

Pussy Boy Pager

Reader's Stories & Pics

Volume 34

Transvestism & Marriage

While looking for a husband she thought was weird that several of them liked to wear women's panties until she realized that she could have them at her total command, so she married one of them!

Discovering My Best Friend in Panties and Pantyhose

He had a heart ailment and when I visited him in the hospital I saw what a nurse had him wearing and I decided to try it too!

My Girl Cousin Loves to Panty and Spank Me

I was a troublemaker at school and the day I hit a girl was the day that started my life being spanked by my big girl cousin while I was forced to wear sissy panties like a pantywaist!

Princess Lacey Gives Advice to a Sissy in Need of a Mommy

He always felt feminine but his mother did not accept his feminism and desire to be a girl.

Plus much, much more!



Adults Only

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

Since 1981

A P R I N C E S S P R O D U C T I O N S P U B L I C A T I O N



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TRANVESTISM & MARRIAGE

Excerpt Revised 1989 by Linda Lacey

He was cupping my ass, but he never slid his hands into my panties. Instead, he pressed his face into the crotch of my panties while he held onto my butt and kept rubbing the fabric over it. He seemed to be getting off more on the material than anything else. I didn't have to do a thing to his cock. It was rock hard and sticking out of his pants. He was rubbing his hand up and down on his cock shaft and fingering himself into ecstasy. I tried to move my hand onto his penis, but he simply told me he was getting off this way, so I let him do it. A moment later, in the height of his excitement, he eased himself up a bit, aimed his cock at my panties and shot his wad of hot come all over the nylon, lace and frills. I couldn't believe it. I was shocked. Just as I started to tell him that I was going to kill him for going all over my briefs, we heard a car pull into the driveway.

His parents had arrived home earlier than we expected so we had to race to the bathroom to be cleaned up before they came in the door. We were presentable by the time they were inside, but I was upset because I really wanted to be fucked that night. The next time we were together and alone, we were at my place. We started to fool around. Then, he said to me, "Let's get out some of your panties?"

Before I could say anything or interpret what he meant by that, he slid out of his pants and underwear and walked to my dresser drawer. At the time, it didn't even dawn on me at the time that he knew exactly which drawer to look into to find my panties. He pulled out a silky pair of pale green panties with pink lace trim and little white bows. They were one of my favorites. At first, I thought we wanted me to put them on, but I was surprised to see him sliding them up his own legs. "David!" I exclaimed, "What in the fuck are you doing?"

He told me to sit on the edge of the bed. Then, he approached me and asked me to touch his penis and lick it through the sexy, silky panties. He said that it would be a very exciting high for him. I complied. I really didn't mind all that much because I was getting very turned on too as we fondled each other. When his cock became very hard, and it throbbed aggressively within the silky panties, I knew he was going to cum, and when he did, he shot his stuff all over the front of the panties. As he finished, he yanked down the pretty panties and shoved his dwindling cock into my mouth. A few more droplets of come still oozed from his penis. I swallowed them. It was the first time I had tasted a man's come. It was okay. But more than anything, I was pissed off at him for shooting off all over my good panties. He just kept smiling and telling me how great it was, but as he said that, he wasn't looking at me; he had his eyes closed, and he was running his hands over his ass cheeks which were still covered by my





thin panties. That was my first introduction to transvestism. I was amazed at that whole scene, but in retrospect, it was a minor form of transvestism compared to what I've seen since.

After David, I dated another guy. Everything went along fine with Nick until one day when I woke up after we had a long night of sex and discovered him sleeping next to me and wearing a pair of my panties. I couldn't figure it out. Were a lot of guys who are turned on by wearing women's panties or was this just a coincidence? I lost interest in Nick and tried again, repeatedly with other guys.

Then, I met Rich. He really was rich as well as handsome. We hit it off right away. On our second date we were at his place, and having sex seemed like the right thing to do. But when he stripped of his pants, I saw he was wearing women's panties; I didn't know what to do. I explained to him that I had been with enough guys who had been into things like that, and I wasn't impressed. Then, he said, "You seem to be mad at me for wearing them, right? Well, if you're so mad at me then why don't you do something about it?"

"What can I do?" I asked.

"You can take me over your lap and spank me to punish me for wearing something that I'm not supposed to wear."

At first, when he said that, I thought that he was out of his fucking mind. But there was a glint in his eye. He obviously

didn't mind getting his bottom spanked or he wouldn't have suggested it. I thought about it for a moment: I was somewhat mad that for the third time I had found myself with a guy who seemed to be a less than all man because he liked to wear women's silky panties.

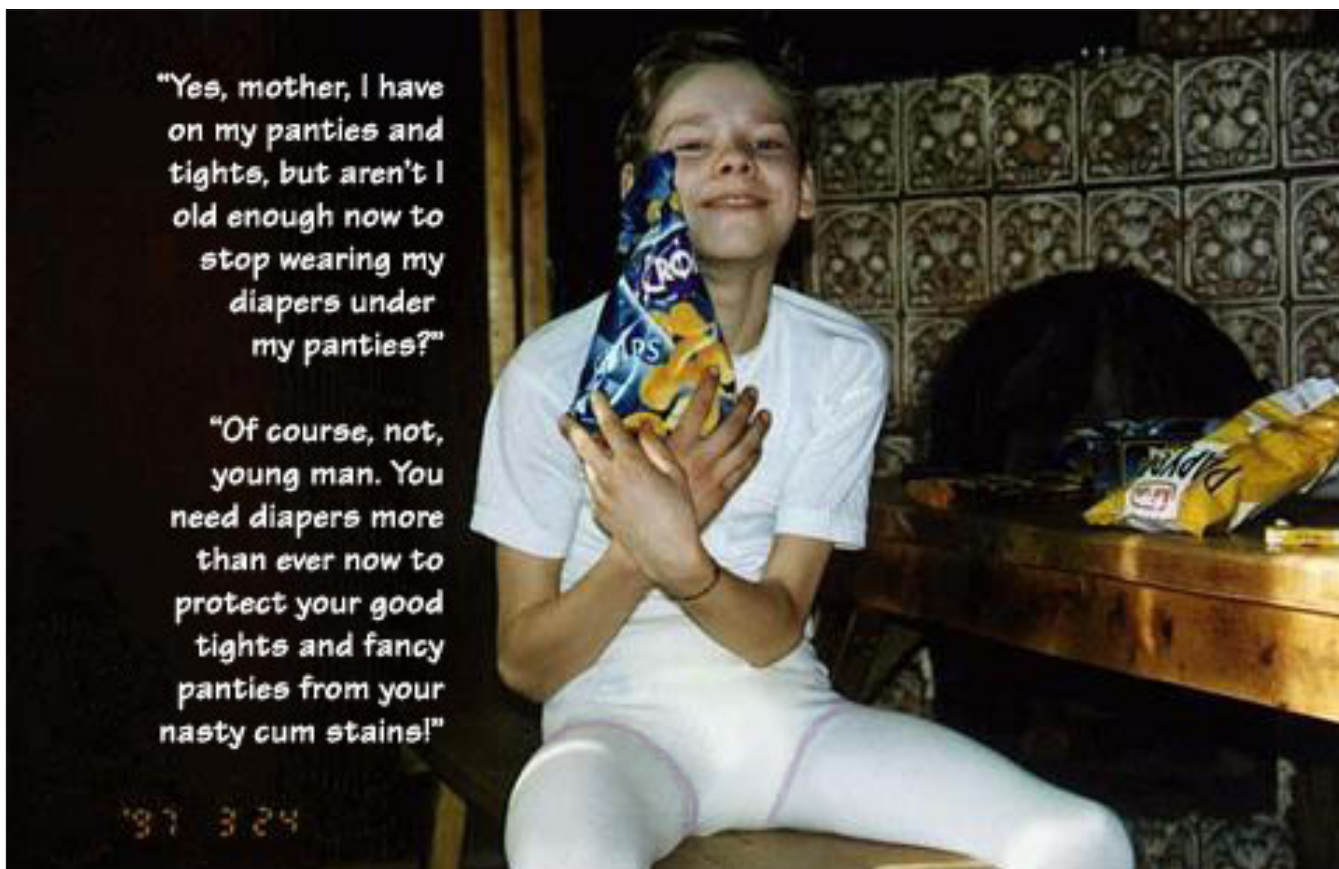
I did feel like, punishing him, so I stood up, pulled my dress over my head, walked over to him, grabbed him by the arm and shoved him over my lap. Within seconds I was pounding the hell out of his tight rear encased in those sissy panties. I was taking out on him the frustration I still felt from finding out Nick and David liked to wear girl's panties too. My hand started to hurt; Rich noticed it before I did and he reached into the nightstand, picked up a hairbrush and handed it to me. I took it without a second thought and continued wailing away at his ass without missing a stroke. He was crying genuine tears from my hairbrush spanking, but I didn't give a damn. Giving him a beating was making me feel good. In fact, I loved it. I felt powerful and superior, yet at the same time I smiled in delight as I looked down at his firm panty-clad rear. It was cute and exciting. I felt myself really getting into the scene. I started calling him 'sissy' and 'pantywaist' to make fun of him in panties. I could tell he was really in pain from my spanks, but I didn't give a damn. It made me feel good that I was getting even with these sissy guys who wore feminine panties.

He shocked me when he turned to me in tears and said that he loved me, I simply replied, "I won't believe you love me until you wear a pair of my most girlish panties under your pants everyday, including to work. You must wear them twenty-four hours a day or I won't even talk to you." When I said that, he started to cum. He started kissing me all over and promising to be my panty slave. I liked the control I felt over him. I decided that a guy wearing women's panties might not be so bad after all. I mean. I barely knew this guy, yet he was ready to do my bidding. I could tell he'd do almost anything for me. I liked that. And just to prove that point to myself, I told him to lick his cum off my thighs where he had dribbled on me. Without hesitating, he licked it up.

I felt I had been missing some very thrilling experiences that had been right under my nose all these years. These panty boys were fun! We really hit it off. He let me take charge of him and his money almost immediately. A few months later, we got married. Now, he doesn't hesitate to carry out my commands. I try not to take advantage of him too much, but I love to keep him guessing. I don't do things that would have repercussions in our social life, but I do threaten him with exposure constantly. I've never told any of our friends about him wearing panties under his men's clothes everyday or anything like that, but I like to keep him guessing and in a bit of fear that I will reveal his secret to someone. On a number of occasions, I have made him admit to a waitress or a store clerk that he was wearing panties at that very moment under his clothes, but I'm smart enough not to expose him to ridicule within our circle of acquaintances. ♦



Kevin is having a rough time adjusting to being a girl. His hair has such a long way to go to grow out, and here he is in his ballet class fighting with his snug-fitting bra.



"Yes, mother, I have on my panties and tights, but aren't I old enough now to stop wearing my diapers under my panties?"

"Of course, not, young man. You need diapers more than ever now to protect your good tights and fancy panties from your nasty cum stains!"

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Boys dressing up like girls.



"You said I had to put on this diaper and rhumba panties because I have a baby-size dick. So now what do I have to do?"

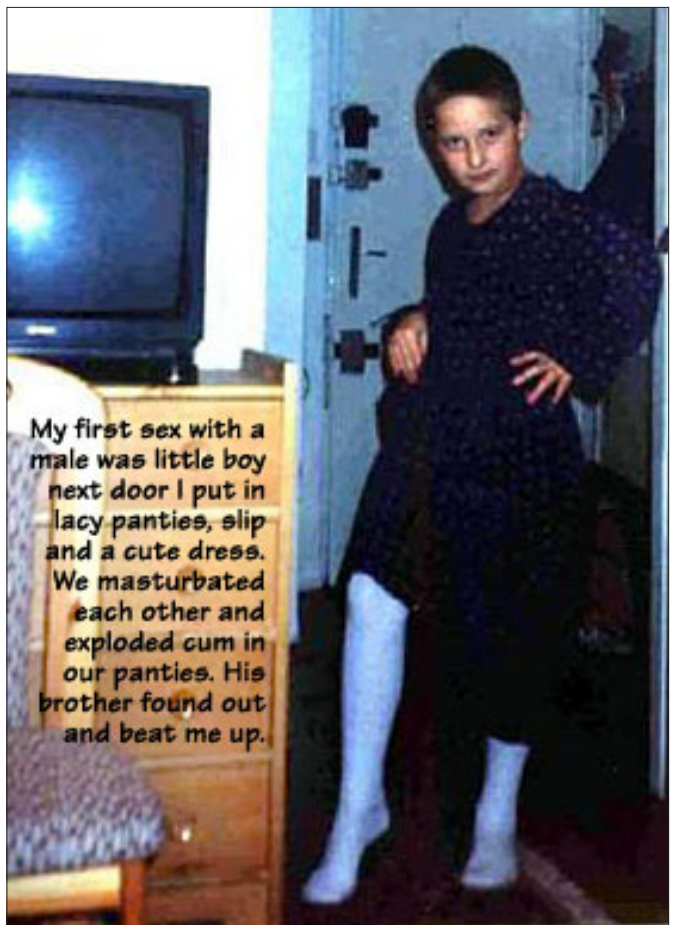
"Suck what? You're joking!"



"Hey, ya little pantywaist, I thought you were a man, but with that little dick of yours, I want you wearing a bra and panties so you don't forget what a silly pansy you are! Now bend over, I'm going to fuck you!"



My first sex with a male was little boy next door I put in lacy panties, slip and a cute dress. We masturbated each other and exploded cum in our panties. His brother found out and beat me up.





My younger cousin found it much easier to control me and spank me with me in panties and dresses!

My Girl Cousin Spanks and Panties Me!

I was just twelve and my cousin Sandy fifteen when she was given authority over me and permitted to spank me whenever she thought I needed it! She wasn't a babysitter to me, I was old enough to be on my own, but I was a troublemaker in school and my mother was a tiny woman unable to properly discipline me. However, my cousin was a big girl and could easily wrestle me down. So my mother, at my Aunt Minnie's suggestion, put her daughter in charge of me, and whenever, I came home with a bad report from school, Sandy would be called over to correct me and spank sense into me.

A few times I ran off and didn't come back until Sandy had tired of waiting and went back home. Then my Aunt Minnie got involved! She and Sandy were over for dinner one night, and my mother had gotten a call from school that day about

me hitting a girl when she called me stupid because I didn't know the answer to a math question.

After dinner, mother announced, "Sandy is going to spank you for the way you acted today at school." I started to bolt, but they were ready for me, and Sandy took me down with ease. Aunt Minnie then said, "From now on, you will do everything Sandy says."

Sandy said, "For starters, we need to change your underwear. You are not going to be wearing boys' undershorts any more; for now on, you will be wearing nice lacy girls' panties."

"What? You're fucking dreaming."

"No I'm not. You'll wear your panties at all times – at home, at school, even in bed. If I ever catch you without panties..."

"Mom! Are you gonna ...?"

"You'll do whatever Sandy says," snarled my mother. "If she says you'll wear panties, you'll wear panties. Is that clear?"

"That's the dumbest thing I ever heard of," I shouted. The next thing I knew, my mother, my aunt and Sandy were on me and taking off my clothes. I fought with everything I had, but their combined power was too much for me. My mother always said that if a boy hits a girl, he's not a boy at all but a sissy! I didn't accept too many parental edicts, but that one stuck! So I knew I had done wrong that day and probably

deserved punishment – but wearing panties? What kind of craziness was that? After practically destroying the dining room, I found myself stripped naked! I was exhausted and panting heavily as my mother and aunt held me down. Then I saw my cousin Sandy hovering over me with an immense leather strap! They flipped me over and then Sandy started slamming that strap down onto my bare butt!

She whipped my bare ass until I was screaming and crying and hoarse from pleading for her to stop. Aunt Minnie had the darndest, smuggest, smile on her face. By the time the strapping was over, I was a sniveling wreck and ready to agree to anything! And I did agree to everything! I agreed to mind Sandy —without question! And I allowed them to pull up my legs a pair of girls' silken panties with lace and frills! It was hell having them drawn up over my blistered rear end. They let me sleep off the spanking. When I woke up – still in intense pain – I asked if I could then take off the panties. My aunt and cousin were gone, but my mother said 'no' and

added that if I tried or if I did not have them on at any time, Sandy would be over to beat me up and make sure I did wear them. My mother then showed me pictures she had taken of me while I was sleeping wearing the panties! She threatened to show them all around and even send them to my school to be posted on the bulletin board if I didn't wear panties at all times. Mother told me she would inform the principal at my school that I would be wearing panties as a disciplinary measure so I could be excused from gym classes and any situation in which my panties might be exposed to the teachers and other students.

At least for a while that punishment did work! I was too scared of being exposed not to act as properly as I could. Then one day I was sent home from school for cutting up in class after one of the guys challenged me in homeroom to throw spitballs at the ugly girl in the front row. Well, I was caught, and then at home Sandy came over after she got out of school and promptly took down the purple panties I had on

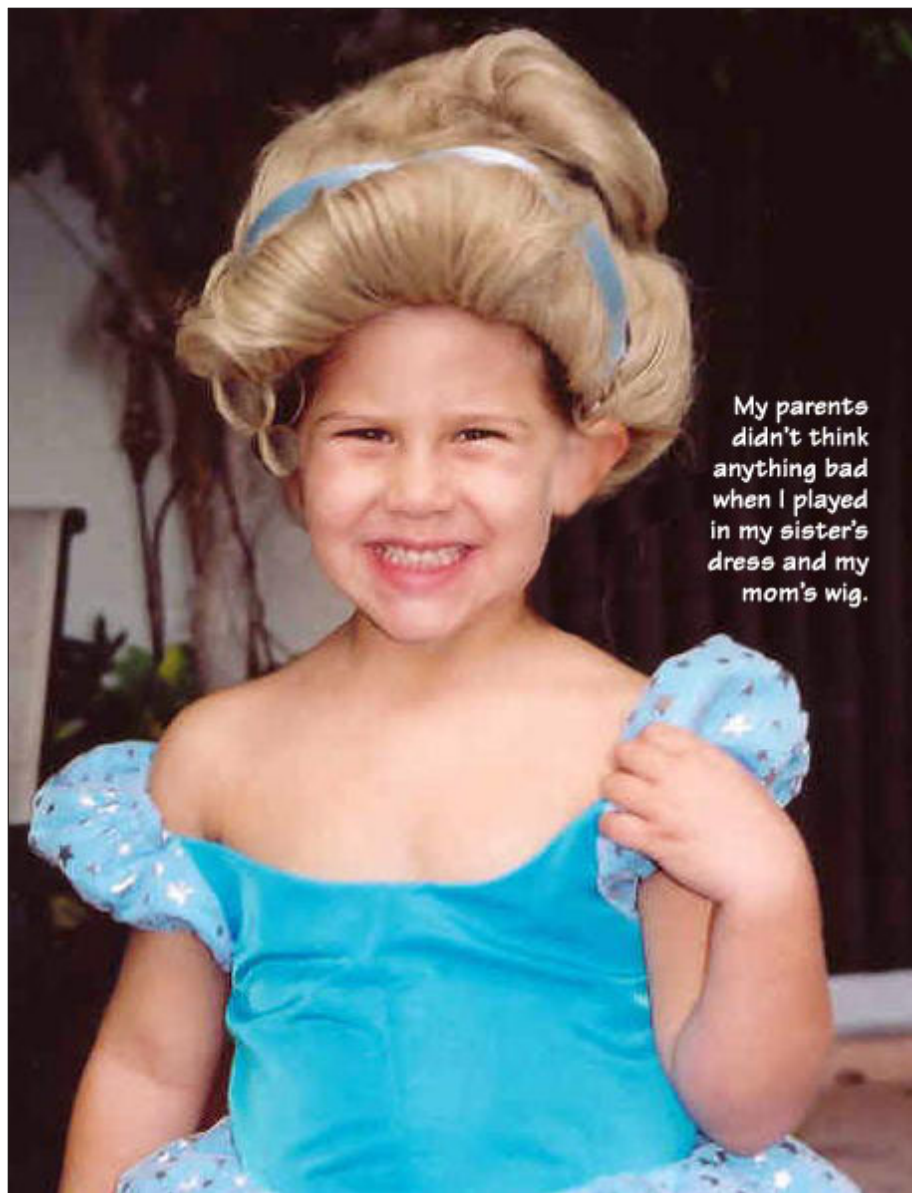
that day and used Aunt Minnie's wooden-backed hairbrush on my bare ass! I didn't resist because I knew I had it coming and I feared being exposed as a panty-wearing sissy.

Two weeks later, when the principal called my aunt and told her I'd skipped school that day, Sandy stripped me and tied me to the bed! Then, she used a huge wooden paddle on me! I'd never been so sore in my life! Each spanking was more severe than the one before it. And each week, on Saturday afternoons, I was given a severe spanking just to remind me to be good. Those spankings were intense! Afterwards, I would have to stay in bed until it was time for school on Monday! I never questioned Sandy's authority over me. I knew better.

Even after I had gone off to college, Sandy would 'come see me' whenever I came home during break. That was close to ten years ago, and even though Sandy is now married with two kids, she still spansks me. I still live at home with mom;

for a long time I considered getting a job and moving to another city, but I finally had to admit to myself that as much as I hated Sandy's spankings, I knew they were good for me. After all those years, I guess these three women have convinced me that I am a bad boy and in need of regular punishment sessions. I guess I really don't want to move away!

I think Sandy disciplines her husband too. I do wonder if she makes him wear panties. I've discreetly tried to find out but I haven't yet discovered anything definitive. One thing I do know: Sandy makes her five- and six-year-old boys wear lace panties; she doesn't try to hide it for anyone! I frequently see the waistband of their frilly panties peeking out above the top of their pants or their lacy panty leg elastics peeking out from under the leg openings of their shorts. She hand spansks her boys anytime and anywhere she pleases, no matter who is around, and she does it with their pants or shorts down but with their lace-frilled panties left up, as she spansks them through the panties. She even talks with my mother about taking her boys shopping and making them pick out their own panties. She claims the boys love searching for the prettiest panties they can find! Like I said, I bet she has her dumb husband Paul in panties and regularly over her lap when she spansks him too! ♦



Discovering My Best Friend Wearing Panties and Pantyhose

Many times while I was in high school, I visited Henry, a longtime friend, who was sickly and spent a lot of time in the hospital. He suffered from a hole in his heart. The hole had been repaired, but his heart was weak and he had other complications. Since his parents were elderly and Henry was an only child, he had few visitors. He is a few years older than I am, but despite our ages we had a strong friendship because we shared an interest in art and drawing. One day when I visited Henry the nurse had just finished giving him a bath. I was talking with him as he was sitting in a chair in a robe while the nurse changed his bed linens. That finished, she took off his robe and helped him back into bed. He was wearing a T-shirt, but I was astounded to see Henry wearing beige nylon pantyhose. And through the pantyhose it looked like he had on pink underpants! I asked the nurse why he was wearing girls' stockings.

She explained, "They're pantyhose, an economical way to provide the leg support he needs. He's actually wearing two pairs of pantyhose to compress his legs and help ease the burden on his heart by preventing blood from pooling in his legs." I nodded like I understood, but I didn't. She saw me staring at the shiny pink glowing through the top of his pantyhose and she knew I was curious about what he was wearing under his tights. "I see you staring. Yes, he's wearing girls' panties too. Boys' heavy cotton briefs or boxers are just too hot and bulky to wear under his hose, so we supply him with nice soft panties. Besides, two pairs of the tights make his legs look nice. Plus the panties make it easy for him to pull up or down his hose when he has to use the bathroom."

She didn't explain the pink color, but Henry was blushing heavily from being exposed to me in this way, so I didn't ask her about the pink color. After the nurse left, my conversation with Henry didn't go as smoothly as usual. I sensed his embarrassment at being exposed to me in his pantyhose and panties. Finally, I just had to say something.

"Henry, I'm sorry I saw you like this, but I understand. You do it for your health. I think you feel bad, but don't. It's OK. The nurse explained it. You have nothing to be ashamed of." But then I hesitated; I finally had to ask him. "But I don't quite understand why the panties you are wearing are pink. Couldn't they at least give you just some plain white ones?"

He was blushing and looking down as he answered me. "Well, with all my health problems over the years, my family is broke since our family maxed out my health insurance long ago, and I depend a lot upon the goodness of the hospital and Nurse Johnson. In order to save money, she gets these panties and pantyhose from the hospital's clothing supply. So instead of having me wear regular support hose like most heart



patients, which my family would have to buy, I wear two pairs of girls' pantyhose that Nurse Johnson gets me at no charge from the hospital supply. The same with the panties. Sometimes they are white but most of the time all she can get is pale blue or pink ones like these, and they all have a little lace on them too, I'm embarrassed to admit. Movie Star lingerie has a factory south of town and they donate the panties to the hospital for girls who don't have much money. They don't make male underwear there so they only send over girls' things. But as Nurse Johnson says, the panties look nicer and work better under the pantyhose."

If you were to ever tell me that I would be having a conversation with another guy about wearing girls' panties and pantyhose, I never would have believed you. But here I was and that's exactly the conversation I was having with my dear friend, Henry.

When Nurse Johnson came back in, I was hoping to spare my friend from continuing to have to wear pantyhose and asked her why the pantyhose and not the typical support hose. She explained to me that the widely used TED brand support hose run \$35 a pair, whereas the hospital can buy pantyhose

for practically pennies in comparison. When I asked how prevalent this practice was she replied that at any time about five or ten men and boys at the hospital who had no insurance and require leg suppression wear pantyhose. She must have noticed my quizzical look, and added that men and boys wearing pantyhose were not any big deal. She said many of the male interns and weekend residents who worked long hours in the Emergency Room wore support hose or pantyhose to help them through the long shifts when they spent a lot of time on their feet.

When I asked the nurse if they wore panties too, she stunned me when she said, "Oh, no, just Henry here! He's my little sweetie (she winked at Henry as she said it), so I to make sure he's comfortable, every day I find him with the prettiest panties I can in the supply room!"

In shame, Henry rolled over in bed to face away from me as Nurse Johnson walked out of the room giggling. Finally, Henry did admit that he had a crush on Nurse Johnson and let her put him in panties because she thought he was so cute.

Back at home I told my mom about my visit with Henry and how Nurse Johnson was dressing him. Mom said she understood that, saying, "Women have known for years that pantyhose help with comfort when a woman is on her feet for long stretches of time. And she said it wasn't at all unusual for

men to wear pantyhose for the same reason -- and even some guys wear girls' panties for comfort! I had never heard of such a thing, but she assured me it was true. Then she teased me and asked if I'd like to try some nice, comfortable panties and pantyhose. She said I could wear them whenever I visited Henry and let him know I was wearing them and make him feel more comfortable about his situation. The next day, three pairs of pantyhose and three pairs of pink panties appeared in my underwear drawer. Mother told me I could wear them to see what they felt like and then wear them whenever I wanted, and encouraged me to wear them when I'd visit Henry.

Well, I stared at that lingerie in my drawer for almost a month, and finally, I did try them on. Yes, they were comfortable, and then I took them off. But less than a week later, I was trying them on again and I left them on for nearly an hour. After that, I did put them on and go visit Henry. Sheepishly, I admitted to him what I was wearing and pulled up my pant leg to show him my pantyhose. He insisted I open my jeans and show him my pink panties too. I did, and just at that moment Nurse Johnson came walking in; she saw me struggling to pull up my jeans and trying to fasten them, but stopped me so she could have a look too. She laughed at me, and said, "Oh, gosh! So you're a panty-wearing sissy too! No wonder, you two are best friends!" After that, my life was destined to be spent wearing panties and pantyhose -- and, of course, I still do! w



Snug little tights and lacy panties, what a smart way to raise a boy to be sweet, happy and devoted to his mother and sisters. So what if he turns out to be a flaming faggot or a sissy? That's much better than the alternative!



A Young Reader Wants to Find that Special Mommy

Dear Princess Lacey,

It's very nice to read on your website the story of how you came to love and appreciate crossdressers and sissy males. I hope someday to find a woman like you who would appreciate and understand me. I have been very interested in femininity since I was a very small child. Enclosed is a picture of me dressed up as a girl. Sorry that it is of poor quality, but it is a very old photograph. I was four years old at the time. My mother dressed me up for a costume party, using things of hers that she could adapt for me to wear. Unhappily, I do not remember the incident, but still, maybe it played a big part in who I am today.

For as long as I can remember, I loved flowers, used to jump rope instead of play ball, and adored girlish games and things like playing jacks and dressing up. Even though I don't remember ever dressing up as a girl, I do remember dressing up like a toddler and even a baby of my old clothes that could be altered or stretched to fit me. Sometimes it was just a baby blanket and a baby bottle or just a towel for a diaper and a rattle to shake. I despised sports and was always more interested in the softer side of life and playing indoors instead of outside. I do remember playing with my mother's makeup and her boots, but I would use them to dress up like Dracula or a pirate, the most feminine sort of outfit was perhaps Robin Hood. Mom put me in one of her old hats with a feather in it and her old pantyhose for that costume.

Years passed and because of outside influences, I grew distant from my feminine leanings and tried (miserably) to be like other boys. Then, when I was fourteen, I read an article about crossdressing and became very interested, as if I were rediscovering who I really was.

That led me to come home from school two days later and find no one at home. Mother had left me a note saying she wouldn't be home until dinner time. In the den, I saw a fresh batch of washed clothes in the laundry basket. Most of them were my mother's clothes, and right on top, as if they had been readied and waiting for me, was a pair of silky pink panties with the cutest bow on the front.

I touched them and loved how they felt, but I was too scared to do anything like try them on, though I was curious as to what they would feel like to wear. I could not resist continuing to look through her other clothes in the basket. I found her white satin bra, and I laughed to myself and pretended it would be like a joke to put it on and see how I looked in the mirror. I ripped off my shirt and did just that; it was completely liberating! But instead of laughing, I was intrigued and found myself going back to the pink panties and dropping my pants and underwear with barely a thought about what I was about to do.

The snug bra around my chest launched me into new sensations, but they were a small wonder compared to following with putting on my mother's slinky panties. Trying to imitate a lady, I daintily stepped one foot into the panties. Amazingly, they were immediately transforming. Then, I slipped my other foot into them and slid them slowly up my legs, every nerve in my body tingling. I wouldn't ever be the same



again; I had entered the one-way door into being a sissy. The way the panties felt made me shake with a new born sense of being feminine. Immediately, I identified with the most feminine of the girls in my class at school. I was sure I now knew how they felt all the time. Those girls always had a mesmerizing

effect on me. Now, for the first time in my life, I was embracing my true self.

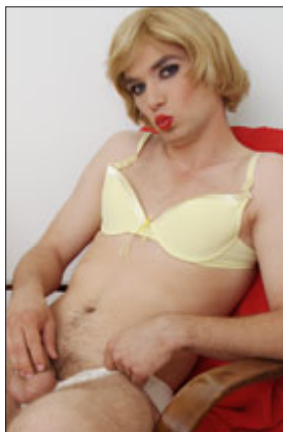
Immediately, I re-baptized myself with the name Kayli, the name of the prettiest girl in my class. At that moment, I felt I was just as pretty as she was! I played with my hard penis and nipples in my mom's bra and panties until it was time to put them back into the basket, and it almost made cry to change back into my own clothes just minutes before she came home and caught me doing something I knew I shouldn't be doing.

I then recalled that an old suitcase full of girls' clothes was in our basement from when my one girl cousin stayed with us and had left them behind. My mom wanted to send them back to her, but she said she didn't want them back because she had a growth spurt and they no longer fit her. Mother had left them in the basement for a couple of years, and now I remembered them.

That night I snuck the suitcase up into my room and discovered the clothes fit me quite well! They provided me with months of pleasure. There were five pairs of nylon panties, in a fancy teen girl style, much prettier than my mother's plain pink panties. My favorite item was a cute light blue babydoll nightie with ruffled-edged bloomer panties with lace around the legs and hem of the top.

I adored the cute nightie and loved sleeping in it every night. In the mornings, my mother used to always wake me up by calling to me from downstairs, but starting that night and every night after, I set my alarm clock and woke up every day before my mother. Surprisingly, she realized it and complimented me on being grown up enough to get up on my own each morning, rather than needing her to drag me out of bed every morning!

My fun all came to an end one day when my mother asked me about the suitcase; she said she was looking for it because she wanted to donate all the clothes in it to our church. Thinking quickly, I told her I had taken the case and was using it to store away some things in my closet.



She asked me what I had done with my cousin's old clothes inside, and I told her I had just put them in a box in the back of my closet. She told me to go get them, so I ran up to my room

and quickly did transfer them to a box and take them down to her. However, I did keep out the babydoll and three of the panties. Sadly, though, the incident made me realize that these clothes were all becoming very worn and torn from my excessive use and I needed to find another supply of girls' clothes.

It did motivate me to start buying my own girly clothes, so some good did come from it. I'm twenty years old now still in love with femininity and panties.



I live in Virginia and would very much like to serve a dominant woman with her as my mother figure, and I would be her daughter. Eventually, my own mom did find out about my love of dressing, but she is against crossdressing and

anything GLBT related. I respect her, but I do need a dominant woman who understands my feminine needs. I adore all kinds of panties and lingerie and would like to wear them for all the time while serving my soul mother.

6-12-2010

Dear Kayli,

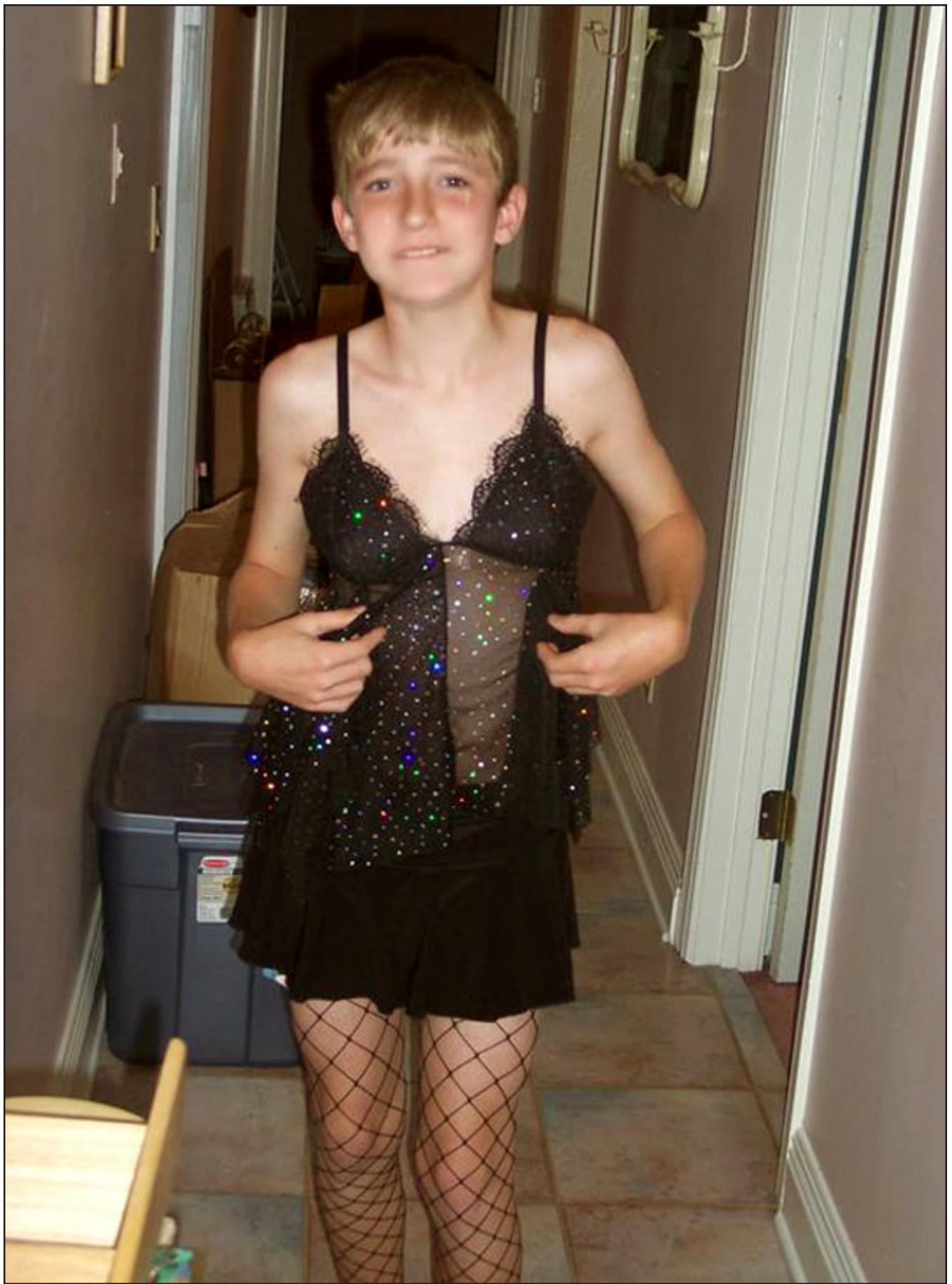
Nice to hear from you. We can identify completely with your plight. While your mother isn't tolerant of your very special needs, millions of women young and old are very accepting of feminine males in today's world.

I'm sure you've seen many TV shows with crossdressers. Today, it's not the sin it used to be. Quite frankly, many girls and women are fed up with the typical cussing, beer drinking, sports-addicted, cigar-smoking, 'macho' males.

More than ever, females are turning to feminine males for everything from mother-son to dominant-submissive relationships, and many women want to marry such sissy men.

It's probably much easier than you may think to find an accepting girl. There are all kinds of places on the Internet where you can join and let people know upfront you are a crossdresser and what kind of relationship you want. However, the most satisfying relationships (our readers often tell us) are with females they have met at their church, school, concerts, fairs and other such places. But we do caution against starting a dating relationship with anyone at your work place or in your immediate neighborhood because they could make your life miserable, even cause you to lose your job or create other problems if your developing relationship goes bad. Don't ever give up. The right woman is worth finding; just keep starting relationships with a lot of different females until you find the right one for you. Good luck.

Sincerely,
Princess



The Beginning of a Trip to the Other Side of the Gender Fence

By Dennis

Ever since her husband ran off with a slut from his office, Howard's mother lost all respect for men and started to take her feelings out on her son. Martha, the boy's sixteen-year-old sister, joined forces with their mother, and together they were making life increasingly difficult for the ten-year-old boy. Since he had a slight build and wimpy persona, his overtly masculine father had always rejected him. Howard reacted by trying to imitate his father's ways, but was rejected anyway and his father had no interest in even joint custody in the divorce. The lonely boy bore the brunt of his mother and sister's contempt because he was still trying to adopt some of his father's bullheaded and macho ways.

After she agreed to a generous settlement and their divorce was final, Janice turned her attention to her son. She was determined to mold him into what she wanted him to be. His father regarded him as a pansy, and there was little doubt he would ever see him again. Janet felt free to advance on her scheme. In addition to her daughter, Martha, she brought her neighbor and best friend Karen and her daughter, Dawn, into her plans. The women's two daughters were already close friends, and Howard had a crush on Dawn, and that made everything simpler.

Over the years, Howard's mother had often said how she would love to make him into a girl. He ignored such shameful comments, and his father regarded such talk as a slap in the face to his own masculinity, but everyone else took such words as a joke, not as a threat.

However, ever since the breakup with her husband, Janet started expressing those sentiments much more frequently, and now, Martha, knew for sure it was no joke. She had ill feelings toward him too. She thought of him as a spoiled and self-centered bore, so she loved dominating him more and more openly, and along with her mother, they did things to make him question his masculinity. Martha and her mother would talk openly in front of Howard for his benefit as they expressed disdain for him and all males.

Martha knew new her mother didn't care how she treated her brother as long as she didn't physically hurt him. She knew the elaborate plans her mother was putting in place. She had even told her daughter to start 'softening him up' to prepare him for his new, feminized life.

Dawn was now sitting on her friend's bed as Martha was telling her what was being planned for Howard. Dawn asked

about putting him into girls' clothes. "Why do you and your mom want to force your brother to dress and live as a girl? Why would you want to do that?"

Martha grinned, "I asked mom the same question. Well, after the bullshit with dad, she's fed up with all males, and since we have no choice but to let Howard keep living in this house, he is going to be one male that she will make as girly as she can and in the process make him a much nicer person as well as someone much easier to live with and control. Besides, mom says he is a very pretty child, and with a little bit of makeup, he'd be gorgeous. She claims it's a shame to waste that beauty on a boy."

With her eyes wide, her mouth gaping and breathing hard from the excitement, Dawn replied, "Your mom really said that to you? Wow!"

Martha, with a smirk on her face said, "If you don't believe me, ask her yourself! I know my mom has told your mother the same thing many times, and they've been making plans for my geeky brother. Wait a sec; I have something to show you." Martha then ran into her mother's bedroom. Moments later, she came rushing back waving a brochure that she then handed to her friend. "Here read this."

As she looked over the brochure, Dawn started laughing and panting from disbelief, "Your mom is going to send Howard to this private school for girls?"

"Yep, mother already called the school and asked if she had him wearing girls' clothes and acting like a girl 24/7 if they would let him attend their school. Believe it or not, they agreed to enroll him! I think that's why my mom wants you and your mom to help out. While mom is getting everything ready, she told me to let you know what is going on, and the two of us can start him in that direction," Martha said with her eyes sparkling like two diamonds.

Mother is going to start training Howard to be my little sister; she had already picked a name for him: Marie, but we are not to say anything to Howard about that just yet."

Her mom came into the bedroom, "Hon, where's Howard?"

Martha, "He's been outside with his friends for hours. He's more than likely playing ball at the park. Mom, I don't care very much for the little runt, but is this being mean to him?"

"Feeling a bit sorry for your brother?" Janet asked as she hugged her daughter. "Well don't. I have no intention of being mean to Howard. I just want to change the things his father has installed in him. Honey, I'd never intentionally hurt him because I do love him very much. I just despise the masculine instincts he's starting to show. If I don't stop the way he's developing, he'll be hell to live with in this house."



Feeling more at ease at what was about to happen, Martha kissed her mother. "I understand. Thanks for being such a great mom. I love you."

When Howard came home for lunch, Janet said, "You can go out again this afternoon and play with your friends one last time, but it's very important to tell them that you will not be available for the rest of the summer because you will be doing something very important for your mother."

He squinted his eyes, "Doing what, mom?"

She kissed him, "I'll tell you after dinner, but not until then." He begged her to tell him the details, but she refused. She did add, "I think you'll like the changes we will be making. You will need to adjust, but after you get used to these changes, you can decide for yourself now much you like them. I will

tell you that these changes will be permanent. Now, just get going, and be sure to tell all your friends you won't be seeing them for baseball or anything else this summer."

Howard groaned, "Oh, OK, mom. I don't get to play much anyway; mostly I sit and watch the others play. I'm always the last one anybody picks to be on their team, so I guess it won't be so bad."

He came back early for dinner, anxious to find out what was in store for him. Even before the door closed behind him, he yelled out, "Mom, I'm home."

His mother appeared and led him to the bathroom. "You've been playing hard all afternoon, so before we begin, you have to be clean," she said as she helped him remove his clothes.

He kept pestering her for more information, but she avoided



talking about it and she helped wash him in the tub. He loved the attention she gave him; she hadn't given him a bath in years. Upon finishing, Janet dried him, wrapped him in a towel and carried him into his sister Martha's bedroom. When his mother held out a simple pair of white nylon panties with a conservative bit of lace trim around the legs, the boy just stared at them and his mouth dropped open, "Mommy!" he complained, "Those aren't my underpants! They're for girls!"

Janet smiled softly, "Honey, you're right; these panties were made for girls, but mommy wants you to wear them for her, please? You're so pretty that I want you to wear underwear that's just as pretty as you are. A pretty boy like you should have pretty clothes to wear."



"But, mom, I can't; I'm a boy! People would laugh at me!"

"Of course, you can wear them. They won't hurt you and no one will make fun of you. No one but your sister and I need to know, and maybe Dawn and her mother too."

"Da-Dawn! And her mom! Oh, gosh, no! And sis would really laugh at me." But as he protested, she made it clear that she wanted him to put them on, and reluctantly, Howard let his mother pull the silky white panties up his long legs and into place. Once she had them all the way up, she let the waist elastic go with a snap that jolted him. Thoroughly shamed, he grabbed for his trousers, but his mother stopped him, "No, honey, you don't need those." Before the poor boy could formulate a Plan B, Janet quickly lowered a little girls' full-length white satin slip over his head.

He tried to fight what she was doing; he screamed and tried to pull the slip up and off, but she was too strong for him. She held the slip tightly by the hem and hugged him close to her to prevent him from taking it off. She hadn't seen him cry in a long time, but she then saw him quietly pouting and tears start to roll down his cheeks. "Howard! Stand still, honey. Now, you have to give this all a chance. In time, I'm sure you will like being a daughter to me and a sister to your sister, but

I need you to start cooperating. I know it's a bit of a shock, but you are about to enter a whole new world that most boys are never lucky enough to discover."

With boyish bravado, he tried to fend off his tears. His face was bright red, and his questioning expression said it all. "No, mommy, I'm a boy!" he kept saying repeatedly. Let me take these things off, PLEASE!" He then broke down and sobbed despairingly; his whole body shook with terror. Janet was still struggling to hold him still. She then shouted toward the hallway, "Karen, I need your help; please bring Dawn and my daughter with you."

They entered to find Janet now restraining him with both of her arms as he kicked, screamed, and sobbed. Every vein in his face and neck stuck out of his beat red face, wet with tears. The fear in his eyes only increased when he saw the whole group of them descend upon him.

Karen knelt in front of Howard and placed her hands on his slip and panty covered butt. She stroked him through the double layer of nylon, trying to calm him. "Shish, sh-h-h-h," she cooed, "You look so darling in this slip and your new panties; I can see them right through your lovely slip. She pulled her daughter Dawn closer. We all know he has a crush on you, so please help me calm this new little sissy boy."

Dawn appealed to him, "Howie, yes, I know you like me. I like you a lot too. So, please, just for me; go with it, OK? I think you'll love girls' clothes; they're really fun to wear. And face it, you're not very good at being a boy; maybe this is the answer. Come on, be a sport; let's see how you do as a girl."

Being outnumbered four to one, he backed off; it was no use fighting them. He'd just wait until the odds were a little better and an opportunity presented itself to do something about this overwhelming female attack. What would he do? What could he do? He had no idea, but he was confident he'd think of something. He kept begging them to stop doing it. He tried to appeal to their sense of fairness and decency, but there was no stopping them. Finally, his mother got fed up with his resistance and threatened him with a spanking. Well, with his masculinity under such a massive attack, he couldn't stop, so with just a nod from his mother, the four females shoved him face down on the bed and they all took turns hand spanking him. His butt started hurting. He hadn't been spanked in years. He had forgotten how painful a spanking could be, but now being spanked through his thin nylon slip and lacy panties was not only painful but supremely humiliating. Eventually, he succumbed and no longer resisted them as they dressed him up like a little doll.

By discreetly touching him through the sleek slip and girlie soft panties, Janet, with the help of her daughter and Karen and Dawn, calmed Howard enough to get him to put on a blue dress with white piping. Still in shock, but no longer resisting, he stared in disbelief as his mother put lace-topped

anklets and girlish pink shoes on his feet. The clothes were mostly items the two teenage girls had outgrown. He still begged, "Please, mommy, take these things off me." Janet let him vent for a time, but when she had heard enough, she warned him of another spanking and that quieted him once again. His mother did say, "Remember, you asked me if you would like what I was planning for you. Well, the answer is yes -- in time, I'm sure you will like wearing pretty dresses, skirts, blouses and even fancy lingerie. In fact, from what I understand about girly boys, lingerie -- pretty bras, slips and panties quickly become their favorite items of clothing; most sissy boys actually fall in love with their lingerie to the point of making them into a fetish -- a fetish is an extreme love of an object, an obsession for a select item develops into a sexual attraction for that item. But first thing you need to learn about girls' clothes is how to wear and care for dresses and skirts and act like a little lady."

"M-o-o-o-m! I don't want to be a, uh, a lady!"

"Hush, boy, if I say you're going to be a lady thoroughly in love with his slips and panties -- that is what you will be! You should be happy that I am taking your boyhood away from you -- you're not much of a boy anyway -- so no big loss! Just go along with us, and you'll be a happy panty boy in no time at all. It won't take long, maybe about a week.

"You do have one more shock that you'll need to get use to. I have legally changed your name from Howard to Marie. I told you that no one will make fun of you, and that is why I changed your name. Now, get close to me, dear. Join all of us in a group hug to celebrate your new name and then we'll finish dressing you." As the four females gathered around him and made him put his arms around them, Janet said, "I hereby christen you 'Marie!'"

Now full dressed in his girlish ensemble with his head aching from the terror of it all, they adjourned to the living room to watch a Disney princess video. Janet hoped it would put him into a girlie mood and soften the humbling experience he was enduring. Howard stayed close to his mother, but when his sister kept comparing Howard to the princess on the screen, it became too much for him and he ran to his bedroom crying and closed his door to hide. Janet soon followed him, went in and saw him stretched out facedown on his bed with his dress and slip rucked up and gently crying into his pillow. "Now, honey, don't be sad. You'll learn to love being a girl; just you wait and see. "Here, let me help you up. Stand up so I can straighten out your pretty dress." She did get him off the bed, smoothed out his slip and dress -- and in the process made sure to not-so-innocently tease his penis nestled under his dress and slip and inside his panties. "Oh, what have we here," she said, acting surprised like she had just discovered his femininely imprisoned dickie for the first time. "My oh my, we better do something about this! We can't have you walking around with this funny thing sticking up. Here, let me help you." And as she said that, she reached under his



dress to manipulate his penis through the slip and panties. For the confused boy, it was so very erotic, and when he was ready to empty his balls, Janet pulled up the slip and let him shoot off into his panties. He collapsed backward onto his bed, groaning, breathing crazily and crying. His mom had just masturbated him into a silky pair of girlie panties! It was so humiliating, even if he did find pleasure in it."

As he calmed down from ejaculating, he opened his eyes to see his sister



Martha and Dawn and her mother looking on. They were all smiles. His humiliation was now taken to new heights. Martha was ready and waiting with a fresh new pair of nylon panties in shimmering pink with red bows and white lace. But first, Karen advanced on him with a wet towel, and after Dawn pulled his cum-filled white panties down and off, her mother washed and dried his penis and tummy. Then his sister put his feet into the pink panties, and all four of the females helped him stand up as they slowly coaxed the new panties up his legs and around his hips. As they pantied him, they took great liberties as they touched him intimately, and their teasing touches caused his dickie to start to rise again! Janet warned, "OK, girls, let's



back off; we don't want Marie too excited in his panties or we'll have to start all over again to calm him down. We have plenty of time for panty training, and we'll have plenty of fun doing it.

"And for you dear girlie boy, panty training will be even more fun for you than it will be for us. We're going to make you into such a panty-loving faggot. Howard's little mind was twisted all out of shape. Why were they doing these things to him? Wearing sissy panties and being jerked off in them! No regular boy would do that! How could he have fallen to their touches? What was happening to him? He was questioning himself and what they were doing to him. His brain was in overload. He wanted to rest after that mind banging cum, wanted to think, but now that he had been freshly pantied, there would be no turning back. His mother, sister and Dawn and her mother wouldn't allow it! ♦



Aubrey
a young teenage TV

