

Pussy Boy Pages

Reader's Stories & Pics

Volume 24

The Happy Sissy - Part 2

In this episode, mommy's little sissy boy is forced to go to a shop, expose his sissy panties and be humiliated right in the store!

Feminizing Girl Teaches Boys Love

An older girl gets two brothers to act out a sexy love scene with both of the boys dressed like girls.

Sissy Has a Big Cock in His Panties

This girly boy's uncle helps him blackmail a doctor into providing for free his conversion to a girl!

Panties on the Line

His mom knew he had a fetish for panties, and when their neighbor lady found out, she offered to help his mom cure him with a lot of panty teasing and humiliation!

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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Victorian Fashions for the Younger Generation

I agree with E. B. who dresses her son in a Tartan kilt. Before the advent of knickerbockers, the maternal slogan was "Tartan for Boys."

I well remember the excellent kilts in which my own child went to school, whilst on Sundays, a protesting little boy of twelve submitted to being dressed for Morning Church in a wide-brimmed sailor hat, and a boy's Victorian frock of red Tartan with a lacy petticoat and

pink satin panties, a typical happy boy, very different to the modern sophisticated little tyrants of twelve, who strut about in precocious trousers like miniature dictators.

Mrs. R. A. Murchison,
Harrow Road, N.W.



Taking Care of the Tartan

My son has always been dressed in kilted costumes and is extremely healthy. Outdoors he wears a tartan kilt with red or green silk petticoat and panties to match.

If any women readers decide to follow these styles for their sons, they will find it economical. During mealtimes, however, a white pinafore should be insisted on, so as to protect the costume, besides giving the wearer an appearance of neatness and tidiness.

E.B.,
Forsedge Street,
Ipswich,
Suffolk.



Click on pictures for a larger view.

Clippings from a 1940s magazine column about petticoat training boys!

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Feb 17 outside. Feb 8 inside 1940

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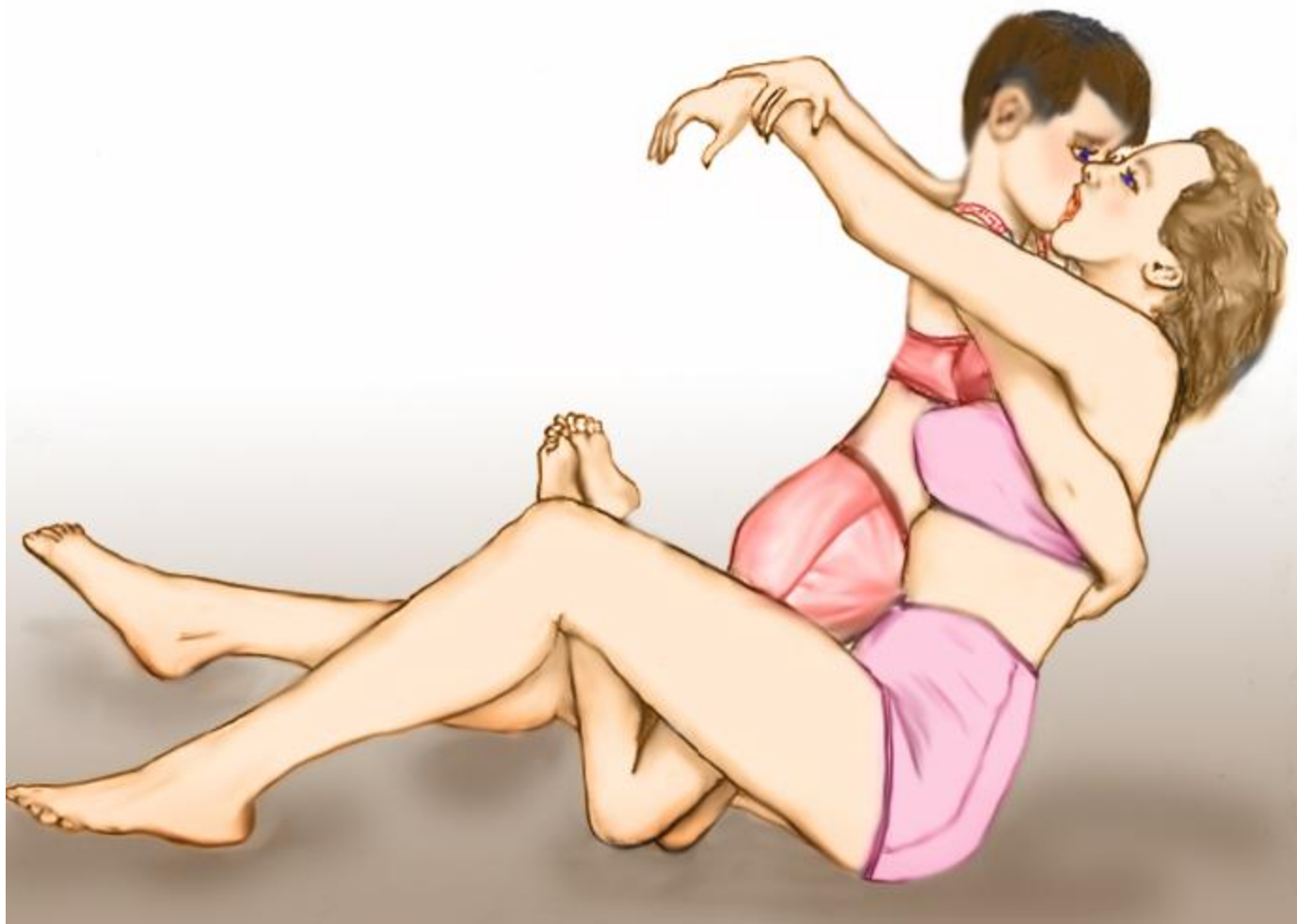
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Panties on the Line

Sally's clothesline was strung between two trees on the side of her house and quite visible to anyone walking by. Several times she had noticed John on his way home from school. And he seemed to slow his walk and stare a lot whenever she had her wash hanging up to dry.

Sally knew John's mother Ellen and had a talk with her one day. She mentioned how John seemed to be interested in the clothes she hung up on her clothesline.

Ellen laughed and said her son was a bit of a panty fetishist. She said she had to keep both her clean and dirty panties locked in a drawer or he would steal them and masturbate in them every moment he could. She said she never confronted him about it, realizing it would be very embarrassing for the boy to talk about. Both women laughed, saying how boys could be so entranced by lingerie.

Sally said perhaps embarrassing him would get him to switch his interest to girls and forget his fascination with their panties. When Ellen said she would find it difficult to bring up and discuss the subject with her son. Sally asked Ellen if she could try her hand at curing him of his fascination with panties. Ellen agreed and they devised a plan to humiliate him right out of his fetish.

The following Saturday, Ellen told her son that her friend, Sally, need some help with her Spring house cleaning and was willing to pay him \$25 to help her for the afternoon. John enthusiastically agreed to do it. Ellen called Sally and asked her when she wanted him to come over. She said to have him be at her house in about half an hour.

After she put down the phone, Sally put her week's load of dirty panties into the washing machine and set it going before sitting down with a magazine to wait for John. Once he arrived, they talked as she had him carrying boxes up to the attic and cleaning out her kitchen cabinets.

Then the buzzer on the washing machine announced it was finished.

Sally said, "Oh, John, take a break from cleaning, and help me hang up my washing. Come outside with me. I've had a back ache lately and have trouble bending down. It would be sweet of you to help me. We can talk while you hand me my washing and I put my things on the clothesline."

When she set down the laundry basket, he was embarrassed to see it was loaded with her panties. Blushing intensely, he handed her pair after pair as she hung them up. She acted like nothing was unusual and pattered on with small talk.

"I always wash all my panties together because they require the gentle cycle." Then she paused with the pair of panties in her hands, held them up for John to see and said, "It's such a shame – actually, I think it's silly that girls aren't supposed to show their panties. Panties are so pretty; I think they should be seen. Don't you think so?"

He stammered, "Well, yeah, I guess so...."

Then she asked, "Which do you like best? Guys usually like pink and women like white. I'll bet you like this pink pair with the white lace edging at the legs."

She held them up within inches of his face. He was too embarrassed to speak, so she turned and hung them on the line. She continued hanging up each pair, making comments on each panty as she did so. When she was finished, she stepped back and said, "There they all are. I wonder what you would do if you had a sexy collection of panties like this."

He didn't answer that question and hoped she wasn't expecting an answer. She was proud of herself because she was making him blush a deep red. As they walked back to the house, Sally was smiling, happy with her boldness and delighted to notice a growing bulge in his trousers. Back inside, they sat down and she served up some lemonade. Sally did all the talking while John tried to cool down. The tension was somewhat relieved by a knock at the door.

Sally said, "That must be your mom. She said she might drop by."

Ellen came in and John went back to work cleaning the kitchen cabinets while the two women sat, talked and drank lemonade. They were deeply engrossed in conversation, and at one point, Sally asked John if he would be a dear and go see if her washing was dry.

When he came back and said they were dry, she said to Ellen, "Panties do dry so fast, don't they?" And then she turned to John and said, "Your mom and I are real busy talking. Would you mind terribly bringing my wash in?"

As soon as he went out, she said to Ellen, "Did you see how red his face is? I think we're getting to him! Now, I'm going to try to make him handle the panties right in front of us, and then let's see how far we can take this."

When he came back with all the panties in the basket, Sally jumped right up and said, "Oh, dear, no! We can't have my panties in a pile like that. They'll get all wrinkled. Would you please either fold them or at least lay them flat on the table?"

They went back to their conversation, but with discreet sidelong glances, both women watched the boy with amusement as he shook out each pair and reverently set them one on top of each other in a neat pile. When they noticed he was finished, the two women went over to the table. Ellen started looking through the pile, and she surprised herself with the boldness she was able to summon up as she said, "Sally, my oh my, you do have some lovely panties. Don't you think so, John? Look at this powder blue pair with the lace edging."

Then Sally reached in the pile, pulled out a pair and said, "Here's the pink pair that John seemed to like so much while he was helping me hang them up. Here, John, you can have them." As she put them in his pocket, she said, "Take these panties home, and wear them if you like."

His mother said, "John, you wear panties? That's very interesting. When did you start wearing panties? I'm your mother I should know these things."

John protested that he didn't wear panties, but his mother stared into his eyes and said. "I've noticed many pairs of my panties fooled with from time to time. I don't think I believe you. I think you have been wearing my panties all along and probably doing vile things in them too. Are you wearing a pair now? What color are they? What do they look like on you?"

He was shocked at the way the conversation was turning, and insisted he didn't wear his mother's panties or anyone else's

Sally said, "But you are fascinated with my panties. Many times I've seen you on your way home from school slow down and stare at times I had my panties hanging up to dry. Don't lie to us. I can't believe you don't wear panties every chance you get."

John began crying and proclaiming his innocence.

Sally said, "Oh, I'm sorry we made you cry, but you can't hide your interest in panties from us. We know some boys are helpless and totally consumed with panties. Here, to make you feel better, I'll let you take a look at the pair I have on. Here take a look," she said as she lifted her skirt to expose her panties all the way up to her bare tummy peeking out above the high-waisted panties she had on. "See, they're pale green with champagne lace on the sides. I bet you like 'em, huh?"

John couldn't answer but he did unabashedly stare through his tear-filled eyes.

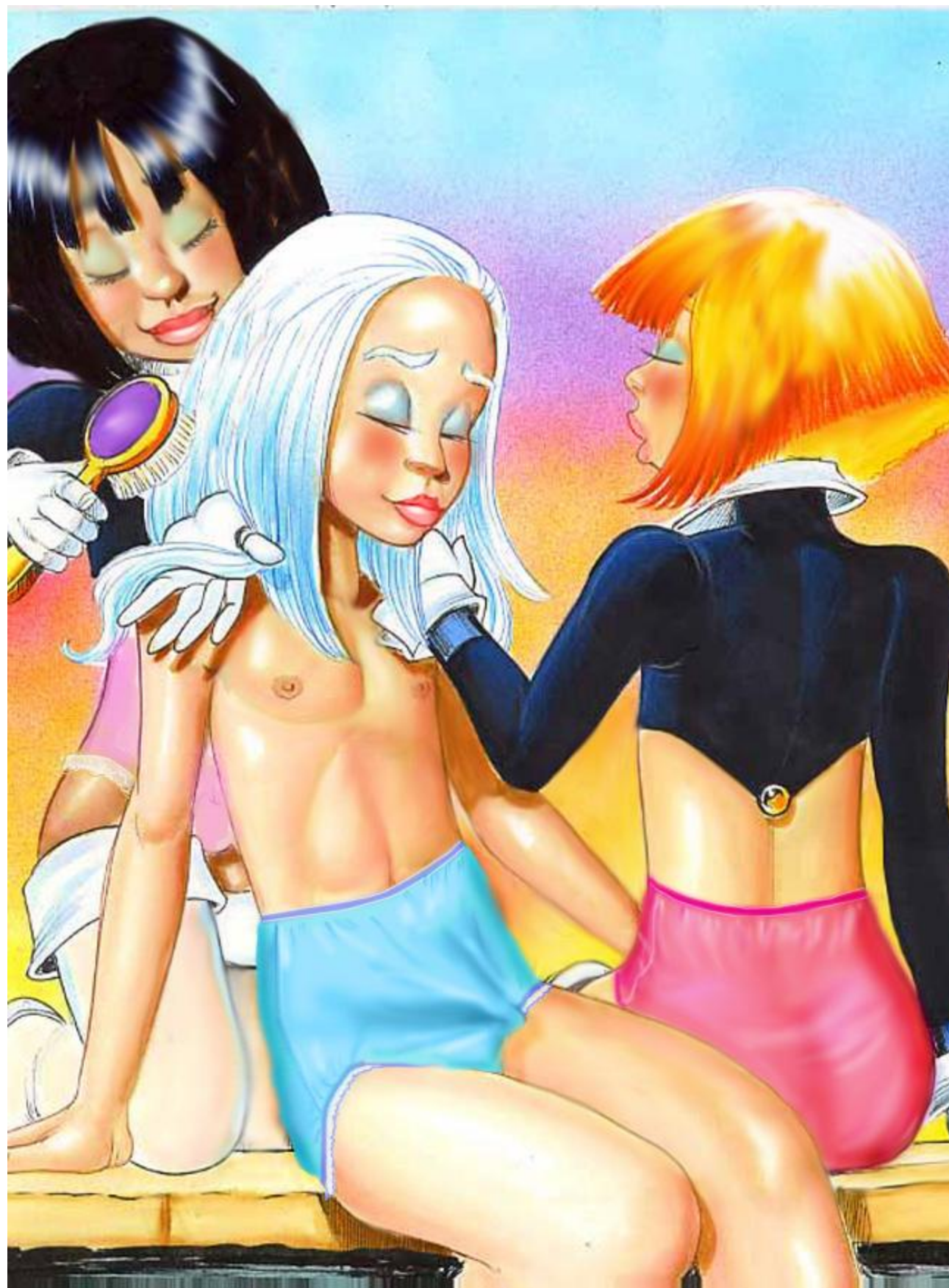
Sally said, "Hey, Ellen, why don't you show your son your panties too?"

Ellen was taken back a bit, but she let out a laugh as she let down her jeans, and said, "What the hell! See, they're yellow with lots of lace, but you've probably seen these panties before – maybe even have worn them and dirtied them with your nasty boy juice!"

John ran out of the house. He left in great confusion, but on the following Saturday, his mother told him to go back over to Sally's house to finish the cleaning he had started the week before. He told her that he was so embarrassed about what had happened. That's exactly what Ellen wanted to hear, so she forced him to go back.

But Sally was sex starved and highly excited all week long, waiting for a chance to follow up with John and get him off of lingerie and into girls, but the more she thought about it, the more it excited her to think of him wearing panties. So when Sally opened the door and John walked in, he saw she was dressed just in a pair of lavender panties and a matching bra. Setting on a chair was a matching set of panties and bra, in pink and in John's size. He was powerless to stop her from undressing him and helping him put on the sissy pink bra and panties, and he didn't resist as she took him in her arms and make love to the sissy boy with a big hard on in his pink panties. Sally did get him interested in sex with girls but also cemented for life his love of panties and lingerie.

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Feminizing Girl Teaches Brothers to Love

Life on a farm for two growing boys can be boring, so John and his younger brother, Dan, were always looking for things to do. Without any other children in the area to play with, they were longtime best friends. Their interests were the same, and their interest in girls began at the same time. John was twelve and Dan eleven when a family with a pretty young daughter moved into the long vacant house across the road from their farm.

On a hot summer day, the boys were swimming in the little creek-fed lake across the road in a tree-shrouded area nearby that old house. They didn't see the girl undress and dive into the lake until they heard the splash as she dived in off a low lying tree limb. Nor did she see them until she surfaced and found them staring in her direction. Grace, the girl, introduced herself and they talked as they treaded water.

Clouds were gathering and being farm kids, they knew a summer squall was about ready to let loose. They all headed for shore at the same time. Naked and blushing, they looked at each other as they hurried to their clothes.

John was looking at the young girl's breasts. For a fourteen-year-old, they were large and firm with hard, prominently displayed nipples. It excited him, and his cock responded by getting hard!

Grace smiled and stared at his erection, and little Dan watched as his older brother didn't hide his hard cock. He was much more interested in looking at her breasts and reached out and touched one. Tacitly, they had given each other the green light to indulge in an innocent bit of petting. Grace took his cock in her hand and felt it. Then she invited Dan to join them. The three just sat around looking at each other, looking at the difference between boys and girls.

Each boy held and tried sucking on one of Grace's young breasts; in turn, she played with both boys at the same time. Both boys had played with each other's penises a few times, but now they were hotter than they had ever been before.

They all agreed they wanted to play with each other some more, but Grace reminded them of the gathering storm and told them to follow her to her house. She told them her parents were in town buying furniture and would be gone for a long time.

Since she was two years older than the one boy and three years older than the other, she took charge and was very much on the bossy side. In the house, she said she wanted to have each of them put their cock in her pussy, but she said she had a game they could play and the winner would be first one to fuck her.

She made both of the boys strip and led them into different rooms of her house. She went to the room where John was and gave him a pair of her pale blue panties to put on. At first he refused, saying he didn't want to put on 'fancy girls' junk,' but when she said if he didn't do it, he would get to put his cock in her pussy and his brother would be the winner. She helped him step into the

panties and put a platinum wig on his head and applied make-up.

She stepped back and admired her work. Then leaned forward kissed his cheek, gently pinched his hardening cock stick up in the front of the silky panties and told him he looked like a doll and would certainly win something.

When she came back she led him to the room where his brother was, dressed in the same manner, but his panties were a vivid pink and his wig was a bright reddish orange. They looked at each other and John had a funny feeling flowing through his body. He wanted to shoot his cum, all right, but he was surprised that he thought his brother looked much more attractive than the girl.

Grace said she was going to read aloud from a book and wanted the boys to act out the story as she read it.

The story started with a couple sitting on a couch holding hands and progressed until they were feeling each other and then kissing. By the time they had gotten that far both boy's little pencil pricks were as hard as steel and giving each boy tremendous pleasure. Grace saw they were hot and needed cooling off.

She made John get on his knees before his brother and maneuver up between his legs. She told him to get close and look at Dan's hard cock straining against his pink panties. She reached around John, and used both of her hands to massage his cock and balls within his sleek sky blue panties. She had stopped reading, but John and his brother didn't realize it or really care. They were far too excited having their cocks toyed with inside girlie panties. John held his brother's cock in his right hand and his balls in his left hand; he was doing to Dan what Grace was doing to him. In John's mind he was with a girl and his brother felt the same way about him.

And when Grace told John to put his mouth over his brother's penis and suck on it through the pretty panties, he didn't hesitate. Just because he was pretending that his kid brother was a sexy girl, and it didn't make any difference to him that this sweet girl had a hard little cock in her panties. John lowered his mouth on to his brother's cock and let it slip through his brightly colored lips. The girl had put so much lipstick on him that as he withdrew from the cock for another assault, it had left a series of bright red rings on the pink panties at each point he had paused. This made John more excited and he attacked the stiff prick with more vigor than before.

Since he was bucking his pink pantied hips off the couch to meet his brother's vacuuming lips, John could tell his brother was enjoying it as he repeated going down on him and then backing off and using his tongue to circle the cock while he rubbed his panties lovingly with his hands. John slid his hands around the sleek panties to the boy's butt and cupped Dan's tight little behind and lightly kneaded his tight little buns through the strange smoothness of silky girls' panties.

Dan had only recently started cumming, and he wasn't experienced enough to hold back for even a moment. He couldn't hold back. He blew his slime into John's mouth. John swallowed it and then rose up off his brother.

John fell back on the floor and told Dan to return the favor, but Grace interrupted and told Dan to lie on his stomach as she was going to give them a thrilling new experience. She gave John a jar of Vaseline and told him to put some of it on his prick and then reach down into Dan's panties and put a glob on his brother's asshole. Then she held aside the leg elastic of Dan's pink panties, had John mount him from behind put his prick at the boy's small butt hole and gently pressed forward. He could feel Dan tighten up. With Grace guiding John's hard dick to the right spot, his second try was more successful. The head of his cock slid in, but not without Dan screaming and pleading with him to stop.

John didn't want to hurt his kid brother and was going to get off when Grace got on his back and shoved him forward. John lost his balance and fell towards his brother sending his prick all the way to the base of his balls. John's brother screamed in pain but the feeling John felt blocked out all sights and sound except his own pleasure. Instinctively, John began thrusting in and out slowly. His brother was still in pain but was once again becoming excited. Grace could tell because she reached under Dan and felt his prick once again standing hard within his pink panties and begging for release.

Grace put a pillow along side them and had them lean to one side as she got her head under Dan and started sucking him off through his panties while his big brother was still fucking him from behind. Despite the pain, Dan couldn't hold back and shot his juice through his pink panties and into the girl's mouth. Even in orgasm, he pleaded with his brother to take his cock out of his burning hot, torn-up asshole.

John backed off, took his cock out and let his brother's pink panties slip back into place as he turned his attention to the girl. Grace held aside the leg opening of her purple panties as she welcomed John's cock into her pussy. He felt her inside, moist and very warm. He rolled the girl over on to him and continued to screw her until he shot his cum deep into her belly.

They were so exhausted that they just lay there, panting for breath.

Afterwards, Grace asked if they would like to come back tomorrow and have some more fun. They agreed, excited to have a friend like her and couldn't wait until the next day. She told them that as long as they did exactly as she wanted, they would always be welcome. When they agreed, she demanded that they leave the house right away.

They looked puzzled but asked no questions and started to get dressed, but she stopped them and told them to wait a minute. Moments later she came back carrying two clean pairs of panties that she handed to the boys and told them to wear them under their boys' clothes until the next day.

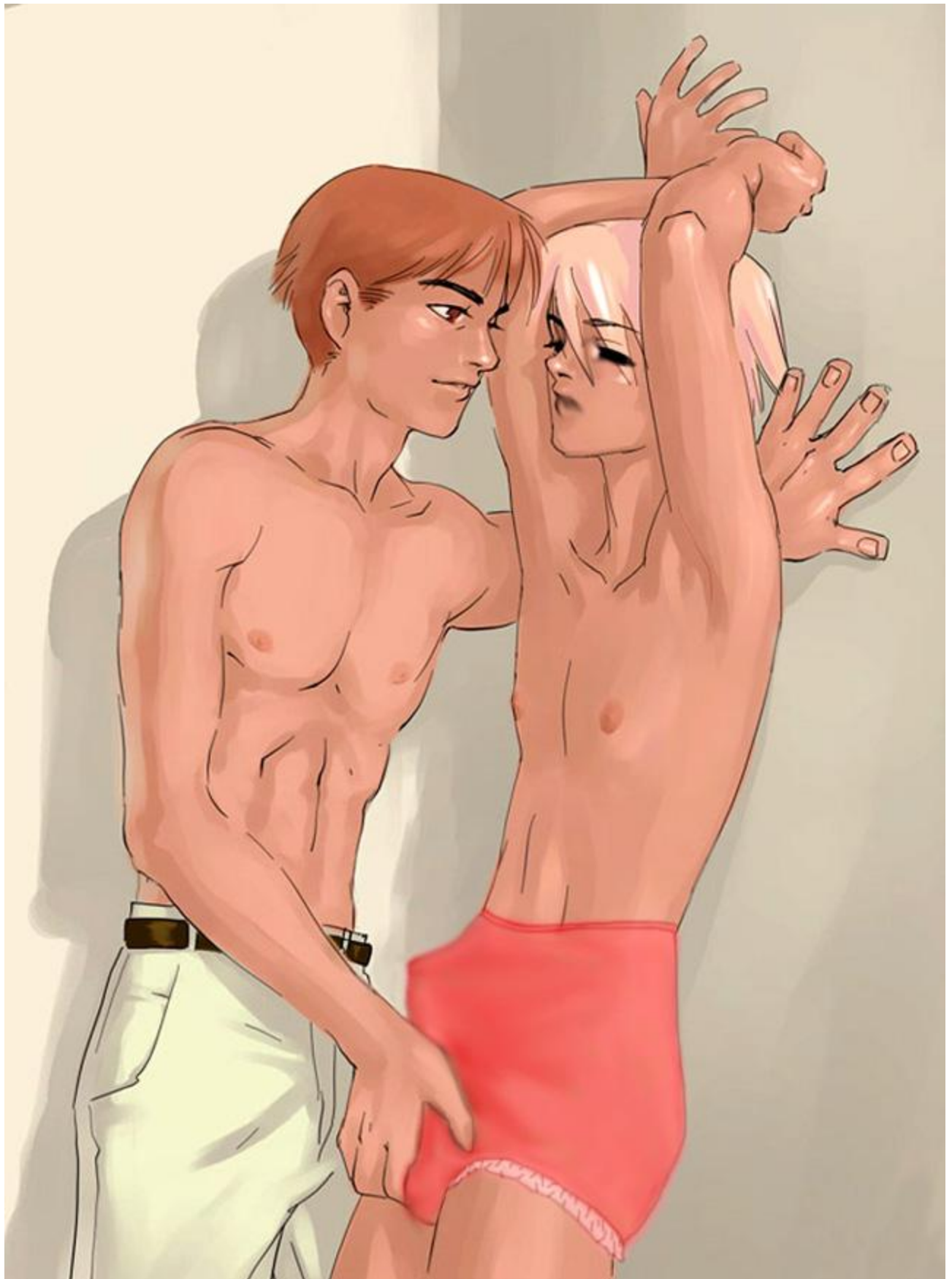
The sexually wanton boys weren't about to argue, besides, they knew they liked the feeling of wearing silky panties, so they put on the panties, got dressed and promised to return the next day promptly at two o'clock. As she held up the two pairs of panties they had spurted into, she warned them that if there didn't show up, she would tell their parents that she had caught them stealing her panties and shooting their juice into them, and show them the panties as evidence!

Many days filled with panty sex games followed that first day, and at times when Grace wasn't

able to play with them, the boys would dress up and take care of each other just like good brothers should.

From: #02452-B – Female Impersonator Library #1 – TV Confessions by Susie Collins, 1975.

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This Sissy Has a Big Cock in His Panties

I was a sissy boy with a big cock, and I loved to dress up as a girl and suck cock! But being a fag got me in trouble at school, and after I had gotten a severe beating by some homophobic bastards in my gym class, mom sent me off to live with my uncle. He took me to his doctor to have him look over my cuts and bruises. I fell in love with this handsome young doctor on the spot! And I could swear I excited him, even if I went for my exam in some of uncle's men's clothes.

At all other times Uncle Arthur let me dress up as a girl around the house. (I barely had any boys' clothes, and the ones I did have were really blouses and slacks purchased in the girls' department.) Uncle didn't mind I was a gay crossdresser. Uncle liked women, but didn't turn me down the day his favorite football team won a big game and I dressed up like a cheerleader for him and gave him a blowjob that he said he'll never forget.

Sam and his wife Martha lived in the basement apartment of my uncle's house, and after I had been at Uncle Arthur's for a week, I became what Sam called "the little Princess" -- if I wanted it and it was within reason, my uncle got it for me. Martha was very nice to me and smiled when I asked her husband if they knew my secret.

Sam said, "You have no secrets here, Miss Janet (the name my uncle gave me)." Your uncle and I are longtime buddies. He told me about you long ago. He laughed and said, "If a pea goes in your mouth, I know when it will fall out your bottom."

Now, that was one for a fourteen-year-old girlie boy to think about!

Sam then told me my uncle wanted to see me in his study.

When I arrived, he told me to sit down, we needed to have a serious talk. He asked if I was happy being there, and when I said I was, he asked if I wanted to stay. I told him yes. He said there would be a heavy price for both of us if I stayed. He explained to me what would happen, not just to him, but to Sam, Martha and Dr. Carter. We agreed that Steven would never appear again and he would legally create, Janet, and no one would ever know.

The reason he had to speak with me now was because Dr. Carter was asking questions. He had called and hinted around that he thought I might be gay and might need some counseling, since he rightly guessed I had gotten beaten up because of my feminine ways. Uncle was sure the doctor was attracted to me. He had noticed it as much as I did during my office visit with him.

Uncle said if I could get the doctor to have sex with me, we could blackmail him and get him to supply me female hormones for free and help me with the other medical services I would need on my way to becoming a complete female. Despite my big cock and the pleasure it gave me, I did want to be a real girl someday – my uncle had guessed my wants without me ever telling him!

I agreed and asked what he wanted me to do.

Uncle said he had called Dr. Carter and he was coming to see me that afternoon to follow up on my injuries, which by then had just about completely healed.

Martha came to my room and helped me get ready. After combing my longish hair, I had to admit, I was pretty. She picked out pink panties and a white bra, a white pinafore dress, white thigh high stockings and white slippers. She covered the last of the bruises with pancake makeup and applied a little pink lipstick to my lips. I was ready for the Doctor.

Uncle let him into my room. I was sitting alone on my vanity bench. I turned from the mirror so he could see me. I approached him. I was then standing right in front of him. He seemed frozen in place, all except his eyes that kept looking up and down my feminized body in the little girl pinafore dress. I looked up at him and smiled as I said, "I want to thank you for all you have done."

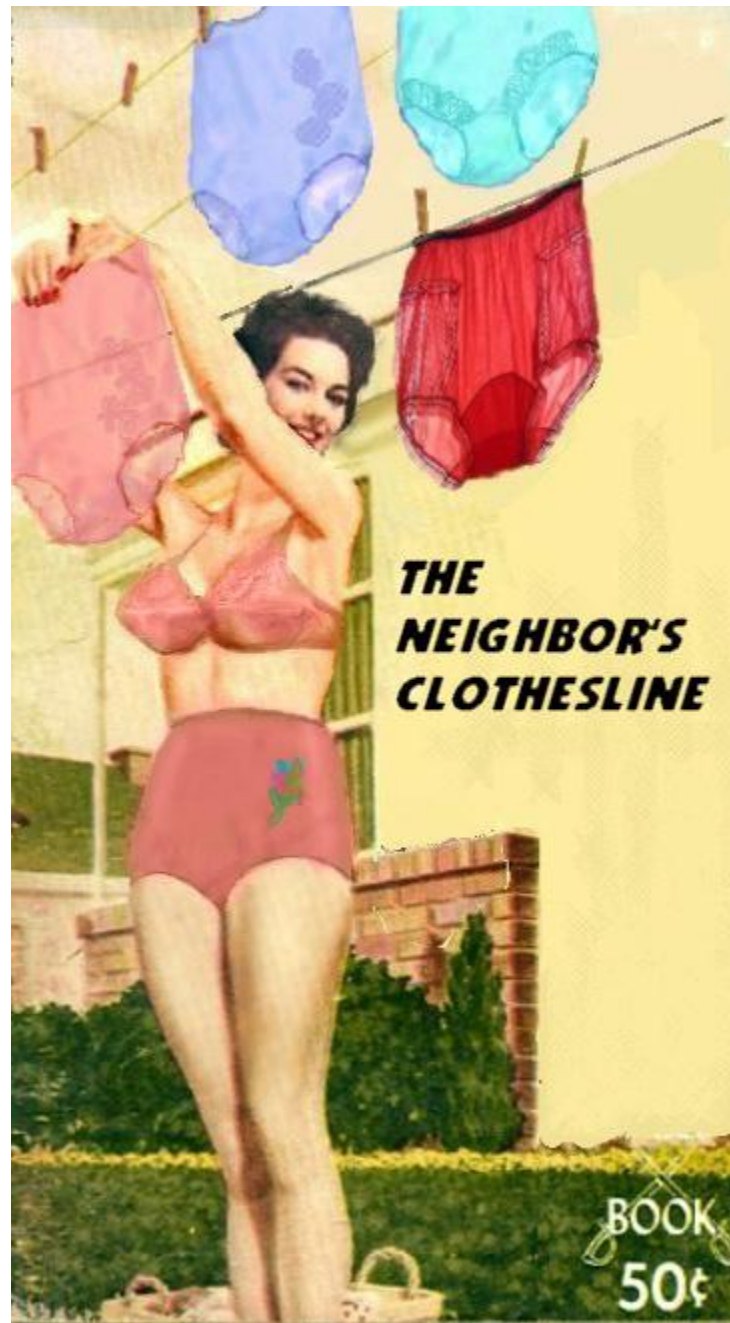
While staring into his eyes, I put my hand on his hip, just to the left of his cock. I could tell he was getting an erection and let my hand gently brush up against it. Then I simply said, "Where do you want me, on the bed or the chair?"

Instead of answering, he leaned against me and kissed me gently on the lips. I could feel his hard penis pressing against me. I put my arms around him and hugged him to me, rubbing his swollen cock with my body. I looked up and asked him if he wanted me to undress for the examination.

When he nodded yes, I knew I had him. There was no reason I had to be naked for his examination. I turned and walked back across the room to the window. I stood in the golden afternoon sunlight streaming in from between the blinds. I reached behind me and unzipped my dress. I slowly allowed it to slide from my arms until it was around my hips. I smiled at him and let it drop to the floor. I was standing before him in my panties, bra, stockings and shoes. I put my hand against the wall for support as I removed my shoes. Then I unhooked the bra and let it fall away and then pushed down my thigh highs, leaving me in just my pink panties with an aching hard on. I stood again in the sunlight for him to see all of me. I slowly beckoned him to come to me. He approached. I could feel my cock leap for joy within my silky panties with him staring at it. He was breathing heavily; I could see his chest raising and falling. He pressed me up against the wall and stroked my big cock through my panties.

Shivers ran up and down my spine; I loved his expert touch, but I didn't want to cum yet, so I sank down to my knees, brought my hands up and opened his trousers. I unhooked and unzipped his pants and underwear and let them drop to the floor. His big cock dwarfed mine. I leaned forward and kissed it and then pressed my mouth against his cockhead as I looked up and saw him watching me. I could see the lust in his eyes and knew he wanted me. I moved my mouth down to his balls and blew my hot breath on them as I stared into his eyes. I never broke eye contact as I hovered over his cock and then swallowed it whole. He was all mine, and the only bad part – it was all over so quickly. But I did get every drop of his copious love juice, and I knew I'd be able to get hormones and anything else I wanted from him!

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The Happy Sissy

By Jackie Off, 2003

Book 2

A Difficult Trip to Tots' Fashions

Note: Part 1 of the "The Happy Sissy" appears in Pussy Boy Pages #5.

The next day, after breakfast, Anna told James about her plans for him. They were sitting at the table as the sunlight highlighted their faces.

"Katherine has agreed to tutor you and Chrissie," she told him.

He was not surprised. His mother had always remarked about Chrissie's advancement while poor James only seemed to flounder in the dreaded boarding school environment.

"She's going to see how it progresses and will review your progress after three months. I'll be driving you to Katherine's for the lessons. For the first month we've scheduled three days a week. The rest of your time will be spent at home with dear mama. What do you think, dear? You're being quiet about the whole thing?"

He was as uncertain as ever. Despite his fear of returning to school, he still had a few friends to count on. Now it looked as if he'd never see anyone again. The only friend in his life would be the embarrassingly girlish mama's boy, Christopher. And Christopher was a reflection of his own silly sissy self. Of course, he kept all these anxieties to himself.

"I ...I think it's a good idea, mommy," he said correctly. "But I thought I'd have to go to another school. Is it allowed for me to study at home?"

"Of course, it is. Katherine used to teach children of all ages. And I'm employing her. I've explained already to the local school board, and they haven't objected. Lots of kids - for whatever reason - are home schooled."

"But will I be... Will I be in my sissy clothes?" he asked nervously.

Anna sipped her tea. "We'll see... I don't know if Katherine is concerned about uniforms and things. I don't even know if Chrissie is put in skirts for his lessons. I am assuming she does as he's more or less living in his girly clothes around the clock with his mommy. Does this not please you, dear?"

He wasn't sure how to answer. He knew his life was changing. "I don't know, mommy. It will be strange. I'm still used to school clothes..."

"I'll discuss this with Katherine," Anna said. "Now, I have a lot to do and you're still in your night-time panties..."

Another day of his mother's disciplinary treatment was underway. She kept him in a home-made red and white smock which she had created herself a few years ago in a little girl style. It still fitted snugly at the waist and the hem had been adjusted over the past few months to an impracticably short length. No little girl of eight or nine would be happy in this outfit (that was the age it seemed to be designed for) as the hem constantly exposed the little girl style panties he was also made to wear.

Later, in the afternoon, her mood changed as she prepared to work on the weeds in the garden. She asked him to help her but also thought it would be beneficial for him to wear only a T-shirt with his girls' buckled shoes and embroidered white girls' socks and a pair of fairly plain, light blue nylon panties with just a bit of lace and decoration. The panties were meant for little girls of course, but Anna justified their use, telling him they looked like boys' swimming trunks.

James balked at them. They did not look like trunks. They looked like panties. But he didn't resist her and followed his mother's orders and waited as she casually approached him in the cool of the kitchen with the fresh midsummer breeze coming through the opened back door. He knew he had to stay perfectly still and do everything his mother asked as she changed him.

He waited for a moment, completely naked, while she held open the brief nylon panties and rubbed them between her fingers.

"These are such nice silky pants. I let you take these to boarding school a few times, didn't I?" she reminisced.

"Yes Mommy. I wore them under my trousers sometimes."

She looked at him in mock surprise. "You did? Oh darling, I didn't ask you to do that. I said you could keep them by you in bed at night when you were lonely. You could have been found out. Think what those boys would have called you if they saw you in these panties!"

He looked to his feet, then stared at the tempting little lacy panties she was about to dress him in.

"Come on," she ordered. "Left foot..."

He raised his right foot to step in, not thinking.

"Like a little baby," she joked. "Didn't baby learn which foot is right and which foot is his left? Silly baby," she cooed.

He stumbled, mortified as he put his left foot through the panty leg opening. When she was ready she

slithered the material up over his bare legs to clad his small privates. They were very snug and shiny in the bright summer daylight. Anna pressed his soft small bottom and rubbed her fingers over the nylon material. "What a lovely feeling. Don't you love these sissy panties?"

He was too ashamed to answer. If he wasn't careful his wee-wee would stiffen again, and he couldn't bear to go into the garden in such a state. "They are... nice, mommy, but..."

"Yes?" she prompted.

"A bit tight..."

"I can see they're a bit tight. They're little girls' size after all. Oh well, you'll just have to contain yourself in them. I bet you won't forget you're wearing them," she said.

Anna promptly led the way before he could reply. He was soon engaged in his tasks with more enthusiasm, trying to forget his tightly pantied body, and pretend they were only trunks after all. This strategy seemed to work and the hours passed pleasantly for mother and son.

Throughout these summer days, Anna would sometimes decide on changing her son's attire according to her whims. She also kept her son active. Often they could be found painting or reading at the garden table, or playing a board game at the dining room table. Anna had several hobbies, including printmaking, photography and regular visits to the local swimming pool. James was always with her, and mostly dressed in 'normal' boys' clothes as Anna didn't want her child seen as looking incongruous, drawing attention to himself at places where they were regularly seen. This also included the local markets and shops in the local high street.



The panties were meant for little girls, of course, but Anna justified their use, saying they looked like fancy boys' swim trunks.

When she was engaged with her own sketching and painting hobby he was left to play alone, sometimes on the floor of the main room and sometimes in the playpen with an armful of soft toys and girls' dolls. In the afternoon she treated him to the children's television slot when he could sit on the sofa "like a grown up", she remarked. He liked the attention when she dressed and bathed him and put him to bed, despite the fact that his bedtime had been brought back to 7 o'clock in the evenings now, almost directly after dinner. So there was no TV or playing in the evening. Instead he'd lie in the gloom of his cot while he listened to the sounds of his mother downstairs, and she was invariably listening to music or watching an entertaining program.

Despite all this, it was still a thrill for him to be pantied. He had to admit, he was a unique boy to be able

to enjoy these sensations. His involuntary, small erections were evidence in front of his mother that he was pleased by the dressing. It was a common sight to see him struggling to shield a little protruding bump in the front of his panties and tights while he nonchalantly went about whatever task she had assigned for him. The sensation of his smooth genitals constantly frictioning against soft, silky and frilly girls' materials was causing an almost constant erotic state in him.

Anna refrained from touching him directly, knowing he was in this state. The punishment and exposure was shaping his understanding, creating a highly fetishistic mind in the malleable youth. She knew that she only had to 'accidentally' flash her own panties at him, or remove her dress or trousers to display her fine figure in tights and panties to bend him to her pansy regime. James had settled into this routine, but naturally, his thoughts were straying towards a possible outing for them, or the next fishing trip with his dad.

He was hoping that she would take him out on the following Thursday morning. He had believed her when she said on the previous evening that she would take him out to the swimming pool - in his remaining boys' outer wear, and not the shameful sissy garb. Anna often made these gestures as a small concession to his boyhood, and as James frolicked like a big pansy on the lounge floor, obediently and correctly, he realized he was acting such a sissy and talking to his dollies in order to impress her for the upcoming treat. He was a delight to Anna who watched him for an hour or so before returning to finish the housework.

"Look at Beatrice, Mommy." He said as he dressed the small effigy of a baby girl in the softest, laciest dress he could find in his toy box. "Isn't she beautiful?"

"Yes darling," she beamed back.

"Look at her little panties, Mommy," he continued babyishly. "Her panties are like mine!"

Anna laughed. "Naughty little James!" she said playfully. "Put her dress down at once! Little babyish boys like you are always peeking up little doll's dresses to see their panties..." She was only mock serious, and reinforced her approval by adding. "You are so good at acting the sissy now; I think you really are becoming one. How would you like to wear my silky panties and tights then?" she asked. Her slim, nyloned knees were close together as she bent forward on the chair to talk to him.

He couldn't express the erotic feelings. He just giggled shyly and tried to cover his own exposed pantied state. "Tonight Mommy?"

"No. Today. All day. M-m-m-m? It would feel good wouldn't it?"

He nodded.

"Come here. Let me see you... Pull those panties down for me." He meekly obeyed, and he was soon

presenting his crotch to her. She assisted as they peeled off the panties inside. She examined the front for stains. It was clean. He really was too young to ejaculate, but his tiny bare penis was already responding to her touch and to the shameful exposure. "I had an idea last night about where to take you on a little outing today," she said enigmatically.

He stood there feeling entirely naked with his panties pulled down slightly. She mentioned an outing, and he felt a wave of excitement overcome him. His long hair now fell in loose curls since his recent session with the hot tongs. It was quite feminine but he could pass for a boy still with wavy long hair around his neck.

Anna thought he looked so cute today with his new wavy hairstyle. "I dreamt you were still a little baby," she told him. "But all in baby girls' clothes - a diaper, frilly panties, tights, a big wide frock and pretty little shoes. Then I had you sucking me for milk, darling, and you were so happy. Oh, it was such a sweet dream."

He looked embarrassed as she described the dream and nonchalantly unveiled him naked again. "I bet I looked silly," he said.

"Nonsense, you were adorable. Remember you did confess you wanted to be a baby girl for me, didn't you? We haven't seen you in the baby stuff for a long time, have we?"

He felt a bit scared. "I don't know Mommy. I can't remember." He obviously couldn't take the shame of being seen outside in his full baby outfit.

"Well I can. It was about three months ago, and it was only for a weekend. Since then you've been in girly panties and tights and little skirts mostly. Don't worry... I haven't got time today for the full baby treatment and I want to take you out. But I think I'm going to make the most of my time alone with you..."

"Where are we going today?" he finally asked.

She pulled up his panties tightly around his middle. "Out to a little shop," was all she said.

"But, Mommy, aren't we going to the pool?"

"I can take you swimming anytime."

His heart sank, but he remained silent about this. Anna expected some sullenness now, and she ignored it. Now James was wishing to himself that he had never mentioned the joy he sometimes felt as his mother's little sissy in panties because she was really going to town. She would take him to a shop as he wanted but his shame would be much more intense than the pleasurable experience of dressing at home.

James was feeling totally subdued and helpless. Anna loved his new angelic look. His newly curled hair added to his babyish girly charm. She left him to his sad thoughts as she went to the kitchen. He heard her move to behind the closed door, watching her shadow under the small gap. After about five minutes she returned. This time her legs were bare beneath her skirt and she was carrying a pair of pink embroidered nylon panties and dark tights in her hand. She held them quite deliberately over his face and he felt the soft material on his cheeks. "These should fit you," she said.

She sat down and started to prepare the panties for her son - the same underwear she had been wearing that day. It was shameful and exciting for James. The panties were quite silky and slippery, like most of his girls' stuff. His mother didn't wait for him to revel in the lovely feeling. She quickly prepared the sheer pair of black tights she wore. James noticed they had an embroidered pattern at the hip. She had him keep on his pale blue panties and then efficiently drew the pantyhose up each leg. When she came to the crotch she made him turn round as she fitted this thin layer of nylon skin over his silky bum.

He tried to avoid her eyes as she purposefully pulled the tights up extra high over his stomach from behind him. He thought of his own shameful sight as the sissy panties and his little organs were almost flattened against the tight nylon tension. Anna then put her pink panties on him over his tights and his other pair of underpants, and pulled the pink panties up tight too. She tried to comfort him by smoothing her hands all over his front of his panties and tights with her hands. His penis quickly got hard.

"But Mommy, can't I put on a dress over this when we go out?"

"Listen to you! My, you have changed, haven't you? When have you ever PLEADED for me to put you in a little dress? We are a little sissy-boy, aren't we? Well, I am not going to spoil this delightful looking ensemble with a silly little dress. You can wear your red coat over it when we go out." With that she found a black turtle neck jumper, a complete contrast to the light pink panties. She helped him to get the jumper on. "That's it. You should be quite warm too in those tights."

Anna returned to the kitchen and told him to follow. He accompanied her sullenly, not sure of this new experience. Not sure at all. Anna detected his reluctance. "Sit down on the floor like a baby while I make lunch," she ordered him.

He was confused. "Where, Mommy?"

Anna pointed to the doorway to the spare room at the side of the kitchen. "There. At least I can keep an eye on you and you won't be in my way."

He meekly squatted down on the cold tiles; it was still cold on his stockinged legs. He looked down at his crotch, so acutely ashamed of his pink panties and the sissy look. His crossed legs only accentuated the crotch through the tights. However, he always liked being at his mother's feet as he watched her fetch

the plates, pans and make a light scrambled eggs on toast for them. He was hungry. She even made him a nice cup of tea which she handed to him on the floor. He liked the prone, vulnerable feeling and the fact that she could see his panties at all times. These conflicting thoughts of desire and shame stayed with him most of the morning.

After they ate, Anna forced him into his playpen, now in the main room, while she used the phone. She handed him a small baby girl doll and two baby books to read. James tried to entertain himself. He was finding it very difficult with the distractions that any boy would face going through his mind. The sounds and smells of a blossoming summer's day were invading the opened front window of the house. There was a lovely view across acres of fields and distant farm houses which he yearned to be able to explore.

But his life was now changed. His mother had found out he was a sissy. His muddled thoughts were not clear: Did he become a sissy or was he made into one? He suspected it was both reasons but he would never really know. He only knew that his Mommy loved him so much in his sissy image and he did not want to change that.

Anna watched him fumble with his baby toys. His legs were very wide apart - just as she ordered. He was learning quickly. He must have thought she was still immersed in the day's news stories as he absently let his left hand stray to the middle of his panty clad crotch. His hand stayed for a while and she noticed the small rubbing movements he was making. He returned his hand to the little dolly but then soon wandered back to his crotch which seemed to be more interesting. She knew he was playing with his willy, and decided not to interfere, although this was a serious spanking offense. She knew he loved the clothes really, despite his protests of shame.

He fumbled about in the pen with his stiff wee-wee imprisoned in the layers of silky material. She thought of how the young lad was thoroughly conditioned into fetishes, enjoying the rubbing of material thoroughly. With the friction of the panties and nylon tights, plus the knowledge that he was very much exposed to the world, his submissive feelings must have been intense.

He saw that she was looking at his efforts at stimulating himself and he visibly cowered. Anna didn't say anything. She just sighed faintly. She began to say something. "... I'm thinking of driving up to that village that Katherine talked about... Do you remember she recommended we visit that baby wear store, Tots Fashions or something...?"

James sat there, dumbstruck.

"Don't look at me like that, darling. Do you know what you said last week? Don't you remember?" She imitated little James's high pitched voice quite accurately. "'Do you think I look like Shirley Temple?' Honestly!"

She faced her pretty son while she described that humiliating evening. "That's right. And I had you just in shamefully lacy panties all evening and in the pen. You just played with Betsy and read those baby

books. I know you now like being my panty sissy baby boy. Just look at you: What a lovely pair of MY panties you have on, and MY tights too. It is so sweet, m-m-m? They're a bit frilly, a bit big as well but it works well. Aren't you happy, dear? You did ask if you could wear my panties and tights to bed - the same ones I had been wearing all day... Honestly. Oh, there's been a few revelations this week, hasn't there, darling?" she looked to her son in the pen in his childish pink panties. He nodded, ashamed. "Don't be sulky. I think it's fun, and I did see you rubbing those panties of mine over your wee-wee - weren't you, naughty boy... Asking for a spanking are you?"

James shrank with dismay as he squatted on his bottom. With his big silly panties on display like a toddler kept at home he felt utterly foolish. He even felt stupid. How could he let this happen to him? Something in him was burning with anger. He started to cry. He needed to pee.

"Okay... okay..." she said, more reassuringly.

Anna walked to the playpen. "Stop blubbering. What is wrong, James? Why are you crying?"

"I don't know. I feel stupid!"

"Stupid? You are a lovely, clever little boy and you remember that."

"I'm not. I'm a stupid sissy. I'm a big baby!"

Anna shook her head, but had to smile.

"You are dressed like a sissy, but what's wrong with that? There's nothing wrong with wanting to act like a sissy. It's very healthy for boys. And now I know you like to be mommy's pretty girl. That's fine, dear. You know you love to wear my panties too, don't you?"

"Yes, mommy."

"Good boy. Now, you should never say you are stupid. You are a lot brighter and much more sensitive than most boys your own age. You're mommy's little boy I really love you. So don't be ashamed of looking like a sissy. It's beautiful."

"Yes, thanks, mommy."

He was feeling a bit better. Anna smiled "Don't worry. You like it really. Yes, you do. Thought I wasn't looking, didn't you? Oh, you'll adore all the baby and girly stuff, really."

He had stopped crying at least and she lifted the soft stuffed Panda next to him and let him cuddle it. He accepted it quite warmly and held it to himself.

An image on the TV attracted Anna and she told James to look at it too. James watched the TV warily. There was a 1930's musical on BBC2 featuring a lone woman dancer in a short silky skirt that spun up to reveal her heavily ruffled panteis every time she did a spin. She danced around a platform on her own, spinning as much as she could, like she was purposely trying to show off those panties and tease all the boys in the audience. James noticed, and loved seeing her fancy panties so boldly on display. It made his penis ache within his tights and two pairs of panties.

"You just get back in your pen now," she told him. "Legs wide open and bottom up so I can see my obedient little baby girl."

He climbed in, still full of dread about the excursion planned for him. "But I need to wee-wee," he exclaimed.

Anna simply produced a dummy from one of the drawers nearby. It was a regular white plastic baby's dummy. She inserted it into James's mouth as he reclined on the soft playpen base. "Do you just need wee-wees?" She asked.

He just nodded.

"Okay, you go to the bathroom and potty. But clean yourself thoroughly on the bidet after," she ordered. This was his usual toilet routine. She expected him to be spotless at all times.

Anna was pleased about his blind docility.

When he returned from upstairs Anna was ready to leave. She found his navy coat. It reached to his mid thighs, which was quite a relief for him as it at least covered his infantile and curious condition. But the tights on his bare legs were quite incongruous. He just thought he'd be spotted by someone he knew.

"Don't be afraid darling, no one will know you where we're going," she assured him, picking up on his anxiety.

Once more, he found himself outdoors and fully aware of his bizarre clothing. As they walked briskly to the car his nylon legs swished together: a delightful feeling, despite his growing anxiety.

Anna took a few steps behind to admire her girlish child. The tights revealed a pretty girlish shape and the coat was short enough to allow a view just above his cute naked knees. He slithered onto the back seat in an erotic frisson of materials. He found himself quite distracted by the exposure as she drove out of the small town towards the village Katherine had told them about. It was about a half hour drive, and he remained quiet.

Every so often, Anna reminded him how pleased she was about his behavior and that he'd have to obey everything she asked him to do when they got there. She glanced back at him to see he had unbuttoned

his coat of his own accord and now presented his pantied state.



She was pleased mostly because he was participating in his own humiliation - something she had always wanted. Keeping an eye on the road, they soon arrived at another typically Welsh backwater village. There was a small row of shops, a few local couples and elderly people going about their day. She parked carefully next to a small tobacconist shop. "Wait here, darling. I'll need to see if Barbara is there first."

James nodded and huddled himself into the corner, well covered up now they were in a populated area.

"Don't worry I won't be long," she promised him.

She entered the children's and baby wear shop called 'Tot's Fashions'. Inside, a very prim and proper looking lady with short dark hair seemed to be in the middle of an audit as she surveyed the shelves of baby wear. Anna guessed her to be in her early 50's. She reminded her of an old schoolteacher she used to have. When she looked at Anna she smiled warmly and revealed a soft, attractive face. Now Anna thought she was quite attractive for her age. She wore a fetching red open necked shirt which hung nicely over a mid-length black skirt. Anna also noticed the expensive tan stockings she wore underneath.

"Hi, can I help?" she said to Anna.

"Oh, hello. I don't know if Katherine has told you I was going to visit your shop? Katherine Telford," she began. "But I have my son outside in the car..."

For a moment, Barbara seemed very puzzled. Anna's voice trailed off nervously. Perhaps this was a mistake after all.

"Sorry... I really don't know how to put this. You see, my friend Katherine... her son is a very effeminate boy..."

Barbara was smiling broadly now. "I know Katherine. And do you mean her son, Chrissie?" she asked calmly.

"Yes. He's a sissy, you see."

The lady smiled. "I know all about Chrissie. My name's Barbara," she offered her hand. Anna was glad to take it. "And you are Anna?" she asked.

"That's right, I'm Anna. Katherine told me you should be working today... My, er, son, he's out in the car," she said it as if to make sense of this situation. She really was lost for words now.

"How about bringing him in," Barbara said helpfully.

Anna shared the humor for a moment. "Great... Yes, he wants to come in. He really does. And if you don't want to serve us, I'll understand."

"Oh come on, I've known Katherine for years. And if you think I don't know how to handle sissy boys... Well, that's not a problem."

She was making Anna more at ease now.

"What is it you need? To buy clothes for him?"

"Yes. I see you're used to this sort of thing."

"I am. I know Katherine did mention you, so you see why I may seem quite relaxed about all this. Believe me, it's not something that happens every day. I think Katherine is my only customer who is actually buying toddler and pretty girl things for a boy..." she looked outside wistfully, "...yes, the only one... But there was a lady several years ago...Wendy Petley the owner, used to talk about her - You're quite lucky, Wendy often works here on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturday. I work on Monday, Wednesday and Friday..."

"Oh... Fantastic," Anna replied warmly.

"Sorry, oh yes," Barbara tried to recall again. "Wendy - she never approved of this lady. She wouldn't approve of you or Katherine buying things like this - she pointed to a row of multi-colored children's dresses, quite short and flouncy. Buying panties as well," she giggled, "for your little boys. But don't worry; I love the little sissies..."

Anna was feeling more at ease. She was glad the assistant was understanding, but began to wonder if she shouldn't fetch her son while Barbara continued with her lengthy reminiscing.

"...Wish I had a sensitive little boy like that myself, I used to love it when Chloe was very little - how she's growing up now."

"How old is she?"

"She's ten now. Lovely little angel. But I still keep her frocks and silky panties and things quite fussy and childish. She won't let her daddy or her friends see her like this of course, but she secretly loves to be a little babyish sometimes when she's at home with me. When her daddy's away she likes to dress in

some of the sweet outfits I've brought her from here."

"Yes, Katherine says she's quite a friend of Chrissie's as well," Anna said.

"Oh yes, we visit Katherine whenever we can. Chloe calls Chrissie her 'little boy-girlfriend'! She adores him. She can be a little disciplinarian herself, but Katherine and I both think it's good for the lad's experience of females, young or old. He's becoming a very docile and sweet young lad. I'm very fond of him myself," Barbara said.

She seemed distracted again, and returned to an earlier subject. Anna imagined how Barbara would spend her days at the shop chit-chatting idly with her regulars. "...But that lady never knew her name. Wanted a pair of panties sometimes, and she made him ask for them. I could see he was being disciplined. I would've been more helpful, but the lady was quite rude, and the poor lad was almost always in tears by the end of it. I thought she went too far with it - I could see the lad was a nervous wreck. She really broke him. About sixteen he was as well. I pitied him. I don't approve of her methods. Neither does Katherine, I can tell you. Katherine knows that this lady was also a devout Christian, but we guessed that she was controlling her boy in, um, quite naughty ways, if you get my drift. Anyway, the lad wasn't a real sissy. I could tell..."

Anna wondered if this was a warning aimed at her: Don't go too far with James. She was confident she could prove how much the boy loved it all really.

"...Some of the things she had said and did to him. She exposed him many times. Said she'd like to try panties on him, not even in the dressing room over there. Right in front of a real little girl as well! It was quite strange at the time, and he was really mortified. I don't mind seeing a little boy's wee-wee, and it's natural to make an appearance when he's being dressed, and it is good discipline to remind him he is still mommy's little boy underneath all his frilly things, but I remember she just went too far..."

Then, Barbara's attitude softened somewhat. "I'd never heard of a mother putting her son in a dress at the time - but now it seems an effective form of punishment, especially when you see the rising crime, everywhere."

Anna spoke up: "Yes. It is a punishment, I suppose. I think it started because he was stealing my panties and things. I thought the best way would be to make him feel ashamed of what he wants... Now, people say that I indulge him. I don't know - I want him to be happy as well. It's what he wants and he won't be happy if I don't let him come out with me as he's dressed now."

"Well... It's not unheard of for some mothers to use petticoat discipline," Barbara said.

Anna nodded in agreement. "It's not easy. Not everyone approves," she said.

"Yes, of course," Barbara said. She was distracted by Anna's parked car outside. "What is he dressed like

now?"

"James? Oh, you'll have to see him. He's quite girlish..."

"I don't think it'd be good if other customer's see him. I could get into trouble. If you don't mind me saying, people might think you a 'bit funny' to dress a boy up as a girl. I'm sorry, I hope you understand."

"Sure," Anna said. "It's okay. I suppose I want to put him off this... thing he has for my clothes... I mean, he loves to parade around at home in my things but I was hoping he'd see what it's really like to be seen by a stranger. Then it might put him off these ideas for good."

Barbara seemed to understand. Something rang true about Anna's efforts. "I am glad Katherine told you about our little shop. It was a good idea."

"Thank you. It's very reassuring to hear that. I must admit, I do like having a little sissy at home," Anna confided.

Barbara seemed to understand completely. "Do you want to fetch him?"

"Thanks. Look, there's one thing. The way he's dressed. He likes it, you see, so don't be disturbed. He practically begs me to let him dress like this. I hope you won't be offended when you see him. It is quite bizarre if you're not used to it."

"I'll do my best," she smiled.

Anna returned to the car and took James by the hand. The lady watched from near the front of the shop. She saw a young girlish lad, as she expected, in a childish coat, and dark leggings, it seemed. Then she realized he was wearing nylons. The hair was a little long and slightly curled, again, quite an uncommon sight with young boys. As Anna and the boy stepped into the shop she took him in completely. He didn't take his coat off until he and his mother approached a rack of baby dresses. She laughed and held the tiny party-style frock up to his neck. "Come on, take off your coat. It's okay with the nice lady."

Barbara smiled back encouragingly at him, and stared with bewilderment as he revealed he was wearing a rather frilly pair of pink embroidered ladies' panties under his transparent dark tights with his jumper. Apart from the shoes, that was it. Surely he couldn't wish to be exposed like this in from of two ladies. Anna covered him with the ultra short dress. "It won't fit you, silly." She smiled back at Barbara and replaced the frock. As she continued into the store Barbara realized she fully intended to have the lad prance about in just his panties.

"If you'd rather he was covered up I'll put the coat on him." She was really enjoying this now. Poor James was quite distressed judging by his red face.

"Don't worry about me," Barbara said.

"There's something he'd like to ask you, isn't there, James," Anna stated.

Barbara looked down at the embarrassed lad. "Oh really?"

Then, the little boy spoke up in a weak, frightened voice. "Please, Miss. May I see ..." he stumbled. "... May I see the baby panties for little baby girls please?"

Barbara had to giggle. "Oh dear, the little baby panties? I think they'll be too small for a boy like you, my dear. Do you really want to see them? To wear them?"

"Yes, Miss," he said.

"What? You'd like your mother to buy them for you? Is that what you're saying?"

James blushed deeply now. He hated this. "Yes, Miss." He looked to his mother who nodded in approval.

"Don't look to me for words, darling. You want to wear this stuff so you better tell the lady all about it."

He looked to the floor, speechless. "He asked me if he could wear my panties and tights, didn't you?" she asked her son.

He nodded. "Yes mommy,"

"I don't know why a boy would want to parade around like this," Barbara sighed, only half serious, "but I'll see what I can do for you." She looked to Anna. "Most boys I know of would die of shame if you even showed them a pair of panties, let alone put them on!"

"It's quite true," Anna said. She saw a boy with his little sister and his mother pass the store on the opposite side of the road. "Look at that young lad out there, do you think he'd like to be standing in here, next to his mommy and his sister, wearing a pair of panties and tights, wanting to see all the little baby panties so he can dress up like a sissy at home?"

"No mommy," James replied dolefully.

"No, I don't think he would. I think she'd give him a good spanking for suggesting that."

Barbara could see she was trying to change her son's attitude. She fetched a small packet of embroidered panties from the middle of the shop. She presented the packet to James. "There are three pairs of toddler style panties. They're for 5 year olds and upwards. Perhaps they might fit you."

"Thank you very much for showing us them," Anna said. "But he does prefer the little baby girl style as well. I must say, this little lemon pair looks gorgeous. And it's quite ruffled and lacy."

"Maybe the rhumba style might do it," Barbara said. "They fit over the diaper anyway so they should be okay."

Anna looked to her son. "Won't that be fun? A real pair of sissy panties which real baby girls wear over their diapers!"

"Yes Mommy," he answered obediently.



Anna accepted the small package while Barbara searched the nearby drawers for something suitable. "Here we are." She presented a babyish frilly and lacy pink and white confection, very fussy and very eye catching.

"Oh, he could wear them home if they fit him," Anna remarked. "But would you let him try them on to see if they fit?"

"Why not?" Barbara said. "Come into the back of the shop," she indicated. "And you might as well keep the coat off now as you'll be getting changed."

Anna and her son followed Barbara behind the large counter into a darker storage room filled with cardboard boxes. "Well, this'll have to do," she said.

"It should be fine. Well, what are you waiting for, darling?"

James looked at her, almost in terror. He'd never experienced anything like this before. He kept searching his mother's expression to see if she was joking and didn't really mean it, but she was not giving anything away.

"Panties and tights off now. We'll see if these fit you. Then you can wear them home."

Barbara was a little surprised when the boy obeyed so unresistingly. He soon stripped himself of the tights and left them folded neatly on the back of the small wooden chair. Then he slowly peeled off his own panties to reveal his boyish little nude bottom first. His mother squatted down when he seemed to tangle them around his feet. She pulled them down and off him efficiently and turned him to face Barbara. Now his small limp penis was displayed.

"Go and ask nicely for the sissy panties, my little baby!" she coaxed him.

He stumbled over to her and bowed his head. "Please may I try on the little panties, please, Miss?" He covered his genitals with his hand, but Barbara was allowed several glimpses of his tiny penis and balls.

"Of course," Barbara handed him the lacy garment.

He was glad to step into them to cover his awful naked state. He had never felt so completely foolish and exposed until this day, he was quite sure of that. At least he didn't have an erection, which was often the case.

"There. They look very nice. They fit a little snugly maybe," Anna said. "What do you think?" she asked Barbara.

"They do stretch."

"Good," Anna said. "Feel cute I bet, don't they James?" she asked her son.

He nodded glumly. Anna stroked the back of the panties. "This is what he'd love to do all day. Feel himself all over his panties - wouldn't you, you naughty little pup." The touch of her hand was having the desired effect. So responsive to this stimulation was he that his penis stiffened and began to stretch out the front of the panties.

"He adores it all really. It's so difficult to tell him to stop when I know he'll just go back to my panty drawer, and now he's stealing from my exhusband girlfriend when he stays with them. You're becoming a bit of a problem."

"It seems quite difficult," Barbara conceded. She looked the lad in the eye quite seriously. "Do you want to keep them on dear?"

James didn't know how to react. If he was honest he'd say no. But that was out of the question. He was truly confused.

"If you don't want to look like a little baby girl in a nursery, then just say so. Your mother will understand. Just be honest and tell me, do you want to wear these lacy panties home or take them off?"

He looked to his mommy again. "I told you - it's up to you, dear. You can take them off right now if you wish, or you can let me baby you completely if that's what you want. You might just have your dreams realized. Do you know, he asked if he could look like Shirley Temple?"

Barbara groaned. "I can't believe that."

"Isn't it true?" Anna asked him.

"Yes mommy."

"That you what? Tell her who you'd like to look like?"

"I wanted to look like a baby Shirley Temple. With my hair in curls, and long..." he said unhappily.

"And sucking a big lollipop!" Anna added.

"I can't believe this," she remarked amusedly. "I really don't know of any boys who would wish to be put into clothes like this, to have their hair changed, to wear panties. I mean, it's obvious you love to show off in them too. I can tell by the way you can't even put up a fight like most normal boys would in this situation..."

Anna was very amused. This was quite true. "He is a sippy thing, isn't he?"

Barbara said. "... I'd still like to know: do you want to keep those panties on or get into a pair of boys' pants or something?"

He paused thoughtfully, but knew exactly what to say. He couldn't. He hated to be a sissy wimp - a sippy little mommy's boy. "I... dunno..."

"James, you'd better answer properly. What do you want to do?"

He stuttered. With dread, he began to speak. "I... Please... I'll keep these panties on..." he admitted.

"Yes, but do you want to?" Barbara persisted. Both ladies were enjoying this control of the young lad's mind.

He nodded. "Yes."

"Tell her what you are then?" his mother prompted.

He looked at her, confused.

"Just tell her what type of boy you are. She's kind enough to take an interest in you, so be honest and polite and tell her exactly what you are."

"I'm... a sissy..." was all he managed.

"You can be more imaginative than that. Say more..." Anna demanded.

"A big sippy, sissy. I'm a big pansy..."

"Come on..." she tormented him.

He was near to tears. He couldn't talk.

"Come on. Are you a mommy's boy?" Anna asked.

He nodded. "Yes. I'm a ... mommy's boy."

"A sissy little pansy who likes little girls' panties, tights, and dresses?"

He started crying in complete shame. "M-m-m-m... I am... a sissy who wears panties, little girl things... a big sissy pansy, for my mommy..."

Barbara was feeling for him. "It's okay; I think he's told me enough. I know what sort of boy he is now." He was crying more openly, now feeling quite sorry for himself. Barbara wanted to comfort him, but Anna simply cradled his head to her bosom.

"There you go," Barbara handed him a tissue. "Good boy."

"Oh, he's such a big baby!" Anna said. "Don't be sad, dear. You never know - I might come back to buy that stroller over there. It looks quite big enough for your dollies, and you could wheel it around the garden with your little silky panties visible to the world."

"If he wants his panties on show - I shouldn't think why. I mean, look at him?" She pointed. "Why would he want anyone to see that sticking out of a pair of panties?"

Both Barbara and Anna laughed together. The shamed boy listened quietly as the ladies brought him more toddler style panties. Barbara had more suggestions, such as, a baby's rattle, a pacifier, a pack of Pampers, a little pink bonnet. Anna couldn't buy everything but took the Pampers, considering the dress.

"It looks wonderful. I love it really, but it's a bit too indulgent at the moment. Can you hold onto it for me?"

"Certainly, I'll keep it by. And anything that I find suitable will be kept aside for your next visit."

"Well, I think I'll take the rattle for him also," Anna added. "It'll keep him occupied in the car."

"As I say," Barbara added, "I'm here Monday, Wednesday, and Friday if you want to pop in. I'll look out for any suitable dresses for him. And I can give you a discount on that stroller if you're interested..."

Anna looked at the doll's pushchair she was referring to. Money wasn't a problem, and it was tempting, but she decided to leave it for now. "I might be interested. But I'll think about what he really needs at the moment."

Anna said goodbye to the kind lady and promised to return soon.

James waved, "Goodbye..." He was still sobbing quietly to himself, utterly miserable.

As promised, he left the shop in his new panties under the tights his mother had dressed him in this morning - covered by the coat.

Barbara looked on sympathetically and waved goodbye. There's a boy who's learnt his lesson, she thought.

She ushered James into the back of the car. He was a sorry sight in his tights, coat and wavy long hair. He was quite lucky not to be seen by any of the small village's residents. Still crying, she told him to pull himself together as she climbed into the driver's seat. "Will you stop behaving like this - I know you're a baby, but I won't have all this crying."

"Oh please, mommy, it was horrible... When she saw my wee-wee!" he wailed.

"I told you to stop this James. Why are you being so naughty?"

"I'm not, Mommy," he replied.

"Don't you talk back to me like that! Come here!" She smacked his stockinged thighs briskly. Her slaps were fast and painful. James yelped in shock. "That's enough." Her palm prints remained on his white thighs. "Get up on your knees and I'll smack your bottom," she ordered.

James sobbed, moaned, and moved up on the seat. He crawled up onto his knees and removed his coat clumsily. He managed to take it off, humiliatingly exposed in his panties and tights again. He meekly pushed out his bottom waiting for the first blows. His mother smacked hard. He reacted strongly - not used to such a vehement response from his mother. Anna discontinued after a good hard seven smacks.

He trembled but waited with his pantied bottom pushed out obediently. Anna considered him for a moment before deciding to pull down his tights by the waistband, down to his knees. His panties followed, much to James's distress. He moaned again.

"What is it now?"



James sobbed, moaned, and moved up on the seat. He meekly pushed out his bottom waiting for the first blows. His mother smacked hard. Anna pulled down his tights by the waistband. His panties followed, much to his distress.

"No Mommy. NO!" he cried and yelled and thrust himself onto the seat again, this time huddled into the corner away from his mother's reach.

Anna leaned back to smack him again. "What? How dare you use that tone with me."

"No, please Mommy!"

"What on earth is wrong with you? HOW DARE YOU refuse a smacking from me!"

He bawled aloud again and held his shamed face in his hand. Anna could see it was a strong and emotional outpouring which couldn't be stopped. She waited for the deluge to continue as he shuddered and sniffed and cried. Tears ran into his hands and all over his reddened face. He curled up on the back seat, his panties and tights pulled down exposing his bottom. Anna felt a little sympathy and allowed him time to recover somewhat.

"... Now sit up properly until we get home," she ordered, less sternly as before. "You had better tell me what is going on. What is behind all this bad behavior? Well?"

He had calmed down now, and he was able to talk. "Oh, mommy, I'm so sorry..."

"Come on," she insisted. "Stop the blubbering. What is it?" she was still firm with him.

"I was so embarrassed. My wee-wee sticking out!... My panties on show - that nice lady, she thought I was a big girl!"

Anna nodded. Maybe she had gone too far.

"And those children we passed outside, they saw me!"

Anna didn't recall this. "Where was this, dear? I can't remember seeing any children apart from that boy and his mother who passed outside the window."

"Oh, mommy, you didn't see because you were driving. But they looked at me. They were in the town when we drove through it. They laughed at my hair. They knew I was a big sissy, and not like them. I'll never be able to play like them. They'll just call me a big baby and tease me and hurt me!" He began to cry to himself again, feeling even sorrier for himself.

Anna looked around to see if anyone was passing this little scene. She laid his coat over the boy's lap. "Pull your panties back up, dear..."

James proceeded to do just that. For once, he was not ashamed of what he had said to his mother. The whole effect of the incident on the shop was too much for him. It had to come out, whether his mother

liked it or not. Anna just looked at him a little regretfully. "Let's go home," she said. She said nothing else for the whole journey home while James sat with his lap covered.

To be continued.

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The panties were meant for little girls, of course, but Anna justified their use, saying they looked like fancy boys' swim trunks.



She glanced back at him to see he had unbuttoned his coat of his own accord and now presented himself in his pantied state.



Here's three pairs of toddler-style ruffled panties.
They're for five-year-old girls. Perhaps they'll fit you.



James sobbed, moaned, and moved up on the seat. He meekly pushed out his bottom waiting for the first blows. His mother smacked hard. Anna pulled down his tights by the waistband. His panties followed, much to his distress.