

Pussy Boy Pages

Reader's Stories & Pics

Volume 23

Jack's New Life Wearing My Panties

She catches her husband dressed in her clothes, so she spanks him and makes him into her sweet little pussyboy while she goes out for sex with real men!

Getting Sis to Use Petticoat Discipline

This unruly boy is dressed completely like a girl and taken out for all the little neighbor girls to see!

Petticoat Boy to a Cuckold Husband

Much to his shame, his mother raises him like a girl and trains him to be a slave to females. He grows up and marries a woman who uses him to service her and her men.

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Student nurses tell all the clever ways they use to get boys to wear panties!

We Got Him!

A girl discovers her brother trying on her clothes, and his mother forces him to go shopping for his own girlie clothes

Plus a lot more!

Adults Only



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

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Jack's New Life Wearing My Panties

For a long time, I had my suspicions. I knew my husband was fascinated with my lingerie because I was always finding my bra and panty drawer not quite the way I had left it. I just thought Jack had a harmless little fetish and enjoyed touching my things. It was no big deal. I don't think I minded it because I felt in a way he was loving me through my intimate clothes, but I never thought for a moment that he was actually dressing up in the stuff.

Then one afternoon when I came home from the office early and found my husband dressed in one of my skirts and blouses, underneath he had on one of my bras and a pair of my lacy satin panties -- and he was masturbating like crazy! Well, he was thoroughly embarrassed and a pitiful sight as he repeatedly apologized and told me he was just curious and would never do it again. But I didn't believe him, something told me he had a big fetish for my lingerie and he had been at it for a long time.

All of a sudden things that had happened in the past made a lot of sense -- his liked best to make love to me while I wore a full set of lingerie -- he wouldn't even take my panties off to fuck me; he preferred to simply pull aside the leg elastic to insert his cock in me and then he'd rub my ass

through my silky panties the whole time we made love. Plus he was always giving me gifts of lingerie for any and every occasion. (I had wondered why he wasn't embarrassed out of his skin to buy such things for me. And the things he bought were always so frilly and excessively feminine, dripping with lace, bows and frills.)

I knew I had him at a huge disadvantage, and I instantly decided to use this opportunity to get even with him for years of bullying me throughout our six years of marriage. He insisted on making just about every major decision in our lives; he was bossy and inconsiderate and sometimes downright abusive. So I decided to exploit the situation at hand rather than just dump him. But dumping him was also a real possibility. After all I wanted a man for a husband, not a sissy transvestite, even if they do say most crossdressers are straight. (Straight, yeah!)

He started to take off the top and skirt, but I commanded him to keep them on. Then I dug our camera out of the closet and started taking pictures. I let him take off the top and skirt as I continued to snap away with the camera. Now in just bra and panties, he put his hands up as he tried to hide his face and asked, "Honey, why are you taking pictures; what are you going to do with them!"

I told him to put his hands down and pose for me. I let him know that he was in no position to bargain -- either let me take the pictures to make a record of his "unfaithfulness" or immediately pack his bags and leave everything to me. He gave in, and I took about a dozen of them most incriminating pictures of him posing in his nightie and pink panties, like a big time sissy faggot.

Then I told him he had to do what ever I told him to do, to obey me in everything, as I pondered the future of our marriage -- or even if I was going to continue our marriage at all. He only went along with me after I threatened to show the pictures I had taken to all of our friends and neighbors, plus I'd send them to people he worked with and his family.

I asked how long he had been masturbating with my lingerie, and he told me he started just after we first got married. So he had been wearing the lingerie he was buying for me as gifts for all these years. I'm a very feminine woman, so I like frilly lingerie, but the things he would buy for me were often even too much for me. They were the frilliest, laciest, most feminine items you could find. And most of the lingerie he bought for me (but now I realized he bought for himself to wear) were in pink including negligees, bras, nighties, panties, slips, etc.

"Jack, are you gay?" I asked him.

He said no, but he did admit that he fantasized about being discovered by a man, while in my panties.

"And what happens in this fantasy?"

"Well, you come home from work with a coworker, a good looking macho kind of guy with muscles, someone I'd be jealous of. And the two of you start laughing at me when you see me sleeping on the couch in a pair of your lacy pink panties and a matching bra. Before I am fully awake, you have him hold me down while you get the clothes line from the basement and tie me

up.

“You call me a ‘sissy bitch’ and tell him you never knew I was such a pathetic wuss. His eyes light up when you come onto him, and the next thing I know, you’re down on your knees giving him head. It drives me crazy; I’m protesting and making all the noise I can, but I can’t get loose to stop it.

He says, “Hey, baby, I can’t concentrate with all his screaming; can we shut him up?”

You stop sucking on him and say, “What do you propose?”

“Hey, babe, I’m not gay, but as you know I spent over a year in jail for beating up some asshole, so I did learn prison ways, and I know how to take care of a sissy like your fag husband here.”

You understood what he was saying and immediately helped him push me to the floor. Then he straddled my head and started face-fucking me.

While I’m choking on his big cock, you say, “Wow! It looks like my fag husband has done this before; maybe he wants your beautiful cock up his sissy butt too?”

As the two of you flip me over, I shake my head no and start to argue, but you take your panties off and stuff them in my mouth to shut me up. You get my duct tape and put it over my mouth to keep the panties in and to keep me silent. The two of you overpower me, and I feel my legs being spread and him mounting me from behind. He pulls my pink panties aside and forces his way into my dry asshole by repeatedly ramming his cock into me, with each stroke he goes deeper and deeper until he’s all the way in and severely tearing me up in the process.”

I asked, “So this fantasy turns you on, huh?”

He said he’s both humiliated and excited just thinking about it, but he assures me he is straight and has no real interest in having anything to do with other men, sexually. He kept insisting it was just a crazy fantasy that he never wanted to really happen.

But I thought differently about it. I didn’t believe him. And I started thinking about my boss, who has been hot for me for two years. I’ve always turned down his advances, but I thought it would be nice to get fucked by him. He’s a great guy, good looking and he has a big cock. A few times over the years, I noticed he had the beginnings of a hard-on while talking to me. As part of the deal, I wondered if he’d be willing to rape my pantied husband. For some reason, I thought he’d go for it.

I was really pissed at my husband for keeping his crossdressing a secret from me all these years. He was obviously ashamed of his fetish for my lingerie. I supposed he knew how much I hate sissy men and how much they turn me off. I’m sure he realized that if I had known, I never would have let him abuse me and run over the top of me for all that time. Now, I wanted to get even.

So, the next day, I told him, "Jack, I've decided I won't divorce you under one condition."

"Anything! Whatever it is, I'll do it."

"Since you enjoy your little lingerie fetish so much, I've decided to make your fantasies come true. From now on, I insist that you wear only panties every day, both at home and when you are out and about under your regular clothes."

"To work too?"

"Of course, sissy! Now don't interrupt me!"

"And whenever you're at home, you will dress completely like a woman, maybe I'll even make you dress like a little girl sometimes. I'll get rid of most of your men's clothes, and we'll do a lot of shopping to give you a complete wardrobe of pretty things, but in the meantime, you'll wear my clothes." I paused for effect. "And you won't be fucking me anymore. I'm going to get my sex elsewhere – from a real man, and I just might bring him home sometime and have you suck him off and then let him fuck the shit out of your sissy ass!" I could tell he was on one hand mortified but on the other excited. His cock was really hard and bouncing around happily in those frilly panties he had on.

"I don't know....," he stammered.

"You don't have a choice. If you don't go along with everything I have in mind, I'll divorce you and send copies of the photos I just took to everyone we know. That would be a nice departing gift, don't you think?"

He sat there, stunned, and finally said meekly, "Okay."

"Good," I replied. "We have a lot of work to do. You can start by emptying your closets and drawers completely, and I'll pick out two changes of men's clothes for you to keep and wear to work over your pretty lingerie. Everything else goes to Goodwill." He started upstairs. "Oh, and take off the clothes you're wearing, and I'll come and find you something nice to wear for the rest of the day."

He went upstairs, and I started planning for his future as a girl.

When I came into the bedroom he was naked and doing as I'd ordered. He had filled up several boxes and bags with his clothes. I decided we'd start him off with the trashiest clothes I owned, things he had bought for me over the years when he wanted to treat me like a slut. I pulled out a lacy purple panty and bra set, a black garter belt and lace-top nylons. He was watching me out of the corner of his eye. I then found the shortest, clingiest skirt I owned, so short anyone could get peeks of my pantied ass hanging out when I wore it! At the time he had me wear it, I was a prude and innocent, and I'd begged him not to make me wear it when we went out. "Please Jack," I would plead. "This skirt is so short people will be able to see my panties."

"That's why I had you wear the white see-through panties," he smirked. "And why I had you shave your pussy."

There was no arguing with him, I knew he would become violent if I disagreed or refused, and so I had worn those slutty outfits for him on many occasions. Everyone would stare at my pantied butt hanging out of the back of my short skirt, and when I sat down or had to reach up, anyone who cared to look could see my shaved pussy through my see-through panties; some women smirked and mumbled the word "slut" or something similar, and many men made sexual gestures or comments toward me. Jack loved embarrassing me like that and would make me bend over or put me in compromising positions every chance he could. Now it was my turn to humiliate him, and my mind was reeling as I thought of ways I could take him outside and humiliate him in front of other people like he used to do to me.

"Jack, come and put these on," I ordered.

He stopped what he was doing and came to the edge of the bed. He looked at the outfit I had laid out on the bed. "I can't wear that, what if someone comes over?"

"Shut up and put them on; don't argue with me again," I snapped. I was seething at the gall he had to protest after the things he had put me through over the years.

As he put on the panties, he got an erection.

"Wow," I said. "I wish I would have known that's all it takes to turn you on. Maybe I would have had a lot better sex with you and maybe a lot more often! But then again, I wouldn't have been interested in having sex with a sissy fag."

Jack protested that he wasn't "a fag" as he sheepishly put on the bra, garter belt, and nylons. Then came the dress that was even tighter and shorter on him than on me. It was perfect.

"What a trashy slut," I laughed. "We need heels to match," and I went and brought back the highest heels I had, six inch stilettos. He put them on and stood up to walk. I expected him to have a difficult time walking, but he walked in them like a pro.

"You walk like you've worn my heels before. You have, haven't you?"

He told me he hadn't, but I knew he was lying.

"Get my leather belt out of the closet, the wide one I wear with my jeans."

He looked puzzled, but went and got it and handed it to me.

"Bend over and grab your ankles."

He hesitated but then did as I asked. The short skirt he had on rode up to expose half of his pantied butt. At least I wouldn't have to hold it up while I whipped his ass with the belt. In his

bent over position, I pushed him forward, propelling across the bed and told him to hold still for the punishment he deserved.

"Do you remember that time in the park, when we were fighting and you grabbed me by the hair, pulled me over to a bench and then forced me over your knee?"

"Well...yes...," he said, clearly nervous about what was going to happen.

"You pulled up my dress, and then pulled down my panties. Do you remember?"

I didn't wait for an answer. I just roughly yanked down his panties and then took an enormous backswing with the doubled-over belt and brought it crashing down across the cheeks of his purple pantied ass. He yelled, but I did it again and again, making his butt instantly turn beet red. He jumped and started to squirm away from me, but I commanded him to stay still and take his punishment like a big girl.

"Do you remember how embarrassed I was because a lot of people were in the park that day?" I asked as I swung the belt up and underneath his spread open legs to smash against his pantied balls.

He screamed and begged me not to hit him there. I thought he was about to cry.

"How many people do you think saw you spank me that day, Jack?"

He stuttered and cried out, "I don't know. Maybe a dozen or so. How do you expect me to remember? Please stop!"

"A couple of dozen! Well, maybe you don't remember, or you're fooling yourself, but I bet it was closer to a hundred! So, I think it's only fitting that I give you one hundred lashes with this belt. Of course, you won't have to feel the humiliation I felt in front of all those strangers that day in the park," I said as I picked up the tempo of the spanking. "Not yet, anyway..."

After giving Jack that beating, I felt a little guilty. I had gotten a bit carried away, and I think I really hurt him... So I thought the best way to smooth things over would be to take him shopping for some of his own lingerie! Sure, to get his wardrobe started, I was now going to give him all that girlie-girlie lingerie he had gotten me over the years, but for a girl, I knew there was nothing like her very own lingerie, so in addition to my leftovers, I told him to get ready, we were going shopping! Jack got his jeans and a sweatshirt and was about to put them on over his cute bra and panty set.

"What are you doing?" I shouted.

"I'm getting ready to go," he answered hesitantly.

"Not like that you are! We're going to upscale women's clothing stores; you can't go looking like a bum. Besides, you'll be trying things on, and they won't let you in the changing rooms if you

look like a homeless person."

He had a panicky look on his face, obviously realizing what it was going to be like taking him shopping for his own women's clothes. He didn't say anything; he looked like he had resigned himself to his fate. But I was going to make sure it didn't go easy for him. I wanted him to be humiliated and thoroughly embarrassed as I let strangers in on his perverted addiction to female clothing.

"What should I wear?" he said.

First go shower and shave from head to toe. While he did that, from my drawer I got out my filmy, fluttery pink chiffon ice skating skirt and a pair of lace-top thigh highs.

Back from the bathroom, I inspected him and then had him put on his bra, stuffed with dirty pairs of my panties and the nylons. To go over all this I gave him a black shell and a very thin pair of my white nylon shorts. After he slid on the shorts and glanced at himself in the mirror, his face went pale.

"I can't wear these thigh-high nylons with shorts. They are completely exposed. Can I have a long shirt that will hang down and cover the lace tops?"

"No, the camisole will be your shirt today, and if you're not happy with the shorts, you can wear this," I said, as I held up my skating skirt. "Remember how you used to make me wear thins out in public all the time?"

He went quiet. I tried not to laugh when he was dressed. The lace tops of the nylons weren't covered by the short shorts, so there was no doubt he had hose on. And the ruffles on his pink panties were clearly visible through the shorts. But the best part was his short hair, making it obvious that he was a male. I knew we'd get some looks today. He kept on complaining, so I let him put on his dumb old floppy hat. But he still complained so I made him put on the skating skirt over his shorts just to let him see how he would look in the mirror. I told him that if he complained one more time, I'd take off the shorts and leave him with just the short pink chiffon skirt to cover his panties as we went shopping. He promised not to complain anymore, so I took off the skirt and left him in the shorts with his stocking tops fully exposed.

Jack was panicky as we got into the car, worried we might see someone he knew. I told him that is the price he'd have to pay for being sissy, I wasn't going to shield his lingerie fetish from anyone, but I did tell him that if we ran into anyone we knew I'd tell them we were going to a costume party, but I wouldn't tell them if he gave me any resistance.

I understood his hesitation when we got to the mall; I purposely parked at the opposite end because I wanted the pleasure of walking him the length of the place. When I started to get out, Jack just sat there.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"I'm not getting out. I can't do this!"

"You will get out immediately, or I'll start honking the horn until either security or the police come. I'll tell them I caught you dressed up in my clothes and I'm making you stay that way, and now you're trying to rape me."

I knew he had no recourse. The shorts he was wearing didn't have any pockets. Before we left home, I made sure he didn't bring his wallet.

He looked around; I could see the relief on his face when I told him that the mall wasn't very busy. Reluctantly, he got out, and we started toward the stores. He looked nothing like a girl, so the padded bra and lace-top thigh highs made him look just like I wanted him to look, a ridiculous-looking man crazily crossdressed in a very slutty costume.

He was fretting, and I could tell he was having a lot of second thoughts. He kept pestering me to call off this shopping trip. I told him he should be deliriously happy since this little shopping trip should feed into his fantasies; after all, he dreamed about being caught in his girlie clothes, so I assured him he was going to love it!

But he didn't look convinced in the least! He looked absolutely scared to death!

We made it about half way to the store when a group of teenagers noticed us and started laughing and pointing at Jack, which in turn made other people turn, look in our direction and take notice of him.

We overheard one girl laughing hilariously as she screamed, "You can see that weird guy's ruffled panties right through his shorts!"

Jack was beet red.

"Haven't you ever seen a man in panties?" I said to the teenage girl who was now pointing and laughing along with the four other kids in their little group. They just shook their heads and laughed all the more.

As we walked in the door of the store, Jack was momentarily relieved to be out of the mainstream of mall foot traffic. A salesgirl approached us, and she instantly knew what we were there for.

"Hi, ma'am, can I help you find something for your little sissy friend?" she said.

"Very intuitive," I said.

"It happens here all the time; we get a lot of men and boys buying girlie lingerie for themselves. Sometimes these guys are accompanied by their mother, their wife or their girlfriend.

"See, honey," I said to Jack rather loudly, "you're not the only man in America who likes to wear

a bar and panties."

Jack hung his head because everyone in the store must have heard me.

"So what is he looking for today?" the clerk asked.

"A complete lingerie wardrobe for him, panties, bras, garters, nylons, nighties, girdles, lingerie, heels ... the works. Oh, and we need to measure him to make sure we get the right sizes."

Two other clerks were nearby and eager to join us. Their intimidating smiles and giggles made Jack very uncomfortable as they jumped right into taking his measurements. Their hands were all over him, and the sissy slut actually got an erection. I, of course, admonished him, and the girls went into hysterics, especially when I gave him a hard slap right between the legs that made him double over in shock and pain.

Well, I made quite a production of our shopping spree. I was very loud and not discreet at all as I pointed at panties and said, "What about those pink lacy ones. You like to wear that kind of panties, don't you?" Then I'd play the dumb blonde role, giggle and say, "Oops! You didn't want me to say anything, did you?" And then I leaned toward a woman shopper near us and said, "My husband doesn't want anyone to know he wears women's panties. But I understand his weakness. Girls' panties are so pretty ... and I don't think it's so-o-o-o bad ..."

One lady, about 30 and very attractive said, "Well, I hate to tell him, but I can see his pink panties right through his shorts. If he doesn't want people to know, you'd think he'd cover up a bit more. But I guess I'm like you. I don't mind. In fact, I'd love to see him in a short skirt, as long as he wants to dress like us."

"You know that's a good idea," I said.

I called the salesclerk over and asked her to show us the shortest skirts they had in stock. Jack cringed, and when she pulled one off the rack, I smiled and nodded approvingly. It was really short and tight, the kind Jack used to make me wear.

I said, "Can he try it on?"

She said, of course, but then she added, "... only if he comes back out of the dressing room and models it for all of us."

I had a laugh as I grabbed Jack's wrist and the skirt and shoved him into the fitting room. I told him to put it on without argument and come back out when he was dressed. As he changed, I got some six-inch stilettos from the shoe department and handed them to him through the door. A few minutes later, he peeked out and then slowly crept out of the dressing room.

As I took his hand and pulled him all the way out, I stunned him by announcing, "Attention everyone! May I have your attention? My husband here would love to have your comments on his new outfit."

Several women and girls who had just come into the store thought I was talking about me and were quite shocked when Jack walked out of the dressing room in the heels and the short mini skirt that didn't even cover his semi erection bulging out the crotch of his pretty pink ruffled panties. Of course, the comments, tittering and outright laughter completely demoralized Jack. Two women were highly offended, but so the fuck what! They walked out, but a dozen other women were in the store and assembled into an enthusiastic audience before we were finished shopping that day.

Jack left the store in tears. He ran back to the car ahead of me, but had to stand there and sob while he waited for me since I had the car keys. Of course, I took my time. In fact, three of the women and two little girls followed me all the way back to my car. They were completely consumed with learning about feminizing guys. I told them, he originally wanted it, but I wondered if he still wanted it, but that didn't make any difference. He was a sissy girlie husband now, and if we were to stay together, he'd always be that way. I was going to make him into my maid, and I was going to get my sex from real men, whenever and with whomever I wanted it.

After we got home with Jack's new wardrobe, I went to the den and fixed myself a drink. Shopping for Jack had worn me out. I told him to neatly set out his new things and put on a fashion show for me. I was ready for some entertainment! I had him put on a very feminine white, see-through blouse over a lacy pink bra and the shortest mini skirt we bought over a pair of ruffled pink panties. Along with that, I had him put on a pink garter belt and white lace top stockings and those six-inch stiletto heels.

Just then there was a knock at the door. It was my best friend, Beth, who had hated Jack ever since I met him. Beth and I were on the verge of a lesbian relationship when I met Jack, but it never happened. I always regretted that. I certainly found women more sexually appealing than Jack and often longed for the touch of another woman. And Beth was as hot as they come with large but perfect breasts, a fit and slim body and the tightest ass around. So there she was at the door. I invited her in, not really concerned much about Jack's upcoming fashion show. We were sitting on the couch talking when Jack walked into the room, dressed like a slut. They both were shocked for a moment, and Jack started to back up and leave.

"Where do you think you're going, bitch?" I shouted.

Jack stopped in his tracks.

"My, my, what have we here?" said Beth, obviously delighted at Jack's outfit.

"You didn't tell me you were married to a transie ..."

I told Beth I had just recently caught him wearing my panties and found out he'd been doing it for years.

"So, you're punishing him? How long are you going to keep him like this?"

"Depends on how long he wants me to stay married to his sissy ass," I told her.

"Can I help?" Beth inquired.

When Beth asked if she could help, Jack looked panic stricken. "Perfect," I thought, he's horrified of what Beth might do, and of course, he knew she couldn't stand him, so however she helped he knew it wouldn't be pleasant for him.

"Why, Beth, how kind of you to offer. Let's discuss how you might be able to help," I said and then sent a nervous and pale Jack to the basement to fold my freshly laundered clothes.

After he left, Beth asked if this was for real.

"Yep, I've got him over a barrel. Do you believe he's been wearing my panties and stuff and masturbating in them ever since we got married?"

Beth said she didn't doubt it for a minute and said that from the moment she first met him, she thought he was a perverted little wimp of a man.

"Well, you were right. I don't know how I missed that. I guess he was overcompensating for his sissiness by acting macho and increasingly dominating and abusing me. But as you can see, that is all changing. Next, I need to get some real sex from real man ... and maybe from some women too, especially you if you'd be interested ..."

"Hell, yes, I've always wanted to jump on your bones. You know I swing both ways, but I'm to the point now of definitely preferring female company! Let's do it!"

"Great, but I want some men too. I want to know what I've been missing, but even more than that, I want some guy who can sexually abuse Jack a bit too now that I'm forcing Jack to be out in the open in this sissy mode of his. And I have just the perfect guy in mind ... my boss!"

"Curt Wilson?"

"Yeah."

"Wow! Yeah, he'd be a great one – very fuckable! You really think he'd do it – do it with you, of course, but I mean fuck Jack around a bit too?"

"Absolutely! He's had the hots for me for years. He's already told me he'd do whatever it takes to make it with me. And he spent a bit of time in prison, need I say more?"

"Go, girl!"

"So, Beth, would you like to take Jack for a weekend sometime, to do with him as you please? That will give me the chance to get the ball rolling with Curt before I get him involved with Jack?" I asked her.

"Sure! You mean you'd let me do any evil little thing that I wanted to your weasely little panty-wanking husband?" she asked excitedly.

"Do anything you want with my new little girlie-boy," I said, "but do promise me to take a lot of pictures and videos! I want a record!"

When Jack came back into the den, and I told him of our plans, he totally broke down and begged me not to be forced to go with her because he knew she hated him, but I did get him to agree when I told him the alternative would be a divorce from him with me taking everything plus sending photos of him in his girlie clothes to everyone we know. He stopped arguing, and then both of them sat by while I called Curt on the phone and made a date with him. I told him right out, "Curt, my husband has already been pretty inadequate as a man, but I had no idea how much of a sissy and just how sexually inadequate he is until recently, so I need to spend some time with a real man ... if you're interested."

He was definitely interested. We agreed on a date and would discuss the details the next day at work.

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"Now, what do you think of these panties?"

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From a Petticoated Boy to a Sissified Cuckold Husband

I had a boy cousin who was brought up under dress discipline because my aunt was left to bring up her son single-handed and adopted this form of punishment to counteract his growing unruliness after unsuccessful attempts to tame him by other means.

The first time I saw Andrew in his correction costume, he was eleven years old and I was four years older. My mother and I arrived at my aunt's house to find my embarrassed, blushing cousin dressed in a flowery summery dress with a flared skirt, short white socks and patent leather shoes. My aunt explained it was now his usual attire while at home as she was trying to train her son to be sweet and obedient, like a charming little girl.

I was delightfully surprised and quite amused to see Andrew dressed that way; he was obviously not enjoying the experience a bit, as his bright red face showed.

Throughout our visit, my cousin was most subdued and indulged in none of his usual tricks we had come to expect from him. Clearly, dressing him as a girl worked and brought on a delightful change in his behavior. At that time he had been under dress discipline for only a short time but was already displaying the effectiveness of this sort of punishment routine. I could hardly believe he was the same rude and annoying boy who had plagued me on previous visits. My aunt told us he hated wearing his correction costume, especially the frilly little panties, and still rebelled at times, but he was getting used to his new role and protesting less and less as time went on.

After that, whenever we visited my aunt, Andrew was always dressed in his girlish punishment costume. He remained under this form of discipline well into his teens, and I discovered he developed quite an interest in lingerie – on females as well as on himself! I would tease him with peeks up my skirt and make him get a hard on but never let him have relief. I'd make him strip down to just his panties and play with himself as I paraded before him giving him looks up my skirt at my panties. I carefully monitored him to make sure he didn't get too close to cumming. He'd cry and complain that he had “blue balls” in his panties from all my teasing, but I never let him have relief, even though, the moment I left, I'm sure he hurried off to his room to wank himself silly.

He always wore either a dress or a skirt and blouse, and my aunt spent quite a handsome sum on his wardrobe to make sure he was nicely dressed, and she added new and increasingly humiliating refinements to his costume over time. One day, I remember being delighted to find him wearing long nylon stockings secured by a garter belt. They made a big difference in his demeanor as well as to his whole appearance. Putting him into stockings also had a noticeable effect on his behavior, as any girl knows, wearing nylons involves constant care to avoid snags, and Andrew was as careful as any girl in looking after his new stockings, a way to further train

him to be feminine by increasing his constant awareness of his petticoated condition. I was not averse to teasing him on this occasion. He blushed redder than ever when I remarked how nice he looked as I inspected his stockinged legs all the way up to his garter belt and panties, even snapping his garter straps and the elastics on his panties, to the great amusement of my mother and aunt.

Having to put up with being teased in this way was a feature of petticoat discipline he particularly detested, but it was very effective in conditioning him into submissiveness. A few judicious compliments about how nice he looked or how well-suited he was to girls' clothes never failed to utterly mortify him. That, of course, was what my aunt intended by adopting petticoat treatment for her son. She had other ways of keeping him in his place too: He had to wait on us at all times, a right proper little maid he was. No girl could have been neater or more polite in carrying out the duties he had to perform. My aunt kept teasing him about getting him a little french maid's outfit, and one year, she did. For a Halloween party, she got him a black satin mini dress with starched white petticoats that puffed up the short skirt and worn with a little lacy apron and cap. The mini dress was so short it showed off his pink rhumba panties she made him wear underneath. He lamented that he had an absolutely horrible time at that party, being the butt of many jokes and subjected to exploring hands bent on investigating what he wore underneath his costume. Everyone from grandpa to his twin five-year-old boy and girl twin cousins had their hands all over his sissy pantied penis. His aunt told us such humiliation was good for him because it made him even more obedient to her, and a threat to make him wear the outfit in public again was enough to make him get down on his knees and beg her to do anything else instead. However, she did make him wear his maids' outfit in their home whenever she had guests and he had to provide tea or dinner service.

I'm sure dress discipline truly reformed him. In time he came to accept his petticoated condition without a whimper of protest. He certainly became obedient and cooperative in ways I never would have thought possible. From his training, he turned into an excellent husband to a liberated and dominant girl, who loves to fuck other men while Andrew stands along side, ready to wait on his wife and her lover in any way, and that includes sucking on the man's penis to prepare it for his wife and then inserting it into his wife's pussy. And afterwards, he has to lick the man's cum out of his wife's love nest, and then has to give the man's cock a tongue bath, and if in the process, the man gets a new hard on, Andrew has to suck it to completion unless his wife wants another round of fucking.

This setup suits his wife. He often tells her he is not gay and only does those things because he loves and idolizes her so much, and she usually responds by telling him he can leave at any time but since he doesn't, he must be a cum-sucking faggot. But Andrew's petticoat training has done such a good job of conditioning to be a submissive that he simply bows to his wife, apologizes for speaking out, and humbly agrees that he must be queer if he does things like sucking cock and never has had his little pimple dick even near her pussy lips.

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Two Teachers Who Believe in Petticoat Discipline

I have long been an advocate of petticoat discipline for boys and can vouch for its effectiveness. Last year my sister came to visit me bringing her son. I soon saw what an unruly monster he was and suggested petticoating. My sister was shocked at first but admitted she had tried everything she could think of to get him to change but nothing had worked, so she finally agreed.

My two daughters eagerly sorted out the little girl clothes I had made some years ago to discipline their brother, and even now he is sometimes put into a lace-trimmed pinafore and made to help with the housework. His sisters and their friends tease and laugh at him, and of course, this soon deflates his male ego.

The day following my sister's arrival, we put out tea in the garden, and my daughters brought some of their school friends to enjoy the fun. While they had tea, my sister and I got my nephew Bobby ready. We are both teachers and know how to handle small boys. Although he struggled

at first a good sharp slapping from me soon cured all that. He begged and began to cry as I put him in a pink pair of heavily frilled girls' rhumba panties, but he let us put them on him because he didn't want to risk another slapping. Next came a white organdy slip trimmed with lace and little bows around the hem. Over this went a pale blue and lavender toddler girl dress with sweet little puff sleeves edged with lace. While I tied a huge ribbon in his hair my sister strapped him into a baby harness which had small bells which jingled as he moved. The final touch was a baby's dummy, pinned to his dress by a length of ribbon. I had purposely left on his heavy boy's shoes and socks, and the contrast between these and his sissified condition made him look absolutely ridiculous.

The girls had finished tea and were playing a game in the garden. He could see them through the window, and when we told him we were going to take him outside and show them what a pretty little girl he made, he cried and tried to resist as he dragged his feet, kicking and screaming all the way down into the garden.

Naturally, the girls' game stopped immediately as they stared at the struggling little wretch. Several had never seen a boy in a dress before, but when they saw me holding him securely by the reins of the baby harness, they eagerly gathered around us, lifting Ian's skirts and giggling at his frilly pink panties. Each time my scarlet-faced nephew dropped his dummy to protest it was jammed back into his mouth by one of the laughing girls, who were by now thoroughly enjoying themselves. They stood in a circle and began to chant, "Sissy, sissy, Bobby!" and "Panty boy, Bobby!" over and over again.

He finally flew into a rage, but I held him firmly by the reins just out of reach of his tormentors. Seeing him helpless in my firm grip gave them confidence. Two would mock and laugh at him while a third would creep up and snap his panty leg elastic or pinch his pantied penis. After a while, we were all a bit out of breath, so mother sat him on her lap in a chair, undid her bra and had him nurse on her big titties that are stilled filled with milk since she gave birth to my youngest brother seven months ago, who still likes to breast feed. Amid squeals of girlish laughter, each girl took a turn to get up close and help keep Bobby's mouth on mom's tittie. He rebelled at first to this new indignity, so we had to put him across my knees, turned his dress back and pull his pink panties down to give him an intense spanking. All the girls joined in and smacked his panty bottom with their little hands; the accumulative effect reddened his butt to a deep scarlet red with black and blue bruises. After that paddling, he gave us no trouble. And even after they left, my sister said petticoating had worked wonders. She keeps him babyish panties and dresses at home, and now just the threat of forcing to come over to my house for a visit is enough to make him do whatever she wants him to do.



From #01566-M Search.

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We Got Him

A few weeks ago my daughter found my fifteen-year-old son admiring himself in his bedroom mirror wearing one of her bras and a pair of her panties. She confronted Simon but thought he was just doing one of those crazy teenage boys do, so she told him she wouldn't tell his father or me for the time being, providing he wouldn't do it again. However, less than two weeks later Charlotte caught him again, this time actually jacking off in her panties while looking at a crossdressing website on the computer in his room. She immediately shouted downstairs for me, and when I came up, I found her holding Simon in an arm lock on his bed with her panties on.

I was quite surprised and thought maybe he's gay; however, now, I don't think he is. Simon admitted he'd been dressing up for three years. He said he started just out of curiosity, wondering what girls' clothes felt like to wear, and it grew and grew and now he wasted to do it all the time. He actually admitted he was glad to have been caught because he felt so bad about hiding that part of him from us. And since his dad always made him get a haircut before his hair got too long, he admitted that he wished he'd had a wig, so he could see what he'd look like as a real girl. I was quite surprised to hear that, and Charlotte laughed at him and called him a big sissy. It struck me as funny too, but I held back my laughter while I told Charlotte to stop laughing because it wasn't a laughing matter and he needed to be disciplined. With big tears in his eyes, he was deathly afraid we'd tell his father.

I wasn't sure what to do, so I told Simon to go downstairs in just his sister's panties and wait in the living room until I talked it over with his sister. I kept him waiting for almost an hour, as Charlotte and I looked at the website he'd been on – and we learned a lot about different kinds of crossdressers, and from what Simon had told us, I was pretty much convinced he belonged to the group of straight males who loved females but also loved to wear their clothes. We highly prize honesty and personal privacy in our family, so while I was relieved that he probably wasn't gay, it didn't get him off the hook from living a lie and violating Charlotte's privacy by getting into her clothes (and I later found out my clothes too).

I hastily made a plan and then Charlotte and I went downstairs and told him I'd tell his father unless he did everything exactly as I said. I knew telling his father what a little crossdressing sissy he was turning into really scared him.

Charlotte had been trying to keep a straight face, but now couldn't hold back from laughing at her younger brother. Simon became anxious and angry. He shouted at her and told her to shut up, at which point I raised my voice and said, silence! He immediately went red and I told him to come over next to me because he needed to be punished. He was trembling with fear as I bent him over my knees and started spanking him through the panties, since the panties were the focus of his offensive masturbatory behavior. I came down on his bottom like a ton of bricks. He was in tears (which is very rare for him) and sobbing for me to stop. When I finally did stop, I looked down at his bottom and realized it did look quite girlish in those saucy panties. I had to laugh a bit too.

Charlotte suggested we take pictures so we had proof of his disgusting behavior and to have something to hold over him in case he got out of line at anytime in the future. I knew just the

threat of showing his father those picture would do the trick. So Charlotte got the camera and after we put makeup on him. I added a garland of fake flowers around his neck and made him pose for photos.

I told him I would show the photos to his dad and send them to our relatives and all his friends unless he let his sister and me completely control his life for the foreseeable future – and I meant years and not just days. I wanted control over him so I could raise him how I wanted him to grow up because to this point I guess we had left his development a little too much to willy-nilly chance.

He screamed and begged me not to, and then added the magic words as he said, "I promise to do anything!"

We kept him sitting there in makeup and just the pale blue panties while I took Charlotte into the sitting room so we could talk more about what to do to him. I was dealing with a lot of issues about this and needed to sort out my thinking.

Once Charlotte and I were alone, we honestly discussed with each other our true feeling over this whole matter. The biggest admission I had to make was that I liked seeing him in panties and having such total control over him. Charlotte admitted to similar feelings. We both felt very powerful and wanted more! I also was struck with the desire to see him completely dressed up like a girl! Charlotte had the exact same desire. There was something about a boy in girls' clothes that tremendously turned us on! We were going to see where this road was going to take us.

We went back into the living room. Simon was sitting exactly where we had left him and still pouting. He begged us not to spank him anymore and asked if he could change back into his own clothes because he felt foolish with the two of us looking at him and laughing at him – Charlotte was laughing at him again and I had a big smile on my face that I couldn't hold back.

I said, "Well, we looked at your sick transvestite website, and while you might not be gay, which is a good thing, you are a very perverted boy and need to be controlled because left on your own, you'll probably start stealing panties from clotheslines and flitting around town like a fag boy even if you aren't one. I know enough about how the mind works that if you have these desires, they need to be released but released in a way that will not bring disgrace on our family."

He had been keeping his hands over his crotch, but I then realized he was erection in the panties! What we had read about on that website was true – he craved humiliation and female dominance. Well, I and his sister were certainly the ones to do it because it made us feel so good!

I continued, "So, Sarah – that's our new name for you, since you don't like us watching you in those panties, you'll wear panties at all times – even under your boys' clothes – to school and everywhere else! And every time you step out of line, you'll be punished by being forced to dress completely as a girl for a specified amount of time. No, we will not expose you to your father – unless you don't follow the rules we will establish. Since your dad travels almost every week, I think you'll be spending a lot of time in dresses and doing a lot of things like the laundry, house cleaning and cooking that we'll gladly teach you how to do.

“And right now, we want to see you completely dressed like a girl, so Charlotte will take you upstairs and pick some thing out for you to wear and dress you in them.

“Go ahead with your sister now so she can pretty you all up – and Charlotte, surprise me with how girly you can dress up your little brother.”

When he came down his hands were over his face and I was delighted to see Charlotte had dressed him in one of her old school uniforms. She had combed his hair forward and over his ears and added a girlish flair to it with a couple of cute little bows. He was wearing a dark blue pleated skirt and a white blouse with one of his sister's school ties. Through his blouse I could see he was wearing a bra because upon closer inspection I opened the blouse and got a peek at his black rose patterned bra padded with several pairs of silky panties. When I lifted his skirt, he jumped back, but I just told him to stand still and explained to him that I'd seen it all before. The blue panties he had been masturbating into were worse for wear, so Charlotte had changed them for a fresh pair of saucy pink panties with flowers embroidered on the sides and white lace trim. In the back, she had pulled the panties up high between his ass cheeks to further remind him what he was wearing under his skirt! Very creative on Charlotte's part -- she was really taking to this dominance thing! She explained that none of her shoes were big enough to fit him, so she was only able to put on him a pair of lacy ankle socks along with a pair of his loafers, which were somewhat unisex and not too masculine looking. She even had sprayed him with some of my good perfume, so he smelt divine (for a boy).

I liked what I saw and realized he did indeed look like a real young girl. That decided it. I told Charlotte to get her coat and one of her cardigans for 'Sarah' because we were going out!

The look on Simon's face was one of pure terror; he was trembling as he asked, "Where are we going?"

To which I replied, "You'll soon see."

As we went to the garage to get into the car, he didn't resist. He knew he had no choice – obey us or be exposed to his father and everyone else!

First I drove us to a lingerie boutique in a town eleven miles away from where we lived to lessen the chance of running into anyone who might recognize Simon -- such shame was something for us to hold over him as a threat if we ever needed it. Since panties seemed to be his primary focus, I knew we'd need a bunch of panties for him, anticipating any 'accidents' he would have! I didn't expose him to the shop assistant as we helped the totally shamed boy pick out eight pairs of beautiful panties. The clerk looked at us funny, probably wondering why buying panties was such a traumatic even for a fifteen-year-old girl out shopping with her mother and sister, and we spared Simon a lot of embarrassment. I thought just getting through this initial experience in a lingerie shop would make it easier to do the additional shopping I wanted to do on this day. We came out of the shop with not just a stack of lacy panties but also the most feminine and frilly items we could find including a pink corset, bra, garter belt and stocking set.

From there we went to a dress shop and bought him three dresses and then onto a shoe store to get him three pairs of shoes, a pair each of flats, low heels and four-inch high heels for various occasions and to get him used to wearing heels.

At home we undressed him to have him model all the clothes for us and discovered much to his shame that he had spermed his pink panties! I pretended to be angry with him, put him over my lap, spanked him, and then made him go to the bathroom and wash himself up while his sister and I watched, taking the opportunity to teach him how to hand wash his soiled panties.

After dressing him in a fresh pair of his new panties and putting one of his new minidresses on him, we sat him down in front of the mirror and told him to close his eyes. I pulled a net over his short hair and attached a wig I bought while Charlotte had kept him busy trying on dresses in the dress shop. It was one of those that clipped firmly onto his head and was hard to pull off.

Charlotte placed a pink Alice band into the golden blonde hair; we freshened his makeup ending with Charlotte put on his lips her brightest, most kissable pink lip-gloss. We looked at each other and I could tell we were thinking the same thing, I had a new daughter and Charlotte had a new sister.

We stood him up and led him into my bedroom to let him see what he looked like in my full-length mirror. He literally gasped, (with joy I think) to how girly he looked. He apologized for having been such a bad boy, but I then told him he was now a good girl, and as long as she stayed a good girl, all would be forgotten and we'd keep his little secret, and let him be a girl full time at home. I thought this was going to be a punishment, but realized it was exactly what he had wanted, and Charlotte and I now realized we wanted it too!

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Panties Review

The newsletter for girls who love to see boys in girls' panties!

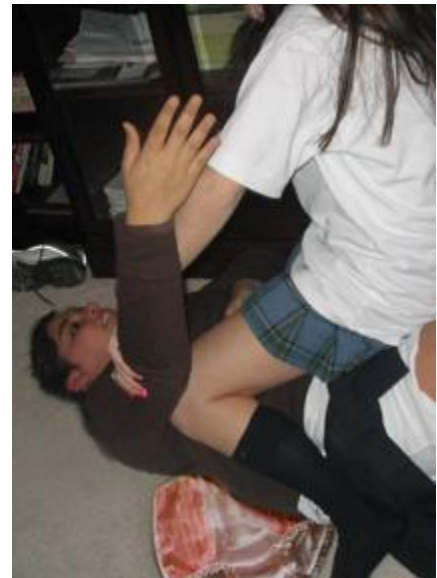
Issue 3

July 1999

More Girls tell us how to get a Boy into Panties!

More Experiences : Girls describe how they refined their panty punishments for boys.

Helen: I confided in my best friend, Jill, and told her what a fantastic thrill it was to force a boy into girls' panties. We realized two girls were better than one and decided to waylay boys in the woods by our school. Jill would pretend she fancied the boy we had chosen as our victim and she would lead him to our house. Once inside, I'd appear much to the boy's surprise, help Jill attack him and force him to the floor so she could straddle him and hold his arms down with her schoolgirl skirt flying up around her hips so he'd have a clear view right up her skirt to her lacy panties. Then, I would get a pair of nice panties out of my satchel, hold them in front of the boy's face and taunt him.

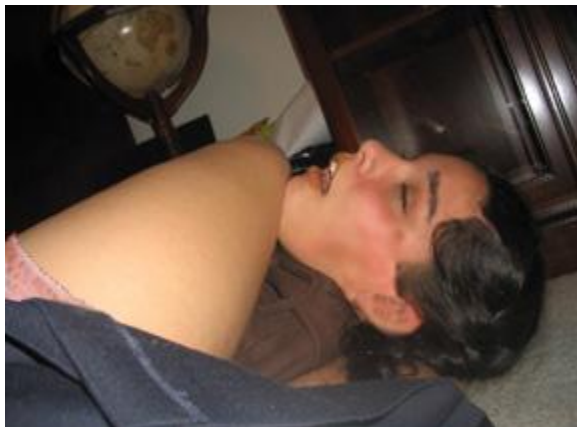


“See these pretty girls' pink panties? I'm going to put them on you! That's right, I'm going to pull your boys' pants down and then I'm going to dress you in girls' panties!”

We loved it when the boy would beg me not to do it, and then she would look into his eyes and gloat as I sat on his legs to stop his kicking and remove his shoes and socks. Then I'd unbuckle his belt and slowly eased his trousers and underpants down. I'd get him to promise not to kick his legs and let me take his pants off his legs by putting a tight grip on his naked balls. Then, my favorite moment, holding his legs and slipping the panties over his feet, slowly pulling them up his legs and making him raise his hips so I could scurry them up and watch his cock disappear inside our silky panty prison. Then, all the way up until I triumphantly snapped the tight elastic round his waist. I'd then tell

him he had been panties by two little girl, let go of his legs and watch him kick and struggle in the terror of the moment, helplessly trying to mentally deal with the emasculating pink panties he was now wearing that rippled beautifully in the sunlight, accentuating the bulge of his dick enclosed in the most female of all garments. As the boy's struggles weakened, Jill would reach behind and hold his cock through the panties. If his cock began to stiffen (and it always does!), she would start to mock the boy.

Mocking the boy in panties!



“Well, what sort of sissy do we have here? You enjoy being dressed in pretty panties by girls don't you? I bet you secretly put your sister's panties on at home. Or do you prefer your mommy's panties. I bet you can't wait for mommy to go out so you can rummage round in her panty drawer and feel all her silky panties. I bet you stand in front of the mirror holding mommy's panties in front of you wondering what they will look like and feel like when you put them on! Because, you know you won't be able to resist putting on

your mommy's panties. Does your heart pound as you take your shorts off? Does your little cock get all stiff at the thought of cumming inside mommy's panties? Surely part of the thrill is choosing which panties to put on. Mommy's pink nylon panties? The see-through ones that will let you see your cock bulging inside them? Or perhaps her black silk panties which will feel so lovely when you pull them up? Or will you choose a pair of her white nylon briefs that will beautifully outline your stiff little cock? Or perhaps her frilly blue panties because a big sissy like you just loves frilly ladies' panties don't you? I bet you love the moment when you look in the mirror and watch yourself pulling mommy's panties up your thighs and then hold the waistband out and pull her panties up and over your excited little cock. And, then, you start to play with your cock through the panties, loving the silky slithery feel, loving the obscene sight of a boy wearing your mommy's panties. Do you like the thought of another boy putting you in your mommy's panties, and then wanking you as he tells you how pretty you look in girl's panties? Would you like him to slip a pair of his sister's dirty panties over your head at the same time, making you smell and lick the part that has been in intimate contact with her cunt? Of course you would!”

Panties pictures and surrender!



I remember, one boy we did that to. His name was Kurt. At the mention of another boy putting him in panties, did this kid get a big erection! Jill and I loved it! All along we had been snapping some instantly developing photos. We then showed them to him and some were pretty incriminating, making it look like he was really enjoying being in panties with a big panty hard on. All the fight went out of him, so we got him to pose for some panty pictures. And even though he had a tear-stained blushing embarrassed face, he cooperated and posed, although he kept sticking his tongue out at us and kept pleading with us to end this nightmare and set him free. But his erection continued to make a scene in his panties, so we pointed to it and told him we didn't

believe he didn't like wearing girly panties and talking about other boys having sissy panty fun with him.

At this point, I slipped off my own panties, which by then absolutely saturated with my juices, and slowly slid them over the poor boy's head, making sure that the moist crotch is over his nose, and his eyes are looking through the leg holes. I then moved back behind Jill and watched her fingers expertly play with Kurt's cockette through the pink panties, his erect cock straining helplessly against the silky panty material as she tickled it. I snapped the elastics of the panties against his waist and thighs. As he struggled, the smelly crutch of my panties clung to his nose, forcing him to inhale my sexual aromas. Jill continued to mock him.

“Come on sissy, cum in your pretty girls' panties; cum in your pink girly panties!”

His legs ceased to kick against the assault. His thighs began to writhe. We had him! He gave out a long moan of surrender and then his pantied cock shuddered as and his spunk shot out into the pink panties. Total surrender!

* * * * *

Mary: Once I had complete control over my brother, Elliot, so I could make him wear my panties anytime I felt like it. I thought it would be fun to involve my boyfriend, Harold, in my games. Elliot and Harold didn't get on; in fact they couldn't stand each other. I asked Harold to find an excuse to get into a fight with Elliot. Sure enough, one evening Harold came round to see me.

Nylon panties under Elliot's trousers!

Harold didn't know Elliot was wearing a pair of pink nylon panties under his trousers that night. Elliot was trying to do his homework. Harold began to nudge Elliot while he was writing, and in no time they had squared up and were wrestling on the sitting room carpet. Harold was stronger and soon had Elliot pinned underneath him, holding Elliot's wrists above his head.

“Feel him Harold!” I shouted, clapping my hands in glee as Harold reached behind him and grabbed the front of Elliot's trousers!

“No, no!” shouted my brother, not only in horror of the sexual assault but terrified Harold might find out his panty secret. Harold squeezed and rubbed Elliot's genital area through his trousers and then stopped when my brother got quite hard.



Harold explored Elliot's panties!

Elliot was struggling like crazy and threw Harold off of him as they both got up and continued to wrestle. They even ripped each other's shirt off, but Harold was much stronger and as he went for Elliot's pants, they slipped down and revealed the top of his lacy pink panties. Elliot became quite helpless once his secret was revealed, and Harold was able to easily put him down on the floor and pull the defeated boy's pants down. My boyfriend grabbed my little brother's penis through the panties, and in a laughing, mocking voice, said, “Well, well, what have we here?”

“Please, stop! Please, stop,” begged Elliot, but he couldn't stop Harold from sliding his hand all over the boy's pink panties.

“You're wearing girls' panties! What a fag you are! Silky panties! Are they your sister's panties, or your mommy's?” Then he laughed even harder as the image came to his mind, and he said, “Or are they your own girly panties?”

As Elliot looked away in shame, Harold got the boy's pants all the way off, leaving him in nothing but the panties.

“Pink ones,” shouted Harold. “I don't believe it. Mary, your brother's wearing pink girls' panties. What a sissy! Let's put him in a dress too!”

I ran to my room and got out my old white satin Confirmation dress. I was sure it would fit him. I rushed back to the sitting room. Elliot was in tears, lying helplessly in just his

pink panties as Harold stood over him, looking down at his victim.

“Stand up, sissy, let's have a good look at you in your pretty panties!”

Elliot obeyed, holding his hands shyly hiding his bulge in the front of his panties.

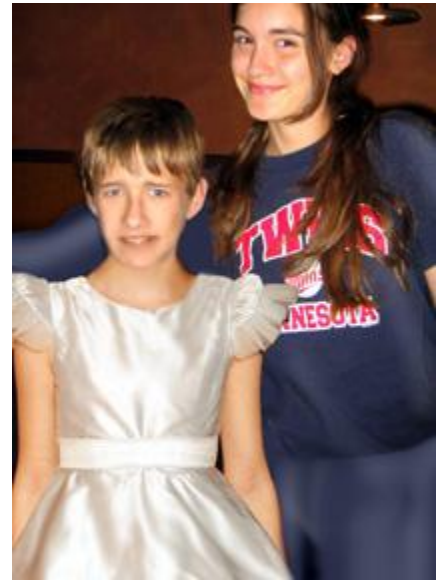
“Oh, no,” said Harold, “hands on your head.”

Bulging pink nylon!

Elliot did as he was told, and put his hands on his head. His panties were now totally revealed to the lewd gazes of me and my bullying boyfriend. Tears rolled down Elliot's face as he felt our eyes feasting on the bulging pink nylon of his panties.

I held out the Confirmation dress, grinning as I helped my brother step into it. I pulled it up and fastened it behind his back.

“We need something else,” I said and then ran back upstairs and returned holding a little frilly waist petticoat and some white socks and white girls' shoes. I slipped the petticoat up Elliot's legs and under the skirt of the white satin dress to properly fluff it up, and then I put the socks and shoes on him.



What a sight! My brother dressed as a sweet little girl! I led him over to the full-length mirror. He could have died when he saw his reflection. A complete sissy outfit! Harold told him to put his hands on his head again, and stood behind him, looking in the mirror. He slipped his hands round Elliot's waist and began to rub the front of the frock. To Harold's delight, he felt Elliot's cock erect. Slowly, he inched up the hem of the frock and petticoat until Elliot's panties were completely exposed, his cock tenting out the front of the silky panties. Harold dropped the frock, and ordered Elliot to follow his instructions.

Brother and sister in the same panties!

“Show me your pretty panties, Elliot!” Harold said.

Still crying, and now blushing bright red, Elliot raised the frock and petticoat so Harold could ogle him in my panties. Then came Harold's master-stroke. He asked me to stand by Elliot in front of the mirror and raise my skirts. I did so, revealing that I had dressed Harold in the exact same panties I had on! However, instead of the smooth front of my panties, Elliot's panties bulged obscenely, his genitals trapped in a silky feminine prison.

Harold pulled up a chair and sat down between us. He told us to open our legs. Then, he slipped his left hand between my legs and began to fondle my cunt through my panties, and he slipped his right hand between Elliot's legs and fondled his boyish bulge in pink panties. What a sight! Harold masturbating brother and sister through their panties at the same time! In spite of his shame, Elliot's sexual excitement grew as he watched in the mirror Harold's fingers playing with both his panties and me in my matching panties. Elliot was so excited that he bent his legs so Harold could more easily play with his cock and his balls through his frilly panties. Soon, Elliot and I were moaning and panting in sexual ecstasy. Although tears were rolling down Elliot's cheeks, the huge bulge in his panties betrayed him. He stared at himself in the mirror, holding his dress and petticoat high, his pink nylon panties rippling as Harold's expert fingers played with his cock through the silky material. Harold was leering at him, making gloating remarks.

“Look at yourself, sissy! Watch as I wank you in your pretty girls' panties! Look at me playing with your cock and playing with your sister's cunt through her panties. I'm going to make you both cum in your panties. You like a boy looking at you in your sister's panties, don't you?”

The girls' panties Elliot had on clung to his throbbing penis obscenely as Harold mocked and abused him, masturbating him mercilessly, and then came the final and ultimate surrender as Harold brought both of us to a shattering orgasm. I loved it! And we even got my faggot brother to admit it he loved cummin by Harold's hand!

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Derek and Butch couldn't believe their eyes when they saw their best friend, Kevin, in a dress with a red and tear-stained face. Kevin's mother had invited the boys over to see how Kevin was to be dressed for the summer, as she was putting him through a program of dress discipline. Even glimpses of Kevin's white training bra and panties were showing through his thin dress!