarrassed to be wearing my teddies and panties -- and he is, but his shame releases secret urges deep within him that need to be expressed, and I figure since you and the other girls already know about his wearing lingerie that maybe you can help me to take him even further, if you are so willing, to shame him even more. It may seem strange to you, but you would be contributing to our happiness. But of course, I do hope no one at the salon is offended with the lingerie thing. I wouldn't want to force this on anyone..."

"Oh, no, believe me, we all think Jesse wearing lacy lingerie under his clothes is a hoot. In fact, we'd all love to corner him one day and give him a full makeover."

"Jesse did say Colleen mentioned she thought he would make a pretty girl -- and with his good looks, I'm sure I'm not telling you anything you haven't guessed already -- he DOES make a fabulously pretty girl -- I've dressed him up on many occasions and am looking to do more!"

"Sally, to be frank with you, it's the only way I can get him sexually excited. And I get excited forcing -- if that's the right word -- to be more and more feminine with clothes and looks. But my excitement comes from dominating him, even somewhat mothering him, but he doesn't totally fill my sexual void if you get my meaning. I'll tell you this in confidence because I haven't even said anything directly to Jesse yet -- though he probably suspects -- but I'm highly attracted to my new boss, and he's a very manly man in the traditional sense. I want to have sex with him to fill "my void!" Moreover, I'd love to have Jesse see me having sex with him. I have a fantasy of that happening while the two of us are teasing and humiliating Jesse who is fully dressed in drag and waiting on us.

"I do hope I'm not shocking you by saying these things."

"Oh, gosh, no! It sounds so exciting! Do you think you're really going to go through with doing it?"

"I hope so. Things are quickly going in that direction."

"Wow! You're giving me ideas! And Colleen owns the place and she doesn't mind. I'm sure she'd welcome Jesse as 'one of the girls!' I even offered Jesse to do his hair up like a girl sometime and Kathy said she'd love to do his nails."

"Really. He never told me that. It sounds like it wouldn't be a problem at the shop even if he showed up dressed like a girl."

"It would be great, Laura! I'm excited just thinking about it. I think I know what you mean about getting turned on about feminizing a cute boy like him."

"Jesse is very young, but I don't know if you noticed, Sally, sometimes he acts so immature. Honestly, if I didn't know better, sometimes I'd think I was talking to a five year-old."

"It's funny you should say that. Once I went out to pick up lunch for all of us in the shop. Jesse ordered a roast beef sandwich. When he got it, he noticed they had put onions on it, and he raised such a fuss. I told him to stop acting like a baby. I opened his sandwich and took off the onions. He got a sheepish look on his face, settled right down and just ate the sandwich. It was almost as if he enjoyed being treated like a child. Sometimes, I swear he tries to get us girls in the shop to act like his mother, and because he is such an endearing person we just do it. We're always telling him what to do. If he does something wrong, we scold him and he seems to like being corrected."

"He does."

There was silence for a second and then Sally giggled mischievously.

"What?" I asked.

"I was just thinking maybe he needs a spanking." (I thought about the time I tied Jesse up and put his head in my dirty panties.) "Laura, I'm no psychiatrist, but being a hairdresser, I hear all kinds of things from my customers, strange stories that would blow you away, and feminizing a boy like

Jesse isn't all that unusual, and women who are into that kind of thing -- I think I could be one of them! Anyway, many women who lord it over the males in their families use spanking and they all swear it sets the tone in their household and solidifies their control. I bet it would work for you too, especially since he already has many childlike qualities."

"I like the idea, and if does fit in with what I'm doing."



"I really have to go now. Think about letting some of us from the salon come over for a visit to see Jesse in his home setting. We'd love it, and it sounds like you think it would actually add to your happiness, even if Jesse would probably be highly embarrassed. I could imagine a beauty shop day at your house."

"I'm tempted to accept your offer right now, but let me think

it over. If I did do that, I'd want everything just right."

"I understand, bye."

"Thanks for calling, Sally. It helped talking to you, bye."

I went back to the bedroom. Jesse had awakened and was starting to take off his nightie. I thought of Sally's suggestion and decided to give it a try.

"My little girl is being naughty! Did I say she could take off her nightie?" I said grabbing him by the hair and pulling him over my lap. His trim butt in his pink satin panties looked so pretty wiggling there. After i paused for a moment, I began to spank him! The sound of my hard smacks filled the room. Although my hand began to hurt I was surprised by how excited I started to feel. And when he started to cry, I became even wetter. I decided that this would definitely have to become part of my little girl's regular routine. Although to save my hand, I'd use my hairbrush or perhaps buy a paddle to spank him.

I also thought I'd treat Jesse even more like a child as Sally had suggested. I'd dress him up like a little girl, teach him to obey me without question (and with enthusiasm), and when he didn't, punish him corner time, humiliations, spankings, etc.

That led me to think about a friend of mine from college. Christine is a sexually dominant woman, and I wondered if I might not be able to use her to help me with Jesse. I thought she just might be the type to fully feminize my young husband.

My mind went wild, thinking of all the things that I could do to Jesse. In the morning, I said to Jesse, "You've been behaving like a spoiled little girl, and that's why I spanked you like child. You can expect more of the same in order to make you behave. Since you insist on acting like a child, I'm going to treat you like a spoiled little girl more and more. And since it's Saturday, you'll be my little sissy all day."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I'm going to put your hair in curls and tie bows in it. Then as soon as I get a chance, I'm to get you some little girls' clothes to wear, and from now on you are going to have to learn to mind me without question and I really don't care if you like it or not."

"What kind of things?"

"Well, taking a page from military training, I'm going to work on destroying all of your self respect, and that way my job will be a lot easier as I turn you into a totally obedient little girl. No more whining and complaining that I'm embarrassing you too much. You'll refer to me as "Mommy" and I'll refer to you as "Jessica." I'm going to turn you completely into a woman, starting with bringing you up like a little girl. I'm going to teach you women are superior to men in every way and you'll learn to get used to being bossed around by and used by females of all ages. Understand?"

"Yes," he replied.

"Yes, what!"

"Yes, Mommy."

"That's better."

I next got my curling iron, combed out his hair and began to curl it -- it was getting fairly long. I envisioned the say I could dispense with him wearing my wig.

"Maybe I should dye it blond. I think little girls look cuter as blondes. Don't you?"

"I guess so," Jesse whispered meekly.

"You guess so?"

"No, they are," he said sheepishly.

"Then wouldn't you like me to dye your hair blond?"

"Yes, Mommy."

"That's my girl. In fact, why don't we have one of the girls at the salon do it?"

"Oh, I would be so embarrassed..."

"Tut, tut, ta! What did I say about no more whining? And training you to complete obedience?"

He remained quite but sullen as I finished curling his hair. Then I put a half dozen little pink hair ribbons in it. I gave him a handheld mirror for him to see himself.

"There, how does Jessica like it?"

He looked in the mirror. "It's nice. I like it, Mommy."

"Then why the sad face? I know he wanted complain about the possibility I would force him to have his hair dyed blonde at the shop, but he stayed quiet and just shrugged his shoulders.

"You should show Mommy how much you appreciate it. And since you're not a real girl, I'll teach you ways to do that."

He looked at me very confused.

"You can start by giving Mommy a kissy foot." I took off one of my high heeled shoes and held my stockinged foot up to his face. "Kiss mommy's foot." I said sternly.

Slowly bent forward and kissed my foot. Then he kissed it again and again and passionately.

"That's it, Jessica. Show Mommy how much you love her and how happy you are she's going to turn you into a little girl."

That made him kiss my foot even faster. I wiggled my stockinged toe and worked it into his mouth. He sucked my toe. I tilted my head back and moaned, enjoying the attention.

"Jessica. What a good little girl you are. You're learning very fast. You did a very good job."

"I'll be a very good girl for you, Mommy if that's what you want me to be."

"I'll show you other ways you can thank me and say you're sorry to me whenever you make a mistake." I then bent down and kissed him on the forehead.

I couldn't believe my good fortune. With the spanking and treating him like a little child, I loved his new attitude. At least subconsciously, I knew he wanted to be dominated and controlled even if consciously he was shamed and humiliated.

The following Monday, Sam called me into his office and said, "Congratulations Laura, you'll be named a full partner next month." He put his arms around me and gave me a manly bear hug. I had forgotten what it was like to be held by a real man. My body melted into his. We hugged for a long time. "We should have a special celebration," he suggested. I agreed and we made a date to meet at his apartment on the following Wednesday evening.

After work I went to an adult book store. While I had been in there buying the penis-shaped pacifier for Jesse, I had noticed a number of crossdressing books. I bought a few of them hoping to find information about buying little girls' and baby clothes for Jesse. I was happy to find ads in a couple of the magazines for custom-made clothing.

I studied the ads, and the next day, I called one of the stores

and ordered all kinds of babyish and girlish things as a surprise for Jesse, including a little girl's party dress with short puffy sleeves and lace trim around the hem, sleeves and neckline. A very large pink hair ribbon that came pre-tied into a bow came with it. I also picked out a pair of pink Mary Jane shoes to go with it, and another complete outfit in yellow.

Excited with anticipation, I got a pair of my dirty panties from my hamper and went to Jessica in the bedroom.

"Hi, Mommy!" he said cheerfully, trying to fill the role I was designing for him.

"Hi Sweetheart," I replied. "I want you to lie back, close your eyes and relax while Mommy talks to you."

As he lay there, I began to brush my dirty panties back and forth across his face. "Can you smell mommy's special scent, baby?"

"Yes, Mommy."

"Good girl. Now, breathe in deeply and concentrate on my aroma in these panties. I want you to learn to appreciate the smell of mommy's panties better to you than anything else in the world." I pressed the crotch of the panties firmly over his nose and mouth and had him inhale deeply. "Do you like the way my panties smell?"

"Oh, yes, Mommy," he said, knowing what I wanted him to say. "I love mommy's panties. I love how they smell. I love how they feel. I love when Mommy lets me wear them."

"Good girl. Now I want you to taste them." My pussy was wet with excitement and I reached between my legs and slid two fingers deep inside and then took them out wet with my juices. I slid my fingers under the panties and into his mouth. "Suck them sissy girl. Lick mommy's fingers clean."

He reluctantly complied. I kept slipping my fingers in and out of his mouth like I was fucking his mouth with them. Despite his reluctance, he was getting quite excited. A small wet spot appeared on the front of his panties directly over the tip of his



hard penis.

"Is my little girl making a mess in her panties?" I chided. I reached down and started to tease his pantied penis. "What a sweet little pussy stick my sissy has. Do you like it when Mommy plays with your sissy penis?"

"Yes, Mommy," he gasped.

"Then tell me that you're mommy's little sissy girl while I play with you."

"Oh, Mommy! I am your little sissy girl. Please play with my

pussy dickie. Oh, Mommy. Mommy!" He couldn't hold back and erupted into his satin panties, all the while inhaling deeply through my panties over his mouth and nose.

I pretended to be mad. "Naughty girl! You made a sticky mess in your panties. Bad sissy!" I pulled the panties off of his legs and held them up to his face. "Just look at this mess. Mommy is very angry." Jessica looked very sheepish. "Clean your panties this instant!" I ordered.

He started to get up.

"No, sissy. Not in the sink. Clean them with your tongue."

"But Mommy..." he started to protest.

I stunned him as I slapped him on both cheeks and then rubbed the cum-soaked panties all over his reddened face. He sobbed.

I remembered how good it felt the other day when he nursed on me. Opening my blouse I offered my nipple to my crying little girl. He sucked on it, still whimpering softly. I wasn't going to be frustrated this time so I held him tightly for the next fifteen minutes until his gentle sucking and my fingers in my pussy made me come with an intense shudder. "Does Jessica promise to be a good little sissy girl?" I asked.

"Yes, Mommy," he replied softly.

"Good girl. Now get some rest and think about making Mommy happy," I said as I walked out of the room.

Downstairs, I called Sally and thanked her for her suggestions, telling her I had spanked him and started treating him like a little girl. She went wild when I told her I had ordered special little girl and baby clothes for him and begged me to let her see him once I got him dressed in them. "If you ever need any help, just call me. I'll be glad to help in any way I can."

"I will," I said and then said good-bye.

I was also looking forward to my date with Sam. He had become quite affectionate to me at work, hugging me often and even kissing me softly on the lips when it was time for me to go home. I had hinted to him that my husband was something less than a man, and Sam took that as an invitation to pursue me.

The next day, Jessica's new clothes had arrived I couldn't believe how cute they looked. In addition to the hair ribbon, there was a petticoat that came with the dress. I took the pink outfit and went up to the bedroom. "How's my little girl today?" I asked.

"OK, Mommy," Jessica replied.

"Did you do all of your little girl chores, sweetheart?"

"Yes, Mommy, I did."

"Good girl. Now look what Mommy has for you." I held up the pink satin party dress.

"Oh!" Jessica said with a great deal of surprise in his voice.

"Oh! Is that all you have to say?"

"It's very pretty, Mommy."

"Jessica, I got this for you because you've been such a good girl for the last few days. Would you like to try it on?"

"Yes, I guess so, Mommy."

"OK, but first take a nice bubble bath, sweetie."

I helped shampoo and condition his hair and wrap it in a towel, turban style. Then I powdered him up with scented talc. Back in the bedroom, I got out the pair of pink ruffled rumba panties and a matching little girl camisole. I handed them to Jessica and told him to them on. Then I placed the petticoat on

the floor and had him step into it and pulled it up around his waist. "Next is your pretty new pink dress!" I gathered up the dress and slipped it over his head and down into place. The petticoat made the skirt flare out in a most delightful way. I turned him around and zipped it up in back, and then I took him by the hand and led him over to my vanity chair.

He was about to sit down without clearing the dress, so I showed him how to put his hands in back and hold the skirt part of the dress straight while he sat down. I filed his nails and then painted them with candy pink nail polish and then knelt down in front of him and did his toenails. Next, I worked on his hair, and once I had it femininely styles, he blushed and thanked me.

"How about if I show you a new way to say thank you to me?"

"OK, Mommy."

I led Jessica to the bed and had him lie down. "Now I am going to teach you how to be a proper panty maid and a pussy slave." Then I knelt down on the bed holding my dress up. I straddled his face, my panties just inches from his nose and mouth. "Kiss my pussy through my panties, Jessica."

With all of our masturbation games, we had never done much in the way of oral sex, and my husband now lay there with a confused and slightly scared expression on his face. He had never kissed me there before.

"Jessica, I said kiss my pussy!" I ordered sternly.

Slowly he lifted his head and gently kissed me.

"Don't stop, keep it up, make love to my cunny through my pretty panties."

"That's it sweetie, keep it up, baby."

Soon Jessica was getting into it, kissing me all up and down my panty covered pussy. My panties were getting wet with my juices and I knew he was starting to taste them. "Now, stick your tongue out and lick me."

"Good, girl," I moaned. "Lick me here," I said as I reached down and moved the crotch of my panties to the side, exposing my hot pussy. Slowly, Jessica stuck out his tongue and just touched my slit. I felt a tremor go through my body; he complied when I told him I wanted him to do more. Soon Jessica was running his tongue up and down my slit, swallowing my juices, eventually putting his tongue in my slit and further pleasing me. A gigantic burst of electricity went through my body. "Oh-h-h, Jessica, sweetheart, my love! That's unbelievable!" Jessica was surprised at my excitement and I think that encouraged him to continue with abandon. I was writhing in ecstasy. Finally, I collapsed on the bed exhausted. "What a good girl," I said to him softly.

"Can I get something to drink to wash the taste out of my mouth?" he asked.

"What taste?" I asked.

He hesitated, "Th— the taste of your pussy."

I sat him down. "No you can't, Jessica!"

"Why not?"

"Because I want you to learn to love the flavor. You are never need to rinse out your mouth afterwards, you must learn to savor my tastes and smell because you're going to be tasting it a lot more in the future. One of your regular jobs will be to clean my pussy after I put in a hard day's work. And my pussy may be hot and sweaty, and full my secretions over the day, but I want you

to clean it out completely and happily!"

"I'll try my best to learn."

"You enjoyed making Mommy happy, didn't you?"

He just smiled and nodded his head yes.

"Eventually you'll be begging me to let you do things like kiss and lick my toes and wash out my dirty pussy with your tongue, just because it makes me happy."

I was now ready to bring my husband up to the next stage and get Christine involved. I called her, told her what I was doing to him. She said she was delighted to work with me in any way, and we started making plans.

Chapter 9

Jesse

I guess that my attitude had been changing slowly ever since Laura had dressed me in my babydoll nightie. I became willing to put all my trust in her. She seemed to know me better than I knew myself, and even when she did things that humiliated, embarrassed and even scared or shocked me, I usually found some weird degree of contentment within me I couldn't define, but I knew what she was doing was the way things were supposed to be. She had been right about so many things and as I thought back to all of the times I had resisted her I now felt it was right for her to completely take over my life, even if that meant turning me into a ridiculous little girl. My fears and shame aside, I felt obligated to rid myself of any doubts I had in her abilities to know what's best for me and to obey her without question.

As time went by Laura was teaching me more and more what my place in life was. How, because I was not a real girl, I could never be as good as a real girl, and to say thank you to a real girl, I was only worthy to kiss her feet, lick her panties and clean her pussy. I grew more and more able to do the things that she wanted me to. After a while, I was automatically showing my appreciation to Laura by giving her kissy foot and trying to be the best panty maid and pussy slave I could be. I was assisting her each

morning as she got dressed, helping her slip in to her silkiest lingerie. Each evening I would wash the silky items by hand. I noticed she was wearing more provocative lingerie to work but didn't realize the significance of her doing so.

My first real test came about a week later. Laura told me she had a friend named Christine she had been telling about my progress and wanted me to talk to her on the phone. I was scared to talk to some strange woman who knew how Laura was feminizing me, but I was learning to obey my wife without question.

Laura handed me the phone and said "Christine wants to talk



to you." I took the phone and said "hello." "Hi, Jessica. It's so nice to finally get to talk to you. How are you doing?" "OK," I replied. "Laura told me she has been teaching about how real girls are superior to boys. "Uh huh," I said. "She says you're learning to become a good little pretend girl." "Uh huh." "And that you have learned the proper way for a boy to thank a girl?" I paused for a second. "Jessica?" she said. "Yes?" I replied. "Do you know the proper way to thank a girl?" "Yes," I said, shamed and almost crying. There was a short pause. "Tell me," Christine said. "Kissy foot." "How else?" she asked. "Learn to be a panty maid and a pussy slave." "That's right! That's very good Jessica. Laura also tells me that she has bought you a lot of pretty things to wear."

"Uh huh," I said again.

"And that you're starting to like your pretty dresses."

"Uh huh," I said again.

"Which one do you like the best?" she asked trying to get me to contribute something to the conversation.

"The pink one."

"The pink one? Tell me about it."

"It has short sleeves and a bow in the back."

"Oh, it sounds pretty, does it have ruffled panties too?"

"Yes."

"And Laura tells me you have matching shoes to go with it."

"Yes," I said smiling, starting to grow a little more comfortable talking with Christine.

"So, why do you like the pink one best?"

"I don't know," I said sheepishly.

Christine, sensing I was hiding something and said, "Oh, come on, there must be some reason. Tell me."

"I don't know."

"Come on sweetheart, tell Auntie Christine. Are you too embarrassed to tell me?"

"Uh huh," I said, softly.

"Don't be, sweetheart. I promise I won't laugh at you."

I was very nervous and wasn't sure I wanted to tell her right away. She sensed this and continued to try to get me to tell her.

Finally, I said nervously, "Because pink is my favorite color now." I knew that my reason for liking the pink dress best was fine for a girl but I still felt strange telling her because I was a boy.

"Well, there's nothing wrong with that. You shouldn't be ashamed to have pink as your favorite color, even though you are a boy. Some boys, especially sissy boys like you look so pretty in pink."

It was first time anyone other than Laura had expressed to me it was OK to have the feelings of a girl. I don't know if Christine even realized it, but that conversation made me feel a lot more comfortable with my feminization.

"You know, Jessica, I'd love to come over to visit you sometime. I would really love to see you in your pink dress and ruffled panties. Would that be OK?"

I just sat there, too afraid to say anything.

"Jessica, Honey. Are you still there?"

"Uh, huh," I said softly.

"Would you like me to come over and visit you sometime?"

"I don't know," I replied, still nervous to have anyone else see

me dressed as a little girl.

"Well, I'm only going to do it if you want me to."

"OK," I said.

"You want me to?" she asked.

I said yes. Over the last few weeks I had grown less and less assertive and I didn't feel right telling a woman, "no."

"Then I want you ask me," she said.

"Will you?" I asked.

"Will I, What?"

I paused for about a second. "Will you, please, come over and visit me to see me in my new pink dress and ruffled panties?" Because of the lessons that Laura had been putting me through, I automatically worded it with all of the politeness and respect I could.

Christine perked up. "I'd be glad to. Put Laura on the phone."

Chapter 10

Laura

I was confident Jessica was ready for the next step and listened to him as he asked Christine if she would come over and visit him, I was delighted with how far he had come in the last few weeks. I took the phone from him and had him leave the room as I then spoke with Christine. She was anxious to visit and see how I had feminized my husband, so we quickly made a plan.

The next day Jessica got dressed in his favorite pink dress and ruffled panties and I put his hair in pigtails. As the day wore on he appeared both excited and apprehensive about Christine coming over. I sat him down for a little talk.

"Jessica, my friend Christine will be coming over later on, and I want you to call her, 'Aunt Christine,' nice way to show her respect in a childlike way."

"OK, Mommy."

"She's coming over to see you, and while she's here, I'm going to go out. We'll make dinner together, and after she gets here, you can serve it to her."

"How come you have to leave?" he asked.

"Because Mommy has to meet her boss tonight. Sometimes Mommy has to be with a man too. And what are you? Are you a man?"

"No, Mommy."

"Tell Mommy what you are. What you really are."

"A girl, Mommy. A little sissy girl."

"That's right, sweetie. And as a sissy, you have to learn to show respect to all girls, not just me, and not just when I'm around. Being here alone with and serving Auntie Christine will be good practice for you."

"OK Mommy."

"Aunt Christine is going to a lot of trouble, taking time out of her busy day to come over here. I think you're going to owe her a big thank you."

"I'll remember to thank her, Mommy."

"Yes, honey, but she's a real girl, just like Mommy, so you have to show her the proper respect. You can't just say thank you."

“Oh,” Jessica said, “what should I do?”

“Well, I think at the very least, you should give her a kissy foot, but probably you should also show her what a good panty maid and pussy slave you are. That would be more appropriate.”

“But Mommy, I could never do those things to anyone else. What if she doesn’t want me to do it?”

“That’s not your concern, sweetheart. You should at least offer, and if she doesn’t feel you are worthy enough to eat her pussy, there is nothing you can do, but if she says it’s OK, then you must demonstrate your skills.”

“OK, Mommy, I’ll ask her as nicely as I can and maybe she’ll let me show her what a good panty maid and pussy slave I am.”

“That’s my sweetie,” I said, patting Jessica on the knee. “Now I want you to help Mommy get ready for her date tonight.”

For some time before this, I hadn’t been hiding my interest in Sam, my boss, and I’m sure Jesse suspected my interest was blossoming into a sexual relationship, but this was the first time I made it so obvious, actually calling this a ‘date’ instead of my usual description as a business meeting. My sissified husband seemed to take it all in stride; he didn’t protest or question me though I did notice a bit of sadness on his face.

I pushed the evidence even more directly into his face as I took Jessica by the hand and led him to my bureau. “I want you to pick out my lingerie for me tonight, honey. Won’t that be fun? Find some sexy panties, a matching bra and, because tonight is so special, I want to wear a garter belt and silk stockings too. Try to imagine what would be most exciting for Sam to see me wearing when he undresses me. Maybe pretend you’re picking sexy lingerie out for yourself and you are preparing for a date with a handsome new boy. Now, Mommy is going to take a bath while you set out my lingerie.”

After bathing, I had Jessica dry me and spray me with perfume before helping me into the alluring lingerie he had chosen. I told



him Sam would surely be impressed seeing me in such lovely frillies. “I have to tell Sam my husband picked them out for me. I’ll bet he won’t be surprised. Sam knows all about my little sissy husband, I’ve shown him a lot of the pictures I’ve taken of you in your silly little girl and babyish outfits.”

With that news, my husband appeared stunned for a moment, and I did hear him choke back a few little snuffles. He definitely got the message I was going to have sex with my boss and that Sam knew all about just how much of a man Jessica wasn’t.

When Christine arrived at five-thirty, Jessica was obviously

a little nervous. She said, "My you look lovely, dear. That dress you have on is prettier than anything I had when I was a little girl. Here, I have a present for you." She handed him a large box tied with a huge floppy pink bow. "Go ahead, open it."

Upon opening the box, he saw a life-size little girl doll, about three feet high, dressed in an outfit much like the one he was wearing. I could see a pained expression on Jessica's face that made me feel a little pity for him, but I had suggested such a gift to Christine and thought it would further his girlishly submissive role.

"Jessica. What a nice gift. Don't you think you should say thank you, to Christine?"

Jessica looked at me and then meekly said, "Aunt Christine, thank you for coming over and bringing me such a wonderful gift."

"Is that all you have to offer in thanks," I prodded.

Jessica looked at me again. I nodded in encouragement. "Dear aunties, if you let me, I'd like to give you a special thank you."

"Why sure, dearie, and what would that be?"

"I would like to show you what a good panty maid and pussy slave I am."

"Oh, my goodness! You have made a lot of progress into girlhood. I think I'll pass for now, but maybe later."

"Well, Christine, your dinner is all ready, why don't you sit down and enjoy it. Jessica will be serving and get you whatever you need. It's time I leave. I'm looking forward to my evening out with my new boss, a very handsome and masculine man. My sissy boy husband was sweet enough to help me dress for my date tonight. You two have a nice visit; don't wait up for me!"

"We'll be just fine. I'm sure Jessica and I will have a great time."

Chapter 11 Jesse

Laura put on her coat and left. I tried not to think about where she was going and what she would be doing, but Christine reminded me. "It's important for you to help Mommy get ready for her dates. Little girls need to learn that a beautiful woman like your mommy needs to be with real men for her complete happiness, especially since sissy husbands can't provide her with a big had cock to fill her void.

"Now take your new dolly and lift her dress up."

I picked up my new toy and lifted its dress. Underneath was a ruffled panty not unlike the pair I was wearing.

"You see, there is nothing between a little girl's legs that can satisfy a woman." Laughing, she said, "Now pull down her panties, take a look underneath, and give her a proper little girl kiss between her legs."

I let out a gasp, surprised to see a modest little penis and balls, as Christine said, "Well, don't just stand their like a stupid little sissy boy. Kiss that girlie between her legs like the sweet little girl I know you are."

Chapter 12 Christine

When I had gone to the toy store to buy the doll they had it in both an anatomically correct boy and a girl doll. I simply bought both and put all the girls' clothes and the wig on the boy doll after I got home. Even Laura didn't know about this little extra surprise and I'm sure she would be delighted when she learned about it.

There was a tear in his eye, but he did bend forward and kiss the boy doll's little penis, but then he quickly pulled the doll's pink satin panties back up into place.

I went into the dinning room and sat down. He followed, made sure I was comfortable and then went into the kitchen and started serving up dinner. As we were eating, I talked about the superiority of girls and the proper place for boys. "So, do you like being a little sissy girl for Mommy and Auntie?"

"Yes, Auntie Christine."

I continued to tease him throughout our dinner. After dinner, he quickly and efficiently cleared the table and loaded everything into the dishwasher. Then he joined me in the living room.

"Let me see what you have between your legs, Jessica," I ordered. "Lift up your dress and petticoats too -- nice and high so Auntie can get a good view.

"Why your panties are even prettier than your dolly's," I laughed. "If you have any boy parts in your panties, they are so small that they surely are of no interest to your mommy."

He remained standing there with his dress and petticoats up showing a bit of his naked tummy above the high waistband of his pink rhumba panties.

"Jessica, would you like Auntie to show you her panties?"

He nodded. His eyes expressing great interest.

I slowly pulled up my dress, revealing my sheer black panties and with one finger began stroking myself. "If you were a big girl, you would wear panties like these, but little girls must dress in sweet ruffles."

I noticed a little movement in his panties, and a tiny mound was sprouting up and a spot of moisture appeared.

I giggled and pointed, "Oh, my! Is that your little clittie, Jessica?"

"Well, my dear, sissy, didn't you offer before to show me some of the things Mommy is teaching you? Like you, my panties are a little damp too. I want to see how a good panty maid cleans her auntie's panties. Get on your hands and knees, crawl over to me and put your face between my thighs."

He did. He could surely smell my excitement.

"What are you waiting for, sissy? I want you to get right to work." I directed him how to best entertain me. "Lick faster, baby. Suck out my juices. Do you like what you are doing, little girl? Do you like when Auntie makes her panties all wet for her little sissy?"

"Yes, Auntie."

"Would you like Auntie make her panties even wetter?"

"Yes, Auntie," he replied, probably not understanding the meaning of what she had said.

"Come with me, sissy; I have to visit the little girls' room."

He crawled after me. When I pulled my panties just down to the level of my pussy and sat down on the toilet, he stood there not knowing what to do. I had him kneel before me and stare into my panty-covered pussy.

"Now, I'll make my panties all wet for you," I said as I put one hand over my nylon panties and began to pee, rubbing my urine into my black panties with my hand until I was finished. "Now lick my wet panties, Jessica."

He had been watching in horror and now hesitated for a moment.

"Do it!" I ordered.

"I can't," he said, crying.

"Do it, or I'll tell Mommy you disobeyed me!"

Slowly, he stuck out his tongue until it touched my wet nylon panty crotch.

"Go on, lick it! Suck up my piss, you pathetic little sissy panty boy."

After several minutes I was satisfied with the job he had done and told him he could stop. After I slid the panties off, I stuffed them into his mouth. Then I cleaned myself up and took him into the living room.

"Play with your dolly while we talk," I said.

He sat on the floor, and even though he was a bit unsure how to play with a doll, he touched the pretty doll clothes and moved the doll's arms and legs as I explained to things to him.

"The reason I treat you this way is because you are only a little sissy boy. I know you try to be a girl, but still, you're just a sissy boy, and this is the only way you are worthy of being treated." I talked what had to seem like eternity to him. He sat there with his head down and his mouth full of my pissy panties and acknowledged things I said with a periodic nod. I wanted to make him feel more and more ashamed of being a boy. By the end of the evening, I'm sure he felt completely helpless and humiliated.

Chapter 13

Laura

I arrived home at about 10 PM. Jessica was on the floor playing with his new dolly. He seemed more childlike and passive than ever. I pretty much knew what had happened, because Christine and I had discussed what she wanted to do to him on the phone.

I sat down in a club chair and looked at my little girl. Christine must have been quite firm with him because he stayed in character, playing with the doll as innocently as any three year old. He was sitting with his legs apart and I could see the ruffles of his panties sticking out from under his petticoats.

"Come over to Mommy and make kissy foot while I tell Aunt Christine about my date."

He removed my pumps and began to kiss and lick my stockings. They were damp and fragrant with my sweat following my exciting evening with Sam. Jessica continued his tender ministrations while I told Christine everything that had happened.



I knew Jessica was listening so I described every detail of our lovemaking, making sure to praise Sam's big black cock and stamina. I could see my little girl's face turning all red. I knew it was time for the next step.

"It's time to clean mommy's pussy, sweetie. Sam was nice enough to leave it with a cream filling for you."

Christine laughed, but Jessica looked absolutely horrified.

"Be a good pussy slave and don't embarrass me in front of my friend."

"But, but it has, I mean..." Jessica started to protest.

My hand shot out and I slapped his face harder than ever before. "How dare you argue with me? You will certainly be punished, right after you clean out my sore pussy. Now get to work this instant, or I'll call Sam and have him come over and shoot a load of his cum right into your mouth."

I lifted my skirt and slid aside my tight panty crotch with the panty liner holding in Sam's cum. I inserted two fingers deep into my wet pussy. They glistened with sticky juices when I took them out. "Here sissy, even though Sam isn't here you can still pretend. Make believe you're cleaning Sam's cock. Come on... make it nice and clean!"

Christine and taunted him as he sucked and licked my fingers clean. "He's a natural born cocksucker!"

I said, "My sissy is giving her first blow job!" Then, grabbing him by his hair I shoved his face into my sticky pussy and ordered him to lick up every last drop. Upon finishing and bringing me to a dominatrix-like orgasm, I pulled his face from between my thighs. It was smeared with a mixture of Sam's and my cum. "Oh goodness! Look at baby's messy face. Is Jessica's mouth all sticky too?"

He nodded.

"Well, Christine told me she gave you a special drink tonight and you did a good job of it. So, I'll give you the privilege of drinking my piss too. That will clean all the stale juices out of your mouth, huh?" So I rewarded him by taking him to the bathroom and washing out his mouth with my warm piss.

Although I felt a little sorry for him, I couldn't let his

resistance earlier go unpunished, and I let Christine give Jessica his spanking. As a modern mother, she had experience spanking little butts, and it thrilled me to see her let loose with a combination of humiliating words and forceful blows that soon caused my little girl to burst into tears.

Chapter 14

Jesse

I tried hard to stop crying but couldn't stop sobbing, as Mommy helped me out of my dress, petticoats and ruffled panties and then dressed me in my pink satin babydoll and matching ruffled panties. Mommy helped me onto her lap and put her nipple in my mouth. It felt good to suck on it and I was finally able to stop crying, despite the humiliation of being put through my bedtime routine in front of Christine. I knew this was the beginning of a totally new life for me, especially when Laura announced that it was official that she had made partner in her firm, and Sam was to become her full-time lover. With her increased income, she said it was no longer necessary for me to work and told me that once I was finished installing the new computer system at the beauty salon, I would stop working and become her full-time little girl and sissy boy, cocksucking slave.

THE END

