

Pussy Boy Pages

Reader's Stories & Pics

Volume 20

When Boys Wore Dresses **Bonus Photo Feature:**

18 great vintage photos from 1868 to 1939 when a lot of little boys wore dresses!

Punished in a First Communion Dress

The nuns force a bad boy into the dress and lingerie as punishment and then send him to see the priest who takes a special interest in the sissified boy.

Nurses Punish Boy Panty Thief

They knew what he does with the panties he steals, and they knew how to handle him!

1940s Paul to Pauline

From an old magazine showing his before and after photos.

Punished as Cheerleaders

And forced to march in a parade!

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"

Since 1981

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When Boys Wore Dresses #1



Three brothers,
1870.



Edward in sailor
dress.



Unidentified,
1868.



Master Ian, age
4.



Sister &
brother.



Lord Arthur,
1918.



Nice bloomers,
1905.



Pete in sailor
dress, 1928.



Norman &
bunny, 1900.



Albert, Edmund
& Lyle.



Widow & son,
1939.



Drummer boy,
1885.



Jason, Esq. II,
1902.

Attending a
wedding.

Unidentified,
1868.

Lucy & Martin,
c1895.

Eric with doll,
1898.

Modeling old
clothes.

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Punished as Cheerleaders

As punishment, these three boys from Farmington High School in Newport had to perform in the annual 4th of July parade in cheerleader uniforms because as a prank they had stolen the girl cheerleaders' uniforms the day before the parade. But they were caught before they could get away with their stunt, and they had less than 24 hours to learn the cheers and how to walk the parade route in front of the school's band. Most people said the boys did a pretty good job, and the crowd cheered them on every step of the way.

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Paul to Pauline 1940s TV

These photos from the early 1940s show Paul in his male clothes and then as "Pauline," his female self in his girlie clothes; however, do note that the coat he has thrown over his shoulders is his male coat since the buttons are on the male side.

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Panties Review

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

Issue 1

July 1998

Nurses use unique punishment for boy who stole their panties!

Boy forced to model panties for their owners!

Clifton, NH: Last week, reports emerged of a humiliating punishment given to a boy caught stealing panties from the girls' dormitory of the Henrotin Hospital Nurses' Training School. In recent months, after many girls reported numerous pairs of their panties had gone missing from the basement laundry room, the matron set up a closed circuit television to catch the panty thief. Within hours, the video camera had recorded a boy sneaking into the laundry room and going through washers and



dryers inspecting the nurses' panties and pocketing those that took his fancy.

Student nurse Mary Wethers, pictured right, is shown reacting to seeing the video as her favorite ice blue panties were being stolen. "I felt violated in the worst way," she said in tears.

Nurse Myrtle Gastyser explained what happened next. "We knew the boy, he delivers our newspapers. He always uses the rear entrance which goes right past the stairway to the basement laundry room. We knew he was probably masturbating with our panties, so we decided to confront him and then try to stop his developing fetish by using our panties to humiliate him.

"We were watching out for him, and the next time he came into deliver our newspapers, we cornered the boy, whom I can only identify as Ian. He had no choice and agreed to submit to our punishment because if he didn't, we would have turned over the video tapes and a full report of his crimes to the police as well as his parents."

Miss Gastyser explained: "We led him into our main classroom, and I took him into the anteroom where I presented him with a pile of girls' clothes and told him he was going to wear them and be presented to the other girls!"

Ian Forced To Wear Girls' Panties and Model Them!

Mary watched as Ian stripped off down to his underpants. "I let him keep those on but only for a while. I slipped a garter belt round his waist, showed him how to pop the garters through the leg holes of his underpants and then helped him roll nylon stockings up his legs and fasten them to the garters. I had him put on a pair of high-heeled shoes. And then I never saw anyone blush so much as he did, as I slipped a brassiere around his chest and fastened it behind him. I stuffed the cups with dirty pairs of our panties and made sure he got several good whiffs of those smelly panties as I pressed them up to his mouth and nose. Next, I made him step into a very frilly, full-cut half-slip and a skimpy pullover top that made his panty-stuffed bra underneath look more like crushed, deformed lumps than tits. I knew all the other kids would find them pretty funny looking on the boy. A boy with tits! Finally I put him into a pink full skirt!"



"You'll model our panties!"

Mary explained to Ian, "Each of the student nurses is going to come in here and give you a pair of her panties. You will put them on. She will also put you into some of these other clothes, and then she will take you out into the classroom and you

will have to model the clothes for all the other nurses, including lifting up your skirt to model your panties. We'll start with my panties. Take your underpants off!"

Ian knew better than to disobey, bowed his head in defeat, reached under his skirt and petticoats and slipped off his underpants.

Mary knelt down in front of him, holding open a pair of her fanciest lavender nylon panties. "Come on, you little panty thief, step into my prettiest panties! They are a lovely purple with lots of lace, naughty purple for a naughty panty boy!"

With tears silently dripping down his cheeks, he leaned on her shoulder to balance in himself in the high heels and stepped into the panties. Mary's hands disappeared up his skirt as he felt her trail the silky panties up his legs, tugging them past his knees and over his thighs until the panties were bunched under his penis and testicles.

"Hold up your skirt and petticoat."

Ian did so, revealing his naked little boy penis framed by the girlish garter belt. Slowly, Mary eased the panties up over his cock and then released the tight elastic waistband to snap sharply against his waist with a loud CRACK. He was now wearing Mary's panties! She allowed him to drop his skirts, and then, holding him by the hand, she led the blushing boy into the classroom that was full of giggling student nurses, eighteen of them, and among them were three male nurses.

Mary said, "OK, Ian, let's start the fashion show. Pull your skirt and petticoat right up. That's it, but pull them all the way up so we can see your tummy above the waistband of my sexy lavender nylon panties!"

The audience gasped as the beaten boy pulled up his full skirt and revealed first his stocking tops, then his garters and then the Mary's silky pale purple panties!

"Everyone was gawking at my panties!"

Later, Ian said, "It was awful. I had to stand there holding my skirt up like a dancing girl. Everyone was gawking at my panties. Especially the male student nurses! But Mary really made me suffer as she talked to everybody about it."

Listening to a copy of the audio tape of the punishment session, we heard Mary say, "As you can see, boys and girls, Ian is wearing a delightful pair of my purple nylon panties! Note how the silky nylon clings around his cock, so that you can surely see it through the nearly transparent panty fabric. I'm sure you'll all agree that girls' panties are so much more interesting when worn by a boy. I mean, just

look at this fascinating bulge in the front of the panties. Ian, I want you to walk around the class, and if anyone would like to explore the bulge, you have to let them. After all, they are all nurses in training and have to learn about little panty pervert boys like you so they know how to handle a pantywaist boy when they have one in their care. So go around now and let them all see and feel for themselves just how your cock reacts when they touch it while it's covered with silky nylon panties!"

The male nurse fondled Ian's cock through the panty material!

Mary described how Ian walked around the classroom, his skirts held high, his genitals jiggling inside the lavender silk panties. As he passed Terry, one of the male nurses, he was ordered to stop. Terry made the boy stand with his legs apart so he could slip his right hand between Ian's legs from the rear. He cupped the humbled boy's silk-pantied cock and balls in his warm hand and then began to squeeze and intimately explore them. The male nurse boldly fondled Ian's cock through the panty material, making the boy groan and wobble. To Ian's horror, he felt his cock swelling in the pale purple panties. Soon it was like a tent pole in the panties. The poor panty boy had a hard time just trying to stay standing.

Terry sneered, "It looks as if our sissyboy enjoys another boy feeling him up through his pretty girls' panties. He moaned that he wasn't queer, but I think he is, and his hardness in these panties proves it. I believe he's harder now than when any of the girls touched him up. As you know, we have been studying how to masturbate our male patients when all other means of calming them down have failed, so when Ian's little panty fashion show is over, I'd like to finish him off!"

But, the fashion show was not yet over, and Mary indicated it was now Muriel's turn.

Muriel could hardly wait to get him into her panties!

Muriel is a dominant young lady who despised this little newspaper boy for stealing her panties and was itching to have him under her control. She could hardly wait to get him in her panties and humiliate him! She made Ian follow her into the anteroom, still holding his skirts up high. The tape recording reveals what went on in the anteroom.

"Ask me to pull your pretty panties down, and say, 'Please!'"

"Muriel, please, pull my pretty panties down."

Clearly audible on the tape is Ian's sharp intake of breath when Muriel playfully squeezes his cock. Even the sound of Mary's lavender panties slithering down

Ian's legs can be heard. We next hear Muriel mocking him as she holds her panties in front of his face.

Girls' pink silk panties

“Take a good look at these panties Ian. I'm going to put them on you. Girls' pink silk panties. And see what I've written on them with a marking pen? ‘I like wearing women's panties!’ So, come on, you panty-loving pansy, step into them. That's right. Now, beg me to pull them up!”

“Please ... please, Muriel, pull your panties up my legs. I can't wait to wear them. Please put me into your pretty lacy girlie pink silk panties.”

Tell me more, you panty-stealing pervert, and make it good, or I'll bust your pantywaist balls!”

“Oh, yes, Muriel, pull your panties up higher on me. Higher, higher, please, cover my cock with your soft pink panties. Oh! They feel so lovely! Thank you, Muriel, for pantying me!”

Muriel led Ian back into the classroom. His skirts were in place but his red face revealed the horror he experienced as Muriel had pantied him.

“Go and stand in front of Gerald, and ask him if he would like to see your panties.”

Ian walked over to Gerald.

“Gerald, would you like to see my panties?” Ian asked, wishing he would die on the spot.

“I think we all would,” Gerald said, as he marched Ian to the front of the classroom and made him stand on a chair. He stood behind Ian and seized the hem of the boy's skirt and petticoat. Slowly, he pulled them right up exposing the lovely pink panties.



“Look at Ian's pretty panties!”

“Look at Ian's pretty panties, everyone. Pink, silky panties. Girls' panties!”

Guffaws of laughter swept through the classroom as the words on the panties were revealed.

“Say it! Say it! Make him say what is written on his panties,” chanted the nurses.

Ian forced out the words. “I like wearing girls' panties!”

“Louder,” shouted the nurses.

“I like wearing girls' panties!”

The girls made him repeat the humiliating words over and over again.

Gerald was still holding Ian's skirt up as Muriel walked over in front of him and said, “If I pulled your panties down right now, everyone would see your stiff little cock! Would you like me to do that, Ian?”

“Please, no! Not that, Muriel. Please don't.”

“What do you think, girls and boys?”

“Yes,” they shouted, “pull the sissy's panties down!”

Muriel reached up and held the sides of the pink silk panties and slowly pulled them down until Ian's cock was totally exposed. She held his cock between her thumb and index finger and turned to the audience.

“It seems more like a clitoris to me, and a clitoris belongs inside silky panties. Shall I pull his panties back up again?”

“Yes, Muriel,” they shouted, “bury his clitty-cock back inside your panties!”

Muriel seized the panty elastic waistband and slowly pulled the silky feminine briefs up until Ian's cock and hips were once again encased in her panties.

After Muriel's performance, all inhibitions were out the window. Then it was 17-year-old Jill's turn. She had just started as a freshman at the school and had never heard of such a pervert as a panty jerk-off boy, so she was truly incensed when some of her panties had been stolen, and she was ready to make Ian pay for his sins. She next describes the action.

"I took Ian into the anteroom and showed him the panties I had chosen for him. They were made of heavy white nylon, with tight elastic in the legs. He seemed somewhat relieved since they seemed less sissyish than other panties he had been made to wear, but I had a surprise for him.

“I slipped a little vibrator into his nylon panties!”

“First, I told him to ask me to pull down Muriel's panties he was wearing and beg me to dress him in mine.”

On the tape, we hear Ian doing as he is told by the young girl. “Please, Jill, I want you to dress me in your pretty panties. Please pull down these panties I am wearing now, and put me in your nylon panties!”

Jill did just that. She eased her own panties up his legs agonizingly slowly and said, “Now, you faggot panty boy pervert, beg me not to tease you with my panties.”

“Please, don't tease me; please, pull your wonderful panties up so I can feel your silky nylon panties around my cock!”

Jill pulled the panties right up and stood back to admire the sight of the boy in her simple but decidedly girlish heavy white nylon panties.

“I'm sure Ian wasn't expecting what I was about to do when I took out a butterfly type vibrator with a remote control from my handbag. I slipped the vibrator inside the crotch of his tight-fitting panties and pulled the panties way up high on his waist so the vibrator was snugly pressed against the root of his cock. I don't think he knew what it was because he looked at me funny when I put it in his panties.



Jill deftly flicked his skirt up!

I took him into the classroom and made him lie flat on the floor. I sat astride his chest, looking down at my helpless victim. Then I reached behind me, grabbed the hem of his short pink skirt and said, ‘First, I think it's time everybody has a good look at you in my virginal white panties!’”

She deftly flicked his skirt up revealing the bulging white nylon panties. Then, she picked up the remote control and pressed the button. A loud buzzing sound filled the room. Ian screamed and began to struggle. He kicked his legs, trying to dislodge the offending thing in his panties.

“No! No, please, Jill! Stop it, stop it. STOP IT! I can't stand it! Please, I'll do anything, anything.”

His legs thrashed helplessly. The tight white panties rippled around his sex as he fought against the pleasure trapped inside. The girls and boys looking on had never seen such a silly sexy sight. A boy dressed in girls' clothes trapped underneath this wisp of a girl, who had dressed him in her panties and who was now torturing him with nylon panty-vibrator pleasure. As she varied the speed of the vibrator, his struggles became just as varied, his legs kicking violently when the buzzing reached a high pitch, and writhing slowly when the speed was turned down.

“You said you'd do anything if I would stop?” Jill taunted.

“Yes, yes, anything!”

Jill turned the vibrator off. Looking down at her victim, she hitched her skirt right up, revealing her black stocking tops and lacy pink satin panties. She inched herself forwards, holding Ian's head between her hands. Slowly and deliberately she lowered the crotch of her pussy-filled panties onto his mouth.

“Open wide, now. It's drinkies time!”



Jill makes Ian drink her piss!

The onlookers went quiet as they realized what Jill was going to do.

“She's going to make him drink her piss! She's going to piss right into his mouth!”

Jill closed her eyes and concentrated. She passed a little bit of urine into the crotch of her panties, and then again and again. Eventually the panties covering her sweet cunt lips became thoroughly saturated and

her piss began to shoot through the nylon panties and into Ian's mouth.

Terry moved round behind Jill's bottom and stared at Ian's Adam's apple. It began to move up and down.

“He's doing it! He's actually drinking her piss! He's swallowing every drop!”

Jill felt her orgasm coming. What power. Having dressed this young boy in her panties, she was now making him drink her piss. Wonderful!

Apparently, this was not the end of the evening. We have space only to mention a few more highlights.

When Lavinia, a black student nurse, took her turn, Ian had hit a breaking point and tried to refuse to cooperate any more, but Lavinia was ready for him. Before he realized what was happening, the much bigger black girl had him over her lap and was spanking the hell out of his pantied bottom with an old sorority paddle. Ian put up no further resistance as she dressed him in a full skirt and slip and a very frilly pair of pink rhumba panties, and with an indelible marking pen, she had written on the front of the panties "Panty-waist Ian." When they came back into the main room, she followed him with her sorority paddle in hand, and under threat of an additional beating, she made him do a cancan. The boys and girls sang and clapped, as Ian danced around the classroom flinging up his skirts and kicking up his legs, an action that caused his cock to bounce around in the frilly panties; the silky feel of the nylon brought him to full erection.

Ian does the Can-Can!

As Ian later explained to our reporter: "When she made me do the cancan, it was horrible. With the skirt and petticoat up, I could see everyone's eyes focused on the frilly panties she had made put on me. They all keep repeating the words "pantywaist Ian" as I got close enough to each of them so they could read the humiliating words written on the front of those god-awful panties with all that ridiculous lace on them. Even with all those ruffles, I knew they could see my peepee through the very thin pink panties. I was particularly aware of the boys staring at me. They were all fags. I could see they all had hard-ons; they were all turned on! I didn't want to encourage them, so I tried to turn away from them and avoid them whenever one of them got near me, but they wouldn't let me go."

That's when Mary yelled out, "Hey, Ian, the boys want to see you too. Don't shy away from them. They love seeing a cute little boy in girls' panties! That's right boys, look at his frilly panties. Look at what's inside his frilly panties! See his cute little cockie saluting its sissy self to you!"

"Who's our lovely little sissy, huh, Ian? Just real girls and sissy boys wear pretty ruffled panties. Aren't you lucky we are letting you wear our lacy panties and pretty girlie clothes? Feel how clingy your panties are. Tell the boys how lucky you are to be dressed in such pretty girls' panties for them! And speak to them like a little girl! Or Lavinia with beat you up some more with her paddle!"

Everyone laughed at him as he forced the words out.

"I'm a lucky lickie girlie to be dressed in pwet-ty panties dat I can show off to the boys and make 'em really excited as they peek up my skirt and slip and see my pwet-ty lacy panties!"

Myrtle pulled up the silky white bloomer-style panties!

The last ordeal for the young boy was at the hands of Myrtle, the dorm matron, the oldest person there. She eagerly pulled Ian through to the anteroom, and once inside, didn't remove the pink panties he had on. Instead, she then showed him the panties she had chosen for him. A pair of gleaming white silky bloomer-style panties! Her own old-lady style old-fashioned panties! Ian's heart sank at the thought of being seen in those out-of-date panties, but Myrtle showed no mercy!



“Come along now,” she ordered, “get these panties on!”

She held them out. Ian stepped into the long silky legs and moaned as Myrtle pulled up the silky bloomers over the equally smooth panties he already had on. She made adjustments, making sure the bloomer leg elastics were appropriately positioned over his thighs and the teasingly silky full crotch was pulled tightly between his legs. Then she led him through into the classroom and yanked up his skirt as they entered so everyone could see the bloomer panties. Everyone was laughing and giggling at him! His face was bright red. And there was a bright pink glow that showed through the white bloomer panties because the pink full-cut brief style panties he had on underneath could be clearly seen through the thin bloomers! He felt awful! But, worse was to come.

A prisoner in his own skirts!

Myrtle called over one of the girls and indicated that she was to seize one side of the hem of Ian's skirts. Then, together they lifted his skirt and slip all the way up trapping his arms inside, and then they tied the inverted skirt and slip around his chest with nylon stockings tied together. Ian was now a prisoner in his skirt. Myrtle and the other girl helped him climb up onto two chairs placed side-by-side and told him to put one foot on each chair and keep his feet at least two feet apart to maintain his balance.

“Everyone,” Myrtle announced, “gather round, look up his skirt and have a good dickie feel of our little pervert panty boy.”

Ian was helpless as he felt hands stroking his thighs through the silky material of the bloomers, nylons and panties. Fingers snapped the leg elastics. Then, he felt hands between his legs, cupping his balls, and fingers eagerly playing with his cock. In spite of his total shame, his cock stirred and then grew larger and larger in the panties until it was sticking out like a pole.

“Yeah, finish him off, Terry!”



Ian was completely helpless as the sexual abuse continued. The silky panties held his most private parts in a slithery embrace, the silkiness enhancing the pleasure building up in his loins. And, then, he heard the dreaded words.

“OK, finish off the little pantywaist, Terry!”

"Yeah, finish him off, Terry," everyone chimed in.

Ian felt Terry grab his penis in the combined silky tunnel of bloomers and panties and begin to expertly masturbate him. With his other hand, Terry lewdly fondled Ian's panty clad buttocks.

Ian told us afterwards, “It was so embarrassing. I was helpless to stop him. As a male nurse he already had plenty of practice jacking off men, and although I tried not to cum, I could feel he was going to make me cum, and there was nothing I could do about it! The giggles, name-calling and catcalls by the girls horrified me.”

The audio tape detailed Ian's humiliation:

“You've got him, Terry. I think he's your boyfriend, sissy boyfriend that is. Look at the sissy's cock jumping around in his panties.

"Naughty! Naughty, Ian, to be jacked off by your sissy boyfriend in front of all us girls!”

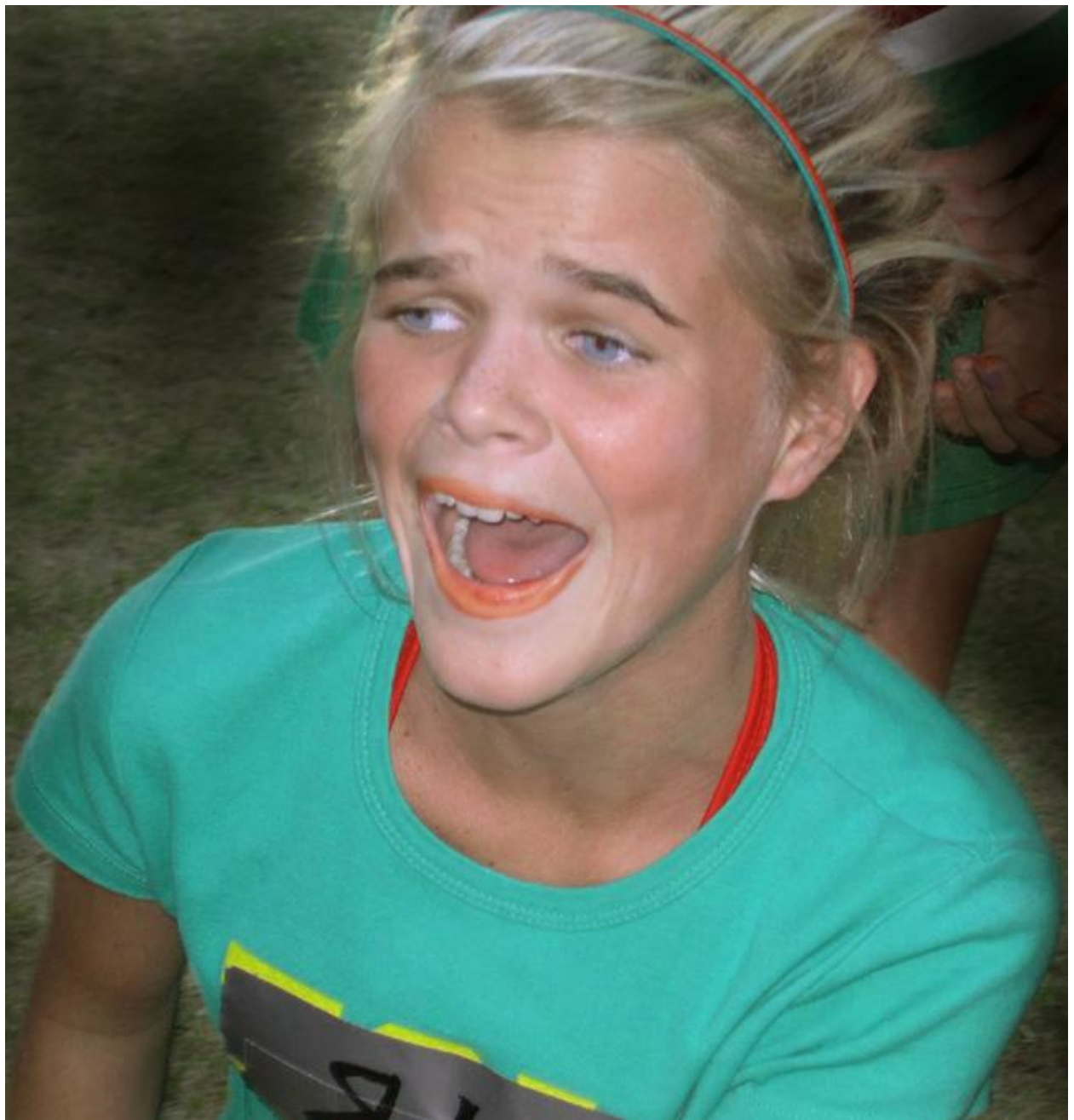
“That's right, Terry, you big fag, rub his cock through the panties! Toss the little pansy off. Make the sissyboy shoot his load in his pretty panties!”

Terry kept up a barrage of humiliating remarks too. “You like me feeling your cock, don't you, panty boy? What a sissy you look in your girlie panties and big bloomers. Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Pretty ladies' panties for a sicko, perverted pansy. How fitting! Do you like it when I tickle you between your legs while I play with your cock in your nice panties? Or would you rather I put my finger up your asshole while I tickle your cock?”

Ian felt the silky bloomers and panties being pushed up his bottom as Terry squeezed and rubbed his penis. He couldn't hold back any longer. Waves of pleasure swept through his hips, and then his panty-tormented cock was spurting into the silky confines of his humiliating panty and bloomer combination. He had

been masturbated into ladies' panties by a student male nurse! The ultimate punishment!"

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Petticoated and Punished in a First Communion Dress

Sister Lucia had a firm grip on Jimmy's ear as she led him from the school to the rectory because she had determined the boy merited more punishment than she could carry out. The nuns had tried everything to control his bad temper, but on this day he had gone too far and hit one of the girls. And in their school, whenever a nasty boy did anything to one of the little girls, the nuns

considered it a most grievous offense and had a special punishment for harming one of their little angels. Such boys were dressed in girls' clothes, made to sit with the girls, act like a girl, and do everything the girls do for a day or more.

But in especially problematic cases, the petticoated boy was sent to see Father Ryan, as was the case with Jimmy. So after dressing him in one of the elegant little girls' First Communion dresses the nuns always had ready for bad boys, little Jimmy O'Connor was now being delivered for the ultimate punishment.

At the rectory, the housekeeper smiled when she answered the door and saw the sixth grader in the lacy white dress. Sister Lucia had a firm grip on Jimmy's ear and only let go after she forced him to step into the priest's home and turned him over to the housekeeper, who told him how nice he looked as she led the beaten boy to Father Ryan's study.

But Jimmy was a tough little boy. He could take whatever they dished out. Maybe the nuns had him all dolled up in a fancy white dress and wig and all kinds of other icky girls' stuff underneath, but he'd show them just how tough he was.

"Ah, come on in, Jimmy," said the priest. "I love your outfit. That's a great dress and the pink wig Sister put on you makes you look fabulous. You really make a very pretty little girl."

Jimmy blushed. He had been expecting a beating, a bawling out or something bad, but he wasn't expecting the priest to compliment him on how pretty he looked!

Father motioned him to come closer. "You know, if you smiled you would even be a lot prettier. Take a seat. And sit prettily. I want to get a picture of you for my collection."

Jimmy was taken aback by the priest's calm words and friendliness. The confused boy forced a smile.

"Now, that's better."

Father took out a camera and started snapping photos but then stopped, and said, "Oh, I do see one mistake. Sister Lucia forgot to have you take off your boys' watch. Here, let me help you take it off."

As the priest helped the boy take off the watch, he said, "You know, we should get you a nice girls' watch. I have a nice one I can give you. After today, I think I'll be seeing a lot of you in pretty dresses and other nice girls' clothes."

"Oh, but, Father," Jimmy started, "I won't ... I mean, I'll be good ... and not ..."

The priest held his hand up to signal the boy to be quiet, but what really made the boy stop talking was what the priest was doing. He was lifting the boy's dress while saying, "I wonder if Sister still is dressing you naughty boys in pretty lingerie."

Jimmy sat there nervously as the priest fingered the lace and ribbon trim on the full bouffant petticoat. "Nice. Very nice!" And then Jimmy swallowed hard as Father pushed aside the mound of slips and looked at the boy's white satin panties. "I see Sister St. Lucia still has a good supply of these wonderful lacy panties that go so well with the First Communion dresses. These panties are so soft and silky. And as he said it, he smiled and rubbed his hand over the satin and lace and then immediately slid his hand down and touched the young boy's penis through the soft nylon satin panties. Jimmy's cock grew stiff.

"Does that feel good?"

"Yes ... yes, Father," the boy stammered. He had been expecting some sort of horrible punishment, but not this. The priest continued rubbing the boy's now fully rigid erection.

"Oh, what a pretty girl you make, a pretty girl with a sweet little boy cock," he whispered as he pulled aside the crisp lace around the panty leg opening and eased the boy's cock out of the panties.

Jimmy gave a little jump and tensed up as the priest bent forward and licked the head of his little boy cock. Jimmy shuddered as the priest took all of the hard dickie into his mouth. It felt warm and wonderful. And Father kept rubbing his hands over the silky panties, delighting the boy with sexy sensations he had never felt before. The priest stopped, stood up and unzipped the fly of his trousers.

"I want you to kneel here," he said as he pulled his long slender cock from his pants. The head of the priest's erection was glistening with pre-cum. He guided the boy into position until the head of his cock was against the boy's lips. "Don't be afraid, dear. Open and take it in. Suck on it with your sweet little lips and keep your teeth out of the way."

Unable to think of doing anything but what he was being coerced into doing, the boy opened his mouth and started sucking on the erect penis. The priest began pumping, fucking the young boy's mouth.

"That's real fine, sweetie. Real fine," he said and then began moaning. Moments later the priest stiffened and shot his load into the boy's mouth as he shouted out to the boy to swallow it.

Jimmy swallowed as much as he could, but some ran down his chin. The priest then pulled the boy up to his level, french kissed him on the lips and licked the child's face clean of all his cum that had dipped down the startled kid's face.

Once again he pulled up the kid's dress and slip, lowered his panties, and took the boy's cock into his mouth and began sucking until Jimmy began shaking and climaxed. His load was smaller than the priest's, but the priest reveled in its sweetness.

"You can go, now, but you'll need to return for counseling from time to time," said Father Ryan, as he lovingly pulled up the boy's bright white satin panties and took his time neatly arranging

the panties about the boy's slim hips, making sure the lace and elastics were precisely and properly smoothed out.

The boy shivered as the priest gave him one last caress, rubbing his hands all over the smooth panties. Jimmy was still breathing heavily, as he replied, "Yes, Father, but aren't you going to spank me or something? You know ... my punishment?"

"Oh, my dear boy, you don't need punishment, just guidance, and I'm willing to spend my time with you to help you like I helped you today. You need to learn what it's like to be a girl, so you develop complete respect for them. And in the process, you'll end up being a much better little boy. I know that may sound unusual, but I have a lot of experience in these matters, and it really works. Now you can go back over to the school and tell Sister Lucia I said it was OK for you to change back into your boys' clothes since the school day is almost over. I'll let Sister and your parents know when you need to come back for additional sessions."

"Uh, my parents ...?"

"Oh, yes, I'll call your mother as soon as you leave. Should she be home now?"

"I think so. My dad is home too. He works the night shift cleaning offices."

"Oh, that's great. I'll ask them to come over right away if they can. And I'll explain how we are going to make you into a better boy by teaching you how to be a good girl."

"And by the way, tell Sister that she is to box up this lovely dress, and slip and panties – the works. I want you to take it home. We have no idea when you might need one of your counseling sessions, and it might be on a weekend when school isn't open. This way, you'll have your dress and panties – and they are lovely panties, aren't they! – you'll have them at home so you can dress up in them and arrive here ready to go! Have your mom wash the panties out when you get home too."

"Dress up? My dad ... uh, what ...?"

"Oh, don't worry, dear boy. I'll explain it all to your parents. I know them quite well, and they'll want to do whatever is best for you. They'll understand when I explain to them how the program works. In fact, I'll suggest to your mom that she gets you some additional girls' clothes right away, a good supply of them that she can have you wear around the house – and panties – a lot of nice silky panties -- panties are a most important part of your training – lacy, pretty panties, in pink and other pretty colors. I think you should be wearing girls' panties at all times now for underwear. I'll tell your mom to donate all your boys' underwear to our annual clothing drive for needy orphans. You won't need them anymore. And I have a few catalogs here I can use to show your mom and dad exactly the kinds of new clothes they should buy for you. What's your phone number?"

Jimmy gave him the number. His head was spinning. He had been so unprepared for what had just happened, but he had been so thoroughly taught that every single thing a priest does or says

is as good as Gospel. So he just nodded, said, "Thank you, Father," and gave the priest the phone number. As he walked out the priest's office door, he could hear Father Ryan dialing the telephone.

Jimmy's parents had also been raised to never question anything a priest says or does, and if Father Ryan thought they should dress their son as a girl at home and for his counseling sessions as a way to teach him how to be a better person and a better boy, they were stunned at first but immediately consented and moments later were pouring over cum-stained pages of catalogs of sexy little girl clothes as the priest showed them exactly what kind of dresses, shoes, ankle socks, frilly slips, panties and other kinds of clothes they should buy their son.

Noting the time, Jimmy's mother was in a rush to end the session as she said, "Downtown, the Petticoat Junction shop is only open until six tonight; we better get going, so we can make it before they close. At least we can get Jimmy a nice supply of pretty panties today to get him started.

"Thank you, so much, Father," she added. You really are a wonderful priest to take so much of your precious time to personally counsel our boy. We've tried our best, and he's basically a good boy, but he does get into a little trouble from time to time, but now I'm sure you'll cure him of that."

Other than nodding a lot in agreement, Jimmy's father hadn't said much throughout the session with Father Ryan, but now as they are about to leave, he said, "Yes, Father, thank you so much. I just wish a priest would have done something like this to me when I was a boy. I know it would have made me into so much of a better person."

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good
Parenting

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Boys need to
experience wearing
panties, slips and dresses

to help them understand
why girls are
sissies.

see page 12



When your son wants to
play dress up

and wants to wear little girls' dainty pink silky panties, a satin slip, short frilly dress
don't panic. Let him. It's a stage that most young boys go through

Dr. Martha K. Longbecker, M.D. PAGE 12