

# Pussy Boy Pager

Reader's Stories & Pics

Volume 33

Adults Only

## *Sis Trained Me to Her Panties and Grandma's Big Bloomers*

*She was three years younger than he but in full control of him making him into a silly little panty and bloomer wanker!*

## *Mrs. Crawford Spanks and Panty Trains Naughty Boys*

*He was fascinated when he heard the boys next door being spanked and was shocked when he peeked at them by what he saw, but he got caught and was royally sissy spanked too!*

## *Panty Wasted Prisoner*

*After molesting his little daughter, he was sent to the slammer, and when he got out, his angry wife was then ready to punish his crime with sissy consequences!*

## *A Boy's Petticoat Training Poster*

*His sister is a model and she trains him like a girl*



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

Since 1981

A P R I N C E S S P R O D U C T I O N S P U B L I C A T I O N



**Pussy Boy Pages #33** is published by Princess Productions, PO Box 1184, Des Plaines, Illinois 60017-1184. Contributions are welcome, but the publisher does not assume responsibility for the loss of any materials and does not guarantee the return of any materials. All letters, photos or other materials sent to Princess Productions are considered intended for publication. With the exception of news items, all real names will be changed and identities will be kept confidential in published items. All rights reserved. Copyright © 2009 Princess Productions. The words used to describe photographs are not meant to depict the actual conduct of the pictured subjects. Any similarity to real persons is purely coincidental. Photographs contained herein have been artistically altered either by computer or in other ways to simulate certain activities as well as to conceal the identity of any real persons. Neither Princess Productions nor anyone connected with Princess Productions advocates violent or abusive behavior of any kind. Even though story lines may suggest such behavior, these are just fantasy situations meant to enlighten and entertain adult individuals who would never wish those fantasies to become reality. This publication is a fantasy journal meant to comfort an oppressed minority of individuals who have been created by society, and then, rejected by that same society. Transvestites, party fetishists and submissive males are not welcome in most families or cultures. This publication is designed to soothe the souls of these often frustrated individuals by exploring situations similar to their own individual upbringing, personal experiences or fantasies for the purpose of relieving their loneliness by making them feel that their fantasies are just as legitimate as anyone else's and by providing a masturbation aid, a safe alternative to risky sex practices. Printed in the U.S.A.





The little sissy boy who did  
in the pantywaist prisoner.

## *The Panty Wasted Prisoner*

In the late 1950s, Helen Gunderson became an early advocate for equality for women. After years of having her husband abuse her and their children, she decided to take charge and turned the tables on her husband. Helen had always hated guns, but things had changed. Dressed modestly in white like a Sunday school teacher, complete with veiled pillbox hat and a handmade Belgian lace shawl, she stood along side her floor room-fresh Plymouth with her two daughters, Jane and Ruth. Helen's shiny white patent leather purse dangled from her left arm. Stiffly she held her right arm alongside her body. Clenched in the fingers of that hand was a small, nickel-plated 22-caliber pistol, its metal casing hot from being held so tightly and so long while she waited. She kept the gun pointed toward the ground, discreetly hidden from view by folds of her loosely draped shawl and the puffy fullness of her full-skirted dress, which fluttered and swayed in response to the little gusts from the gentle wind.

Helen and Raymond had five children. Jane, 14, their oldest. Ray Jr., 12, their oldest boy, who everyone called just Junior. Tommy Lee, 5, their youngest, and the twins, 8, Ruth Ellen and Robert, who were called, Ruthie and Robbie.

Then, at precisely 8 o'clock a.m., with a vibrating, yawning metal-on-metal screech, the prison's large iron door swung open and Raymond appeared. He looked toward them, squinting because they were standing directly in line with the bright early morning sun. Considering the occasion and everything that had happened amongst them, a mixture of uncertainty, joy, thankfulness and embarrassment consumed him. He had to fight back the tears. Even if they were tears of joy, he was a man, and it wasn't right for a man to cry.

Helen and the girls did not run toward him but stood motionless by the car as Raymond first walked and then ran to greet them. He smiled warmly. Jane, their oldest, was very fancily dressed too. Her pale blue, crescent-shaped hat matched her chiffon dress. Two thin white ribbons streamed from the side of her hat and rested on her shoulder. The ribbons matched her gloves, purse and modestly high, high-heeled shoes. He couldn't believe how much she had grown since he had seen her. Raymond was disappointed to see that the boys weren't there to meet him too, but he knew that handling the lot of them at one time was a chore. He was sure he'd be seeing them as soon as they got home. As soon as he focused his gaze on Ruthie, he blushed and turned away. She was part of the reason he had been in prison. But in that quick glance, he did notice she was wearing a fancy pale pink party dress, elaborately trimmed with lacy frills and red ribbon bric-a-brac. She even wore a matching little puff of a hat and her tap dancing shoes. She also wore a heavily frilled multicolored petticoat, and it stuck out way below the bottom edge of her party dress. He thought it was a strange outfit for her to wear to meet him on his release from prison, but he

quickly discounted that thought remembering how much she always loved to play dress-up. Helen and the girls remained by the car. As he got closer, he noticed they were not smiling. He was beaming brightly, eternally glad to be free of that hellhole, but there was no joy in their eyes. He knew he had a lot of apologizing to do to his family. Getting closer, he noticed Ruthie had cut her wispy long dark hair. It was much shorter now. He had loved that hair. Its curls would dance and flutter in the gentlest breeze. Unsure how to greet them, he held out his outstretched arms as if to hug them all at once, but his wife simply held up the open palm of her left hand, signaling him to keep his distance. "Just get in the car," she said sharply as Jane opened the door to the back seat.

"Sure, honey. Are the keys in the ignition?" he said as he lowered his arms realizing that she was in no mood for a hug.

Helen scowled at him, "I'm driving. Get in the back seat."

"But, honey, I'm the man. I should drive."

"Raymond! Shut up and get your ass in the car. One word from me and you're going right back into that hole, and next time, they'll never let you out!"

"But, honey, I ..." Raymond stopped talking when he saw his wife raise the pistol and point it at him. "What the hell? OK, Helen, whatever you want," he said climbing into the car.

Momentarily, Raymond marveled at the beautiful interior and plush seats, but he wasn't in a mood to enjoy them, especially since little Ruthie had climbed into the back seat after him. She gave him a mad doglike sneer. Jane got into the front seat and his wife got behind the wheel. She switched the gun to her left hand but continued to point it at him over the back of the seat. With her right hand free, she reached over the seat and hit him hard in the face with the back of her hand as she yelled, "Now, you listen, stupid ..." He groaned then rubbed his smacked cheek. The girls were smiling brightly. Little Ruthie was kneeling up on the back seat, staring at him intently and inching her way closer to him. Her skirt flared out and seemed to be constantly moving, giving his eyes huge flashes of her fancy petticoat's shamelessly exposed lacy hem. He moaned more in shock than in pain. "Just, shut up!" Helen continued, "I want you to remember that now, *I* make the rules! You do what I say or I'll shoot you, and I'm not kidding. No, I won't kill you, at least I won't try to kill you. If I shoot, I'll aim for your crotch. I'd make you suffer, cuz of the pain that ugly thing of yours caused this whole family."

"Honey, I'll do whatever . . ."

"Just shut up and listen! I petitioned the parole board for your release as a 'hardship case.' I told them we couldn't survive without you. I needed you to help so I can run my business. Yes, since you got your ass thrown into prison, I started a business, the Valleyview School of Deportment and Dance,

and I'm doing well. I'm sure you noticed the car. It's a brand new 1961; it even has air conditioning. Anyway, I told the court we forgive you and desperately need you at home.

[Note: In 1961, child sexual abuse offences imposed laughably short sentences. Raymond had been sentenced to three years, but Helen was able to spring him as a 'hardship case' after just over one year served.]

"Well, I got news for you, jerk! That's not true. None of us misses you; we don't forgive you, and no, I don't need you for my business. Well, we have you do some of the shitiest jobs I can find, but no one needs you. Listen, asshole, I got you out so we could punish you in our own way for what you've done. We're going to make you pay, asshole."

"Helen, I've never heard you talk like ... I mean, those swear words ... in front of the girls. What ya mean 'punish me?'"

"Listen, shithead. I know how much you hated it in that place. I could read between the lines of those daffy letters you sent. I could hear you crying, your terror. I know what goes on in there. And you, with that skinny little ass of yours and baby face, I bet many of them made you suck their cock. And how many of them fucked ..."

"Helen! Please! How can you talk like? I mean the girls!" but as he spoke recent memories flooded his mind, his mouth, his ass. He tried not to think about the hell of prison. He returned to the present; however Helen wanted to punish him, it could not be anything like the treatment he had gotten on the inside.

"Hey, I'll talk any way I please. As you can see, things have changed. The girls know all about words like that. After they heard all that court testimony, describing the things you did to those little neighborhood girls. Those kinds of words are YOUR words, YOUR actions. You love that kind of shit!"

"No, no, no. Please! I'm sorry."

"Shut up! Now, until I can figure out something better, put these handcuffs on. We're going to keep you locked up. Lock your hands to the door handle. Make them tight! Jane, reach over and check the cuffs, make sure they're on tight. OK?"

When Jane nodded all was secure, Helen continued, "Good. Now here, Jane, you hold the gun while I drive. Remember, Raymond, any trouble from you, and I'll stop the car, take the gun and start shooting at your crotch!" Helen put the car in gear. Then Ruthie slid even closer to her dad. She stared at him. Her fancy skirt was tickling his bare arm. She giggled. "Mommy, can I do like we said at home?" she asked.

"Sure baby, he won't give you any trouble."

Ruthie startled Raymond as she looked up at his face to see his expression as she bent over his lap and started to undo the

buttoned front of his coarse trousers. Raymond squirmed to get away. "Baby, don't! What are you doing? Helen! She's ..."

"Mommie! Mommie! He keeps moving and won't let me."

Helen stared in the rearview mirror. "Raymond, sit still! Just let her do whatever she wants, fuckhead! Jane, hit him!" Without hesitating, Jamie leaned over the back of the seat and slapped him as hard as she could across the face. "Look, motherfucker!" Helen shouted, "Don't upset your darling little girl after all you did to her. You hear me? Don't make me stop the car. Let our little baby have her way." The fingernails on Ruthie's tiny hands were painted sissy candy red. They shined in the sunlight as she worked on the tough buttons of his prison-issued trousers. All her tugging and twisting on the fabric over his loins made his insides churn. When she finally had them all undone, she put her little hand inside his pants and inside his prison shorts. She grabbed around roughly for his penis. From the shock of what was happening, the accidental pulling on his pubic hairs and the little pinches and scratches from her inexperienced hands as she searched inside his pants, Raymond let out little groans. He began to breathe heavily and his eyes were getting red and moist. Raymond couldn't believe what was happening. Jane made it worse because she just sat there grinning at him over the back of the seat with a huge sneer on her face. He was further intimidated by the gun in her hand and her bossy, sneering comments as she coached her little sister. "No reach down in his pants, not up. Is it warm in there?" Ruthie nodded excitedly. "I'll bet it is. It probably stinks too. Now get a good grip on it and pull out his dirty old man penis. Yeah, that's it. Pull it right out so it sticks out of his pants."

Helen kept track of what was happening by periodically looking at his tormented expression in the rearview mirror. With a rough yank, Ruthie finally got her daddy's penis out in the open. As far as men go, it was big, bigger than most, but to little Ruthie, it was huge. At close range, she went cross-eyed staring at its huge girth and length. He was unnerved as he could feel the excited breath thrust out of her nostrils each time she exhaled, the draft dancing over the soft skin of his penis that kept bobbing up and down as it throbbed. When she leaned in even closer, she jumped back with a start and Jane laughed when their daddy's fat dick bounced right up and into Ruthie's innocent face.

"Now, show him your slip and panties, baby," Helen called out as she continued to drive.

Ruthie pulled herself away from his thrilling bouncy penis, got up off her haunches and knelt up on the seat as close to him as she could get. Like a little minx, she pressed her soft body against him then flipped up the front of her smooth dress skirt. Underneath was a silky pink full slip, tiered and aglow with oodles of lace and ribbon bows. She tucked the skirt under her upper arms then teasingly shook her sissy slip and tugged it higher and higher until it was all the way up



against her flat chest and fully exposing her matching panties all the way up to the waist. Raymond tried not to look, but he couldn't resist. He could see the skin of her pale white tummy peeking out above the feathered elastic waistband of her full, loose-fitting and heavily decorated pink panties.

"O-o-o, Mommie! It's getting so-o-o-o big!" Ruthie cheered.

Now free of his trousers, Raymond's penis was quickly swelling to its fullness.

Jane yelled, "Mommie! It's getting real hard and sticking up. Daddy's penis is trying to touch Ruthie's pretty panties!"

Helen yelled, "See, Raymond, see how sick you are? Getting an erection for a little girl. Your own daughter. You sick fucker. Still hooked on peeking at your little girl's slips and panties I see. You should be ashamed!"

"Half crying, Raymond moaned, "But Helen, I've been in prison for over a year. I can't help ..."

"Didn't I tell you to shut up?"

Ruthie tucked the slip along with her skirt under her armpits, like an open clamshell of girlish lingerie. Her daddy stared. He couldn't help it. He almost wished he could stand back a foot or two so he could see even better. She was just a mass of silkiness and lace crushed against his body and teasingly touching his aching hard-on. She liked him staring with all that fear in his eyes, but she was anxious to get back to touching her daddy's massive organ. She was in awe of this inflating piece of flesh as she boldly grabbed hold of it with her cool hand. She pressed herself against his body. Not knowing how easy it was to hurt a big man's penis, she carelessly twisted it and rubbed his hot dick against her silky slip, over and over again. Her rough handling pinched and burned his tender penis skin. The scratchy lace on her brand new slip scratched his tormented pink flesh. When she tried to push it down between his legs, it just jumped right back up again. She laughed and thought that was funny. Then she slapped it with her baby hand, saying, "Naughty, naughty, naughty. Daddy, your big peepee is naughty, naughty! Does Daddy's big peepee like my sissy panties? Sure Daddy's peepee likes Ruthie's sissy panties," she answered her own question as her mother and older sister laughed.

Just as she started to really pinch and pull his dick and hit it harder and harder, they pulled up in front of a new house. Raymond was thankful that they had arrived because Helen told Ruthie to stop touching up his penis. The grounds and gabled Victorian home was more than a house. It was a beautiful mansion with well-maintained grounds. They had a little money before he went to prison from his job as a real estate agent, but how could his wife afford this huge place? But, at the moment, such questions didn't occupy but a flash of a passing thought. The attention his hard penis had just

received from his poking, pinching and prodding baby daughter did not exactly dispose him to thinking about financial matters. As Helen got out of the car, she took the gun back and opened the back door next to Raymond. He was trying to squirm around to get his penis to slip back into his trousers, but Helen told him to leave it the way it was. She leaned inside the door and put her left hand inside his pants. She grabbed the base of both his penis and balls. She didn't massage them. She just held them firmly in her grip. In her right hand, she held the shiny gun.

"Oh Raymond, you dumb fuck," she spoke directly into his ear. "Your cock and balls are hot from being all touched up by your sweet little girl's hands while you stared at her fancy slip and panties. You haven't changed a bit. But we're going to try to cure you of that nasty habit." As she spoke, she rubbed the barrel of the gun up and down the length of his quivering penis. "After all," she continued, "we can't risk having you running around our nice upscale neighborhood attacking little girls and shooting your cum over their sexy little lingerie, especially with me running a dancing and deportment school. All day long, every day, we have darling little girls, real little angels, the cutest little flowers you've even seen, running around in sexy little costumes, and they're always changing those costumes, and half the time they forget to close the dressing room door. Most of them think nothing of prancing around in nothing but flat little training bras, ruffled slips and lacy panties." Looking at Ruthie who was still very close to him, Helen said, "Honey, move back a bit and give your daddy a good view of your pretty outfit."

As their little girl backed away, Raymond stared. For years, but especially in prison, he had dreamed about things like this. His sexy wife massaging his cock and balls while she said sexy things in his ear and he looked at a sweet, innocent little girl, who would tease him as she winked and modeled her lingerie.

Raymond was happy that his wife had moved the gun a safe distance away from his crotch. Jane was still in the front seat, leaning over the back with her arms propped up under her chin, staring at this bizarre scene.

With a motion of her head toward little Ruthie, Helen said, "Pull down your panties baby, and give your pervert of a father a peek at how much you've grown. Jane hold up her skirt and slips to help her while she downs her silky panties."

Immediately, Raymond's stare focused upon the crotch of his little girl's panties. From his angle, he could now see fullness in the crotch of the bloused panties that he hadn't noticed before. He was momentarily puzzled, then yelled and jerked in horror as the panties came down and Helen said, "Oh, by the way, shithead, I forgot to tell you. This isn't your daughter Ruthie; this is your sissy son Robbie!"

As Raymond saw Robbie's little boy penis and balls come

into view, he continued to yell. He tried to run, but his hands were still locked to the door handle. Immediately, Helen applied pressure to her viselike grip around his privates. Raymond was visibly sick, but the shock finally subsided and he went back to sitting still. He was crying, mumbling, and cursing. Then Helen said, "I'm surprised it took you so long to notice this is your son and not your abused daughter. Well, this is just lesson number one in our scheme to cure you of your little fetishes. Welcome home, motherfucker!"

Raymond probably would have exploded into a full-blown tirade if his wife hadn't maintained her shark bite hold on his scrotum. Finally, terrorized to near exhaustion, he just slumped over, cried, moaned and whispered gibberish to himself. After Helen delivered several vicious tugs and twists to his trapped privates, Raymond settled down to heavy breathing punctuated with little gasps from the physical and mental anguish he had endured. Periodically He mumbled curse words under his breath. Satisfied that he was beaten down for the moment, Helen let go of him, backed away and directed Jane to undo his handcuffs while she kept the gun pointed at him. Outside the car and on their way up the stairs of the house, Raymond did not even look to see the beautiful picture presented by the bright sunlight streaming through the trees and over the lavish estate. Once inside the house, Raymond's eyes had cleared somewhat and he looked around. He could see what looked like an information desk with two women busy at work on the telephone and filling out papers. This central foyer area was ringed with doors and three archways that led to various rooms and hallways. In passing, Helen mentioned that all classes had been cancelled that day and only the members of the basic office staff were working. Raymond was very conscious that his trousers were still gaping wide open. He tried to walk with his side to the women working nearby so they wouldn't notice as Helen led him to one of the rooms. Inside, she had Jane lock his one foot into a leg iron that was attached to the floor with a long chain, about thirty feet long. Then the girl took off his handcuffs. Helen set down the gun far out of his reach and explained that she didn't like the idea of keeping him chained up. She assured him it was only a temporary until he was rendered "safe," which Helen explained would happen when she was convinced he wouldn't run away or cause any kind of trouble. But before that would happen, he'd be subjected to a lot of what she called "interesting" training. Raymond mumbled that he wanted to get cleaned up and would like to see his other children, adding sarcastically that he wanted to see if she had fucked them up too. That comment caused Helen to walk up to him and knee him right in the balls. He was ready to react and lash out at her as he fell to the floor in pain, but he decided to wait for a better opportunity.

She told him, he'd be allowed to clean up soon. She pointed out that his own private bathroom was just off to the side of the room they were in so he wouldn't have to be unchained to use it whenever he wanted. But before he got cleaned up she told him to kneel down, like he was praying, on what she said

was an authentic Indian prayer mat. She had him face a nearby wall as she explained that he was going to spend a lot of his time on his knees, doing things like washing floors and praying to her!

Deciding not to argue, he knelt down. With a nod from Helen, Jane opened a side door. While Raymond focused his gaze on the three children that entered, Helen quietly walked behind her husband, bent down, and unknown to him latched his chain to a hook bolted to the floor that limited his movement to just a few feet. For an instant, the little girl Raymond was looking at was about the cutest little girl he had ever seen, but then he knew it was his youngest son, little Tommy. The adorable little boy walked right up to his daddy pulled up his short skirt, pulled on his pantied penis and stuck his tongue out at him. The boy was probably too young to remember much about his father, but that didn't stop him from going right up to him and spitting in his face. The next boy that advanced toward him was Junior. Raymond breathed a sigh of relief because Junior was handsomely dressed in a neat, traditionally boyish outfit: dress pants, white shirt and tie. Junior didn't say anything even though Raymond tried to engage him in conversation and ask him what in the hell was going on with his bothers being turned into queer boys. Then when the third child approached, he knew this was the real Ruthie. She had a sardonic smile on her face.

She walked right up to her kneeling father never taking her eyes off his face. He looked away from her acid stare. She walked right up to him and kicked him in the balls. He hadn't been looking so it was a total shock to him and he fell over in pain. He moaned for a moment and turned his gaze up just in time to see Junior, who was standing about three feet in front of him, with his pants unzipped, penis hanging out and shooting an arching stream of hot piss calculated to land directly on his face. Raymond tried to jump out of the way, but Junior's golden stream followed. Raymond tried to stand up and charge at Junior, but his chain hooked to the floor yanked his leg out from under him as he took the first step in his attack. He fell on the floor at Junior's feet. In great pain, Raymond's twisted, prone body was being assaulted by his son's cascading piss. Other than the hum, splatter and dripping noise made by Junior's piss hitting his body, the only sound was Ruthie giggling and clapping her little hands in glee. Through the gaping V of Junior's open trousers, Raymond could see pink. His firstborn son was wearing girls' panties too! Bright pink panties with his king-size wiener snaking out from underneath the lacy legband.

So this was his family. His first taste of the home life in over a year. But that taste was the taste of his tears rolling down his cheeks mixed with his son's piss pouring all over his face, mouth and lips. Raymond questioned himself, 'God, how in the world could things have evolved to this point.' Sure Raymond had been forced to suck cock in prison. He was even pissed and shit on too, but this was his home! ♦

Ever since we were kids, my sister Lina and her best friend Katie have been literally walking all over me while I'm wear a big pair of nylon bloomers!





## *Sis and Her Girlfriend Trained Me to Their Panties and Grandma's Big Bloomers*

My sister, Lina, is three years younger than I am. When I was eight, she asked me to put on her panties for fun. I did and she thought it was the funniest thing she had ever seen. We both laughed. It became a regular game between us because she liked seeing me in her panties since my penis would get hard and bounce around in the nylon.

Our mom and dad knew what we were doing but just thought it was childish play and let it happen. Lina also got me to model her panties for Katie, her best girlfriend. Of course, they couldn't resist touching my penis and nuts through the nylon. I admit I liked them touching me, and that led to me to become really hooked on panties.

In high school, I started secretly masturbating into her panties and carefully washing them out to hide the evidence. At that time, our grandmother was staying with us and she wore big nylon bloomers.

Well, my sister got me into them and I shot my spunk all over them when she started jacking on my bloomed pecker. Lina pretended to be angry with me, but I knew she wasn't, but she then had something very embarrassing over me because we knew our parents wouldn't allow anything like that. She blackmailed me and I pretty much became her slave.

She made me do most of her chores and run errands for her and Katie, and the two of them became very domineering over me because they knew they could get away with it. They were endlessly fascinated with making me cream either a pair of their panties or grandma's bloomers, of course, by then, we became very secretive about these panty games, so our parents never knew what we were doing. They surely would have strongly objected and punished us severely. I soon was happy as their slave, even though they became interested in physically abusing me by spanking me in panties and trampling on me while they called me sissy names. They would walk on me and stomp on my bloomed dickie. Ouch!

After school, I went into the service and wore panties often under my uniform. I got married and we had two boys before my wife of thirteen years found out my panty fetish and how my sister and Katie were putting me through my paces in panties. She divorced me and called my sister and me 'sick.' But that didn't stop me from being a total panty and bloomer slave. To this day, Lina and Katie still give me my weekly panty punishment lessons even though both of them are married — in fact, their husbands (who are both wimps) know about it and don't interfere! Included here is a picture of the two of them literally walking all over me while I'm wearing a custom-made pair of bright red nylon bloomers! ♦



Daniel fell into the trap of being sissy  
humiliated and rhumba panty spanked.



### *Mrs. Crawford Spanks and Panty Trains Naughty Boys*

Just after my mother and I moved to Indianapolis, I became friends with Davie and Dylan Crawford, who lived two doors away. Davie was eleven, my same age, and in my class at Fullerton Elementary. We became fast friends. After I started hanging around with him, our moms became good friends too. Mrs. Crawford was my idea of a great mom, a non-nonsense woman who disciplined her sons to keep them in line, yet she lavished a ton of love on them and spoiled them much to my envy. Both moms believed in spanking; back in the 1980s, many parents still spanked their kids, and we accepted spanking as a part of life. But I didn't know Mrs. Crawford had a punishment routine much more ritualistic and intense than the simple over-the-knee variety I received with great regularity.

My close friendship with Davie led me to stumble upon how Mrs. Crawford disciplined her sons. Her sons being spanked wasn't a surprise to me because on hot summer days with their windows open, I could hear her beating her boys and hear them crying; and in reverse, I'm sure at similar times, they could hear me crying as my mom paddled my butt.

Mrs. Crawford was heavily into not just spankings but panty punishments. Somehow, she knew that the silkiness of girls' panties would make most any boy's dick stand up. But after a

boy wore panties often enough, he would get used to the nylon on his penis and he would no longer stay constantly hard in his panties. And she used those facts as a crazy logic that she instilled in her sons' brains while doing her panty training; so she'd lie to them: If her boy got a hard-on while wearing panties, she would say, he was a sissy and probably a homosexual since no normal boy would react that way. But after a while the boys didn't automatically erect when put into panties, so then she moved to the next level of her lying and say that any boy whose penis stayed soft in his panties must be losing his power as a boy and want to a girl. And so she would make each of her boys play with his penis whenever they were in panties to keep themselves hard as proof to her that they were boys, sissy gay boys albeit, and not boys who wanted to become girls. The threat of cutting off their penises did wonders at these times as a way to scare them into doing anything she wanted. Her real goal was to train the boys to panties, to give them an intense fetish for silky panties, and to take complete control of them sexually as they were entering puberty.

I was quickly introduced to how Mrs. Crawford was training her boys one day when Dylan came to the ballpark and told Davie he had to come home immediately because their mom was angry about something. I saw the fear on Davie's face and he was in such a rush to run home that he left his baseball glove behind. So when our game was called to a halt because storm clouds were gathering, I took his mitt and went to drop it off at his house. When I got there, I knocked



but no one answered; I saw no harm in going inside to leave it because I didn't want to leave his glove outside since it was about to rain.

However, after I went in and climbed the stairs to put it in his room, I heard voices and crying coming for his bedroom that he shared with his little brother, Dylan. My curiosity took hold of me, so I crept down the carpeted hallway toward the partially open door. I heard Mommy Crawford scolding her two sons. Peeping around the corner of the doorway, I saw Davie and Dylan; both were lying facedown on their beds with pillows stuffed under their hips to elevate their butts. However, the most astounding thing I noticed was that each boy was wearing a girls' training bra and a pair of lacy and heavily ruffled pink nylon panties like those worn by little girls under their party dresses. Davie's panties were dark pink, Dylan's a lighter shade. Though each boy was crying quietly and begging "Mommy" not to spank him anymore, each lay obediently on his bed with his hands up by his shoulders as if enduring a familiar routine.

By the redness on their thighs below the panty legs, I could tell that both of them had been spanked quite a bit already, but now while continuing to scold them, Mommy began working Davie's fancy panties down just far enough to bare his butt. Smacking his bare bottom a few times, she went on and on reprimanding the two of them for getting into a fight with a group of much younger boys and girls. The fact that they were pushing around little girls as well as little boys especially irritated their mother. She took a break from spanking them but reminded them that their punishment wasn't over and they both had a good spanking coming. Then, reaching into her jacket pocket, Mommy Crawford produced a jar of Vaseline. She opened it, then dipped her index finger into the goo and drew out a large gob. Parting Davie's ass cheeks with her other hand, she lubricated his butt crack and pushed her finger in and out of his asshole.

Apparently, Davie was pleased with this part of his punishment since he stiffened up and then relaxed, gently wiggling his bottom from side to side and up and down in response to the gentle motions of Mommy Crawford's finger fucking. His quiet crying subsided into a little kid's quiet whimpering, not unlike that heard from his ten-year-old brother across the room who stared wide-eyed at what he was about to get himself.

After his bottom was well Vaselined, Mommy Crawford pulled a rectal thermometer from her pocket, inserted it in Davie's bottom and reminded him to leave it in place until it was time for his spanking. Then she crossed over to Dylan's bed, sat down, and lowered his light pink panties before she again dipped her finger into the Vaseline and fingerfucked him to lubricate his butt hole. Dylan stopped whimpering and rocked his hips back and forth against his pillow as Mommy Crawford's prepared him for his thermometer.

Of course, if I had been thinking clearly, I would have gotten out of there — I knew I wasn't supposed to be there and that I shouldn't be peeking, but by then, watching my friends being spanked in girly panties had me wildly excited — but reality hit me as I surprised myself because I didn't even know when I had done it — but I had my hand down my jeans and I was rubbing my hard penis! And I could tell both boys were excited too. I couldn't see their penises since they were lying facedown, but they had their hands under themselves and I'm sure they were holding their penis as they were jerking their hips up and down to their mother spanking and fingerfucking them. My mind flashed back to the time a year earlier when my babysitter had taken my temperature rectally. She had put me over her lap at the time so that it was impossible for her not to feel myself stiffening against her bare thighs as she inserted the thermometer and held it in place with her palm cupping my bottom. Afterwards, when she stood me up to pull my underpants and pants back up, I was even more embarrassed as she eyed my erection, grabbed it in her hands and said my hard penis was 'cute.'

After Dylan's thermometer was inserted, Mrs. Crawford pulled out a kitchen timer and set it for five minutes before seating herself on a straight-backed chair to read the paper. I debated leaving quietly at that point but the promise of seeing Mommy Crawford spank her children won out and I stayed, my heart pounding in the silence. Each boy lay on his pillow, whimpering as he awaited his spanking. Occasionally Mrs. Crawford would look over from her reading and tell them to shush. She also reminded them that little boys who act like weakling little sissies and pick on younger children deserve to wear panties and be spanked. She shocked me when she threatened to cut off their penises and make them into real girls! They both broke out in heavy tears and streams of apologies in response to that.

Suddenly, the timer sounded and Mommy Crawford removed Davie's thermometer, wiped excess Vaseline from his ass crack and then helped him off the bed before pulling his pink rhumba panties back up. She marched him over to the waiting chair. Sure enough, his penis was completely rigid. Though small, his little pencil dick was straining at the front of his silly looking pink panties. I suspected his hard-on would not remain that way for long. Seating herself, Mommy Crawford draped the tearful child over her knee and took her time smoothing out the silken panties over the embarrassed boy's skinny bottom. Once she was satisfied with how the lacy ruffles and snappy elastics adorned her son's butt, she began a vigorous hand spanking. She slapped him briskly, totaling in some thirty spans a minute. Within seconds, Davie was bawling his eyes out like a five year old. With a satisfied and determined expression, Mommy Crawford kept right on spanking him, smack after smack, as the minutes added up. On and on Davie's spanking went, as his dancing and bouncing pantied fanny slid around on his mommy's lap, adding to the childish spectacle.

After what seemed like about ten minutes, Davie's bottom had to have been on fire. When Mommy Crawford finished, she stood Davie up and exclaimed, "I thought so, young man. You've lost your erection. Get it up, now, or you'll be sorry. You know you must keep your ugly little peter hard in your panties whenever you are in my presence as a tribute to me and all females because all women and girls are superior to wimpy little boys like you. If you were a real boy, you'd be able to keep an erection in my presence even if you were wearing a girls' training bra and panties and being spanked. You are not a boy; you are a sissy and never forget it, you miserable little pantywaist. I'm sure you will grow up to be a cocksucking faggot. You know what happens to little boys, who can't keep an erection for me, don't you Davie? It will prove to me that you are no longer a complete sissy gay boy but a boy who wants to have his peter cut off because what he really wants is to be a girl. I think I'll keep you in your panties more often than just for your spankings.

I have to study just how good you are at keeping it up. Watch your step young man, or you'll be wearing panties again when you go to school in the morning." She then walked back to his dresser and opened the top drawer and pulled out a pink babydoll nightie and she slipped it over his head. He did not resist in any way. I did notice his penis was making a slight mound again in his rhumba panties.

With that, Mommy Crawford led the crying boy back over to his bed, moved his pillow back to the top of the bed, and helped Davie lie facedown again, as she said, "I'm shamed that I have such a sissy for a son, a pansy who beats up little kids, especially innocent little girls, but I do admit I love the way you look in your bra and pink panties. Sissy panties look so much better on you than boys' underwear. I just might make you wear your nice panties all the time. I bet a little pantywaist like you would love that, huh?" Davie could only moan that he didn't want that, but his response only made her giggle as she ran her hand down his back and over his butt now covered by the combined soft, clinging material of nylon panties and silky babydoll nightie.

Then Mommy Crawford turned her attention to her youngest boy who had been lying on his bed with his panties at his thighs and the thermometer still in his bottom. Throughout his big brother's punishment, he stared at the whole ordeal, knowing he was watching a preview of what he was about to undergo. Now as his mother approached, Dylan began crying again, especially as she removed his thermometer, placed it on a tissue on the side table, and took him by the hand. He too was stiff as she led him over to the spanking chair though it was clear that his mind was now far from the pleasures of a well-Vaselined finger fuck and baby thermometer. Mommy Crawford then drew Dylan over her lap and began spanking his bare bottom. She spanked him less soundly and paused longer between each spank, the smacks fell with a measured tempo, perhaps twenty spanks a minute, with plenty of scolding interspersed. Mommy reminded Dylan he was lucky

to have earned a pink panty spanking and not more severe punishment. Dylan was probably too busy reacting to her spanks to hear all of what she was saying, and he was consumed with kicking his feet up and down as he cried continuously, his cries rising in pitch and intensity as each spank landed on his reddening fanny.

After his bottom matched the shade of his panties, Mommy Crawford stopped and stood the sobbing youngster on his feet where he was allowed to rub his fanny furiously for a minute before Mommy Crawford pulled his ruffled panties back up. She admonished him for losing his hard-on before taking a pink babydoll nightie out of his dresser drawer and putting it on him.

She left him standing in the middle of the room and then got Davie up off his bed and had the two boys stand facing each other. She criticized them for having 'soft peters' and told them to hold onto each other's little dickie and massage them through their nylon panties. Dylan reached out and grabbed Davie's penis in his pink panties. Davie did not move away but he did not touch his brother's penis and instead complained, "No, Mommy! That's queer. Please, don't make me do that again!" Their mother reached to the side and instantly produced a paddle and slammed it hard against Davie's already burning hot lace-pantied ass. Davie immediately shut up and grabbed onto his little brother's penis. Mother Crawford was pleased, saying, "OK, boys, get those penises hard! I want them fully erect and pointing to the sky. I want to see your panties pushed out with your salute to me. If you can't keep yourself erect when you are in your panties, then I know you can keep each other hard. Both of you boys are little faggots, so Davie don't complain to me that touching your kid brother's penis and rubbing through his nice girlie panties is 'queer,' of course it's queer because that is what you are. If the only way we can keep your dicks hard in honor of me is to have you do pantywaist queer things – that is what you will do! Now, you know anytime you don't want to be queers anymore, just say the word, and I will turn you into girls. And if you can't stay hard in panties, I will take that to mean you are embarrassed by your little peters and want to get rid of them. Dr. Silvia will gladly cut off your penises and balls and turn you into girls, then you won't be queers for liking boys – you'll just be two 'normal' little girls! Anytime, you want, just say the word, boys, and your life will become much easier!"

Those were the weirdest things I had ever heard anyone say. I quickly convinced myself that Mommy Crawford was just saying those things to scare her sons as part of their punishment. I knew boys couldn't be turned into girls, but the thought was very scary.

Still, I stared on and I could see that as they jerked on each other's skinny dicks, their little penises were getting hard and pushing out their panties! Weird! Then I got another big shock. Their mother said, "OK, boys, let's get serious. I want



those penises really hard so they stay nice and hard in your cute little panties, so start kissing.” Davie and Dylan put their lips together and started kissing! Yeowie! “Stop fooling around, you little sissies. French kiss, boys. Put your tongues in each other’s mouth and swap big wads of spit!” Davie pulled his head back from kissing his brother and was about to complain, but before he could get more than a “N-O-O-O-O...” out of his mouth, his mommie landed another smack of the paddle on his beaten panties and he immediately opened his mouth and stuck his tongue deep into his little brother’s wide-open mouth while jerking even more vigorously on his lacy pink panty front!

I began to question my sanity – did I really see what I was seeing? Boys kissing and jacking off each other in girls’ nylon panties? Crazy! As unbelievable as it was, I had seen enough for a lifetime of misery and confusion, besides, I knew I had better get out of there before I was discovered. Fortunately, the upstairs hallway and stairway were heavily carpeted and the floorboards didn’t creak. I was quickly able to get back downstairs before Mommy Crawford finished their punishment session and she put them to bed together to sleep off their spankings. No sooner had I gotten downstairs when I heard someone come down the stairs, I was sure it was Mommy Crawford, and it was.

I had no time to leave the house without making noise opening and closing their front door, so I just sat down in the living room and pretended to be reading a National Geographic. When Mommy Crawford entered, I pretended to be surprised that anyone was home. I explained no one had answered the door when I knocked just moments before so I had let myself in order to return Davie’s baseball glove. She wanted to know why I didn’t just leave it and go home, but I explained, “Oh ... well ... Mommy Crawford, I ... well ... I was about to leave when I thought Davie might be home soon and he could come over to my house to play since it looks like it will rain soon.”

She gave me a strange look and then asked, “Daniel, tell me, how long have you been here?” I did a big swallow and said, “Oh, uh, like I said, not that long, really, just a few minutes.”

“So you heard me spanking Davie and Dylan, didn’t you?”

“Well ... I ... uh ... I uh ... yeah ... just a minute ago I did hear someone getting a spanking.”

“Are you sure you weren’t upstairs peeping while Davie and Dylan were learning a lesson? I thought I heard a noise on the stairs as I came down the hall.”

“No, Mommy Crawford ... really ... I was just sitting here waiting until I heard you coming down.”

“I certainly hope so. It’s not right to sneak upstairs in a neighbor’s house and spy on them and then lie about.”

“Really, I’m not lying,” I protested weakly with a rather guilty expression on my face.

“Somehow I just don’t believe you, Daniel. You’re just lucky I didn’t catch you peeping. If I had, you’d be one very sorry little boy lying over my lap with your pants down learning a good lesson on your bare bottom. Your mother told me to spank you if you ever misbehaved in my house and I have told her to handle Davie and Dylan the same way if they act up in your home. So watch you Ps and Qs around here, young man. Do you understand me?”

“Yes, Mrs. Crawford, I sure do.”

“Now, go on home. I’m sure your mother could use some help getting your dinner ready, Daniel.”

“OK, Mrs. Crawford. Tell Davie, I’ll see him tomorrow.”

“OK, Daniel. I’ll tell him. Just remember. I expect you to be honest with me at all times or you are going to be nursing a very sore bottom. Now off you go, you little scamp, and say hi to your mommy for me.”

As I ran home, I realized how lucky I had been. At the same time, my heart pounded at the prospect that Mommy Crawford had been ready and willing to put me over her lap and spank me. Of course, after what I had seen upstairs, I never wanted to make Mommy Crawford angry enough to punish me like that! I just hoped she would never share with my mother how she punished Davie and Dylan.

Then two weekends later, a scary new situation came up. My mother had to drive to North Carolina for the funeral of her cousin, who was also her best friend while they were growing up. Mother didn’t want to take me because I would lose a week of school, so she asked Mrs. Crawford to let me stay with them for that time. After witnessing that humiliating sissy spanking session with Davie and Dylan, I had stayed completely clear of Mommy Crawford, and avoided Davie as much as I could, even at school.

I arrived at their house the following evening after school. The next day was Saturday, and when we all got up, Mommy Crawford went to the grocery store and told us to be good and watch cartoons while she was gone. But I took the opportunity to do something I had thought about doing, and as soon as her car disappeared down Morgan Street, I told Davie and Dylan I had to finish some homework and went upstairs where I was staying in the guest bedroom. What I really wanted to do was to inspect that special clothes dresser in their room. My heart pounded as I climbed the stairs, walked down the long hall, and entered their room. Moving directly to the little dresser, I quickly surveyed the contents of all three drawers.

The top drawer had four piles of pink ruffled panties. Two piles were light pink rhumba panties, and the other two piles were dark pink and a larger size; I knew those larger ones were for Davie. The middle drawer had two stacks of various types of girls' silky slips, training bras and nylon nightgowns in white and assorted pastel colors, but most of them were in shades of pink. The bottom drawer contained an assortment of other girls' clothes, stockings, lacy ankle socks, blouses and even a couple of miniskirts! I didn't want to think about it, but since Mommy Crawford didn't have any daughters, I realized she sometimes dressed her two sons up completely in girls' clothes!

I went back to the top drawer, the panty drawer. For some crazy reason, I wanted to examine more closely the strange rhumba panties Davie had been wearing for his punishment session, so I pulled out a pair of the larger dark pink panties and shut the drawer. I can't say why I did it; I guess I was just curious, but there I was standing in my friend's bedroom, holding a pair of his pink punishment panties!

As I fingered the girlish nylon and lace in my fingers, I suddenly heard a familiar female voice say, "Daniel Swanson, just what do you think you are doing?" I couldn't believe what was happening. It couldn't be real, but it was — and I did an instant replay of that horrible moment over a hundred times the instant I was caught as the earth stood still — my ears echoed with her scolding voice and my fingertips tingled from the touch of the fancy forbidden panties. The panties! I wanted to drop the panties and make them disappear as I spat out some excuse as to why I was there. I was clever. I was good at lying. Just a few of the right words, plus hoping she didn't see the panties would do it. But no words came to my lips and the panties were there, and there was no way I could get rid of them. I couldn't speak, but she certainly could!

"Stay exactly where you are, young man. Don't you dare move an inch if you know what's good for you. I leave for a few minutes to go to the store, and I came back, expecting to find you with my boys, but instead, I find you upstairs in their bedroom being a very naughty." I cleared my throat and squished the panties together into a ball, still hoping she hadn't seen them. But she had. "With you holding those pretty panties, it's clear now that you were lying to me barely a week ago when I found you in my house simply saying you were there to return Davie's baseball glove. At that time, you swore you hadn't been upstairs peeping at the boys as they got their spankings. Well, since you lied to me and you've now gotten into things you shouldn't be getting into, I'd say you've earned at least two spankings, and I know you would get them if I told your mother all about your naughtiness when she returns, but I'm guessing you wouldn't want me to do that, would you?"

"No, please, Mommy Crawford ... please ... don't tell my mommy ... please don't tell her. I'm sorry and will never do

anything like this again ... ever!" I then swallowed hard and added, "You won't tell my mom, will you?"

"I suppose I could punish you myself, Daniel. What do you think about that?" I still had my back to her; the thought of her punishing me flashed through my mind — I pictured everything from her giving me a simple spanking to her dressing me fully in those girly clothes in that dresser and then spanking me harder than I had ever been spanked before. "Daniel, I expect a naughty little boy to answer me when I ask him a question. Are you going to put up a fuss if I punish you? You know your mother gave me the OK to spank you if you needed it. So should I do it, or should I just tell your mother what kind of a naughty little boy she has?"

"No, Mommy Crawford, don't tell my mother." I knew the alternative was for her to spank me, but I couldn't say that. "Are you going to be a good little boy and do everything I tell you, even if you feel very embarrassed when I put you over my knee?"

"Yes, Mommy Crawford, I'll do everything you tell me to do. I promise. Just don't tell my mom."

"Now, that's what I want to hear, Daniel. I expect you to tell me the complete truth from now on. I'm going to make sure you learn a good lesson after lunch. It's clear from what I see here that you are a naughty little boy who needs a good spanking. While your mother is away, I'm going to punish you for your misdeeds — first right after lunch with my boys looking on, and then tonight just before bedtime. My two boys have a spanking coming and I'll be spanking the three of you together. And just to make sure you have learned your lesson, there will be another spanking tomorrow, after breakfast, down in the living room. Now turn around and let's get started."

I was still standing with my back to her. But since the low three-drawer dresser had a large mirror above it, throughout this whole episode, she could see me and I could see her — each time I did venture my eyes upward enough to peek at her in the mirror. She had to repeat herself. "Turn around, Daniel, and come over here!" she commanded.

I turned and walked slowly toward her. "That's better. When I tell you to do something, I expect you to do it instantly. If you don't, you'll be getting an even harsher punishment. Understand?" I nodded. "That's better, but next time make it faster! And answer all my questions with words not just actions. 'Say, yes, Mommy Crawford.' Or in this house, you can just say, 'Yes, Mommy.'" I said, "Yes, Mommy." But as the words barely out of my mouth, she was already undoing my belt and opening my jeans. The room was cold, and I was shivering as I stepped out of my jeans. I didn't even dream of resisting her. She pulled my underwear down and I stepped out of them too. I knew what was coming next, but I had no power to stop it, and if I tried, I couldn't even imagine how



much worse she would make my life – maybe spank me and tell my mother too! “Open up those lovely pink panties you are holding and put them on. Those are Davie’s panties, and I’m sure they will fit you just fine.” I swayed back and forth as I stooped before her and tried to step into the panties. “No, you stupid little boy, you have them backwards. The big bow on all the lacy ruffles is on the back of the panties. Turn them around and step into them. You must remember that from spying on my boys being panty spanked.”

She held onto my upper arms to steady me as I wobbled on one foot and bent forward to panty myself for the first time in my miserable life. “Stop, dallying, go ahead now and pull them on up. I’d help you, but I know how important it is for a boy to panty himself, especially the first time. ... Is this the first time you are putting on panties, boy? Or do you sneak around and put on your mother’s panties all the time?” I jerked my head up and with fear in my eyes, I moaned, “Oh, no, Mommy Crawford, I’ve never ... never!”

By then I had the panties all the way up. They did feel funny to wear; between the silky fabric, ticklishly bothersome lace and the mind-blowing realization that I was now wearing girls’ panties, they felt strange indeed. I couldn’t even feel my penis, but I didn’t need to look down at it; I knew it was hard – very hard.

“I don’t know how much you saw that day when you watched me sissy punish my boys, but did you see how I made them keep their little thing stiff?” My head exploded as she grabbed my penis through the panties and held it firmly. I nodded my head in response to her question; her experienced massaging of my pantied penis left me breathless; I think she knew that and didn’t expect me to answer her verbally. “So you did see everything. Well, then you know I make my boys keep their dicks hard whenever they are in their panties; it’s a sissy boy tribute to me, to panties and to all females.” I nodded again. “And after seeing what I did to my boys, you just couldn’t stay away, huh? What a little sissy you are. What kind of boy goes searching and stealing girlie panties? Especially another BOY’S girlie panties! You are a true sissy, aren’t you? I bet you’re a fag boy too, huh? Well, my boys are sissy fags, and I’m sure they’ll love having another little panty gay boy to play with.”

She kept talking, but I couldn’t hear her because my hips were tingling with the silkiness of girlie panties and my overloaded mind had shut down. Everything she said echoed in my mind, bouncing around so much I couldn’t understand a word of it because she was now taking me by the hand and leading me downstairs to face her boys – I plodded along dressed only in my stocking feet, my black T-shirt with a big yellow Happy Face on the front and Davie’s pink rhumba panties! In the living room, the cartoons were still on the TV, and both boys were on the floor, but instead of watching the show, they heard us coming and had their heads turned in my direction. With big eyes, they were staring at me!

I had no desire to look at them; I knew they would be making fun of me, but they were rather quiet, just making little sounds I could barely hear. So I did take a longer look at them; yes, they were staring at me but not rolling over with laughter, pointing fingers and screaming insults. They reacted with two sets of eyes opened as wide as they could opened and grinning faces that were lit up like they had red light bulbs burning brightly under their cheeks, and then there was their snickering. It wasn’t loud laughter – like I had expected – it was quiet little giggling like you hear from sissy girls, and for some strange reason, those little girlish giggles from my best friend and his kid brother were more unnerving than if they had been pointing shaming fingers at me and rolling around on the floor with wild laughter.

Mommy Crawford grabbed my penis within the panties, shocking me; that plus her words broke through the fog and the shameful echoing still going on in my head. “Daniel, didn’t I tell you to keep this tiny little dick of yours hard whenever you are wearing your nice little girls’ panties? Put your hand on it and keep it hard or you’ll get a spanking on your penis as well as your butt! You need to learn how to properly respect girls’ panties as well as all females and keeping your penis fully erect in your panties is how you do that.” Having no mind or thoughts of my own, I did put my hand on my dick and jerked on it through the soft, cuddly lace ruffled panties. I made it hard instantly, and she reminded me to keep it pumped up or be sorry that I didn’t.

She pulled off my T-shirt, saying I didn’t deserve to wear any boys’ clothes since I wasn’t a boy at all but a sissy. She then told Davie and Dylan she had caught me plowing through their panty drawer, stealing their panties and all set to put them on. I opened my mouth to protest, I didn’t want to put them on! She had made me put them on! But before I had more than a word out, she told me to shut up and sit on the couch in just the panties and keep my stubby little dick hard until lunchtime. She then explained to her sons that about ten days earlier I had sneaked into their house and saw the two of them being panty punished. Davie and Dylan were awestruck to hear that; I could tell by the embarrassed and shocked expressions on their faces. “And after seeing you, Daniel must have fallen in love with your silky girlie panties because that’s how I found him – up in your room trying them on! What a sissy Daniel is: He wants to wear girls’ panties! I bet he wants to be a girl too, just so he can get to wear pretty lacy panties all the time, huh, Daniel?” I cringed, tears leaking out of my eyes. I couldn’t say anything to the monster woman who I had always thought was a great, loving mother.

I ate lunch in just the panties. Their house was cold, so I was probably even more aware of the cold, crisp nylon of the sleek panties than if it had been a little warmer temperature in their house. After lunch, she led us all back up to the boys’ bedroom and then opened the drawer of the bedside table and pulled out a jar of Vaseline and a rectal thermometer. “Since

you've already seen how I handle Dylan and Davie, you know I believe in taking a naughty boy's temperature before a spanking; it's guaranteed to make you feel like the bad little boy you are. A child who is well prepared for a spanking learns a better lesson than a child who is tossed over his mother's knee and simply paddled. I think I'll take your temperature over my knee this time. Come along, little boy."

Mommy Crawford took me over to her always-ready straight-back chair, sat down and then pulled me over her lap. Easing my pink rhumba panties down with teasing slowness until they cuddled my dick and balls in front but fully exposed my tight butt in back, she then pried open my clenched butt cheeks and applied a big glob of Vaseline to my ass crack, working it thoroughly into my asshole fingerfucking me, a sensation I had never before felt in my life. Her finger made my head spin; I pleaded with grunts and groans, but I could hear her laughing as she said I'd get use to it. Involuntarily, I was humping her hand with my pantied front. I was sure that's exactly what she wanted me to do. Then she stopped and slid the thermometer into my butt. She wiped her hand clean, set the timer, and then for the next five minutes, she held the thermometer in place with her hand cupping my fanny while telling me in detail about the spanking I was about to get. By the time the thermometer finally came out, I was beside myself with a mixture of nervous anticipation, fear, and a thrill of weird sexual excitement. My dick was hard in my panties in front; it ached and I didn't think it would ever go down again!

Finally, my first spanking from Mommy Crawford began. The smacks on my bare bottom were almost as loud as my cries and I knew the boys were watching with extreme interest. As soon as my spanking ended, she pulled up my pink rhumba panties and had me return to the dresser and pick out one of the training bras. "Pick a pink bra, sissy boy," she said, and I did. She helped me put it on. That moment ranks as one of the strangest sensations I have ever had. Titties on a boy! Then she helped me put on a T-shirt that she said belonged to Davie. It was pink with the word 'Princess' spelled out in rhinestones across the front! "Yes, Daniel, this is one of Davie's favorite little T-shirts. You see, both Davie and Dylan are my little princesses, and as long as they are good boys and do everything I say, no one else will find out about their secret girly princess lifestyle. And only because you chose to come to my house and show us your sissy need to wear pink panties, are you being exposed to my girly boys. I'm sure you came here with the idea of being caught in panties – that's how bad you wanted it. Well, my dear little pantywaist sissy, you are going to get all the panties you can handle and love every minute of it!"

NO! NO! NO! That's not what I wanted, but how could I argue. My stomach churned with fear. I felt the tears rolling down my cheeks and down my throat and sickening my stomach. I had a sissy sick tummy and could do nothing about it! Mommy Crawford then asked me if I wanted to put

on a pair of boys' shorts, and I rapidly agreed, sobbing between the words, "Oh, yes, please, Mommy Crawford. I would love to wear a nice pair of real boys' shorts." Then she had me put on a pair of Davie's short shorts – dark blue shorts thank goodness! But she then tucked the hem of the T-shirt into the shorts as well as into the panties! Horror of horrors; the shorts didn't even come close to covering my pink panties on top or bottom; the pink waist elastic rose about two inches above the waistband of the shorts and the pink lace around the legs stuck out of the leg openings of the shorts. I was so embarrassed, it would have been better not to have shorts on at all!

Holding my hand, Mommy Crawford took me downstairs with her two sons following. She explained again why she had spanked me and how I had earned additional discipline to be administered just before bedtime. She then quieted her snickering boys when she told them they too had a bedtime spanking coming that night. She then left us in the living room in front of the TV as she cleaned up from lunch and did some laundry. I spent the next hour talking about Mommy Crawford with her two boys. I asked how long their mother had been punishing them like that, and they told me for almost a year, ever since she had gotten the idea from one of her friends who uses it on her son. With my other questions, like would she still tell my mom, would she give me any other kinds of punishments, why they didn't fight back, and how often they got spanked, they didn't say very much, mumbling most of their answers and totally shying away from other questions like when I asked them if she ever dressed them completely in girls' clothes, the clothes I had seen in the bottom drawer of their dresser.

After Mommy Crawford came back into the living room, I was eager to get out of the ridiculous shorts, stupid princess T-shirt and emasculating panties, hoping my punishment was over. "Mommy Crawford, can I now change back into my boys' clothes like Davie and Dylan?" Instead of an answer, I got a hard slap on my thigh. "How come your penis is soft, sissy? Didn't I tell you that you had to always keep it hard while you were in panties?" I immediately grabbed my pantied penis and started jacking on it. I looked at her two boys and both of them had their hands down their pants and they were obviously jacking on themselves too. What's funny is that at that moment, I remembered her two sons had their hands down their trousers most of the time. I had been so consumed in my own shame that I had barely noticed. "So you want to be dressed like Davie and Dylan; do you want to be dressed like them all the time?" I blurted out between gasps from my hand rapidly wanking on my panty front, "Oh, yes, Mother Crawford, I want to be dressed just like Davie and Dylan all the time!" She stepped back and told me my wish would be granted. Then she told her two boys to stand up and drop their pants. They jumped to their feet instantly and when their trousers hit the floor I was staring at each of them wearing a pair of their frilly pink rhumba panties, and each was jerking his panty-covered penis to keep it hard.

What had I wished for?

“Well, boys, since Daniel wants to always be dressed just like you two, I think you should change into the kind of clothes you normally wear around the house these days, and Daniel can then join you and be dressed the same.” She turned to me, and said, “So, Daniel, do you still want to be dressed just like my two boys in their own clothes?” I fell for it again, “Oh, yes, Mommy, I’ve learned my lesson in girls’ things; I’ll never be bad again. Now, I will be the best boy in the whole world if I could just wear boys’ clothes.”

“OK,” she said and then led the three of us back upstairs to the boys’ bedroom. Once inside, she opened their closet and started bringing out girls’ clothes -- skirts and dresses, a party dress like prissy baby girls wear. I stared in awe. “So, Daniel get out of all your clothes – but leave your nice panties on and get ready to be dressed in my sons’ clothes. Thoroughly confused, I took off everything I had on even my socks, all except the pink panties. And when she advanced towards me holding out a big white cancan slip and a light blue dress like Snow White wears, I balked; I stepped back and said, “Bu ... but ... but, Mommy Crawford, you said I would now be dressed in boys’ clothes like Davie and Dylan. At that moment I looked over at the two of them and they were putting on slippers and party dresses. With my mouth open and no words coming out, she simply said, “Daniel, you wanted to wear boys’ clothes just like my sons wear around the house. You promised.” Then words did fly from my lips, “But, those are girls’ clothes!” She shook her head, “Oh, no, they aren’t. These pretty slippers and dresses are boys’ clothes. After all I bought them for my two little boys, and they are boys, so now that they own them, they ARE boys’ clothes!”

She got me again! I stamped my foot. “That’s not fair!” She countered, “Daniel, do you want me to tell your mother about how naughty you have been and how uncooperative you are being – especially after you had asked me to do something and then promised me you’d cooperate?”

That knocked the fight right out of me. So when she told me to put up my arms, I did and she dropped the big petticoat over my head and slid it down to my waist. With my arms up again, she slid the satiny dress over my head. In disgust, I looked at Davie and his brother. They were putting on their dresses and helping each other fluff out their petticoats and even sneaking playful touches up under each other’s slippers and dresses. They were giggling a bit too – just like stupid little girls. Were they enjoying this bullshit? Completely unnerved, I looked at them and screamed, “You guys are sick! You’re sissies! How can you let your mother do this to you?”

Mommy Crawford slapped me across the face and then calmly announced that dresses along with panties and other sissy clothes would be what we would all be wearing for the rest of my time there. She sent her two boys to play outside in

their backyard while announcing I had earned a second spanking, followed by a time to reflect on my poor behavior and then a nap. As Davie and Dylan scampered almost happily down the stairs and out of the back of the house, I was led to the guest bedroom in the back of the house where I was staying. My dress and slip were then pulled off me and in just my pink panties, I was led over to a nearby corner where I was left with my panties pulled down half way and my bare bottom smarting after she gave me a few fresh hard slaps. With the command, “Keep jerking on your silly penis in those panties, boy,” Mommy Crawford ordered me to wait there while she got things ready for my spanking.

After a few minutes, she returned carrying the Vaseline, a rectal thermometer and the timer. She set them on my dresser and put my pillow in the middle of the bed. She then pulled up my panties and tugged me over to the bed by holding my dick through my pink panties. I fell onto the bed. Encouraged by additional smacks to my pantied butt, I managed to crawl up onto my pillow where I collapsed. Mommy Crawford then scolded me and explained just what was in store for me.

“Daniel, I have had a lot of experience handling naughty little boys who need a firm hand. I’ve tried grounding, early bedtime, no allowance, room confinements, and other forms of punishment, even spanking – which always worked for a time but never long enough. But nothing really worked with my sons until I learned petticoat punishment from one of my lady friends. I learned how to cut a bad boy down to size by turning him into a sissy and then keeping him in line with frequent, intense and humiliating spankings. I learned other humiliations for when something extra is needed. It’s a matter of getting a boy’s undivided attention so he learns whatever you are trying to teach him and then you punish him some more before he has a chance to backslide. “Having a boy dressed like a sissy five-year-old girl and over a lady’s lap for a good spanking works better than anything else I know in teaching a naughty boy how to be good. There’s nothing like a day in saucy panties to bring a bad boy down to size and to remind him of his freshly spanked hot bottom. Even big boys like you need to feel the psychological impact of his punishment, and I do that by treating bad little boys like little girls with naughty penises that need constant discipline, so they don’t even have time to think about being naughty. I’ll admit to you that my lady friend and I don’t like men or boys very much. If I had my way, I’d turn all men and boys into girls permanently by giving them medicines and performing surgeries that make them into almost real girls. I know I’m probably talking over your head, but what I’m trying to say is that boys are a problem in this world; usually they only think about themselves and no one else. But as girls or at least pretend girls, they change how they live life and are a mother’s joy. I’ve already talked to your mother about the things I do to my boys. She’s been interested in it for some time, and has even seen my boys go through a panty punishment session as I let her hide in my walkin closet during one of their sissy spankings. She is very interested in



disciplining you as I discipline my boys because she sees how my sons have turned into much nicer little kids in recent months. I even gave her a look inside the boy's dresser and closet with all their girlie clothes inside. She laughed and said she was sure she would have a horrible time trying to get you to wear such clothes and start acting like a girl. But here you are; you come over to my house, go looking for pretty panties and want to put them on all by yourself. My-oh-my! Your mother will be surprised to learn that and just how much of a sissy you really are." With those words, my world crashed. I started crying and she had barely spanked me. I moaned, "But, Mommy Crawford, please, you promised! You promised you wouldn't tell my mother!"

"Oh, Daniel, I always keep my promises, not like you, a boy who tries to get out of a promise after he makes it. Oh, no, I'm not going to tell your mother. YOU are going to tell your mother how much you love silky lace panties and how much you want to wear them all the time and be good like a little girl. You are the one who will tell her you wanted to put on Davie's pink rhumba panties and nobody made you do it!"

I promised myself that would NEVER happen! She could never get me to do that!

"Usually, I take a naughty boy's temperature while he lies over his pillow but it might be easier to do it over my lap this once. So let's get started." Mommy Crawford crossed over to me, lifted me off my pillow and marched me over to the waiting straight-backed chair. Seating herself, she drew me down and pulled me around until I was positioned to her satisfaction. I felt my panties being slid down to expose my butt. I then heard the click of the Vaseline jar as she opened it and moments later felt her fingers prying apart my tightly clenched cheeks. A second later, I felt her goopy finger applying Vaseline up and down my crack until the groove was heavily coated. As she thrust her finger into my asshole, I squirmed. She said, "Relax, little Daniel. Mommy is only taking your temperature. I Vaseline you so the thermometer goes in easily and doesn't hurt your tender little girlie hole."

Without even touching myself, I had a good boner that throbbed against her thigh. She continued applying the Vaseline; I responded by rocking my hips, pushing against her finger. One part of me did really feel like a little kid who still needed to have his temperature taken rectally. It did make me feel naughty having her touch me and fingerfuck me like that. I responded by humping her leg. That seemed to be OK with her, so I didn't stop. It did feel good in the craziest sort of way. Mommy Crawford's fingers continued butt fucking me, and I continued grinding myself into my panties that still covered me in front. One part of me felt like a little kid, and another part of me made me feel quite grown up, of course, and I wondered if I would be spanked harder or longer for reacting so naughtily to her treatment. Finally, after about three minutes, she pronounced me ready for my thermometer, which she gently inserted. For my part, I

continued to rock against the panties, though more quietly now since the stimulation by her fingers inside me was gone. After letting me lie there for ten minutes, Mommy Crawford removed the thermometer, pronounced me healthy and fit for the rest of my punishment -- a good sound spanking. She then took the kitchen timer from the nearby table, handed it to me, and asked me to set it for fifteen minutes and place it on the floor in front of me.

When I asked, "What for?" She delivered two hard spanks to my fanny and replied, "Because that's how long your sissy spanking is going to last, young man. And I want you to see exactly how much more is left the whole time you're over my knees. Now set that timer and be quick about it."

Once again, Mommy Crawford punctuated her request with two more sharp spanks, which left me no choice but to comply quickly. No sooner had I set the timer down than Mommy Crawford began a slow but steady series of spanks, switching from one cheek to another. And true to her word, she continued to spank me that way for the next fifteen minutes. I kicked and cried and struggled and promised to be good but to no avail. Mommy Crawford was determined to teach me a slow, thorough lesson. By the time she finished, my entire bottom was ablaze from hip to hip. I sounded like a naughty five year old and even felt like one. After about five minutes of the spanking, I dropped the "Crawford" and just began calling her "Mommy." It was easier to beg "Mommy" to stop spanking me, to promise to be good, and so on. And I somehow felt like she had become a second mommy to me as she reduced me to a thoroughly spanked and contrite little sissy boy. Somehow, I lost control and started to orgasm, a dry orgasm made me shake all over, but she just kept on spanking me. "Oh ... oh ... I see our naughty little Daniel really loves being not only pantied but spanked. I knew you were a pansy, a sissy fag boy when I caught you playing with Davie's pink panties this morning. You know, Daniel, any boy who gets caught playing with panties will never be able to give them up and a boy who cums during a spanking will never outlive his need for a spanking. I know you are going to spend the rest of your life in pink panties and begging ladies to spank you like a naughty little girl. I wonder just how much of a faggot you are going to be too. That's about the only life option a panty boy has. I'll have to see if I can evaluate your queer potential while you are here."

After some last minute scolding, she began my spanking with great intensity. Though her spanks didn't hurt that much (especially at first), I immediately began crying freely as if the first smacks had triggered emotions building up all day. I cried not in terror or pain but in a softer tone of pure release from indescribable tension. Oddly, my spanking seemed an act of pure love and kindness. Somehow, deep in my psyche, I understood that I needed this spanking more than anything and that afterwards I would feel completely at peace with myself and with Mommy Crawford.

After my spanking ended and Mommy Crawford pulled my pink rhumba panties up – they hurt to be in contact with my burning butt – the lace drove me insane and the silkiness of the panties felt like flaming hot liquid being poured over my punished bottom. In a gentle and caring manner, she hugged me and comforted me until I stopped crying, and all the while, she gently stroked the nylon panties over my penis, which remained erect in tribute to her, panties, and the world of femininity. She then took me over to the bed and set me facedown to reflect on my naughtiness and to take a nap.

Weird! Weird! Weird is all I can say about having to spend the rest of that day in that dress. The big petticoats were a terror to manage, and they itched and tickled constantly! I did have to keep a hand under my dress constantly to jerk on myself through the panties, but the dress covered me nicely so I could let my dick go soft occasionally to give it a rest. We three boys played Candy Land and girls games in our dresses and helped Mommy Crawford do light chores. I did the dusting; it was almost fun even if I didn't see the point of flitting around with a feather duster and knocking the dust off one thing just so it could go flying up in the air and fall on something else – and usually something I had just finished dusting! Crazy! When bedtime finally arrived, Mommy Crawford supervised us as we helped each other out of our dresses, petticoats and other girlish accessories, except of course, we were all to leave on our pink rhumba panties. Then from the second drawer of the dresser, each of us boys had to select a babydoll nightie top and put it on. I had never worn such a thing, but Davie was quick to help me. Her boys seemed to be happy about putting on the babydolls; it was creepy, but I didn't resist; I had been broken – at least temporarily and until I could get out of this crazy house and back home! And back to my mother — OH, yeah, uh, uh, oh, well, I didn't want to think about my mother -- at least not at that moment.

After we had changed into our nighties – lacy, with bows, silky AND PINK again! ICK! What else can I say? She had us line up in the bedroom while she fetched a straight-backed chair. She then told us we would all be going over her lap and had us stand in a line before her in just our panties and babydolls. All three of us sported an erection in our panties from jacking on them all day long, plus each of us touched ourselves up as needed to remain hard.

But either because of the strain of all that had happened that day or the shame of standing before her with her two sons, the three of us pantied and dreading a sound spanking, my erection faded. Mommy Crawford took notice. "Get it up, Daniel!" she demanded. I tried and tried but my overworked penis wasn't reacting. She had me step forward and calmly told me that an inability to maintain an erection in her presence was one of the first signs I was quickly becoming more of a girl than a boy, and my penis should probably be removed to save me the embarrassment of trying to be a boy. Davie and Dylan had stiffies. She said she wanted to test

something. And then she turned to them and said, "Boys, come here and play with Daniel. He needs your help. Davie you take Daniel's dick and Dylan you take his balls, panty masturbate him and see how hard you can get him.

I was ready to slug the two of them if they touched me, but I didn't. Davie stood in front of me and gently massaged my penis. Dylan stood behind me, reached between my legs and soothingly stroked my pantied balls. Mommy snapped her fingers and Davie began crying aloud, as he sank down to his knees before me. I closed my eyes – this was weird – and so wrong. The next thing I knew is I felt something wet and warm on my penis through the soft panties. I popped my eyes open and saw Davie licking, sucking and gnawing on my penis through my pink panties, the wetness from his mouth making the panties over the head of my penis turn into an even darker shade of pink. I was even too shocked to move. But the strangest thing of all, my cock was hard and bouncing around in my panties. In horror, I gritted my teeth and bashed him in the face. I wanted to run but Dylan still had a good hold on my balls. I turned to smack him too, but that's when I felt the proverbial bell ring in my head as Mommy Crawford clobbered me. The next thing I knew, I was awakening from my temporary blackout and found myself on my knees. Mommy Crawford was holding me tightly and Davie was standing in front of me with his hard penis snaking out of the legband of his frilly pink rhumba panties. His dick was in my face, and Mommy Crawford bent over and said loudly in my ear, "Suck it, boy! Suck Davie's dick. If you bite him or even just scrape his dick with your teeth, I'll have my boys bite your dick off and then I'll take you to the hospital to have my lady doctor friend finish the job and turn you permanently into a girl. Now start sucking!" And suck I did. I saw flashes of light as Mrs. Crawford was bopping around like paparazzi taking pictures. It didn't last long; it didn't take long for her to get the photos she wanted to blackmail me into doing anything, including telling my mother on my own that I wanted to wear panties and act like a girl.

That was almost fifteen years ago and that's how my life as a panty fag boy started. With the gay photos of me hanging over my head, I was blackmailed into telling my mother that I wanted to wear pink panties and act like a girl, just like my friends Davie and Dylan, and she was all for it; Mommy Crawford had her well primed for my feminization, and I did whatever my mother or Mommy Crawford told me to do -- and I still do. Yes, I regularly engage in homosexual activity; and I'm proud to say I can make either a sissy boy or a macho male cum in near record time, however, I don't consider myself homosexual or even bisexual; I'm just following my mother's orders when I engage in gay sex, unlike Davie, who today is bisexual, and Dylan who had complete SRS at eighteen and is now living as a woman and nightly picking up boys from bus stations and teenage hangouts, boys she evaluates as good prospects to be turned into girls – and she's damn good at it! And of course, she brings those boys home to Mommy to indoctrinate. ♦



Davie and Dylan, totally exhausted  
after a sissy spanking, fast asleep in  
their sissy bras and panties.

