

# Pussy Boy Pages

Reader's Stories & Pics

## Volume 22

### ***My First Cum Happened in Panties***

*His auntie and mom caught him in her stockings, slip and panties, but they made him feel better!*

### ***Mother Joins Me in Panty Wanking***

*Mother was a nurse and well aware of things like panty-wanking little boys, so when she caught him stealing and masturbating in panties, she joined him!*

### ***Auntie Knows Best***

*Under threat of being sent to a juvenile home for delinquent boys, auntie petticoat punished me with luscious panties, slips, and stockings.*

***Plus a lot more!***

**Adults Only**

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

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## **Mother Joins Me in Panty Wanking**

When I was eleven I discovered mother's panty drawer, and I spent quite a bit of time trying them on during the time I was home alone after school until mother came home from work at the hospital. Soon after, our neighbors were going on vacation and asked my mother if I would walk their dog twice a day while they were away. Mother said OK, and they gave me a key to their house as they were leaving.

The neighbors had a pretty teenage daughter. I was familiar with mother's panties, which were silky smooth but mostly white because she was a nurse, but I was in for quite a surprise when I went panty hunting in their daughter's panty drawer while I was in their house tending to the dog. The girl had a large stock of nice silky nylon briefs in every color imaginable and most of them had all kinds of lace and fancy trim on them. I began stealing them and wearing them at night while sleeping. Well, I didn't do much sleeping while wearing her cute panties since I'd spend a good part of the night masturbating into the panties. I found that if I wore two pairs of panties at the same time, lay on my stomach and rubbed myself against the bed, my penis would slide around in the double panties for a fabulous teasing sensation. I could do that for hours for a wonderful slow jack off session.

The panties I had stolen I kept hidden behind the console stereo in my bedroom. One day when I got home from school, I went I came in from playing I saw my stash of panties neatly stacked on top of the stereo. Had I left them there over night and in the morning? Had mother seen them? Oh my God, was I going to be embarrassed and in trouble. I quickly hid them behind the stereo again.

I was so scared that I went to bed early after dinner, but was wide-awake. I had developed such a panty habit that I was unable to sleep without them on. I quickly got out of bed and picked out my favorite pair, a light blue pair with lace around the legs and waist and bows at the waistband and legs in the front. I was lying in bed under the covers and lightly stroking my hard penis through the panties when mother came into my room and sat on the side of my bed. She asked if I felt OK. I said yes, I was just a little tired and ready to go to sleep. She said OK I looked a little bit flushed, but she just kept sitting there.

Soon she asked if I knew anything about some panties she found behind my stereo when she was cleaning. I froze and my penis shrank to about ½ inch. I said “no.” She said, “They are right here” and went to my stereo where I had found them when I got home. She looked around and said, “I left them right here on top of your stereo. Are you sure you don't know anything about them?”

I knew I was caught but said “no” anyway.

She pulled out my stereo and found them stashed back in the same place. (Boy was I stupid to put them back there!) She pulled out the stack of panties and said, “How in the world did these get back behind the stereo again?” I just stared back at her, scared to death.

She started flipping through the panties looking at them. I couldn't believe she was just standing

there leafing through my panties. I didn't know what she could possibly be doing. Soon she said, "If you don't know about these, I wonder where they came from and what they are doing here."

I said, "Maybe they were stuck in the back of the stereo when we got it?"

She said, "I don't think so. As a matter of fact, I think one pair is missing."

It hit me like a lightning bolt. I had forgotten that I was lying in bed wearing the light blue pair. Oh my God, oh my God!

She said, "It was a really cute light blue pair with lace and bows. Do you know where they are?"

"N-o-o-o", I said.

She said, "Let me look around and see if I can find them." She made a big deal about looking behind the stereo again, under my bed and behind the drapes. She said, "I can't seem to find them, would you get out of bed and help me?"

Oh my God! "No," I said.

"Why not? You've always been such a helpful boy. Maybe you don't want me to see something?" She came back over to my bed and sat down. She very slowly started pulling down my covers. I just lay there frozen stiff as she inched down the covers. As she uncovered the lace of the waistband she stopped and nodded her head a little and slowly caressed the lace between her thumb and finger. She pulled the covers down another inch and saw a bow and slowly rubbed the bow and the satin of the panty. I don't know why but I started getting hard again. She inched down the covers a little more and as my penis started growing the other direction her lowering hand met my growing penis. I gasped and she did, too.

She then pulled down the covers all the way and there I was lying on the bed in the light blue panties in front of my mother.

"I thought you may have been into my panty drawer recently, but I didn't know what to do about it. I don't know where you got these but my guess is you must have been stealing them and that has to stop. Stand up and let me see how they look on you."

I was in a daze but stood up anyway.

She turned me around and felt my bottom and front. She looked at the tag and said, "They look really good on you, but they are a little tight, I think you need a size larger. I tell you what, if you will stop stealing panties, I will buy you some every once in a while. And all I ask is that you model them for me whenever I get you new ones. I never understood how men could wear the bulky cotton ones anyway. The satin and nylon are so much more comfortable. You can wear them whenever you want, I just don't think it is a good idea to wear them to school. And especially since I am a nurse, I know that you won't just 'wear' them, so whenever you shott off into them, just put them in the hamper and I'll wash them for you. Somehow you have gotten a

panty fetish. And I know boys who like panties are probably hooked on them for life. I can accept that. Your secret is safe with me.”

She left my room with me just standing there in my panties. I was still standing there when I heard noises coming from mother's room. When I looked in the hall I could see her bedroom door wasn't closed all the way, which was very unusual. The hall light was off and I kept hearing loud moaning, so I slowly walked to her door and peered in. I had heard moaning from her room before, but it was always muted, like she was trying to be quiet. This time the moaning was loud and uninhibited. The light on her dresser at the end of her bed was on and very bright and the only light on in the room. Mother was laying on her bed with her legs spread a little, her head back and eyes closed. All she had on was a light blue pair of panties with a very dark wet spot covering the crotch and most of the front. Her fingers were moving slowly on the outside of the crotch as I just stood there and watched mesmerized. My penis was as hard as it had ever been. She was just moving her fingers and moaning. Soon mother's fingers started moving very fast and her moaning and breathing got louder and faster. She bent her knees and moved her legs wide apart. I could not believe how wide she spread her legs. The crotch panel was tight against her. She cried out a little and moved her hand away from the crotch. The crotch was so wet that it was stuck to her skin. I swear I could see the skin twitching underneath. At that point her breathing slowed and she slowly opened her eyes and looked straight at me in her doorway and our eyes met. I didn't realize it but I had been stroking myself and at that point I had a huge orgasm and came all in the front of my panties. I had never actually cum in panties before. I had always caught my cum in Kleenex so i wouldn't soil the panties. Now I just stood there looking at mother and she looking back at me as my cum soaked the front of my panties and ran down to my balls. I looked at her eyes, then her soaked crotch, then my soaked crotch. I turned around and went back to my room.

I lay in bed in my soaking wet panties and thought of mother in her room with her soaking wet crotch. I fell asleep that way. When I woke up I went to the bathroom, put the panties in the hamper and took a shower. At breakfast we had our normal morning conversation without a mention of what had happened the night before, but mother was smiling at me a lot! When I got home I found my light blue pair washed and folded on my bed along with three new pairs all with lots of lace. I tried on all three, left on the pink pair, put on my jeans and went out to play. when mother came home from work, she asked if i had something to show her, and i sheepishly unzipped my jeans and showed her the pink lacy panties i had put on.

Every once in a while I would come home to find new panties on my bed. That night I would always model them for mother, and even though we never had another mutual masturbation session, I would sometimes hear noises coming from mother's room on those nights.

That following Christmas Mother gave me three matching pairs of lovely panties and all of them were made of real silk, one pair in pink, one in pale blue and one in yellow, and each pair had three lovely satin bows in front. Also in the box was a platinum wig. She said she knew I liked to look at myself in my big bedroom mirror while playing with myself in my panties and thought I'd enjoy wearing the wig to look even more girly. She said I could wear the wig around the house whenever I liked but especially wanted me to wear it whenever she would get me new panties and I would model them for her. She had me change out of the panties I was wearing and

put on the yellow pair along with the wig, and she took pictures of me!

In high school, I started to become embarrassed being a panty-wearing sissy and wanted to be more like my peers. And I wanted to start dating girls. I knew I couldn't go out with girls while wearing panties, so I tried to make mother believe I was over my panty fetish. At one point, I even told her I wasn't going to wear panties any more. She got angry and stormed out of my room. The next day when I came home I went to change into play clothes and saw that my bed was stacked with about two dozen pairs of new panties in various styles, ranging from grown-up girl panties with sexy lace and see through panels to little girl panties that had wide rows of lace and ruffles around the legs and on the back.

I went and looked in my regular underwear drawer and it was empty. She had taken all of my boys' underwear away!

I heard a noise behind me and saw mother was in the doorway. "Brian, you hurt my feelings yesterday. I thought you liked all of the nice panties I've bought for you over the years. I know that you know how much I like seeing you in your panties. Why would you want to stop?"

"I-I-I don't know, Mother," I said.

"Well I thought about it last night and decided that for all that I do for you, you can do this for me. I know you have a fetish, and I guess I do too. So here is the deal. If I have to blackmail you I will. I have saved all of your old panties in a safe place and have thrown away all of your boy underwear. As long as you live in this house you will wear panties. If you refuse, I will show all of your friends your old collection of panties and the pictures I've taken of you in panties. I will tell every girl that you try to date that you are a sissy panty boy. But, if you play along, your secret will remain safe with me for the rest of my life."

That night she left her door ajar and I could hear her masturbating into the night. The new panties became a part of my life, and many times I was sure people knew I was wearing panties.

From that time on until I moved out and went to college I wore panties 24/7. I would wear a solid color brief when going the doctor in hopes that they wouldn't notice. In gym class at school I would always find a way to change when the others weren't looking. When I was coming home from college for a visit mother would insist I wear panties on the airplane home and she would always check me when I came in the door and then have some fresh panties laid out for me to change into.

After college I got married, and one day mother came for a visit, and while we were sitting having cocktails before dinner mother reached into her bag and brought out a box. "I brought a little present for my favorite boy," she said to my wife and me.

I was horrified. Would she really?

"Open it," my wife said.

“Uh, maybe after dinner,” I replied.

“No, open it now,” mother said.

I slowly untied the ribbon and removed the paper from the package. I opened the box and pulled the packing tissue out. As I unfolded the tissue I discovered a light blue pair of panties with lace around the legs and waist and bows at the waistband and legs in the front. I just stared at what was in my lap. It was the first pair of panties mother had ever seen me in and my favorites at the time.

“Pick them up and show them to your wife,” mother said. I handed them to my wife.

“These are cute!” she said. As she looked at the tag she said, “I don't get it. These are a size 5, a little small for me, and they look worn.”

Mother said, “They were his favorites when he was a boy. And they were well worn! I had to wash that pair at least three times a week. He was quite...”

“MOTHER!” I yelled, “That's enough!”

“You think that Cheryl doesn't know about your panty fetish?” mother asked. “Women are very intuitive. She has to know by now, don't you Cheryl?”

“Well this is quite an interesting conversation to be having with my mother-in-law,” Cheryl replied. Turning to me she said, “You mean these were yours as a boy?”

I nodded.

“You wore panties as a boy?”

Another nod from me.

Mother then handed her a photo of me as a boy wearing the yellow panties and the platinum wig as she pulled the wig from the box.

My wife was a little stunned but hid it pretty well. “Very interesting. Now some things make sense. I guess since we are having such a forthright conversation, I did think it strange originally that he would always want me to touch myself through my panties while he watched. And I've noticed that sometimes my panties seemed to be in disarray in my panty drawer.” Then she turned to me and said, “Have you been wearing my panties?”

“Uh, sometimes,” I replied. Mother had a big smile on her face.

Cheryl looked me in the eyes for what seemed like hours, but what was really about 10 seconds.

“You wear my panties?” she asked again.

I nodded sheepishly.

“Often?”

I pursed my lips and nodded again.

“When?” she asked.

“When you aren't home mostly. I put them on and walk around the house. Sometimes I'll put some on when I get home from work and have them on under my pants and you don't know about it.”

“Do you masturbate while wearing my panties?”

I gulped and looked away as I nodded.

She was staring at me I could feel her eyes on me. “I was wondering why we weren't making love as much lately.” She said, “Why do you like wearing them?”

“I don't know. I just always liked how they looked and felt.”

“Do you like other men?” she whispered.

“No. Not at all. I'm not interested in men in any way, shape, or form. I just like panties.” I answered.

“What kind of panties do you like?” she asked.

“Always nylon or satin, never cotton. Sometimes sexy and daring black or see through. Other times pink or lacy and frilly feminine. Sometimes just plain, smooth satin. I've worn all of your panties at one time or another.”

“Do you want to wear them always?” She asked, smiling.

“Yes. No. I don't know.” I hadn't planned on having this conversation today or possibly ever, so I wasn't prepared with all the answers.

“I'll be back in a minute,” Cheryl said as she got up and left the room.

Oh, my gosh! I will soon be in panties in front of my wife and Mother with their consent. My heart was pounding.

She came back with very sexy pale blue satin pair with wide lace insets on the legs.

“Here, put these on, I want to find out how my man looks in panties.”



Mother had a huge smile on her face.

I stood up, turned away from my wife and mother, removed my pants and my white boxers and slid the panties on. My penis was standing at attention. I was extremely embarrassed, but excited.

Cheryl walked up and felt my hard penis through the panties, turned me around and rubbed my ass. Turned me back around, stepped back and said, "I have to admit. They do look good on you. Much sexier than your boxers. And, your penis shows how much you like them. I think I like them, too. What do you think, Mother?"

Mother replied, "I have always thought he was much cuter in panties. And, you know what? If you have him in panties, he will always do what you want, won't you Brian?"

I nodded sheepishly.

Mother added, "I'll tell you what, why don't you go put on your white gauze pants and a short T-shirt and I'll take the three of us out for dinner."

"With these panties on? They will show through the pants," I protested.

"Of course, silly, that's the point," Mother said. "A little of the lace may show through those thin trousers and since they're low cut, your panty waist elastic will probably peek out too. It's time for you to come out of the closet and show the world that you're a panty boy."

Cheryl loved the idea, so I knew that's exactly what we would be doing. Cheryl added, "Since we will both be dressing from the same panty drawer from now on, after dinner we'll go panty shopping and you can pick out your favorites for us. I'm looking forward to slipping my hand down your pants and fondling your pantied ass while were out. I may even point out your panties peeking out above your pants for our waitress. won't tha be fun?

"I can already tell that I'm going to like this. I've got plans for you when we get home," she said as she slid a hand up her skirt and rubbed her hand over her pantied pussy.

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## Aunty Know Best

In 1954 my father died in a car accident. I was fourteen and didn't understand why he had to die. I reacted by becoming a delinquent and running with the wrong kind of kids. Within less than a year, my mother died from complications with diabetes, the illness probably hastened by my rebelliousness. I was sent to a foster home and became even more of a problem, skipping school, getting into fights, and bullying younger kids.

My mother's sister, Anne, was my only living relative, and I had rarely seen her over the years because she didn't get along with my mother. My aunt petitioned the local court and was awarded custody of me.

Aunty had two daughters, but they were both married. She was a widow and now lived alone in a nice house almost a hundred miles away from where I had grown up. When I moved in with her, she set me up in one of her daughter's old bedrooms. While it was obvious the room was a girl's bedroom, Aunty had done her best to move the girlie things out of the room and make it more suitable for a boy.

The first few days were all right as we were getting to know one another. I missed my father and really missed my mother. In fact, I had missed her so much that I had taken not only several pictures of her but two of her dresses and an assortment of her lingerie. Discreetly, I would cuddle with these clothes in bed to feel close to her.

Aunty looked a lot like my mother, and that was very comforting. And during my first week there were times I almost addressed her as "mother." In the mornings, she would walk around in a thin cotton housecoat over her silk nightgown. She never buttoned the housecoat, and I got a

lot of peeks at her sexy nightie, and through the nightie I could see her thinly covered bras and panties.

I loved looking at her partially dressed and began spying on her. One morning about two weeks after I arrived, I snuck upstairs when she thought I was outside working in the garage. Her bedroom door was slightly open, and she was standing there in a silky white full slip. I could see the outline of her bra and panties through the thin slip. Then she sat down, pulled the hem of the slip up all the way around her waist and began putting on her tan nylon stockings and hitching them to her garter belt! I stared, transfixed looking at her fully exposed white nylon panties. I was more excited than I had ever been. I was spying on her and knew it wasn't right, but I couldn't stop looking. My prick throbbed in my pants.

I must have made some sort of sound because then Auntie looked in my direction and called out, "Who's there?! Michael, is that you?! Are you spying on me, you little devil?"

I quickly took off, running downstairs and outside, rubbing my cock as I ran. I found a hiding place in the garage where I was supposed to be working and jerked off through my trousers, as I thought about Aunty in her lingerie.

Afterwards she didn't say anything, so I had gotten away with it. But I continued to find opportunities to spy on her when she was dressing or peek at her when I could look up her skirts or dresses. I think she noticed my attentions but probably laughed them off as a teenage boy's curiosity. And she seemed to enjoy being a source of excitement for me and I believe she purposely let me have glimpses up her skirts at her lacy slips and stocking tops.

Just a few days later again I snuck upstairs while she was dressing. She was in a beautiful white satin slip with a huge beige lace bodice and hem and was just about to put on her beige nylon stockings.

Again, I stood behind the door and stared, transfixed through the gap in the partially opened door as she lifting her slip to put on her stockings. She was wearing a pretty white satin panties and a lace-trimmed that white bra under her lovely full slip. I went down to the basement and had an extremely satisfying wank. As I jerked on my cock, I noted the basket of dirty laundry and went through it looking for some of her lingerie. I found a pair of her white satin panties, wrapped them around my cock and jerked off as I called up visions of Aunty in her bra and panties! After I shot off in the panties, I hid them in the bottom of the dirty laundry basket, hoping Aunty wouldn't notice the mess I had left in them.

In addition to spying on Aunty, I would sneak into her room when she was out and gently rummage through her lingerie, feeling her panties, slips, bras and stockings, getting all aroused imagining her in them! I was very careful to leave things exactly as I had found them, but I did steal an occasional pair of panties from the bottom of the stack of panties she had in her drawer, and for about a week, I would use them to masturbate with and then return them to the dirty laundry, hoping she wouldn't notice my dried cum stains on them.

Every chance I got, I would watch Aunty dressing, and one day I saw her in just her white satin bra and panties standing before her mirror. I watched as she pulled a slinky white satin full slip trimmed with lace at its bodice and hem from her bureau drawer and then put it on over her head. She slid the slinky garment down her shapely body and smoothed it out and was just about to put her beige nylon stockings on.

Then she noticed me and said, "Michael! I know you're there. Don't stand out there! Come in here! I want to talk to you!"

I froze, horrified that I had been discovered. DAMN! I'm in for it now! I thought. I hesitated.

"Come here, Michael! Come and talk with me! NOW!"

Slowly, I entered. She had on a robe and sat on the bed, knees together, and patted the bed indicating she wanted me to sit down next to her.

"Why were you out there, Michael? Were you spying on me? Answer me!"

I didn't know what to say.

"Come on, Michael, why were you out there? Were you spying on me? Answer me!"

"Y-Yes, Aunty!"

"Why, Michael?"

"Y-You're s-so p-pretty, Aunty. I can't help it. I like looking at you and your clothes."

"What did you say?! You think I'm pretty?! I can't believe that! I'm older than your mother!" she replied with anger.

"H-Honest, Aunty! Y-You a-are a p-pretty woman!" I said.

"Well?! What's so pretty about me, Michael?"

"I-I like how you look in your clothes, Aunty."

"You're fascinated by my clothes!?"

I nodded sheepishly.

"Which clothes do you like so much?"

"Y-Your slips and ya-your bras and panties!" I said in an embarrassed low voice.

"So, Michael, you like my slips and lingerie! Hmm! Is that why you were peeking on me? So you could see what I was wearing?"

I nodded once more.

Aunty looked at me with a mixture of anger and curiosity. "So you were spying on me because you wanted to see how I looked in my bra, panties and slip?"

I nodded once more.

"Well, now that you've seen what I look like in them, do you like what you've seen?"

I looked at her and gave a sheepish, "Yes, Aunty."

She then stood in front of me. "Yes, this is one of my favorite slips. I suppose it's only natural for a young boy to be curious about what women wear under our dresses, and I can understand your fascination with slips. They are so feminine and nice aren't they?"

"Oh, yes, Aunty."

She just looked again at me and then said, "Well, you should have knocked, Michael! I would have put my robe on and answered the door and let you in! You could have asked me and I would have talked to you about my clothes and what women wear! I wouldn't have minded."

I was silent once more.

I now realized I had a huge erection in my trousers! This was not a good time!

She noticed my hard on, stared at it for a moment and just sat there and thought about things for a moment. She must have been thinking about the panties I had sneaking back into the laundry basket with my cum stains on them, as she said, "Michael do you ever play with my lingerie?"

"What do you mean, Aunty?" I said blushing and trying to look innocent.

"Answer the question! Yes or no! I've notice my lingerie drawer mess up from time to time, and my dirty laundry basket too. Do you play with my lingerie? Do you go into my laundry basket and play with my satin panties?"

"Y-Yes, A-Aunty, I-I do," I replied softly.

"And what items of my lingerie to you take and what do you do with them? Tell me!" she demanded.

I hesitated.

"Talk!"



"Y-Yes, Aunty, I ... uh ... I play w-with y-your p-panties! I ... uh ... I rub myself with them! I-I'm sorry, Aunty!" I said and went bright red with embarrassment.

She pondered what I said and then spoke quietly but firmly, "Shame on you, Michael! You shouldn't be taking my panties to masturbate in or playing with any of my things, especially my panties! Michael, taking my panties to masturbate in as well as spying on me and coming into my bedroom without my permission are all things I will not tolerate! You will return the panties you stole from me! If I ever catch you in my room or if I catch you spying on me again, I'll make you sorry that you ever did it! How dare you take my panties or spy on me or come in my room! I don't know what to do with you! If you ever do anything like this again, I will throw you out! Do you understand?"

I looked at her and replied softly, "Y-Yes, 'A-Aunty,' I u-understand. I-I'll n-never d-do it a-again!"

"Good! You are grounded for a month! You will have extra chores to do! You're lucky I don't hit you! Now get out of my sight, you pervert!" she said with a look of fury.

But I continued to be a problem for Aunty. I acted up, refused to listen to her, continued to sneak in her room and go through her bureau, spied on her, continued to steal her panties to masturbate in, stole money from her purse, and was becoming a delinquent in her eyes.

I think I acted that way and did those things because I was smaller than most of the other kids my age, had a slender, almost feminine, build, small hands, and long eyelashes, which often prompted people to say, "Oh, isn't he gorgeous, just look at those eyes; he really should have been a girl!" I hated hearing that, and I usually had an angry reply!

I guess I tried to make up for my lack physical size by showing off, being a roughneck and a bully.

About a month and a half after my arrival, a good friend of Aunty's, Mrs. Gloria Johnson, visited. What I immediately noticed about her was her full skirt light blue dress puffed out by layers of petticoats, her dark nylon stockings and blue high heels. I usually stayed clear when my aunt had her friends over, but with how she was dressed, I hung around and loved seeing her petticoats almost constantly on display under the edge of her dress. But then, as she was about to leave, she looked at me and said, "You know, Annie, your nephew is so good looking! I think he should have been a girl!"

This prompted an outburst from me, including an insult and a threat! She left in a hurry to the apologies of Anne.

After she left, Aunty said angrily, "You had no right to act like that! Mrs. Johnson was only trying to be nice! You're going to apologize to her tomorrow morning or else!"

"Or else what, Aunty" I replied sarcastically.

"You'll see! Now, go to bed! Get out of my sight!"

I left hurriedly, muttering angrily under my breath and slept fitfully that night.

When I came down to breakfast in the morning, Auntie was there talking to a policeman. She turned to me and said, "Here he is, Bill. Do you think you can do anything with him?"

"Sure, I can, Mrs. C. No problem," he replied.

"W-Who are you?" I asked.

"I'm Officer Bill Thompson. I've lived next to your Aunt my whole life. She's a great woman and I always remember how nice she was to me while I was growing up. She tells me you're a troublemaker; you think you're a tough guy!"

"I'm not a trouble-maker or a tough guy; I just stand up for myself! That's all. There ain't no law against that, is there!?" I said.

"No, there's no law against standing up for yourself, but there is a law against throwing rocks at little kids like you did two days after you got here! And laws against beating up other kids and being a Peeping Tom!"

I denied doing any of those things, but the officer said that he had witnesses and could prove it.

"Do you want me to take him away, Mrs. C? It'll be a pleasure!" he said.

"What will happen if you do take him?" Anne asked worriedly.

"Well, Mrs. C, he's a tough guy, so he'll probably resist but quickly learn he's not so tough when he mixes with some really tough kids at juvenile hall.

"Bill, what happens if I or no one presses charges?" Anne asked.

"In that case, he stays here with you, but you can press charges in the future, anytime you want!"

Auntie thought about that for a moment, and then said, "I have another idea of how I might deal with him." Then she turned to me and said, "Go into the living room and wait for me! I want to talk to the officer alone about what I'd like to do with you!"

"Auntie, don't send me away! I'll be good! I promise!" I said in desperation.

"Go! Now!" was her angry reply. "Auntie" pushed me out of the kitchen and closed the door with a loud slam. Now I was worried!

About 30 minutes later Anne and the officer called me back in.

"I have decided on a solution for you, Michael! I've talked it over with Officer Thompson and he agrees and sees no problem with my idea! My Grandmother talked about it when I was growing up! Petticoat punishment! That's what I'm going to do to you!"

"What are you talkin' about, Aunty" I asked.

"Petticoat punishment! I'm going to put you in dresses since you don't behave! The only thing is – I won't make you look like a girl, you're going to look like a boy who's wearing a dress! I'll shame you into behaving!"

"You're crazy! You ain't gonna put no dress on me!" I said.

"All right, Officer Thompson. If he won't let me put him in a dress, you can take him! I'll press charges," Aunty said.

The policeman grabbed me and pushed my face against the wall and put his handcuffs on me as he said, "All right, tough guy! You're mine now! Let's go!"

"Aunty!" I pleaded, "I'll do whatever you want! I'll wear dresses! I'll do anything! Just don't let him take me! Please! I'll behave!"

"Do you promise, Michael?"

"Yes! Anything! I promise! I'll be good honest!" I yelled.

"Bill, take him to his room. While I get a dress for him, strip him down to his underwear." Anne said.

Officer Thompson manhandled me and had me in my room, uncuffed and down to my shorts by the time Aunty came in with a party dress that used to be her daughter Katie's when she was about thirteen. The dress was a canary yellow with a white lace collar and cuffs and a broad band of matching lace around the hem.

"Put it on! Now!" she said as she handed it to me.

When I hesitated, the cop made a move toward me, and I then hurriedly pulled the dress on over my head. The policeman looked at me with a big smile on his face.

Aunty had him hold my arms while she reached under the dress and pulled down my underwear. Then they made me step into a pair of Katie's panties, frilly white nylon panties with flowers printed all over them.

"Look in the mirror!" Anne said as she was buttoning it up the back.

I looked in the mirror. I looked stupid! The dress was too small for me! I didn't look like a girl, just like a boy in a dress, a ridiculous sight! I turned bright red from embarrassment and wanted to hide, and Aunty was snapping pictures of me!

"Do you think this will work?" the officer said.

"I think it will keep him out of trouble because I'm going to hide all his boys' clothes and he'll have nothing else to wear except my daughters' clothes. If he gives me any trouble, I'll call you, Bill!"

"I won't be any trouble," I said with tears in my eyes.

For weeks after that, I endured wearing only Karen's or Katie's old dresses and lingerie, and Aunty had me doing the dishes, washing the floors, vacuuming and dusting and even helping with the laundry, and I did these chores because if I ever hesitated about doing whatever she wanted, she threatened me with having Officer Thompson come over and forcing me to go outside in a dress so people could see and make fun of me, then take me into custody and send me to juvenile hall still in my dress and panties for the delinquents there to see and tease me.

The one person I did not want to see was that cop. I was truly afraid of him! He did visit once a week and had his fun laughing at me. But even worse was when Anne's friend, Mrs. Johnson, the woman I had gotten angry with for telling me "I should have been a girl."

When she arrived I was in my room, but I could hear her say, "I came to see that nephew of yours, Anne! I want to see what he looks like since you told me you were keeping him in dresses."

Aunty came and pulled me out into the living room. Mrs. Johnson burst out laughing when she saw me in a bright pink cotton dress."

She had a hard time slowing her laughter enough to speak. "Well, I'll be darned. I was right! Your nephew should have been a girl! I know he looks like a boy now, but you could put a wig and makeup on him and fix him up and take him outside; no one would ever know he's not a girl!"

I blushed bright red and wished the floor would open up and swallow me. Aunty twisted the knife in me by making me apologize to Gloria for telling her off during her last visit.

Aunty then told her she was going to keep me in dresses all summer long. I knew I had to escape from there. I didn't know where I'd go to but anything, except going to juvenile hall, was better than the horror I had been going through.

But I did fall in love with the satin panties Aunty had me put on and wear every day. As part of my petticoat punishment, she had moved a bunch of her daughters' old dresses and lingerie into my room. I had a big drawer full of panties, and I frantically masturbated into a pair of the satin every night and then threw them away. I had so many panties I knew Aunty wouldn't miss them.

Then one morning she woke me up and said, "I know you are masturbating in your panties and throwing them away. I've been finding them in the trash almost every day and I want it to stop! And I know you are still going through my panties in my room too. I ought to spank you for stealing my panties and masturbating in them!"

Then she had me sit on her lap, and she put her hand under my dress and began playing with my penis in the satin panties I had on! I was shocked but also lost in the pleasure she was giving me. "I think you so envy girls' clothes that you want to become a girl so you can wear girls' clothes for the rest of your life, so I'm going to turn you into a girl!"

When Aunty said, "You'll look just gorgeous! You're going to make a lovely girl! A lovely sissy girl!" I spunked my panties.

My jism flowed through the panties and coated her hand. She shoved her hand up to my mouth and only said one word to me, "Lick!"

Much to my own surprise, I did!

Then she sat me at the dressing table, combed my hair into a feminine style. It was getting longer and I was surprised how she could make it look girlish. Then she started putting makeup on me. When I looked at myself in the mirror, I was stunned at how much I did look like a girl. Aunty then told me she was going to get me brassieres and long slips like she wore and dresses that were more suited to a teenager than the old little kids' party dresses she had been making me wear to shame me.

"Well, what do you think, Michelle?" Anne asked.

"Who's Michelle?" I asked.

"You are! Look at yourself in the mirror! Do you look like a boy? Do you look like that young hoodlum who was living here? You now look like a pretty young lady, so I'm going to call you Michelle."

She took me to the bathroom, had me take off the dress and cleaned me up after taking off my sticky cum-filled panties. She took me to her room, and put me into a pair of her own white satin



panties. They were a little large on me but felt so wonderful. She teased my penis in the panties for a moment and it stood right up and was ready to shoot! She told me to calm down, and then said, "Michelle, open the top drawer of my bureau."

From the drawer, she had me take out a white satin bra. I knew it wasn't hers; it was too small. She told me she had gotten it for me and now was the time for me to start wearing a bra! She helped me put it on and then had me take the next item out of the drawer, a delicate white nylon tricot full slip with pale pink lace along its bodice and hem. She held it open for me and slipped it over my head and outstretched arms. As soon as it went down over my body I was extremely conscious of its silkiness and ran my hands up and down my sides, reveling in the feel of the smooth, sensuous fabric.

I looked at myself in the mirror and felt so feminine! I was dressed as a girl, a real girl, not some stupid boy in a too small dress!

Anne was totally delighted with me. I didn't admit it but I was secretly thrilled as well.

"Stay there, dear! I want to take a few photos!"

Let me get my camera!" Anne said.

I heard that, turned a pasty white and asked, "W-Why?"

"So you behave yourself! So you don't turn into a hoodlum. So you don't go against me. Because if you do, I'll show these and all the photos I have of you in dresses to that gang of thugs you used to run around with, and I'll also show them to everybody you know!"

A little while later, I was sitting downstairs in the living room when I heard Aunty call me. I went upstairs to her room and knocked on her door.

"Come in, Michelle," she replied.

I opened the door and she was standing in front of her mirror wearing a white satin full slip.

"Well, dear, how do I look?" she asked. "I'm wearing my white satin full slip that's decorated with lace along its bodice and its hem that you first saw me in that day you were spying on me. And underneath I have on white nylon panties decorated with lace around the legs. I'm also wearing a white brassiere, a white garter belt with lacy trim on the front and I'm about to put on my nylons. That nasty Michael used to sneak peeks of me getting dressed, but now that you are Michele, you can be in my room while I'm getting dressed. Would you like to watch me finishing dressing, Michelle?"

I gulped and squeaked out a reply, "Y-Yes, uh, A-Aunty, I-I'd love that!"

Aunty sat down on her bed, rolled up a stocking, pulled her slip up and then unrolled the stocking up her leg before clipping it to the tab hanging from her garter belt. She did the same

with the other stocking on her other leg. Then she stood up with her back to her mirror, pulled her slip up to her waist and looked in the mirror behind her to see if the seams of her stockings were straight.

I was hard in my panties but I got even harder as she had me smooth out her nylon stockings and help straighten her seams. Aunty sighed and shuddered a bit as she felt my hands run up and down her legs. She seemed to be enjoying my hands on her legs as she deliberately teased me. She had me stand up and ran her hands under my dress and felt my hard on. I swooned.

She had me lie back on her bed and she told me to masturbate in her panties that I was wearing. She wanted to watch me pleasure myself and shoot my spunk into her panties.

As I started to manipulate my penis through the slip and panties, Aunty laid back along side me, pulled her skirt and slip up and started to play with herself through her white nylon panties. From the nightstand she got out a dildo and masturbated herself frantically with it while she watched me and heard me moaning and sighing. I masturbated to a fantastic orgasm, filling Aunty's nylon panties with my hot cum. After that, we engaged in mutual masturbation of one sort or another every day, and that was how we still play together to this day!

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## **My First Cum Happened in a Pair of Panties**

By the time I was ten years old, I had already investigated my mother's lingerie drawers as well as her nylon stockings and spiked high heels. She was short, so she wore really high heels to make her appear taller. I don't know how long before then I had been dressing up in her clothes, six months, a year, maybe several years – like I suppose most kids at that age, I didn't have a good concept of time, but I did know I had been doing it for what had seemed like a long time – anyway, it started with just her silky panties and evolved from there until the dreadful day that happens to most little boys who secretly dress up in their mommy's clothes one time too much: I got caught.

We had a big house, so it was easy for me to get away from mommy for a few minutes here or there while she was busy cooking or cleaning or talking on the phone, which she did a lot. Most of the time when she was on the phone, she'd talk for a long, long time, and I knew those were good opportunities for me to get into her things. I would always start with the panties; they were so pretty and fancy with lace and frills and so silky. They tickled the hell out of my little dickie. I'd get a pair of her panties from her drawer, from the dirty laundry, or most often from the stacks of clean clothes she had recently washed and piled up on a long table we had in the hallway between the bedrooms. I'd go to my room, drop all my clothes, put on the panties, and just breathe deeply for a few minutes as I rubbed my hands all over the big panties that I had pulled way up. I was a chubby kid, but still they were so big on me that they came all the elastic waistband came all the way up to my little titties. I'd shutter with excitement stroking those silky panties all over my chest and stomach and hips, and eventually I'd stop teasing myself and rub myself real hard between my legs – o-o-o-o-o-oh! And while I was doing that, I'd be dreaming about what I could put on next. Most of the time, I didn't do it for more than a minute or two because I was too afraid I'd get caught. But on occasion, when my urge was great and I realized mommy would be on the phone a long time or be otherwise occupied, I'd sneak into her room, look in her closet and open drawers and pull out things to wear. The possibility of getting caught scared me, but it also excited me, so I took more and more chances, and I fell in love with the possibility of being caught. I didn't really want to be caught -- or maybe subconsciously, I did – even at that young age I knew I was doing wrong and the thought of getting caught made my head spin.

Then on this one day, I had gotten a pair of her pale yellow panties from the table in the hallway. I had never seen them before, so I thought they were new. They had a ruffle of white chiffon going around the legs and a little white satin bow on each side. So after I put them on and did my standard little ritual of dancing around in my room feeling myself up, I went cautiously down the stairway to see if mommy was still well occupied.

On this day, my auntie was visiting. She wasn't my real auntie, just one of my mom's close friends, but they always had me call her auntie and that was fine with me because I liked her a lot.

Auntie and mommy were in the kitchen drinking tea, smoking and talking – something they could do for hours – so I knew this was a good time to get into her clothes, especially since she had told me to stop playing with my cars and trucks under the kitchen table and leave them alone



to talk. I loved to play under the table because I'd get to look up my mommy's and auntie's dresses and see their lacy slips and sometimes they'd open their legs and I could see all the way up their skirts and see their garter belt straps pulled tight on their nylon stockings and on a few occasions even glimpses of their panties! Well, mommy had told me to go play in my room, play quietly and not to bother them: my ticket to dress-up time!

So as I went quietly up the stairs and down the hall – my heart beating a million miles an hour and my hand clutching my hard and throbbing little penis in the big silky panties -- and I tried to see what they were doing. Well, mommy was on the phone, talking to one of her friends, and kind of talking to auntie at the same time, talking about all of them getting together to do something, so I was in double luck! I knew I was going to probably have a lot of time because visiting with auntie and talking on the phone were two things my mommy could do for hours.

Still in just the big panties that I had to hold up (they came almost all the way up to my chin!), I hurried back down the hallway and into mommy's room. From her closet, I took one of her thin white silky blouses, a full-length pink satiny slip with nice lace around the bra cups and the bottom hem, and a pair of her stockings. Sitting on her vanity was an open pack of cigarettes, so on an impulse I took one cigarette and a tube of her bright red lipstick because I always thought it was exciting to see her red lips and how they would leave a red stain on the end of her cigarettes.

Back in my room, I pulled the slip over my head as I had seen mommie do. It was big on me and hung down almost all the way to the floor, but it felt so good to have covering my entire body. Then I put on her blouse. I put on her nylons but they wouldn't stay up. A couple of runs appeared in her nylons as I put them on. I knew mommy complained when that happened to her, so I did wonder what I was going to do about them, but later, at the moment, they still felt wonderful on my legs, runs or not. I know mommy hooked her nylon stockings up somehow but I didn't know how and I didn't know how her garter belt worked, so I pulled them up and then just pressed my two legs together to keep them up. I slid on the blouse and looked at myself in the mirror. I could see the pink lacy slip right through the thin blouse! I just had to run my hands all over myself through the triple layers of blouse, slip and panties and then down to feel my nylon stockinged legs through the slinky slip. I shivered and cringed and took both of my hands and pressed them between my legs over my aching penis that was dancing with joy in that mound of silk on silky silkiness! I waddled a couple of feet over to my nightstand, keeping my legs pressed together as much as possible to keep the stockings up and opened the tube of lipstick. I looked in the mirror like mommy did when she put on lipstick and smeared a bit on my lips. I didn't think much about being able to take it off. I just assumed I could wash the lipstick off when I was finished. I didn't do a very neat job of putting it on, but I thought it looked great, and then I put the cigarette in my mouth, rubbed it over my lips and took it out to see the end with a sexy red lipstick stain on it. Exciting!

My yellow pantied dickie and balls were squeezed together and thrust forward as I kept my nyloned legs pressed together and half wiggled and half waltzed around with the long, slim cigarette between my fingers putting it in and out of my mouth. I was tickling my penis and dreaming about going back into mommy's room to get some of her high heels to put on next.

And that's how they found me.

I didn't hear them approaching. I didn't hear them until my door swung open and mommy stood there. Her eyes were on fire. Auntie was just behind her, and auntie started laughing, but mommy was angry! As I turned and looked at them, I stopped pressing my legs together and mommy's nylon stocking came slithering down my legs.

“So here you are ...” were the first words out of mommy's mouth, followed by, “What in the devil!”

I was trembling. All the nylon and silk and satin on my body felt like it was on fire. I fell back against my bed, but with all that slippery lingerie on, I slid right down to the floor, my feet thrust out with the nylons bunched around my ankles.

“That's my good blouse ... and slip ... and my stockings!”

She came over, pulled me up onto my bed and hurriedly started taking the stockings off my feet.

“Just look at these stockings! You've ruined them. You've put runs in them, you wicked little boy! You brat! Not only do I have a husband, who is never home, but he leaves me his brat to take care of, and the little sissy piggy goes about ruining my best clothes”

She grabbed my arm and pulled me up real hard. She had a cigarette in her hand and I got burned with it on my arm, and in the process she accidentally scratched my arm with her long fingernails too. It started bleeding and droplets of blood were getting on the slip and blouse. She was screaming at me, and I was screaming too. Then she began smacking my face to get me to shut up. She gave up on that and simply put me over her lap, pulled up the slip and saw the yellow panties. “And a pair of my brand new panties! What a sick little boy you are!”

Smack! Smack! Smack! She kept hitting my butt in those thin silky yellow panties, kept spanking my behind for what seemed like forever. All of a sudden I heard Auntie Barbara telling my Mother to stop hitting me, and that I didn't do anything so bad. Auntie said mommy was taking out her frustration on me, the frustration she had with my father, but I knew nothing about the reasoning, I only knew that my ass in those big silky panties was burning up from all the slapping she was doing on it. I was crying louder than I had ever cried during one of her frequent spankings.

“Look,” Auntie said, “I think you're really hurting him this time. Go out and make yourself a cup of tea and cool down, and leave him to me.”

I heard mommy crying and still complaining about me ruining her clothes and that made me cry even louder. As soon as mommy left the room, auntie hugged me.

“Easy, baby,” Auntie is here.”

She held me and petted my plump little body through the blouse and slip. It felt really nice.

She whispered sweetly, “You look so cute in your mommy's clothes, Michael. You even have her panties on, you little devil!”

With that, she began to run her hand up and down my legs over the slip, and then she reached to the bottom of the slip, pulled it up and then started touching my peepee through the panties. I shuttered with the contact. She just gave me a big strong hug, her perfume smelled so wonderful at that moment.

“Such a big boy to be wearing mommy's panties and things! What would your daddy say?”

Throughout all of this I hadn't thought about him for a second. He was the disciplinarian much more than mommy. Mommy spanked me a lot, almost daily, but at least until this day, she didn't spank me real hard, but daddy would beat me with his belt, and I remember those times as the most horrible moments of my childhood.

“Show auntie your arm, sugar.” She looked at it for a moment, and then told me to sit still as she went to the bathroom for a moment. She came back with some ointment that she put on the cigarette burn and a Band-Aid that she put on the bleeding scratch. As she fixed me up, she talking to me and asked me questions.

“Why did you put on your mommy's clothes?”

I told her I wanted to try them on because they were silky and looked and felt so nice.

“See my slip, honey,” she said as she lifted up the skirt of her dress to show me the white slip she had on underneath.

I stared at the wide expanse of silky white nylon with the big edge of scalloped beige lace around the bottom. It was beautiful.

“Do you like auntie's slip, darling?”

I nodded my head, tears till washing down my cheeks and dripping into my mouth. “I like panties too,” I boldly told her.

“Oh, I know you do!” she said happily. I see you have your mommy's new yellow panties on. They are really nice panties, so smo-o-o-oth! I can understand why you like panties. I love slips and panties too!”

“You do?” I said like I was surprised to hear her say that.

“But nice silky slips and panties are for girls and ladies, not for boys.” And then she paused, looked into my eyes, put her hand on my peepee in the panties again, gave it a gentle rub through the soft nylon and said, “Well, I guess one kind of boy likes girls and ladies' panties and things...”

I felt my mouth drop open, and had finally I had the courage to look up at her, and look longingly into her face as soon as I heard her say that. I was looking at her like I was asking the question, “What kind of boy is that, auntie?”

Even though I hadn't said a word, I'm sure the look on my face said everything, and she instantly understood what I wanted to know. She cleared her throat, and slowly said, “You see, there are some boys, um, well, um, yeah, some boys, and people sometimes call them sissies, and well ... do you know what a sissy is, Michael?”

I nodded.

“Yeah, I guess even an eight-year-old boy knows what a sissy is. Anyway, boys who are sissies sometimes like girls' things and a lot of them like things like girls' slips and panties, and they love to wear them sometimes. “

Her skirt was still pulled up -- her lacy slip still right there in front of me. I had dropped my hand onto her lap and sneaky little me was discreetly rubbing it with the back of my hand to feel how soft and silky it was. She caught onto what I was doing. She paused a moment and let out a little laugh.

“Oh, dear! I think you might be one of those boys ... a sissy. Are you a sissy, Michael?”

I knew I blushed at that and put my head down. I couldn't look her in the face with her asking me that.

“Oh, dear, oh, dear, what are we going to do with you, my little sissy boy!”

She stood up, pulled up her dress and slip and let me have a look at her panties. They were white but had a big, wide row of lace and embroidery and that covered one side of the panties. They were beautiful! So elegant! So feminine!

My peepee was hard and without thinking much about it, I just automatically began to play with it, tickling myself through the yellow panties as I looked at auntie in her panties. She sat down but kept her skirt and slip swept back so I could still see a lot of her panties and her long legs in nylons with garter straps holding up black stockings. I noticed her staring down at my hand jacking myself off in the panties. She smiled. Realizing she was watching me, I stopped pulling on my pantied dickie.

“It's OK darling, you can play with it”.

I started rubbing myself again, just a little bit, just slowly. It was fun to do it with her watching me, but a bit scary too.

“Do you mind if auntie touches it too”?

“Mommy told me never to let anyone touch it.”

“OK,” she said, “but does your mommy touch it sometimes? Like when you take a bath?”

I nodded that she did.

“So, then, is it OK if auntie touches it too? I can make it feel real good. Maybe make it feel even better than when you do it to yourself.”

She said mommy's blouse, slip and panties looked so nice on me, and then she helped me take off the blouse and slip. She left me sitting on the bed in just the panties, and took the blouse and slip to the bathroom and washed the blood from my scratch off of them. She came back with a big smile on her face, telling me she got all the blood out. Then she just stood in front of me, looked down at me, and gave me the biggest, brightest smile ever.

“Oh, darling,” she said, “I just love you sitting there in those nice yellow panties. I bet they really feel good to wear, huh?”

I nodded.

“How's that little dickie of yours doing? Is it still standing up and hard in the panties?”

I nodded. She reached out and touched it to see for herself.

“Oh, my goodness! Is it ever hard! I can feel it moving around. Your little dickie must really like being in ladies' panties, huh?”

I was so happy. There was a tear in my eye, but it was a tear of happiness. Her hand on my cockie made me shiver and quiver.

She began to rub my nylon covered leg again with one hand while she kept her other hand on my panty coated cock. She placed my finger in her mouth and sucked on it while her hand touched my peepee over and over. It felt good. She then kissed my neck and felt me all over through the big panties; she kept pulling up on them, stretching them up and letting the elastic waistband snap up against my chest. She kept flicking her fingernails over the edge of the elastic and that sent waves of snappy silkiness through the panties; the snapping made the panties flutter across my hips and tummy and sent shills up my spine. She laughed.

“Listen, baby, I'm going to see how mother is doing. I know her, by now she's had time to think about it. I bet she feels terrible that she became so angry and accidentally scratched you. After I have a little talk with her, I'm sure it will be OK with her if you play in her panties and things. Maybe I should tell her to buy you some of your own slips and panties and things, things that will be in your size and fit you nicely. Would you like that?”

I shook my head wildly while saying, “Yes. Yes. Yes, auntie!”



With that, she laughed some more and pulled off her slip. It was a half-slip. She handed it to me.

“Here, you can play with my slip while I'm gone.”

I was awestruck as I held the slip in my lap.

“Can I have that cigarette you were playing with?” she asked.

I handed it to her. She took her cigarette lighter out of her skirt pocket and lit up. She took a long drag just like mommy and blew the smoke up in the air. She then bent over me and gave me a kiss on the lips for a long time. I tasted her lipstick, smelled her smoke and saw her breasts and the edges of her bra through the open V of her dress top.

“Take your time playing with my slip, honey. I'll be awhile. I like seeing you dressed in panties, but don't play with your peepee too much.”

“OK, auntie.”

I always remembered Auntie Barbara as one of mommy's friends who slept over a lot. And I used to watch her smoke when she had coffee or tea with mom, but she never made me feel so excited before. All I could think of was putting on her half-slip.

I stepped into it and pulled it up, but it wouldn't stay up. So holding the half-slip and panties up high around my chest, I toward the kitchen and peered around the corner to see what mommy and auntie were doing. I heard their voices, but not their words. Then I realized the voices were more sighs and moans than a lot of words. From the side, I could see mommy sitting in a kitchen chair with her dress open in front and auntie was on her knees before her with her head between mommy's tits, kissing them and her hand between mommy's legs up under her dress. Auntie looked up and saw me.

“What is it darling?”

I just stood there staring.

“It's OK, baby, come on in. You mommy isn't mad at you any more. She was just surprised and upset that you put runs in her nylons, but it's OK now. Come here, honey.”

Mommy turned to look at me. A happy but groggy looking expression was on her face. She just smiled toward me, and I knew then that it was OK.

“Auntie, I tried to put you slip on. Is that OK? But it won't stay up.”

“Come here, and let's take a look at it.”

I slowly approached them. They broke apart their embrace, both of them now smiling at me in the panties and slip and trying to keep them up.

Auntie adjusted the slip, but then agreed with me that it was too big to stay up.

“I didn't ask your mommy yet, but I think it would be OK with her if we all went shopping and got you some nice slips and panties that would fit you, really nice, silky slips and panties that you love so much.”

Mommy nodded.

Auntie noticed my boner pushing away at the front of the slip and panties. She called mommy's attention to it.

“Honey, we have to get rid of this thing,” auntie laughed gently pinching the tip of my penis in the yellow panties. “How do you think we can that, Michael?”

“Hit it with a ruler,” I answered.

“A ruler, Michael!” mommy asked, surprised. “Who has been using a ruler on your peepee? Why didn't you tell me about it?”

I explained that was how our teacher at school dealt with the boys when they walked around with a boner stick up in the front of their trousers.

I believe Mommy genuinely felt sorry for me at that moment. It was a turning point, and from that time on, she went overboard with kindness to make up for my mean teacher. She said she was going to complain to the school about my teacher and wondered why other boys hadn't told their parents about the teacher doing that and then complained with the school. Then both auntie and mommie brought me close and included me in a big hug. Aunt Barbara began to fondle my breasts and pinch my nipples while whispering things in my ear. She said she never realized they were so big, big enough for a beginner's bra she said. And mom agreed that they would get me some bras along with other lingerie.

“Let's see your tits,” auntie said. “I love to squeeze little titties.”

I lowered the top of the half-slip and panties that I was still clutching to keep up and in place. Auntie immediately kissed and fondled them, kneading my tits like dough. Her red lips found my erect nipples and what started as a suckling motion soon changed to a mild biting action. She knew just how hard to bite without making me scream out in pain.

Mommy laughed at her devouring my tits, and said, “I bet all the little girls in school are so jealous of you because you have nice little titties already and they have none!”

Mommy and auntie took me shopping after lunch and outfitted me in slips, panties, bras, and they even got me two dresses. Mommy threw out my underwear and had me wear panties and a tight little bra or lacy camisoles every day, even to school.

At school, we had gym class three times a week. All the boys had to undress and change into their gym clothes together, and as much as I loved my bra, camisoles and panties, I didn't want them to see I wore girls' lingerie for underwear, so after hiding in the toilet stall a few times to change into my gym clothes, I began to start cutting gym a lot since I was too afraid the other boys would make fun of me if they saw my lingerie. I told mommy about it, but she just ignored me and told me not to pay any attention to what the other boys said or thought. But I was still nervous about it, so I just started telling the teacher I was sick every time we had gym. After the third time, she sent me to see the school nurse.

Nurse Johnson looked like a man to me, but I know she couldn't be. She had large breasts just like mommy. She knew I was faking being sick from the first time I was sent to her since I had no temperature. Then the third time, she put me up on the table, quickly undid my belt and zipper and flipped me over to take my temperature rectally. I think she was going to do it that way just to intimidate me. I tried to resist, but I was no match for her strength. She handled me like I was a toy and started giggling the moment she pulled my pants down and saw my panties.

“Oh, my, dear, girls' panties you're wearing. How special! No wonder you don't want to go to gym class,” she said with a big belly laugh. “So, Michael, that's why you're here.”

“No, I don't feel well, Nurse Johnson.”

“We'll, see,” she said, and then lubed her finger in Vaseline and began working it in and out of my rear to prepare for the thermometer. It felt so-o-o-o good, especially since she just pulled aside the panties – pink lacy panties of course! She rested her hand and arm on my panties bottom as she held my panties aside. Her warm hand against my silky panties in that cold room felt wonderful. I didn't want it to end, and my sighs gave me away. She continued to ass fuck me with her finger when she saw how I was squirming and loving it. My peepee firmed up. She felt it, and with one hand she kept slipping her big finger in and out of my asshole. With her other hand she fondled my cock like mommy and auntie would do to me. It was very hard and felt great when she tweaked it a little through my panties.

“I see you like this, Michael.”

My shirt had slid up to and she took note of the lacy camisole I had on. And that lead her to feel my chest, and she felt my titties. I wasn't wearing a bra that day, just the camisole. She took her hand out of my ass, stuck the thermometer in and said, “I'm going to write you a note to give the coach. You won't have to take gym class anymore. I'll tell him you have a weak heart and any exertion could be dangerous. But I want you to come and see me once every week. I'll have to check your temperature a lot, and I'll have to monitor what is going on with your chest. You know you have breasts as big as a lot of thirteen or fourteen-year-old girls.”

I nodded in embarrassment.

“It's nothing to be upset about. It happens to a lot of boys. It will go way over time, plus if you lose some weight they will go away ... if you want them to go away.”

I didn't say anything in response to that.

“Does your mom know you wear your sister's panties?”

“Nurse Johnson, I don't have a sister.”

“What about the pink panties? Does your mother know? And where to you get them from?”

“My mother and my auntie buy them for me.”

“Oh, I see. Well, in that case, you might want to ask them to buy you some beginner bras too. They'll support your breasts, help to hide them and keep them from drooping when they get bigger. Right now they stand up beautifully, but if they begin to get much larger and droop, you'll probably never be able to get rid of them without a lot of weight loss plus surgery.”

“I already have a lot of bras. I wear them all the time at home.”

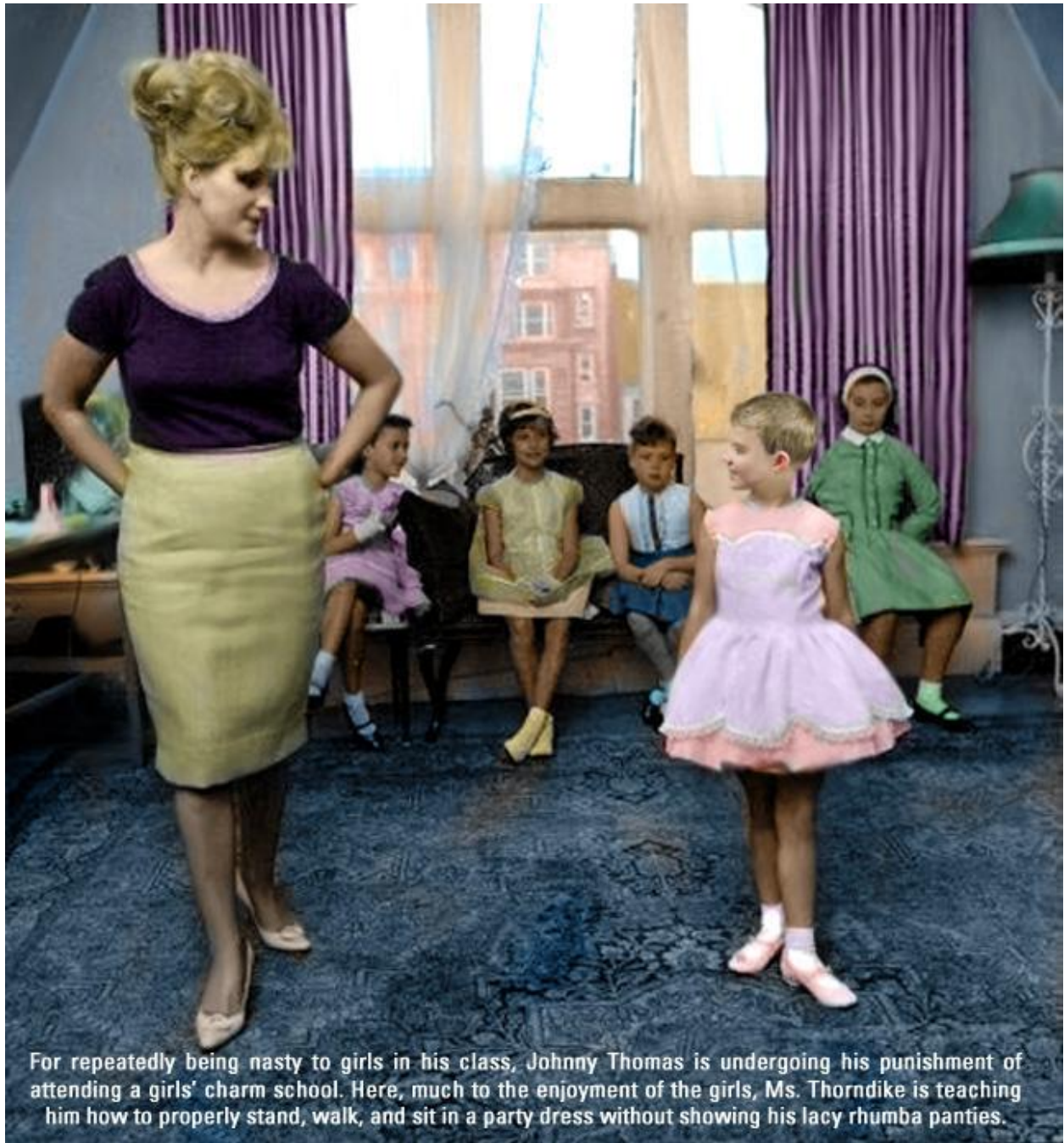
“Well, well, well, so I guess you're really a sissy. I mean a real sissy, and you like wearing all these pink sissy panties and bras and things.”

“Yes, nurse, I guess I am a sissy.”

“We'll, in that case, you can start wearing your bras to school too. Like I said a bra will help you with your growing breasts. If your teachers or any of the kids find out about you wearing panties and a bra, come to me and I'll have a talk with them and make sure they understand you're a special boy. I have the power to make sure they don't tease or hurt you. I'll watch out for you.”

She took the thermometer out, checked it, pronounced that I was OK and then told me to get dressed. As she wrote out a note for the coach and another one for my mom, she reminded me to see her every week at this same time. When I did see her, she'd masturbate me, and the following year I had my first cum while she jacked me off in my panties.

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For repeatedly being nasty to girls in his class, Johnny Thomas is undergoing his punishment of attending a girls' charm school. Here, much to the enjoyment of the girls, Ms. Thorndike is teaching him how to properly stand, walk, and sit in a party dress without showing his lacy rhumba panties.



A wealthy panty pervert gives us a look inside the house he is building and what his guests will see when they enter and view the grand stairway leading up to his bedroom with its cabinets filled with thousands of beautiful panties, a grand panty altar and a huge library of panty wanking books, pictures and videos.



From the time he is born, a boy should be told that his little sissy cock is a birth defect, and that the only way he will ever be cured of his disease and become a real boy is to suck off other boys and men as often as possible. He should be pantied, feminized, and dressed in girly-girly clothes, and then teased, humiliated, and exposed to everyone as a sissy, and any erection in his panties should be pinched and slapped until it goes away. And if he ever cums, he has to lick it up.

