

# Pussy Boy Pager

Reader's Stories & Pics

## Volume 31

### *After You Cut Off Their Toys, Panties, Obviously, are the Underwear a Boy Needs !*

*For her high school science project,  
LeeAnn cut off her boyfriend's dick  
and put him in panties, and when  
his father complained, she cut off  
his balls and made him wear panties  
too, with his wife's full permission!*

### *I was the Most Often Petticoat Punished Boy at My Catholic Grade School!*

*He got into trouble so often,  
the nuns and kids accused  
him of liking it, even though  
he really did hate it.*

### *Internet Girlie Boys!*

*Many great, rare photos of  
little boys dressed like girls  
from <http://sheboys.com>,  
a foreign web site now  
no longer in existence.*



*Adults Only*

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

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



## Panties are the Only Underwear for Boys After Cutting Off Their Toys!

Many people say I'm the smartest girl they ever met. 'Girl!' Why don't they say I'm the smartest kid they ever met? What's being a girl have to do with it? I don't know any other kid who has skipped two grades in school (the 2<sup>nd</sup> & 7<sup>th</sup>). It's tough being a fourteen-year-old girl and already midway through my junior year in high school mostly because I have to deal with kids older than I am and who are preoccupied with sophomoric things like hangin' in cliques, passing notes in class and teenage gossip.

One thing I do love about high school is the annual science fair. As a freshman, I was first in our region with my "Sex Life of the Fruit Fly." I loved the idea that it took the male fruit fly three days to make love and in the process produced semen twenty times his own length – what a lover! And last year, I took fourth in Texas' Statewide contest with my report "Homosexuality Amongst Animals in Captivity," which is a common but virtually unreported phenomenon. My detailed observations were heralded as adding immeasurably to the knowledge base of this mostly undocumented behavior, and two universities offered me a full scholarship based just upon that project, but I postponed accepting them because going to college meant skipping more school and dealing with kids (adults?) even older than the jerks and idiots I now contend with. Besides, I had made a commitment to myself to stay in high school so I can participate in our school's 74<sup>th</sup> Annual Science Fair – and go onto win Statewide.

I had been thinking about a topic ever since last year's contest. I wanted to do something groundbreaking that would catapult me into 1<sup>st</sup> place with ease. And I was thinking of another sex-related project (Hey, I'm just fourteen, and despite my smarts, I still have a 14-year-old girl's anatomy and physiology, and

that's what 14-year-old girls think about!). And I wanted to do some sort of experiment on the sex life of a teenage boy and radically change him in some way. I had some ideas and then I thought about the kind of boy I needed. He had to be smart but one I could control. I didn't want to take some idiotic, mangy kid and make him into a puppy dog – that wouldn't be a challenge – I wanted a top teenage male specimen I could sexually destroy!

I settled on Tex (yeah, I know, of all the guys in Texas, one named Tex), a guy two years older than I am whom I had a real crush on. He was in my biology class, a star running back on the football team and ruggedly handsome! When I asked him, he immediately agreed to be my partner because he knew I'd do all the work and he'd get an 'A' in biology just for being my partner.

For four months I had been conducting experiments, and I knew what I wanted to do, but convincing Tex to go along with me was going to be the hard part. So I had him come over to the house, and we sipped Cokes and munched on chips as we talked about my project. I said I wanted to do something about sex. He smiled and my heart fluttered as he leaned over and kissed me. Just then mom came in through the back door, her arms full of groceries.

"Hi, LeeAnn," she smiled and looked at my adorable hunk, Tex.

"Uh, hi, mom, this is ... um, Tex, my partner for the science fair."

Tex stared up at my mom with sex in his eyes! My mom is good looking. Men and teenage boys walk into things all the time when they stare at her. She's thirty-four, but young looking. Most people think she's my older sister and not my mom.

Mom had a sexually charged look in her eyes too as she shook his hand that I noticed was shaking a bit probably because she had rested her other hand on his upper thigh and was unabashedly

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Hi, I'm LeeAnn. I believe not  
only in female liberation,  
I believe in male liberation  
-- liberating men and boys  
of their dicks and balls!

staring down at his swollen crotch! There was no disputing their mutual attraction; my mom likes men and boys, especially boys my age – I had seen it many times before – and my dad – well, he’s another story I’ll get to soon enough! Mom was putting the make on my boyfriend! And he was going for it! I knew he’d end up fucking her just like she had ruined my relationship with two previous boyfriends. I was glad when mom bowed out, saying she had to put the groceries away. I didn’t want her interfering while I was in the midst of juggling my words, trying to say what I wanted to do to Tex for my project without scaring him.

Bad enough every girl in school wanted him, now my own mother was going after him! But with the project I had in mind, I would have a way to keep Tex all for myself!

When I finally sat Tex down and explained to him what I wanted to do to him, he turned white as a sheet and began shaking like Muhammad Ali, and by the time I had finished, he yelled, “I’m gonna throw up!” He then ran to the bathroom and did just that. He scurried out of the house without looking back. I guess I was a little too blunt and a little too graphic in my description of what I wanted to do to his Greek god body.

But with just eleven weeks until the science fair there wasn’t much time to convince Tex. I sighed. But then, I had a flash – just maybe I could use Tex and mom’s animal attraction for each other to my benefit – maybe mom would be the way I could get Tex to agree to EVERYTHING I wanted to do to him!

Before when mom had sex with two of my previous boyfriends, she said she did it because I wasn’t old enough to have sex yet, and boys my age needed to have their hormones regularly drained or it wouldn’t be safe for me to be around them. She said I have to wait until I am ready before I can have sex – whatever that means. I know she really loves me, and she tries to convince me she is protecting me, but I really think she just uses me as bait to have these boys all to herself!

My daddy is a hardworking wimp. Mom treats him like shit. He’s a top CPA, has his own high profile accounting firm and is a much-in-demand speaker in his field of expertise. He supplies mom and me with the best of most everything, but he’s a wuss and a cuckold. My parents tried for years to keep it secret from me – in my presence, daddy tried to act macho and mom tried to act like she was his submissive little woman, but I knew mom was having sex right in front of him with men and boys, black and white, young and old, and anyone who struck her fancy! Finally, I just told them I knew what the deal was between them and asked them to stop pretending to be something they weren’t.

I don’t know what my dad does for sex – probably just gets the hots of me and jacks off a lot! He get a hard-on often and laughs and pretends it’s an accident when he sneaks his hands up my short skirts and rubs my silk pantied butt whenever we hug, but he’s my daddy, so I don’t care. Besides, I know he’d do absolutely anything for me – that’s important to a teenage girl.

I needed to talk to my daddy. I was sure he would help me get mom to help.

“Daddy, you know my Science Fair at school?” He nodded. “Do you think you could help me with it?”

“You want me to help? What are you building a space shuttle or something?” He was used to my grandiose and often expensive experiments.

“No! Daddy, it’s just that I need Tex – you know the boy I brought home to meet you last week? I need help convincing him to go along with being the key part of my project using that medical equipment you bought me. He isn’t too willing. He ran home today after I told him.”

“So what do you want to do to the boy, honey?”

“Uh, well...I want to cut off his penis, daddy.” I blushed and looked down, not knowing how my Daddy would react.

“Goddamn, LeeAnn!” He laughed so hard he almost spilled his big glass of chardonnay! “Shit, girl, no wonder that boy ran!” He laughed, “Wow! You go for the jugular, don’t you! More power to you, girl!”

“I knew you’d understand!” I gave Daddy a big hug.

“Well, now hold on ... uh, I have nothing against you doing it, but why do you wanna do it?”

“Well, um ... I love him, Daddy!” He made a face and I swallowed nervously and hurried on. “I really do, and I know I’d like to marry him, and I think he’d love me and me alone too if um, he wasn’t so distracted by other girls all the time — and women too — like mother — she stares at him like a piece of raw boy meat just like those girls at school do — all they want is his penis. So if he didn’t have one of those, well ... none of them would be trying to steal him, and he’d be all mine!”

“OK, uh ... so you think if you cut off his dick, he is gonna just fall right into your lovin’ arms? Is that how you think he’d react? LeeAnn, a fella who gets his dick cut off could go right off the deep end. What I’m saying is it sounds like you didn’t explain it to him in a way he can understand the benefit of doing it – frankly, I don’t understand either!”

“I know.” I nodded and told him how Tex had reacted that afternoon, throwing up and everything.

“Yeah, to a boy, that’s like the end of the world!” daddy laughed. “And what’s cuttin’ a boy’s dick off have to do with science?”

“Oh, everything, Daddy!” I got excited again and explained it all slowly. Daddy really isn’t into science, but I finally got him nodding and convinced him Tex would love it once he got used to living without his dick – the nemesis of all males, especially

teenage boys – without it, he’d have a whole new personality and be able to fully concentrate on the things that are really important to him and to me.

“OK, so we just need to persuade the lad, huh?” Daddy hugged me tightly.

“I have an idea,” I told him and then explained my plan of using mom and catching her having sex with my underage boyfriend, and then how we would threaten to destroy everything important in his life unless he went along with my project!

Dad and I approached mom, and we asked her if she’d help me with Tex. With just the mention of his name, she put aside the tuna casserole she was making and gave us her full attention.

“Tex? So you haven’t been giving him what all boys want ...”

“Mo-o-om! You know I’m not sexually active with boys. I don’t want him if that’s all he wants. But I want Tex to agree to be part of my science project and thought you might be able to help me if you lured him over here, got him into bed and then dad and I walked in and caught the two of you. His position on the football team, his standing in school, his chances for a football scholarship, and his entire reputation would be in my hands and ...”

“A little blackmail, huh? Don’t you worry, LeeAnn ... I’ll call the boy tonight and believe me, tomorrow after school, he’ll be here in my bed!” Mom smiled and kissed my nose. By the way, what kind of science project are you planning?”

I explained, and as soon as I mentioned the penisectomy, mom blurted out, “You want to cut that handsome kid’s big dick off! Wow! That’s rich. No wonder he ran home today! But, you know what, I love the idea! It would be like payback for the bullshit a girl like me has to put up with to get one of those selfish little boy snakes in her pussy. Sure, I’ll play along. I’ll do it.”

Well, the next day after school, I saw Tex’s car in our driveway. Mom had slipped him a mild Mickey Finn cocktail I had created with just enough punch to make him a little disoriented. She had convinced him I was busy doing extra schoolwork, but in reality I had gone to dad’s office, met him and the two of us then headed home to catch them. And we did. Mom played her part beautifully, crying as my pussy-whipped dad acted more manly than I had even seen him act and angrily going to the phone and pretending he was ready to call the police on mom for having sex with an underage boy. Tex was all apologetic and begged us not to call the police. We got him to admit it was his fault, and he had come onto mom. He explained he couldn’t afford being involved in anything that would get him thrown out of school and surely cost him an athletic scholarship to a good college. I played my part and cried too and finally got daddy to put the phone down after Tex said he loved me and he’d do anything for me.

“LeeAnn! Hey! LeeAnn... you know, I think you’re the greatest! I love you and I don’t want any trouble. I, uh, I made a big

mistake ...” He moaned. “Uh ... hey ... I was um, er ... I’m sorry I was acting like a jerk. I, uh ... you know, a guy thing ...”

I turned away from him like he was boring me but kept listening.

“Right ... uh, so anyway, LeeAnn, I was wondering, um ... well, if we could work on our project ... maybe I didn’t hear you right yesterday ... tell me more about it, tell me what you want to do, maybe we can do it,” he was almost begging, but not quite.

I gave him a mean look.

“Please? Oh, please, LeeAnn? Just ... just let me work with you on your project, OK.”

“So you’ll do it?”

“Uh, yeah, I think ... I mean, yeah, sure!”

“OK, we’ll do it downstairs on the operating table. I can have everything ready in minutes. It’s a very simple procedure.”

“You got an operating table?” Tex looked at me, a bit stunned.

“I got it along with a lot of other stuff when St. Luke’s General closed last summer and they auctioned everything off. I’ve already done two penisectomies, one on a dog and one on a baby pig dad got me from a farmer client friend of his – you know pigs, physically, are quite similar to human beings, and ...”

“You want to do it to me right now!” He looked at me with foggy eyes. His mind had to be swirling. The drugs in his cocktail were starting to kick in big time.

“Sure, why not?”

“Oh, gosh, I dunno! I have tah ... tah think about it.”

“Do it now, or daddy will call the cops.”

“OK, OK, but I’m afraid it will hurt,” Tex said as he wiped drool from the corners of his mouth with his big hands. His eyes were glassing over too. I really knew the drugs were working now.

“I guarantee you’ll barely feel a thing. It’s not like I’m going to take your balls off. You’ll still be able to cum – in fact, as I explained, you’ll be having more sex than you probably have ever had – often, you’ll be cumming every day and sometimes several times a day – it’s all part of the project – and you’re going to love it! And we’re gonna win that Science Fair too! You certainly want that, don’t you?”

“Yeah, sure,” he said, a trace of doubt still in his voice, but he did not resist as I led him down to the basement where I had a modest 5.2 megawatt laser – picked up on sale on the Internet – primed and ready to go. Dad followed us down and helped me secure Tex to the operating table. Mom was right behind,



looking worried and still crying crocodile tears, helping to keep Tex feeling guilty. He struggled against the cuffs securing his hands; it looked like he was about to change his mind as I lowered the gas mask to his face and put out his lights.

I busied myself with scrubbing up. I guess mom thought I was joking or something, but now that it looked like I was really going through with this operation, she wanted to know exactly what I was doing and what kind of a science project I was doing.

I told her I didn't have time to explain it all at the moment, and she would just have to wait and see. Once Tex was asleep, mom cut the act and started arguing with daddy for being so verbally abusive toward her while acting his part. They went off to the side when I asked them to try to keep quiet so I could concentrate. Daddy was still wallowing in the wisp of machismo he had exerted during his playacting in front of Tex and really got into it with mom, reminding her how she fucked every man and boy she could lure into her bed. Mom retaliated and said she knew he was secretly going out on her for years plus fucking me – neither of which was true, but mom always thought daddy was two-timing her plus doing me. Long ago daddy and I gave up on denying it; mom was going to believe whatever she wanted to believe. And concerning sex, all I ever did with daddy was occasionally have him suck on my pussy and then I'd jerk him off into a silky pair of my panties if he did a good job. I've known about the magical effect of a pair of silky panties on a guy's penis for a long time.

I backed away from them arguing, retrieved some glucose and a bag of plasma from the fridge, and started an IV. I never really understood my parent's relationship very much. But one thing I was sure of, after marrying Tex, we would have a very different way of life than theirs!

I filmed the entire operation of course, and had my microphone turned on, dictating my procedures and observations. I hate forgetting stuff, and I was going to need to write several articles supporting my thesis.

Removal of the penis is actually very easy. Most people think it's difficult, some huge operation requiring 10 hands and 6 hours, but really one person can do it with just modest facilities and a minimal medical background (like I had from volunteering at a veterinary clinic to learn about operating room procedures), and do it in less time than it took me to write this down for you.

I simply removed the shaft of his penis but kept just the tip and attached it directly to his body. He had been circumcised at birth, so that made this all that much easier. The whole thing took a less than 90 minutes and that included making Tex's now smooth crotch as beautiful as I could. I even designed a little check valve for his bladder recess and sculpted it under the microscope so when he used it, his pee would come out in a nicely uniform stream ... not some random messy spray! I thought it was quite attractive and after a few weeks, perhaps a month, when his scars healed, it would look like he never even had a penis! It was

making me excited just looking at him ... sexually excited! And I couldn't wait to experiment with him!

Mom was quite surprised at first; I guess she didn't really believe it until she saw Tex sleeping peacefully in my bed and seeing where the cock that had just fucked her was now gone and in its place only a smooth bit of skin, swollen and discolored of course, a little bruised and red, but in my expert opinion, it would heal quickly. Mom looked at his bladder recess — his pee-hole, which also served as his ejaculate-hole since I'd left Tex's balls attached. I like balls. Penises never did a whole lot for me, but testicles ... m-m-m-m .... There is something about them I love! And Tex had nice ones too. Tight, heavy, plum-sized balls in a soft wrinkled sack that smelled wonderful! Manly and musky ... sexy! So he had his balls hanging there, below a blank empty smooth bit of body ... he looked almost like a girl with balls! I was in love! Mom too looked at him in awe.

"Why did you leave his balls?" mom finally asked. "Wouldn't he look even nicer if he were completely smooth?" Mom had her hand up her skirt and was rubbing herself through her panties.

I nodded. "I thought about pushing them up, into his pelvis and doing some reconstructive work on his scrotum to hold them up there permanently, you know, making him totally smooth, but I kind of like this effect. No penis, just a pair of balls hanging there. Besides, his cum-filled balls are a basic part of my project. And after Tex marries me – he will marry me – we'll still be able to have children. You'd like that wouldn't you, mom?"

"Oh, yes, I would. But I hope that won't be for quite a while, yet. I'm too young to be a grandmother! And his balls, they are very pretty." Mom agreed.

Daddy just grunted. "Seen one pair, you seen em all."

"Oh, you have pretty balls too, dear!" My mom smiled and hugged him – they were making up.

"Anyway, I need to leave his balls because I'm going to observe Tex as I test what makes him ejaculate and measure how much he ejaculates once I hook him on a panty fetish. (Daddy let out a wheezing cough at my panty fetish idea.) He'll still be producing testosterone, of course, but he won't cum by having his cock stroked or by inserting it into a vagina. Instead he will cum in a female sort of way – by stroking him through his silky panties like a girl strokes her pussy and fingers her clit."

"Huh?" Daddy looked at me.

Mom giggled, "This boy won't be out screwing around. The best he will be able to do for a girl is rub pussies with her, dear. But what's with this panty fetish thing?"

I explained, "The tip of his penis head, now directly attached to his body, should retain all its sensitivity, and as soon as he's healed, I'll introduce him to wearing silky nylon panties."

“Girls’ panties! You plan to get this beautiful hunk of a boy you just neutered to start wearing panties! Why panties?” Mom groaned.

“Because the soft nylon against his boy clit will keep him horny, and since he has no cock to speak of, he’ll only be able to cum by my jerking him off or by using his own hand for relief. For some time, I’ve done a lot of research on fetishes, and panties are about the best, just rubbing of soft nylon panties against a boy’s cockhead is an easy way to hook him on panties and make him submissive to you for life.”

“You’re not only making him a dickless eunuch, you’re making him a pervert too?” Mom laughed.

“No, mom, a eunuch has no balls but still has his dick; Tex will be just the opposite. And as for being a pervert, that’s a subjective term. From what I learned about fetishes, the vast majority of males have at least one sexual fetish, so having a fetish is normal since most males have one.

“The definition of a perversion is something that is abnormal, so a fetish — something that most males have — is not a perversion because it’s normal, not abnormal.”

“H-m-m-m...” daddy groaned and rubbed his crotch thoughtfully. “There you go again, LeeAnn. I can’t follow your logic when you start talking like that. But I know you know what you’re doing. You, uh ... love this guy, huh?”

“Of course!” I laughed. “I’ll have him trained to panties in no time and be able to give him an orgasm anytime I want – and not just when he wants, which will probably be about all the time! And he won’t be able to have sex with other females – first, they’d surely laugh in his face when they discover he has no penis, and secondly, they’d shun him and laugh doubly hard when they learn the only way he can shoot his spunk is to be stroked through silky soft panties. This boy is going to be mine forever – or for as long as I want him — and he won’t be able to do much about it!”

“Oh-h-h-h ...” Mom giggled. “I might laugh at him in pink panties, but I’d take a shot at panty wanking him, even if there wasn’t anything in it for me.”

“That’s my mom! You’re an exception, mom. But I’m sure you’ll agree 99% of women and girls would have nothing to do with a dickless panty wanker, and the other 1% — like you — would only play with him for a laugh until they got bored, and then they’d drop him. Women like you would use him as a sex toy because women like you love to use sex to dominate males even when you’re fucking their brains out. You never fuck for the happiness of the guy; you only enjoy sex on your terms, not theirs. I’ve read a lot about women like you, mom – believe me, I know all about what goes on in your head.”

Mom laughed.

“That boy is gonna be in living hell!” daddy shook his head.

“No, daddy, believe me! With just a little panty training, he’ll love what I did for him! I’ve read that panty boys are some of the happiest boys on earth!”

With a sneer toward my daddy, mom said, “Yeah, I’ve had sex with a couple of panty freaks in my time. They couldn’t get it up without some sissy panties nearby — or on, but once they had their little fetish at hand, they were very generous lovers, happy boys who lasted all night long.”

And turning to my daddy, she said, “Now, since Tex is going to be our son-in-law, you might as well get used to the boy. No teasing him because he doesn’t have a dick!”

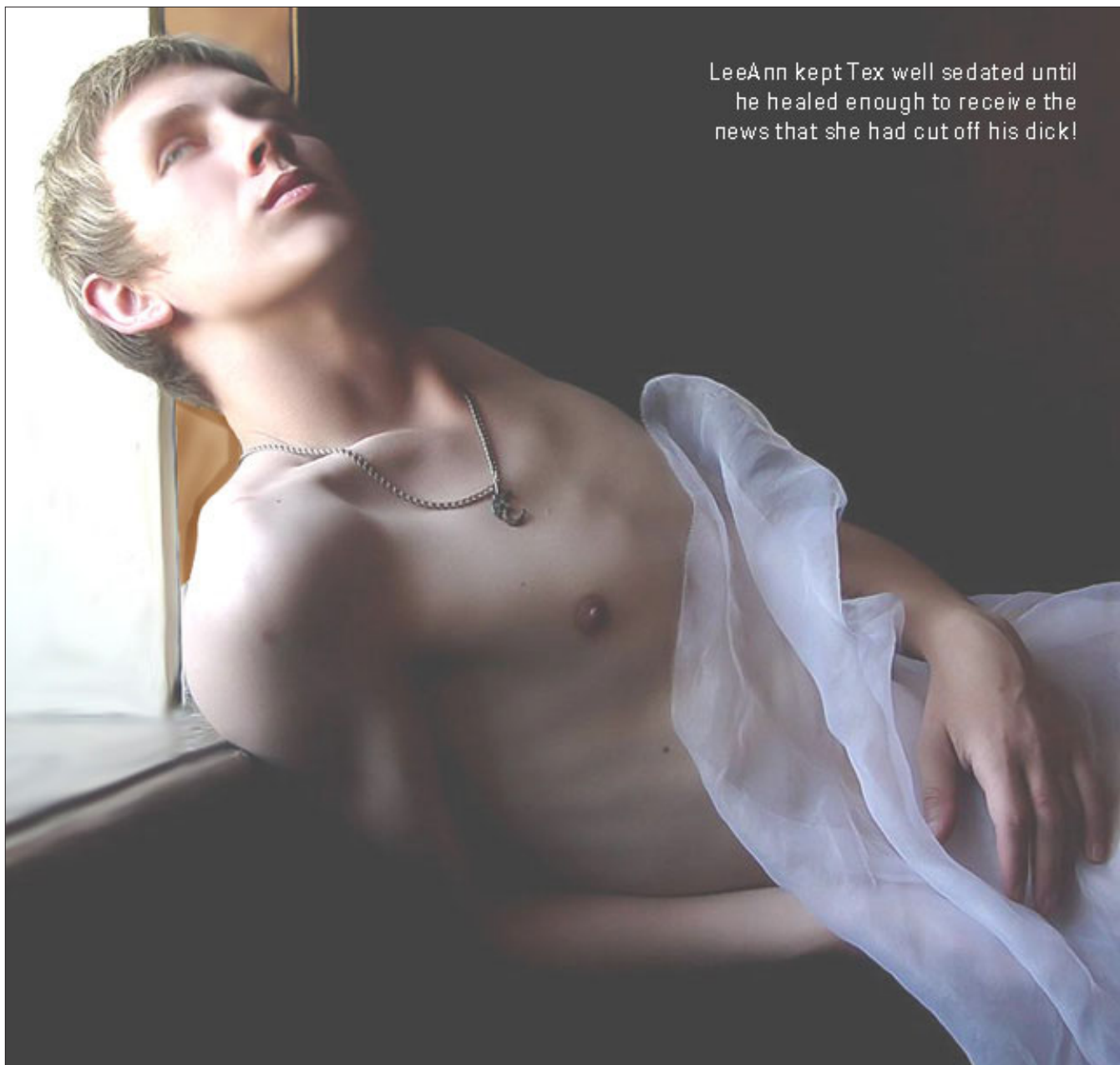
“Yeah, yeah ...” daddy sighed. “Well, if my baby’s gotta get married, I guess this is for the best ... at least I don’t have to imagine him dipping his wick in my baby’s pie!”

Mom didn’t say anything just stared at daddy like a snake.

While I kept Tex under sedation, my parents called his parents and went over to speak with them. And when they told them their son had sex with mom and made it sound like he had forced himself upon her and raped her, they were shocked. They said they knew Tex was having sex with girls but wondered why he would want sex with a married older woman, but mom just cried and dad reminded them that teenage boys think with their dicks and throw caution to the wind, as he had in this instance. Besides, dad said Tex had admitted his guilt after we had caught him with his pants down and dick in my mom, plus mom had the proof of his sperm dripping from her pussy at that very moment.

I knew mom and dad were both doing a bang up job of acting, crying and making a scene like they were ready to call the police. Tex’s parents were living paycheck to paycheck and for several years now had lived on the promise that their boy – with his smarts and athletic talent – would eventually be their payday by getting a good college education and a good job or perhaps being drafted into the NFL, but they knew their potential gold mine would instantly disappear if dad picked up that phone and dialed 911. And when my parents told them they wouldn’t call the cops, they were relieved but only to get hysterical all over again when dad explained I had been so upset that I had punished Tex on my own, cutting off Tex’s cock in rage. Dad flabbergasted his parents when he told them their son had agreed to the penectomy as suitable punishment for raping mom!

Once his parents settled down a bit, dad said I was going to make the best of the situation by incorporating his organectomy into our science project I had planned to doing to a pig, and I had just removed the penis from a pig, and it was the first thing that had come to my mind as punishment for what he had done. And then, after I had done it, I thought it would be even more effective to



LeeAnn kept Tex well sedated until he healed enough to receive the news that she had cut off his dick!

use Tex for my science project instead of the pig! Tex's parents were horrified, but my parents convinced them that chopping their son's dick off was a small price to pay for not ruining his life with a rape conviction – further explaining that he'd still be able to have kids, and with nothing but a button for a penis, it surely would stop him getting into trouble since he'd be ashamed to let any girl know about his lack of masculine equipment.

When dad told them I loved him and eventually wanted to marry him that made them happy — those money grabbers! They knew of my reputation as the school genius, and I know they looked at me and my rich parents as a great meal ticket in case their son's brains or athleticism didn't come through with a big payoff. It was little consolation, but dad further explained that his brainy daughter (me) was going to make the best of the situation, not

only by marrying him at some future date but also by using him and the removal of his cock into our science project that would surely get us a win Statewide and be our ticket to the nationals.

Dad then came home and took over monitoring Tex while I went over to his parents' house to join mom in talking to them. I rubbed the hell out of my eyes and whiffed an onion before going in crying like I was having a total breakdown. Upon arrival, I was relieved to find them shaken but fairly clam, talking humanely and actually trying to comfort mom after she had been through er 'rape' ordeal with their son.

I told them I was sorry for what I had done, but I was just a dumb underage kid reacting to finding my boyfriend raping my mom. Mom sobbed again – nice background music to my story. I explained to them I was in love with Tex and after what I had



done wanted to marry him and considered him to be my fiancé, not just because no other girl would have him in his condition but because I had always loved him and knew he loved me. I told them about my medical and surgical skills and how I thought it would be best to keep him knocked out for a full day and then wake him slowly to fully adjust to the operation he had agreed for me to do. My future in-laws took it well, the mother did anyway. She popped her eyes open, but then smiled when I told her I had gotten panties for Tex to wear since he would no longer have a need for boys' underwear with an opening in front. She didn't think much of it, but Tex's dad got very upset after I mentioned putting his son in silky girlie panties. He was ready to call a lawyer, maybe even the police, but his wife whispered in his ear and talked him out of that! I had heard just a bit of it, she was reminding him something about how she knew he jerked off in her panties from time to time. Then her voice got louder.

"Henry!" She was whispering loudly, and mom and I could hear her. "Now, that little girl in there did us a favor! Tex is going to marry her, a girl who is beautiful, smart, rich, and tough enough to get what she wants! Now there just aren't a whole lot of such girls around, do you understand me? If Tex had his way he'd be sticking his thing in every girl he happened to meet from the bus stop to those wild parties he goes to! And probably marry some gentlemen's club dancer named Buffy! Or worse! Now don't you ruin his – and our — chances for happiness; do you understand me? So what if our son will be dickless and wearing panties. Worse things could happen to him. Besides, I'm sure you won't object to him wearing panties, now, would you?"

"But wearing them ..."

"Don't you but me, Henry! I run this family, not you! Now get over there and smile and tell those nice people how happy you are to share in our children's happiness! Or so help me, Henry, I'll have you strapped down, de-balled and in panties so fast you'll wonder if your watch broke!"

"Yes, dear."

"That's better!"

I had no idea Tex's mom was so tough! I knew I was going to like her a lot! When they came over to me, I told her ... "Sorry, but we could overhear, and if, uh, you ever do want to castrate your husband, I can do it." I smiled. "No charge."

"Oh, you're a sweet girl, LeeAnn!" She hugged me and smiled. She stared glaringly at her husband, and said, "If you don't act civil about all this, maybe I'll have LeeAnn cut you next week."

Telling Tex was going to be tough, I knew. But luckily my mom and Tex's mom were there with me to give me support and help soothe Tex's concerns about being a man without a penis! It was actually five days later when I finally had lowered his pain medication so he could begin to fully realize what I had done to him. I had kept him doped up wanting to make sure he was

healing OK. Of course he wasn't unconscious the whole time and he wondered why he had a catheter coming through all the bandages, but he figured that meant he had a penis. I didn't tell him otherwise until I had to.

And when I did remove the bandages, he didn't say anything for a long time. He just looked at himself while I held up the mirror and smiled at him. I wanted him to appreciate the effort I had put into it! This wasn't some emergency room hack job. I'd studied the latest reconstructive surgery techniques and even spent \$42,000 of daddy's money on the laser I'd used. Of course, it was an older model; I bought it on the Internet and had it shipped from a hospital in the Ukraine. It was worth 10 times what I paid for it! The hospital over there needed penicillin more than they needed a laser though and 42 grand paid for a lot of medicine.

After Tex stared for awhile he looked at his mother. "Mommy?" He was crying. "Am I still a boy?"

"Of course, you're still a boy, dear!"

"But, mommy, I look like a girl down there!"

His mom surprised him when she cradled his balls in her hand and said, "Oh, no, you don't. No girl has balls like these little beauties! Sure, you don't have a cock, and girls won't have any interest in you, but look at the bright side – that's a big plus! Now, you won't be distracted by every skirt that walks by, and LeeAnn here did you a big favor – saved you from going to jail and permanently screwing up your life for forcing yourself upon her mother."

"Forcing? Her mother? I don't remember .... What did I do?" he groaned through his foggy memory with the pain pills still making him a little slow to react.

"Don't worry about it, honey," his mom continued, "LeeAnn reacted horribly and irrationally by cutting off your dick, but in so doing, she solved a lot of your problems. Now you won't be distracted from the goal we know you want. Plus LeeAnn has agreed to marry you, and best of all, you still can have children – artificial insemination."

Tex wanted to get dressed and get up and try to walk. That's when I introduced him to his new underwear.

"Tex, honey, here are your new panties," I said gleefully as I held up some fancy pink panties with lace and bows trimming them.

He looked at them in horror. "What are those for? Where are my Jockeys I had on when I came over here?"

"Oh, we threw them away. Rough cotton boys' underwear is much too harsh for you to wear against your highly sensitive cockhead peeking out of your little pussy-like lips. These are what you'll be wearing from now on – panties – pretty girls' panties. Aren't they adorable?"

Now Tex is a boy without a dick and just two nice little balls in his panties.

His sissy panties fit him nicely, huh? I added the little heart applique with the "LeeAnn & Tex" embroidery and sewed on the pink satin bows.

Of course, mom had to be the first to check out the flat front of his panties!





“What? Wear panties? Me wear panties!” Tex stared at me, not understanding what I had just said.

His mom smiled and said, “Well, it only seems logical for you to wear pretty girls’ panties; they’ll fit you so nicely.” His mom rushed over and they hugged. His father just hung his head, not speaking up on his son’s behalf and blushing in shame. His mom giggled, and my mom and I grinned at each other, as she said, “Yes, you’re still a boy! You still have your balls, and you’re going to give me some grandchildren! Lots of them! Understand me? And you’ll get to love wearing girlie panties. After all, you can’t wear boys’ underwear anymore. You don’t have a dick to take out through the front opening. You have to sit down to pee now, so you might as well wear panties. LeeAnn – she’s so smart – told me most boys secretly want to wear sexy girls’ panties anyway but don’t have the guts to do it. So you my lucky boy are going to have that pleasure – a pleasure most other boys only dream about! And LeeAnn, she’s so sweet; she already bought you a dozen pairs of the fanciest panties she could find. After all, if you’re going to be wearing panties, you might as well go whole hog and get the fanciest ones money can buy. You lucky boy!” His mom looked at Tex sternly, giving him a little tough love.

“You mean I have to wear girls’ nylon panties with bows and ....”

“Oh, yes, dear — and pink, of course. Just like the ones LeeAnn is holding up. She bought you a stack of pink panties. Pink can be your color now that you don’t have a dick. I know you’ll look lovely in pink panties.”

“But, mom, I don’t want to ...”

His mom then leaned over and whispered into his ear loud enough for us to hear, “But, of course, you want to, dear; I know about all those times, you shot your spunk into my panties. Don’t think I knew when you ...”

Tex gently pushed her away, “OK, mom! OK, Mom, sure ...”

Tex looked at me and I could see he was nervous. He didn’t know what to say or how to feel. Tex would soon learn to love me as much as I loved him, I was sure. And with all that testosterone and the limited relief I planned for him, he’d make one heck of a football player too! But first ... there was the small matter of the Science Fair to win!

Tex recuperated while I worked on the display. I had to be able to explain quickly and graphically what I had accomplished. It was hard but rewarding work; daddy was a big help. It was his idea to use a 42" plasma TV to show the medical procedure I had used. I have to admit, it looked flashy when it was all set up. In my presentation, I’d trace Tex’s progress from his recuperation through six weeks of alternating multiple and denied orgasms, and then leading up to the actual event, a long period of almost no sexual relief as I built up his stamina for my final presentation illustrating the effects of my surgery on a horny teenage boy.

Of course the best part was to be Tex himself. Daddy built a little thirty-inch high revolving platform for him to stand on. People would naturally want to see our project live and in person as I gave my speech. Then, in a private session just for the judges, I would have Tex drop his pants, exposing his fancy panties for the judges, and then I would bring him to orgasm in his panties several times in quick succession to prove the functionality of his penis head and demonstrate not only how he ejaculated but also my control over his ejaculation. But convincing Tex to model for the judges on the platform in his nice new girlie panties was going to take some doing! I could understand his reluctance! Every time I brought the subject up, he’d pull the blanket over his head and cried miserably! And even though he was now thoroughly hooked on spurting in nylon panties, even his mother couldn’t cheer him up when she told him she had personally decorated a brand new pair of pink satin panties just for the show! I was really getting worried. He had healed just fine, of course, I was even planning on a little more surgery, just some lasing of his epidermis to eliminate small scars I hadn’t been able to avoid during the operation. He was going to look perfect and his picture would be in text books for years to come!

As I said, the good part was that he had really taken to panties. At least his penis-less frontal area did. He wanted to cum almost constantly. Just walking rubs his silky panties against his penis head and makes him want to shoot off! By rubbing my hand over his dickless crotch through his panties, like feeling up a girl, his balls spurted cum in no time flat — well more like one or two spurts and the rest of his cum drooled out. The panty fetish information I had read was true, and if anything understated its effectiveness. With Tex, I verified the panty fetish theory. He was a panty nut, a totally addicted panty wanker within days not even weeks, but he feared being put on show like a freak as he described himself. As a last resort, Tex’s mom convinced her husband to talk to their son.

“Tex, uh ...” he coughed a little. “Now listen to me, son, you, uh ... need to listen to your mother. And ...” He glanced at me and swallowed nervously as he fought for words to motivate his son.

To bring you up to speed on Henry, Tex’s dad: At the request of his wife, I had his balls in a little glass jar and in satin panties within two weeks of the ‘rape’ incident. Tex’s mom wanted them in a snow globe paperweight for her desk at work, but I hadn’t had a chance to do that yet. Even though it wouldn’t have taken long, she was very understanding knowing I was quite busy constructing my project and administering to Tex.

“Son, you need to get out of this bed and stop moping around.”

“Dad, you don’t know what it’s like! S-She cut off my dick! You ... you don’t know, Dad!”

“Now, ah-h-h-h, son ...” He blushed and tilted his head a little. “I do know a little something about it, and uh, well ... LeeAnn loves you. That’s why she did it. .... Now you might not





Tex was stunned when  
his father showed him  
LeeAnn had castrated  
him and he too now  
wears satin panties.

“D-Dad?” Tex was staring at the empty place between his father’s legs where his plump little balls had once been. “What happened?” He sat up straight, which I took as a good sign.

“Well, your mother ...” His wife gave him a little kick in the shin. “Your mother ... decided I didn’t really need those pesky testicles anymore so she, uh ... she had LeeAnn remove them and ... and now I’m glad she did, son, because now ... now I don’t have to compete with other men for her attention like I used to. I can, um, relax and be the husband I should have been all these years. And I’m embarrassed to admit it, but I do love wearing panties. Most guys have no idea how great it is to wear soft, sissy panties like you and I do. If they only knew, they’d be lined up at hospitals all over the nation to get their dick or balls or both cut off to entitle them to wear silky panties despite the shame.

“I don’t have any balls and you don’t have a dick, and both of us are wearing girlie panties because we are not good at being male and no longer deserve to wear male underwear. Other guys call me a pantywaist and a faggot, but I’m getting used to it, so I don’t care. I love wearing panties. Being teased is a small price to pay for the wife

and son I love. Besides, I love jerking off in my panties, even though I can’t spurt cum any more. Now my cock gets hard and stays hard in my panties forever! But you can cum, and from what I’ve heard, you love saturating your pretty lace panties with your cum. You, uh ... put your dick on the chopping block for this great girl and her science project, and you sure don’t want to see all that hard ... work ... go to waste!” He was looking down. I didn’t think he sounded very convincing.

“Everyone will laugh at me! Especially when they find out I now wear panties,” Tex yelled. “And how would you know, anyway?”

“Look here son ... come on, get your head out from under the blankets and stop hiding. I have something to show you.” Tex’s dad was undoing his trousers, exposing his pale yellow panties with pink lace and bows and then pulling them down a bit. “Take a look at me, son; I know about being cut and wearing panties.”

I had done a nice job on him, I thought, for my first castration. He was totally smooth underneath his rather useless penis. No scars at all either, I had cleaned him up nicely, and I never got tired of inspecting the work I had done on him.

“That’s easy for you to say, dad!” Tex whined, and I rolled my eyes. “So she got you in panties, but she didn’t ... didn’t ... didn’t cut off your dick!”

“No she didn’t cut that off, but ... uh .... You’re right about that, son. Just remember, having a dick doesn’t make you a man!” His wife was prodding him, whispering in his ear. “Uh ... balls make a man, trust me. And you got some nice healthy ones there.”

Tex was silent for a minute but then mumbled, "But ..."

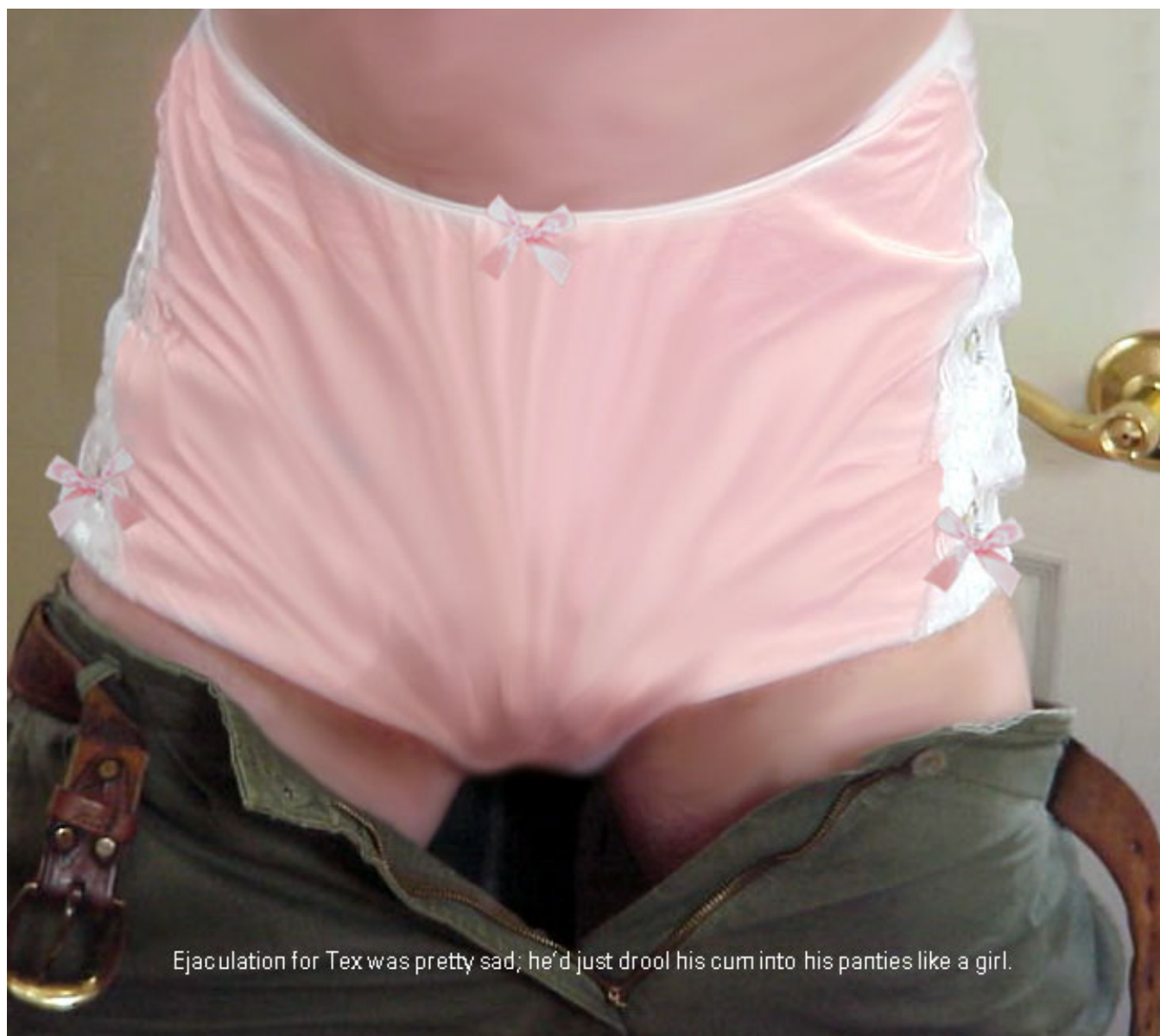
I didn't think it was going to work.

"No butts!" his dad said clearing his throat. "I'm ... s-sorry I let my balls get in the way of so much happiness, and well ... physically I'm not really a man anymore, son. But I haven't been much of a man for a long time -- not like your mother needs, so ...". She kicked him again. "So, there will be some ... er, changes in our house ... because your mother has sexual needs, but don't you worry about that now. The important thing is you still have your balls and you have a woman who loves you and who needs you, son, and that's all any man can ask for in this world! Now, you, uh ... you get ready, ride that rotating platform at the science fair and hold your head up high. Don't worry about what the judges and any other people will say. Believe me, when, uh ... when they see how happy you and LeeAnn are, why they'll ... uh ... they'll know it was a good and brave thing you did!"

Wow! I was almost clapping after that little speech! He did come through! Tex's mom gave her husband a smile and a loud little snap of his panty waist elastic, telling him he was a good little eunuch, and he could give her a foot massage later while she talked on the phone to a man with a big cock she had met at church. Knowing his wife was now happier than ever before seemed to please this broken man, and I was glad I'd been able to make them so happy with just a couple swipes of my scalpel.

Tex was nodding and he looked at me, his face questioning, I thought. I confessed aloud to him, "I love you, Tex. Please, trust me, OK? I only want what's best for us, for both of us."

"I, um ... I love you too, LeeAnn. You make me so happy. The way you make me cum in panties drives me crazy. I just wish you would do it a lot more often." He was tearfully smiling. I felt my heart do a little flutter. "I just ... I mean all those people and ..."



Ejaculation for Tex was pretty sad; he'd just drool his cum into his panties like a girl.

"Well, your training schedule for this project has dictated how often you should cum. And lading up to the show, you know it was important for you to abstain from spunking your beloved panties. The wearing of a Kotex pad over your sensitive penis head has pretty much eliminated your almost constant panty ejaculations you were having with the exception of the occasional drooling wet dreams you have. Do a good job, today, and maybe I'll let you off the rag and shoot off a lot more often. And as for what people will say and think, oh, pooh!" I giggled. "They'll look at you in amazement! Especially the girls! But don't let it go to your head!" I was smiling but warned him sternly, "You're my boy, and no one else's! They can look, and they can laugh, but they can't touch my panty-wearing wanker."

Tex swallowed hard but nodded, being so brave! "All right, LeeAnn, I'll, I'll do it. I love you and ... you love me. I'll do it."

He looked so strong up there, going slowly around in a circle while the judges stared at him. He had balked at the last minute, thinking it would be a private session just for the judges, but I had slipped him a little blue pill in his energy drink that helped his resolve because in addition to the judges, many of our teachers, friends and classmates also gathered. It was a nervous moment for me! But with the encouragement of our parents and his being reminded that his future was on the line, he did it! Oh, there were giggles when Tex dropped his trousers and his pink panties were revealed. Some of the boys turned pale ... in fact, most of the boys couldn't look for more than a few seconds before quickly moving on. The girls though -- I really needed to keep an eye on them -- I was glad my daddy was there. He was my official booth security guard ready to keep all those oing and ahing high school girls in check! Keeping Tex all to myself was supposed to be a side benefit of this operation, but with all these admiring, squealing girls had I underestimated his dickless appeal to females? Was I going to have to cut his balls off next?

The judges took notes on their clipboards as I gave them my presentation, even they smirked at Tex's panties with his smooth crotch that only featured his two neat little cum-filled balls hanging down in the bottom of his pink panties. I then pulled down his panties and gave them a chance to intimately inspect my handiwork. Of the three judges, I doubted if any of them were truly qualified to judge my project. I mean one guy was an electrical engineer, so he could appreciate some of the technical aspects, but the other two: a woman florist with a degree in history and a creep in a red sports jacket, a local television personality with a degree in meteorology! Come on, please! I tried to use small words and pointed at the graphics a lot.

The best part though was when I demonstrated my ability to make Tex ejaculate by rubbing his pantied boy pussy like a girl masturbates. The woman judge really loved that while the two men stood in shock with their mouths open! Tex had a good store of untapped sperm and I hoped it was enough with the high-protein supplements I had him on ... I really wanted to put on a show! "Okay, stand back please!" I smiled as I lovingly pulled up Tex's silk panties (too a chorus of groans and excited oos)

and then started to stroke his flat panty front. To speed things up, I snapped his panty elastics and then from behind jabbed at his sissy rosebud through the nylon panties. I had cameras on and a variety of measuring devices ready to evaluate his semen.

Tex nodded and closed his eyes; I knew he was ready. I would have preferred to isolate him completely since I was sure a crowd of adoring young girls was giving him added pleasure. But the judges didn't seem to notice their possible influence.

I gave him several more gentle, teasing caresses through his sleek panties. He groaned loudly. Several people, mostly girls, suddenly gasped as Tex arched his back and the little opening in the smooth soft flesh where his penis had once been released a long jet of his creamy sperm that shot through his humbling panties and up high into the air! It landed nearly three feet away, puddled on the floor just inches from a little bull's eye I'd drawn with a piece of chalk. Tex was groaning loudly and his eyes were tightly shut; he looked amazingly happy. After the first shot, smaller emissions followed and then he drooled out more cum for a good 30 seconds before I stopped and let him relax with his panties saturated and drops of cum dripping down his thighs.

I waited until the stunned crowd returned their full attention to Tex before I started jacking him off once again, a vigorous wanking, and within one minute I had him shooting off a second barrage of cum so torturous for him that he had to grab onto a chair to keep himself from collapsing. I was gratified to see his sperm shooting out in a series of rapid spurts, attaining only 1/3 the distance of the first before oozing out of his panty front in a foamy slime. It was quite nice, I thought, but I should have warned Tex I was going to do it so soon again, and it left him a dazed. But he told me later it had felt wonderful!

It was disappointing because we only took third place. I let Tex accept our award; he'd never won anything before except trophies for some sports junk. Plus he was still assured of getting his "A" in biology. A nice (I'm sure gay) professor from Cal-Tech offered us a research grant and Tex was almost accepted it before I snatched it out of his hand. "But we would need more funds ... facilities ... staff." I shook my head and giggled. His numbers were totally inadequate! "I'm sorry professor, but I'm not sure you've considered all of our needs ... my boyfriend wants to play football." I told him with a shake of my head. "Does Cal-Tech have a football team?"

"No," he shrugged, and I gave him his papers back.

"But USC does, and I can swing it," said an effeminate-looking man stepping forward, "a great football program and a top medical school too."

So I said to the old faggot, "Well, let's talk!" ♦

Based upon "Girl Genius" sent to us by Rachael



## Rare Internet Girlie Boy Photos

Enjoy these photos are from <http://sheboys.tripod.com/> an old, now defunct foreign Internet web site. Especially take note of the pervert clown in the pictures checking out the boy's bra strap and lifting up his skirt to see his panties!







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## I was the Most Frequently Petticoat Punished Boy at My Catholic School

When I was ten years old and in the fourth grade, my dad got a new job, and I was transferred to a Catholic school. Right from the start, the nuns considered me rude and a little heathen. And at this school, every time a kid misbehaved, the nun put his name on the blackboard and put one or more marks after his name, depending upon the severity of the offense, and whenever a boy hit 100 points, he had to wear a dress the following day, sit with the girls (girls and boys sat on separate sides of the classroom in those days), and do everything the girls did, include playing with the girls on the girls' playground during recess and after lunch. If a girl got 100 points, which was an extreme rarity, she had to put on boys' clothes and do the boy things – but that was no punishment equal to a boy spending time in a dress!

I was picked for this punishment more than any other boy during that year and the next four years I was at that school until I graduated from the eighth grade.

I was shocked the day, Sister Gertrude sent me home with a note explaining the petticoat punishment program to my mother and asking her to have me bring in a full set of girls' clothes in my

size because I was nearing 100 points and would surely soon make that total and get sentenced to 'girlie time' as they called it.

My mother thought it was a horrible to subject a boy to such treatment, and I was all aglow when she went to school with me the next day to see the principal to complain and tell her she refused to let them do it to me.

I thought I was off scot-free until my mother picked me up after school and drove me to a dry goods store to buy me some girls' clothes. I cried and asked her why she was doing it when she had told me she wouldn't let them do it to me. She explained 'girlie time' was school policy, and if she didn't go along with it, I'd be expelled and have to go to my local public school, which was in a high crime neighborhood, a rundown school with horrible academic standards. Mom told me she was going along with the punishment because she had been appalled when the principal read to her the report outlining all the

rules I had broken and the things I had done wrong. (Those nuns kept detailed records of the boys' misdeeds!)

When we arrived at the store – thank goodness it was just a small neighborhood store run by a skinny little old lady, mom had the lady help select things in my size, all the things on a list Sister Gertrude had sent home with me. But the worst part was that since no one else was there at the time, mom made me undress and try on the slip and dress and shoes right in the aisle of the store. Mom also bought me three pairs of white ankle socks and three pairs of lace panties. When I saw her talking with the lady at the panty counter and discussing panties for me, I looked away in horror and pretended she really wasn't going to buy me girls' nylon panties. I don't know why I thought that, but I guess I was wishing hope against hope, but that all came to a crashing end when mom pulled me over to her and held me still while the lady put pairs of panties up to my waist and talked with my mom about the panties until they decided on the right size and style. The lady was laughing a little the whole time but I tried not to hear it, and she did say she had outfitted a couple of boys before from my school for their turn at petticoat punishment. That was the first time I had heard that term, and I think the first time my mom heard it too, because when the lady said it, mom burst out laughing. For all that mom had been against this punishment, she was now really into it and seemed to be having fun buying these clothes and making me try them on – thank goodness I didn't





have to try on the panties in front of that wicked, cackling old lady who had a strong smelling, nasty perfume on that I remember to this day!

On the way home, mom told me I had to take the clothes with me to school the next day, and she told me if I didn't want to be punished in them, I simply had to stay out of trouble for the remaining four months of the school year. Mom told me my total stood at 91 points, so I would have to be on my very best behavior to avoid the Girlie Day punishment.

Well, despite my trying my darndest, within six days I reached the 100 points! I was a sorry sight when I came to school that next day. And as I walked into my classroom, Sister Gertrude told me I had to immediately report to the principal, Sister Austin, the Mother Superior.

I told myself I was going to try and talk my way out of it, and I promised myself I wasn't going to cry like a baby, but the moment I went in Sister Austin's office and opened my mouth, no words came out, and I started crying like a big baby! Sister told me to be quiet and take all my clothes off including my underwear, and when I did I looked up at her, and despite having tear-filled eyes I saw her advance on me with a pair of lacy pink panties in her outstretched hands. She deliberately held them right up to my face so I would get a good look at them. She told me to dry my eyes – I tried but I couldn't stop crying – and then she made me kiss the panties and ask her to put them on me. I had my hands covering my penis because I was so embarrassed to be naked in her presence, and my little peter was stiff – I have no idea why – I certainly didn't think this was a pleasurable experience. But my stiff little dickie made my shame all the worse. The girls in class always laughed when a boy had a boner pushing out the front of his pants; they would laugh and point at him. Well, my little erection was no big deal to Sister Austin, she simply snapped her finger against the underside of it, and it deflated as I yelped in pain and surprise. Then she hurriedly forced my feet through the lacy legs of the panties, pulled them up briskly and let the panty waistband go with a hard snap. I jumped and blinked away the tears in my eyes as I looked down and saw she had pink pantied me in no time flat.

The slip, dress, ankle socks and schoolgirl shoes followed. She even clipped two pink bows in my hair as she said, "Nice pretty pink bows for a naughty boy. These adorable pink bows will let everyone know what color panties you are wearing. And I must warn you that while you are in dresses if you sit like a boy and everybody can see your panties, you'll get more bad marks after your name, so be careful! And don't let the boys pull your dress up. You're expected to keep your dress down and act like a perfect little lady at all times -- or more demerit points."

I had seen a couple of boys suffer petticoat punishment before I fell subject to it – and I had teased and made fun of those boys more than most of the other kids, so I had a pretty good idea of what to expect from the nuns and the other boys and girls, but seeing someone else suffer is completely different from being

the one who has to suffer in the cruel grip of girls' clothes that tickle you every second they are on your body and never let you forget you are being punished like a world class sissy.

One thing I didn't know is that after school, I had to wear the clothes home so my mother could wash them and send them back to school with me the next day so they would be ready for the next time I reached the 100 point total. It's great that I'm a good runner. I ran all the way home and only got cornered twice by packs of other kids waiting to molest me, pull my skirt, tickle my panties and call me every sissy name in the book.

At home, mom made me keep the dress and things on until dinner time when my dad got home from work. He didn't like seeing me like that, but he just said maybe it would do me some good and make me stay out of trouble. Of course, mom lifted up my dress and slip and showed him the pink panties I had on, I had never seen a look like that on my dad's face. I could tell he was very uncomfortable and asked mom to change me out of those clothes right after dinner. She did. Then she washed and ironed them and stacked them up by the front door ready for me to take to school the next day.

One scary thing happened that night, my Aunt Marion stopped over after her shift at the magazine printing company where she worked, which she often did, and she sat in the living room for about an hour talking with mom – and the whole time those girls' clothes were on the chair right next to her with the dress folded up and the little girls' white slip and pink panties right on top! And after I went to bed, I heard my aunt and mom laughing a lot, and I was sure mom was tell her all about my punishment and showing her the sissy clothes I had worn that day. And after that day, Aunt Marion always looked at me differently and smiled at me a lot – I knew when she looked at me that in her mind, she was picturing me dressed up like a dumb little schoolgirl!

I really did try hard to improve my behavior, and it was almost six weeks before I had another Girlie Day punishment. It was horrible, of course, but not nearly as bad as that first day. I was petticoat punished two more times that school year, for a total of four times, the most of any boy. Three other boys each had gotten the punishment twice, but I was clearly the record holder of this dubious honor, and each year I was in school at Saint John's, I maintained the record!

I really hated wearing girls' clothes, but some of the kids teased me and said I must like wearing dresses and panties because I got into trouble a lot so I could wear them! It wasn't true. And as much as I had dreaded when it had happened, it was only after I was in high school and looked back that petticoat punishment began to sexually excite me. I had no idea why my cock would get hard as a rock whenever I thought about it. And that's when I started raiding mom's lingerie drawers and the dirty laundry every day. I'd find mom's slips and panties and jack off in them to mind blowing orgasms ten times better than anything I experienced dating girls. I've been that way ever since! ♦