

Pussy Boy Pager

Reader's Stories & Pics

Volume 35

Remembering His Loving Mother

After his parent's sudden death, he found he missed his mother so much that he became attracted to her clothes, but when his uncle found him dressed; he wasn't very tolerant!

Auntie Knew How to Deal with a Boy with Girlishly Long Hair

He was from California when long hair on boys was very fashionable, but when he visited his aunt in uptight West Virginia, she insisted on making him dress as a girl since he refused to get his haircut!

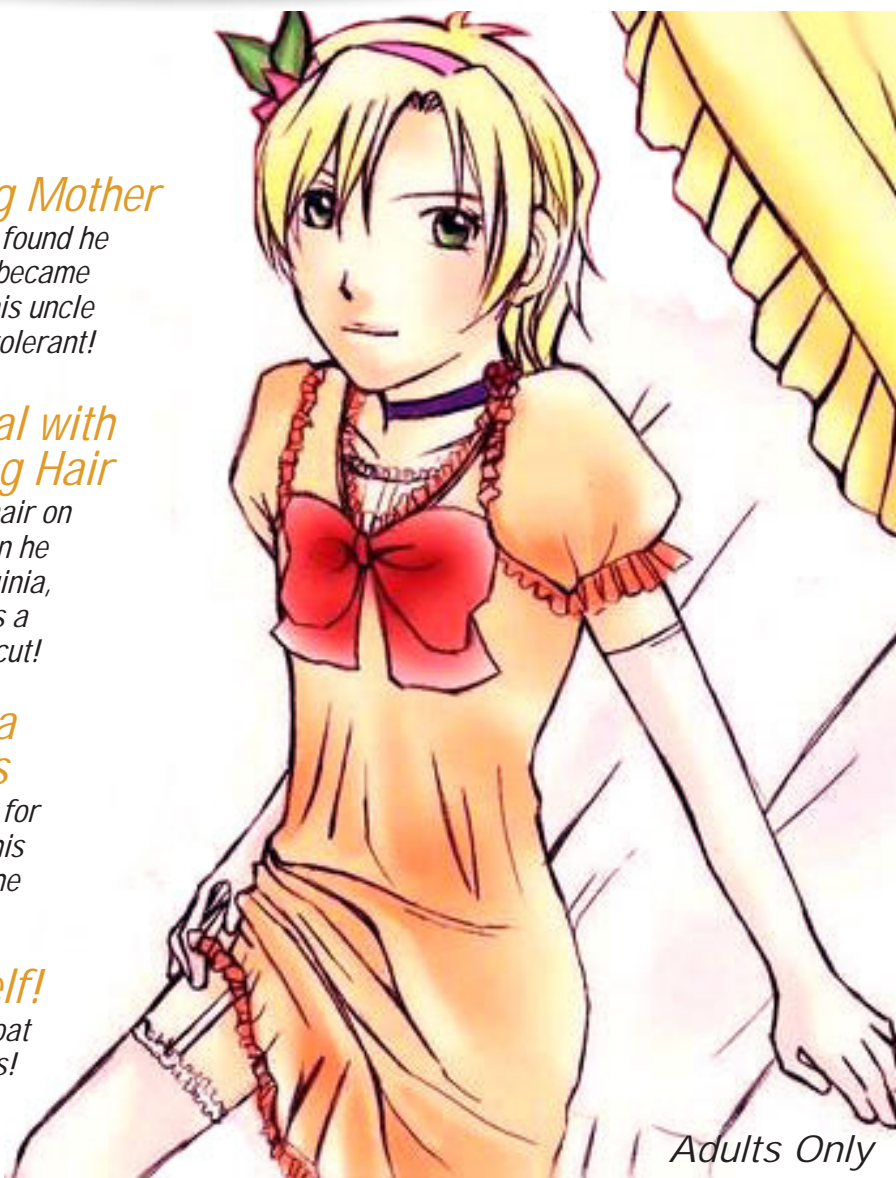
Girl Babysitting Him Is a Year Younger than He Is

It was so embarrassing to be cared for by a girl younger than he was, but his mother thought it was fitting since he was such a sissy and so immature!

A Boy Can't Help Himself!

When his mother spansks and petticoat punishes him, he cums in his panties!

Plus much, much more!



Adults Only

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

So, Todd, why did you disobey me?

Did you just cum in your panties again? Now, you're really in trouble.

Why, you filthy little pervert! This is supposed to be a punishment, but I think you like it!

I... Oh... I don't know... Uh-h-h... I'm sorry!

I'm so sorry, mommy! I just can't help it!

Uh-h-h! Oh-h-h!



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Remembering His Loving Mother

Joseph was home alone that horrible day when he heard a knock on the door. It was the police and they informed the fourteen year old that both of his parents were found dead, victims of a robbery at their convenience store. Joseph was so overwhelmed that the officers took him to the hospital, given a sedative and comforted by a nurse and the chaplain until his uncle, his only other living relative, arrived.

After sleeping for six hours, the boy woke up to see his Uncle Roy slumped in a chair across from him, asleep. As he got out of bed, his uncle stirred and woke up. He immediately hugged Joseph in silence. Joseph had never seen his uncle cry or be anything but a very strong and virile man, but he was on the edge of shedding tears and practically speechless. And when he finally did speak, all he could do was mumble about the damn kids who had done it. Kids high on drugs and desperate for money he guessed. Joseph's mother was Uncle Roy's sister and one of the sweetest persons to ever live, and her death was especially painful for both of them.

Uncle Roy immediately moved in with the boy until the funeral; then he stayed on because Joseph's house was close to the store and Uncle Roy took it upon himself to reopen the store and keep it running. Roy had recently lost his job as a line supervisor position at the local Chrysler plant, so he was free to work the store until a buyer could be found.

Joseph went back to school and did his homework but had little interest in doing anything else, and he and his uncle would only see each other in passing. One night he woke up to hear Roy arguing with someone on the phone. He crept to the bedroom door trying to listen.

"... I told you before that they had no fucking money. If they did, they wouldn't have been working there. Yeah, well, I gave you all I got, its not like they had some big fucking insurance policy. I barely covered the funerals and now I'm stuck with a kid, a store that barely breaks even and I still owe you more money than I'll ever make in my fucking lifetime. All I can tell you is that I'll give you everything I make... forever, but you gotta stop compounding what I owe." There was silence and Joseph started to back away to go back to bed. But his uncle started talking again.

"No fucking way! I'm not doin' that... I barely sleep now... Well all right then, maybe you'll have to do it to make your point in the neighborhood, but then you'll never get your money, are you gonna write that much off just to make a fucking point? I'm trying... Give me some time. I've always thought of something before... Hey? Hello? Hello?" Roy slammed the phone down. "Fuck!"

Joseph backed away, trying to make it back to his bed without making a noise. One step from his bed the floor groaned loudly. He jumped into bed as he heard the kitchen chair slide across the floor and then agitated footsteps to his

door. He sprawled out and tried to relax just as his door opened. "Joseph ... you OK, Joseph?" Uncle Roy whispered as he walked across the room.

Joseph's own voice screamed in his head... 'Breathe easy... breathe easy... nice and calm.' Joseph knew he had heard something he wasn't supposed to. He felt his uncle leaning over him, felt his eyes searching for any sign of awareness. 'Pretend to wake up... or keep faking?' Joseph was torn as the seconds stretched into what seemed like hours.

Finally, "Fuckin' imagining things..." Roy mumbled as he turned to leave the room.

Joseph saw the shadow cross behind closed lids and waited for the door to shut. It did and he took a deep breath. He didn't sleep the entire night. When he finally gave up trying it was about 5:00 AM. Joseph could hear his uncle shuffling through his morning routine. A few minutes later he heard the apartment door slam shut, and he crawled out of bed. He went to the bathroom and then made his way to the kitchen.

There was a note on the table: Joseph, I know this will be hard, but do you think you could go through your parent's things? We need money. Maybe we can sell some of their things, like their clothes and belongings. I'm going to sell my car because yours is in better shape. I tried going through Bessie's things last night, but I just couldn't do it. I kept thinking about not having my little sister ever again. I can't keep living out of boxes and bags and I want to use the space in the master bedroom closet and dresser for my stuff. Please, try to pack some things up. We both need to start moving on. You can take the day off from school if you want.

Uncle Roy

Joseph slowly walked to his parent's bedroom. There were the black plastic bags with Roy's clothes hanging out of them strewn around. His mother would have flipped. She always said, "We might only be a step from trash ourselves, but that doesn't mean we have to live like it..."

The room looked like a garbage heap. He sat down on the bed and stared at his parents' dresser. He didn't think he'd have a problem going through his dad's things since he didn't have much, but his mom's things were another story. Since he'd been a little boy he'd always been fascinated by her clothes and liked looking at them and touching them when he thought he could sneak a feel. He remembered asking his mother why her clothes were so soft and slippery and fancy and his and his dad's were so plain and boring.

Her answer had been simple, "Because I'm a girl and you're not. That's one of the special things about being a girl; we get to wear prettier clothes!"

Even though they weren't rich, his mom always seemed to have nice dresses and shoes and her underwear was really

flimsy and pretty and looked just like what girls wore in the advertisements in newspapers and magazines; especially those ads for slips, bras and panties would make his little penis hard, and he'd blush if his mother happened to catch sight of him while he was ogling a picture of a hot model in her lacy underclothes.

Joseph pulled open the top drawer and a sweet, flowery scent hit him like a punch in the tummy. It didn't matter what kind of day she was having, there was always a hint of this scent on his mother. He took a deep breath and sat back on the bed crying before his butt hit the comforter. He wasn't sure how long he'd been there, but his stomach was growling when he finally woke up. After eating three bowls of dry cereal (his mother wasn't there to stock up on milk), Joseph returned to his parent's bedroom.

He looked in the top drawer. Bras, matching panties, slips, stockings and other things he didn't know the name of stared back at him. He reached in and pulled out two huge handfuls. He had an empty bag at the ready and began to stuff it with the lingerie until the smooth fabrics in his hands caused him to pause and linger. Instead of depositing them in the bag, he drew the silks and satins out. Pink, pale blue, black, and a rainbow of pastel colors greeted his staring eyes. He gawked at the unbelievably delicate, lacy and sexy items. Almost in a trance he stepped out of his plain, old boxers and shimmied into the black panties. Immediately his cock got hard as a rock, straining against the smooth tight satin panties. He looked down past the lace and ruffles and rubbed his sausage maleness sending little electric jolts throughout his body.

"MMMmmmm..." he said as he kept rubbing his cock. He looked in the mirror. He thought he looked silly but in spite of that, he knew he really liked the feelings he felt.

"Maybe if I put on something else I won't look so funny...."

He looked in the drawer, and found a matching black bra. After fumbling with it for a few minutes he had it on straight. Now he didn't look quite as stupid, in fact he kind of liked the way he looked!

"I need boobs... this doesn't look right!"

He took pairs of panties and stuffed them in the cups, shaping them as he squeezed them. After he angled the cheval mirror downward so his head wasn't in the frame, he really liked what he saw; it was like having his own girl to rub and stroke! He imagined he was looking at Lizzy Bishop, who had developed physically earlier than the other girls in his class. His friends always talked about her titties and what it would be like to touch them. Joseph liked to think about feeling her up too but he also kept thinking about whether she wore pretty panties and bras like the ones he had on. He tried to imagine what she looked like in her lingerie.

In his mind, he became her. He was rubbing and squeezing Lizzy's big titties and she liked it. Truth was, he liked it too! It was strange but he was living out two different characters. He was both Lizzy, enjoying the rubbing and squeezing and fondling, and he was himself doing the rubbing, squeezing and fondling. He imagined Lizzy whispering something really dirty, something he had been told he wasn't ever to do until he was MUCH older.

"Rub me there, down between my legs... rub my vagina..."

Joseph watched in the mirror as his own hand slid down his smooth pantied stomach, passing over his nylon teased throbbing penis and then settled over his tightly wrapped balls while his other hand reached under his bra and began to pinch his hard swollen nipple. He cupped his balls and began rubbing them, doing what he and his friends had always imagined some girl would let them do some day. He was squeezing Lizzy's big tits and feeling her vagina too! As he rubbed and squeezed he felt this incredible buzzing feeling all over and he kept rubbing faster and faster, squeezing Lizzy's tits and soft pussy. Every time he slowed down, the buzz would go away so he went faster and faster until he closed his eyes and then thought he was dying. Every inch of his body seemed to be on fire and tingling as he started to shake. His breath came in short gasps and his blood boiled. He had no idea what was happening but continued rubbing faster and faster because it felt so good!

"Ughhhhh! Oooooommmmmph!!!!"

He heard himself groan. His hand was a blur as he gazed at himself through barely opened eyes. Then, suddenly, his balls contracted under the stretchy nylon satin as an incredible feeling excited his penis and then spread over his entire body. Seconds later, his dick twitched in his panties and erupted. From deep in his guts, hot wet jism went flying out of his dick. That had never happened before, and alarmed, he thought he was peeing himself, but then, he didn't care. For the first time in weeks he felt alive! More alive than ever before.

After several long a minutes, he sat back on the bed panting. He rubbed his cock through the satiny fabric of his mom's beautiful panties, now sticky with a strange new substance. He pulled the waistband of the panties out and looked down. His cock was still hard but there was a clear, milky goo everywhere. He had no idea why he was doing it, but he touched the slime and then brought it up to his face. He smelled it, and then tasted it! It wasn't pee. What shocked him the most was that he liked the taste, the texture and the smell.

He pulled the panties up tight and began rubbing himself again. The panties were soaked through, and it provided lubrication as he brought himself to another quick orgasm and a second load of hot sticky goo spurting out of his cock.

This time there was no holding him back as he immediately reached into the panties and scooped out a load of wet cum and feasted on his special treat. This was the cum boys at school had talked about. None of them talked about tasting it, and he wondered why -- it tasted so good! Did all boys make cum that tasted so great? After he had harvest most of his aromatic juice, he stripped off the panties, folded them inside out and then popped them into his mouth, positioning the wettest part of the panties directly onto his tongue. He sucked them dry, and then thought, "What now?"

He looked at the lingerie halfway in the bag and spilling out of the drawer, and said to himself, "There's no way I can throw this stuff out. I need to go through it ... slowly ... and carefully." But first things first: He picked up another pair of panties, a pink pair with a lot of lace and bows on them. At any other time, anything so girlie would have turned him off; no boy would want anything to do with panties like that, but for some strange reason, the silkier, lacier, and fancier the panties, the more they excited him. He didn't dwell on it or try to understand it. His cock pushed up against the pink nylon and felt wonderful -- that's all he needed to know at this moment. Then he recalled a distant memory; something his mother once said about having a bra and panty match. So he took off the black bra he had on, picked out a frilly pink bra struggled to get into it. This was his working outfit as he filled the bag with all the lingerie in the dresser; he was going to take them all back to his own room, to study them and sort them out.

He spent the afternoon separating the clothes. Realizing that his uncle would expect to see his mom's things packed up, he took out all of the plain underwear, the cotton stuff and things made out of cotton that didn't feel very sexy to him and they went into the plastic bag. Then all of the shiny, slippery, stretchy or lacy and highly feminine lingerie he put in a box that he was going to bury deep in his closet so his uncle wouldn't find them, but first, he tried on all of the items he was secreting out for himself. Of course, since he was so young, most of his mother's things were a little too big for him, knowing he'd fill them out better in the future, which he anticipated wouldn't be too long since he was currently going through a growth spell.

He felt he'd never be able to walk into a store and buy a bra. The police would probably take him away if he even tried!

He next tackled his mother's closet. He did think it was funny to think that he would ever want to put on any of her dresses, but the thought percolated in his mind. HE tried not to think about doing something so queer, but he did wonder what it would feel like to wear a dress, especially with a pretty bra and panties underneath. But for the meantime, he packed up most of the dresses and coats and other things, but he did save out dresses that he considered particularly pretty and feminine. In the back of his mind, he knew he would try them on, but it wasn't something he wanted to think about at that

moment. It only took him one more hour to pack up all his dad's clothes, and he found nothing that he wanted to keep. After hours of work, he finally ended up with eight big plastic bags of his parent's clothing, and a box and a bag of his mother's clothing that he wanted to keep. The box went into his closet and the bag, shoved under his bed until he could find a better place to hide it from his uncle.

He was starving and walked to the kitchen in just his pink bra and panties he'd worn all day. It amazed him how naturally he'd taken to the soft sexy underwear. He remembered torturing and teasing a classmate whose mother had forced him to wear a pair of yellow lace panties when all of his underwear was in the wash. The kid's T-shirt had gone up in back and some girls noticed the panties he had on, otherwise, they probably never would have been discovered. Well, the girls told everyone in school, and the boy had to put up with a ton of abuse that day. Joseph remembered all the kids trying to pull down his shorts to see the panties and how the boy was called a sissy and a queer until he was crying. Their teacher finally sent him home for the rest of the day. Joseph, now standing there in the kitchen drinking orange juice and eating a piece of toast then reflected, "Am I a faggot? A sissy because he was wearing a bra and panties?"

'No freaking way!' he mumbled out loud to himself. In self defense, he then said, "I was thinking about sexy Lizzy. That's what these clothes made me do! I like girls; I wasn't thinking about another guy!" But it wasn't easy not to think about such things; they whirled around in his head. Still hungry, and still deep in thought, he was still hungry, so he made himself a peanut and butter sandwich. He was upset with himself for not being able to stop those nagging thoughts. He went to the mirror in the hallway, looked at himself and said, "If I'm not a sissy and a fag, why am I still wearing my mom's PINK bra and panties?"

"Because they feel good!" he answered in a whisper that made him hang his head. Consumed in thought, he had lost track of time, and the next thing he heard was his uncle coming in the front door!

"Oh fuck, fuck, fuck!" he mouthed to himself as he flew to his room, into his bed and under the covers. He heard his uncle drop his keys. He was suddenly thankful that his uncle sometimes drank after closing the store in the evening.

"Joseph, you home?" Roy called out, "I got a call from the school so I know you took me up on my offer..."

Strangely, at the sound of his uncle's voice, Joseph felt his cock throbbing to life; the threat of being caught in his mom's lingerie was both scary and exciting. He tried to ease the swelling in his cock as he adjusted himself in the soft panties. He arranged his blanket as naturally as possible before answering. But he was conscious of his aroused state.

"I'm in bed, Uncle Roy..."

The door to his room opened and Joseph prayed Roy would avoid coming in or turning on the light. He didn't, choosing to stand in the doorway.

"In bed already? That's a surprise..."

"I did what you asked me to do and felt really depressed afterwards, so I went to bed. You don't mind do you?" Joseph wondered if the quivering he felt was creeping into his voice was apparent.

"Yeah, I know, this whole thing sucks ... especially for you. Did you get yourself something to eat?" Joseph mumbled a yes. "Well, then just stay in bed and try to get a good night's sleep, you'll feel better in the morning..."

The door was closing when Joseph blurted out, "Do you want me to take the clothes to donate or will you?"

Roy walked halfway back in. Joseph's heart pounded in his chest. He could feel a huge wet spot spreading where the tip of his cock strained against the panties.

"Would you mind? Take a taxi if you need to, see if you can get a receipt too. Are you OK Joseph? You seem awfully bundled up?"

"Yeah, yeah I'm OK... I'm just really upset... you know..."

Joseph's cock was so hard, it was painful! His uncle was less than three feet away.

"Well just try to get some sleep... Despite what all the doctors say, sleep is really the best thing... I just wish I could..." Roy turned and walked out without another word, closing the door behind him.

Relieved, Joseph relaxed and before he could think about it, another orgasm had snuck up on him! He penis spasm arrived as he gasped through clenched teeth and pumped, and once again he was swimming in gobs of sticky cum held tight against his stomach by the thoroughly soaked panties. He was floating as the orgasm swept over him. He heard his uncle walking around right outside his closed door and that only excited him more as he reached under the blankets and scooped out another thick load of his cum and brought it up to his hungry lips. He swished it around in his mouth before swallowing it. Why had the thought of being caught made him so excited? Did he WANT to be caught? He scooped the last bits of his cooling cum out of his panties, ate it and then rolled onto his stomach, drifting off into a strangely satisfied sleep with his front pressing up against the full wetness in his panties.

Joseph woke the next morning face down in his bed. He felt

the bra straps across his shoulders and the crispy tightness of his panties plastered to his body with their dried-on cum. As he stretched, he realized that sometime during the night he had kicked off the blankets. His uncle smoked weed every night and always opened the windows while he did. Often Uncle Roy would fall asleep with the windows still open and then the heat would go on and cook the whole place! Joseph had no doubt that if his uncle had looked in on him before he went to work, he would have noticed him wearing a matching pink bra and panty set!

"I have to be more careful!" he scolded himself.

He peeled off the lingerie before pulling on his bathrobe and going to the bathroom. As he peed he looked around sleepily. There was something black in the wastepaper basket. Joseph reached down and gasped as he pulled out the black panties he had cum in the day before. They were crispy and dried into a ball shape. He remembered taking them off and leaving them in his uncle's room! There was no doubt he had fucked up now! How was he going to explain them?

His mind raced. "Just ignore them, pretend they're not there. I bet he's as embarrassed as you! Act like nothing happened and maybe nothing will!"

He rescued the black panties and added them to the pink set in his room since he wanted to wash them out and not lose them. Joseph got dressed nervously, and then ate a bowl of cereal with milk before combing the apartment for any signs of his previous day's adventures before rushing off to school.

In school, he couldn't concentrate on a thing. His thoughts were a jumble of recollections of how it felt to be in his mother's lingerie and fantasies of what he might do when he got home. He kept wishing he had put on at least a pair of

panties under his boys' clothes; he was sure that if he had that no one would know since they would be safely hidden. And the moment any of his lessons became boring, he found himself slipping into daydreams, picturing himself in pink satin panties with a matching bra. In his dreaming, he had real titties, not huge ones, but not so little that they weren't heavy enough to give weight to his chest and fill out his bra. They filled the satin cups perfectly and his nipples were both large and hard as pebbles. And he was wearing a dress! A dress like little girls wear to parties, even more astounding, he was draped over his uncle's knees with his dress up and was getting a severe spanking for being such a naughty, naughty girl!

"Josephina, you've got to learn discipline! You'll never amount to anything if you don't learn to be a good girl!"

In the dream Joseph was crying but his cock was soooo hard and soooo close to cumming as slap after slap rained down on his upturned butt and he kept grinding his panty covered cock against the hard muscle of his uncle's thigh. He was begging his uncle to stop because he knew he was going to make a big mess in his pretty panties! But his uncle wouldn't listen and finally on one of the down strokes, as the hot sting spread across his butt, Joseph came, shuddering and shaking as he filled his flowered panties with cum. Every time the dream would end there! It was so frustrating! Why was Joseph having such a dirty, dirty dream?

Finally, as the day wore on, Joseph actually found himself trying to imagine the end of the dream. What would happen next? Would his uncle be even angrier? What would his uncle think of him? Could he make his uncle happy if he showed him how he always cleaned up his own mess? Or would that just show Uncle Roy what a dirty GIRL he had become? If he had been distracted earlier in the day, now he



was almost in a stupor. Wouldn't this day ever end? Finally the day was over; he ignored his friends and ran home.

He closed the door behind him and using the two chain locks, locked it. Now, even if his uncle came home, he would need to wait until Joseph unlocked the door before he could come in. Joseph ran to his bedroom, tearing off his clothes as he went. He pulled the black plastic bag out from under his bed and riffled through it. He knew they were in here somewhere. Ahhh... he sighed as he pulled out another set of his mother's pink satin panties with a matching bra. Pink was all of a sudden his favorite color! What a sissy he had become in just 24 hours! But he didn't care; he now knew what he wanted out of life more than he had ever wanted anything before. He slipped the panties up his legs tucking his hardening cock down between his legs. He pulled them up tightly until his now throbbing cock was actually hurting his balls. He ran his hand over the satin covered bulge and imagined a vagina between his legs. Next came the bra, he looped it around his stomach, fastening it expertly.

"Maybe I was a girl in a previous life?" he thought to himself giggling as he stuffed the cups of his bra.

He shaped 'his' breasts until they realistically filled the satin cups. (Not that he'd ever seen a real set of titties!) Next he pulled out of the bag a pink satin robe and slipped it around his shoulders. All that silkiness around his body made him shiver with pleasure. He tied the sash in a bow around his waist and started sashaying around like a fag, in love with his newfound girlishness.

How had this become so 'normal' to him so quickly? He decided he didn't care. He loved being someone else, something else! For the first time in day, he was happy, carefree. He wasn't Joseph whose parents had just been killed; he was Josephina, a carefree, sexy teenager. He moved his hips from side to side, loving the feel of the satin robe swishing along his sides.

"If I only had long hair... and maybe some heels." He said looking into the mirror.

Remembering that he hadn't gone through her closet and had found the cheerleader costume she had worn to a Halloween party the year before, he suddenly had a need to find it and put it on. And he wanted her shoes! He hadn't thought much about them the day before as he was cleaning and packing up her things -- but he was thinking about them now -- and he needed them!

He located the costume and with a twinge of shame, put it on before going back and getting his mother's long, curly blonde wig that she would wear at times when she didn't have time to fix up her own hair. He slipped it on adjusted it from side to side and front to back. He walked into the master bathroom and looked at himself in the mirror. He loved what he saw.

He appeared so soft and feminine like one of those sexy girls in Uncle Roy's girlie magazines.

He hadn't yet disposed of his parents' shoes, so he went down to their room and looked at the rows of his mother's shoes. He threw all of the flats and sneakers and functional shoes into bags to items to be given away before taking for himself 12 pairs of shoes that included sexy high-heeled pumps, open-toed sandals, a pair of boots and a pair of comely pink tennis shoes that he put on because they went well with his sexy cheerleader outfit.

He was overtaken with emotion and fell back onto his parent's bed and masturbated himself silly in the pink panties he had on under the pleated skirt. He ate up his cum, and as he did, he wondered what his uncle's cum tasted like -- and what the cum of other men and boys tasted like. He laughed at himself for thinking such sissy thoughts.

With his sexual pressure momentarily assuaged, he cleaned himself up and then put on a matching floral lace bra and panties. He kept out a pair of strappy, white patent leather sandals that he thought would nicely match the white floral lace on his lingerie. They had 4" stiletto heels and the straps went across his toes and wrapped around his ankles where they ended tied off behind his leg in a bow.

He could almost imagine his uncle finding him, "Josephina! Why are you dressed like such a little hussy?"

He wouldn't understand.... Uncle Roy would yell at him.

"Do you want all the boys to chase you around with their dicks hanging out of their pants... Don't just stand there, answer me, do you...?"

He pouted with guilt and then whispered to his reflection in the mirror, "Yes, uncle, I think I do... I do want to excite nasty little boys and big men with hard penises in their pants, anxious to get at me... their big bulges just for me. And I want to learn how to make them happy just the way girls do. I want to BE a girl in every way and I want to learn how to make their hard things squirt just like mine!"

His mother's panties were a bit large on him, but now, his penis had swollen to such a degree that the panties fit him quite snugly. Josephina slipped his hand down between his legs and hauled out his hardened prick out of the panty leg hole and jacked on it to a full erection. He looked in the mirror at himself at the same time. "Is there such thing as both? Could I really want both things?"

He stroked the thing between his legs as he swayed from side to side and took mincing steps in his spike heels. It was so incredibly erotic. He knew that under all the lacy, soft nylon he was still just a scrawny little boy, barely a teenager, but he was now thinking of himself as a 'her' and not a 'him,' and he

began to call himself/herself Josephina, not Joseph! And in his gut, he wanted his uncle to call him that too!

Here he was dressed like a hot, girlie girl, and as he gazed at himself, he looked and felt so sexy! His stuffed-bra little tits, his narrow waist, his tight butt cheeks that stuck out in his panties that rippled as he walked -- all of that made a wild, weird and beautiful illusion of femininity. "Mmmmmm, why do I feel soooooo good? I bet I could give Lizzy Josephina a run for her money!" Suddenly, he wasn't thinking about the prettiest girl in school as a love object, but as competition!

He laughed, "If I'm crowned the beauty queen, I promise to suck the hard, throbbing penis of every boy under the age of fifteen as my thank you..." Suddenly the picture of him licking and sucking a hard cock was all he could imagine.

"Did these clothes cast an evil spell on me or what? One second I'm a regular guy and now all I want is to taste a big hard boner and drink up baby-making juice!"

He shook his head, clearing that image.

"That fantasy will be for ANOTHER day." His focus shifted, "Let me get THIS dirty little dream out of my head ... now." Speaking in the firmest adult voice he could muster, he spoke to himself in the mirror, "Young lady, YOU need a good spanking ... go into the living room right now!"

He sauntered into the living room and before lying over the recliner, he tucked his hard cock back inside his flowered panties. He imagined what it would feel like, so vulnerable, lying across Uncle Roy's lap. Would he notice the hard thing barely held in check by his soft panties? Would he rub his hand along his smooth, pantied ass? Josephina couldn't remember if Uncle Roy had a girlfriend. What if he slid his hand down? Josephina ran his fingers between his legs and cupped and then gently squeezing his satin-covered balls, imagining it was his uncle's hand doing the massaging of his balls. "Please don't hurt me Uncle Roy... please!" He pleaded as he awkwardly brought his own hand up and slapped his own ass. "Ughhh..." The sting was electric.

He had been spanked only once before in his life and it did not feel ANYTHING like this! He brought his hand down again and again, repeatedly slapping each of his cheeks. He arched his back and started spanking lower and lower until he was making contact with his balls through the satin. His butt was now hot and tingly and his balls were tenderized, and he could feel his panties soaked where his cock was oozing.

"Please stop, Uncle Roy... I'm going to make a sticky mess in my panties! I promise I'll be a good girl... puh-lease?"

"Don't worry missy, I'll give you a chance to be a good girl, but first you need to be punished..."

Four more slaps and Josephina felt his whole body tingle. He was rubbing himself against the chair obscenely. He arched his back and brought his hand down as hard as he could, the harshness of the last spank cut through the buzz of all the others. "Uhhhhhhhhh noooo, Uncle Roy... it's coming!"

Josephina's whole body shook as the load that had been building all day shot out. He shook for a long minute as spurt after spurt of hot steamy cum saturated his teasingly silky satin panties. With both hands he caressed his stinging cheeks as his last few drops of cum dribbled out. Finally, gasping for breath, he stopped moving and just lay there deep in all the crazy thoughts bombarding his brain. He could feel his cock swimming in sticky goo, still fairly hard despite just cumming. He rolled off the chair onto his knees and looked down. His panties were soaked and thick gobs were oozing through the wet satin. Frightened, he looked at the leather recliner; it was smeared with streaks of cum.

"Uh-oh..."

He leaned forward and tongued up the bitter lines and puddles, slurping each down hungrily. The smell of the worn leather and sperm was strangely erotic. He lingered, licking the chair much longer than needed. Finally finished, he looked at his handy-work. The seat was wet with saliva, and he suddenly realized the chair might be ruined!

"Maybe I'll really get punished," he smirked to himself as he reached into his sodden panties and scooped his cum out to sup on it. He closed his eyes and imagined being able to suck the yummy stuff first hand, directly out of a throbbing penis.

In a few minutes he was completely aroused again. His hard cock strained against his panties that were now cool and sticky. He slipped out of them and brought them to his lips, sucking at the musky moisture they still retained. Realizing he was deep into a whole new world, Josephina wondered, "What do they call a girl who can't get enough sex?"

He racked his brain trying to remember the word his friend's older brother had used to describe his girlfriend Kimberly, 'Kimbo the Nympho' was what the brother had called her, 'Nympho is short for nymphomaniac. If a girl can't get enough sex, you call her a Nymphomaniac...'

Josephina smiled, "Josephina the Nympho..." he liked the way that sounded.

Over the next few weeks Joseph became Josephina in every conceivable way during every waking moment away from school and while his uncle was out of the house. On the surface, he was still the fourteen-year old boy everyone knew, but underneath he knew he was changing. He started wearing panties to school under his clothes and would opt out of gym to avoid being caught. He hated using the murder of his parents as an excuse, but the gym teacher never actually

asked. Joseph would just imply some vague problem, saying something like 'I'm not in the mood to have fun' or 'I don't feel so good' and the teacher would put on the sad concerned adult face Joseph had seen so many times and wave him off to the sides. He started hanging out with the girls in the hallways and at lunch, and before he knew it, he was in their group full-time. He found himself giggling and laughing with them. His friends were puzzled by his strange behavior and quickly pulled away from him. He heard the whispers behind his back but just didn't care because he was having fun. He found himself so much more interested in what the girls were saying and talking about. Every so often, something truly girly would come up, like when they were going to get their periods or making out with guys and everyone would laugh and say things like, 'Joseph, you're one of us... we have no secrets...' and then they would comment that he was so much like them that maybe he wanted to wear some makeup and have a kissy-kissy boyfriend too!

Everyday after school, Joseph would lock himself in the house and turn into Josephina. He acted out erotic dreams, and his most powerful and satisfying fantasies centered around being spanked in his girly clothes and forced to act like a girl in every way. He would play act like that three or four times a week, and always end up spurting his cum on the leather chair before licking it up subserviently. Since his uncle was working crazy hours, Joseph would always do the laundry, which was perfect since he was soiling so many pairs of panties!

One afternoon at school, the girls had been trying on lip gloss and it was all he could do not to pucker his lips and ask to try it also! That afternoon he ran home and began experimenting with his mother's makeup. After a few days of practice, he thought he was doing a reasonable job. Makeup really helped his transformation from scrawny boy to sexy young girl but it complicated things too. He really needed to watch the clock and know exactly when his uncle would be coming home because he not only had to clean the house of any sign of his 'playtime' and change out of his girly outer clothes, but he had to carefully wash his face too!

The weeks sped by and his uncle was making more money with the store than his parents ever did. He even spoke about maybe hiring an afternoon manager one day! Joseph was happy for him but also worried about having his playtime if his uncle wasn't going to work such long hours because his time as Josephina would be seriously compromised.

As with most things in his life since his parents had been killed, Joseph decided that he would worry about his uncle's new work hours if and when they ever started. For the time being, he had plenty of time to continue developing his secret and perfecting his persona as Josephina.

He would rush home after school every day, tear off his boys' clothes quickly, and then slip into one of his favorite outfits,

usually pink panties, bra and satin lounging robe. On this one day, he sauntered into the bathroom, satin robe flapping open with his makeup bag in hand. He placed the bag on the edge of the sink, opened it and began applying color to his face. He was interested in trying out something one of the girls had talked about, as he remembered, "Guys like the slutty look, tons of eye makeup, blush and dark pouty lips with a dark lip liner, plus long, dark fingernails -- girls who look like that drive any guy nuts ... right Joseph?"

He had been daydreaming again, but quickly recovered, "Um ... uh... yeah... definitely!"

He now was following that directive and before he knew it, a little slut was looking back at him from the mirror. "Um-m, this is SEXY ... I like it a lot," Josephina said to himself as he studied his reflection, winked and ran his tongue over his glazed lips. "I bet I could get any guy ... I'm way sexier than any of the girls in school; that's for sure!" He looked down at the huge bulge in the front of his panties with a dark wet spot from his drooling cock.

"My dick ruins everything!" he groaned as he rubbed the bulge and smiled. "But it feels so-o-o good! I think I'm a naughty little hussy who needs a spanking ..."

Josephina walked into the living room and sat prissily on the cum-baptized leather chair to do his nails that by then had grown and now extended out past the ends of his fingers. He was quivering in anticipation of what his hand with its sexily painted nails would be doing to his butt in just a few minutes after his nails had dried.

When he tested them against his thigh and knew they were dry, shy slowly squirmed into position and then he raised his hand and spanked himself hard. "Oh, yeah ... hard ... just the way Josephina loves it Uhhhh!" he groaned, loving the hot sting spreading across his smooth backside. He played out his favorite fantasy, spanking himself over his lacy panties, smacking himself until he could stand no more. "Please, Uncle Roy, I'll be a good girl... don't hurt me...!" Another smack and once again the familiar buzz was building in his tingling crotch. "I'm gonna make a big sticky mess ... please, stop, Uncle Roy ... nooooo more..."

"What the hell is going on here?" A deep voice came booming through the room, interrupting his fantasy. Josephina's head snapped around in shock. Uncle Roy was standing in the doorway and angrily advancing toward him. He had forgotten to lock the door! Despite all of his fantasies about being caught, Josephina was mortified. This was reality, not fantasy! His mouth was open in shock but no words to defend himself were coming out. He spun around trying to regain some composure by sitting in the chair.

"I knew something was going on, but I never thought this was it ... So, you're a little sissy, huh?"

Finally something came out, “No, it’s not like that, Uncle Roy... I’m not gay ... I swear ...”

Roy took a few more steps closer. “Well what the fuck is this then?” He waved to the outfit Joseph was wearing. “I don’t see many boys your age willingly wearing what you’ve got on! You’re even wearing makeup and a wig. Where the fuck did you get the wig? No, don’t answer me. Never mind. Now, I have my own little fag? Imagine that! Just look at you. I thought I would have my hands full with a typical rowdy teenager, but now I have to worry about a gay sissy teen!”

Out of the corner of his downcast eyes Josephina caught his uncle looking down between his legs, the boy gambled and opened them slightly and saw the hoped for reaction. His uncle didn’t look away; instead he looked closer. He took a huge breath and stepped up to his nephew, reached out and fingered the teen boy’s hard penis thrusting away at the front of his sissy pin panties.

Joseph clearly saw the huge bulge in his uncle’s pants.

“Close your legs you little whore. Your cunt is dripping and making your panties wet.” A tingle went up the boy’s spine. The man had said ‘your cunt.’

Josephina took a deep breath and put on his sexiest teen-queen voice. “Sorry, Uncle Roy ... I’m really sorry.” He looked down embarrassed and excited at the same time.

“Stand up, let me sit there ...” Roy said as he pointed to the leather chair. Awkwardly they switched places.

The boy felt more like a girl than ever before in his fantasies. “Do you want something to drink ... I could get you a beer?”

“Yeah... I could use a drink. Get me a beer, you little slut.”

Josephina scurried into the kitchen, exaggeratedly wiggling his nylon pantied ass for his uncle’s hungry eyes. Moments later, he returned with a cold beer to find his uncle had undressed down to his underwear! The gay boy in waiting tried not to, but he found himself staring at the big point tenting up his uncle’s boxers. He wanted to reach out and touch that straining hard cock. He fought back the urge, instead handing his uncle the beer. As he took the can from the boy’s long, painted nails, their hands grazed each other and the man felt his sissy nephew quiver, then moan with his eyes fluttering like a little bitch in heat.

Roy took three huge gulps beer before handing it the can back to the boy. “Here, have some too ...”

Josephina was shocked but drank some. It made him feel fizzy and giggle. He kept drinking it until the can was empty before he handed it back to him.

“Tastes good, huh? Go get a three more cans ...”

Joseph turned around and with an exaggerated swaying of his buttocks that made his silly panties ripple as he sauntered back to the kitchen. He was already light headed as he swished his way back down the hall until he was once again in the living room. The excited boy did a model’s walk towards his uncle by placing each foot ahead and in line with his other foot to accentuate the way he could make his hips sway sexily. He smiled as he saw his uncle’s eyes glaze over and little drops of perspiration collect on his forehead. The charged up man grabbed one can, drank it down in one long chug and then looked up at him. “Well, I think the only thing I can do is to punish you...” He reached up and slowly rubbed the little teenager’s soft smooth thigh.

“I’ve been naughty, uncle, and anything you think is right to do to punish me I’m sure is what I deserve,” he said blushing, looking down and quivering.

“Drink that other beer down. It will help you relax for what I have in mind.”

Joseph did and, unused to drinking alcohol, the effect was immediate. He started giggling and it felt like he couldn’t keep his balance. He needed to sit down.

“Now, lie right here ... I think you know how,” Roy said pointed to his lap.

Josephina’s head was spinning but he had enough sense to know what he was being asked to do and immediately he started getting goose bumps at the thought that he was about to experience what he had dreamt about for months. Gingerly he reached out and balanced himself, his hand brushed over his uncle’s hard, manly cock. “Oh, my god ... It feels so big and hard and hot ...”

He lowered himself down and laid his body across his uncle’s knees. It was just like his dream, but there was something so different. This time he wasn’t just imagining it, it was really happening. He was stretched across his uncle’s lap with his head down and his ass in the air, and his erect cock pushed at the front of his panties and became crushed right up against his uncle’s hard, but much larger, cock. It was hot and oh so hard pressed against him. Every time he thought it, just the thought made him shake in delight. He was deliberately trying to breathe smoothly and evenly but kept feeling himself hyperventilating. He heard his uncle open another beer and gulp some down before lifting up the boy’s slinky robe to expose the teen’s virgin ass encased in sexy nylon pink panties. Roy hadn’t had a boy or a girl in ages; he liked them young, but he was also very careful -- he didn’t need any trouble. Except for a few momentary fantasies, he never seriously considered having any kind of sex with his nephew. Sure the kid was cute, but it was his deceased sister’s

kid for heaven's sake! But now that the boy was obviously a little screaming panty faggot, new rules came into play!

Roy rubbed his hand over the smooth nylon; it was wicked, like touching an innocent little girl in her cute little panties for the very first time. The boy's skinny body and beautifully curved butt was a masterpiece of form in those panties. Damn! He loved boys or girls in panties. He had a history of having sex with kids, but it was usually months if not years before he got a chance to do it. He mostly had fucked little girls in the past, but twice he did have sex with young boys that he had met while he had volunteered as a pool attendant at the local community pool. They were both strangers to the area and boys he had considered safe. Young boys could be every bit as cute as young girls, he realized that long ago. The girls he had sex with, he usually recruited in one of the city's many parks. He'd sit on a bench with a newspaper, and when he spotted a potential girl, he'd get an erection that he let push up inside his trousers, and if the girl noticed him, he'd lower the paper and let her see the bulge. He was always looking for little girls that were sexually aware; girls that knew about things like men's boners. It's amazing but there are a lot of such girls in this day -- so many girls so much about sex at an early age, and the sight of a big cock reaching for the sky would cause the girls to discreetly get closer for a better view. That's when he'd invite them even closer and then asked if they'd like to see more, and if they did, he'd let her suggest a time and a secluded place they could meet that was usually near the girl's house that she could sneak away to join him. The girl usually would tell her parents that she was going over to her girlfriend's house but instead would go to meet him. He had lost count how many girls he had become intimate with using that MO over more than a dozen years.

But right now, he was staring down at his nephew's fine ass in panties, and it looked just as exciting as any pantied ass he had ever seen before. Roy massaged the boy's bottom through the silken panties. Josephina felt his cock twitch and squirmed in response. He sighed.

"Do you like this?" Roy said barely in a whisper.

"Yesss!" he croaked.

"But you've been naughty hiding your secret life from me, so I do have to punish you, even if this hurts you. I really need to do this. You really need to be disciplined."

Was his uncle playing with him? Or did he really think he needed a spanking? The boy knew he was excited, but his stern voice made it sound like was going to really punish him like an angry parent. He sensed his uncle's hand moving and then heard the whack of his open palm at the instant that he felt the pain of the smack.

"Ughhhh!!!!" The sting was both worse and better than anything he could have done to himself. Roy's hand was

bigger and rougher, and he had far more strength.

Another, and another, and another. Whack, whack, whack. The blows were hard and stinging, quickly bringing tears to his eyes, but his cock was twitching with excitement. With each blow he rubbed his crotch against his uncle's thighs and tried to make it duel with Roy's excited cock. He heard his uncle gasp for breath. No doubt he was enjoying this too!

The old pervert paused, caressing the pristine cheeks. "I think you've been naughty enough to deserve this," he groaned as he looped his fingers into the elastic bands of his panties and then yanked them down in back to right below his cheeks.

"Please don't hurt me... I'll do anything you want... Please?"

"I'm sure you will, my little priss ..."

A second later that big, hard hand slammed against the boy's bare ass down low so that his finger tips hit the bottom of his ball sack still encased in the panties. Heat washed over him.

"Ohhh, please stoppp! I promise I'll be a good girl! Please?"

Another and another and Josephina's ass was on fire and his balls were churning. As he squirmed uncontrollably, his uncle just held him tighter. He pushed his hips against his crying nephew as he spanked him, rubbing his hard cock against the boy's pantied cock and the kids' body dance up and down in response to the intense spanking. Josephina gave it up when he felt a sticky wetness on his pantied tummy; he knew Roy was oozing pre-cum through his shorts.

"Ohhhhhh, what a bad little girl you are!" He growled. "You want me to spank your cunt too..." He changed his angle and brought his palm down. Fully striking his balls that throbbed in reaction. It was painful but still Joseph's cock began to ache for release too. The all too familiar feeling was overtaking him, and he knew he was close to cumming.

"Uncle Roy, please stop! I'm gonna make a mess in my pretty panties if you don't stop! ... Uhhhh!" Another blow.

"Don't you dare, you prissy little sissy boy. If you're gonna be a good girl you need to learn to hold it back..."

"I caaaaaa't..." he whined, pressing his satin covered cock against his uncle's legs as the man began rubbing between the boy's stinging cheeks. His fingers pressed at the tight opening back there. Josephina swooned, somehow the thought had never crossed his mind, but of course he had a snug little hole back there. "If you make a mess you'll be cleaning it up missy, and I don't mean with a tissue!"

"I promise, Uncle Roy, I'll be your bestest little girl. I will never do anything wrong. I'll do whatever you want..."

"Fuck, of course you will ... You're gonna be my little toy ..."
He was reaching for something. He thought it was another beer but as he raised it over his head he saw in a flash what it was! "Noooooooo!" Joseph screamed as he felt and heard the loud whack as his uncle was using his wide leather belt to whip the upturned ass cheeks. With that blow, he lost all control. He felt every nerve in his body ignite; he began shaking and convulsing as the cum poured from his cock. "My pretty panties!" he cried out.

He heard and felt his uncle grunting and shaking as he came too. He held Joseph tightly as he thrust his pelvis at the kid's pantied body with each spurt. The boy felt the heat spreading along his waist as his cum and his uncle's cum spread over his loins with their cock spasms cumming together. His in a wonderful pair of sexy, pink satin panties, and his uncles sticking out the opening of his loose-fitting boxers.

They ended up lying together on the floor in a tight embrace; neither one of them remembered sliding off the chair and into this position. Panting with satisfaction, Josephina looked up at his uncle whose eyes were closed and his head was back against the front of the chair. He knew he had never seen the man so relaxed and satisfied looking. Joseph's cock twitched in the huge mess they had made in his panty front.

Carefully, he slid off his uncle, knelt between the man's legs and was staring at the big, still throbbing man cock. He was just inches away from it. He moved closer the log sticking out of the man's under shorts. He reached down between his own legs and rubbed his still rock-hard cock through his cum-soaked panties. He fantasy had come true, and he was about to make another one come true.

Josephina reached down and carefully pulled his uncle's underwear down. "What are you doing?" the man said.

"I'm showing you what a good girl your little Josephina can be..." He stared at the big cock; it was streaked with cum with globs in his curly pubic hair. The man's balls were dripping with sweat. Joseph felt his nostrils flaring and sucked in the musky scent. Salty sweat, the overpowering scent of old nuts and salty ocean mixed with a tinge of pee.

He opened his mouth and searched out the first thick glob. It was so bitter compared to his own, and it was thick and stringy but he rolled it around on his tongue and then swallowed it loudly.

His uncle put a strong hand on each side of his head, "Oh, yes! What a good girl you are, good girl Josephina."

Joseph licked every inch of the man's hairy balls, and to his delight, the big angry cock weaving in front of his face began to quickly harden. He twirled his tongue through his thick pubic hair struggling to find more of the man's tasty cum. Finally he felt a tug on his head and he looked up.

"Do you wanna be a really good girl?"

"Yes-s-s," he whispered lapping at his balls like a puppy.

"Then open your mouth..." He did. He knew what was coming and welcomed it. Slowly Roy moved him until his lips were poised over the tip of his shiny cockhead.

"Are you ready to be my special girl?"

He nodded and then felt his head being pushed down to the cock that met his lips and probed its way inside. He knew he was as good as a real girl now; he couldn't wait to tell his little girlfriends at school all about it! ♦



Auntie Knew How to Deal with a Boy Who with Long Hair

Like most other teenage boys in the 1970s, I had long hair, and it was a perfectly acceptable fashion of boys in my native California, but when I was sent off to spend my summer vacation from school to live with my Aunt Julie in West Virginia, I discovered that the people there were not very tolerant of boys with long hair, whom they quickly typified as girls or queers. My first surprise came when I got off the bus and asked to use the restroom, and the station master pointed me to the ladies' room!

When my aunt caught sight of my shoulder length locks, she halfway screamed, "I'm not having a hippie boy with hair like that staying under my roof." She immediately seized a pair of dog shears, took me into the bathroom and was about to give me a crew cut!

At the time, crew cuts were the geekiest look imaginable, and I felt a sudden surge of panic; I broke away from her and shouted, "No fucking way!"

Back home. Curse words were used frequently, but I got another rude awakening when a lightning-quick slap came ringing across my face. Too shocked to respond, I felt myself being grabbed by the arm and marched over to a forbidding-looking armless wooden chair in the corner. Aunt Julie wasted no time settling herself in the chair, and in a move that couldn't have taken more than two seconds but always replays in my memory in the slowest of slow motion, she yanked my jeans and underwear down, pulled me over her blue jean clad lap and began walloping me.

Needless to say, I had never been spanked before, so I was across her lap for possibly a good thirty seconds before I realized what was going on. Aunt Julie was scolding me the entire time, but by the time my brain was able to focus on what was happening, I was crying so hard that I couldn't hear a word she said.

The spanking lasted about five minutes, and I was hysterical by the time she finally peeled me off her lap. But when I went to pull up my pants, she stopped me and delivered some of the most astounding news I had ever heard. I remember her words: "Things are different here than those hippies you live with in California. Here, since you won't get your hair cut, and want to look like a girl, I going to make you act and dress like a girl the whole time you are here." Actually, my hair wasn't very long, especially compared to boys' hairstyles just a few years later, but in 1971 small town West Virginia, my hair, which just barely covered my ears, was considered girly.



I stood there still crying from the spanking and not really believing what she was saying, when she called for my cousins, Jennifer and Kyle, to come in and see the naked sissy. They laughed at the sight on me standing there in tears with a glowing red rear and my pants and underpants around my ankles, but then they laughed even harder when Aunt Julie told them what she had decided to do to me.

Kyle said he thought it was a great idea, that the best thing to do with a city sissy like me was to put me in a dress. Aunt Julie then told Jennifer to take me into her room and put me into some of her clothes as well as girlishly style my long hair and teach me a thing or two about being a girl.

What made it even worse was that while I was standing there in front of them all I got an erection. Kyle noticed it and said it looked like I loved the idea of being put into panties, so obviously it was the right thing to do.

Jennifer soon had me wearing frilly panties, a padded bra, girl's sandals, and a floral print dress. She had trimmed my hair, so now I had a pageboy cut and thick bangs over my forehead. She put some lipstick, eyeliner and mascara on me before leading me out to stand and be ridiculed by my aunt and boy cousin. Aunt Julie was quite pleased, and on the spot christened me "Becky" — and I stayed as Becky for the entire vacation, playing very little and spending most of my time doing household chores that I termed 'women's work.' ♦



Babysitting a Sissy Boy

When your mother first called me a couple of months ago and asked if I could babysit, it never occurred to me that I'd be babysitting YOU. I mean, you're two years older than I am? Gees, I just figured you had a much younger brother or sister that needed babysitting.

So, I was surprised when I showed up, and there you were in your pajamas and your mom started talking to

me about you. I could see you had diapers on under your pj's, so I guess I wasn't all that surprised when your mom told me you have had bedwetting problems your whole life and that's why she had put you in diapers and plastic panties. She said you were too immature to take care of yourself, and then when she started talking about having me change your diaper at bedtime, and giving you a bottle, wellI did think that was pretty weird.

But you know what? Since then, I've baby sat for you at least once a week, and you're my favorite babysitting gig. And your mom pays better than anyone else. She says it's always been difficult to get a sitter for you since you're such a big boy. I enjoy it too because your mother's attitude toward punishment. Other moms always put all kinds of limits on what I can do in terms of punishment, and spankings are definitely out. But your mom encourages me to spank you as well as humiliate you. She loves it when I dress you up like a sissy boy or little girl in my old clothes.

Starting with that first time I sat for you, your mom told me that if you deserved to be punished, I could punish you in anyway I see fit as she was leaving me completely in charge. In no uncertain terms, she not only told me that spanking was OK, it was her favorite way of disciplining you, and she even showed me where she keeps her special 'spanking slipper.' Well, as it turns out, I've used your mom's slipper a lot -- as you know! I remember the first time, I had to spank you. I had to establish that I was in charge even though I was much younger than you. It was the convincer; after that you knew that I am the boss when your mother is out. You are the most well-behaved child I sit for; I wish other moms would let me spank their kids, a lot of them could use it!

And it's so nice that your mom doesn't mind if I have some of my friends over. I know that my boyfriend in particular makes you feel very ashamed. You are ready to fold the moment he arrives. You start crying as soon as you see Big Tom. I'm glad he's taught you how to suck his cock; it's nice that I get a break from doing it. He has such a strong sex drive that I just can't do it often enough for him, and I certainly don't want him out looking for another girl to give him head. That's why it's so great that he loves having you tapping his dick, and I don't have to worry about losing him to you -- a wimpy, diaper-wearing sissy boy.

But maybe the best thing about your mom is the way she's taken some of my ideas for dressing you and stuff. When I mentioned to her that I thought a big baby sissy boy like you should wear a baby girls' style nightie instead of pj's, she said it was a great idea, and by the next week when I came over, there you were in a really short pink nightie. And she's so thankful that I have passed onto you a lot of my old clothes. Did you know it was Tom's idea to make you wear my frilly panties under your boys' clothes when you go outside? He likes you in panties I have worn while sucking his cock. Oh, I should tell you that you're going to bed early tonight. My boyfriend is coming over at about 8:30, and he already said he's been horny all day and needs a blowjob. Well, I'm gong to take my panties off right in front of both of you and then put them on you, and while you suck off Tom, I'm going to be making a video. It's going to be great, huh?" ♦

Caught in My Panty Drawer

The first time I caught Jerry going through my panty drawer was a Sunday afternoon. I had just gotten home from grocery shopping and saw the door to my room cracked open.

"Jerry!" I snapped when I saw him drop the pink satin panties he had been examining. He jumped like an electric shock hit him and hurriedly slammed the drawer shut. He just shoved his hands in his pockets, hung his head and blushed. "I, uh," he scrambled for words. "I thought some of our laundry got mixed up," he lied.

"Yeah," I nodded, giving him a scowl as I shoved him toward the door. "Right."

I left him off the hook. I knew little boys are fascinated with women and their lingerie, so he was curious -- yes, I felt violated, but he's just a little kid, so I just told him to get out of my room and stay out. Since then I kept a close eye on my panty drawer, and I did notice things were mess up from time to time, then less than two weeks later, I caught him again, but this time, I didn't scare him or let him know I saw him going through my dirty laundry, and when he didn't find any panties he liked there, he went into my clean panty drawer.

When he went into my bathroom with a pair, I hid in my walkin closet. He came out of the bathroom wearing nothing but the pink panties he had taken. That surprised me; I had no idea he was wearing them! This was serious! But a further shock hit me when I saw him masturbate into another pair. Seeing it, made me feel weird. Here was my sister's boy at my house doing those things! He had just finished cutting my grass and was obviously taking a panty jerk off break!

In all other ways, Jerry was a very masculine boy. He wasn't a sissy, and I was sure he wasn't gay. After he left, I hit the Internet to learn more about boys who did suck things. I read article after article and found out that a lot of such boys were simply panty fetishists and not gay. He was a sweet little

brother type, but he had a thing for my panties.

I admit, I had a thing for Jerry, a soft spot in my heart for him, and I had no intention of permanently traumatizing him, but I had to do something drastic about this bad habit of his. I thought maybe I could turn it into an adventure for me as well as gain certain advantages over him.

The next time I caught Jerry in my dirty clothes hamper, I shouted his name and called him a sick pervert. He jumped and dropped what he was holding, a panty, bra and full slip



combination of mine I had worn the night before. He tried bullshitting me as he sputtered something about missing a few socks.

"You lying little sneak," I scowled. I was in tight jeans in boots, a cutoff T-shirt and no bra. Hell, it was Sunday, and I was in casual attire, whereas I usually wore dresses and skirts all week, mostly for my job as an account manager for a brokerage firm. My hair was up in a high pony tail to keep it out of my face. "I wonder what your friends would think if I told them that you like to steal ladies' clothes and dress up in them." I was upset and had a lot of anger in my voice. I didn't want him ruining my clothes! It had to stop! I had to take charge of this sick little boy.

"I ... please..." he hesitated.

I put a finger to his chest and backed him up as I advanced on him. "You will do as I say, Jerry. You will do exactly as I say, or that little envelope in your room will be shown to your friends."

"What envelope?" he asked, his eyes widening a little.

"Go look."

Of course, Jerry was gone for quite some time. I'm sure he needed to sit alone and look closely at the photos. Pictures I had snapped of him when he wasn't looking, pictures of him in my lacy white briefs admiring himself in the mirror, and another of him kneeling with my pink silk panties wrapped around his cock and jerking off.

Yes, I had Jerry by the balls. And this was just the beginning. I again threatened to tell his friends. That made him cry and he promised to do anything else except to expose him. I then informed him that I had already told his mother what I had caught him doing, and I told him if he didn't want me to expose him to his friends, that he would have to ask his mother to buy him his own girlie panties so he would stop stealing and ruining mine. Anything was better than being outed to his friends, so the two of us went to his house, and he asked his mother to buy him his own panties. She made him ask for fancy lacy panties made of silk and nylon, and his mother made him promise to wear them every day under his boys' clothes. Moreover, she said she was going to buy him some skirts and dresses and many full sets of lingerie as well as girlie accessories, and he was to spend his time when in the house as a girl. He was also to come over to my house on a regular basis and do housecleaning for me since I had little time to keep up with cleaning since I worked full time. As a further command, he was commanded to stay away from my clothes except when he did my laundry, and I would only have him do that when I was there to directly supervise him. Jerry did get one thing to go in his favor; his father would not be told of this arrangement. His father worked long hours as the night manager of a big office with a 'boiler room' - a

facility that had a huge room of people on telephones soliciting charitable contributions. Most people were at home in the evenings, and that when they made most of the calls and when Jerry's dad worked; consequently, his dad was rarely home in the evening, and Jerry was to be a girl on most evenings, and he would be in bed -- in his babydoll nightie -- by the time his dad would get home.

Within a week all of Jerry's normal underwear had been replaced with slips, training bras, and dozens of pretty panties. I was there when they came back from shopping that first day and watched as his mother made him kneel in his bedroom and watch us go through his clothes and toss all of his boys' boxers and briefs into a trash bag. We then made him undress and put him into a new training bra and panty set in pink. They were in his size and fit him perfectly.

"This is what you will wear from now on," his mother told him.

His face turned bright red.

"This is just the start, Jerry boy," I sneered. I hiked up my short skirt quickly, showing him the white flowered pair of silk panties I was wearing. "Do you remember when I caught you playing with these? Well, you have your own, now. Have fun in them," I said as I dropped my skirt back into place.

His mother and I then planned his future and we decided he needed slut training, as we called it, and we instituted the program immediately and it progressed quickly. We loved the results. Soon he was cleaning for his mother as well as coming over to my house to do domestic work while wearing nothing but girls' clothes with lovely lingerie underneath.

We soon added thigh high stockings and high heels, but one of our favorite outfits for him was a schoolgirl outfit that the girls wore at the school he attended.

We added shame to his training and would have him put on little demonstrations of his newfound sissiness. We'd laugh as he wobbled unsuccessfully around in heels, and we'd make him tell us what a sissy whore he was, and on command he had to pull up his skirt so we could check his panties.

One of the best things we did was to send him to a lingerie store to buy things to add to his feminine wardrobe, but we didn't tell him that we knew the store clerk.

When Jennifer, a tall beautiful blonde rang him up at the counter, she added with a seductive smile, "I'm sure these will look wonderful on you, you little sissy."

That evening, she called me and described the whole scene. At her comment, Jerry nearly died and took his purchase and ran out of the store. Jerry's mother and I giggled all night on the phone over that.

Then something even more amazing happened tow days later when he was at my house cleaning my bedroom: I caught him gong through my dirty clothes hamper.

“What the fuck is your problem?” I snapped. “Can’t you get enough? You WEAR panties now yet you still have to pilfer through my dirty clothes!”

“I ... I can’t help it,” he blushed and cried, standing before me in nothing but his own pale green panties, white satin training bra and black stockings, holding my pink briefs I had

worn the night before. Right then I heard the doorbell. My date was there, right on time. We both looked up.

“Stay here, my little slut boy,” I ordered, forcing him down onto his knees, still holding my pink panties in front of him. I said, “Wouldn’t you hate it if my boyfriend Rick saw you like this?”

Rick, my regular date, knows Jerry, as he had seen him many times while working at my house in his boys' clothes, but this was a new development. Jerry looked mortified. I left him



kneeling there, hissing to him that if I came in and caught him masturbating with my soiled panties, there would be hell to pay. And I told him I would be back, later, and he should wait right there.

After about twenty minutes, I did come back after excusing myself from Rick. I left him on the couch, telling him I needed to change. Rick and I had been making out and his fingers had been in my pussy, thoroughly moistening my bright yellow panties. In fact, I was soaked. My panties were hot, wet with desire for Rick, and in the bedroom, I told Jerry I was going to fuck Rick in the next room, and he would surely be able to hear as we did it!

Jerry's face dropped in awe as I took off my wet panties and rubbed them all over his face. "Now, you smell like a pussy girl," I told him. I then dressed him in his schoolgirl outfit that I had him wearing while doing my cleaning. Jerry moaned to himself and shut his eyes in shame with a real man in the next room. I grabbed his head and held it against my pussy after hiking up my skirt. I made him lick the juices from my pussy. He did it with tears rolling down his cheeks. Then I took my dirty panties and made him step into them, and I pulled them up his legs over the pink panties he had on. In the two pairs of panties, especially since mine were a little large on him and sagging a bit, he looked ridiculous.

I rubbed my fingers between my legs, digging deep into my pussy to coat my fingers with my strongest flavored juices. I then shoved my wet fingers into Jerry's mouth and told him to suck. I told him to pretend they were a man's penis he was sucking like a fag boy. Here he was, kneeling in panties and a schoolgirl outfit, sucking off my fingers. What a slut, he looked like. I smiled. I was about to finish with him and go back out to Rick to fuck him.

But I was then surprised to see Rick standing at the door; he obviously had heard something going on in my bedroom and came in to investigate. I didn't stop what I was doing, and when Jerry noticed Rick staring at us, he wanted to hide or something as he tried to get up, but I commanded him to stay there. Thinking quickly, I said, "Jerry, I have a job for you to do. Now, stay right there on your knees." Then I turned to Rick, "Honey, I'm sorry you had to see this. I know you know Jerry, well, I need to now reintroduce him to you as sissy, panty boy Jerry. He is a personal sissy to me and his mother; we made him into what he obviously wanted to be after I repeatedly caught him stealing, wearing and jacking off in my panties. He's cute isn't he?"

Rick looked surprised but he adjusted. "Damn," he said, "he does look cute. I've always had a weakness for sweet, little schoolgirls. He looks damn good to me."

I said, "Well, that's great. In fact, since you like schoolgirls so much, that fits in perfectly with what I have in mind. I want you to know that I'm going to let you fuck me, and you

can do it right here on my bed and in front of this little sissy boy, but we can use his services too. I want you to put your big cock in his mouth and have him get you nice and wet so you can easily penetrate me with that monster dick of yours. How about it? You can pretend that he's one of those little schoolgirls that you drool over."

"Hell, yeah, I can do that. He looks like a real schoolgirl to me. Let me at him," he said as he was opening his zipper, pulling out his cock and walking toward Jerry.

Little Jerry was scared and crying, but I comforted him and explained sucking cock was just one of the things all sissy boys learn to do. I assured him he would love it. He was nervous and looking for a way to bolt. So with Rick's help we duct taped his wrists as well as his legs together. Then Rick fed him his cock. The idea was just to warm up my boyfriend to fuck me, but Rick got so carried away that he couldn't stop until he was shooting sperm down the kids throat and then pulling back to shoot some more slime on the boy's face. Rick has a lot of stamina, so he was ready to go again twenty minutes later, and that's when he did fuck me -- gloriously I might add, and he fucked me like crazy for over thirty minutes, then able to old off since he had so recently shot his wad in Jerry's mouth.

Jerry moaned and whimpered, and I left him curled up on the floor. He looked helpless and uncomfortable, but his cock was hard and it bulged up in his double pair of panties -- his panties and mine. His head was slimed with Rick's cum and his boy dick was dripping cum through both of his panties.

It was well after 3 AM when Rick left and I went back into the room, my lingerie, battered and loosely off my body.

There was sweet Jerry, all curled up in a ball. He looked up sleepily, his cock still pulsing and throbbing in the panties. They had worked their way down a little, so I pulled them up snugly, ramming his balls up against his body with the panties riding up his ass painfully. He winced. I smiled. His breath was hard, hot. He was moaning softly. He smelled like my pussy and Rick's cum that covered his face.

"Crawl over here," I ordered, "And clean me up before bed."

Jerry crawled over to oblige, and not only did he clean me out, he gave me two more orgasms in the process. When we were done, I laid there in exhaustion, one foot resting in his hair as he was still kneeling at my bedside.

"Jerry," I sighed, breathless. "I think we have found your niche ... I can't wait to tell your mom all about this night!"

There was also a time when I didn't warn Jerry but invited over a bunch of my girlfriends so they would catch him dressed like that, and it was the most embarrassing and humiliating night of his life. But that is a story in itself.

