

# Pussy Boy Pager

Reader's Stories & Pics

## Volume 37

### ***From Tragedy to Happiness as a Girl!***

***A secretly crossdressing man has to take in his nephew who has been raised as a girl! He wants to do the right thing and raise the kid as a boy but the odds and silky clothes are against him!***

### ***He Was Going Get Even with His Wife for Having a Flaming Sissy for a Son***

***When the boy wets his pants while daddy babysits him, the man punishes the kid by dressing him like a girl, but the boy and his mother love it!***

### ***The Panty Game: Two Kids Innocently Playing ... or Not So Innocently ...***

***He was wearing panties, but he was still a boy - no doubt about it! He was just having some fun with a girl who really knew a lot about sex!***

### ***Allen the Sissy Finally Learns How to Play with the Big Boys***

***Boys always teased him about wearing panties then he discovered how to please those boys!***

### ***Panty Boys in Bras with Breasts Sissies Humiliated Plus Vintage Pictures and much, much more!***



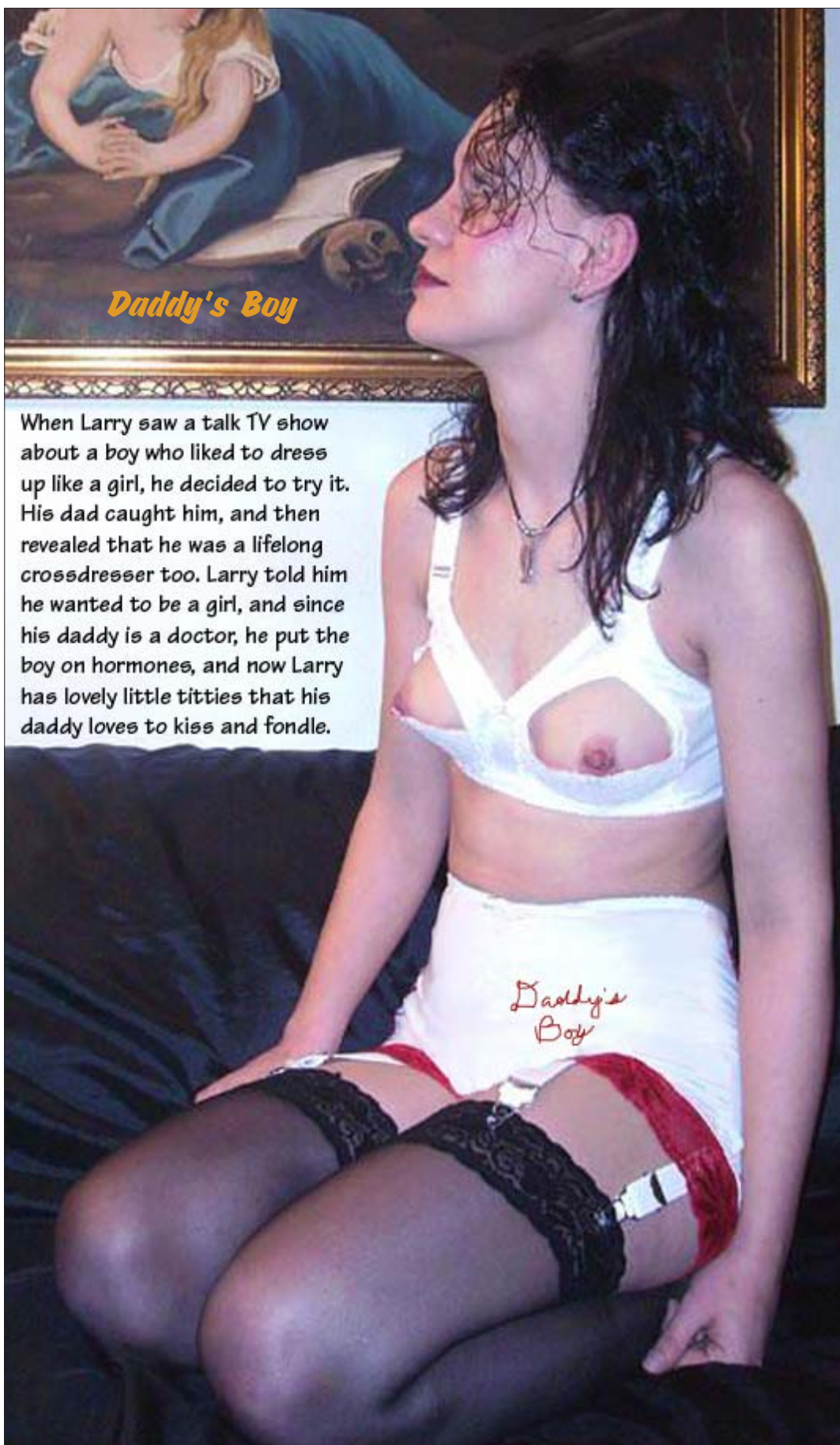
Adults Only

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

Since 1981

**A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION**

**Pussy Boy Pages #37** 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 © 2012 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, panty 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.



When Larry saw a talk TV show about a boy who liked to dress up like a girl, he decided to try it. His dad caught him, and then revealed that he was a lifelong crossdresser too. Larry told him he wanted to be a girl, and since his daddy is a doctor, he put the boy on hormones, and now Larry has lovely little titties that his daddy loves to kiss and fondle.



## My Son is a Girl

I love reading letters about mothers with sissy sons. It's nice to know I'm not alone and there are other moms out there with "special" little boys; mothers who let their boys follow their natural inclination to be girls.

Actually, I don't think of my own special son as a sissy at all. To me, a sissy is a boy who is very feminine. Which is just fine as far as I'm concerned. I know lots of men who are really masculine, and some of them are wonderful people and some are terrible. And I also know a number of men who are quite feminine, and as far as I can tell, every single one of them is a wonderful person. I have known many little boys who are the traditional rough and tumble little guys, and some of them are the most unpleasant little boys I've ever met. Then there are the sissy boys. Boys who have a softer, more feminine side. I think they're sweet. It's a shame that some people tease them for being sissies; it's unfortunate that the word sissy applied to a boy is meant to be something bad. Sissy boys are still boys, and if people would just get to know them, they are some of the most wonderful, gentle and kind little boys that one could ever hope to meet.

I don't think my son is really a boy. I'm convinced he's really a girl. He's just a girl who for some reason was born looking partly like a boy -- in the way that matters when they decide whether you're a girl or boy at birth. That is something else I don't like and don't understand. Why should we even decide whether a newborn baby is a boy or a girl? Wouldn't it make more sense to wait a few years, to see what kind of person the baby develops into? My baby "boy" has developed into is a cute, sweet, lovely, young girl!

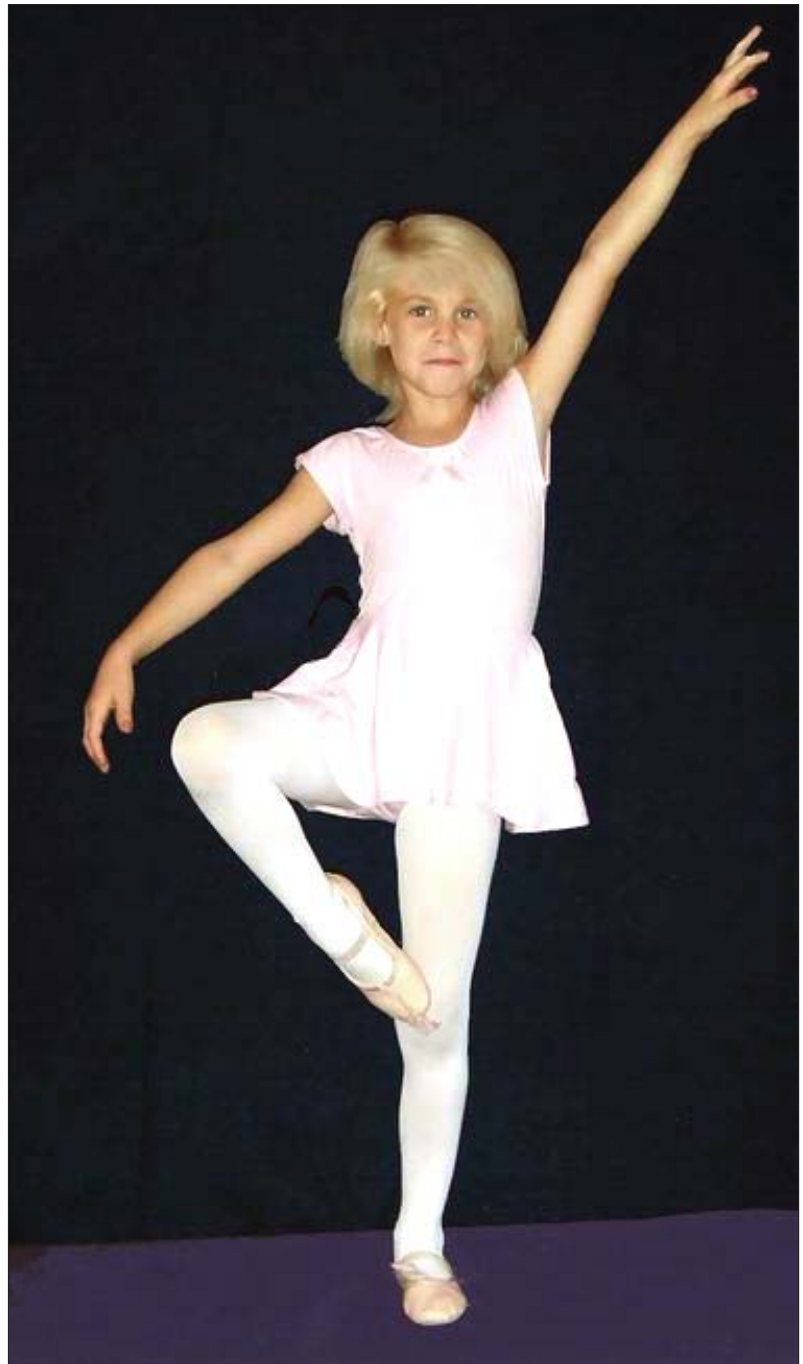
Nick showed signs of really being a girl when he was still just a baby. He was very sweet like a girl and liked to play with dolls from a very young age. As soon as he could start letting us know what he wanted to wear, he would ask to wear clothes that he thought were pretty. At preschool he liked to play with the girls, wanted us to let him let his hair grow long, and has always liked pink things best.

For a while I was concerned. But when I looked at how pretty he was, and how happy he was when he was dressed in girls' clothes, and when he asked me to start calling him Nicole instead of Nick, I stopped being concerned because I knew. He WAS Nicole. He wasn't Nick. So I

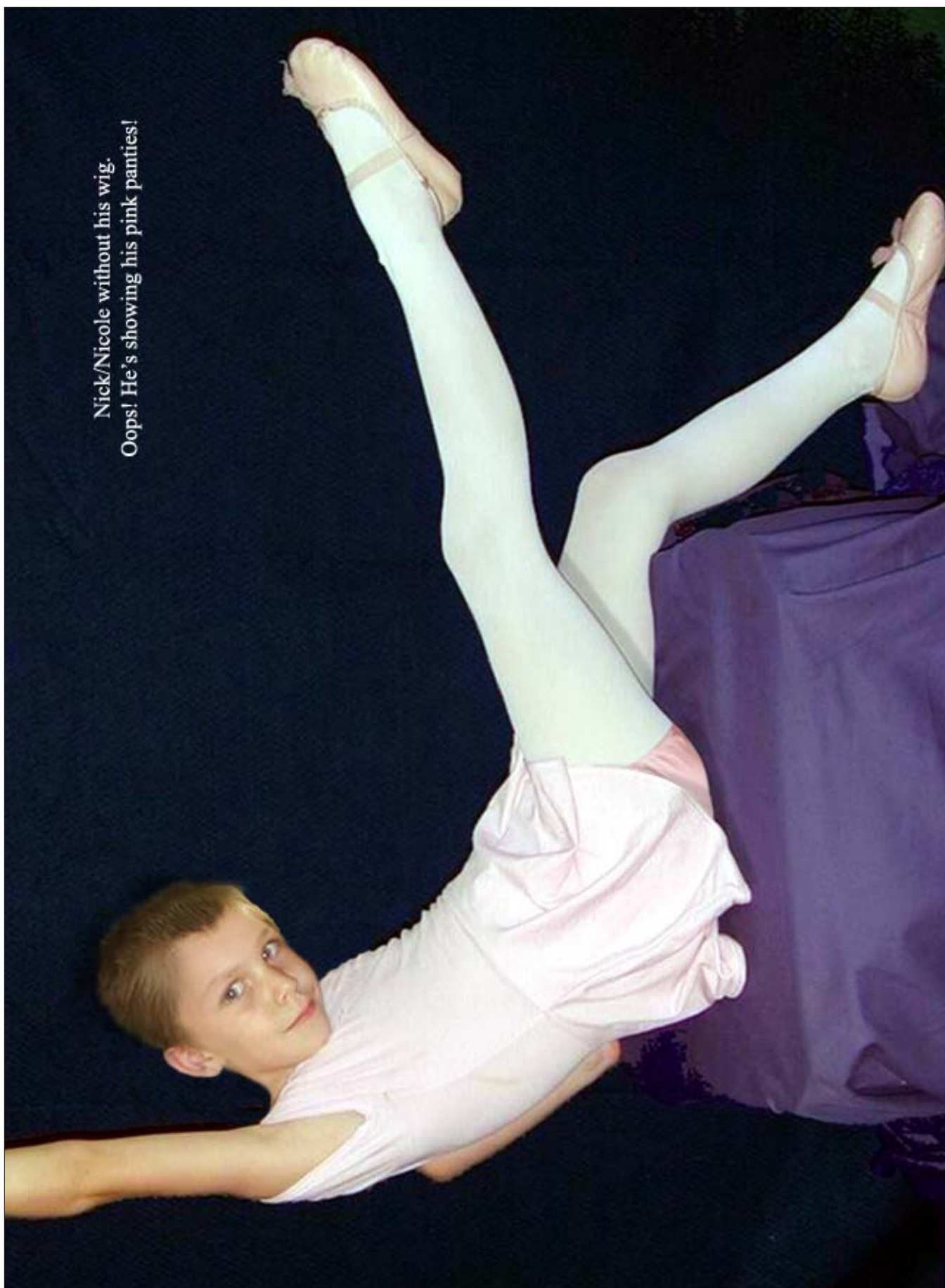
decided to let him grow up the way he was meant to be -- as a girl.

Did that realization make me sad at all? Yes, of course. But not for the reasons some may think. I didn't feel there was anything wrong with my son. I certainly thought he was an adorable and sweet little girl. My sadness was related to the knowledge that a special person like Nicole can meet with difficult situations in life and, like every mother, I want my child to be happy and to be accepted and loved.

Until Nick went to school, he had lovely long blonde hair, but now that he's in school, he has to wear his hair very short



Nick/Nicole without his wig.  
Oops! He's showing his pink panties!



because his father demanded our son attend a military-style boarding school "to make a man out of him," but I know that will never happen. Nick goes along with it to appease his father, whom he loves. His father did agree that if he did not take to the lifestyle he wouldn't make him go there anymore.

Nick has been going there for a year and a half, and is trying his best. He actually has made a number of friends at school and he tells me there are other boys there who would much rather be girls. They are his best friends and make going there as pleasant as it can be for him. Of course, when Nick is home, he wears a wig and becomes Nicole and does girly things like taking his ballet classes. I know my husband is weakening. He has all but admitted that our son is not cut out to be a male. Pretty soon, I think my husband will give Nick the OK to stay at home for good and we will enroll him in a local private school as a girl.

I've attached a couple of ballerina pictures taken a few weeks ago after his dance class, just days after Nicole's eighth birthday -- one with his wig and one without. Do these look like pictures of a sissy boy? No, of course not. Nick isn't a sissy boy -- "she" is a girl. I truly believe she always has been, and certainly always will be.

Diana [Nicole's Mom]

## From Tragedy to Happiness as a Girl

As the father of a transsexual, I must accept at least part of the blame. Actually, the boy in question is not really my son - he's my nephew. As an infant, Robin was subjected to severe physical and sexual abuse by his mother, my older sister, Addy, who was mentally deranged. She became pregnant after being raped but decided to keep the child because she had always wanted a daughter and she was sure her child would be a girl. However, when Robin was born she rejected the fact that he was a boy and insisted that he was in reality a girl, and raised him accordingly, buying only girls' clothes for him all pink and as frilly as could be found.

When Robin was three years old, my sister died. She had been on more than a dozen medications for her mental illness and she died after taking a very wrong combination of her drugs, and since I was the only living relative, the boy was awarded to me.

I had always had a difficult relationship with my big sister, and she always had a preoccupation with feminizing boys. When we were both children, she was always dressing me in her clothes and making me play house or have tea parties with her and her little girlfriends. As I grew, I wanted to be

like other boys, but I also found I had become intensely sexually attracted to girls' clothes, and as a teenager I was constantly stealing panties and lingerie and jacking off in them. I was caught masturbating dozens of times by my mother, father and sister. I was a confused boy and the joke of our family. The result: Today I am a crossdressing fanatic. I have a panty wank once, twice or even three or more times just about every single day.

So I inherited this crossdressed three-year-old boy. The kid was smart and sweet and made the prettiest little girl you can possibly imagine, but I was determined to raise him like a boy so he wouldn't go through a lot of the problems I had to deal with growing up as a crossdressing sissy. Well, my attempts to make a boy out of him were short lived; he wanted to be a girl. He insisted that he was a girl, and he would cry until I gave him back all his pretty little girl' clothes.

One other problem: Robin's mother had severely abused his penis. The day I brought him home, I was astounded to see it was inflamed, scared and bruised. I applied soothing lotion to it and that made him happy, but when I tried to put on him the little cotton Jockey shorts I had purchased, he cried out in pain and begged me to let him have his soft nylon panties. I gave in and as soon as I put him back into his frilly panties, he hugged me tightly and in the process rubbed his panty-covered, battered penis against me. I felt sorry for him and without much thought, I rubbed his pantied penis to soothe him. He purred and giggled. Then he drifted off to sleep. As soon as I thought he was sleeping I tried to take my hand away but he immediately woke up and held my hand against his panties making it very clear he wanted me to rub his nylon-covered penis a lot more. Of course, I understood how good it felt because I did it to myself every day! So I did what he wanted.

My daily masturbation rituals were another bit of a problem; I tried to do it when he was sleeping or napping, but one day he got up early from his nap and found me in my girly lingerie jacking off into my panties. What could I do? I simply had to explain to him that I was a crossdresser and found pleasure in doing it, like he found pleasure when I did it to him.

My massaging of his pantied penis quickly became a habit and daily I was playing with his abused penis to help him go to sleep at night and to lull him to sleep for his afternoon naps. He then began to want to touch me like I was touching him and I let him do it. And now that my crossdressing secret was out in the open, I began to wear some of my feminine clothes and lingerie around the house, and it was only natural that we then began to have mutual girly boy wanking sessions.

I let him keep dressing as a girl, deciding to put off until a better time to get him into the role of a normal boy. Well, I dreaded that day. Out my window I saw the neighborhood boys; they bullied the girls and were always fighting and





even violent at times -- I certainly didn't want that for my little Robin. Wanting to spare him for those boys, I kept him as a girl but I did repeatedly explain to him that he was really a boy, but a very 'special' boy. He would listen but then tell me that he was a girl and happy with his life with me. The next big problem came as he approached school age. I tried to get him to change so he could go to school as a boy but he absolutely refused. I inquired about having him go to school as a girl but I was turned down at both public and private schools. Finally, he had to start school as a boy, a very feminine one -- yes -- but definitely a boy. Those were very sad days. And I did want to protect him from school bullies. I remember Robin, my nephew/son (I will refer to him only as my son because that is how I think of him), begging me not to say anything after one vicious bout of teasing and bullying. I was distraught and talked to his principal but got little support, life as a single father life with a sissified boy was very difficult for me in those days.

From the beginning of his life, Robin had been raised in a feminine environment, first with his feminizing mother and then with me, his guardian and crossdressing uncle. He never wanted to play with the boys in the street. His idea of fun was sitting with his little neighborhood girlfriends drinking tea and playing girly games. And yes, he loved playing dress up with the girls, who knew he was a boy because they saw what he had between his legs when they changed clothes, but the girls just ignored it and accepted him as a girl. He loved to dress up and impersonate female TV performers like Shirley Bassey and Alma Cogan and his favorite, Dora Bryan. Over the years, with his interest in playing with the girls, I was able to wean him off our mutual wanking sessions. I explained to him it wasn't right for us to do it and stopping it wasn't as difficult as I thought. I was trying to be a good parent for him and as much as I loved those intimacies with him, I wanted what I thought was best for him.

If it had not been for the terror he experienced at school, our lives would have been incredibly happy, but since the school could not or would not help, I took things into my own hands. During the summer off from school, we moved away from the District, and I decided he would go to school as a girl. It was a simple matter to change his name to Robyn - spelt with a Y; and the sex to female on his birth certificate. Not that this was needed. He then was set to attend a girls' school without any requirement for documentation! When I told Robin of my plan he was decidedly uncomfortable with the idea. He was scared of being discovered masquerading as a girl in a girls' school, but he was even more terrified of going to a school like his old one where he was called names and often beaten up by nasty boys. Over the summer holiday at our new address, I let Robin's hair grow out and he wore frocks every day. I had him watch girls on television like Petula Clarke and Shirley Temple and told him to imitate how they talked, walked and moved. It became a game. And he was very good at it.

After four years trying to be a boy at that horrid school, he was now on his way to being a girl full time.

I can still remember Robyn's first day outside in skirts. He was worried because he wasn't just an innocent little boy playing with dressing up as a girl, he now had to pass himself off as a real girl. That first time, it was nothing more than a short walk to the local shops. He was pale and scared and was on the verge of tears as we opened the garden gate and began that first terrifying walk along the busy pavement, but no one took any notice. He looked and walked like a girl. I didn't stay out long; the only person to speak to Robyn was the butcher, a large red-faced individual who said, "And who's THIS young lady?" Robyn flushed and clung to my hand like a baby - but the butcher only laughed at his shyness. Over the next few days I took Robyn out to the park, to the zoo, and even to a movie. His confidence grew and soon it was time for school. His only real problem was a fear of talking to others. He thought, quite wrongly in my view, that girls talked differently than boys. In the end I decided to tell people that Robyn had a small speech impediment that occasionally caused him embarrassment.

In the first week of September I reluctantly and fearfully left Robyn at the gates of his new girls' school. He was wearing the same as every other girl; a yellow check shirtwaist cotton frock, straw hat, white gloves, white ankle socks and black shoes. She looked scared - but then so did most of the girls!

I spent the day terrified of a visit from the police or social workers. I was waiting impatiently at the school gates half an hour before they opened! And what sight met my eyes - Robyn laughing and giggling with another girl as he came rushing out of the school yard! On the drive home, I listened wide-eyed as my son chattered incessantly about teachers and schoolmates and lessons and knew at once that my fears had been groundless and that I had in fact taken the right course of action. Robin was positively glowing. He was like any ordinary schoolchild - full of excitement and brimming with life. I had been full of questions about his 'role' as a girl, what did they think of his manners; his walking and talking. But I never asked a single one; it was quite clear that Robyn thought of himself, for all intents and purposes as a girl. I sat back and listened. No talk of bullies, although there were girls who were 'mean' and 'nasty'. I was immensely relieved.

Over the next few years Robyn quite literally changed sex mentally! There is no doubt in my mind that he was a real girl. That she was totally happy and comfortable in that state.

Yes, of course there were real problems - puberty was the most obvious. I had to get across to my son, not only the facts of life - but the basic fact that his natural tendency to like the company of females was now a sexual one.

I was very careful at this stage in his development to watch out for ANY signs of sexual activity. I often helped him dress





Dad and mom showed me the photo album loaded with pictures of dad dressing up as a girl from current shots all the way back to when he was just thirteen and dressing up in his sister's lingerie.

and I would have seen any hint of this when helping him on with his filmy nylon panties and the like. Yes, he was thrilled when given a pretty frock or a really nice pair of shoes, but his reaction was similar to any young girl. So on the face of it I had no problems. But you must understand, I was terrified of her being thought of as a lesbian. I was scared of any sexual activity that might involve other girls. I also had a sneaking fear of men or boys being attracted to Robyn, she was by this time a very pretty young girl!

I was desperate for some solution to this problem, and finally decided, with the very best of intentions, to give Robyn regular sexual relief! I know this sounds bizarre - but we were already in a bizarre situation. I had already taken great risks for his sake. If we were 'found-out' Robyn would be placed in care. I might never see him again.

I explained this to Robyn one afternoon after he had spent the afternoon with his close friend Alice. He was flattered and not a little excited by her interest. Under questioning he



admitted that they had held hands and kissed! I was shattered. If he was telling me, all I could wonder was she telling her mother? I sat him down and told him the blunt truth. He had to always remember he was a boy in a skirt and he would have very strong urges. He would at times be incapable of refusing the advances of a fellow schoolgirl. I also pointed out that was not unusual for teachers to become attracted to their pupils. We were both in great danger. He was clearly shocked and I could see that some of my worst fears were justified: he was attracted to the girls and he had spent a lot of time wishing one particular woman teacher would notice him.

I told him what I would do for now. I was dreading the time a few years hence, when he would grow too tall to be a girl, start to have big muscles, and have to shave. It was an awkward moment, but again it has to be realized that we had both been through many traumatic first incidents together, such as his always walking in on me, when I was in panty masturbating, he simply accepted it as the way I chose to pleasure myself. I often wondered how much if anything he remembered about when he was very young when I did it to him and he did it to me, but I never asked him. We were not exactly living a 'normal' existence! I told Robin that the only way to ensure that his normal sexual feelings remained quiet would be for me to, as I delicately put it, 'relieve' him each morning and each afternoon. Don't forget - this is the child I've raised, it isn't as ridiculous as it sounds. Anyhow, I didn't waste any time; I took him to his bedroom. I explained quite clearly what was involved - and as he obediently raised his skirts I took him in hand and began manipulating his penis through his panties as I had done when he was a preschooler. By now his erect penis was about four inches long and an inch thick. His foreskin extended about a half inch beyond the knob. I took hold of it, between my thumb and first two fingers, slowly pulling it back as far as it would go.

I took some hot water on a wash cloth and quickly cleaned his penis. Then I dribbled some spittle onto my fingers and started to move my hand back and forth over his knob with his foreskin sliding as it rolled and unrolled over his tiny tallywhacker. It only took about five minutes for him to grunt, smash his legs together, and thrust his hips forward, locking them there as his dickie spurted gobs of frothy boy goo into his silky pink panties.

It could have been desperately embarrassing for both of us but I made it seem as though it was just a father's ordinary pleasant little chore. And I suppose for him, despite some shame, it was undeniably pleasurable. He was wearing a very pretty full cancan slip in flirty pink, and immediately after cumming, he held his full petticoats up to cover his blushing face and his penis throbbed in his panties and his semen oozed through the darkened nylon front of his panties. Afterwards I wiped him clean and then had him step into a fresh pair of panties.

The next morning just as he was ready to leave for school I took him by the hand. He went a little pink in the face but meekly allowed me to accompany him to my bedroom this time. Robyn calmly raised the skirt of his yellow check school skirt and the white slip he was wearing. I never looked at his face during these early awkward, but necessary sessions. And he studiously avoided mine!

That same afternoon Robyn entered the house and I knew at once he'd been thinking about what would happen. Instead of his usual chatter about school and the like he was pale, silent and withdrawn. In fact his face was white except of two red spots of embarrassment high on his cheekbones. I was very sad, but determined not to falter. I knew that eventually he'd accept it all. He walked towards me without a word. He closed his eyes and raised his skirts so I could get at his pink nylon panties.

Like so many things in life it became a habit. Before he left for school each morning I massaged him to relief. And after school, he would rush in from school fully in need of one of our little sessions. After some months, I'm afraid it worked too well. Robyn became addicted to these sessions. Over the next few years it was a clear success. He spent more time at home and mixed less with girls. Any desires towards them was quenched at least in part by my own hand! On weekends, we had the same routine, except he did not go anywhere other than with me.

I suppose I should not have been surprised, although I still was a bit, when Robyn told me one day that he hoped he would always be a girl. This occurred one evening after she had settled down in bed, and as I was leaving, I heard my dear child whimpering. When I asked the problem, Robyn told me he feared that someday his life as a girl would end. What could I do? It pained me to see him in such discomfort himself. And so, I promised that would never happen. And soon, thanks to certain connections I had, I was able to begin Robyn on the hormone treatments that helped transform him even more fully from male to female. He was so thankful that he touched my penis and massaged me to ejaculate into my panties! But he did not want me to do it to him; he now thought of himself as a girl and told me he wanted to do it to me often as he wanted to learn as much as possible about pleasing a man!

To be fair to myself, Robyn has always been adamant that she never wanted to be anything other than female. She says she is quite happy now. I'll never know, perhaps he would have changed if I hadn't interfered. Today she still lives with me as my daughter, and I cannot complain. I'm sure he would have been desperately unhappy if I hadn't tried to help. Upon turning eighteen, she wants to have sex change surgery, and then hopes one day to be some man's wife. I did my best, but I'm not sure what I did was right.

## The Panty Game: Two kids innocently playing ... or not so innocently.

Tina, worldly and adventurous, wants to explore and learn more and more about sex. Today, she takes Bobby, the cutest boy in her class, up to her girly-girly bedroom decorated in pink and pastels with dolls and stuffed animals inhabiting every nook of free space and teen boy idol posters covering the walls. Bobby has never been in a girls' bedroom before, so different from his own bedroom bereft of decoration except for the dirty clothes, old sports equipment and broken boy toys strewn about that he rarely plays with anymore since discovering girls. The ultra-feminine atmosphere of her room doesn't stab at his masculinity; it's a totally new experience for him, so girly and mysterious being in there with her on her home field.

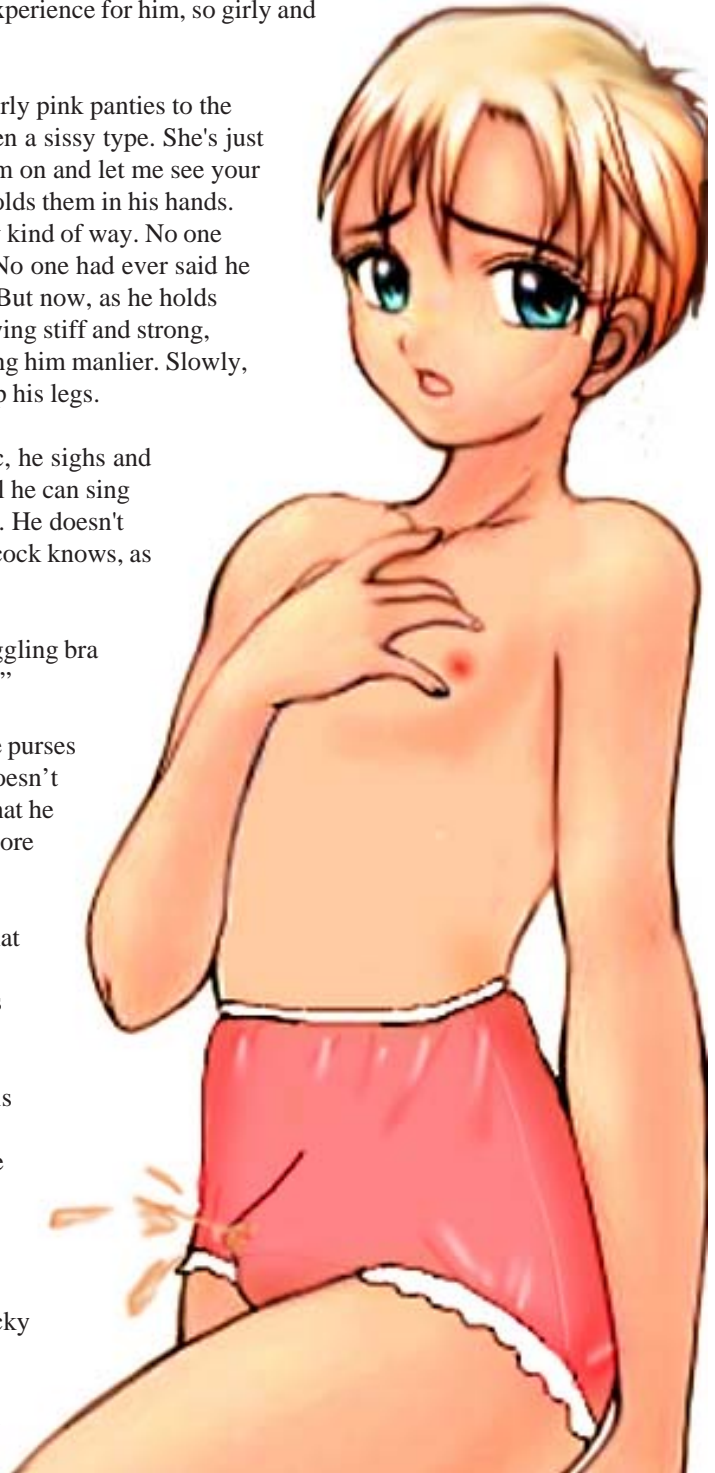
With a huge grin glowing on her face, she hands a pair of girly pink panties to the young, blonde-haired boy. She knows he's not queer or even a sissy type. She's just having some fun. "Put them on, Bobby," she says. "Put them on and let me see your feminine side." He smiles playfully, takes the panties and holds them in his hands. Just touching them gives him the chills – in a wild and kinky kind of way. No one had ever suggested that he put on a pair of panties before. No one had ever said he should see what it's like to cover up his peter with panties. But now, as he holds them and thinks about it, he feels his cock jump to life, growing stiff and strong, and he senses in some strange way that the panties are making him manlier. Slowly, he steps into their soft, feminine embrace and raises them up his legs.

As soon as he traps his boy bits within the soft nylon fabric, he sighs and touches his throbbing dick. "Oh, Tina, these feel nice," is all he can sing out. Bobby is discovering how good it feels to wear panties. He doesn't know why they feel so good, but ... wow! ... They do! His cock knows, as it aches, big and hot with a newfound hardness.

"Take a peek. Look at yourself in the mirror, Bobby," the giggling bra and panty-clad girl says. "See how sexy and girly you look?"

Bobby looks in the full-length mirror. He does look sexy. He purses his lips, flirting with his own reflection like a showgirl. He doesn't look like a girl; the bouncing bulge in his panties tells him that he definitely is a boy. In fact, nothing has ever made him feel more like a boy than these panties. He swivels his hips, does an amateurish bump and grind – he has never had the urge to prance and dance around so girlishly – he doesn't know what has gotten into him, but these panties are bringing out something really wild in him. He can't keep his hands off his lacy, slinky, silken panties; he swoons crazily as he aggressively tickles and yanks on his panty sheathed peter and then shutters as his gooey grey matter gushes out of his penis brain, out of his soul, and into his panties before oozing through the nylon and onto Tina's waiting hand. She licks some off her fingertips and then puts them up to Bobby's mouth; he doesn't hesitate, he tastes and then gobbles up the slimy puddle in the palm of her hand. Then they share a cummy french kiss, their tongues slipping and sliding through her fingers with the fire engine red nails, sticky fingers held over his mouth.

He's in panties, but he's a boy – no doubt about it! He's just an average boy having a great time learning about himself with a girl who knows how to have panty boy fun.







## He Was Going to Get Even with His Wife for Having a Flaming Sissy for a Son

Chuck thought of himself as the handsomest man alive, so when his wife had borne him a son, Chuck was delighted. But the instant he looked at the shriveled-up infant, he became angry and said to his wife, "Kitty, you slut, that kid is no son of mine. He's as ugly as a pile of shit. You've been fucking around on me again!" Before Kitty could protest that she had never cheated on him, Chuck was out of the hospital room and on his way to the nearest gin mill.

Mikey was quite ugly at birth and remained so for the first years of his life. Chuck never believed the kid was his so he had little interest in how his wife raised the boy. Kitty had always wanted a daughter; she had even purchased an entire girls' wardrobe, hoping she would have a girl. The boy's birth should have been reason for great celebration, but to Chuck it was a sign of his wife's infidelity and she couldn't do anything to persuade him otherwise. Another complication: The boy had been circumcised at birth, and that further enraged Chuck, who was 'uncut' as they say. Chuck looked at the result, saw the kid's tiny 'cut' penis and claimed they had nearly sliced the damn thing off.

Still, somehow, the marriage stayed together, probably because Kitty had inherited quite a bit of income-producing stock and that made for an easy life for Chuck; he could keep his crane operator's construction job pay and treat himself in nice clothes, drive a vintage GTO and have plenty of bucks left over to buy rounds of drinks for his friends down at the Dew Drop Inn.

Kitty almost always kept Mikey at her side. It was rare, but at times she had to do some things on her own and couldn't take the boy with her. Then Chuck had to take care of him, like one time when the boy was four years old and Kitty went to a neighborhood birthday party for one of her socialite friends. She left little Mikey home with Chuck, who begrudgingly agreed to baby-sit.

The boy was asleep when she left for the party, so Chuck decided to do some chores around the house, and one of those chores was to load up his wife's Cadillac van with boxes of stuff to donate to the local Mayfield First Baptist Church. As he was in the garage loading up the boxes, he noticed a big box full of little girls' clothes. He knew his wife had bought them before Mikey was born, hoping she would have a girl. And, now, since the two of them never had sex anymore, Kitty knew she'd most likely never have another child,

never have the girl she longed for, at least as long as she was with Chuck, so it was time to give away all those fancy duds.

Soon after he loaded up the van, he heard Mikey crying as he always did upon waking up. It was just one more thing the kid did that aggravated Chuck. He went into the boy's room and was about to help him out of his oversized crib. "Holy shit, kid, you're wet!" Chuck hated it when the boy had 'an accident.' Thank goodness they hadn't yet gotten the boy a youth bed as the crib still had a protective rubber sheet on it.

Admonishing the boy every step of the way, Chuck stripped him naked and then used a damp cloth to wash the down the four-year-old's naked body. Looking at the boy's tiny circumcised penis just remind Chuck how much the boy standing up in the crib couldn't possibly be his son.

Chuck went looking for the boy's clean underwear; he found a lot of outer clothes but no underwear and since he rarely took care of the boy, he didn't know where his wife kept them. He wished he could find some of the old diapers they used to have for Mikey, but Chuck couldn't find them either. Chuck would have loved to put the kid back into diapers; he thought it would be a fitting punishment for wetting the bed. When he told Mikey he was looking for the diapers, the little wimp cried, "No, daddy! No diapers. I'm a big boy now!"

Chuck's evil mind liked the idea of putting the kid back in diapers, but, damn! He couldn't find them – then he thought there might be some in those boxes of clothes to be donated. He told the boy to stay standing naked in his bed as he went to the garage to look, and all he could find were tons of girls' clothes in sizes from infant all the way up to school age. Sure, his wife had a lot of money, and he never questioned how she spent it, and he was aware that she had purchased girls' clothes before the boy was born hoping for a girl, but he had no idea she had purchased so many of them!

A lot of them still had the price tags on them, and they were expensive! And all the accessories! As he came across a stack of ruffled nylon panties in assorted pastel colors, all adorned with lace and ribbons and frills, his brain went into overdrive: He couldn't find the diapers but those panties would do just fine! The damn kid was a sissy mama's boy anyway – not a real boy at all – so why not put him in the dainty little panties – and he didn't care if the kid liked it or not! The ugly little pansy would just have to keep them on until his mother came home; Chuck would show his wife once and for all just what he thought of her alien offspring!

Chuck picked out one pair and then decided to take a handful of the panties and deposit them all in the boy's dresser drawer where his underwear should have been! That would show her! But before he closed the back of the van, he expanded on his idea – why not take all of these expensive girls' clothes, put them in the kid's room and dress him up like a little princess – that would really punish the boy for

peeing his pants and show his wife how he felt about her and her bastard kid!

Mikey was all eyes as he watched his daddy bring a big box into his bedroom. It was chilly in the room and the boy was anxious to put on some clothes. The kid did blink and eyed his father strangely when he saw his dad advancing toward him holding a satin party dress and a pair of white ruffled panties decorated like a birthday cake with pink lace and ribbon bows. The boy knew the difference between boys and girls' clothes and he was smart enough to sense what his daddy was going to do as macho man Chuck with a demon-like grin prissily held up the rhumba panties, displaying them daintily to the boy's wide-eyed stare. The four-year-old stepped back, "No, daddy, I'm a boy. Those are for girls. I want my Spiderman underpants."

Chuck grabbed the boy's arm and pulled him close, "Well, kid, your dumb mother didn't leave any clean underwear out where I could find them, so you will just have to wear these cute little panties – you're going love 'em. Mikey quietly cried as his powerful father tried to jam his legs through the lacy panty leg holes, but the boy stamped his feet, resisted and began bawling harder. Chuck slapped the boy's naked butt with a stinging blow. "Now, listen here, kid, you're not a real boy, you're a sissy and it's about time you realized it. Sissy boys are just like girls and they wear girls' clothes, so quit stalling and step into these sweet white panties or I'll give you a real hard spanking and then you can wear nothing but a burning hot rear-end until your mother comes home."

"But, daddy, I don't wanna wear them," he complained, but then when he saw his dad raise his hand as he was about to slap him again, Mikey quickly lifted his foot and jumped into the open panties. Chuck was loving this! Putting this ugly, wimp of a boy in panties, really sissy ruffled panties, made Chuck feel great! So superior to the boy! So superior to his rich wife! As he slowly inched the panties up the kid's legs, the boy continued to cry; Chuck was so excited he sprang a boner! Mikey had never felt anything so weird as the soft panties now felt traveling up his legs, and Chuck had never felt anything as sexually exciting as the intense hard on between his legs – excited over a boy in panties! Chuck just chalked it up to the fact that the boy was so girlish -- and that, he was sure, had sparked his perverse excitement.

The boy sucked in his breath in big gasps several times – confirmation enough for Chuck that the boy really was a sissy and enjoyed being in panties even if the four-year-old didn't appreciate it at the moment. The pansy couldn't stop looking down at his hips encased in frilly girls' panties. And once they were all the way up on him, he squirmed reacting to the crisp silkiness of the spanking new girly white panties. Gingerly, he touched them, running his fingers over the lace and frills and silky nylon. They felt so different than anything he had ever felt before on his skinny little body. It hurt that his daddy was still grinning broadly – no – now he was





actually laughing at him as those shaming panties hugged him with a ticklish grip. Chuck was so proud of himself. Why hadn't he thought of something like this before? This put the kid in his place and would show his wife that her little mama's boy was nothing but a pantywaist cream puff and a misfit.

As the boy, in his feminized stupor, stood there hardly believing he was wearing little girls' rhumba panties, Chuck unfurled a champagne beige satin party dress and started to put it over the head of the startled boy. He reached under the dress and yanked his son's hands through the arm holes and then tugged the creamy sweet confection down into position. It was a little big on the boy but good enough in Chuck's opinion; he had created the effect he wanted – the kid didn't look like a girl – he looked like a really sad little sissified boy, and the kid's missing front teeth sealed the look – a silly little preschool boy, embarrassed to the core, the silky satin dress ticking his naked legs, his simple white boys' socks still on his feet – Chuck loved the look! His excitement rocketed as he thought forward to his wife coming home to find her boy in a party dress -- and frilly panties! Chuck's boner wasn't waning – if anything it was the hardest erection he had ever felt! That damn little sissy boy and his mama finding him so feminized excited daddy like nothing ever had before.

"Shit!" Chuck grumbled happily to himself. The scared kid looked like the ultimate fag bait boy; if any pervert homo had been there to see it, they surely wouldn't be able to contain themselves – they would rape the dress-wearing pantywaist in an instant. Agog, the boy's mouth was wide open as he breathed through his mouth and endured the emasculating horror of wearing his first dress – a dress any princess would love to own and wear, but a dress that made him feel like he wasn't even a boy anymore! He didn't resist as his daddy hoisted him out of his crib, stood him in the middle of the room and started shooting pictures of him.

Chuck then sat with the boy on the love seat in the den and waited for his wife's return. "Wow!" he thought. "Won't she be surprised!" He wondered ... would she throw him out of the house for doing this? Would she divorce him? What would she do? Chuck didn't give a shit! No matter how Kitty reacted, he wouldn't trade for anything in the world the sight of seeing the expression on his wife's face when she first sets her eyes on her son in a dress! They sat and waited; the boy, now just pouting. Chuck commanded the kid to keep his hands buried under his dress fingering the lace and ribbons on his frilly panties that surely were teasing him miserably.

Chuck tensed up – his boner still raging – as he heard his wife unlock the front door. He called her to come into the den. Again, Mikey began to cry audibly, now knowing mommy was just steps away. When Kitty walked into the den and saw her husband and her dress-wearing boy, all the air seemed to be instantly sucked out of the room. Mikey cried. Chuck grinned triumphantly.

Amazingly, though, she just stood and studied the scene before her. She didn't scream; she didn't berate her boy; she didn't attack her husband without even knowing exactly what had taken place. She surprised both of them as she came over to her son, smiled sweetly and hugged him. She didn't even ask him why he was crying or why he was in a dress. The boy was confused; he didn't know how to react to his mother's unexpected show of love; he just sank into her welcoming arms. As Kitty picked up the boy, she noticed the lump in her husband's trousers; she gave him a cold stare but still didn't say anything. She carried her party dress wearing boy up to his bedroom and they were gone for the rest of the night.

Chuck slept alone in the master bedroom that night. In the morning, he came down to breakfast to find his wife and son happily enjoying breakfast together, and Mikey was dressed in a Disney princess nightgown. Kitty was aglow as she said, "Well, I see you're finally up, Chuck; doesn't our little boy look ever so sweet this morning in his Tinker Bell nightie?"

Chuck did a classic double-take. Was his wife taunting him? Why wasn't she angry with him? Why was she seemingly accepting of her little boy in a girlie nightie – and she even had tied a few pink ribbon bows in the boy's short hair.

Kitty thought her son looked extremely cute in girls' clothes. Besides, she had always wanted a girl – and now she had one! Chuck didn't know what to make of it all, but then day after day, Kitty kept the kid in girls' clothes, even taking him on shopping sprees. She correctly guessed her husband was excited by their boy she now kept in teasingly sweet girlish splendor, so she continued to feminize boy to taunt and tempt him, like whenever they came back from one of their many shopping trips, she'd have Mikey model everything they had purchased, even doing panty fashion shows that seemed to go on and on. When she started having the boy model little training bras too and let his hair grow out into long curls, the kid for all outward appearances was a little girl.

To further the illusion she encouraged his playing with dolls and they developed a closer relationship with her friends who had daughters and got them to have play dates together to have fun with girlie games like playing with Barbie dolls and dressing up in fancy clothes. A year later, the boy's front teeth had grown in, his hair was starting to grow out. His mother put a long blonde wig on him and registered him at St. Rita's School as a girl! Even though Chuck and his wife are Baptists, Kitty gave a big donation to St. Rita's for them to look the other way and knowingly accept him as a girl in their Catholic all-girls school where she knew he would be well protected and kept away from nasty little boys.

Kitty and Chuck stayed married, but Kitty was smart enough to never leave her feminized boy-girl alone with her sicko pervert husband; she knew he was turned on by the swishy crossdressed little boy, but she was eternally thankful that he had given her the daughter she had always wanted!



## Conversation with a Friend

"Martha, I took your advice about trying to shame Jimmy out of being such a sissy and threatened to force him into girls' clothes and then show him off to his friends, knowing they would surely laugh at him. My daughter said he was already so much of a sissy that he probably wouldn't even be embarrassed."

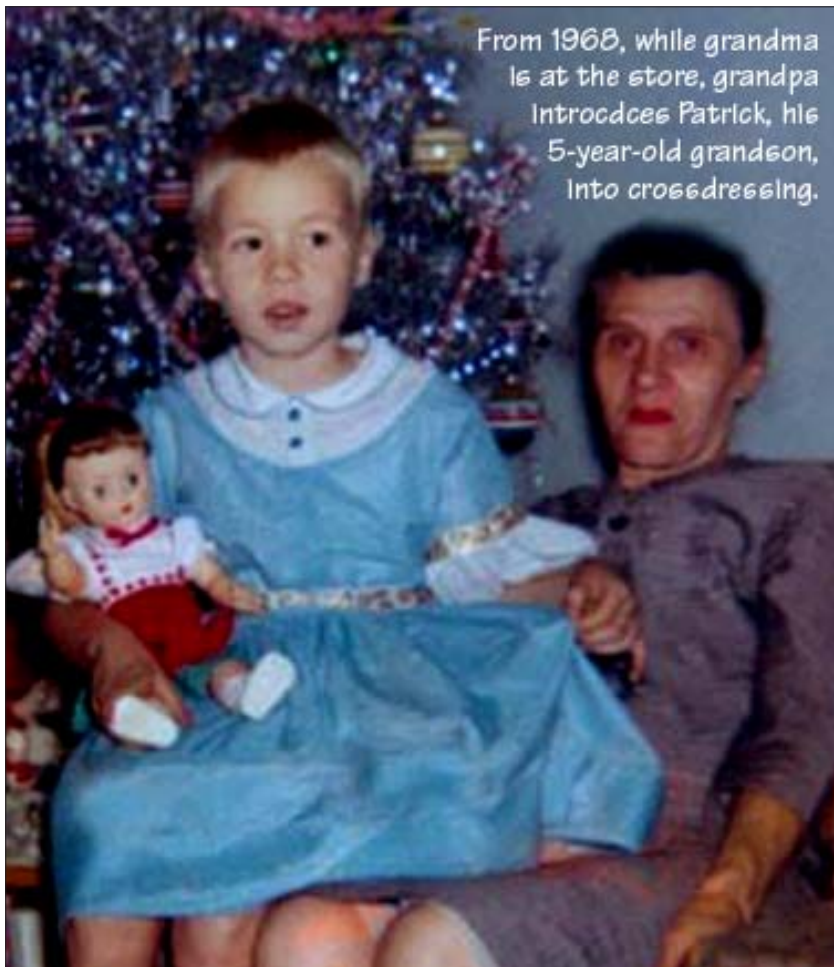
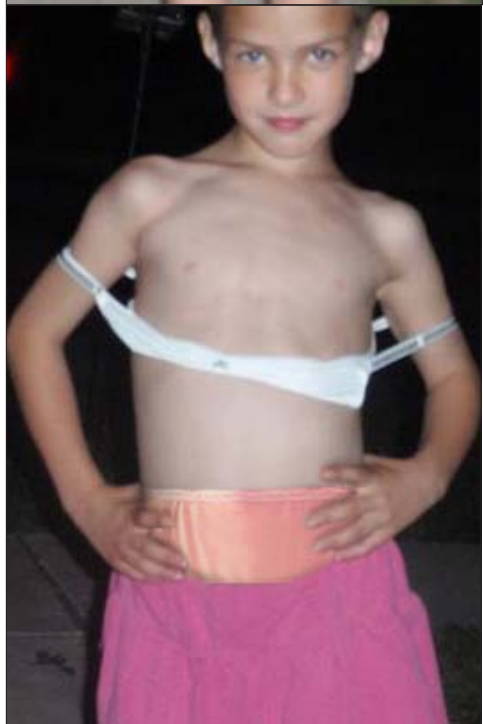
"So, Josie, how did threatening him like that work out?"

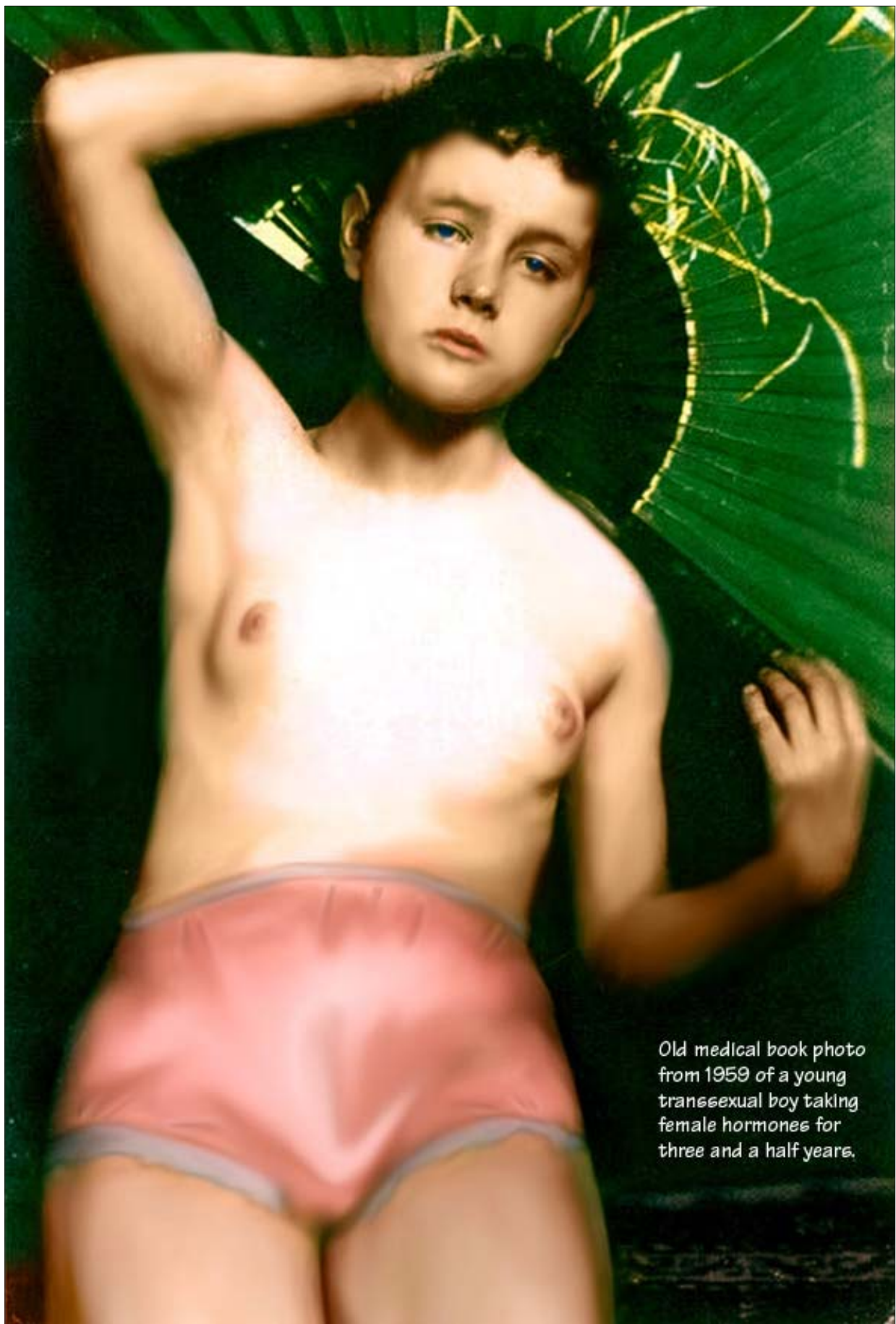
"Not so good. He went right to his sister's room, put on a pink skirt, a bra and a pair of her best lace panties, then came out and danced around in front of me, my husband and daughter. He then went outside, giggling as he ran down the block ringing on doorbells and showing himself off to the neighbors."

"You're kidding me! When I threatened my Johnny like that, he at first didn't believe I'd do it. So I forced him into some silly little frilly nylon panties; he immediately melted and promised to do whatever I wanted."

"Martha, I created a monster! My daughter and I can't keep him out of our clothes. He has gone mad; I put locks on our closet doors and keep watch on our bedrooms, but he still manages to find some of our clothes to wear. What should I do now?"

"Josie, the only thing you can do is buy him some of his own girly clothes and let him be the full-time sissy he is destined to be!"





Old medical book photo  
from 1959 of a young  
transsexual boy taking  
female hormones for  
three and a half years.





### ***Allen the Sissy Finally Learns How to Play with the Big Boys***

Chelsea and Max had a lovely boy named Allen, but there were no boys his age in their neighborhood, and all of his mother's closest friends only had daughters, so as a preschooler, Allen almost exclusively played with little girls. He learned to play like a girl with dolls and doll houses and dressing up to play house. Allen loved all the girlie clothes he got to wear playing house, and with his longish, curly hair he looked a lot like a girl; in their games he frequently pretended to be a little girl or a mommy.

When it came time for Allen to go to school his mother balked at having his hair cut but his father insisted and she finally gave in and he was shorn of his curls and outfitted in regular boys' clothes.

Many of their casual friends and neighbors were shocked to discover that the cute little girl was really a boy. Allen still had no other little boys to play with, so he spent his time alone; the only boys he did see regularly were at school, and all those boys Allen thought were too rough and mean to him. Allen was very pretty for a boy and that combined with his disinterest in typical boys' games quickly earned him the reputation as a sissy. It was the first time he had ever heard the word, and when one of the girls explained to him that a sissy was a boy who looked like a girl, acted like a girl and liked to play with girls, he didn't understand why that was a bad thing. He only withdrew further into himself.

Allen did strike up relationships with some of the girls at school, they took him in as one of their own, and that only made him more of a sissy in the eyes of the other boys.

His father wanted him to be a regular boy, but by the time the kid started school, he knew it was too late to make a real boy out of their son. Max blamed his wife for sissifying the child. The final blow came when Allen told his mother he hated trying to be like other boys; they were bad toward him, and he complained that he hated the uncomfortable boys' underwear he had to wear. He also said he wanted long curly hair like he used to have. His mother told him that the school did not allow boys to have long hair, but as a compromise she did supply him with silky panties to wear under his boys' clothes.

When his father found out about the nylon underpants, he further disowned his son. And when the boys at school found out about the panties, Allen really became a subject of ridicule. He became an outcast and a loner and most of the other kids simply ignored him. Even many of the girls who were his friends would giggle when they saw him.

Somehow he made it through elementary school. IN middle school, Allen continued to grow prettier and become more effeminate. As he neared puberty his body was slow to develop like other boys and he retained a lot



of the unisex look of a young boy. When Allen played alone he spent a good deal of time putting on his mother's makeup and lingerie and parading around the attic in her old dresses and high heel shoes. He exaggerated his walk, swayed his hips and did everything he could to make himself look like a desirable young girl.

He discovered masturbation and was spurting off in his panties several times on most days. He realized he had to acquire some girls' clothes in his size and some that were more like what girls his age were wearing. Still, his favorite was to dress in his mother's lingerie but he did it carefully so she wouldn't detect his fetish. His mother paid him a nice allowance because he helped out a lot around the house with the laundry, cleaning and cooking. Somehow he was successful in cleaning up after his masturbation sessions and his mother never suspected what he was doing. All the other boys in his junior high school were sexually maturing too; they had sexual needs and began looking at Allen differently. He looked so much like a girl that it led to Allen becoming a cum receptacle for them.

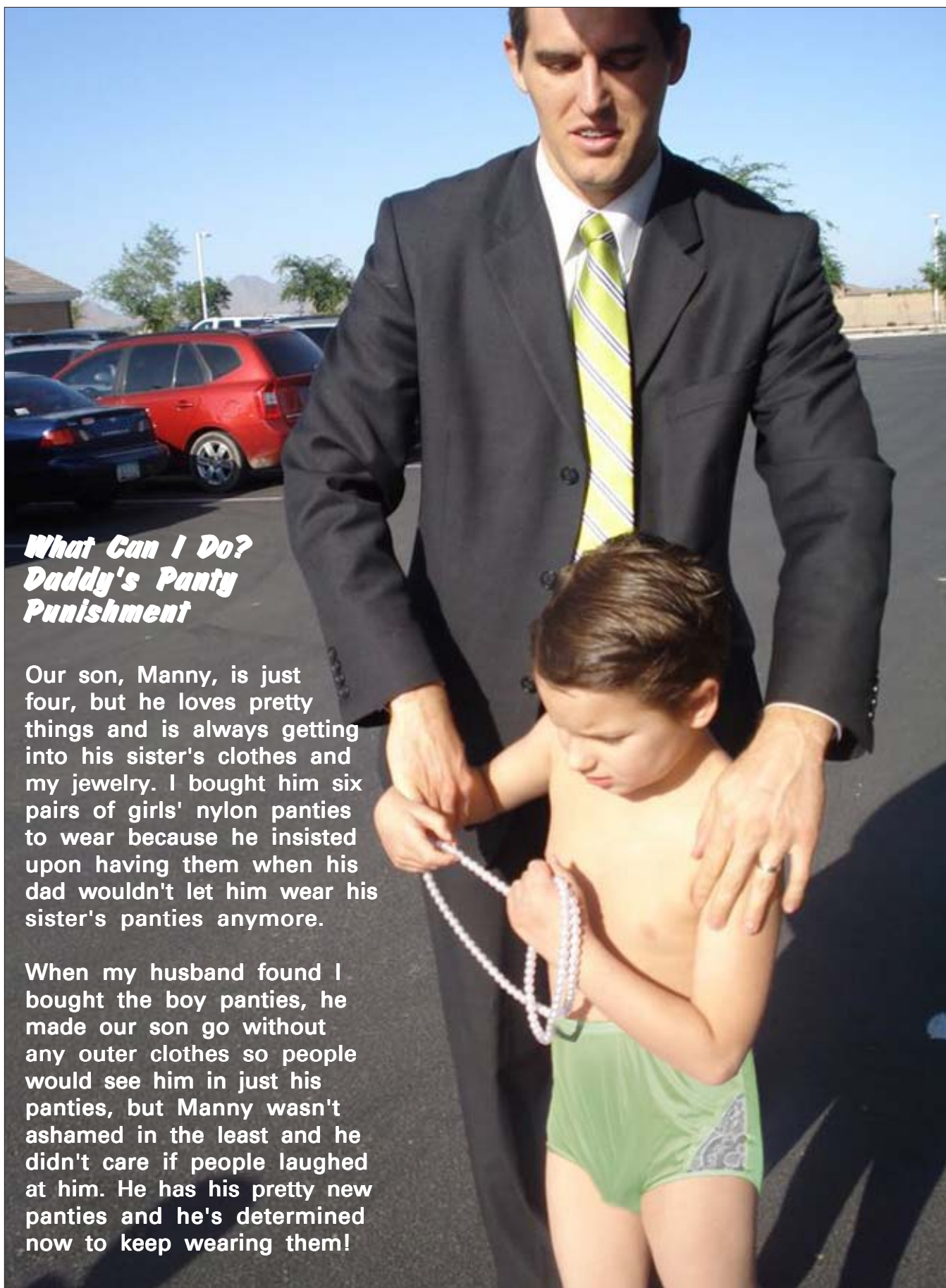
That first time, it was three eighth grade boys who cornered him in a school rest room and decided to make him take down his jeans so they could tease and laugh at his panties because the whole school knew he wore girls' panties. Well, once his jeans were stripped down, one of the boys got a big erection in his pants and he decided to take out his hard cock and shove it into Allen's face to taunt him. Allen either reacted out of instinct or fear but he decided to call their bluff and took the boy's penis into his mouth and gave the kid a blowjob, much to the amazement of the other two boys watching. Allen even startled himself by doing it! Then the other two boys sprouted erections and Allen ended up giving both of them blowjobs too. Allen was now a cocksucker -- and this was one boys' game he could play!

Thereafter Allen became very popular with many of his male classmates. They would seek him out to be alone with him to have him give them a handjob or a blowjob. When Allen was an eighth grader, he was entertaining one of his boyfriends at home when his mother walked in and found him dressed in some of her best lingerie and giving the boy head. Chelsea, a very strict Evangelical Christian, blamed herself for how she had raised her boy to be loving but inadequate up as a normal male. She

couldn't live with her guilt. She wanted to simply throw him out of the house but couldn't, but she was able to ship him off to her ultraliberal sister, who had two daughters and a husband who was high on grass most of the time and couldn't care less if the boy was a faggot.

Allen got along well living with his aunt, uncle and cousins. And they all liked him a lot too. Even his uncle took a lot of interest in the boy with the big, luscious lips as Allen was regularly giving the guy's usually limp dick long blowjobs as he sat in front of the TV watching video porn. His aunt and cousins weren't upset; in fact, they thought it was all kind of cute or even funny. Allen so got into his girlie role doing chores around the house that he became what could only be called the family maid, a role he was born for!





### ***What Can I Do? Daddy's Panty Punishment***

Our son, Manny, is just four, but he loves pretty things and is always getting into his sister's clothes and my jewelry. I bought him six pairs of girls' nylon panties to wear because he insisted upon having them when his dad wouldn't let him wear his sister's panties anymore.

When my husband found I bought the boy panties, he made our son go without any outer clothes so people would see him in just his panties, but Manny wasn't ashamed in the least and he didn't care if people laughed at him. He has his pretty new panties and he's determined now to keep wearing them!





Tanya applying lip gloss to her enslaved brother Jonathan as they both sit in the waiting room of their doctor's office for a prescription for him for female hormones. Notice she is wearing a T-shirt with a girly photo of Jonathan completely feminized and fully made-up, and you can see a glimpse of the boy's lacy pink panties through his sissy top!