

# Pussy Boy Pages

Reader's Stories & Pics

## Volume 32

### *Fantasy Lingerie Shopping Turns into Shocking Reality!*

*He was fascinated by girls' lingerie and his favorite pastime was strolling through the lingerie department until a lady noticed him and took him home to teach him all about lingerie and all the fun he could have with it!*

### *Jeremy the Boy Bride!*

*He took a job modeling for a catalog layout but the lady photographer saw he was cute enough to model girls' clothes too; she had been looking for the ideal girl to use in a bridal layout with a big black boy, and she wanted Jeremy to be that girl!*

### *My Introduction into Sissyhood!*

*He was a shy boy in love with a beautiful girl who knew she could get him to do anything she desired, and he couldn't refuse her even when she made him humiliate himself, wear panties and dresses, and act as her sissy maid!*

### *Overly Curious Boy Gets Petticoat Punished!*

*His mother caught him peeking at his sister and knew he needed to be taught a lesson!*

*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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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



**My mom with her two best friends and me excitedly shopping for my first petticoat punishment outfit**

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### ***How Did I Get Hooked on Panties?***

When low-rise jeans came into fashion, my sister continued to wear her full-cut, brief-style nylon panties that came all the way up to her waist, and I found I couldn't stop looking at the top of her panties peeking over her slacks. Soon, I became so obsessed with her panties that I started go into her room and steal them so I could see, smell and touch them for myself. I was hooked, and within days I wasn't just stealing them and playing with them in my room, I was wearing them, but the worst part: My sister guessed what I was doing and began teasing me with her panties, pulling them up as high as they would go so her panties were always exposed for me to see. And at night, she'd leave her dirty lacy panties on my pillow!

## Fantasy Lingerie Shopping Turns into Shocking Reality

A nervous but excited Jack was strolling through the isles of Macy's Department Store, trying to look calm and casual as he slowly moved through the racks of clothing looking at one item and then another, but the thirteen-year-old's attention was really centered on the lingerie department just across the isle, and he was surveying the area and waiting for just the right moment – when he was sure no one was noticing him – to slip across the aisle and see and touch the lovely bras and panties on display.

Many of the clerks knew him on sight, and they would watch him with knowing smiles as he lingered by the lingerie displays. They knew he was a harmless boy – they had seen boys like him many times before – curious young boys with a fetish for lingerie. They never interfered with such silly little boys – to them these boys were something to joke about with the other clerks. However, on this day Jack had attracted the attention of a young female customer, and once he wandered into the lingerie section, she quietly walked toward him from behind.

Jack first felt her eyes on him as he was fingering the double nylon crotch of a luxurious pair of lacy purple panties on top of a stack of similar panties on a display counter. With a sideward glance, he confirmed her presence. She was looking right at him! As their eyes met she pursed her full red lips in a mocking kiss and gave the teen a knowing wink! Jack blushed hotly and quickly averted his eyes looking down again as he yanked his hands back from touching the panties, but it was too late.

He cursed himself under his breath and knew it was time get out of there before she called over a salesclerk or security! Jack turned to hastily exit the area but walked directly into the girl. He could only mutter an “excuse me” and try to move around her, but she moved to and continued to obstruct his way.

“Those purple panties are very pretty, aren't they,” she asked with a giggle in her sweet, husky voice. Jack jumped in response; his stomach instantly engulfed with nervous butterflies. With his head cast downward in shame he stared at her very high heels. He then peeked upward to see a girl who was just a few years older than he was. Even with just that quick glance he could see she was pretty and blonde and quite tall, perched on those very high shiny black high heels and standing toe to toe with him in his shabby sneakers.

“Older women tend to wear that style of panties. Girls today wear much skimpier things like bikinis and thongs. Are you sure that is the style of panties you want?” she commented as she flipped through the stack of purple panties he had been fingering. “Hardly something a nice boy like you would be interested in?”

“I'm...I'm looking for a present...” he tried to explain. “Really...I'm looking for a present...for my mom.”

She laughed. “Oh, really? I highly doubt it. What kind of boy buys panties for his mother? This certainly may be the style of panties your mother buys for herself, but instead of buying them for her, I think you may be buying them for ...”

Thinking that the girl had guessed his true purpose, Jack interrupted her before she could say it. With his head hung down in embarrassment, he said, “I, uh, I should go.”

But then the girl put a finger under his chin and raised his head until they were looking into each other's eyes. She studied his angelic face, and stunned him when she said with a warm smile, “You're very pretty. Pretty enough to be a girl. Pretty enough of a boy to wear pretty girlie things like these purple panties. Don't be ashamed. It's OK. I understand. Many boys love lingerie and love to dress up in nice little girlie bras and panties, even slips and dresses and other nice things. Frankly, I don't understand why every boy doesn't want to wear panties. They are so pretty, aren't they? And soft. And silky. And they feel so wonderful on your body, and for a boy it must be amazing to feel them between his legs, don't you think? I bet you know all about it, huh.”

Jack had little tears rolling down his cheeks being so publicly found out right in the middle of Macy's lingerie department. He was frozen in position. She broke through to him. “What's your name, sweetie?” she said in a warm and friendly tone.

“Jack, ma'am,” He replied quietly, blushing hotly.

“My name is Sandy,” she replied with a slight accent; then she gave Jack a smile that made the teen's knees go weak. “Now tell me, Jack,” she said as she released his chin. “You're really not here buying a gift for your mom, are you?”

“Yeah, uh, I mean no,” he mumbled with his head hung down.

“And I'm sure you're too young to have a girlfriend, so you're not buying panties for a girlfriend either, are you?”

“No,” he mumbled in barely more than a whisper.

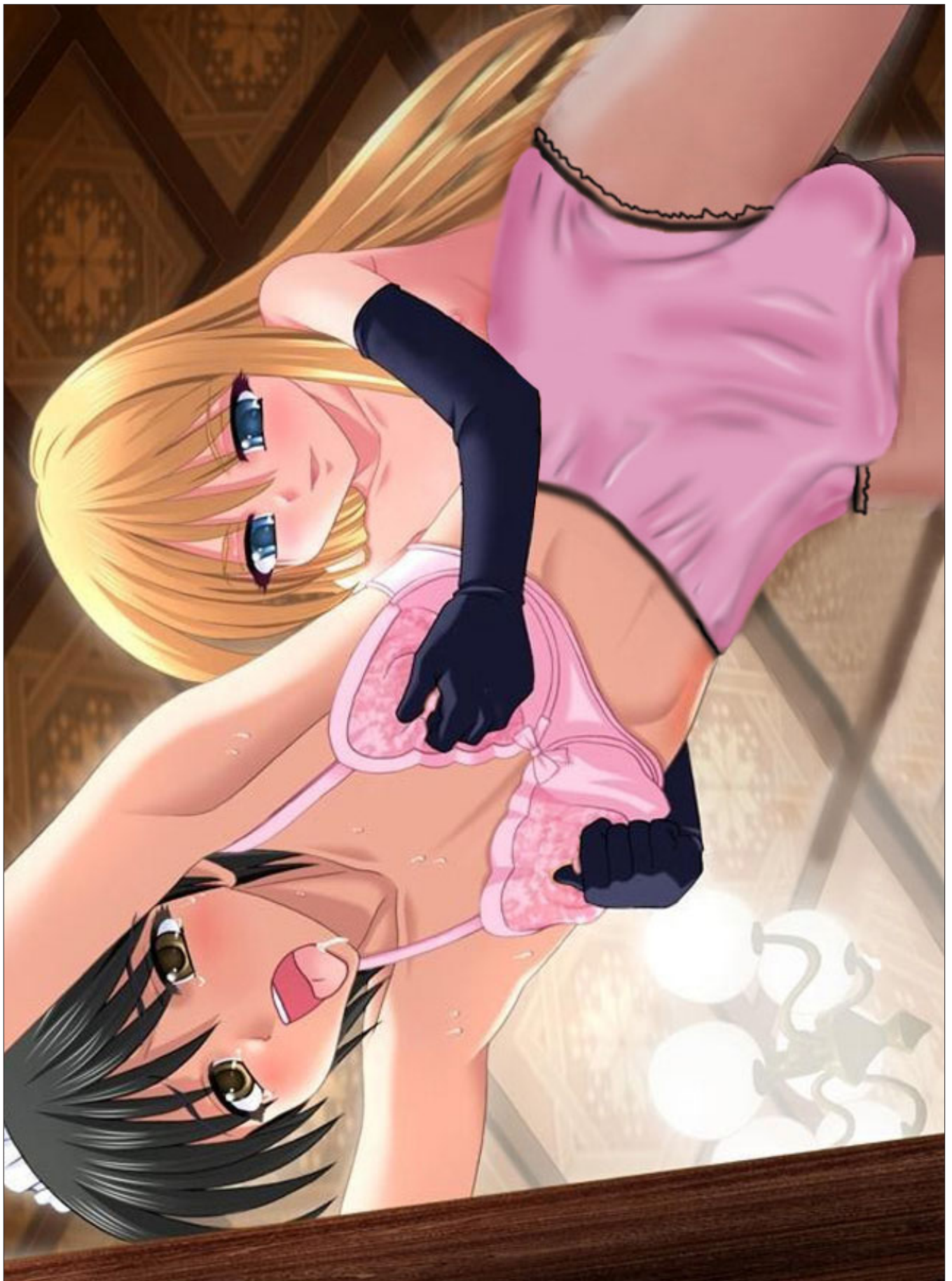
“I didn't think so,” she commented as she lightly stroked his cheek. “You're far too pretty to have a girlfriend. Most girls your age would be too jealous of your pretty looks to want you for a boyfriend!”

The strange girl was making him feel uneasy. His stomach wouldn't stop jumping around. When she talked about him being pretty, it was especially unnerving. Even though her comments excited him, he was scared and wanted to leave. She sensed his tension and wanted to calm him.

“So, Jack, I can help you with your shopping if you want.”

For Jack that was a thrilling proposal but a very scary one too. “No, thank you, ma'am. I didn't find anything. Can I go now?”





With a wave of her hand, she said, "Oh, no! We're just getting to know each other." She bent down until her face was level with his. "I think you already found something special for yourself, right here," she said lifting up the purple panties he had been touching. "Here, take another look at them. Hold them. Touch them. I know you want them. Can I buy them for you? You're such a special boy. I want to buy them for you, OK?"

Jack was stunned into inaction.

"You know these panties come in a set with a matching bra. Oh, how pretty! I just have to buy them for you, OK?"

Jack took a deep breath; at her astounding proposal, all he could do was stare at her as she picked up the matching bra and handed it to him.

"We better check these for size, huh?" And before he could react, she had the waistband of the panties stretched between her fingertips and pressed up against his waist. He tried to back away from her, but there was nowhere to go as he backed into the counter. "Well, I guess you know your size all right. This pair of panties you were playing with appears to be just your size. Here, hold your panties," she said as she took the bra out of his hands and put the panties in their place. Still standing there like a statue, all he could do was shoot his gaze in every direction, looking to see if anyone was looking at him and looking to see what she was doing as she held the purple bra up to his shoulders by the dainty straps. She was visualizing how he would look in the bra. It was a long and terrifying moment for Jack. When he started to tremble, she knew she was pressing her dominance of him to the breaking point. The poor boy looked like he was about to faint. So she simply took him by the arm and dragged him to the checkout counter. She handed the bra to the smiling cashier, who smiled even more as Sandy shoved Jack's arm upward so the cashier could take the slinky panties from the embarrassed boy's quaking hand.

Sandy was much bigger and stronger than Jack. After paying for the bra and panties, she took the bag and stuck it into his hand as she then propelled him out of the store. Jack didn't dare look around. He knew for sure that the cashier and a group of clerks and customers were staring at him and giggling – he didn't have to look; he could hear them! It didn't help his nerves when Sandy said in much too loud of a voice, "I bet you can't wait to get home, get out of the panties you have on and try on your new bra and panties, huh?"

Jack was shocked at the idea, he moaned, "But I don't wear – I mean, I've never worn girls' underwear. I don't wear them!"

"But you've wanted to for a long time, haven't you? You poor boy, you have wanted to wear girlie bras and panties, huh?"

He was speechless, and the shocked look on his innocent face told her she was right. "Well, we better do something about that.

Let's go to my place so we can have you try on your first very bra and panties, your own bra and panties. Oh, you lucky boy!"

They were halfway to her car by the time he could respond. "I...I can't wear those Sandy. They're girls' uh, things!" he said in a loud whisper.

"Oh, really? You seemed very interested in them a few minutes ago. I know all about little sissy boys like you. Are you one of those sissy boys who can't even admit what he most wants in the whole world? You silly boy! You really do need my help. Now, get into my car, boy, and I'll take you into a wonderland that you've wanted to visit for a long time."

The smart thing for Jack to do would have been to break away from her and run, but he was consumed with the thought of going along with her. Sandy was offering him something he couldn't obtain on his own: lingerie – a bra and panties in his size and her help putting them on! She didn't want to force him. If she sensed correctly, he would go along with her, providing she didn't things right and didn't scare him away. She wanted him to go with her willingly. So she let go of his arm that she had been holding firmly ever since they had left the cashier in the store. The boy didn't run, but just blushed like a little girl and got into her car as she held open the door. She then knew for sure that he was hooked and soon she would own him!

She had only come to the mall out of boredom, hoping to kill a few hours while window shopping, but now it looked like she had discovered for herself a young closet sissy. She so loved feminine boys and had been so lucky to find Jack lingering around the girls' lingerie department, an opportunity she had long been hoping would happen. Whenever she went shopping, she always made a detour through the lingerie department with the hopes of finding a boy with a lingerie fetish. She never actually thought she would find one, but today was her lucky day and she did find one: Jack! He was cute, respectful and as far as she could tell, deliciously submissive. She fantasized about feminizing him – and doing much, much more with him.

During the short drive to her house, Sandy noticed Jack was sobbing, tears running down his cheeks. Were they tears of joy, fear or shame? Knowing sissy boys like she did, she was sure it was a combination of those emotions. When a sissy so fully and forcibly has to face his innermost desires, his emotions run over. Moments later they were at her house, a large perfectly maintained Victorian home, but with tears in his eyes, Jack could barely see and didn't notice the elegant house or the lush landscaping. Sitting in the front seat of her car, she took the moment to hug the weeping boy. Then she led him up to and into her house.

"Dry you eyes, little boy," Sandy said. "I'm not going to hurt you. I'm just going to make you happier than you have ever been before. You believe me, don't you?"

"Yes, Sandy," he replied, as he sniffled back his tears.

She didn't want him to change his mind, so she acted quickly as she led the teen to her plush bedroom with its unique round, king-size bed. But Jack was still incapable of noticing his surroundings as the shock of the moment mounted and continued.

"Take your clothes off sissyboy and let's see how your new lingerie fits," Sandy ordered.

Jack's face was beet red as he slowly started to remove his clothes. He saw Sandy open the bag from the store and take out the fabulous purple bra and panties and hold the panties towards him and smile wickedly. He was down to his Jockey shorts and socks as he turned to face her, trying unsuccessfully to cover himself with his hands.

"Take off those filthy boy underpants and your socks and come stand here!" she ordered pointing at the floor in front of her.

Jack did as she said feeling weak and vulnerable as he stripped off the remainder of his clothes. Cupping his member with his hands he tiptoed over to stand in front of her. Sandy smiled as she watched the humiliated teen approach and she slapped away his hands covering his penis. "Keep your hands at your side, sissyboy! Never try to cover yourself in front of me," she ordered with a smug tone in her voice.

"Yes, ma'am," Jack mumbled in reply and dropped his hands at his side, and as he did, his six-inch pecker popped into view.

"Well, well..." Sandy said with a giggle. "What a big penis you have for a sissy. And it looks like our little sissyboy's dickie can't wait to see what it feels like inside silky girls' panties!"

Jack blushed hotly at his embarrassing hard-on. Even with the exposure and humiliation he felt, he was deeply aroused by what she was about to do to him. Sandy bent in front of him, holding the purple panties down by his feet with the waistband gaping wide open and ready to swallow up Jack and his waiting boyhood -- his tight balls and bobbing erection. As he looked down at the frighteningly inviting panties, he knew that if he stepped into them his life would change forever.

"Come on, sissyboy, put the pretty purple panties on for Miss Sandy," she coaxed.

Hesitantly, Jack lifted his right leg and pointing his toe he slipped it past the waistband and into the frilled leg opening of the purple panties.

"Oh, you're such a good little, sissyboy!" Sandy cooed at him as Jack did the same with his left leg, and then Sandy quickly slipped the girlie panties up and into place high around his waist, settling the slinky panties around his waist with a crisp little snap of the elastic. This was Jack's first experience wearing panties something he had dreamed about doing for so long. His mother was overweight and wore boring huge cotton panties. His little niece wore fancy rhumba panties with oodles of lace and ribbon

decorations, but the four-year-old's panties were much too small for him to wear. On numerous occasions he did steal a pair of her fancy cancan panties and masturbate himself with them, but all he could do was to dream about having silky panties in a size that would fit him so he could wear them as he wanked himself silly. That led him to develop his hobby of strolling through lingerie departments, hoping to buy panties for himself, but never quite getting up the never to actually do it -- until now and this pretty girl Sandy. And now, here he was standing there before this strange, fabulous girl and he was actually wearing a pair of panties she had bought for him!

He ran his hands over the silky purple nylon covering his bottom, marveling at how wonderful it felt against his skin. The elastic at the waist and around the leg openings gripped him in a way he had never experienced and he knew that after today he would never be able to go back to boys' underwear.

Sandy took Jack's face in her hands and kissed him lightly on the lips. "You're such a sweet little sissyboy that I could just eat you up!" she said as she buried the teen's face in her modest breasts. "I'm going to have a lot of fun with you, now that you're mine! You are mine, now, aren't you, Jack?" He nodded. "I think I'll call you Jackie from now on," she added.

She picked up the bra leaving Jack standing there slightly dazed and deeply confused! It was so weird to him that this beautiful girl was paying attention to him and indulging him in his most needful fantasies. He was buried in his thoughts as Sandy lifted his arms and slipped the purple lace bra on them and around his frail body. She fastened the delicate bra in the back and then adjusted the shoulder straps until the lacy cups fit him snugly. The unfamiliar constriction around his chest immediately reminded him of the affectionate hug Sandy had just given him and he blushed with joy. Jack could see himself in her full-length wall mirror. In a dreamlike state he stood for a moment examining himself in the mirror in his new lingerie. He ran his hands over the pretty lace covering the cups of his bra and gave his nipples a little squeeze. He let out a little moan. Next, he put his hand on the front of the panties and he gently stroked his teeming erection through the buttery soft nylon, being careful not to over excite himself and sperm his sleek panties.

Jack dropped his hands to his sides as Sandy wagged her finger at him and teasingly said, "Now, now, Jack, don't mess up those pretty little panties just yet. Let's have a lot more fun first!"

"Yes, Miss Sandy," he replied sheepishly.

"Look at you Jack! You look so pretty in your purple lingerie, just like an elegant young lady!"

Jack smiled happily and posed in the mirror for the girl, like a mindless little sissyboy.

"There is one thing though, Sandy," she mused, putting a finger to her chin in mock concern. "My little sissy seems to have an



unsightly bulge in the front of his panties. I'll have to take care of that for you, boy."

Then she did something quite unexpected. Sandy undid the buttons on her white blouse and removed it, exposing the fancy white lace bra she was wearing beneath. Reaching out she started to stroke the teen's erect penis through the front of his panties. "Do you like my bra, sissyboy?" she asked coyly.

"Ye...yes, Miss Sandy," he stammered, hardly believing what was happening.

"Go-o-o-o-od," she purred, as she continued to stroke the teen's rampant penis. "Ummm, you have a nice big cock, Jack!" Sandy then cupped her left breast and said, "Would you like me to take off my bra?"

All the excited teen could do was nod his head dumbly and stare with his mouth open at the breasts concealed beneath Sandy's lacy white bra. She smiled mischievously as she pulled down the cups of her bra allowing her modest breasts to pop out into view. They were smaller than most other teen girls, but to Jack, they were huge – and thrilling to look at. This was the closest Jack had ever been to a real breast, and as he looked at them he licked his lips like a baby waiting to suckle.

Sandy pouted her lips coquettishly and started to roll her nipples between her thumbs and forefingers. She was exciting herself and had to take a deep breath and stop herself from going too far too soon. She wanted to savor the moment and excite this boy to an even higher degree first before she grabbed her pleasure. She dropped her hands to her waist and unbuttoned and unzipped her skirt and let it slide down her legs over her slinky white half-slip. Next, she tugged down her half-slip and let it drop.

"Um-m-m-m, I know something our little Pantyboy would like!" she said as she positioned herself behind Jack and started to grind her white satin pantied hips up against his purple nylon pantied bottom. She reached around him and massaged his stiffy through his panties. "Are you ready, pantyboy? Are you ready to cum for the first time in your very own pair of girlie panties?" she asked teasingly.

"OH YES! Please, please Miss Sandy...please let me cum!" Jack groaned as he pushed backward with his bottom against her pantied hips. Their frantic bumps and grinds were intense as he approached climax. For her part Sandy was grinding her crotch into the teen's rear, but there was more behind him than that! Jack was barely aware that she was sliding aside the leg elastic of his purple panties and probing his bottom hole with her fingers. He should have felt the hard thing she was pushing past his panties, up his ass crack and then -- with a thrust -- into his asshole. That he did feel! His eyes widened, he wiggled his butt to confirm the hard link between them, he had been distracted by her hands jacking him off through his panties but now his mind was ablaze with thoughts of what she was doing to him! It hurt! It hurt a lot! It felt strange and good too, but it hurt terribly, like

she had a steel pipe rammed up his butt hole! The pressure inside his bottom was immense and made his cock grow even harder and push wildly in her hand stroking him through his panties.

Sandy further excited and distracted him by sliding her hands up to the sissyboy's purple training bra and pinching and rolling his surprising hard little nipples through the lacy bra. It was all too much for Jack! He was in erotic overload, his young body being pounded by too many crazy and wonderful sensations at once! Not least of all these sensations was the ever-present feel of girlish lingerie against his skin. Without knowing it, Jack was being conditioned by this scheming young girl with a cock to associate lingerie with sex, gay sex, and from this day forward, he would hunger for being fucked in the ass and do anything to continue being Sandy's gay-boy-in-training plaything. There would be no turning back for him.

"Oh...oh...pleeeese, Miss Sandy!" Jack moaned as he shot jets of hot cum into his new panties. His violent thrusts also sent Sandy over the edge and the boy-girl's cock expanded and sent streams of slimy boy cum up Jack's virgin asshole.

After a long, pause and much panting and groaning, Sandy felt the teen boy's cock in her hand as it throbbed down a notch at a time, and he felt her cock similarly throb down within his asshole. He felt cum drain out his ass and trickle down his legs. He now knew Sandy was a boy too, a sissyboy, like him, but he didn't care. In fact, the idea that Sandy was a lingerie-loving boy made this whole experience that much more exciting. ♦

## Jeremy the Boy Bride

"Jeremy, Mrs. Laughton would like your help on Saturday with a project she's working on. Can I tell her you'll do it?"

"What sort of project?" he answered.

"You know she's a photographer and she does a lot of those fashion layouts for ads and catalogs. She didn't tell me much; just that she needed a good looking teenage boy as a model and thought you'd be ideal. She said it would only take about two hours and she'd to pay you \$50 for your time," his mom said.

Jeremy readily agreed. Besides, he wouldn't mind seeing the large breasted Mrs. Laughton. He and his friends got woodies every time they saw her walking around the neighborhood.

On Saturday morning Jeremy's mom made sure he showered and shampooed before going to Mrs. Laughton's house at 10 AM. He arrived on time and prayed his dick would stay down in her presence since he'd be seeing her up close.

"Good morning, Jeremy. I'm pleased you came over to help me with this project. Do a good job, and you never know; this could result in a career for you." She then explained, "I want to take



your picture in a number of different outfits, and as a model for a store catalog layout I'm working on. Now, to be a good model, it's important you are relaxed and comfortable. Nothing ruins a photo shoot like a young man being all stiff and nervous."

"What do you mean?" asked Jeremy.

"Well, as you pose, it's important that your actions and reactions are natural and relaxed. And over the years, I've discovered the best way to relax is to have a little drink of sherry before starting a shoot," replied Mrs. Laughton.

"You've had a glass of wine before, haven't you? I remember your mom let you have a glass of Champagne at that dinner party she had for your grade school graduation. I mean, I don't want to lead you into temptation or corrupt you," she laughed.

"Of course, it's OK," replied Jeremy, trying to sound grown up. That one glass of Champagne was the only time before he had ever had a drink, except for the time out behind his garage one of his friends had stolen a bottle of beer and shared it with him.

She handed him a glass of sweet sherry as she also served herself one, and he drank it while they talked about her photo project and posing for the camera. She gave him tips on how to appear relaxed and natural. When they had finished their wine, she took him into her studio that had three areas, one was set up like a living room, one like a bedroom, and the other with an outdoor scene for a backdrop. At the back of the large studio on two long tables were numbered stacks of clothes, each stack a separate costume with the appropriate accessories.

First, she had him go to the tables with the various outfits as she explained to him that she would give him a number corresponding to the next costume he was to put on and he would then change into it and check himself in the mirror while she was processing the pictures she had just taken and preparing the background for the next round of photos. She had him start with sports clothes, modeling various outfits with sports accessories like a baseball bat, then a soccer ball, a tennis racket, and other equipment. She then gave him the number of the next outfit he was to put on. And as he went to the tables to find it, she went about processing the photos she had just taken. She apologized for not having a separate dressing room, but explained professional models had to change clothes quickly since time is money and they would simply take off everything and put on outfits right there at the tables. Besides, she explained, she would be busy between shoots and not be looking at him until he was ready and needed a once over to make sure he had his new costume on correctly.

Jeremy was feeling slightly woozy from the drink; he wanted to act 'professional' and convinced himself he didn't mind stripping down and changing clothes with Mrs. Laughton nearby. After all, he changed his clothes in front of his mother all the time. It's just that with Mrs. Laughton, he hoped his penis, which was partially inflated constantly in her presence, would stay down!

Mrs. Laughton worked off a master sheet for the catalog pictures she was doing for this project as they went briskly from one costume change to another, simply telling Jeremy to go and change into the clothes identified by the next number she read to him off the sheet. As for the poses, once he was changes, she would hand Jeremy pictures of other models in similar outfits and tell Jeremy to try to pose in a similar way.

As Jeremy continued through the photo sessions and costume changes, he grew more and more relaxed, helped with a second glass of sherry. He became uninhibited stripping down completely as now she was having him model underwear and bathing suits. The lights in the studio were getting quite hot, and she asked him if it was OK if she took off her blouse since the air conditioning wasn't working very well that day and wasn't compensating for the heat thrown off by the hot lights.

Jeremy tried to appear nonchalant as he shrugged his shoulders indicating that it OK with him if she wanted to take off her blouse. But inside, his mind was ablaze with the idea of seeing her in just her big lacy bra that he had already checked out since he was able to peek at through her thin blouse.

As they were doing the underwear portion of the shoot, Mrs. Laughton noticed he was exhibiting a growing bulge in the various shorts he was modeling. The last bit of underwear was a simple white nylon panty without a front opening. He thought they looked like his mother's panties, but who was he to argue, maybe some boys did wear under things like them. But when he put them on, the sleek material excited him further and his erection was making a big show of itself, and when he stalling, saying he wasn't quite ready to pose, she guessed what the problem was and handed him a robe and told him it was time for them to take a break. She turned off a couple of the harshly bright lights and had them both sit on the couch on the living room set. She handed him another glass of sherry, but unknown to the boy she had added another ingredient that would further relax him. Together they sat on the couch. She then asked him, "How do you like the clothes you've modeled so far, Jeremy?"

"They are nice clothes for this catalog you are assembling. I'd like to own a lot of them."

"Well, for helping me out. I think that can be arranged. It's typical that models get to keep many of the clothes they pose in. I don't mean to embarrass you, but I noticed you particularly like the underwear you have on now. Don't be ashamed, all boys get a little bulge in their panties every now and then; it can't be helped. But it does happen a lot when boys wear nylon panties like the ones you now have on. I guess the nylon is very exciting against a boy's body."

Jeremy was surprised she was talking so openly about it and telling him that she knew he had an erection in the panties. She kept using the word 'panties,' and that distressed him. Only girls wore panties, right? Oh, well, he wanted to be a good model and not go against her in any way and told himself he'd only have

them on tried for a few minutes and then he would be changing into something else. After all he was a professional model now, and professionals surely had to model whatever they were required to wear without complaint.

As the drink worked its wonders on the boy, Mrs. Laughton then said, "Would you like to try on some other clothes? We've finished with the catalog items for all the regular boys' clothes but next we'll start on the Halloween costumes for the special fall ad campaign. Some of these outfits are pretty wild; I think you'll love modeling them."

The drink helped. Jeremy agreed to continue without question. "First we'll try the cowboy outfit and then work our way through all the other costumes piled on the second table. By the way, you can keep the underwear on for most of these outfits. They are yours to keep anyway since underwear especially can't be returned to the store."

Mrs. Laughton had Jeremy quickly progress through the standard costumes of the cowboy, fireman, devil, and ghost. These were cheap costumes and were simply pulled on over his nylon panty underwear. Finally they came to the more expensive and exotic costumes and she told Jeremy to strip off his white nylon panties and put on a heavier nylon panty, one of nylon satin in pale pink with the slightest edging of lace that at first he did not notice. Immediately, he did notice the sensual feel of the soft, pink panties. They were decidedly different from his own cotton underpants and even more luxurious than the thin white nylon panties he had been wearing. She then helped him pull on a matching pink satin top that floated down over his body. She tucked the hem of the cami into the waistband of his panties. He did notice the fine bit of lace edging the cami and then took a closer look at the panties saw they had the same lace edging. But in his highly relaxed state, he let her dress him in them without saying anything. He was now a professional model after all, and if that's what she wanted him to wear, he viewed it as just part of the job. Besides, no one he knew would ever see these pictures, just mothers looking through the catalog to buy things for their kids.

The sensuous satin cami and panties seemed to barely touch his skin but he could not ignore their sexually charged presence. Immediately, he felt he had a problem. His penis began to stand up more rigid than ever. He quickly donned his next costume, a pirate outfit made of blue and black satin; fortunately, the loose-fitting trousers help disguise his erection that the satin top rubbing against his satin cami and the satin trousers rubbing against his satin panties made even worse, not to mention Mrs. Laughton openly working around him with her blouse off and her big breasts bulging out of her sexy black lace bra. As much as possible he tried not to look at her because he knew that would only make it more difficult to keep his erection down, but of course, he couldn't resist the occasional furtive glance, and when she spoke directly to him, it was almost impossible for him not to look at her.

Mrs. Laughton continued to have him pose in the various Halloween costumes, and occasionally she found it necessary to make adjustments to his outfits and that often necessitated her rubbing her hands over him. As she smoothed out the silky and satin fabrics, it reminding him of the satin lingerie he was wearing underneath. When he had the pirate costume on, she insisted upon putting a bit of makeup on him to make it look right. Jeremy laughed when she applied makeup that made it look like he had a black eye and a mustache. After that, she removed the black eye and mustache, but then put a bit of eye shadow and blush on his face "to bring out his pretty features" as she said. He looked in the mirror and saw he looked quite girlish with those hints of makeup. Oh, well, he thought, it's just part of the job.

When Jeremy started to put on the next outfit, a fairy dance costume with wings, he thought was somewhat silly for a boy. Mrs. Laughton calmed him when she saw him hesitate. She could read his thoughts. "I know you probably think this is kind of a sissy outfit, and you're right, but a lot of mothers like to buy things like this for their boys. Some mothers, especially those who don't have any daughters, sometimes like to dream a bit and get their boys to wear something like this fairy costume or an angel outfit that are actually quite girly because Halloween is the only day each year they have a chance to dress their son in something usually only girls would wear. Don't worry about how you will look, just put it on. So, you see, actually, it's a costume that can be worn by either a girl or a boy. And I know you are going to look fabulous in it!"

Once he had it on, she helped him attach the wings, and then stepped back, "I hope you don't mind me saying, but you really look more like a girl than a boy in this outfit. You are very pretty for a boy, and that touch of makeup really brings out your feminine features. With a wig you would like a very glamorous little girl."

Jeremy blushed thinking of himself looking like a little girl!

"You know, in certain parts of the world, boys wear the kilt. Do you know what a kilt is, Jeremy?" He hemmed and hawed a bit, and then said, "Uh, it's like a skirt, huh?"

"That's right you are a very smart boy. This store that you are modeling for sells kilts to their Scottish and Irish customers, so let's have you try one on," she said as she handed him a simple, long sleeve white T-shirt and the kilt. He put on the body-hugging T-shirt. He didn't notice that the delicate pink of his cami gave a hint of pink shading to the shirt. Next she gave him a kilt. He was unsure how to put it on, so she had to show him which side was the front. He did look like a very girlish boy in the kilt, especially after adding black slipper-like shoes with modestly high heels. She had him puff up his chest and pose. She also had him stand up on his tiptoes so she could see how he would look in even higher heels that would make his legs look even more feminine.





***What a difference a wig makes:  
Jeremy without his wig.***





***What a difference a wig makes:  
Jeremy with his wig.***



"Jeremy, a kilt can be worn by either a boy or a girl, and don't take this the wrong way, but I think you could be the model for the girls' part of this catalog too. I have a nice long brown wig, and I'm sure with the wig on, no one would know that you are the same child who posed for the boys' kilt photos. And I can pay you extra money if you can do some of the girls' costumes. Here, let's give it a try." The next thing the over stimulated and slightly drugged boy knew she was affixing a wig to his head. He looked at himself in the mirror; he did look like a girl -- a very pretty girl! Mrs. Laughton stood back in amazement, "You're beautiful, Jeremy, but please, once again, don't take this the wrong way: I mean it as a compliment, you are a very handsome boy, but I have to tell you that you make an even prettier girl! I have to take some pictures of you like this." And she did.

He groaned, becoming more mixed up and excited as each minute passed.

"Even without a bra and padding, you look like a girl. Besides, most girls your age are not yet developed, and with the way you look, no one would be able to know that you are really a boy. Just a bit more makeup and some bright red lipstick will really do the trick. With the added makeup on, she said, "Perfect." Then she handed him pictures of girls modeling dresses to help him pose in his kilt outfit in a girlish fashion. Then it was time for another surprise, "Just to make sure that we have what the store wants for their catalog, I had better put this on you." And at that moment she was holding up a lightly padded pink bra with lace around the edges. Jeremy didn't know how to put it on after taking off the wig, the T-shirt and pink cami. She helped him, sliding it up his arms and hooking him into the bra in a businesslike way to keep his nerves in check. Then it was back on with his cami. She then substituted a frilly blouse for the T-shirt just to make his costume look that much more feminine.

Jeremy was confused but excited. He felt like he was doing naughty things dressing up like a girl, but the clothes made his body tingle and his penis erect in his pink nylon panties. It also didn't help when Mrs. Laughton bent towards him and her massive cleavage threatened to spill out of her tight bra. The fact that her nipples pressed against the thin material didn't help.

Mrs. Laughton noticed the growing bulge in Jeremy's panties that was pushing up the front of his kilt. "Jeremy, you seem to be awfully excited, maybe I can help you with this," she said as she reached under his kilt and lovingly rubbed her hand up against his penis in his nylon panties to make it grow even larger. "Jeremy, have you ever seen a woman's breasts?" she asked. Jeremy could only reply with a whispered "No."

Mrs. Laughton unsnapped her black satin and lace bra and let it drop. The boy couldn't believe his eyes and his face turned bright red under the hot lights. "Would you like to touch them?" she asked. He immediately nodded his head.

Jeremy's hand rubbed against the large nipples that became rigid to his touch. "You know it's customary for a gentleman to

kiss a lady's breasts if he likes what he sees," whispered Mrs. Laughton. Jeremy obligingly kissed her titties. She encouraged him to lick her nipples, and he did. Then, he opened his whole mouth, latched on and deeply sucked on her breast.

Mrs. Laughton loved the sensation of the young boy kissing and sucking on her, and as he did, she jacked him off within his soft nylon panties. She moved her hand up and down feeling the wetness come out at the tip poking up the satin panties. Jeremy started to moan while sucking on her globes in his face. He had never felt this way before and couldn't believe that he was actually sucking on this beautiful woman's massive tits. "Do you like the clothes you're wearing?" She asked. Jeremy could only grunt in agreement.

"How would you like to put on something different?" she asked.

Jeremy didn't reply, but his enthusiastic sucking was agreement enough and Mrs. Laughton indicated another pile of clothes: it was a complete wedding dress ensemble, but Jeremy didn't demure and quickly stripped down to just his pink panties, cami and bra. She let the long white slips and then the huge white wedding dress drop down over the boy's head. As she buttoned it up in back and neatly arranged the skirts and slip, she told him every girl dreams of being a young pretty bride and she knew he could pull it off. Then it was back on with his wig, and he did look perfect as the bride every girl would love to be.

Then she handed Jeremy a small booklet with a variety of bride's photos in it and gradually the two of them went through the booklet with Jeremy posing in a variety of similar positions. Finally the solo photos were finished and they came to pictures of a bride and groom. Mrs. Laughton said it would be great to have some photos like that and she knew a boy who could pose with him as the groom. Without asking Jeremy's opinion, she simply went to her phone and called a boy named Kyle who lived near by.

"You'll like Kyle. He's very friendly and he's very handsome."

"But Mrs. Laughton, I can't pose with a boy, he'll find out I'm not a girl."

"Nonsense, Jeremy, we'll just call you Jennifer, and he'll never know." You're certainly one of the most beautiful girls I've ever had pose for me. He just might fall in love with you," she said teasingly with a laugh.

Within a few minutes Kyle arrived. Jeremy was surprised to see that Kyle was a tall, good looking young black boy who was three years ahead of him in school. He hoped Kyle didn't recognize him, so he did his best to act girlishly and not give himself away as a boy. Mrs. Laughton took Kyle off to the side and a few minutes later the black boy reappeared dressed in a tuxedo, more handsome than ever. One could almost believe it had been fitted for him.

Mrs. Laughton introduced them: "Kyle, this is Jennifer; she'll be your bride for today."

Together the two stood side by side like the wedding pictures in the photo album, and then Mrs. Laughton said: "You may kiss the bride." Jeremy was completely taken by surprise when Kyle turned, leaned down over him and kissed him fully on the mouth. Jeremy didn't want to blow his disguise, so he let the big, strong boy linger on with an intimate french kiss. Mrs. Laughton congratulated them on a great shoot and went off to process the photos and review some of the test shots.

While she was gone, Kyle stayed close to Jeremy and continued to kiss him on his throat. "Holy shit!" thought Jeremy, "he'll kill me if he finds out I'm not a girl." But Jeremy had bigger problems as Kyle took Jeremy's hand and placed it on the bulge growing in his tuxedo pants. The black boy's cock was huge if the bulge was any indication. Jeremy was surprised as how big and hard it was. He only could think of his own dick, which he had always thought was of a worthy size, but Kyle's cock was a monster in comparison! Kyle was very strong and was able to position Jeremy how he wanted him with ease as he continued to passionately kiss the little white boy. Somehow, Kyle's tuxedo trousers almost magically opened and his naked cock was now hot and throbbing in Jeremy's hand. Kyle wouldn't let him let go and rode his hand to show him exactly how she wanted his monster cock stroked.

Unknown to Jeremy, Mrs. Laughton came back into the room, and instead of being surprised and shocked, she enjoyed the spectacle and immediately began snapping photos. She had a client who would buy gay boy photos like these at a handsome price. Kyle encouraged the boy to kiss him more passionately, and then he said, "Oh, baby, you're so cool. You got to give me some relief."

Jeremy didn't understand what Kyle meant until the strong black boy forced the dazed and stunned white boy down on his knees that left him staring at Kyle's engorged chunk of black meat. "Go ahead, suck it baby," moaned Kyle as he forced Jeremy to open his mouth and take on his hot cock. Kyle's big hands moved Jeremy's head back and forth while Jeremy moaned and slurped in terror of being discovered.

All this time Mrs. Laughton snapped photos until finally, Jeremy tasted a blast of warm and salty cum fill his mouth as Kyle moaned and swore aloud at the same time. Jeremy half choked as he tried to both swallow and spit out the nasty slime, he was just trying to survive the oral onslaught. Finally Kyle withdrew is still pulsating cock from Jeremy's lips. "Baby, you are terrific," the black boy fell back on the couch satiated and exhausted. He moaned, "Jennifer, I want you to be my girlfriend."

In a stupor and now crying, Jeremy didn't answer but simply rushed to Mrs. Laughton, who hugged the boy and told him everything would be fine, and no one would ever know what had happened. She talked quietly to him as she tried to soothe his

nerves while helping him get out of his girlie clothes and back into the jeans and T-shirt he had arrived in. She did have him keep on the satin chemise and panties, telling him he could have them. She said, he could have many of the other clothes he had modeled and told him to come back over the next day to pick them out.

The boy's mind as a bizarre mix of thoughts and emotions, but Mrs. Laughton knew how to help him along. She handed him \$500 and told him he had done a magnificent job of modeling, especially the girls' outfits. She said that if he was free on the following Saturday, she would love to have him model girls' clothes for that section of the catalog. She did add that Kyle was a friend and she would like to have him there too to model the parts of the catalog that needed a boy and girl model posing together. She finished by giving Jack a great kiss on his lips. "You can make a lot of money with me if you want to do more posing like you did today, especially if you want to make more pictures doing sexy fun things with Kyle. Come over tomorrow and pick out some of the clothes you would like from the shoot, and we'll talk about it then. But for now, let's keep everything that happened here a secret, OK? If you can keep a secret, you can make a lot of money with me -- and Kyle!"

Jeremy was sure he wanted to keep both the money and what he had done with Kyle a secret. Either one wasn't something he wanted to tell his mother; she might wonder how he ended up with five hundred dollars. Nor did he want anyone else to know. He had a lot to think about as he slowly walked home still feeling the satin lingerie under his clothes and still tasting remnants of Kyle's cum lingering in his mouth. ♦

## My Introduction to Sissyhood

My first sissy experience happened while I was a sophomore in high school. I was shy and without experience around girls, so it was difficult for me to get up the nerve to ask a girl out. I was completely taken by a girl named Donna, a junior in school, and after a long while I finally got the courage to ask her out. Actually, she knew I was attracted to her, and she was the one who asked me if I was ever going to ask her out.

Over the next two weeks, we saw each other at her house or mine. We would hold hands and talk. I loved her perfume and the pretty clothes she wore. She taught me how to kiss and then how to french kiss. I was always trying to go further than I should and she would constantly tell me to behave myself. Whenever I tried to slip my hand up her skirt, she would slap my hand, but being young and extremely horny, I would always try again.

One night while on the swing set in her backyard, I tried again. She stopped me but instead of slapping me, she asked me what I'd be willing to do if she let me touch her panties. Well without hesitation I said I'd do anything. She made me promise several





times over that I would do whatever she asked. First, she had me take off my pants and underwear, well this sounded all right to me since it was a very dark night, so I agreed and off they came. She then told me to close my eyes and keep them closed, so I did. After a little bit she started to fumble with my feet, I started to say something, and she told me to just be quiet and relax. She began to pull up my legs what I thought was my underwear, but I did feel they were smoother and felt nicer. She had me lift up to finish pulling them up and then told me to open my eyes.

I looked down and saw I was wearing a beautiful lacy pair of pink panties, I started to protest but Donna slapped my cheek and reminded me that I said I would do anything she asked, so I calmed down even though I was embarrassed as hell to be wearing girls' panties. She told me to put my pants on, which I did but not before I asked for my underwear back to which she answered that I wouldn't be needing them anymore. I disregarded the significance of what she said and anxiously went back to pursuing my prize, so I moved over and started putting my hand up her skirt. She slapped my hand away. I asked why she did that and wanted to know why she wasn't going to follow through with her end of the bargain. She laughed and said, "I promised to let you touch my panties, well, sissy, you are touching my panties. YOU'RE WEARING THEM!"

I protested, but she insisted that she had lived up to her end of the bargain. Saddened and feeling tricked, but still thoroughly in love with her, I went home still wearing her panties under my trousers, but before I left, she told me that whenever we went out she wanted me to be wearing her panties. On our next date, the first thing she did was reach down into my pants. She discovered I was not wearing the panties and immediately sent me home. I tried calling her several times over the next week, but she just hung up on me the moment she heard my voice.

Then finally she did take my call, and the first thing she asked was if I was wearing her panties, I told her I wasn't. She told me to go put them on and then call her back. I did and then she agreed to another date. That night she gave me a bag of four pairs of frilly nylon panties in pink, pale blue, yellow and white, each with lace or a feminine design or decoration, and told me to wear a pair every time I wanted to talk to her, see her or go out on a date with her. She said that if we saw each other on the street and I wasn't wearing panties, she warned me not to walk away and not even try to talk to her.

Soon after, I was greatly disheartened when I found out she was dating other guys — and big masculine guys into sports — you know the type. I asked her if she was making them wear panties too, and she said, "Of course, NOT! The other guys I date are

real men. You're my sissy, and I only need one sissy boy to be my plaything. I tell all those other guys about you, my little sissy whom I make wear my panties. They get a big laugh out of that, and think I'm very clever to have a sissy slave boy."

And that's how it went over the next year as we dated. She progressed and had me wearing entire outfits of her clothes and gave me several skirts and blouses for me to wear and keep at my house. She said whenever I dressed up for her in one of these skirts and blouses, she would have a special reward for me. So at times when my parents were out, she would have me dress up at home and sneak over to her house where she would meet me outside and then we'd make out in her backyard. During those times, she wouldn't let me do anything more than play with her tits through her bra and play with her pussy through her panties while she jacked



me off through the panties I had on under my skirt. She would laugh at me when I shot my cum into my panties and send me home with my juice dripping down my legs. And that's how our relationship went for another eight months until her family moved out of town.

After she left, I immediately began missing her. I knew no other girl could take her place. Plus I missed the sensation of wearing her silky panties and having her jacking me off in them, so to stir up my memories, I took her panties out of my secret hiding place in the back of my closet and began wearing them again. I began jacking off in them too, and got hooked on that form of sex until I was so crazed with my memories of her wanking myself silly that I could masturbate in my panties 24 hours a day if I had no school or other obligations in life, and that's how I am to this day! ♦



## Overly Curious Boy Gets Petticoat Punished

I knew I was different, but I didn't know what it was. I was 10 and my sister, Amy, was 8. I was small for my age, and my sister and I were almost the same size. I was fascinated by her body, and I made every effort to get a peek at her nakedness whenever the opportunity arose. One day, Amy was in her room getting ready for bed. Her door was open a crack, and I stood and watched as she undressed. Suddenly I felt a hand on my shoulder. I looked around; my mother was standing behind me.

"Gerald, what are you doing," she asked. Amy came to the door wearing just panties. "Nothing," I answered. "You were peeking at Amy weren't you?" I just looked down, but even then, I couldn't stop glancing up and peeking at Amy in her panties.

"I'll have to decide what to do about this. You know not to peek at your sister like that," my mom said as she swatted my bottom and sent me to my room. About 30 minutes later she and Amy came into my room. "I have made a decision," she said. "Since you saw Amy naked, she should have the right to see you naked. Undress," she commanded. I began to cry. I started to undress slowly. I could feel my little penis becoming erect, and as I removed my jeans and under pants, I looked down and saw it was standing straight up. Amy began to giggle.

"Do you know what that is," mom asked. "No, mom," Amy responded. "That is his penis. Boys have a penis, and girls have a vagina." Amy asked, "Why is it standing up like that?"

"Boys become erect like that when they're excited," she explained. "You can touch it if you want." Amy reached over and touched my erection. I turned bright red, and began to cry again. "Why are you crying?" Mom asked. "You're acting like a sissy." Finally, she told me to get dressed.

Even after that humiliation, I couldn't help but try to peek at my sister again. This time I wasn't caught and was able to see Amy completely naked. That night, in bed, I couldn't help but think about what I saw. I got out of bed, and very quietly, went into Amy's room. She was asleep, and I gently pulled back her covers. I eased her nightie up and stared at her little panties. I reached down and touched her lightly between her legs through her panties. Then I very slowly worked her panties down. For a long time, I stared at her smooth, pretty pussy. Finally, I gathered up enough nerve to touch her. I tried to touch very gently, but I wasn't gentle enough. Amy woke up and screamed. Mother came running into her room and saw me standing beside her bed. She looked at Amy with her nightie up and her panties down. "What's going on?" she demanded to know.

"Gerald felt me on my vagina," Amy said crying.

I didn't say anything. I knew I was in big trouble. Mom then grabbed me, pulled my pajama pants down, put me over her lap and spanked the hell out of me. "Now, take your pjs completely off," she commanded. I slowly took them off, crying. "Go to your room now! Sleep naked tonight and go without clothes in this house until I tell you otherwise." I went to my room; she came in, scolded me again and made sure I went to bed naked.

The next morning, mother's friend, Ms. Dixon came over early. I woke up and went toward the kitchen, but when I heard them talking I stopped since I was naked as mother had commanded and I turned and headed back to my room. But mother heard me and demanded I come into the kitchen. I ducked in the kitchen door and quickly took a seat at the table to hide my nakedness. Mother had been telling her what she had caught me doing and about my punishment to remain naked in the house, so Mrs. Dixon wasn't surprised to see me without any clothes.

"I have a surefire remedy to cure boys who do things like that to girls," Ms. Dixon said. "And if you're willing to follow through with what I'll tell you, you'll see it will work wonders."

"Tell me more," mother said. "I'm willing to try anything. He's growing up to be a pervert; I'm at the end of my rope with him."

"Well, he needs to know how violated a girl feels when he does something like that to them," she said. "What I tell you about is certainly radical, and I will help you transform him, but for it to work, you have to go along with this 100% or not at all."

Mrs. Dixon asked if she could send me up to my sister's room to ponder my fate at the scene of my crime while they talked. Mother agreed and I was sent to Amy's room. She was in there playing with her dolls, and mother called up to her and told her



to let me stay in her room while she talked with Mrs. Dixon, and then added that Amy was to come downstairs and join in their conversation. Unknown to me, Mrs. Dixon told them about petticoat punishment and my mother and sister thought it was a wonderful way to discipline me. Twenty minutes later, the three of them walked into Amy's room. I was still naked and sitting on her bed.

Ms. Dixon made me stand up and then looked at me and said, "Take your hands away. I've seen many naked little boys and you don't have anything between your legs that I haven't seen before. Now, tell me what you were caught doing."

I began to cry, expecting another spanking. I finally got my words together and with downcast eyes. I told her about fondling Amy.

"Well, you know you will have to pay the consequences for doing that, don't you?" Ms. Dixon said.

I answered, "Yes, ma'am. I know. I'm sorry."

"Amy go over and touch his penis and balls, and you don't have to be gentle. You deserve to have a go at his boy things for what he did to you. Gerald, stand still and let her do it."

Amy came up to me. "Go ahead and touch him," Ms. Dixon urged her. She held my penis in her hands and then felt my testicles. She squeezed them like they were made of modeling clay. I squealed and pleaded with her to stop hurting me. My request was met with a giggle and her sharp fingernails scratching my dick and balls.

Ms. Dixon had mother go to Amy's dresser and pick out a pair of pink nylon panties. She handed Amy the panties and told her to put them on me. With the three of them hovering over me I had no choice and let Amy pull the panties up my legs and over my erection to the noise of her giggling. Next she was handed one of her training bras and I had to let her put it on me. A long white slip with lacy edges was added that went down over my body like the ultimate cascade of femininity. Ms. Dixon and mother then went to the closet and picked out a dress. It was my kid sister's most shameful party dress, pink and white, made of tiers of satin, lace and chiffon. I was crushed as the dress went over my head and the satin ribbon sash was tied around my waist.

"From now on, your name will be Geri, and you will be my sister," Amy said laughing uncontrollably. Mother added, "You are no longer older than Amy; you are now her LITTLE sister and have to follow any orders she gives you as well as any order Mrs. Dixon or I give you. We will be teaching you how to be a girl, and you better learn your lesson well, or your panties will be coming down frequently and you'll be spanked so hard you won't be able to sit down, understand?"

I began to cry. "I don't want to be a girl," I complained.

"It isn't up to you, and crying won't do you any good. Get used to thinking of yourself as a girl and acting accordingly or you'll be in so much pain from being paddled you won't be able to do anything else."

I looked in the mirror; I did look like a girl. My hair was getting long,



over my ears and long enough to look girlish. Amy then came over to me and put a pink barrette on each side of my hair. Ms. Dixon then announced we needed to go shopping. In horror, they took me outside like that, put me in the car and took me to the mall. We went right to Boscov's and they dragged me right into the little girls' department. I was protesting all the way, but when mom pointed out that everyone was looking at me, she suggested I act like a girl so I wouldn't call attention to myself. I knew she was right, so even though it was distasteful to me, I tried my best to walk and talk like a girl instead of a petticoat punished boy yelling and screaming like an idiot.

In the store, they picked out four dresses, and Ms. Dixon took me in the dressing room to try them on. With each one, I had to come out and let mom and Amy see. Despite being upset, my penis was hard and it made a noticeable bump in the front of the thin, slinky dresses, and Mrs. Dixon made sure it stayed erect to humiliate me by massaging my penis through my sissy pink panties just before each time she took me out of the dressing room to face my mother and Amy. Next we all went to the lingerie department, and mother bought me all the half-slips, training bras, garter belts and nylons that I thought would be enough to last me a lifetime. Then I was pulled along to a big table filled with panties.

Go ahead and pick out some panties Ms. Dixon told me. A petticoat punished boy must always pick out his own panties. Go ahead. We'll stand here all day until you do it." I tried to pick out simple white cotton panties, but every time I did, either Ms. Dixon or mom took them away, slapped my hands and put them back. Plain panties of any sort I was told were not for me, so I blindly picked out colorful panties with lace and ribbons and ruffles until mother was holding a stack of them that she kept cooing over and telling me how nice they would look to see whenever I opened my underwear drawer and how much nicer they would look with me wearing them!

Finally, we went home and went to my room to put my new clothes away. Mom yanked all of my boy's clothes out of my drawers and closet, and as she packed them up for Goodwill, she said, "You won't need these any more, Geri?"

Ms. Dixon sat me down on the bed. "There are rules to being a girl," she said, "and you'll have to obey all of them all of the time. Amy is going to help you and teach you how to be a good girl. You must always obey her. She will teach you everything, even how to pee because you will not be allowed to stand up to pee, and you never are allowed to close the bathroom door. There's to be no privacy for you because we want to make sure you never are alone to play with that little noodle you have in your panties."

After a week of girl training, I stopped resisting because I was constantly sore from the paddlings I received for doing every little thing wrong. They were getting to me. I even began thinking of myself as a girl at times and those thoughts disturbed me, but I knew that's how they wanted me to feel. I had little choice in the matter. I had no where to go unless I wanted to run away with no money or anything and dressed in girls' clothes. That scared me more than staying in the house as a girl!

That weekend, Ms. Dixon came over and introduced us to a gentleman named Mr. Carter. "What a pretty girl you are," he said when he saw me. Mr. Carter smelled of tobacco and alcohol and was as ugly as sin with a double chin and big ears. With his calloused hand, he took my hand and pulled me onto his lap. I looked pleadingly at mother, but she told me to get comfortable on his lap unless I wanted a sound paddling more intense than anything I had experienced to date. So I sat there in terror; I could feel his sizeable cock erect beneath me, pressing itself up

under my short dress and up against my satin panties. He kept rubbing my legs under my dress and moving his hand higher and higher. He was having fun playing with the lacy leg openings of my panties and laughing. He kept flicking my panty leg elastics, stinging my thighs. The repeated snapping really started to hurt my legs. I was squirming and crying, but my mother, Mrs. Dixon and Amy thought it was funny seeing him tease and humiliate me like that. Just when I thought he was going to grab my dick in my panties and make fun of me for being a boy in little girls' clothes, he stood up and marched me into my bedroom. Ms. Dixon, mom and Amy came with us. He sat me on the side of the bed, and mom and Ms. Dixon sat on either side of me.

"This is the next part of your training," said Ms. Dixon. "A girl must know how to please a man." Mr. Dixon then opened his pants and pulled them down. I stared at his hard manly cock. It looked huge compared to my little dickie. He put his hand on the back of my head, and the first words I heard out of his mouth were, "Kiss it, kid. Give my boner a big, sweet kiss." He put the head of his cock against my lips. I kissed it. I felt it jump as my lips touched it. Mother made me put my hands around it.

"Open your mouth, faggot," he said.

I did and his cock was immediately rammed into it. "Now suck it, you fucking pantywaist!" With nowhere to go, no way to escape and only a severe paddling if I didn't do it, I began to kiss, lick and suck it, and he moved it in and out slowly, holding my head the whole time. I felt the head of his cock being pushed all the way to the back of my mouth. It made me gag. He thought that was funny, and mom told me I'd need a lot of cocksucking lessons until I'd learn how to deep throat -- I could only image what that meant. Soon I felt his dick swell and his cum began gushing into my mouth. He held my head tightly so I couldn't pull back. The cum hit the back of my throat, and made me gag, I struggled, but he wouldn't let me go. When he was finished, he held my head and kept his dick in my mouth now filled with cum.

"You have to learn to swallow the cum," Ms. Dixon said. "When he pulls his dick out, be very careful not to spill any or your butt will be put on fire."

He pulled his dick out of my mouth while still holding my head. I was gagging, but Mrs. Dixon immediately put her hand over my mouth and held it there. Mom began to rub my throat, and I swallowed the slop that was in my mouth. I had stopped gagging, but coughed violently still tasting his salty, tangy and smelly cum that clung to the insides of my mouth. Mother complimented me on the good job I had done as a first time cocksucker. Mrs. Dixon was more critical but assured me I would be getting more practice as she would bring to our house more bums off the street like this one who were willing to face fuck a sissy boy. Amy was in heaven, she kept calling me a cocksucking sissy so often and so much that eventually, I believed that was all I was worthy of being. And that is now what I am; the only thing that I am. ♦



Markie begged his mom to let him dress like his big sisters; she agreed since she didn't see any reason why he shouldn't wear dresses too.

