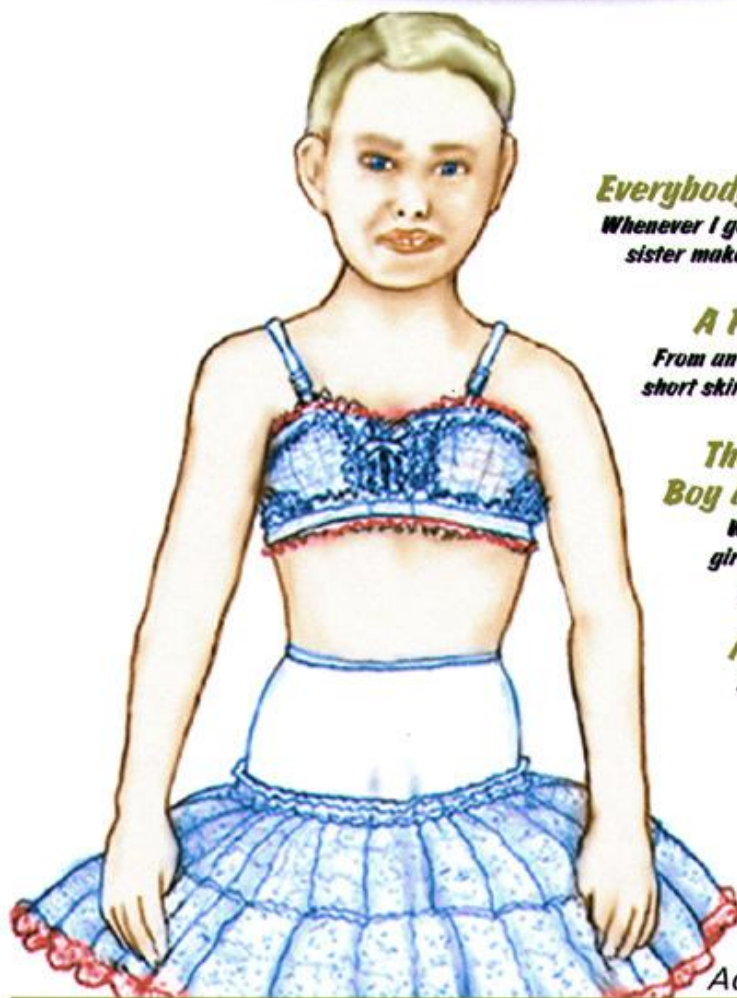


Pussy Boy Pages

Reader's Stories & Pics

Volume 29



Everybody Knows I'm a Panty Thief

Whenever I get caught stealing panties, my wife and sister make no secret of my shameful panty fetish

A Panty Flasher's True Story

From an early age, I got a thrill from wearing a short skirt and flashing my panties to strangers.

They Made Him into a Panty Boy and Named Him Stephanie

When he ran out of clean underwear the girls let him wear some of theirs and then got interested in playing with his penis

Maybe I Was Born a Sissy

Mom had me wear sis's hand-me-down panties and told people I was a girl

The Silky Trap

A bully tricked him into wearing panties and cumming in them, but then the bully's sister catches them and makes them have gay boy sex!

Plus a lot more!

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I'm a Panty Thief and Everybody Knows It!

Whenever visiting family and friends, I love to steal panties. Throughout my whole life I have had this uncontrollable need to check out a lady or girl's laundry hamper and even her bedroom panty drawer if at all possible. Nancy, my wife, and Missy, my sister, know I'm a panty thief all too well, and even if I'm visiting people with my wife or sister, I can't resist the temptation. And when I excuse myself to go to the bathroom, they will give me a knowing stare. At times I take unbelievable chances, and I have been caught and humiliated a lot, but that doesn't stop me from doing it again and again. I'm scared as hell whenever I get caught because I never know exactly what is going to happen to me, and I've had some very harrowing experiences, but afterward when I'm alone, even the worst and most frightening incidents I find superbly arousing. If I get caught with my sister or wife there, they pretend like they have no idea what I was doing and join in my humiliation by berating me, calling me sissy, pantywaist, a panty pervert and every other imaginable name.

Twice I got caught actually jacking off in panties right in a girl's bedroom. One time the girl's father caught me and beat me up and threw me out of the house just in the stolen panties. He wouldn't give me my clothes back with my wallet and car keys. My sister had no pity on me and forced me to walk home like that. At least it was in the evening and dark out, and by the time I got home, my wife already knew all about it. She laughed at me and called me a disgusting pervert. She thought that incident would cure me – but it didn't! Instead, I just went to the bathroom and jerked off to one of my best panty climaxes ever as I recalled every embarrassing moment of what I had just been through!

The other time I got caught just as I was pumping cum into a fifteen-year-old girl's frilly tennis

panties – I just couldn't resist! The girl came into her room and screamed when she saw me wanking like a madman. Her mother and sister came running in and they dragged me out in front of four other people including my wife who were there for a card party. They paraded me around in front of everyone with me just in the panties with my limp dick flopping around in the panties and my slimy cum dripping from the front of the panties. My wife apologized for me, saying I was going through a severe bout of depression because I lost my job (true) at the shoe store I worked for seven years. (And I really was depressed because I could no longer look up girls' skirts all day long as I helped them try on shoes!) She told the people I was regressing to my childhood when my mother dressed me in her panties and cuddled me whenever there was a violent storm because the lightening and thunder scared me.

I dream of being caught and forced to wrap panties around my penis and masturbate for a crowd of laughing women and girls but that hasn't happened – yet!

Soaking a pair of panties in either very warm or very cold water has an increased effect as well. I think cold is better or more intense for me. When Missy is going to cane me, she dips the panties in cold salt water.

I could go on and on. My wife has been spanking me now for seven years including the year before we got married. She laughs at my panty fetish and does everything to encourage it from buying me the most sissified panties she can find to calling me a sissy and teasing me about it every day. But I still love stealing panties the most. Just thinking about the risk of getting caught is enough to make me flood my panties with cum!

I am a panty lover, but sadly, I don't remember my first pair. Mother wanted a girl when I was born, but that didn't stop her from raising me as a sissy girl. My Mother and aunts loved to tease my penis to an erection and then play with it for what seemed like forever in my panties because they saw it as a way to get me to relax, stop crying and go to sleep at night.

I have fond memories of wearing dresses and little panties before I started school; my penis would get hard in my panties and stick out. My mother, sister or aunt would see it and laugh and say "I guess he really likes his panties." I didn't know what they meant by that. Sometimes my dick got so hard it would hurt, and mom or one of them would rub it. That would make it feel better. Many times I approached one of them with a boner pushing out the front of my panties and sweetly ask them to rub it and make it better. Mother had me stop wearing dresses in public when I started school. Before then, a number of our neighbors thought I had been a girl all along! I didn't make a fuss about it; I just did what my mother told me to do, but even then I wore panties under my boys' school clothes until I was in the fourth grade and the other kids found out and really started teasing me about it. Until I was in junior high, at home, I was hardly ever dressed as a boy.

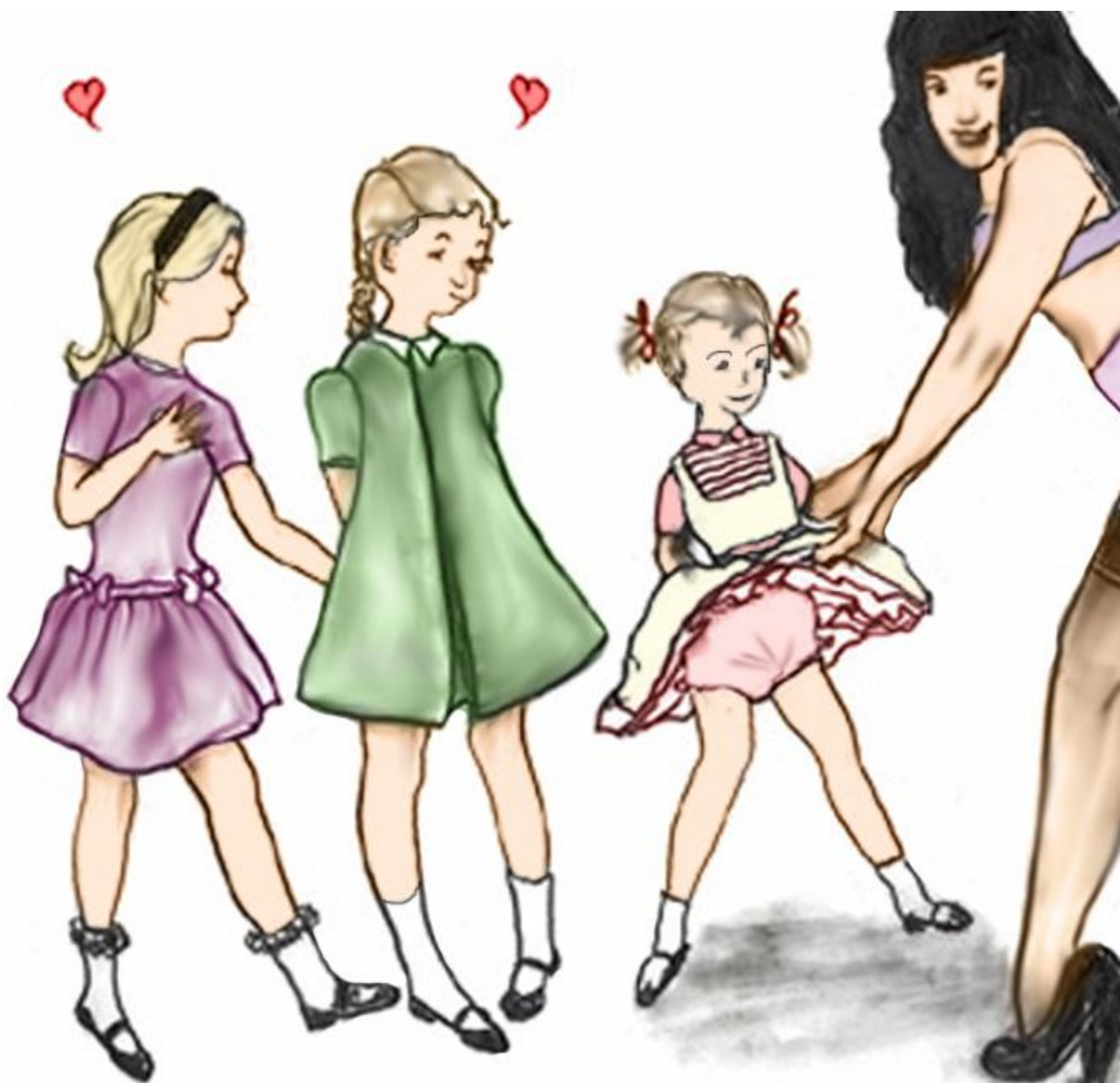
When I was real small, panties didn't mean anything special to me because I wore them everyday and accepted them as my regular clothes. I did love it when one of my female relatives wanked my penis in my panties. I found it both relaxing and exciting. I had spermless orgasms for years before I could ever shoot cum, but once my balls dropped, and I exploded my cum for the first time, I gained a whole new appreciation for girls' panties. I can still remember every second of

that first panty cum at the hands of my mommy, and have been a total panty jerk-off nut ever since!

I became a panty thief at age eight; my own panties weren't enough! I started stealing panties when we would visit people or when I played at my friends' houses. I got caught so many times, it's almost funny! But for me even being caught and made to cry, feel embarrassed, and shamed out of my wits always ended up a pleasurable experience – at least afterwards if I was too scared to enjoy it at the moment. I'd steal panties from dirty clothes hampers, off clotheslines, out of dresser drawers, anywhere and everywhere I found them! I loved them all, big panties, little panties and especially silk and satin panties. I would often stay with my aunt and steal my cousin's panties. They caught on after a while and it became a game for them to catch me stealing them. Either my aunt or my cousin would then spank me. Often my cousin would baby-sit me and invite her girlfriends over after the adults left and they would play dress up with me. They would also undress in front of me and tease me with their bodies and pretty panties because they knew I loved panties and then humiliate me when I soiled my panties as they taunted me.

To this day I dress in panties everyday, as I have for over thirty years. Everyone in my family and the neighborhood now knows I'm a notorious panty thief and my wife spansks me with her sorority paddle until I bleed through my panties whenever I get caught. Despite the pain, I love my life!

[Index](#)



They Made Him a Panty Boy and Named Him Stephanie

The following story is true, it is not made up or some sort of imagined fantasy and is based on a series of encounters I had with two sisters, their mother, and five of their friends. The two sisters were responsible for baby-sitting me after school and on weekends. It really happened to me, and

is the reason for my infatuation with wearing panties and lingerie.

It started when I was in the fifth grade. I would have to go to my neighbor's house after school three times a week, and every other weekend, because my mom worked and couldn't watch me. Ms. Tammy Mayfield was a single mother with two daughters, Marcia who was in the eighth grade and Pam who was in the seventh. I enjoyed being in this all female house because they were always nice to me and treated me with love and affection.

The two sisters dressed up really pretty for church on the weekends in colorful flower print nylon dresses and lacy full slips. Since the skirts of their short dresses were puffed up with their big petticoats, when they sat down or bent over, I often got a good view of their pretty nylon panties that were always in pale pastel colors like pink, yellow or blue. Ms. Tammy (that is what I called her) would often wear a matching dress, except her skirt was never as full and with just a lacy half-slip underneath. I got to know about what they wore under their dresses because even Mrs. Tammy didn't make a big deal about dressing or undressing around me. The three of them also wore long white gloves that I thought looked pretty neat. Often, I'd be finished dressing in my boys' clothes first and then go into their rooms and watch them finish dressing. They always let me watch, and Mrs. Tammy sometimes even let me zip up her dress in back, and she would have me stand behind her and check to see if the seams on her nylon stockings were straight. For some reason, my penis would get hard and ache and make a little bulge in my trousers, Mrs. Tammy would notice it, pat her hand on my trouser front, smile and say, "Oh, my, we are getting to be a big boy, aren't we?"

One day after church, Ms. Tammy dropped us all off at their house, and told us to go upstairs and change into play clothes while she went to the market to get us food for dinner. She reminded her daughter to make sure they watched over me. Once I got out of my clothes, I noticed I didn't have any clean underwear.

A few minutes later, the two girls came into my room and saw I was naked. Marcia asked me why I wasn't changed yet. I told her I didn't have any clean underwear, and she and Pam both giggled.

Marcia grabbed me by my hand and led me out of my room saying "Don't worry, little Stevie, Pammy and I have plenty of clean underwear, we'll let you wear some of ours."

When we got to their room, both of them were giggling and had funny looks on their faces. They seated me on the queen-size bed they shared and then opened the top drawer of their dresser. Each girl pulled out a bunch of pretty panties and dropped them on the bed beside me. I was sitting there naked and nervous but also intrigued at what they were doing. They got on the bed next to me and had me lie down between them. With them dressed and me naked, I started to feel butterflies fluttering around in my tummy, wondering what was going to happen next. Marcia was wearing a simple pale green dress with her hair in a pony tail, and Pammy was wearing a pale purple dress with her blonde hair with a band around it. Both had knee-high white socks and flats. As Pammy twisted around on the bed, her skirt had slid all the way up to her waist, and I saw her waist-high purple nylon panties with daisies printed on them.

In a business-like manner, Marcia said, "We have to see what size and color panties are best for you, Stevie. So, just relax and let us get you dressed before mom comes home." She stuffed a pillow under my head to prop my head up saying, "Now you can see as we put the different panties on you and help us decide which ones are best for you."

I tried saying, "Gees, I don't know about ..."

But Marcia put a hand to my mouth and said, "Hush up, little boy. You're going to love this!"

I was a bit uneasy but not upset about my nakedness, but when I noticed both girls couldn't take their eyes off of my little dick, my I did feel strange, and as a reflex action covered my dick with my hands, but Marcia pushed my hands away and spread my legs apart. Then she got on her hands and knees with her behind facing me and started picking through the panty pile. She placed the ones she thought would look good on me in a pile between my legs. It was then that I noticed her panties peeking out from beneath the hem of her dress with her behind not far from my face -- pretty pink flowery nylon panties. Soon Pammy was in a similar position on the other side of me and was also on all fours picking out panties for me from her pile of panties, and her pale yellow silky nylon panties were practically in my face. The site of both of their round shiny behinds on either side of me gave me a warm feeling all over. And as they sorted through and selected panties, I could feel the soft nylon panties landing between my legs and on my thighs. I involuntarily reached out and touched their pretty behinds, one hand on each of them. They just paused, looked at each other, giggled and looked back at me in unison.

Marcia said to Pammy, "I think little Stevie likes touching our bottoms. I wonder why?"

Pammy said, "He must like the smooth feel of our panties, sis."

"Well, wait till we get a pair of these nylon panties on him."

They both giggled and wiggled their bottoms reacting to my with my hands dancing over their panties and feeling them up under dresses. Touching their firm, silky smooth panty butts gave me a tingly feeling all over. My exposed naked body was surrounded by such pretty feminine sights that I started feeling lightheaded.

Marcia and Pam were satisfied with their selections. They turned and faced each other, with me in the middle. They gave each other a high five and nodded. They began as Marcia held up a pair of white nylon panties with pink and red roses printed on them, and trimmed with a thin band of red lace and a tiny red bow around each leg opening. The girls slowly and delicately inched the panties up my legs. I could feel the cool, smooth fabric gliding smoothly over my thighs. They prompted me to lift my behind and I did, and they quickly followed through as they pulled the panties all the way up and over my penis and hips and up high on my waist and then pushed my hips back down on the bed. The light, soft, silky feel of the panties was overwhelming, and I wriggled and moaned. They were both o-o-ohing and a-a-a-ahing.

"Doesn't he look so cute in these panties?" Marcia said.

“Oh, yes, sis; little Stevie looks great in these panties; they fit him perfectly.”

They kept smoothing out the panties over my hips and butt with their pretty red nail painted hands. I felt my penis harden and my balls tighten, and as my dick kept growing and getting bigger, I wasn't sure what was happening. Both girls felt my erection beneath the nylon panties, looked at each other and smiled.

“Oh, my, little Stevie. What's this we have here? Your peepee is getting hard in your pretty girly panties,” Marcia exclaimed. “Your little peepee must like the feel of my nylon panties, Stevie.”

“Is that it, Stevie darling? Pammy added. “Does your cute little peepee like the feel of smooth nylon panties?”

Instantly knowing that I did love the feel, I nodded my head and sighed with a “yes.”

Both little vixens smiled and giggled.

“Look at how big it's getting, Pammy. It's standing straight up!”

“It looks so cute covered in those panties,” replied Pammy. “I wonder how big it will get.”

“Let's see how big it will get, keep rubbing,” Marcia said.

Both of them kept rubbing their hands all over my nylon covered penis and balls. Each of them slid a hand under my ass and massaged my pantied ass. I knew nothing about how a boy masturbates, but Marcia did, and she began squeezing and pumping my dick while she instructed Pammy to gently and sweetly caressed my balls through the flowered white nylon panties.

Pammy was entranced. “Wow, sis, look at how much he likes us touching him in your panties. I think we should call him little Stephanie.”

Their rubbing me off in my rosy panties made my breathing faster, and I involuntarily began gyrating my hips. I felt a little bit of wetness from the tip of my penis and the girls noticed too.

“Oh, my, look! He's wetting your panties, Marcia.”

“That's not peepee, Pammy; boys shot stuff out of their penis when they get excited. But he's too young for that yet, but he does dribble a few drops,” Marcia said.

They had momentarily stopped rubbing me all over my panties, and at Marcia's urging began to blow gently on the small wet spot on the panties by the end of my penis. I could feel their cool breath breathing on my penis right through the panties; it sent shivers down my spine and I let out a soft gasp.

“He likes it, keep blowing,” Pammy squealed.

Their soft feminine breaths caused my to penis strain against the nylon. For a second I thought I was going to wet my panties like going peepee, but I couldn't. Then they all of a sudden stopped blowing on me and reached for more panties.

“We'll have to put another pair of panties on you naughty little girl. You've wet your panties!” Marcia said with a little laugh as Pam held up a pretty pair of pink nylon panties with bright little butterflies embroidered on each hip and white lace trimming the legs.

They slowly peeled off my white rosy panties and smiled at the site of my penis standing straight up. I was blushing.

“It's warm in here; let's take off our dresses,” Marcia said to Pammy.

They both smiled and instantly pulled their dresses over their heads. Marcia had just the beginnings of breast development and was wearing a shiny white training bra with a little satin bow in the middle pink nylon panties with a little bow-tied bouquet of tulips on the hip. Her panties shimmered in the bright sunlight pouring into their room. Pammy revealed herself in pale yellow nylon panties printed with yellow and white daisies. Her panties looked so smooth and shiny, and every time she moved her panties danced with little ripples and stretch lines. Pam also wore a white satin flat as a pancake training bra, and I could see her cute little nipples through the material.

Marcia then held up the pretty pink butterfly nylon panties and they both of them put them over my feet and tugged them up my legs until they fit them smoothly around my waist. My nylon panty-covered penis and balls were making a show of themselves, and the girls took immediate notice as they ran their hands across my girlie panties, all over, especially in front and between my legs.

“O-o-o-oh, her little pecker looks even better in this pair of panties!” said Marcia. “Oh, yeah, sis; I think pink is her color!”

“Let's rub her again shall we, Marcia?”

“I have a better idea; let's practice on her, like Jenny told us how she sucks on her sissy big brother's big dickie with her mouth.”

“Oh, yeah!” Pammy replied.

They both lay down along each side of me, and rested their heads on my tummy. Their soft silky hair tickled me in the most delightful way. I placed a hand on each of their heads and ran my fingers through their hair, and they whispered to each other as they continued to rub my penis through the silky panties.

Marcia instructed Pammy on what to do in a soft gentle voice, “Jenny said to kiss it gently, then lick it up and down like a lollipop, and then put our mouth on it and suck on it. At the same time we can keep rubbing him through the panties too.”

“OK, sis, let's try it; I wanna see what happens.”

“Jenny said if we do it right, his penis will squirt out boy cream, but she also said boys don't make cream until they are a little older than Stephanie, here. But we can still practice.”

“What is boy cream, sis?” asked Pammy. “It's what makes babies; remember what mom told us about that?”

“Oh, yeah. Ya know, I like having Stevie, I mean Stephanie, in panties and playing with him. After Jenny told us about her doing it to her brother I didn't think we'd even find a boy to do it on.”

“Yeah, it was good idea you had to take all his underwear, Marcia. And I didn't think Jenny was right when she told us that once you get a boy in silky panties and play with his dickie that he'll do anything for you.”

“I wasn't sure about that either, but I think Stephanie is willing to do anything for us right now. Aren't you, panty boy?”

With that she took my panty-covered penis into her mouth and I groaned a big “Yes-s-s-s!”

The girls laughed but then quickly turned and looked up. Their mother was standing in the doorway.

Mrs. Tammy just shook her head and laughed. “Whose idea was this?” she asked.

“Oh, mommy,” Marcia said without hesitating, “Stevie likes out pretty clothes and begged us to let him wear them.” Then she turned to me and with her hand on my pantied dick and moving up and down, she asked me, “Isn't that right, Stevie?”

I nodded ‘yes;’ what else could I do!

“Well, then, let me take my dress off and join you girls, and then let's get him all dressed up in one of your nice Sunday dresses with your bouffant petticoats and all.”

And that's exactly what they did!

After that, dressing up games was a regular part of our play whenever I stayed with them, and even Mrs. Tammy didn't think there was anything wrong with ticking my penis in my panties while I was dressed in dresses and panties.

[Index](#)



I've Always Been Hooked on Panties!

I can't even remember a time when I wasn't hooked on panties! My fetish must have started when I was still a toddler – or maybe I was born with my panty fetish! My earliest memories are of my parents having card parties every Friday night, and I loved to crawl under the card tables and play with my paper dolls. Yes, I was a sissy even that early in my life. My girl cousins had paper dolls and seeing them play with them is what got me to want them, so my mom got me books of paper dolls to play with. People who didn't know us would look at me funny and comment about me playing with girls' paper dolls, but my mom would just shrug her shoulders and say, “He likes to play with them, so what's the harm? Besides, it keeps him busy and out of trouble.”

Mom ran our house, and my dad let her do whatever she wanted. He was always kind of distant toward me; he'd look at me and often shake his head.

And when I was under those card tables playing, I loved looking up ladies' dresses and seeing all their pretty lace and frills. I don't remember the first time I noticed ladies' lingerie; I feel like I had always enjoyed it. My mom would often let me sleep in the bed with her and dad, and she'd hug me up against her soft and sexy nylon nightie, and I'd fall asleep that way. I liked to go into the dirty laundry basket and take mom's silky slips and panties and cuddle with them. I got looks from dad when he saw me doing that. He probably said something to mom at some point because my mom would tell me I wasn't supposed to play with ladies' clothes.

So after that, anytime no one was around, I'd go through mom's dirty laundry. When I was about four, I was tall enough to reach her lingerie drawer, and I'd go digging through it all the time. Mom caught me going through her things often, but the most she'd do was scold me and tell me not to do it. However, she never really seriously punished me. I was in the first grade when I started to steal panties from neighbors or friends when our family would visit them or I had some opportunity to be in their houses.

And when I was a teenager, my mom would watch the house of one of our neighbors whenever they went on vacation or for weekend trips, which was several times a year. They had three little girls who wore very pretty clothes, and when I knew it would be safe, I would get the house keys, sneak into their house and steal panties. Eventually, I got caught, and being exposed as a panty thief in front of those three little girls and her parents and my parents was totally embarrassing, but even that did not deter me from stealing and wearing and panties. Those three little girls told everybody I was a panty thief, and they were always asking me what color and kind of panties I had on and threatened to spank me if I had on a pair of their panties.

[Index](#)



Maybe I was Born a Sissy

I sometimes think that I was born a sissy and no matter what had happened when I was young it wouldn't have mattered. But maybe the way I was raised had something to do with it. Who knows?

I don't even remember my dad. He left my mom, my sister and me when I was just a baby. We didn't have much money, so I mom passed on my sister's clothes to me. I have pictures of myself as a baby, and I'm sure people thought I was a girl because I was always dressed in girls' baby clothes. Besides that, my sister has told me mom would tell strangers I was a girl to save explaining the clothes I wore. Of course, I didn't think anything was unusual. How would I have known at age two and a half that I was a boy in a dress? My hair was long at that age too, so it was easy for people to think I was a girl.

It wasn't until I was almost four that I got my first boys' clothes and started to learn that I was a boy. I had some boys' pants and shirts mom had bought at a used clothing store, but mom saw no reason to buy me my own underpants. I just kept on wearing hand-me-down panties from my sister. As far as I can remember, being told at that age that I was really a boy wasn't a big deal. I just thought if you wore girls' clothes you were a girl and if you wore boys' clothes you were a boy, and that it was something that could change sometimes. I had mainly learned to play with girls, however, and that I continued to do. I didn't like rough boys' games.

In kindergarten and until I was in the 4th grade, I continued to wear my sister's panties. Eventually, some of the kids found out and teased me. Most of the boys called me a sissy and didn't want anything to do with me. But i didn't mind; I just continued to play with the girls. Some of the girls would tease me too, but most of them seemed to think my wearing panties and playing with them was kind of funny and cute.

My mom never made me wear a skirt or dress to school, but sometimes I did have to wear one of my sister's hand-me-down blouses instead of a shirt. My sweaters and jackets were all hand-me-downs from my sister too. And until I was ten, I would have to change out of my boys' clothes as soon as I'd get home from school so I wouldn't get them dirty, and then change into one of my sister's old dresses and or skirts. Since she wore dresses most of the time, she didn't have many slacks or dresses, and mom let me wear these when I went outside. I didn't like being teased, but I did like wearing my sister's old clothes. I grew up during the Beatles era, so long hair was in for boys, and outside people would often mistake me for a girl even when I was wearing boys' clothes or my sister's old shorts or slacks. The photo enclosed is of me playing when I was eleven years old wearing makeup and earrings and one of my sister's old school uniforms.

[Index](#)

The Silky Trap

Ian's heart was pounding as he walked up to the door of the house in which Ray lived. Ray was not exactly Ian's friend. In fact, Ray was a bully and often picked on Ian. They sometimes had fights in the playground, which Ray usually won, because he was older and bigger, but Ian couldn't resist Ray's invitation. Ray had told him he had found a stash of dirty magazines in a trash heap and had asked Ian if he'd like to have a look at them. Ian wasn't able to resist!

Ray opened the door and grinned to himself as he led Ian up the stairs and into his room. He was going to give this priggish schoolboy a day to remember!

Ian entered Ray's room and sat on the bed as Ray rummaged under the bed and retrieved some magazines. Ray sat by Ian and suggested they leaf through the mags together. The first mag was entitled "Nylon Flash" and featured girls in sexy lingerie, panties and garter belts and nylons, many posing with their legs open and their pussies pouting in the clinging nylon panty crotches, their pussy lips clearly outlined. As the boys drooled over the pictures, both were aware of growing bulges in their trousers.

"Wow!" Ray said glancing down at the front of Ian's trousers, noting with satisfaction the growing bulge.

"Look, Ian! You can see everything, and I mean everything, through their nylon panties! Wow!"

As Ray continued to turn the pages, Ian felt his cock hardening even more with the anticipation of seeing more!

The next mag was called "Tranz." Ian was amazed. It contained pictures of men and boys dressed in ladies or girls' clothes! Some were wearing lingerie with their rampant cocks straining against the silky panties. Some were in dresses, and some had lifted their dresses to show off their pretty cock-filled panties!



Ray leafed through the mag until he came to a picture entitled “Tranz presents Pretty Boy Helga.” It was a photo of a young man dressed in girls' clothes. He had lifted up his white pleated skirt, to reveal that he was wearing waist-high nylon panties, stockings, and a garter belt! His erect cock could be seen bulging like a tent-pole through the thin white nylon of the panties! The caption read, “That's it, Ian! Show everyone your pretty panties!”

Ian flushed, aware of his cock twitching with excitement! He had never seen anything so bizarre, but so exciting! Ray grinned. Ian was definitely ready for the next part of Ray's plan!

“Ian, have you ever tried on a pair of girls' panties?”

“Course not!” said Ian.

“Tell you what,” said Ray, “I'll put a pair of my sister's panties on if you will! It could be interesting!”

Ian blushed. “Only sissies would wear girls' panties, and I'm not a sissy!”

“I know that,” said Ray, “neither am I. But it would be interesting to see what it feels like to wear girls' silky panties, wouldn't it? Just for kicks? Come on, be a sport!”

Ian blushed even more, but he couldn't resist Ray's challenge. He had a fear of Ray and didn't want to upset the bully. If he refused, Ray just might hit him or even beat him up like he had done a number of times before.

“OK, I'm game if you are!” Ian said.

“Great!” said Ray. He was excited as all going according to his plan! He smirked as he went into his sister Mary's bedroom. She was sixteen years old. It was the early 90s and rock-n-roll was undergoing a revival, and Mary, like a lot of teenage girls were into wearing full skirts, can-can petticoats, garter belts and nylon stockings. They also wore sheer, high-waisted panties of silky nylon or rayon! Ray opened her dresser drawer and took out a pink pair and a blue pair of panties that he had readied before Ian's visit and then returned to his own room.

“Wow! They feel great just to hold in my hands! OK, let's get these panties on!” he said to Ian.

The two boys undress until they were down to their bulging underpants. Ray handed Ian the pink panties.

“We can turn our backs on each other while we put the panties on!”

Ian was quite shy and sighed with relief, and turned to face the wall. He was unaware of Ray watching his every movement through a carefully positioned mirror! He was also unaware of the fact that Ray had picked up a Polaroid camera!

Ian slipped his underpants down and held the pink panties open by the waist elastic. ‘This was all

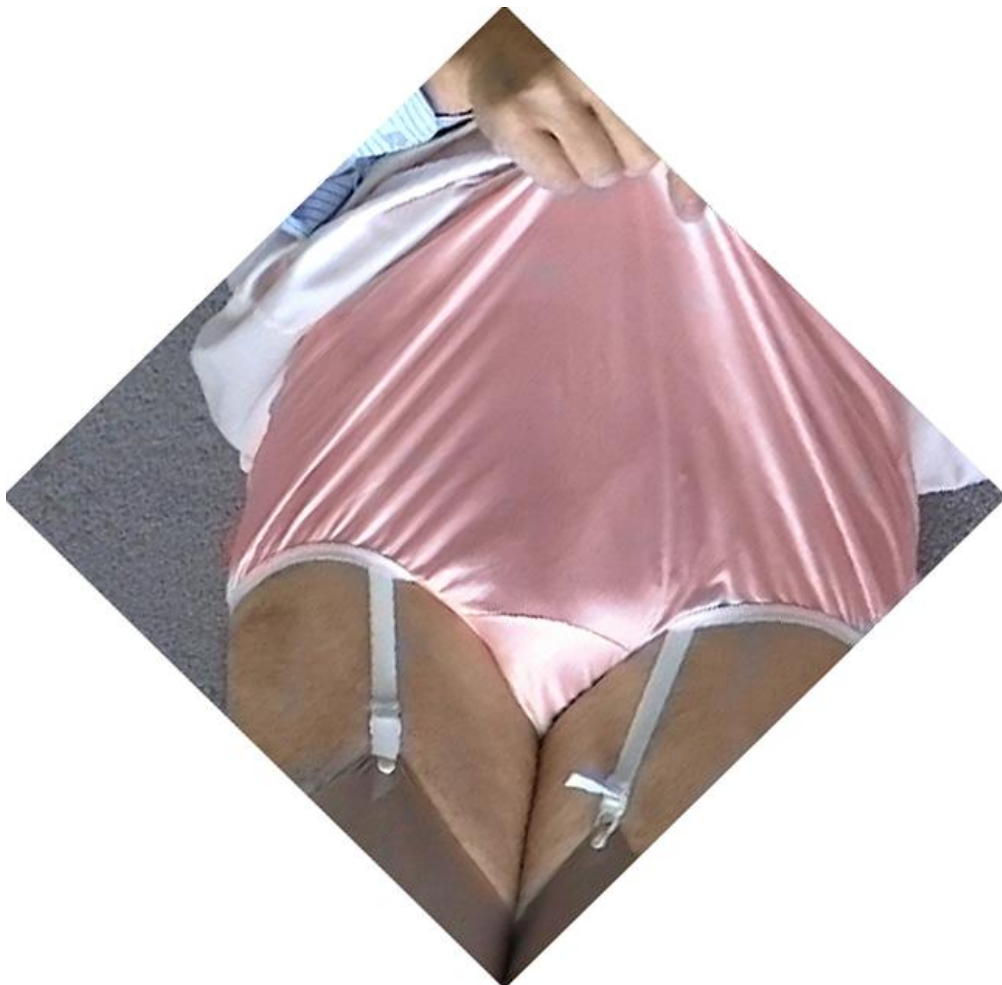
wrong to put on girls' panties,' he thought, but the panties seemed to draw him in! He slipped his feet through the leg holes and began to pull Mary's pink panties up his legs. The feeling was fantastic! The silky nylon slithered over his thighs, and the boy hesitated and then slowly slipped the silky smooth panties up over his erect cock. Just as he snapped the waist elastic round his waist, he heard Ray call out.

“Hey, Ian! Look at me!”

Ian turned around. A flash blinded him!

“What the....?”

Ian's words were cut short as Ray ran past him and out of the room, locking the door as he went into the hall. Quickly, Ray removed the print and watched it develop. Great! There was Ian dressed in girls' pink panties, his erect cock tenting out the front of the semi-transparent nylon.



Ray hid the picture before going back into his room.

“Hey, Ray, what the hell's going on?” shouted Ian, panicking.

“Ian, that was a nice picture I got of you in Mary's panties. Wait till I post it on the school bulletin board!”

“No!” shouted Ian, as he tried to run out into the hallway to find the photo.

Ray was ready. He side-stepped Ian and flung him onto the bed. He whipped Ian's wrists behind his back and in a flash had secured the boy's wrists with duct tape. He then turned Ian over and sat on his kicking legs, forcing them apart and tying his ankles to the sides of the bed with a pair of his sister's nylons. Ian was now totally helpless! Ray could do whatever he wanted!

“What are you doing? Let me go!” shouted Ian.

Ray got off the bed and picked up the Polaroid camera again. “Say cheese, sissy-boy!” he sneered.

“No, no!” pleaded Ian, but flash followed flash as Ray took pictures of his panty boy victim.

“Look at this one, Ian!” said Ray, holding one of the photos in front of Ian's face and holding his chin forcing him to look at the image.

Ian gasped in horror. The photo showed his face and his bulging panties, the outline of his erect cock clearly visible through the nylon! There was no mistaking fact it was a picture of him in the panties, and that he was sexually excited! It looked as if he was into being dressed in girls' panties!

“Please, Ray, don't let anyone else see these pics! Please!”

“That depends on you, Ian. For the moment, I'll put them in a safe place!” And then he proceeded to take even more pictures of Ian wearing Mary's pink panties!

Ian groaned. If those pictures were shown around school, Ian would be a laughing stock! Ray now had a powerful hold over him and Ian couldn't do anything about it!

As Ian waited in helplessly, Ray left the room and hid the photos. When he came back into the room, he sat on the bed next to Ian, his eyes flicking between Ian's pleading expression and his pantied condition and back.

“Mary's panties really suit you, Ian!” he murmured. “Look how your little cockie is enjoying itself!”

Ian saw the bully staring at his bulging panties. He tried to break free of his bonds, but his struggles caused the silky panties to slither teasingly over his bottom as he wiggled and the nylon panties further excited his highly sensitized cock.

“Are you feeling all girly, sissy-boy?” mocked Ray as he gently placed his hand over the bulge

in Ian's panties, wrapped his fingers round Ian's cock and balls, and gently squeezed! Ian's eyes widened with shock and shame!

“What are you doing? Don't do that, please!” cried Ian, as he felt the boy's hand feeling his cock and his balls through the silky panties. He had never been touched intimately by anyone, girl or boy. It was humiliating but even worse, his cock was sending out waves of pleasure that were spreading over his whole body!

“Nice girls' panties, Ian! Silky girly pink panties! They definitely are what you should wear all the time!”

Ray then slowly trailed his index finger up and down the nylon stretched over Ian's cock, noting with satisfaction how the cock twitched every time his fingers brushed the sensitive tip.

“Oh, no! Stop!” squealed Ian, aware the boy was deliberately stimulating his cock to stand up firmly within the embarrassing panties.

Tears rolled down Ian's cheeks as the bully's finger slipped up and down and tickling him between his legs as if he were a girl, and then sliding up his nylon enclosed cock, finally tickling the tip! Then, Ray placed his whole hand over Ian's private parts, and gently fondled his balls whilst continuing to tease the boy's cock with the side of his thumb. Ray smirked as he felt Ian's penis jerking in his fingers. He was in total control!

“Oh God, please don't!” pleaded Ian, still struggling against his bonds, and trying to kick his legs, but they were firmly secured to the sides of the bed, splayed wide to expose him. His cock was betraying him as waves of pleasure overwhelmed him.

“Don't kid me, Ian!” said Ray with an intimidating smile. “You love having a boy play with your cock in your pretty sissy panties, don't you? And you love it when I tickle your balls in your panties like this, don't you?”



“O-o-o-oh! O-o-o-oh!” moaned Ian, as Ray continued to fondle his privates through the silky nylon high-waisted panty briefs.

“We can't have all this noise,” said Ray, as he picked up the pair of blue panties that he was supposed to have put on. He rolled them into a ball, forced Ian's mouth open and stuffed the panties in! As Ian gagged on the silky panties, Ray picked up a nylon stocking, and tied it round Ian's face securing the panty gag.

“Mmmmmph!”

Ian's cries were totally muffled by the panties. He sobbed uncontrollably as he realized the humiliating helplessness of his situation. He was now Ray's toy. The school bully could play with him in any perverted way he wanted!

Ray left Ian as he went into the bathroom and got a pair of his sister's dirty panties he had seen in the laundry basket, and then he went back into her room and got the vibrator he knew she kept hidden in her panty drawer. He then returned to his victim and pulled the dirty panties over Ian's head until the heavily soiled crotch was over his nose. Because he was gagged with panties, Ian had no option than to breathe through the smelly, dirty panty crotch!

Ray felt a surge of power as he looked down into Ian's tearful eyes and noted how the nylon panties were sucked tight against Ian's nostrils with his every sobbing breath.

Then, Ray went to work on Ian's cock bulging up the front of his sister's panties, repeatedly grabbing and then releasing Ian's genitals through the silky nylon, shouting “Gotcha!” each time his fingers enclosed and fondled the young boy's cock and balls.

He taunted him. “You're wearing girls' panties, Ian. You're gagged with girls' panties, and you're breathing through girls' panties! I can feel how stiff your cockie is! You're enjoying it, you little panty pervert!”

“Mmmph!”

Ray eased down the front of the panties. Slowly, he slipped the vibrator into the panties between Ian's thighs until the tip was pressing against the defenseless boy's asshole. He switched it on, laughing as Ian jerked with the buzzing dildo nearly raping him. Ray pulled the panties back up, trapping the vibrator tightly against Ian's anus. Ian felt the vibrator would slide right up his ass at any minutes!

Then, Ray inserted his hand through the leg-hole of the panties and began to slowly roll Ian's foreskin up and down against the silky front of the panties, teasing the most sensitive part of his cock. Ian felt totally shamed; the school bully was masturbating him!

“Mmmmmph!”

Ian's head was shaking from side to side, his pantied hips writhing with sexual pleasure! He didn't want it to happen, but the panties were too teasingly soft, too thrilling against his cock. He was more embarrassed than ever as he shuttered in sexual abandon.

“Cum in Mary's pretty panties, Ian! Cum, now! I know you want to. Let it all go, sissy! Sissy! Sissy! Sissy! Panty boy, do it for me!”

Ray took the waistband of the panties and slithered the silky nylon panties up and down and side to side over Ian's genitals. Every time he tugged the panties up tight, the dildo buzzed harder against Ian's ass!

“Mmmmmmmph!”

Ian's cries were smothered by the panties in his mouth. Ray's fingers wrapped around Ian's cock, deliberately wanking him with the panties bunched-up silky against his young cock! Ian was now bucking on the bed. Ray had him! He got on the bed, moved between Ian's thighs and slipped his left hand under Ian's bottom, wriggling the tip of the vibrator against Ian's anus through the silky nylon. At the same time, his right hand was mercilessly fondling Ian's cock through the clinging silkiness of the nylon panties. A moist patch appeared on the material covering the tip of Ian's penis. Ray saw the precum seeping into the nylon!

“Mmmmmmm!” moaned Ian.

“Gotcha! Gotcha, you little panty faggot!” shouted Ray, triumphantly.

He let go of the vibrator, picked up the tranny mag and held the picture of Helga in front of Ian's face.

“Look at this boy's cock, Ian! It's covered in girls' panties! Your cock is also in girls' panties, and I can tell it wants to cum! Let it all go for, Ray! I can feel you're ready to cum! I'm going to make you cum! In girls' panties! Come on, sissy! Spurt in your silky slithery panties! NOW!”

“Mmmmmph! Mmmmmmmph!”

Ian surrendered! He stared at the picture as waves of intense pleasure surged over him. He was in panties too! He felt his cock throbbing in Ray's fingers, and there was nothing he could do to stop his climax. Ray's eyes flitted from Ian's eyes to the panties and back again. Ian's humiliation was total as his cock convulsed inside the panties.

Ray savored the feel of Ian's cock pulsating as the boy's spunk spurted in jets into the pink nylon panties. Ray punched the air in triumph! When the climax had subsided, Ray took more photos of Ian lying there in his sister's cum-drenched panties.

“OK, I'll let you go now, Ian. Clean yourself up, get dressed, and get out of here, but remember! I have the photos. From now on, you do as I say.

For the rest of that week, Ian was in a daze. What could he do? While Ray had those awful photos, he was helpless. He kept thinking about the humiliation of his being masturbated by Ray while dressed in his sister's panties! And yet, when those thoughts entered his mind, his cock

would stir in his pants! Every time he passed Ray in the corridor, Ray would leer at him knowingly, wink, and make a wanking action with his hand! Ian knew that it would be only a matter of time before Ray summoned him for further humiliations.

Sure enough, he found a note in his coat pocket. "My place, Saturday. My parents are away. Be there, sissy, or the photos will be all around the school on Monday!"

A very nervous Ian knocked on the door of Ray's house that Saturday, but it was a very subdued Ray who let him in and led him upstairs. Ray's sister was sitting on the bed. She was excruciatingly pretty and one of the most popular girls in their school. She looked stunning in her school uniform, and she was fingering through some photos. Ian knew in his heart those were the Polaroid pictures taken of him excited to orgasm in her panties!

"So you're the boy my brother tossed off in my panties! I must say my panties do suit you, Ian, so much so that I think you would look nice in a whole set of my clothes!"

She pointed to a chair in the corner. It was covered with a mass of frilly clothes!

"Don't look so worried, Ian. I've got all the pics, and if my parents found out about what Ray did to you, they'd kill him, so you're both in the same boat! So, now I can do whatever I like with both of you! So, boys, strip! NOW!"

The boys had no option. Blushing, the boys took their clothes off down to their underpants.

"Get those horrid boys' underpants off! I've got something much nicer for you to wear!"

The boys slipped their underpants off but kept their hands in front of their privates.

"Oh, no! Hands on heads, boys!"

They obeyed, their flaccid young penises fully revealed to the young girl.

"Nothing to be proud of there! Soon, you'll both be dressed just like me!" So saying, Mary hitched her skirt and petticoat up above her waist, exposing her stocking tops, garter belt and pink nylon panties. The boys gasped, and in spite of their predicament, she was pleased to see their young cocks filling out and starting to bob.

"I'll just get the video going, and then we can start," she said much to their horror.

She walked over to a tripod-mounted a video camera and switched it on. Then she walked over to the pile of clothes and selected three pairs of pink panties.

"You first, Ian," she said. "Come here, ya little panty wanker!"

Ian walked over and sat on the bed. Mary opened wide the waist elastic of the first pair, slipped them over his head and jiggled the pink panties into place, positioning the dirty, smelly crotch

directly over his nose and mouth!

“Ray told me how much you enjoyed my dirty panties, so I prepared this pair especially for you, Ian!” she laughed as she rubbed the dirty panty crotch in his face.

She then sat on a stool and held the panties open by his feet. Ian gulped! She picked up his leaden feet and one by one threaded first his left foot and then his right foot through the elasticized leg holes of the panties. Then, agonizingly slowly, Mary inched the pink panties up his legs. She was feeling powerful and very excited, feeling her own panties becoming very wet between her legs. She was actually dressing a young boy in her own favorite pair of pink panties!

“Stand up, Ian!” she said as she slithered the teasing nylon and elastic leg-holes up over his knees, then over his thighs. Holding open the snappy waist elastic, she then tugged the panties up as high as they would go, the panty crotch painfully pressing up against the boy's balls.

This was it! Snap! They arrived with a bite of pain as the waist elastic pinged round Ian's waist and his anxious balls and unfolding penis were nestled in the silkiness of the nylon panties, a fate no ordinary boy would tolerate! Mary could see every detail of his cock through the thin nylon of her panties, now stretched out in a most boyish fashion!

“Now, I have to properly adjust the fit of these panties,” she said.

His knees almost buckled, and his cock swelled and pushed out the front of the sleek lacy panties right in front of Mary's excited eyes. She studied his cock barely hidden within the elegant pink nylon panties and then kept positioning and repositioning his penis and balls until she was satisfied with how his penis stood up straight and throbbing under the thin veil of sissy pink panties and his balls were beautifully cradled within the double nylon of the silky material of the crotch of the panties that rippled with every movement he made. She adjusted the waistband so the nylon framed the bulge of his genitals in radiating folds. This boy's cock definitely belonged in girls' panties!

“After what Ray did to you last week, I think it's only right you put his panties on him!” she said, grinning evilly at her brother.

She gave Ian the remaining pair of panties and bade him sit down on the stool. When she had Ray stand in front of him, Ian was painfully aware of Ray's cock bobbing up and down only inched from his face as he held the panties down for Ray to step into. Ray did so, and then Ian was pulling the panties up Ray's legs.

“Ask, Ian nicely, Ray, for him to panty you, and say pretty please!”

Ray forced the words out. “Pretty, please, Ian, dress me in girls' panties! Pretty, please!”

Ian felt a surge of sexual excitement. This school bully was begging him to dress him in girls' panties! It was weird, but dressing this monster of a boy in girls' panties was almost as exciting as he himself being forced into panties! Ian had no idea why his cock so liked being in contact

with silky panties, but the thrill of it told him not to feel guilty about it. After all, he was being forced into panties. He was till all boy and not a sissy. He only had to do this because he was being threatened with a worse fate.

He slowly pulled the pink panties up over Ray's knees and then up his thighs. Slowly, because he was savoring every minute of humiliating him, Ian pulled the panties up over Ray's cock, which was now fully erect in spite of his obvious shame! Ian snapped the waist elastic round the boy's middle. Now the front of the panties bulged with a boyish boner most foreign to what was usually found in girls' panties!

“Now, adjust the fit!” ordered Mary.

Ian blushing, knowing exactly what she wanted him to do. He hesitated but then half closed his eyes and put his fingers on the front of Ray's panties and moved the older boy's cock around in the silky prison until it was pointing directly up! Then he hoisted the panties high on Ray's waist, snapped the leg and waist elastics and jiggled the silky fabric over the bully's hips before smoothing the panty material all around Ray's bottom, hips and balls.

“Straighten his cock a bit more. In fact, panty wank him a bit,” she commanded.

Reluctantly, he encircling Ray's cock with his thumb and index finger and slowly slipped the silky nylon up and down the boy's pulsating shaft. Ray moaned as his cock became fully erect, foreskin retracted, and every detail of his penis visible through the nearly see-through pink nylon panties.

“Now, kiss each other!” ordered Mary. “On the lips, and use your tongues!”

Ian pleaded with her not to make them do it, but Ray knew better than to oppose his sister. With the boys now standing opposite each other, Ray shrugged his shoulders, drew Ian towards him and put his arms round the younger boy. Ian was shorter and was forced to look up into the other boy's eyes. Then, Ray's lips clamped over Ian's, and his tongue invaded Ian's mouth. At the same time, the boys' bulging panties came into contact with each other through the two layers of sleek nylon panties. As their nylon panties slithered about, each was aware of his cock rubbing against the other boy's cock-filled panties!

“OK, boys, don't get too carried away! We want to save your boy slime for now. We have a lot of fun things to do first! It's time for more pretty lingerie,” Mary said as she picked up two garter belts. “Now, fasten these on each other; slip down your partner's panties until they are under his balls, fit the garter belt around his waist, hooks at the back, fasten the hooks, then put the garter straps down into the panty leg holes and finally pull the panties back up over the suspenders.”

The two boys completed this task with difficulty as they tried to avoid coming in direct contact with each other's naked cock and balls!

Mary then picked up some nylon stockings. “I'll put these on you to show you how it's properly done, but first, we need the suspenders out from under the leg elastics of your panties. Stand in

front of the mirror, and Ray, you do Ian's first."

Ian stood in front of the mirror, acutely aware of his reflection showing his bulging panties! Ray moved behind him and slipped his right hand up the right leg-hole of Ian's panties. All he had to do was to pull through the suspenders, but in his search for the garter strap, his fingers darted eagerly around inside Ian's panties, coming in contact with the boy's balls and his cock "accidentally" and even pulling Ian's foreskin right down, so that the most sensitive part of the penis was tickled by the nylon and by his finger tips. Ian was sure all that touching was not accidental done just to excite him further. He blushed as he felt his cock becoming agonizingly and completely erect.

Then, Ray repeated the action using his left hand up the left panty-leg, and he had another good feel of Ian's cock and played with his balls without even the pretense of it being accidental before drawing the suspenders out of the panty legs and left to hang down Ian's thighs.

Now it was Ian's turn! His fingers disappeared inside Ray's panties and Ray kept moving around sighing with pleasure, his movements caused Ian to have a good feel of his cock and balls, and it was completely accidental on Ian's part. Ray grinned as his silky panties slithered over his body and kept bumping into Ian's fingers in search of the garter tabs. In an excited frenzy, Ray put his hand over Ian's hand inside his pantied and forced the boy to hold his cock and slither it up and down to repeatedly peel back his foreskin and expose his dick head to the tantalizingly soft pink panties he had on; Ian was being forced to masturbate the terrible bully boy in panties!

Mary just laughed, ignoring what her brother was making Ian do until it looked like he was getting too close to cumming, "OK, that's enough. If you shoot off now, dear brother, without my permission, this video of the two of you will be the next film all of your classmates will see!"

That scared Ian, and he hurriedly pulled his hand free of Ray's cock and quickly located the garter straps and fed them through the leg holes of Ray's panties.

"Now, for your nylons," Mary said as she made Ray sit down on a stool.

She made them pay close attention as she rolled the stockings up his legs and fastened them to the suspenders. Next, it was Ian's turn, and he sat and watched Mary slip a nylon stocking over his right foot and then slowly ease it up his leg until the top was gripping his thigh. He was surprised how nice the nylon stocking felt on his bare leg. She fastened the stocking to the suspender strap and repeated the process with the other stocking. Then she pulled Ian to his feet increasing the pleasurable sensation of wearing nylon stockings as the garter straps gripped his thighs and pulled the stocking taut. The sensation of wearing nylon stockings for the first time made Ian inhale a deep breath. He almost passed out. He knew what he was doing was forbidden to boys. No boy was supposed to ever feel this kind of pleasure. The nylon stocking felt wonderful, a binding silkiness never intended to be felt by any boy!

Mary then got both of them high-heeled shoes and fitted them on the boys' feet. She made them walk around until they stopped tottering. The apparent lengthening of the boys' legs made them look very sexy!

“Now for your bras!”

She slipped a pink bra round each boy's chest, fondling their nipples through the silky satin of the cups in the process, and noting with satisfaction how each boy's nipples erected. She stuffed the cups with pairs of her dirty panties she had saved for the occasion. The girlie aroma from her dirty panties wafted up to the boys' noses as the panties were now held in their bras just inches from their faces. Mary completed their outfits with pleated skirts and white sweaters. She stood back to admire her feminized boy playthings.

“Wow! Now for some fun!” she said as she ordered the boys to parade round holding their skirts high!

Both boys tried their best to mince girlishly around the room unsteady in their high heels with skirts held up showing off their pretty panties. What sissy boys she had created! Mary took more photos.



“OK, boys, I want you to do handstands against each other. You first, Ian!”

Ian gulped, and bent double in front of Ray. He kicked his legs up, and Ray seized them, and held his ankles. Ian's skirt turned inside out and cascaded down over his chest, completely unveiling his pantied penis!

Ray looked down at Ian's bulging panties. Then, he gently opened and closed Ian's legs, staring down as the boy's ball-filled pink crotch was revealed and feasting his eyes as the pink nylon rippled over Ian's balls and cock!

Ray's cock throbbed in his own panties as he savored the erotic vision of the pantied boy upturned before him. His sister walked up close, and began to feel the bulge in the front of Ian's panties. Ian gasped with pleasure. His position left him completely vulnerable. He couldn't do anything as Mary's fingers toyed with his cock. He knew Ray had a grandstand view! He was sure Ray was a panty faggot and enjoying his own humiliation at his sister's dominance almost as much as he enjoyed humbling and panty torturing Ian.

Then Mary moved away, and Ian became aware of flashes as she took more Polaroid pictures. Ian was in a perverted and inverted heaven! He was upset when Ray played with him in his panties, but he loved every minute Mary played with him, panties or not – to have this gorgeous girl wank him was pure heaven. He wanted it to go on and on, and he was disappointed when he heard her say her brother, “OK, your turn Ray!”

Ian was released. Ray bent down in front of him and kicked up his legs. With Mary directing him, Ian caught Ray's ankles and swung Ray's legs up against him to steady him upside-down.

Ian remembered watching girls do handstands on the playground at elementary school, fascinated as they boldly revealed the silky frills of slips and panties as their skirts fell down about their heads.

“Have a feel, Ian!” Mary ordered.

Ian held Ray's ankles in the crook of his left arm, and initially looked away as he slowly reached down and placed his right hand on Ray's pantied cock! He felt Ray jerk. Mary commanded him to look what he was doing and made sure he properly slid the panties up and down Ray's quivering cock and balls. Ray's legs kicked ineffectually in Ian's grip as his forced sexual abuse continued. Ian was getting some pleasure from the situation, making Ray erect like he had done to him. Ian called Ray a ‘sissy’ and a ‘panty faggot’ as he jerked him off through the silken panties. Ray moaned.

Ian then moved his hand faster and harder up and down. He was masturbating the bully boy while holding him upside-down! Ray was moaning continually. Ian slipped his hand inside the leg elastic of Ray's panties and held Ray's cock between his thumb and index finger just below the sensitive head. He slowly eased Ray's foreskin over the cock tip and back again. Slowly rubbing the exposed head fully against the silky smooth panties! Then again, and again, increasing in tempo. Mary watched excitedly as Ian's fingers played with her brother's cock, the panties rustling and rippling as he did so. Then, Ian felt Ray's whole body stiffening!

Ian was going to make him cum! He slipped his hand out of the panties and clutched Ray's penis through the slippery soft nylon. Ray squealed like a girl, and then his cock was pumping, jetting into his panties a gut wrenching stream of sissy boy juice! Ian had his revenge! And Mary had caught it all on video!

Ian released Ray. The red-faced youth collapsed onto the floor. His sister flung a towel at him, and told him to clean himself up. When this was done, Mary had another treat for Ian!

“Lie down on the bed, Ian,” she ordered.

Ian did so. Mary stripped off down to her pink panties and mounted him. Slowly, she straddled him and inched forward until the moist crotch of her panties was right in his face. Ian stared at the beautiful vision. The pink panty crotch outlined her cunt lips in great detail. The silky nylon creased into her sexually excited, puffed up pussy lips. She told him to kiss her there, and he didn't hesitate as he raised his head and kissed Mary's panties in total subservience. Her panty crotch was wet and infused with her smell of her sex. Slowly, Mary lowered herself down, until Ian's face was between her thighs, his mouth pressed against her cunt, his nose nuzzling her clitoris through the panties. Her nylon-clad pussy lips engulfed his mouth! Mary began to slowly rock. Her vaginal juices poured through the soaking gusset into Ian's mouth, forcing the boy to drink from her sex!

She called to her brother as she ground her gusset against Ian's face.

“Ray! Get Ian's cock out of the side of his panties and suck it, you panty-loving faggot!”

Ian gasped as he felt the legband of his panties being pulled away and his cock sucked into the warm wetness of Ray's mouth! The bully boy was a faggot! As Ian now nearly suffocating as he was forced to lick and suck on Mary's pussy through her panties saturated with his saliva and her copious love juices, his cock was being aggressively sucked by the baddest boy in school. He felt Ray tugging on his suspenders and snapping them as the pantied queer boy licked and sucked his cock in a way that told Ian this was a fucked up gay boy who was really loving it! Then, Ian let out a muffled shriek and Ray slid his hands under his pantied butt and lovingly cupped his silken butt cheeks only to then insert a finger into his asshole through the silky panty material. With Mary's panties pressed over his mouth, muffling his cries of ecstasy, Ian was going mad with pleasure and revulsion.

“Mmmmmph!”

Mary rocked her pelvis, her panties slithering over Ian's face, forcing his tongue deeply into the crevice of her vagina. Ray sucked Ian's cock in and out of his mouth. His tongue licked the boy's cock head and then repeatedly traversed the length of the hot dick with the tight ring of his faggy lips. Ian lay in ecstasy, feverishly licking the saturated crotch of Mary's panties and involuntarily moving his hips up and down, forcing his cock ever deeper and deeper into Ray's mouth! Mary began to moan as she looked down at her new panty slave. He was going to cum! She was going to cum! She squealed as her climax swept over her. At the same time, Ian's cock throbbed between Ray's lips and ejaculated into the bully boy's mouth! He felt Ray's mouth sucking not to miss swallowing a single drop of his slime!

“Yes! Yes! Yes! You lovely panty boys!” shouted Mary exploding in repeated orgasms. “You sissy boys are better than any fuck with a football hero. Oh, boy, we are going to have a lot of fun. You have no idea how much girls love play with faggy panty boys like you two.”

Ian kept telling himself he was no fag! But the idea of regularly partying with Mary and here friends excited him. He had just blown his wad into a pair of her panties, but he was already

getting hard all over again!

[Index](#)



A Panty Flasher's True Story

In 1965, my parents were divorced and over Christmas vacation when I was fifteen, my mom and eleven-year-old sister went on an overnight trip to dance camp with my sister's troupe, and for the first time in my life I was left home alone overnight.

Prior to this I had experimented with my mom and sister's clothes often but only with extreme care during rare moments I was alone and in total secrecy fearing being discovered by them. However, I wanted to expose my sissy self to strangers, and whenever I could, I'd wear panties or my sister's training bra under my clothes and take off my jacket and let the bra straps show through my thin shirt or bend over and let someone see my panty elastic and nylon panties peeking above my pants. I desperately wanted to dress like a girl and let strangers see me, not my family, but I never before had an opportunity to really do it before this day.

Now I was standing before the full-length mirror in my mother's room dressed in a combination of my mother and sister's clothes I had carefully chosen. I was slim and my sister was a little stout, so I fit well into most of her clothes, and on this day I had on a white blouse with red polka dots and a royal blue miniskirt. My sister had just graduated from knee socks to wearing a garter belt and nylon stockings and they really fit me perfectly. My feet were too big for my sister's shoes, but my mom's red patent leather low heels fit me after I stuffed some tissue paper into the toes. Underneath I had on bright yellow panties with a one-inch ruffle of lace around the panty legs. The miniskirt was short on my sister, and it was even shorted on me; it barely covered my panties even when I was standing perfectly still. I put on my mom's pink waist-length ski jacket that was a little long on me along but still didn't go all the way down to the hem of the miniskirt. It was a snowy cold day, so I also put on my mom's pink mittens and knit hat.

As I strolled down the street, I shivered with the cold air going up my skirt. It made my panties feel like they were frozen and excited me at it took my breath away. Four inches of fresh snow had fallen. I passed a guy about thirty shoveling his walk. He looked me over, grinned and said, "Hi there girl with the pretty legs. I bet you're cold in that short skirt, but I'm not complaining!" I smiled and walked on.

I turned the corner and two girls about my age were standing on the sidewalk. After I had passed them I heard one say, "Wow, short skirt." Just then the wind blew my skirt up and the other one said with a giggle, "And nice panties!" then they both burst into laughter. I kept walking and came upon a crew of men collecting garbage. I deliberately dropped my mitten and bent over to pick it up, giving them a great view of my pantied ass. The driver honked his horn, one of them whistled and the other gave out with, "Nice, panties, babe!"

I walked on, having the time of my life. My dick was hard in front, but I kept my hands over the front of my skirt so it wouldn't fly up. I walked for almost three miles and arrived at our library. It's on top of a hill overlooking the park. About a dozen ten to twelve-year-old boys were having a snowball fight. I went right to the edge of the hill and stood, eventually they noticed me. The ones closet to me could see up my skirt. I pretended to be looking off in the distance and not

notice them as they halted their snowball fight and laughed and said things like, "Hey, guys, check out her panties!"

I turned my back and bent over to a chorus of oos and ahs. The next thing I knew a snowball hit me in my yellow pantied ass. I turned to face the boys and slipped on the ice and slid down the snow-covered hill on my silk pantied ass. I started back up the hill bent over with my hands out to steady myself as I climbed back up, fully exposing the lacy back of my panties. I made it about half way up only to receive a volley of about a half dozen snowballs right on the seat of my panties. They were cold, wet, icy hard and stung like hell. I loved it. I stood up, turned and let myself fall on my butt and starting sliding back down. I got up again only to get pelted with about a dozen snowballs thrown in my direction and about half of them hitting me on my panty fanny. My panties were soaked. Although it was tremendously exiting, I had a sore bottom and had enough, and as more snowballs chased me, I scurried up and over the top of the hill and ducked into the library for a breather. My panties, ass and thighs were cold wet and stinging. I dried off in the library before hobbling back home. I masturbated to several orgasms that night as I recalled my wonderful panty flashing excursion and as I planned to go out again in the morning before my mom and sister got back home that next night.

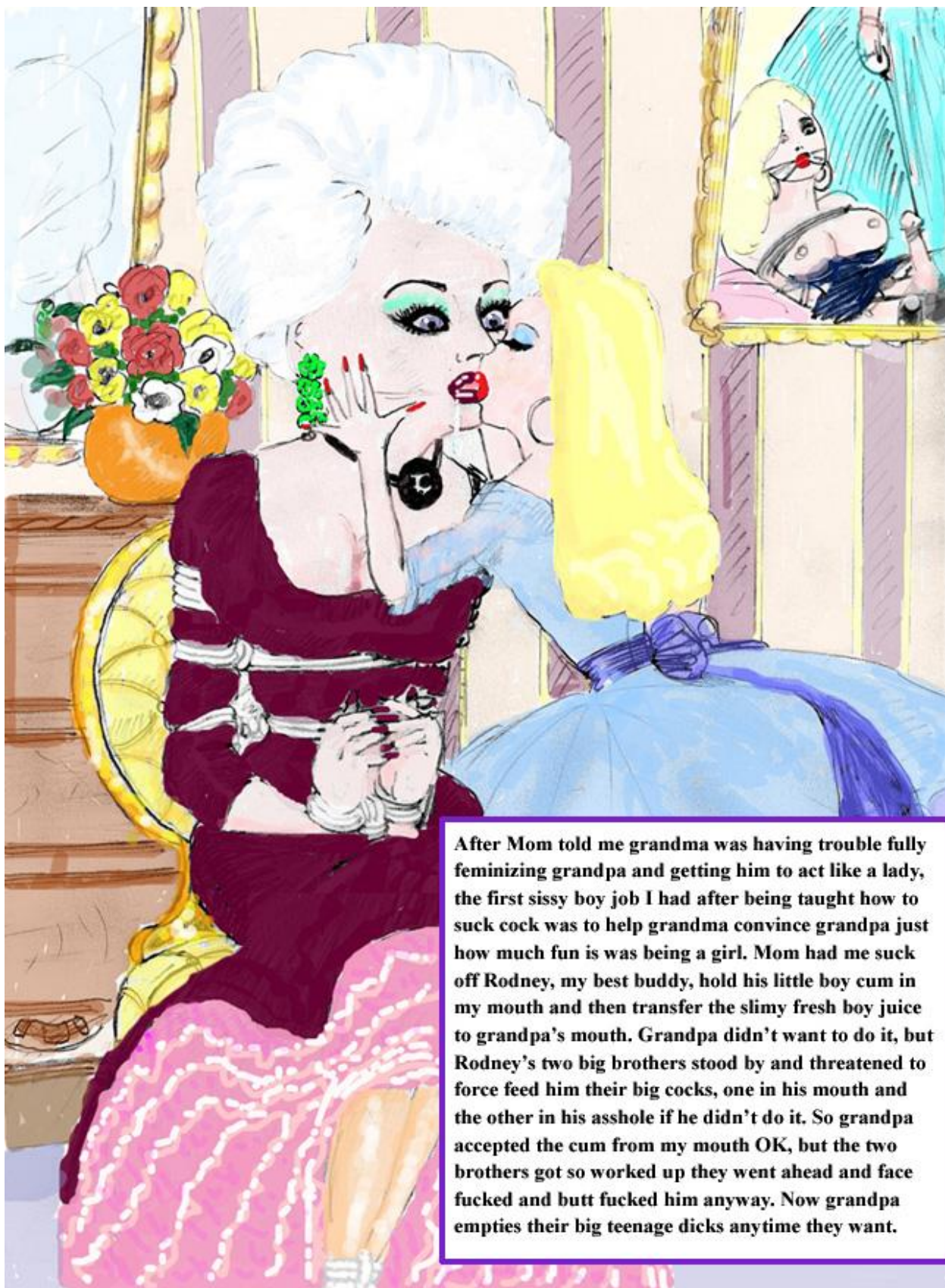
[Index](#)

Two Drawings from Sissy Boy Wilkins

Click on pictures for a larger view.



[Index](#)



After Mom told me grandma was having trouble fully feminizing grandpa and getting him to act like a lady, the first sissy boy job I had after being taught how to suck cock was to help grandma convince grandpa just how much fun it was being a girl. Mom had me suck off Rodney, my best buddy, hold his little boy cum in my mouth and then transfer the slimy fresh boy juice to grandpa's mouth. Grandpa didn't want to do it, but Rodney's two big brothers stood by and threatened to force feed him their big cocks, one in his mouth and the other in his asshole if he didn't do it. So grandpa accepted the cum from my mouth OK, but the two brothers got so worked up they went ahead and face fucked and butt fucked him anyway. Now grandpa empties their big teenage dicks anytime they want.



My wife's mother feminized my silly father-in-law and then both of them feminized me, but now they have gone too far and feminized our nine-year-old son, Billy, too! They already told us sissy boy Billie will be made to suck my cock and be sodomized by his grandpa before grandpa gets castrated!