



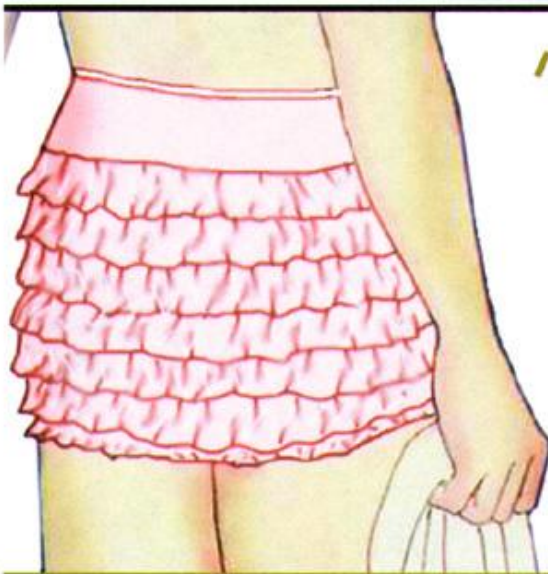
Volume 26

Tough Boy is No Match for His Feminizing Mom

She was a nurse and distraught over her son who was turning into a bully and an abuser, so she forced him into lingerie, put him on hormones and made him a real girlie-boy.

Pussy Boy Pages

Reader's Stories & Pics



I'm Paddled in Front of Mom's Friends

Bad enough she spansks me, but she also puts me in lingerie and lets her friends see me get punished.

Panty Flashing in the Park

Growing up in Japan, his mother always dressed him and his sister in matching panties and often took them to the park in just their panties, people barely noticed, but now he misses those days

My Cousin Debbie's Panties

He loved her panties and she loved him; he stole her panties and she knew it!

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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My Cousin Debbie's Panties

When I was sixteen I stayed at my aunt's place for a few days to help them with house painting. I was staying in the spare room next to my fifteen-year-old cousin Debbie's room. When I put my suitcase in my room I saw her door was open, so I peeked in and spotted a pair of her discarded lacy white nylon panties on the floor next to her bed.

I got such a hard on seeing Debbie's' panties that I couldn't stop myself from going into her room and taking the panties. I never had done anything like that in my life before, but the surprises just kept coming as I went back to my room, tore off my clothes and put the thrilling soft panties on. They had lace sown the sides with little pink flowers embroidered into the lace. I kept running my hands up and down the lace and then I started feeling my butt and cock through the silkiness of the nylon panties and I was going crazy. Everybody was downstairs, so I forced myself to quit lest I get caught. Then I went downstairs and told them I wanted to take a walk to the nearby park to unwind from the long bus trip.

When I got to the park I found a spot in the bushes that was nice and secluded. Then I stripped off and started pulled my prick through the panties. I just stood there shaking with excitement, the feeling was so good sliding my cock up and down in Debbie's' panties. I pretended my cock was under her panties with her wearing them and deep inside her tight pussy and soon my cum was spurting as geyser. I left the wet panties on, even with my cum coating the inside of them, they were heaven to wear. But I hadn't cum in about a week, so my stale cum really smelled and I was afraid my aunt would smell it on me, so I cleaned up Debbie's panties as best I could and lay down in the bush in rapture as the residue of my panty love affair dried.

When I got back to the house I put Debbie's panties back next to the bed where I had found them and took another pair from her panty drawer so I could wank myself silly again in bed that night. And for the two weeks I was there, I did that every night and a couple of times during the day too. Each time, I rinsed them out a bit and put the panties into the dirty laundry bin. Of course, when I left, I couldn't go without taking two pairs of her panties with me. I wanted to take more, and even though she had a whole drawer full of panties, I was afraid that if I took any more than the two pairs, they would be missed, and I'd be caught. But no one said anything, so I thought I had gotten off scot-free, but when I got home, there were four pairs of panties in my suitcase – not just the two I had taken, and a letter from Debbie, saying she knew what I had been doing with her panties. She admitted she had always been in love with me and was thrilled her panties excited me to that point. She saw it as a way I loved her back. She promised not to tell her mom or anybody else, but she did insist I visit them often. Of course, I did, and the first time I did. Debbie got me alone and we had a great panty conversation, all the while she sat with her legs spread so I could see her panties, and she insisted upon seeing me in her panties! We never had intercourse, but we did have mutual masturbation sessions in our panties as often as we could find time to be alone.

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Mother Paddles Me in Lingerie in Front of Her Friends

I still get spanked at home by my mother. I've always received a spanking as punishment for misbehavior and until the age of thirteen, my father used a wooden paddle on my bare bottom long and hard. Since my father passed away, my mother administers my discipline, but with a different emphasis. She has become a firm advocate of petticoat punishment as well as continues to use dad's old fraternity paddle on me while I am dressed in frilly pink nylon panties and a girls' pink nylon half-slip, a petticoat with a wide lacy hem. The slip is short and barely covers my behind, so if I bend over, the back slides up, exposing my bottom's pink pantied cheeks.

When mother is going to administer a spanking, I'm instructed to dress in my pink half-slip and dainty panties and wear nothing else. When I report to her I have to bring along dad's large wooden paddle. She always undresses down to just her pink half-slip and panties that exactly matches my half-slip and panties, and she insists on the childish over-the-knee position, which causes me more embarrassment, and when meekly draped face down over her lap, I must hand back to her the dreadful paddle upon request. Then mother flips up the back of my silken slip, completely exposing my perfectly turned up pantywaist clothed fanny. She then applies the brisk stinging spansks unsparingly hard, and I'm quickly squirming with my poor behind in acute pain. She administers the smacks of the paddle slowly and firmly, making sure I feel the full sting of

each spank. I'm bawling like a baby, arching and tossing my rapidly reddening butt across her lap and pleading tearfully long before she has finished with me.

I usually get a dose of 40 to 50 smarting spanks with the awful paddle, and so with each spanking session, I spend well over fifteen minutes across mother's knee. Despite my frantic and tearful pleas and promises, she never ends my punishment until I've had the full dosage from the paddle. When I'm finally allowed to scramble to my feet, I'm a very sore boy with a pink panty-covered burning and bruised backside. Mother gives me no sympathy, however, and I'm promptly marched to the corner where I must stand with my slip raised well up, displaying my hot, flaming, butt that is so enflamed it glows through the thin nylon panties. As additional punishment, I'm usually required to wear my girlish pink nylon slip and panties for the remainder of the day.

On numerous occasions my mother has publicly punished me in the presence of neighbor ladies and their young children. These spankings are always administered while I'm wearing my wispy pink nylon slip and lacy panties, which is really embarrassing.

Mother's best friend is Elsie, an attractive thirtyish redhead with two children, twelve-year-old Reginald and ten-year-old Millie. They live directly next door and are frequent spectators to my shameful petticoat punishment and paddling sessions. Whenever my mother calls Elsie and tells her I'm about to be paddled, it seems like the woman is always ready to drop everything, grab her kids and be at our door within minutes. I'm completely mortified when this modern mother and her freckle-faced kids see me descend the stairs in just my flimsy half-slip. Elsie says she believes it's very educational for her kids to see me so humiliated and disciplined. Wide-eyed little Reginald always appears blushing and quite nervous as his mother threatens to punish him in a similar manner if he does not constantly toe the line.

Even though they have seen me hauled over mother's knee and soundly spanked on countless occasions, they never fail to react when mother flips up the back of my slip to expose my totally girlish bottom covered solely by skimpy feminine panties, panties that are probably prettier than straight-lace, schoolmarmish Elsie herself wears. I really suffer a case of acute humiliation as mother soundly paddles my turned up sissy fanny, and Elsie and Millie sit smirking and nodding their complete agreement. I'm sure they delight in watching a boy squirm and bawl like a baby while over his mother's knee for a proper spanking with the paddle. I can assure you I don't disappoint them for I'm always blubbering something awful, like promising to be a 'good girl' and begging my mother to take me shopping for new panties before mother has finished my paddle session. Over the years my punishment sessions have had a weird effect on me, and while I don't find them pleasurable in the least, I usually get a firm erection in the panties and when the session is over, and I stand back up on my march to the corner, my cock throbs and tents up my panties and slips in a most embarrassing manner. Mother admonished me for getting a hard on, and before I'm put in the corner, I have to approach Elsie and her kids and let them pull up the back of my half-slip and pull down my panties for them to examine the abuse meted out on my stinging butt cheeks. My erection in front makes this inspection unbelievably humbling, and I keep my hands covering my crying face to avoid their looks of contempt. During their inspection, I quake and shiver when I feel an 'accidental' touching of my pantied penis, which seems to happen a lot.

Throughout my punishment ritual, thoroughly dominated, skinny little Reginald stands by silently, but I know he is scared shitless, especially since precocious little Millie in her high-pitched little girl voice taunts him and says things to upset him. He usually remains quiet despite the verbal abuse, but on a recent visit, the snotty little girl wondering out loud if her fancy pink party panties would be big enough to fit him for his next spanking. Reginald lashed out and tried to hit her when she said that. Elsie told her kids to stop fighting and said they would have Reginald try on his sister's party panties as soon as they got back home and give him a spanking in the panties to see how much good it would do him. When the boy begged to be spared, Elsie told him that since he's so much bigger than his sister, the panties probably wouldn't even fit him, but that was little relief for the kid as my mother said she'd give him old pairs of my pink panties packed away in my bedroom closet, fine quality and perfectly serviceable lacy pink panties she has saved from the time when I was about his age and size!

Following my punishment, I was left in the corner while mother dug out several pairs of my old punishment panties and gave them to Elsie. Then mother went back with them to their house to witness Reginald getting panty paddled in either his sister's party panties or my old pink panties. When mother came back, mother didn't say anything to me. I was dying to hear about what happened, but too embarrassed to ask. But mother was beaming with a smile that lasted all day long and that night she had a long conversation with Elsie on the phone, but I couldn't overhear what she was saying. The next day, when I took out the garbage, Reginald was sitting on their back porch. He took one look at me, turned away and ran back into their house. I'm sure mother will tell me about Reginald being pantied and paddled at some point, and I'm very excited to hear how another little boy has to endure the kind of pain that I feel all too frequently, as I still get plenty of paddlings and am always required to dress in my hated half-slips and panties for every session.

From #01695-M Sting 3/1 "Mother Does Best"

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Tough Boy is No Match for His Feminizing Mom

I was raised by my loving stepmother after my father died when I was an infant, but as I got older, I hung around with a group of boys who were always getting into trouble. It was getting so bad that my stepmother (I always called her 'mom') conferred with some of her friends and associates at our local hospital where she was the head nurse in surgery.

On the last day of school when I was in the seventh grade, she took a first step in reforming me. She threw all my underwear out and replaced them with fancy girls' bras and panties. When I got home from school, I knew I was in trouble because I had stayed out late and did not come directly home. Plus my good school clothes were dirty and torn since my friends and I had gotten into a fight with some punks at the park.

Mom was upset about my dirty and torn school clothes and my excuse that it was the last day of school didn't lessen her anger. She gave me a stern talking to and then sent me off to take a shower before supper and reminded me to wash my filthy hair. I sensed I hadn't heard the end of her complaining. She was probably planning on punishing me somehow.

In the shower, I washed my hair, then finished and went to my room to get dressed, and when I pulled open my dresser drawer, I was shocked to see my underwear had been replaced with a neat piles of girls' panties, lacy T-shirts (camisoles), and little girls' ankle socks with lacy ruffled tops on them, but worst of all there were several satin training bras too! The panties were hideous – all in various pastel colors with embroidery, lace and ribbon bows.

I panicked, wondering what was going on. Then I ran to my closet to see if my trousers and shirts were also gone too. I was relieved to see they were still there.

I didn't know what to do. I did know I was not about to put on one of those bras. Boys don't wear bras -- at least not this boy. But I was intrigued by the panties and tops. I had never had the opportunity to touch and see close-up girls' lingerie, and my fingers tingled with their silkiness as I touched them. Well, since they were in my drawer, I guess mom wanted me to wear them. I didn't know why she would want me to do that, but I just laughed and decided I'd try them on. Maybe mom was playing a joke on me and wanted to see if I'd go along with her joke. So I selected a pair of white nylon panties and a matching camisole top. I tried to pick the least lacy and feminine of the items there. They both felt excitingly soft, light, and smooth. I considered it an experiment, and when I put them on I was surprised at how aroused I became. I rushed back to the bathroom to masturbate away my excitement. It was my first experience wearing girls' panties, and as soon as my cock came in contact with them, I had an immediate erection. A shiver went through my entire body, a feeling that I had never felt before. It only took seconds to produce an organism and it was the greatest of my life.

I will never forget that moment or the immense feeling of guilt that immediately followed. I had pulled the panties down just in time before I shot my sperm, so they weren't soiled, but I didn't want to pull the panties back. I felt stupid. I felt like I had betrayed myself as well as all other men and boys in the world. But something made me pull the panties back up. I eased them up over my still pulsating cock, my erection ebbing away. Being temporarily satiated, my need to spurt appeased, I felt the fabric of the panties in a new way. They felt fantastic! But at that moment, I couldn't admit that to myself. I told myself it was just a reaction to the silky nylon fabric. Then I felt the tickle of the lacy legs openings around thighs. It was weird – and fantastic! The tight, snappy elastic at the waist and leg openings announced that the panties were not going to let me forget I was wearing them – wearing silky, lacy girls' panties!

People use the expression “blow my mind,” and now I had a sensation of what they meant as I fingered the sleek panty fabric and ticklishly scratchy lace on the front and back of the panties and wallowed in the moment. The whirlwind in my mind paused as I heard my mom call me from downstairs, saying supper was almost ready. I didn't really want to wear girls' panties. Boys don't do that sort of thing. But my friendly defense mechanisms came to my rescue: I already had the panties on – I didn't have any boys' underpants in my drawer – no one would see them under my jeans – what the hell! – why not just wear them – sort of as an experiment, just as I had felt when I had first put them on.

I made sure the coast was clear and then headed back to my room. I put on a clean white shirt, and I was going to wear a pair of shorts but realized I didn't have any plain boyish socks to wear. Hell, I thought, why not go whole hog – I'd wear the lacy ankle socks – I'd show mom I wasn't afraid to handle whatever she was going to dish out to me if these clothes were meant as a punishment. But I didn't want those lacy ankles to show; I wasn't ready to be that bold making my statement. So I put on chose a pair of long pants, hoping they'd hide the ruffles on the socks. I put on the socks – they felt really weird too, all tickly around my ankles and then a pair of sneakers and walked downstairs, very self-conscious of the panties and sissy socks I was wearing.

Mom jolted me back to reality when she saw I was wearing my dirty old tennis shoes, and told me to go back upstairs and change into the new shoes she had placed on the floor in my closet. I protested, but she said she had made beef stew – my favorite dish – and if I wanted to eat, I had to do as she told.

The shoes were black and shiny with a single strap. I was soon to learn they are called Mary Janes, a most girlish name for shoes that were so utterly girlish. I didn't want to put them on, but if it meant no supper without putting them on I had no choice – I was famished. So I put them on and went back downstairs now click-clacking with every step and I walked down the stairs and on our hardwood floors.

Wearing these girly shoes – that she would be able to see, I was blushing intensely; Mom looked up when she heard me coming, and simply smiled and nodded in approval. Then she had me to lift up my pants leg so she could see the little girl socks and then followed with another nod of approval.

All I kept thinking about is what my friends would say if they saw me wearing these shoes and lacy socks – not to mention the panties!

Mom said, “I want you to wear this whenever you are home,” as she held up a heavily ruffled and frilled full-length apron.

Once again, I protested, but mom told me to be quiet and wear it, saying my punishment was just beginning and going against her in any way would mean real trouble for me. When I asked what that meant, she said she'd start making me wear girlish clothes when I went out too. I wanted to tell her that she couldn't make me, but something inside just told me to not make a fuss at this point. I was getting to the point of being almost as tall as my mom and I was sure I could overpower her if I had to, but I also knew she could get back at me in horrifying ways since she knew how to pull every little string on me, her puppet of a son.

The apron had a skirt-like bottom, topped with a bib front decorated with lace. Two wide straps went over each shoulder and down the back to join together with the waist, tied in back into a large bow. Mom referred to it as a pinafore or a pinafore apron, I had never heard that name before.

As we ate supper, I had a difficult time enjoying the stew because every time I glanced downward, I'd see the ruffles of the pinafore, and I'd remember all the girly clothes I was wearing. Every time I squirmed a bit in my seat, I could feel the tight elastics of my panties twist and bind; it was maddening how they frequently announced their presence. I don't thin it's possible for a boy to think of himself as a boy with panties on. So if I wasn't a boy what was I? I didn't know – then, like thunder and lightning I did know – a sissy! Hold shit! I was thinking of myself as a sissy for putting on these clothes! With all the exchanges with my mother and everything that was going on between us, I had momentarily forgotten about the panties, but the instant I would relax for a moment, they'd pull against me or I'd feel my butt slide a bit against the silky fabric, and I'd be transported back to those stifling feelings of being anything but a boy and having to admit that only a sissy would wear such clothing.

Then when I stood up, I could feel the bottom edge of my trousers brush up against the lacy hems of my anklets. I looked own and saw a bit of the white lace flowing over the girlish one-strap shoes, and I leaped into a fresh batch of male-mauling thinking.

I thought it a good idea to say something nice to Mom, hoping to get back in her good graces and perhaps get my old clothes back, so I told her it was a real nice dinner and kissed her on the cheek. She seemed quite pleased and asked if I really meant it. I nodded. She said for me to being wearing these girlish clothes was probably rather distressing, but told me to be a good boy and go along with her and everything would turn out fine. She added she had something that I'd find very interesting.

I had no idea what she was talking about.

After she had me help her clean up the dishes, Mom changed into a filmy robe and nightgown and said

we were going to read a book together. Usually we watched TV until my bedtime, but reading a book was different, as was her nightwear. Instead of her usually cotton housecoat modestly covering her body, this robe and nightgown were white so sheer I could clearly make out her pink panties and bra underneath. Her panties and bra were trimmed with black lace and decorated sexy black satin bows.

She noticed my staring and smiled and said, "See, a lot of women and girls' clothes can be real nice. What I'm wearing is called a peignoir. I'll get one along with a matching nightgown for you if you want.

She smiled at me as no words came out of my mouth, but my surprised and horrified expression seemed to please her.

She added, "I got a book for you that I think you will enjoy."

I took the book and started reading about the life of a two young girls from the time they began to enter puberty and how their lives were changing. The more I read the more interesting it became. It was written in a style that made me feel that what they were going through was happening to me, which sounds stupid since I'm a boy (sissy! whatever!) but I began to feel like what I thought they were feeling as their bodies and minds developed. They talked about their breasts starting to grow and their fears that they would be too small. When they started to have their periods, I realized boys never could relate to the problems girls faced.

As I became engrossed in the book, I inadvertently crossed one leg over the other, causing my trouser legs to go up a bit and expose my fancy socks and shiny black patent leather sissy shoes. Something in the story made me realize what I had done and I discreetly tried to pull down my pants legs to cover the shaming socks and shoes. Out of the corner of my eye I saw my mother watching me; she had a coy smile on her face. When I looked at her she turned away. At that point I began to suspect that a psychological game was being played and I further suspected that I was losing.

Shortly thereafter mom said it was time for bed. I wanted to keep on reading, but she said I could finish the chapter I was on after I got ready for bed. As I started for the stairs mom said I could take the pinafore off and leave ready for use in the morning.

I had completely forgotten I had it on. As I took it off, I wondered how long mom was going to make me wear these clothes. As I walked up the stairs, the pull of my panty elastics reminded me I was wearing girls' panties, giving me a decidedly nervous feeling.

In my room I saw a pink nightgown laid out on the bed. Mom apparently put it there when she went up to change. It had short puffy sleeves and had elastic lace about the arm openings. The neck opening was also elasticized and a satin bow at the center. Trailing from the bow were two long strips of ribbon. The hem featured a six-inch wide ruffle edged in lace. Next to the nightgown was a matching pair of panties with a one-inch band of ruffle edge in lace like the nightie.

I realized mom intended I wear it to bed. I realized there was little use in protesting; plus I had nothing else to put on. I'd have to talk with mom about all this girly stuff as soon as I thought she had cooled down and would listen to reason; certainly, she didn't rally want to make me over into a girl!

I felt one of most erotic sensations of my life as I let the gown fall down over my body. I then took off the panties I had on and put on the matching pink panties. The crisp, new panties were that same thrilling sensation I felt when I had first put on a pair of panties – with the same result – I had to run to the bathroom to ease my tension! I barely made it there in time, pulled down the front of the panties and blasted my jism all over the toilet and the wall! I hurriedly wiped up the mess, pulled the panties back up and went to bed.

I again felt ashamed and guilty for getting so excited over girls' panties! I couldn't admit that I liked wearing these clothes, but it troubled me to realize my mom was getting me to wear these clothes without much of a protest from me. With such discordant thoughts floating around in my head, I was happy to put them at bay as I picked the book up again and got right back to my reading.

Just as I started reading, mom walked in and commented approvingly. "I see you found your new nightgown and panties. Did you enjoy putting it on."

I was blushing with shame. Thinking I had to say something, I said it was comfortable.

"More than just comfortable, I'm pretty sure you find your new nightie and panties extremely exciting to wear," Mom said with a fiendish grin.

I was sure she had heard my dash to the bathroom, and if she had checked it out, I'm sure she could smell the scent of my semen that probably still hung in the air.

She sat on the side of the bed and gave me a hug. She said, "I guess it's about time I explain a few things to you." She said she had been quite concerned about attitude and the crude group of boys I was hanging around. She said I had to stop going around with those hoodlums immediately and start to learn about pleasing other and not just myself. She promised there were greater rewards for giving than taking, and eventually she'd prove it to me.

I asked, "But why do I have to wear all these girls' clothes?"

Mom said they would be my constant reminder to be good. I needed a totally change of pace to wrench me out of my mindset, something to get me think differently and more positively every minute of the day -- and putting me in girls' clothing would give me a lot to think about! (I didn't know how that could be positive; I have to have that proven to me!)

She told me to finish reading my chapter and then get to sleep and promised it would be an interesting summer in which I would learn a lot about being and doing good and loving it! (I sincerely doubted that!)

I didn't sleep too soundly that night. I would doze off and then repeatedly wake up and be shocked to find myself wearing the slinky girls' nightgown. I dreamt about wearing a nightgown and a lot of people were watching as I tried to run past them to get into my house. Another dream had me opening my dresser drawer and finding all kinds of lingerie.

Soon it was time to get up and get dressed. I went into the bathroom to clean my teeth and as I leaned over the sink the two ribbons would hang down in front and of course get wet if I didn't do something about them. So I tucked them inside the gown to hold them out of the way, but I couldn't help but to realize that mom was right. There would be constant reminders. And, even more I kind of liked them. Then I would feel guilty for enjoying it. I didn't know what to think, and I can tell you I was going through considerable mental torment.

I then took a shower and returned to my room and selected a clean set of panties, another camisole top and of course long pants and a shirt. I didn't forget what type, of socks and shoes were appropriate. When I came downstairs mom handed me my pinafore and I immediately put it on. I guess, you could say I was learning my lesson well.

I knew I could never see my friends dressed in this manner. Mom noticed I was apprehensive and guessed what was bothering me. She said don't worry you and I are going to do a lot together this summer. I wasn't sure as to how I should take that, and she then added I'm quite sure there is a lot that I can teach you. I kept thinking what would my friends think if they knew that I spent the whole night wearing a girls' nightgown and even now I was wearing girls' lingerie How could I ever face them.

The next several days were pretty much the same. I did go to the library once alone. I was always careful to remain standing so that my socks would not show. Also, I went to the market several times with mom, and we ate out several times. I always got mom to select a booth were I would be somewhat out of sight of other people.

One afternoon while home alone I got to thinking about my situation and how it all came about. So what the heck, I thought, why not try on one of those bras, just to see how it would feel? I went to my room and removed my shirt and camisole and attempted to put on the bra. I couldn't get the hooks to attach in the back. I took it off, put it about my waist backwards, hooked it together and then turned it about to its correct position slipped my arms under the straps so that they went over the shoulder as they should. I then waded up some tissue to give some indication of budding breasts. I slipped a tee shirt over this and then turned around to see how I looked in the mirror. To my horror my mother was standing in the doorway and watched the whole episode. Apparently she had come home earlier than expected. She laughed just a little bit and said don't let it bother you. You will learn with time and if not we will get you a bra that hooks together in the front. I quickly took it off and went back to my normal attire of a camisole and shirt.

True to her word, the next day when she came home from work she was carrying a small package. She

said here is a little gift for you. I opened it up and it was one of those bras, which had a front closing. She said. "Why don't you go try it on?"

I went to my room and did just that. I then bunched a couple of handkerchiefs and inserted them to give the appearance of small breasts. Put my shirt back on and prepared to return down stairs. Every time I took a breath, the bra would remind me of its presence. This would take some time to get used to. I wanted to take it off, but I knew mom would be displeased if I did not wear it for her to see. Even though I was wearing a shirt, I could see the outline of the bra through the shirt. The bra had scallops on the top edge and it would show through the shirt. Also when I turned around and viewed myself in a mirror, I could definitely see the out line of the straps across my back Wearing feminine things was defiantly having its effect. For example, when I would put on my pinafore, I would of course have a large bow in the middle of my back. Actually, I could not see it but I knew it was there, and every time I would pass a mirror I would check to see how it looked and if it was straight. All of these traits are what makes a girl different from a boy.

A few days later when mom came home from work she said I have to run to the next town to make a delivery and pick up some forms. Please come with me as it's a strange area and I don't want to go alone. We can stop at a diner and get something to eat on the way home.

I said, "Mom, can I remove my bra?" -- notice I said 'my bra' -- that should tell you that certain changes in my personality were taking place. I knew it would show through my shirt. She said, we don't have time, just put a jacket on, and no one will know you have it on. Also this way you will get used to the feel of it about your chest. Actually, I couldn't forget it was there. It was a constant reminder.

We drove to a nearby town about fifteen miles away. We found the apartment house, which apparently belonged to a fellow employee. Parked the car and removed two packages from the trunk and proceeded to the sixth floor and knocked on the door.

A young girl answered the door and immediately said hello Bob, Come on in. I was amazed as I had no idea as to, who she was and how she knew me. Her mother appeared behind her and greeted my mother and then said meet my daughter Andrea. And, to me she said hello Bobbie. I'm Helen Hadam, Andrea's mother. I thought it strange that she would call me Bobbie and not Bob.

Andrea said you don't recognize your old school mate, do you? I replied that her voice was familiar and she looked familiar, but I just couldn't remember her and that I was most sorry. She said don't worry, you probably will with time, let me show you our new apartment. We just moved in about two weeks ago.

We went from room to room and it really was a nice apartment. From Andrea's room you could go through sliding doors to a nice balcony. The apartment house was located on a hill and this afforded a great view. You could see other apartment houses as well as a view of a distant lake.

She said, "Why don't you take your jacket off?"

I refused. I wished I didn't have the bra on. I said, "We can't stay long as we still have to go to supper." I didn't want her to know I was wearing a bra, which I knew would show through my shirt. At least the strap across the back would.

"Come and see my telescope; we just got it the other day. It's pretty neat. I can see boats on the lake, and I can look into other apartments too. See that one over there – the fourth floor of that big white building? Just yesterday I focused on it and saw a man looking back at me.

"And at the apartment two floors up, the teenage girl who lives there comes home every day, takes off her dress and walks around in just her bra and panties; you might find that interesting. The apartment is dark now but perhaps you could come back and have some fun." I was blushing.

She looked at me with rolling eyes and commented how boys like that sort of thing. I kept wondering what she would think if she knew what I was wearing under my boys' clothes.

She was carrying the instruction booklet for the telescope and accidentally dropped it or so it appeared on the floor between us. We both bent over at the same time to retrieve it. When she did I could see down her loose fitting blouse and her breasts came into view. They were nicely developed, not too small or too large. I immediately remembered my silly attempt to give myself the illusion of breasts with a couple of handkerchiefs. My first thought was gosh, I wish I had boobs like that; then I remembered I was wearing a bra, and I wondered if she could tell. I became nervous and felt my face getting red.

My reaction was I needed to get out of here, so I said I had better find mom, as we need to get on our way. Andrea said I hoped you could have stayed longer and perhaps remember me from school. She added I hope you will come again. I found mom and said if we are going to eat, don't you think we should be moving on.

When we got in the car mom said why were you in such a hurry to leave? Mom, I replied she wanted me to take my jacket off. I was sure she'd see I was wearing a bra.

Mom replied so what I thought you liked your new bra. Mom had a way of twisting my words. So I had to be careful how I replied, so I said I do like it. I like it very much. But, I couldn't even sit down or she would see my socks. I would have been terribly embarrassed. Mom then asked if I remembered Andrea from school. I said no, I didn't. She then said, how about if we removed the "H" from her last name. It would then be Adams. Does that help? I kept thinking. If not, try shorting her first name.

After a minute, I said, "Mom, are you trying to tell me Andrea is Andy Adams?"

She said you got it. I replied mom it can't be. Andy was taller and really a rather nasty guy. Besides that Andrea leaned over once and I couldn't help but to see her breasts. Believe me they are real. She's a girl,

no doubt about it.

Mom laughed and, said yes, Andrea is your old friend Andy. Andrea's mother was quite concerned as to how he was acting and decided that it would be appropriate that Andy be feminized. I couldn't believe my eyes or ears.

By then we had reached the restaurant. We went in and found a secluded table as usual. I was pretty quiet and finally mom said, "What is bothering you?"

I replied I just could not believe the changes in Andy. It's not possible that he has become a girl. I just can't believe it. Mom said, with modern medicine you would be surprised as to what can be accomplished. I will explain it in more detail when we get home, lets order now. But, by the way you do have to admit Andrea is a much nicer person then Andy. To that I had to say a-men. Andy had away that made everyone dislike him.

I played a bit with my meal and mom noticing this asked, "Honey what is wrong?"

"Mom," I asked, "am I going to be feminized liked Andrea?"

She smiled and replied, "To be technically correct, no. You are not 'going' to be feminized. Why do you ask?" Did I note a tone of sadness?

I replied, "Well, you have me wearing girls' clothes." I was thinking that was what she intended and it seems to have worked on Andy, so I figured she thought it would be good for me too. I couldn't believe I actually though that. What was coming over me?

Mom asked again, "Are you disappointed you are not 'going' to be feminized?"

After a while I said, "I guess so." Believe me that was not easy to say. But on the other hand I was constantly thinking what it would be like to be a girl and more and more I found myself half heatedly wishing I were one.

Mom added, "I thought you were beginning to like wearing panties, bras and your new nightgowns."

After a pause I said, "Well, I do."

Mom then said, "I have good news for you. The key word is 'going' you are not going to be feminized; you 'are' being feminized."

"I am?" I replied, "Just wearing girls' clothes will do that?"

"No," mom said. "it takes much more and I will explain when we get home. The wearing of girls' clothes

does help psychologically though." Then she looked me in the eye and asked, "Would you really like to be a girl?"

It took me some time to give her an answer, but finally I said, "Yes, I think I would." I didn't think I could ever say that, as somehow I kept thinking about all the things that boys do and how they differ from what girls do. I remembered some of what I read in the books mom had me read and I wondered could I cope with such a change. But, even so the girls in the book seemed to be getting a big kick out of life. I was really confused as to what I wanted. I would think about the various things that only a boy would do, and then I would think about the thrills that wearing girls' clothes would produce, such as panties, bras, and nightgowns. After a while I slowly said I believe I do want to be a girl. There it was out and was I relieved. I know now I always wanted that, but boys just don't ever admit to such a desire. I think it would be good for me. Mom, said honey I'm so glad to hear that. I promise you, you won't be sorry. I'm going to help you become the prettiest little girl on our street and by the time summer is over you will be a very attractive young lady. But, first tell me why you think you would like to be a girl. I hesitated for a while and then I said I think I like what being a girl is all about. I like wearing panties and a bra, and I even like wearing the pinafore. It makes me think differently. I don't know why, I know a week or so ago I would say no way. Now I seem to like it more and more as each day goes by. I guess I always really wanted to be a girl. But, no boy could ever admit that. Girls can say they wished they were boys, but boys can never admit to wanting to be a girl. With all that, tears started to run from my eyes, I was becoming quite emotional. I guess I was already becoming somewhat feminized. Mom smiled and said let's go home. As we left the restaurant she gave me a big hug and said I'm so happy, that you have decided to become my daughter.

"Mom," I said, "one more thing. I think I would like to start wearing dresses." Now there is something else that I never thought I would say, but it was out and it was only one of the many things I wanted to confess to someone.

"Good," she replied, "and we will take steps tomorrow to bring that about, but for now let's go home and we will talk about what needs to be done after we get ready for bed.

As soon as we got home we both put our nightgowns on and I went over to mom's room and sat on the bed next to her. Mom then explained she was most concerned with the people I was traveling with and the poor attitudes that I seemed to be developing. One day at work she expressed her concerns to a fellow worker, one Helen Hadams who turned out to be Andrea's mother. She said, with advice from a doctor at the hospital, she took me for what I thought was a physical exam. I did indeed have an exam, but what I thought were inoculations for various diseases was actually something quite different.

Actually what I was given was the same process that Andrea had gone through. First I was given an implant with a syringe which was much like an injection. The difference being it was a small pellet that emitted a drug over a period of time. It would effect the pituitary gland , which then sent a message to the testicles to stop generating the male hormone testosterone. It was known as a LHRH agent. Another injection of female hormones was administered and this was followed by a daily pill which, I thought

was a vitamin, but was supplementary female hormones.

Mom explained that after about three weeks I should start to notice the effects of these drugs. She said I would experience several physical changes such as thicker hair on my head and pubic region, less hair on other parts of my body, like chest, legs, and arms. I possibly would lose a little height, as the disks in my vertebrae would become a bit thinner (this probably accounts for Andrea not being as tall as Andy). That my muscle tone would change a bit and there would be a redistribution of body fat resulting in a filling out of my hips, thighs, and a narrowing of my waist. Even more significant, I would develop female breasts.

"Mom," I asked, "will they be as big as Andrea's or yours."

She replied. "I'm sure they will be. You will know they are starting to develop when they become somewhat sensitive and start to itch."

"Mom," I said. "yesterday I couldn't stop scratching."

"See you are on your way." She also said, "Andrea's mother said Andrea is now wearing a size 'C' bra." She added, "My bra was a size 'D', which I suspect you would like to see, right now, right?"

I said, "I would," and she said go ahead and unbutton my pajama top. I did and was rewarded with a sight that was most delightful. As I held them in my hands, she said, "Just think this is what you have to look forward to. Now I think it's time you got to bed."

I had much trouble going to sleep, one minute I was excited about the future and the next I was worried that what I was doing must be wrong. I couldn't believe that I actually told my mother that I wanted to be a girl. What would all my friends think if they were to find out that I had asked to be feminized? I think I cried a little before going to sleep. Was it for joy or despair? I don't know. Actually I was beginning to enjoy being a girl, but it just wasn't natural and then I would feel guilty for thinking that way. Something must have been taking over my mind because I even liked the pinafore; I guess it was because of the ruffles, they seemed so feminine. Also, what I didn't realize was that the feminine hormones were surely beginning to kick in, and as each day went by my inhibitions were slowly being erased. It wouldn't be long before I would have no desire to return to my masculine past. But of course I didn't know that at that point in time.

Mom, stopped in my bedroom early the next morning, and greeted me with how is my little girl today. She said you don't have to get up right now or wear a bra, but do wear shorts instead of long trousers. I have to go into work for a few hours, I will be home about noon, and we will start to work on the new you. Oh, yes, why don't you give some thought to possibly changing your name. Then, she kissed me on the forehead and whispered.

Now be a good little girl until I get back. I noticed that from the moment that I told her that I wanted to

be a girl that she always referred to me in that gender from that point on. I know that what I was doing was making mom very happy, and that made me feel better too. I did as instructed and it wasn't long before mom was home again. She said get a large towel. I want to do something with your hair. She put the towel around my shoulders and proceeded to cut my hair so that I had bangs. She then took a pink ribbon about one inch wide and placed on the top of my head, she brought it down each side just behind my ears, crossed it over in the back under the remaining hair and tied it in a nice bow. She said that should work for the time being. When I looked in a mirror I could see that I was becoming more feminine looking with every step taken. That plus the pinafore covered the shorts quite well and for all practical purposes gave the appearance that I was wearing a dress

We have to go now. I made an appointment for us at a store in a neighboring town that specializes in dressing young girls. We don't have too much time. She also added, you must let mother pick out her daughter's first dress. I've waited a long time for this, after that we will pick them out together.

We were able to park right near the store but we did have to walk a little ways to the store. I hesitated to get out of the car, mom said we have to go, but I didn't want to walk by all those people on the street. It was the busy part of town. But mom took my hand and all I could do was keep my head down and not look anyone in the eye. Eventually we went into the store and I'm sure a lot of people got a big kick out of my predicament. After all with the pinafore over the shorts it looked much like a dress and I'm sure all passing us would notice my strange attire. Boy was I glad when we got to the store entrance.

A saleslady came up to my mom and said you must be Mrs. Radson. Mom said she was and the lady said we have some things right over here, for your little girl that we thought you might like. She knew I wasn't really a girl, but apparently they were quite willing to go along with the charade. On the end of a rack hanging on a hanger was a very pretty little girls' dress. It was light pink, with sort of a thin vertical stripe. It had short cap sleeves with lace about the arm openings. The collar was also trimmed with a matching lace as was the hem. There was a white sash at the waist, which of course would be tied in a large bow at the back. The skirt was full. The saleslady then produced a crinoline petticoat and a pair of white panties, which had pink ruffles on the back side. Mom said Oh!, I just love all those items, they will be perfect. The saleslady said, let us take your little girl and get her into her clothes. Of course, she knew I wasn't a girl but even so, I got a shiver every time someone referred to me as such, possibly I even liked it. I kept thinking good heavens in a few minutes I will be wearing those items.

Another girl came to help and each took a hold of one of my hands and led me to a changing room in the rear of the store. They told me to take my shirt, shorts, and panties off. They had a shopping bag for me to put those items in. They handed me the fancy panties and I was afraid I was going to get an erection right there. This followed with the petticoat and they handed me a pair of new pink socks which had a white ruffle. They also had a new pair of shoes, which were like the Mary Janes except they were white. Each girl took a hold of one my hands and proceeded to paint my finger nails a light pink. They then thinned my eyebrows just a bit and added a slight touch of rouge to my cheek bones. One girl said that's enough make-up for a little girl.

They then had me stand up and they lowered the dress over my head and buttoned up the back. The bow was tied and I was just about ready to make my debut.

A wig was then produced which matched the color of my hair, and placed on my head. It was fuller and had curls and little girl bangs. I was then led back out in the store to my mother. When she saw me she was delighted and could hardly contain her expressions of joy. She kept hugging me and telling the saleslady how pleased she was. It was the beginning of a whole new life.

Mom then showed me some other dresses, which she had set aside. She said, pick out those that you like which we did jointly. They were mostly sun dresses, but we also selected some skirts and blouses. A few were for an older girl, and I wouldn't wear them until some of the feminizing changes had taken place. Mom also selected some items, which she said I would need later on. Mom paid for our purchases and we took all of our packages to the car and placed them in the trunk. When we got in the car I said mom, that must have cost you an awful lot. She replied well it was a little expensive, but it was all worth it for the little girl that I always wanted.

Mom added we are going to meet another lady and her daughter that I met while you were being dressed and have lunch together. You will probably find this most interesting.

We drove to a rather nice restaurant and when started to enter the restaurant mom said no dark corners today. She added, I want everyone to see my pretty little girl. I'm sure my face was really flushed.

As we entered the restaurant I saw this lady waiting just inside, with her was a young girl dressed similar to what I was wearing, only her dress was more blue than pink. Actually she was quite pretty. Obviously this is the woman that mom said she met at the store. Mom said this is Mrs. Graham and her daughter Melanie. Melanie seemed very shy and just smiled. The receptionist escorted us to a table and Melanie and I sat next to each other. Melanie didn't talk much during dinner, but what little she said made me realize that Melanie was going through the same transformation that I was experiencing. After dinner was over mom and Mrs. Graham excused themselves and said they were going to the rest room. I think they wanted to leave Melanie and me alone for a few minutes to see how we would interact.

I noticed Melanie staring at the top of my head. I asked her why and she or he said I was looking at the ribbon in your hair. I know I have one too, but I never see it except when I pass some reflective surface. Now when I look at you, in a way I see myself and I have a better appreciation as to how I am dressed. I said it's funny that you brought that up, because a few minutes ago I experienced the same thoughts. Melanie said why what happened. I said remember when you dropped your spoon on the floor and then leaned over to pick it up. Well when you did your short skirt lifted up and I could see your panties. They were very pretty with all those ruffles and it made me think about that I too was wearing similar panties. I sort of forgot about them, as I didn't get to look at them very closely when I put them on, as things were happening to quickly. Now seeing yours reminds me, that I too have pretty panties and when

seeing yours was like seeing myself. As a matter of fact every time I look at you it reminds me as to how I look.

Melanie seemed to become more excited as we spoke and she said I would love to see yours. So, I purposely dropped a spoon on the floor and leaned over to pick it up. Melanie explained it's just like looking in a mirror. At that point I noticed our mothers watching us from across the room, and they both had big smiles on their faces. Apparently they sensed what we were doing.

After, Mrs. Graham and mom returned, I said I needed to go to a rest room.

"It's been a long day," Mom replied. "OK, but I had better take you. Come with me and do as I say. This will be another new experience for you."

We went into the ladies restroom and I was really nervous. Mom whispered, go in to a stall and remember sit down as all little girls do and don't forget to wipe yourself dry.. I want to hear a tinkle. I did as told but when I lifted up my skirts and lowered my panties I had to relieve my sexual needs as well as empty my bladder. Actually, it was a good thing I was wearing those petticoats most of the day because they tended to hide my aroused state.



When I came out I was somewhat flushed, which mom noticed and asked was it good. I just smiled.

We all left the restaurant and drove to a local mall. Mom said there was something she wanted to look for. But, I think she just wanted to show us off. She parked at one end and we had to walk the full length and back. Part of the time I was quite nervous, but as we walked, Melanie and I held hands. This gave both of us more confidence and we both realized that no one really recognized that we were boys. As we walked together I would put one of my hands down by my side and I could feel the softness of my skirt and petticoat. It felt great. I was in ecstasy. Even so I was glad when we finally left because I just couldn't believe I was being accepted as a girl.

With that we parted company and promised to get together again.

When we got home, together we hung up all my new clothes and removed my male clothing from the closet. Mom said I will take them to a goodwill station on my way to work tomorrow. With that I knew the die was cast, and that my days as a boy were basically over. We both got ready for bed. This time I wore a light blue nightgown. Before getting into bed I went and kissed my mother on the cheek and said mom thanks for what all you did. I really appreciated it She said my little girl has really made me very happy today. It's going to be a great summer. After I got into bed and thought about all that happened, then I had a good cry. I guess mom

could hear me, and she came into my room to see what was wrong. I told her I didn't know. She said little girls do that and she got next to me and put her arm around me and held me tight. After awhile I settled down and we both went to sleep.

The next morning, I told mom that I was ashamed of myself for how I acted. She said, "It's perfectly normal. Believe me you are going through a significant psychological change and that is how little girls behave. You'll get over it in time. You must remember that you are experiencing a most significant change. Not just physically, but mentally as well. Your body is no longer generating male hormones and at the same time you are receiving female hormones. You can expect to react emotionally, just like any other little girl."

I asked, "When will my breast start to get bigger?"

She said she had a chart, which she got from a medical report at the hospital that shows expected breast development. It showed that in the third week after the inoculations that a $\frac{1}{16}$ of an inch increase of bust measurement could be expected, additional $\frac{1}{8}$ the next week, $\frac{1}{4}$ after the next, to be followed by $\frac{1}{2}$, 1.0, 2.0, 2.0, 1.0, $\frac{1}{2}$, inch in subsequent weeks for a total of about $7\frac{3}{4}$ inches after 12 weeks. Approximately, three months from the start of the female hormones, or nine weeks from now I could look forward to being a rather well developed young lady, at least to having a need to wear a C-cup size bra..

As each week went by, I could see signs of change. Watching my breasts grow was really exciting. Boys have no idea as to what it means to a girl. Another thing I noticed was my sex drive was not as strong as previously. I guess it was a loss of libido. I no longer automatically had an erection just by wearing feminine clothing. On the plus side I was slowly beginning to think of myself as a true female and not a boy masquerading as a girl. I noticed I was becoming more aware of feminine things and when looking for a rest room it just seemed natural to look for signs that said women not men. Frankly, I was beginning to really enjoy being a girl. Clothes for example had a whole new meaning and interest. Everyday I would put on a clean pair of panties and a fresh bra, and promptly forget that I was wearing them. Sometimes I would be a bit surprised when going to the bathroom and after lifting my skirts to remember what all I was wearing. Also I was becoming quite used to the pinafore and would put it on almost automatically. Actually I think I liked the feminine ruffles and what have you.

With regard to the development of breasts this was probably the most exciting period of my life, as said the first signs of growth were hardly noticeable. After about four weeks my nipples started to project a bit, but as each week went by they were more and more noticeable. Also they were becoming more sensitive. The simple act of massaging the nipples would produce a rather delightful sensation.

After about six weeks they had increased several inches, and every morning when I got out of bed I could hardly wait until I got to the bathroom to look in the mirror to see any signs of improvement. I can tell you girls just love to see their breasts develop as this is a very significant sign they're becoming young ladies, and I loved every minute of it. I just had to show them off!

Towards the end of summer, I was in that boy-to-girl stage one day when mom and I went to the beach to relax for a while in the sun. I felt daring, and took my top and bra off. I then took my shorts off. I was now topless with just a nice sleek pair of high-waisted yellow nylon panties on. Mom was startled at first, but then laughed and accused me of being a showoff. I sat on a big rock and urged her to take a picture of me. She did, and I have enclosed it here along with my story.

As each week went by, my tits became more prominent. I was wearing a B cup bra and it was becoming a tight. Just walking down stairs was exciting as the jarring of each step made my breasts jump, a most noticeable feeling. Also, surprisingly you don't realize how they project out in front of you, and I would bump into door jams and other tight quarters. I had to learn about the new me.

I particularly liked to wear a blouse or dress that was somewhat snug in the chest area as it would allow me to display my developing bosom. Actually I became quite obsessed with my new boobs, and loved them very much. I would lean forward in front of a mirror and they would hang down and I would be in ecstasy.

I also noticed that because of the lack of the male hormone testosterone that my erections were somewhat diminished, but I didn't seem to care as I was more enchanted with my newly developed breasts than what I had between my legs.

Each day, life was a new adventure. One day I got up the nerve to go to a near by drug store and purchase various shades of nail polish. The clerk was most helpful.

When I got home I took off my shoes and socks and painted my toenails. It was a simple thing, but yet a very girlish and pleasurable action. My next trip was to buy some sandals to show off the painted toenails. One item, which I liked to wear, is a petticoat, especially, if it had lots of lace at the hem. I liked the way they would tickle my legs behind my knees, and if they were somewhat fancy, I would like to have them show just a bit from under the hem of my dresses. A plus in wearing dresses was that sometimes when outside and when a slight breeze was blowing, it would blow up under my skirt and the feeling was always most surprising and pleasurable.

Another thing that I promised myself was that the next time I went to the mall I was going to have my ears pierced. For some reason or other I had this strong desire to wear earrings. It was just an example of how my thinking was changing, and how my feminization was taking place. It was subtle but enjoyable. More and more I was becoming delighted with the changes taking place. I just can't visualize my ever going back to being a boy. Being a girl is a different life and I love it. My looks and the clothes I wear now have much more meaning than they did when I was living as a boy.

One day when I was walking in the local mall I passed some boys and one of them whistled as I went by. I was thrilled, and I thought that I was going to wet my panties. Wow, has life changed for me.

One day when Mom came home I was acting rather depressed. When she asked what was wrong I told her I was rather lonely. I had no friends to do things with or to confide in. I guess I really needed a companion to talk girl talk with. She said why not call Andrea. Which I did and made plans to visit her the next day. It meant traveling by bus alone across town, and filled me with considerable apprehension. My chief concern was not in being detected as a boy in girls' clothing, but rather what should I wear.

The next morning Mom helped me pick out an outfit, which I could wear. We choose a yellow shirtwaist dress, since it had a belt at the waist and was somewhat snug in the chest area and it would allow my breast development to be noticeable. Also it had a bit of a "V" opening at the neck and when I bent over it would display my breasts in a rather discreet way. The dress had short sleeves, with perky little cuffs. The skirt was what they call "A" line. That is rather full. And, the material was soft and light in weight. Very susceptible to the wind which I was to learn later. A half slip or petticoat was necessary to keep the light from showing through.

Next Mom produced a garter belt, which was also a waist nipper. She said here, put this on under your panties. Then she produced a pair of stockings. I had never worn stockings before, so she showed me how to take one and starting at the top, using both hands gather them together and work my way down to the toes. I would then insert my foot and draw it up to the top of my leg. I did this with both stockings and then stood up and holding my petticoat up I fastened the top of each stocking to the garter belt suspenders. Now when I would take a step or sit down each leg would rub against each other and it was a sensation that I could never have imagined. Golly, was I excited.

As soon, as I was dressed Mom gave me some bus fare and a little extra money, along with a kiss on the cheek and said, be off with you and have a good time.

I had to walk a few blocks to a bus stop. Passed a few people who hardly gave me a second glance, but regardless I was in second heaven. When the driver of the bus took my fare he said thank you ma'am, and before I realized, that I should be cautious. I gave him a big your welcome. Then I began to wonder if he knew that I wasn't really a girl, I took a seat and soon we were on our way. I have been making a concerted effort to talk softly, but this time I just got carried away. The bus made several stops and other passengers got on. One lady even took a seat right next to me, but she hardly gave me a second look. Soon we were at my stop, which was at the top of a hill and I got off. When the bus pulled away, a sudden gust of wind blew up and it raised my skirt up quite a bit.

I leaned forward to hold it down. There were two young boys standing there and I could hear them laugh. The one boy said to his buddy when she leaned over to hold her skirt, I could see her boobs. The other boy replied well I was behind her and I could see her panties. I hurried on my way to Andrea's house, which was only a block away, and I was smiling all the way. Those boys really made my day.

I soon arrived at Andrea's apartment and upon knocking on her door she immediately opened it and acted delighted to see me. She gave me a big hug and then stepped back and said my how you have changed. She added come in, I want to hear all about the new you.

I hadn't seen her since that night that my mother and I visited her mother. I guess I was blushing quite a bit and she said now don't be silly, this time you don't have to hide the fact your wearing girls' clothes. I asked did you know what all I was wearing the last time I was here, and she replied of course I did, silly. That was all arranged to get you started on your new journey. My mother told me that your mother tricked you into wearing a bra. And, it was so much fun watching you trying to hide it. Also I loved the way you tried to hide your little girl socks. I knew just what you were going through, as I had many similar experiences when I went through my transformation. But, you can't hide it now. Come on in we have a lot to tell each other. We can have some lunch out on the balcony, but first come into my bedroom I have some thing to do.

I followed her into the bedroom and when we got there she turned and said lift up your skirts I want to see your panties. I didn't want to do that but she insisted and as soon as I complied she said take them off. I sure didn't want to do that either, but added do as I do and she immediately dropped hers, so I did too. Andrea was definitely a strong willed person and everyone usually did as she wanted them to. She then handed her panties to me and said give me yours. Now put mine on and I will wear yours. This will be a sign of confidentiality and commitment between you and me.

She noticed that I was staring at her crotch, and said what is wrong. I replied you don't seem to have as big a bulge as I have. She laughed and said that's something that I want to tell you about later. Now let's go have lunch. We have all afternoon to get better acquainted, and then we will meet our moms at a restaurant near here for supper.

We ate lunch on the balcony, and I told her about the bus ride over and how the wind blew up my skirts and how the boys thought that was so funny. She told me several stories about what had happened to her. About that time there was a knock at the door, and I looked shocked and said are you expecting someone. She said yes, I asked my mentor to come over to help with your indoctrination into girlhood. And, before I could ask what she was talking about, she opened the door and invited in a very pretty girl who appeared to be a few years older than Andrea or I. She was dressed in a somewhat mannish way. That is, she was wearing a shirt and tie. Andrea said, Bobbie, this is Molly. Molly has done much to help me learn all about being a girl, and I am sure she will do the same for you. But, before she can do that you have to show her that you are committed to girlhood and in a sense pass a simple test. I was flabbergasted and couldn't say a word. I just stood there. Molly, said Bobbie you do want to learn to be a young lady don't you. And, I replied well yes, but, but and I didn't know what else to say. Then she went on to say you must go through a sort of apprenticeship in order to assume your new status as a girl. Now come with me, so I followed her into the bathroom. She stopped and turned to face me and said come kneel down in front of me and do as I say.

I did as told and she then said remove my skirt. I did that and folded it neatly and as directed set it on the floor near by. She then said do the same with my half slip. Again I did as directed. All this time Andrea just stood by watching. Then Molly said take down my panties, which I did and put on the pile, which was accumulating, to my side. She moved a little closer and my face was directly in front of her

pubic area. She had the thickest, darkest pubic hair I had ever seen. I was mesmerized. Now Molly said tilt your head back and open your mouth wide. I just froze and didn't move, and Molly loudly said, "Do it!" and I thought I better comply. She then proceeded to straddle my head and she announced I am going to pee directly into your mouth. Do you understand? She then asked Andrea do you think she ever experienced anything like this before and Andrea said I don't think so. Molly said well then I will go slow until she gets used to it. After a few seconds with my mouth pressed directly against her cunt I began to feel a liquid entering my mouth. I heard Molly say swallow it as quickly as you can and that will be easy on you. I noticed a warm salty taste and soon my mouth was filled so I swallowed it as fast as I could. After a few minutes she stopped and said now lick off the last drop, which I did. I couldn't believe I had just let a girl pee into my mouth, but I didn't seem to be any worse for wear, although the salty taste remained for some time. Molly stepped back and said now put my clothes back on, which I did. When she was again completely dressed she said let's go and sit down and we will discuss this ritual that you just took part in.

We went back out on the balcony, and Molly explained that in order for me become a member of the club so as to speak I had to serve what could be described as an apprenticeship. And if I did so faithfully, she would help me in many ways to become a real accomplished young lady. I wasn't sure what that meant, but she said in time, you will understand and probably be most glad you did. Andrea went through the same process and look how well it worked for her. She further stated you passed the first test quite well. There will be more for you to look forward to. Just think, about the fun we are going to have. She then said I'm sorry I can't stay longer but I have to go, but don't worry Andrea will arrange for us to get together again soon. And with that she was gone. I asked Andrea if she ever had to do what I just did and she said, "Oh, yes, many times." I asked did you like it and she said at first no, but then it grows on you and you can't wait for your next experience. I replied, I can't believe that I would actually want that to happen again.. Andrea smiled and said, well we will see. Then she said don't you need to go to the bathroom, after all you will be peeing for two you know. I couldn't help but think how right she was. Then Andrea added, you have heard the expression, "full of piss and vinegar" haven't you. I nodded yes, and she added I don't know about the vinegar but you are full of the other. I hesitated and said I can't believe I allowed her to do that. Do you think it was a dream? Maybe I was hypnotized. Andrea said it was real, you will know for sure as soon as you go to the bathroom. Then she asked was it really that bad? How did it taste. I thought for a moment and replied. It did not taste good; it didn't taste bad. It just tasted different. The problem is I can't stop thinking about it. I really don't think it ever happened. Andrea said, go to the bathroom, which I did. After I relieved myself I was horrified to find the bowl was full of a bright green fluid. It was almost effervescent. I asked what caused that. Andrea said Molly drank a can of pop just before you had your experience and when you weren't looking she swallowed a food dye capsule. This proves that what passed through Molly's bladder also passed through yours. And there is only one way it could get there, so there is no doubt that you did allow her to use you. "Use you" are the key words. That's the lesson you learned today. In the real world girls are frequently used. They are used for the convenience and pleasure of others. It may not seem right, but it happens. It has been going on for time memorial. I asked how long will I see the green and Andrea replied two or three more bladder emptying will flush it out. It will serve to remind you of what can happen. Somehow I just couldn't possibly ever forget that experience.

Andrea said, now with regard to that bulge. When the three months were up for the LHRH in-plant, I either had to have it redone, or go another route. With the help of a doctor at Mom's hospital we decided that a surgical procedure called a bilateral orchiectomy was appropriate. The only difference was this procedure was a little more expensive, but it was permanent and only has to be done once. It really means the removal of both testicles and also means going back to being a boy is not possible. It just about completely removes the source of the male hormone testosterone. I had a million questions, and I thought this is something I definitely want to talk to Mom about. And, that's why Andrea's panties fit her better than my panties fit me.

I told Andrea that I now remember her as Andy Adams, and to be honest I didn't like Andy one bit, but I find Andrea to be a much nicer person and I enjoy being with her. Andrea laughed and said, "Yes, I was a real stinker."

Next, I asked what brought about the change.

Andrea then told me her story. She said she had gotten into some trouble for verbally harassing some girls. She (or he) at that time was picked up by the police who called her mother. This wasn't the first time he had gotten into trouble, and his mother had just about all that she could take. He was held for several hours as Mrs. Adams was very slow in coming to the police station to pick up her son. Andy found out when he got home why his mother was so slow.

Upon reaching home he was told to shower and when he returned to his room he found all of his male clothing had been replaced with female clothing. Andy was quite upset, but he had nothing else to wear, so he had to put on girls' lingerie and a dress. His mother then told him he was going to be feminized, in the hope he would become a better person. Andy didn't like this and he had many difficult days after that. However, and with the help of Molly, and the hormone therapy, he began to see the error of his ways and learned to accept his new way of life. As a matter of fact he now likes being a girl and wouldn't go back to being a boy for anything.

I told him I thought he had made the right decision. I added when we came to your apartment that night and when I later realized who you were and what a nice person you had become it did much to help me make my decision to tell my mother that I wanted to be a girl. Andrea told me that my mother and his mother had discussed my situation rather extensively and they felt that a more subtle approach was appropriate, and that's what I received.

I then explained that when Mom asked, did I want to become a girl, I really agonized over what to say. Actually, I think I had always wished that I where a girl, but I couldn't admit it to myself. When I said, yes I do want to be girl, and it was out, everything changed. Now for the first time I could be honest with myself, and I must say everything got better after that. Making the decision to be feminized wasn't easy, but it appears to be a great way to straighten out a wayward boy. I would recommend that a lot of parents give serious consideration to this approach. Particularly, considering how many young boys

seem to be going wrong in today's permissive world. And, that doesn't begin to describe my new relation with my mother. I can now talk to her on just about anything.

It was later than I realized, when Andrea said, we have to meet our mothers for dinner. So we redid our makeup and left for the restaurant. When we got there Mrs. Hadam made a big fuss about how nice I looked and did I have a nice day. On the way home with my mother, Mom kept asking about my day and I told her about the wind blowing my skirts, and a few other things, but I didn't mention Molly. I suspect she knew, but didn't let on. Actually it was a day I would never forget. I just couldn't get it out of my mind about my experience with Molly. I kept thinking about what Andrea said that doing what I did would grow on you. I really don't believe I could do that again. The next two weeks were rather average weeks, nothing special happened until one day after cleaning the living room for Mom I took a break and I as I sat there, I just kept thinking about Molly's golden drink, that is what, Andrea liked to call it. I kept wondering am I actually looking forward to another such experience as Andrea suggested would happen, and I concluded no way. Just then there was a knock at the door, and when I opened the door, there was Andrea. I was wearing my pinafore over a sundress, and Andrea cried out, Oh! how cute you look. I guess I was thrilled, as I do like wearing the pinafore. It reminds me of how this all started.

Andrea informed me that she came to pick me up, as we were going somewhere for over night. She said, she had her mother's car and that my mother and her mother had gone to a seminar and wouldn't be home tonight. I was told to pack a small bag with a change of clothing, a nightgown, and my toothbrush and to be quick about it as we had a little ways to drive. She said leave the pinafore on it gives you a little girl look and is really quite darling.

We drove for about an hour to a nearby town. Parked in the basement of a real nice high rise and took the elevator to the top floor. Knocked at a door of an apartment, and to my delight we were welcomed in by no other than Molly. This was apparently Molly's home.

With that something clicked in my mind, and a wave of euphoria swept over my body. As soon as I saw Molly, I knew I wanted her to once again pee in my mouth. I couldn't think of anything else, but I didn't say anything right then. But, I was entirely enchanted just by looking at her.

Molly said, come in your timing is excellent. I ordered some pizza and it has just arrived. We proceeded to have supper and I noticed that Molly was drinking several large glasses of pop or soft drink. I couldn't help but wonder and hope that some of that was for me. I didn't get that much to drink myself and from the pizza I was a bit thirsty.

After we finished eating and much small talk, Molly said, and she looked directly at me. Would you like anything else? I replied I would like something to drink, and Molly then asked would it be anything special. I stammered a bit, and replied well yes there is something special that I would like to have. I don't know why I said that, but I just couldn't help myself. Molly said well what is it? And, after some pause I said well I would like what you gave me the last time we were together.

Molly said, "Well, then ask in a more polite and appropriate way."

I replied after some time, "Please, Molly, I would be most appreciative, if you would honor me by pissing directly into my mouth, as you did the last time we were together." Believe it or not I was actually begging for Molly to use me as her personal toilet. I just couldn't believe I did that, but to be honest I really wanted it. Andrea was right. I don't know why, but I just had to have it.

Molly said, "Assume the position little one."

I knelt in front of her and she raised her skirt and I realized she was not wearing any panties. Obviously, I was expected to be asking for my golden drink. I tilted my head back and held my mouth wide. Molly, first gathered up her skirts about her waist and then straddled my head, soon I was rewarded with a steady stream into my mouth. I had to swallow fast in order to keep it all from spilling. It seemed like I took much more than I would normally drink of any liquid and let me assure you, I was no longer thirsty, and my belly was full. Once again it was a bit warm and salty, but this time it tasted much better. I guess I was becoming addicted. When Molly finished she said, you did very good little one, and for the foreseeable future whenever we are together, you will serve me in that fashion. When I indicate that I have a need, I will simply beckon you with my finger and you will assume the position. Sometimes, in the future I will try to be wearing a full skirt, and when it's time I want you to simply place yourself in the proper position and let my skirt fall over your head and shoulders. If the skirt is full enough we may even do it in public someday and if you do it right no one will be any the wiser. Do you understand? Won't that be exciting? I hastened to assure her that I understood but, I couldn't imagine my doing that in public. But then if a couple days had elapsed since the last time, I would probably want it so bad that I would not be able to say no.

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Then she reached into her pocket and produced a pair of panties and said help me with these, which I did.

From that, I assumed that there would be many more such experiences and I would probably learn much from my new mentor

And that's how I became the girl that I am, and believe me I love every minute of it and wouldn't change back for anything. I don't know why I developed such a craving for Molly to use me as she does. I noticed after an experience I would go perhaps two or three days and then I wouldn't be able to think of much else until I had another encounter.

As said I love being a girl. I like short dresses that end just above my knees. I like petticoats, pretty panties, and a good bra, which display my breasts somewhat prominently. I like pink ribbons and ruffles. And, oh, yes, nightgowns are my real weakness. And above all I love being seen in public. Actually I have a whole new appreciation for life, colors being an example. I particularly like pastels, all things that I never gave a second thought to when I was a boy. In short being feminized was the best thing that could happen to me, and I strongly recommend it for young men, who seem to have lost respect for their

female companions or perhaps have some other social problems. It certainly gives you a whole new out look on life. You just don't change. You become a whole new person. I know of no other way to do that. Certainly it was the best thing that could happen to me. Truthfully, I guess I always had a secret desire to be a girl. I had an awfully hard time to admitting to that. As I said earlier, boys can never admit to that sort of thing. It's OK for girls to wish to be boys, but never for boys to wish to be girls. It's just not done. Boys are not supposed to like feminine things. But yet when I was wearing my pinafores, just catching a glimpse of the ruffles on my shoulders was always a pleasant experience. It's hard to explain, but being a girl is different. Take for example our lingerie. They have beautiful decorations of lace and ruffles that no one ever sees but we know they are there, and that's all that counts. The pinafore of course has a large bow in the back, which, I never see, except when I catch a glimpse of myself in a mirror and when I do it is always a pleasant surprise.

Another thing is I have really enjoyed the development of my breasts. I like to wear dresses that definitely let everyone know they are there. Boys certainly can't emphasize their attributes, but girls can and do.

It certainly worked for Andrea, and I like to think I'm a much better person for it. And, if things work out right I hope to undergo an orchiectomy, which should be even more definitive. That's the next big thing I have to look forward to.

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Panty Flashing in the Park

When my twin sister and I were kids in Japan, we used to go for picnics in a large garden and wooded area near our house. During hot weather, mother would have us undress down to panties even though we were outside where other people could see us. Yes, my mother did make me wear panties like my sister wore, and they were always silky and usually white or in a pastel color like pink or lavender and had lace on them. Funny, but I never remember anyone looking at me funny or making a comment about me, a boy, wearing panties like my sister.

Mother often dressed us in matching outfits. No, she didn't put me in dresses (except for a few dress-up parties), but she often had matching outfits for us that were identical in all ways except my sister's outfit had a skirt and mine had shorts or long trousers. But for underneath, mother thought it was nice to dress us alike, so the choice between ugly boys' underwear and girls' pretty panties was no contest in her mind, and she simply bought matching girly panties for the both of us. We even shared the same underwear drawer, and with no division between which ones belonged to my sister and which ones belonged to me, mom would simply take out matching pairs every day and set them on the chair beside our bed.

I didn't like wearing panties like my sister, but we had been taught to obey and it wasn't wise not to go against what your parents told you to do. Each morning I would open my eyes and see the panties lovingly draped over the back of the chair that was neatly stacked up with our other underwear, socks and accessories. And we slept in the same double bed until we were well into our teens! It ended some time after mother started finding cum stains in my nighttime panties. I didn't start cumming until I was thirteen. Up until that time, I didn't think much about the panties or touching myself, except I always did feel uneasy about wearing girls' panties because I knew they were for girls.

At school the other boys saw me wearing them when we had to change into our gym clothes, and they would laugh at me and tease me a bit, but nobody made too big of a deal about it. Of course,

my teachers got to know too because they discovered it one way or another, but they all were pretty good accepting it. That was how my mother dressed me, and that was good enough for them. Some of the women teachers would smile or giggle a bit when they'd see the lace peeking out of the leg opening of my shorts, and they'd whisper to me to pull my shorts down a little and sit up straight. In similar situations, the men teachers would usually do things like frown, clear their throat or shake their head and point with a wiggling finger toward my leg that I soon learned meant to straighten up my clothes. However, I remember one man teacher did smile a lot around me, and he would lean forward a lot in his desk, and since he had me sit in the desk right in front of his desk, I sensed he was trying to peek up my shorts while the class was busy with a writing or reading assignment.

Since I had always worn panties, I just accepted them and made little note of how soft and comfortable they were, and then one day I scratched an itch on my penis and was immediately impressed with how silky and nice they felt. My cock shot up hard. It had done that before, but it only embarrassed me and I just hoped it would go away because when my sister would see me with an erection she'd giggle and point at it, and when my mother noticed a lump in my shorts, she'd tell me, "Get rid of it!" I had no idea how to do that, so I was used to feeling strange and ashamed whenever my dick got a hard on.

But on this day, I was in bed and scratching my peter and it felt wonderful. So after I checked to see that my sister was sound asleep next to me, I touched myself more in the panties. Soon I was shaking and I had a dry cum. I don't think anything more than a few drops came out of my penis. Well, after that, I was stroking myself every night once I thought my sister was asleep, but sometimes she wasn't and would tell me to stop jumping around. But once she was out cold, I'd be jacking on my dick like crazy. And each night I did it, I would shoot more and more juice. I didn't know what to do about it, so I would just stay in bed and hope it would go away. In the morning, I'd wake up and see it was dry. I'd turn away from my sister as we got dressed and made sure I put the panties down deep in the laundry hamper. We had a maid who did the laundry, also a reason it was a long time before my mother discovered my cum stained panties.

My father was a banker and worked long hours. Of course, he knew I wore panties. He saw me in them often, but he never made any comment about it, except one time when I was twelve and after my sister and I had just gotten a stack of matching panties included in our many birthday gifts. Later, I overheard him say something to my mother that she should start getting me boys' underwear, but my mother was very liberated in her own way for a Japanese woman. She said she would and then didn't do it!

At the time, I was overjoyed because I had wanted boys' underwear for years, so I'd be like the other boys, but only a few weeks after that, I discovered how silky great the panties felt and I started jacking off, of course, then I never wanted to give up wearing panties. Then when I was fifteen, my father was transferred to his bank in Nova Scotia, and just before our family moved there, mother started supplying me with boys' underwear, and I soon became a panty thief taking my sister's panties and jacking off in them more than ever! But I did learn to discreetly wash them out and let them dry before putting them in the laundry hamper.

Now my parents are gone, but my sister and I still live in Canada. She's married with two kids and I work for my dad's old bank and live alone. Just today, like on many days during our all too short warm summer days, I went for a walk in the woods, and after I found a secluded spot just off the pathway, I stripped off my outer clothes until I was just wearing a nice pair of pink panties with a lot of lace on them that I had custom made. Then I relaxed on a blanket I had spread on the ground and remembered those lovely days as a child when my sister and I would be picnicking while we were wearing just our silky panties.

When I first started doing this, I was a little scared some one would come along and see what I was doing, but after a while I started fantasizing that a guy or a girl had come along and caught me just in panties and they would laugh at me and call me names, making me recall teasing I got when I was young.

My clitty dick got hard so I had to kneel down and rub myself through my panties. Doing this and thinking about the possibility people were watching me play with myself made me very aroused. It wasn't long before I had used my other hand to massage my silk pantied balls and then I put it down the back of my panties and inserted a finger between my ass cheeks to feel my boy pussy. So here I was in the woods in my panties masturbating myself and fingerfucking myself and totally carried away, and before long I felt my clitty cock throb and watched my white sperm shoot into my panties and drip through them to the ground. After a moment's rest, I snugged my panties up high and rubbed the front of my panties and spread my sperm all over my clitty dick and sissy balls, got dressed and went back home feeling wonderful.

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