

# Pussy Boy Pages

Reader's Stories & Pics

Volume 25

## ***Panty Pal***

*Boy discovers the fun of playing with his mom's lingerie and finds a buddy who's into it even more than he is!*

## ***Becoming a Sissy***

*He put on panties and pissed in them for his big brother, then the man next door saw him outside drying the panties*

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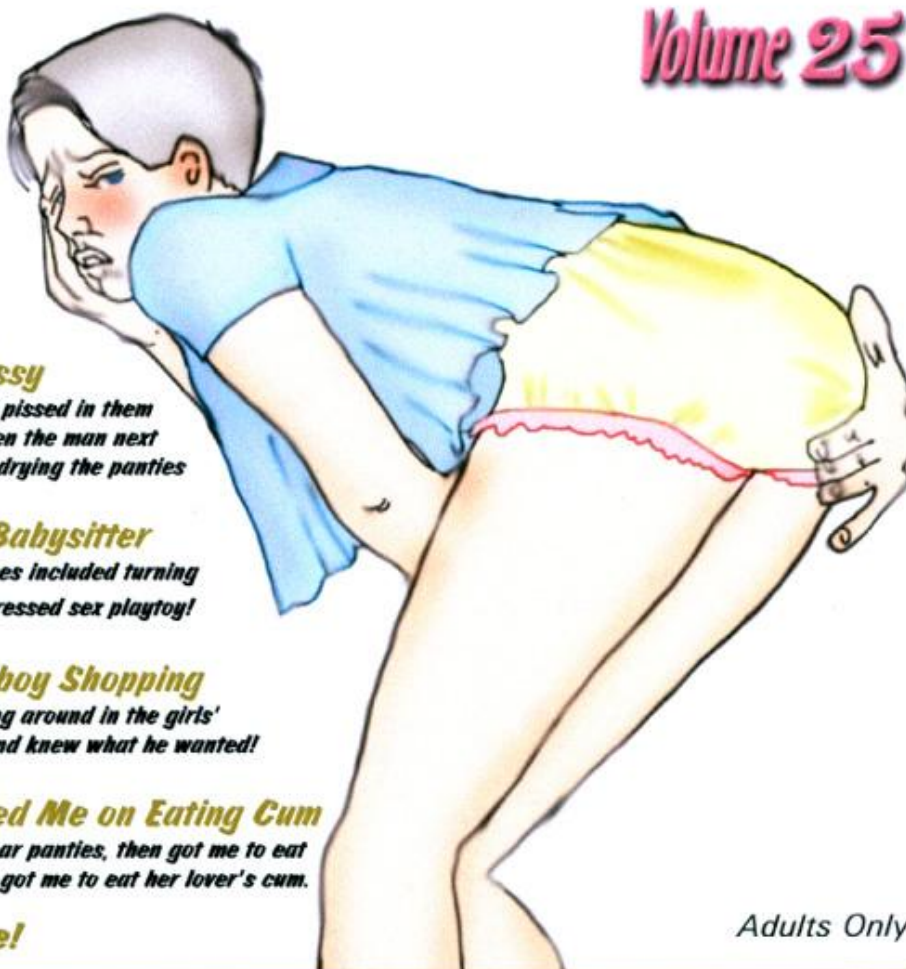
*She saw him wondering around in the girls' lingerie department and knew what he wanted!*

## ***My Wife Hooked Me on Eating Cum***

*First she got me to wear panties, then got me to eat my own cum and then got me to eat her lover's cum.*

***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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**My wife hooked me on panties and taught me to eat my own cum;  
after that it was easy getting me eat cum from other men.**

Darla, my wife, and I had known each other since grade school. I loved her for as long as I can remember, but even though she was always very friendly toward me, she made it clear our relationship was as friends rather than anything serious. I always got the impression I wasn't quite masculine enough for her.

I felt that way ever since we were eleven years old and in a church Christmas play together. I was an angel and the teacher made me take off my cartoon print boys' underwear because they showed through the white robe I had to wear. The other kids had heard about it and kept teasing me about being naked under the robe. Things escalated until a couple of the boys held me down while four of the girls pulled up my robe for a look – and a feel! Darla was one of the girls. She saw my baby-sized penis and often teased me about it ever since. And I added to my own lack of

masculinity by not playing sports. As much as I want to, I just was too skinny and small in addition to having a lack of physical coordination.

So when we got into high school, I'd take her to various sporting events, and she would openly drool over the big muscular athletes, especially the big black guys, who by comparison made me feel extremely inadequate, much to my shame. And Darla was really friendly to them in school. I'd see her eyes light up whenever she'd see one of those big jocks in the hallways. She'd do things like hang her arms around them, giggle and get excited at every little thing they would say, and give them a little kiss for good luck before their next game.

At times, I wondered why she hung around with me at all. I think what she liked most about me was that my family was quite wealthy because my dad owned a construction company that had built about fifty condo buildings. Darla liked that I took her to all kinds of shows and places and always gave her expensive gifts. Plus, I was one of the few kids in school with a nice brand new minivan that I could take her and all her friends to wherever they wanted to go.

Then all of a sudden in our senior year, she got serious with me. At the time, I didn't know what had happened to bring on the change in her, but I wasn't about to question it since I always did want to get serious with her. Almost overnight she wanted to go out every night and sit in my minivan at Olsen Park, our local lovers' lane, and make out. She wouldn't let me have sex with her, but she would take my penis out of my jeans and masturbate me while she let me put my hand up her skirt. She'd keep her panties on and her legs together. I had to content myself with feeling her up through her panties. She would talk to me and tell me how good I made her feel. It was rather dark in the park, so she'd describe the panties she had on that I was touching, making me more aware of her panties than ever. She'd call my penis 'cute' and 'little' but I didn't let those comments deter me from my pleasure because her hands on me felt so good. She'd catch my cum in her hand and then lick it up! The first time she did that it blew my mind. I had never even heard of anyone doing anything like that. But that's how she did it every time, and she'd always go on and on about how good it tasted. She started egging me on to taste it too. I'd smell it and turn up my nose and say 'no thanks,' but she kept after me, and she let me know it was important to her, so eventually, I did taste it. It wasn't too bad, but I had no idea why she thought it tasted so good and was so wonderful to eat. Soon after, she had me eating my cum out of her hand, and she said that since she loved me, she'd forego the pleasure of eating it herself and have me eat all of my cum every time we did it. I loved her so I was ready to do most anything for her, and it didn't strike me odd that after knowing each other for almost ten years and having nothing but a casual relationship that now – within three weeks – we were making out almost every night – I'd feel her up through her panties and she would jack me off and then feed me my cum!

Of course, I was anxious to have full sexual intercourse with her and she knew it, and a couple of times she wondered out loud if my penis was big enough to penetrate her and make her feel good. She wondered if my penis would grow longer and thicker, but added that she wouldn't have sex with me until after we were married. She said that even though I had never asked her to marry me at that point. She said it like it was understood we would eventually get married, and of course that was fine with me.

Then one night she had my dick out as usual and pulled me on top of her while we were making out in the back of my minivan. She had her skirt up and we were french kissing. She was rubbing my dick against her pale yellow nylon panties, and it felt so good I immediately erupted all over her panties. She accused me of forcing myself upon her and then pushed me off her and called me a pervert for getting excited by her panties and cumming on them like a panty freak. She said her brother, Danny, was like that and was always stealing her panties and jacking off in them. She had caught him dozens of times, and would tell their parents, but they never did anything except make him give her back the soiled panties that she would immediately throw away.

She was so angry with me with cumming on her new pair of panties that night that she said I deserved to be humiliated. So she took her panties off and made me suck my cum out of them and then put on the cold wet panties. She laughed at me and made me wear them home and told me to wear them to bed and think about the horrible thing I had done to her. She told me to wash out the panties in the morning and then keep them as a reminder of my evil deed.

Our relationship was a bit strained after that but we continued to go out; however, she wouldn't make out with me. She said she didn't want a repeat of what had happened before.

Within a week I complained I was so horny and going crazy without her making me cum, she told me to go home and jack off in the panties since I loved them more than I loved her. I protested and said that wasn't the case, but I also didn't admit to her that I had already masturbated into the panties several times since she had given them to me. The next night when we went out she asked me if I had masturbated into her panties, and I admitted I had. She just laughed at me, shook her head, and mumbled, "panty pervert" and then said she should hook me up with her brother and we could play our panty games together. I cried at that and told her to stop teasing me. I loved her and would do anything for her and didn't need the panties, especially if I could have her love again.

Then one night a few days later, she called me up crying and told me to pick her up right away because she had to talk to me. She then told me she was pregnant, and said that even though we never had full sexual relations the night I had cum all over her panties must, it had been enough as some of my cum must have gone through her panties and into her made her pregnant!

I was shocked but immediately told her I would marry her right away. She agreed, but then said she was afraid that with my small penis I wouldn't be able to satisfy her like a husband should. I told her I would try my best and hopefully my penis would grow bigger over time. She then admitted to me that she had had sex with other boys and knew how it felt to have a big cock inside her and she didn't want to go the rest of her life without feeling that again. An alarm should have gone off in my head at that point, but love is blind, and I never questioned her conclusion that I was the father of her child. She did add that she would marry me, providing I would let her have sex with other boys if I wasn't able to satisfy her. I agreed, confident that I could properly fill a husbandly role.

We told our parents she was pregnant. Both of our parents had known each of us for years and they welcomed our marriage despite wishing we had waited until at least graduation.

Our sex life started out with me on top, missionary style, but I didn't satisfy her at all. It really frustrated her that my dick was so small, and she quickly started getting digs in on me and teasing me. She kept threatened to go out on me for sex, and after I had enough of it, and I told her to go ahead and do it – never thinking that she really would do it!

I tried to avoid jacking off at all costs because I was married now and husbands aren't supposed to do that. I believed a married man should get his sexual relief with his wife. After days and weeks of her teasingly strutting around in skimpy clothes and lingerie with no jerking off, I begged her for relief.

Finally, she did help me out, but all she did was hold a pair of her panties around my cock and squeeze my dick, saying she didn't even want to touch my 'dimple dick' as she called it. With my cock nestled inside her panties, she didn't stroke it, just slowly squeeze it until I came, but I wouldn't have a typical orgasm. My cum would shoot out just a little bit, and then the rest of it would just drool out into the panties.

Even though she didn't do it to me very often, those were the nice times when she did. Then she complained I was messing up all her panties, so after I'd shoot my cum into them, she'd shove the panties into my mouth and tell me to lick them clean. I was happy that she began giving me a lot of relief that way even if I didn't like the dirty panties in my mouth afterwards. Eventually, she talked me into believing I liked the taste of my own cum. After that, the teasing and insults increased; she'd call me a cum-loving panty pervert, scum bucket sissy, pantywaist slime sucker, etc., but I just put up with it because if I didn't, I knew I wouldn't get any relief from her.

Sometimes, I couldn't wait for her to jack me off, and since she had so conditioned me to cumming in her panties, I'd occasionally sneak a pair and jack off in them. Afterwards, I'd suck on the panties just like she would have me do since she had gotten me so used to doing that. I felt like an idiot and the lowest of the low, but I was resigned to doing it for a big part of my sex life.

Then one day she caught me jacking off in a pair of her panties and called me every name in the book from panty faggot to sissy to pantywaist jerk-off boy. She told me that from then on I was not allowed to go anywhere near her or her panties and that she would buy me panties in my size and make me wear them everyday for underwear, and anytime I felt the need, I could just jerk off in my own panties.

The next day, she came home from shopping and showed me my new panties. I could tell she went out of her way to buy the fanciest and most feminine panties she could find. I felt so guilty and humbled about being caught that I didn't even object. That only made her tease me and put me down all the more. She added that since I now had my own panties, she would never again pleasure me, and she didn't care if I jacked off in my panties all day long every day, as long as I straightened up enough every day to keep my job in my dad's construction office and bring my paycheck home to her every week.

Not long after that, she came home one night (I rarely knew where she went most of the time) and had me open my robe and show her the panties I had on that night. They were white satin panties with lace on the sides. She grinned at me and told me I could have a pair of her panties to

enjoy – the pair she was wearing. Even that little gesture made me happy, but then she pulled up her dress, slid off her panties and shoved them into my mouth. Immediately, I recognized the taste – it was cum – male cum mixed with her own sex juices. I'm sure I had a horrified look on my face and tried to spit the panties out, but she commanded I keep them in my mouth and sleep that way. I was crying, but I did it.

Even though she was pregnant with our child, she explained she had been going out on me to satisfy her need for sex with men who were well endowed. She then added she had met one special man, and they had started a steady sexual relationship and she was now thoroughly sexually satisfied for the first time in her life. She made no apologies and blamed me for making her find sex outside of our marriage. I hated to admit it, but as I stood there with my head hung low and tasting her sex-cum-filled panties in my mouth I looked down at myself standing there like a fool in a fancy pair of satin panties. I couldn't argue with her. I was a mess, yet for some reason, I knew she had put me in my place and I deserved every bit of how she was treating me.

Within days, she brought her male friend around. I was taken aback because he was a big 6 foot 4 inch black guy named Ty, and that night they started having sex in our marriage bed and I was moved out into the guest room. Ty had a lot of big black buys for friends and they started coming over to our place too, and they started having sex with Darla too! Whenever they were around, I usually stayed in my room, but she started making me parade before her guys in just my panties or sometimes in a little dress or nightie and bring them beers and snacks. After one man joked that I looked good and turned him on, my wife got me to suck his cock, supposedly just to get him ready to fuck her again, but then the guy shot off in my mouth! My wife went crazy and called me a sissy faggot and panty cocksucker, but didn't say anything to the guy who had gotten so excited that he came in my mouth!

In that instant, I created a new job for myself, and now that's what I do. It's my job to suck a guy hard before he has sex with my wife and then clean him after he has sex with Darla (if the guy wants it). The clean-up usually turns into a challenge to see if I can get him excited enough to ejaculate. My wife bets the guy I can make him cum, and they both think my trying to make him shoot off is a laugh riot and a little recreation while they are going at each other!

Oh, yes, my wife had the baby -- a 9 lb. 5 oz. little boy – and he's as black as the ace of spades! And once I saw him, it all made sense why Darla had come onto to me so strongly and quickly in our senior year, she had been impregnated by her black boyfriend, and she wanted his baby, but she didn't want to marry him because he had no money. So she married me with my family's wealth, and she got everything she wanted my money and her lovely black baby! Plus, she says it pleases her to no end to sexually humiliate me by making me into a panty-wearing faggot cocksucker and feminizing me.

I thought it would tear my family up when they saw my wife had a black baby, but they were thoroughly accepting! They had known all along that I had a very small penis and had expressed their concerns to Darla about my ability to have sex after they found out we had to get married. In a private conversation with Darla, my folks wondered how I had gotten her pregnant because my father had a very small penis and they knew I had inherited that from him. (My mom got pregnant with me by the old turkey baster trick after jacking off my father – but that's another

story.) Darla broke down and admitted she had tricked me into thinking I had impregnated her and wanted the financial security our family could provide. She was ready to be truthful with me and call the wedding off, but my parents wouldn't hear of it. They said I would probably never be able to satisfy a woman with my little dick, so as long as she loved me in all other areas, she should go ahead and marry me and have sex with real men whenever she needed it. My mother understood completely because she had made my father into a cuckold years ago. Darla said she did love me but expressed her fear that she might fall in love with one of her sex partners. My parents told her that would be OK, and just to keep me around to service her and her lovers because that was probably all I was good for, and since I had always loved her so deeply, I would go along with whatever role my wife would want me to play. Darla agreed to that, and then she couldn't resist telling them about how she was getting me interested in her silky panties to keep me sexually satisfied since she did have concerns about my happiness. My mother thought that was a great idea and said she might try that on my dad, who was a lifelong wanker and her personal pussy licker she whom she used to excite her orally and suck man cum out of her after she had sex with men who had a cock big enough to satisfy her.

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**His Emasculating Babysitter Puts Him in the Pink!**



This wasn't the first time she babysat for him, but it was the first time she sat for him at her house instead of his. She took his hand and led him to the bathroom. The tub was filled with hot bubbly perfumed water. "A nice, little bubble bath for you, Bobby," she said. She helped him take off his clothes. When she got to his shorts, she could see that he was already aroused.

"These shorts are boring," she said. "I've got some nice ones for you in my bedroom," she whispered. "Take a little bath, put this towel around you and then come to my room. I'll get ready for you."

As he soaked in the hot water, she left him and went into the bedroom. He really enjoyed the bath, but he was anxious to go to the bedroom and see what she had waiting for him to wear.

He got out of the tub and took the big pink towel she had left for him. He dried himself and wrapped the towel around his waist. As he opened the bedroom door, he could smell the scent of perfume. The room was dimly lit in a soft pink light. The king size bed had pink satin sheets and a soft pink comforter. The dust ruffle was also pink with white lace accents. There was a canopy over the bed and a big mirror inside the canopy.

She had him drop the towel and then smiled at him as she held open at his feet a pair of fully ruffled pink rhumba panties. "You'll be surprised at how wonderful you'll feel when we put these on you," she said as she took his left foot and placed it in one leg of the panties and then guided his other foot into them. She slowly raised the pink panties up his legs and over his cock and balls. As she enclosed his hard little penis in the soft pink nylon, she grabbed it and felt it pulsating as it instantly got bigger and bigger. She slowly rubbed her hands all over his silky pink panties, front and back, and ending by giving his penis more little squeezes. He went into a dry cum that shook his body, took his legs right out from under him and made him collapse into her arms, huffing and puffing for air.

But a young boy's spermless cums leave him hard and wanting more, and she was going to give him more.

As she started to take off her dress, she said, "You look lovely in your pink panties, baby. Don't they feel soft and sexy?"

"They sure do feel nice," he said still breathing heavily and staring at her as she undressed to her pink bra, garter belt and stockings and lacy pink panties.

She smiled at him and patted the bed where she wanted him to sit. As he moved to the bed he noticed some lingerie arranged on the bed. It, too, was all pink: a pink garter belt with little roses on it, pink silk stockings, a soft pink half slip trimmed in white lace, a tiny pink training bra.

"These are for you to wear, baby," she whispered.

"He blinked and stared at the frilly clothes. But those are girls' things. Whose clothes are they?" he asked.

"Why these clothes are yours, baby. I bought them just for you to wear."

He didn't know what to think.

He sat on the bed next to her. The bed was very soft to the touch. He felt the smooth pink sheets and smelled the aroma of the bed; it had a scent of baby powder and perfume. She reached for the pink stockings and started to gather one up in her fingers...

"Give me your leg," she said.

He extended his leg to her, and she slipped the soft pink nylon stocking over his foot. She slowly pulled the silky material up his leg. When she reached the top of his leg, she could see his hard cock fully erect within his rhumba panties. She took the other stocking, and as she smiled at him, she slipped it over his foot and up his leg. He couldn't get over the exciting feeling he got with his legs encased in the soft pink stockings.

"How do they feel, Bobby?" she asked.

"Wonderful," he said.

"Well, just wait until I put the rest of your things on you," she said.

She reached over to touch his bursting cock. She slowly wrapped her fingers around the hot shaft. As she held his penis, she looked into his eyes and softly began to talk to him.

"I know you feel funny wearing these stockings, Bobby, but you should let yourself get into your female feelings. We're all part male and female, you know. Let yourself go and enjoy some of the nice feelings girls get when they wear pretty lingerie."

He smiled and felt good that she was helping him accept the wonderful feelings surging inside him.

As she let go of his cock, she reached for the pink garter belt. "Stand up," she said.

He stood in front of her, and she wrapped the belt around his waist. She hooked it in the back and began to fasten the lacy straps through the sides of the panties and down to attach to his stockings. She adjusted each one to the right tension and then gave the last one a little snap that stung his leg a bit but felt really good too. He turned around to face her and his firm little cock was pointed straight out at her through the panties, begging for her attention. She bent her head forward and opened her lips. She took his penis into her mouth and slowly began to suck on it through the exciting nylon pink panties. He was so turned on he almost came again, but before he could, she backed off and let his penis slip out of her mouth.

"Not yet, baby, we've got more pretty clothes to put on you."

Now came the bra. It was pink with lace trim. He felt a little funny about wearing a bra, but she

assured him it was all part of the experience. Next came the camisole top. She slipped it over his head and smoothed it over his chest. It too was soft and silky like his panties. Next was the pink half-slip. It was very soft and clung to his body. She pulled it up over his pink panties and garter belt, but it bulged too as it couldn't disguise his wanton cockette in his sissy panties.

"How do you feel now, Bobby? Doesn't this lingerie feel good?"

He could only nod his agreement; he was so turned on by what she was doing to him.

She had him lie back on the bed. He looked at himself in the overhead mirror. He couldn't believe what he saw and how beautiful he looked, dressed all in pink lingerie lying on a pink satin bed with a beautiful woman, also all in pink lingerie, rubbing her hand over the big bulge in his panties. She leaned over and positioned her breast over his mouth. He opened his lips, and she slowly slipped her breast out of her bra and put her nipple into his open mouth. As he sucked on her, she rubbed his cock more fervently through his soft pink panties.

"Don't get too excited, yet, baby," she said. "The night is young."

She reached over to the nightstand, opened the drawer and pulled out a long, thin tipped vibrator. 'What is she going to do with that?' he thought.

"Turn over on your tummy, Bobby. Now raise up your little butt."

As he did as he was told; she pulled his slip up over his back and then slowly slipped his pink panties down around his thighs in back, but left the panties covering his hard cock in front. "Relax, baby. This is going to feel very nice."

She moved her face over to his ass and pulled his buttocks apart and pushed her face into his ass. She stuck out her tongue and slowly slipped it into his tight little hole. He let out a loud gasp as her tongue explored his dark, hot asshole. She moaned into his ass and made little sucking sounds as she worked her tongue into him.

He couldn't believe the great sensation he felt as she licked and sucked on his butt hole. With one hand she grabbed his raging cock and began to work it back and forth through his panties in rhythm with her tongue in his bum. She then slipped her tongue out of his hole and gave his butt a little slap before picking up the long, thin vibrator and positioning the tip at his asshole. Slowly, she inserted the end into his hot bottom. After it was all the way in, she turned on the vibrator. It gave out a soft buzzing sound, and she began to slide it in and out of his hole. Her other hand was curled around his rigid pink pantied cock. He had never felt such a great feeling in his ass. She worked his cock and ass faster and faster, bringing him to the very brink of cumming. But before she let him cum, she stopped, slipped the vibrator out of his ass and put it on the nightstand.

"Now I need a little sucking, baby," she said.

He turned over and put his head on one of the big pink pillows. She lifted one leg over his chest

and moved up to his face. The pink panties she was wearing were right in his face. She slowly lowered her wet pussy over his open mouth, her wetness dripping from the crotch of her panties. As she settled down on his mouth, she let out a conquering moan of pure pleasure. He also let out a soft moan, but it was muffled by her hot, wet pink pantied pussy.

"Oh, baby, that feels so good! Suck my cunt! Suck it! Suck it!"

She rocked on his face and worked her cunny into his mouth. With her instructing him all the way, he licked and sucked on her cunt lips and pulled her little clit into his lips. It didn't take long. In a few minutes she came all over his face. As she came, she let out a long, slow yell.

Once her trembling slowed, she rolled off his face and curled up next to him reaching down to touch his cock. She gave it a little pull and a firm squeeze to keep him hard. He was grinding his erection into her hand, wanting her to finish him off, but instead, she said, "I've got another little surprise for you. Close your eyes."

He did as she told him. She was fumbling around with something, but then commanded, "Now, open your mouth."

When he did, he heard her moan and then felt something slip into his mouth. He opened his eyes and saw her pussy in front of his face. The legband of her panties had been pulled aside and coming out of her pink pussy lips was a cock! Not a real cock, but a very real-looking rubber cock. The other end of the cock was in his mouth. He began to suck on the rubber cock in his mouth and at the same time she began to work it both into his mouth and all around her cunt. With one hand on the rubber cock, she reached her other hand down to his rock-hard cock in his panties and began to work both cocks at the same time.

"Suck that cock, Bobby. Suck it good," she moaned.

They both worked the rubber cock into themselves. The cock got wetter and wetter as it went in and out of her cunt and his mouth. She knew he couldn't hold out too much longer. She slipped the cock out of his mouth and turned her body around so that they were in the 69 position. She put his cock into her mouth with the soft panties still covering it. She sucked him through the panties. He lapped at her wet, hot cunt as she pushed it into his mouth. She began to slap his butt as she took his cock all the way into her mouth. The bed rocked with them as they both let go into each others' mouth. They both let out a cry of sexual release as they came together.

They both lay there in the pink bed in their pink lingerie -- Bobby and his babysitter.

She had more ideas for playing with Bobby the next time Bobby needed a sitter. She might even introduce Bobby to the twins, her sister and brother. But this had been a good start to Bobby's lessons in lingerie.

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## Panty Pal Finds Love

It all began for me one day when I was seven and snooping around in a bunch of boxes on a storage closet of our house. I came across a silky piece of pale blue cloth and that immediately brought back memories of before I went to school and how I loved sucking my thumb while feeling the edge of my blanket that had two inches of satin going around the outside. I would spend hours rubbing my fingers over the satin. It made me feel so good inside.

I pulled the silky cloth out of the box and wasn't sure what it was but I did love how it felt in my hands. It looked like some type of dress, only it was very short with a lot of pink lace on the bottom. There was another garment folded with it, and I picked that up too. They were really matching fancy pants with lace too. I recalled seeing my mom wearing clothes like these I at times when I saw her dressing or undressing.

I took the half-slip and panty set to my room and played with them for a while. Something told me they weren't for boys, and I shouldn't be playing with them, so I tucked them away in the box in my closet with all my toys and games before going down to dinner.

At school the next day I thought about them and couldn't wait to get home and hold them again and feel that silkiness. When I finally I got home, I made a beeline to my room after saying a quick 'hello' to my mom as I rushed upstairs. As soon as I got there, I took the slip and panties out of my hiding place and began playing with them, just stroking my fingers over the sleek nylon and rubbing them against my cheek. The moment I got the idea to put them on to see what it felt like to wear, I didn't hesitate for a moment. I stripped off my clothes.

I took off everything off, and as quickly as I could, I stepped into the panties and half-slip and pulled them up. They were a little big on me, but fit me pretty well. I knew they couldn't be my mommy's because they were much too small for her. I didn't know who they belonged too, and since I had no sisters and they couldn't be mommy's I immediately claimed them for myself. I shuddered at the way they felt on my immature body; they were cool and the smoothest things I had ever felt. I twirled around and pretended I was a little girl.

Over the next few years, I continued playing with them, and eventually they became quite worn and soiled (even though I couldn't shoot cum, I wore them a lot, even at times under my boys' clothes, and the panties especially got pretty dirty. I tried washing them in the bathroom sink a few times with hand soap and didn't do a bad job of it, considering how young and inexperienced I was doing such things.

Of course, I was obsessed with lingerie, and at school I'd try to glimpse up girls' skirts at every opportunity. Strangely enough, I wanted to see what girls were wearing under their clothes and to learn how they wore them. I had girl cousins who found the slip and panties in my toy box one day. They made me confess that I wore them, but I begged them not to tell anyone. Jenna and Sandy were so sweet to me and promised to keep my secret. And when we would play together, they would treat me as just another girl when other people weren't around. That quickly



advanced to the day when they told me to put on my slip and panties and play with them.

I put them on in front of them but insisted upon putting my boys' clothes on over them in case any of the adults came into check on us and would see. When they saw how worn and dirty my slip and panties were, they said I needed new things to wear. Jenna slipped off her panties right there and had me put them on. They were nice white panties with pale green lace around the legs and a couple of pink bows on the legs. They felt wonderful, and I was so excited about putting them on that I barely noticed my cousin's naked hairless pussy practically staring me in the face. She let me keep the panties and both girls promised to get me some more clothes that I could have.

The next time we played, it was at their house and that as soon as I was at one cousin's house. They asked their mom if we could play dress up and she agreed, and immediately they had me dressed in a full outfit of their fanciest clothes including fancy panties, big full petticoats and a party dress. I had agreed to let them do it because my mom wasn't there and she wasn't going to be back to pick me up until hours later. They even put lacy ankle socks and Mary Janes on my feet. I was afraid their mom would come in and see me, but they told me that they already had told her that they were going to put me in a dress, and their mom had said 'OK.'

And when their mom did come up to look in on us, I wanted to run and hide, but the girls wouldn't let me. She came in and told me I looked pretty. The girls even insisted upon lifting my skirt and slips to show her I was full dressed underneath.

"Oh, dearie, you even have panties on, and very pretty ones at that. Those are a pair of Jenna's favorite panties. She must really like you because I'm sure she wouldn't just anybody wear her panties. You're a lucky boy – oh, well, maybe today, you're a lucky girl!"

She laughed but then saw I was about ready to cry. She asked me what was wrong, and told me I could take the clothes off if I didn't like wearing them.

"Oh, but, mom, he DOES love wearing them. He even has some more of his own panties at home."

"Really, now! You mom never told me anything about that."

Immediately I started crying and told her not to tell my mom because she didn't know. She looked at me kind of funny and then got me to admit that I did love wearing girls' clothes, especially fancy silken panties. She then just nodded her head, hugged me, and told me she'd not tell my mom. When the girls told her they had given me some panties to wear at home. She said they couldn't be party to that and insisted that I return them as soon as possible. She didn't want to get in trouble with my mom, but she did say I could come over to their house as often as I wanted, and in their house, I could dress up and pretend being a girl anytime no one else was around.

So, after that I begged my mom to let me play at my cousins, and I did so often because it freed mom up to do a lot of her chores and have some time without me tagging along. I have great

times playing with my cousins. At times even my aunt joined in our little girlie games and helped me with my dressing up. And she would often undress down to her lingerie and that made it all that much more exciting for me. I felt wonderful as though it was just natural to be one of them. We would play with dolls and do what most young girls do.

Before long I felt like I never wanted to wear boys' clothes again, but my girlie time was limited to my visits to my cousins' house. This arrangement went on for almost three years, and even when we would have a family get together, Jenna would slip me a pair of her panties to change into and wear under my clothes. I felt really special at those times because I had the thrill of getting away with something so exciting. I felt so wonderful wearing panties with other people around.

Throughout all those years, my mother never caught me once. Mom mostly wore dull cotton underwear that I didn't find very exciting. But one day I looked in the dirty clothes hamper and found a fancy pair of lavender panties and a matching bra. They were my mom's. She had never worn anything this fancy in the past. I was glad she had them. I took them out and went up to my room. I was getting bigger by then, and I realized that they just might fit me. I was trembling at the thought of putting them on and feeling their silkiness against my body. They were a little big but close enough of a fit for me. I had a tough time with the bra because I had never worn one before, but I finally figured it out, having seen my aunt in her bra many times. I found it to be a special thrill to wear my mom's bra and panties. At the next opportunity I investigated mom's lingerie drawer and found a whole assortment of fancy new bras, slips and panties. It was then that I realized she probably got them because she was now dating men once again after many years of ignoring them.

In my fifth grade at school, I had this friend, Paul, who was a little different from the other kids, and who got picked on a lot. But he was nice to me and I liked him. A lot of the kids picked on me too, but not as much as they did on this kid. Anyway, one day I went over to his house after school. We went to his room and were messing around when he stood up and said, "Wait a minute and left the room. Well, he came back with a bunch of pastel-colored clothes. He set them down on his bed and said, "Want to play a game?"

I said, "Sure, why not?"

Then he picked through the pile and came up with a pair of very fancy panties with ruffles on the back like babies wear. They were real pale yellow, silky and ruffled and had bright yellow lace all over them. He said they were his sister's and put them on my lap and said "I bet you an ice cream cone, you won't put these panties on."

I was really trembling at the sight and feel of those wonderful panties.

I said, "Well, I'll put them on if you put some on too."

He started laughing real hard and then took down his pants and showed me he was already wearing a pair of similar panties in light blue.

I didn't hesitate to peel off all my clothes and put them on. They felt every bit as good as I knew they would, and my friend said they looked really neat on me. Next, he held up two training bras, and we helped each other into the bras, giggling like schoolgirls the whole time. The bra fit me perfectly. Again, he said he thought I looked really cute in his sister's bra and panties. The next piece of clothing was a wonderful slip and he slid it on over my head and got it down to where it was suppose to be, and a feeling of extreme ecstasy flowed over me as the cool slip seemed to touch every nerve ending in my body. He put a slip on too, and we laughed as we pointed to each of the bulges in our slip fronts. He was just as excited as I was and we went into hysterics as we touched each other's hardness tenting up the fronts of our slips.

We finally each put on a skirt and frilly blouse, then looked in his mirror and giggled as we made comments about what we saw. We looked like a pair of young girls just starting to bud out, and then all of a sudden, he said he'd be right back. He left the room and then came back with his mother! To my horror, I couldn't believe he would do that. I wanted to scream and run away, but I was frozen on the spot. I got really red in the face, but she was quick to assure me that it was OK and said not to worry. It was a little secret she had with her son, and now she was glad he had a little friend that he could join him in dressing up like a sweet little girl.

I was relieved but my head ached with how fast things were moving. After we sat down for a minute and I was able to gather my wits, I felt a lot better.

Paul's mom said she thought both of us looked like real little girl and asked if we would like to do some housework since young girls need to learn such things. We said we would, and she led us to the kitchen where we helped her make cookies. The rest of the afternoon was a lot of fun as we played with dolls and played the game Candyland, just like real girls.

I was really disappointed when it came time to go home. His mom said we could have a slumber party the next weekend. I said I'd be there, and that whole week, I couldn't wait until Saturday arrived. Meanwhile, at school we were the best of friends, and I'd walk him home after school since both of us lived in the same direction and not too far from school.

That Saturday came and I asked my mother if I could sleep over at his house and she said that it was OK as she had met him and really liked him. So off to his house I went, and I was trembling with anticipation, my heart beating like a hammer against my chest. The moment I went in the door, he grabbed me and off to his room we went. Our boys' clothes went flying off in every direction in or rush to become girls. He took me to his closet and showed me all his girlie clothes. He was so lucky! His drawers had more panties and prettier panties in them than my mom had in her dresser! We dressed up as we had done before only this time his mother came in and helped us. She also combed our hair into girls' styles and added dainty little bows.

She then announced that we would be going shopping with her. Well, I became scared, but she convinced me that I would love every minute of it and assured me no one would be able to tell I was a boy and not a girl. I was thrilled at the prospect of going out in the world dressed as a girl. I had always dreamed about doing that, but still I was very scared.

Most of the time, I kept my head down despite her encouragement to look up and enjoy the

moment. We went to a girls' clothing store, where they had a lot of frilly things for girls of all ages. I got braver as time went on, and got a great thrill from looking through dresses and lingerie with Paul and his mother. Both of them were having a grand time too. I knew I would never forget this shopping trip.

We ooded and ached over every frilly bit of feminine finery, and that excitement was only topped when Paul's mom had us select a bunch of dresses and go into the dressing room to try them on and model them for her and the saleslady who was helping us. The saleslady was a bit scary because she was old and seemed to be bored helping tow giggling girls, but I soon realized she didn't have a clue that either one of us was anything but what we appeared to be – two cute little girls.

I could hardly contain myself as we headed to Paul's house and prepared to spend a night in our new dresses and lingerie. We got back late in the afternoon. Paul's mom first insisted she give us a bubble bath, so we would be squeaky clean before putting on our new clothes. She put some perfume in the water that I thought was heavenly. When we were finished, we smelled like little girls should smell, all pretty and clean.

She had gotten each of us three dresses and a bunch of lingerie. We spent an hour just trying the things on. We didn't want to break for dinner, but we were starving and wanted to eat quickly and then get back to our pretty new clothes. We solved that by all jumping into the car and going to one of the seaside restaurants close to us that featured lobster sandwiches. I had never had lobster before, and it was delicious, but that new experience only took my mind away from the thrill of being a girl. In fact, eating that scrumptious sandwich while dressed like a pretty girl I'm sure made it an even tastier moment. And Paul and I were overdressed in our bouffant petticoats and party dress for such a casual eating place; people kept staring at us, but Paul's mom assured us it was just because we were so fancily dressed and most people are used to seeing girls just in jeans or seat pants and sneakers. And a testament to that fact occurred when two of the women who were dining there approached us and told us how nice we looked, and both of them bemoaned the fact that girls so rarely dressed up anymore. Paul and giggled like a classic pair of cutesy girls. What else could we do?

We had a teenage boy for a waiter, and he couldn't take his eyes off of us! Paul's mom teased us and asked us if she wanted us to be introduced to him and have him invited over to the house, but we knew we weren't ready for anything like that and turned her down. Pretending to girls was one thing, but to get together with a boy like that was a very scary thought.

Back at the house, she put us into pretty little babydoll pajamas and the silky panties that went with them -- Paul in pink and me in lavender. They really felt wonderful, and made me feel like a princess. His mother then had us get Paul's dollies, and as we played with them, she took a picture of her two little angels. I was in seventh heaven with all of this going on.

We finally went off to his room and climbed into bed. Without planning it, we simply had to feel each other's babydolls and one thing led to another. We quickly discovered we were both hard. We began rubbing each other through our babydoll panties until we were both squirming around like crazy on the bed. We both came in quick succession, both squirting some juice, him more

than me. When we played our little panty petting games, Paul had been squirting cum into his panties for several weeks, and I was getting a little jealous, but on that night, my dick did give off with tow short spurts. My head went into wonderland, a new sensation to top off a perfect day that I would never ever forget. As the thrill of my first cum subsided, we both lay entwined in each other's arms and fell into a deep sleep. The next morning was a repeat of the night before but we changed into fresh panties before we got too worked up!

We were able to carry on through junior high and high school. Then just before graduation, his wonderful sweet mom died. He hadn't seen his dad in years, and when he took him in, he discovered what a sissy he was and forced him to join the Army the day after he got out of high school. Less than a year later, he was dishonorably discharged after being caught dressed in lingerie and giving another soldier a blowjob. He didn't care. His father disowned him, gave him some money and told him to get out of his life forever. He showed up at my house, crying and with bruise marks from the beating his dad had given him. My mom let him stay with us, but I was going back for my second year in college, and when I did, he came along and we rented an apartment together. He practiced on making himself into a very convincing woman, and got himself a job as a receptionist as an auto assembly plant. There were thousands of guys there and a lot of them were always hitting on him, but he always turned them down and showed them the engagement ring he wore – that I had given to him. That was fourteen years ago, and since then he has had a sex-change and is now a very lovely and complete woman. I love my dick in panties too much to ever have it cut off, but we do live together like man and wife and still have the most incredible sex! We are sisters and lesbians – it's a wonderful life! And over the years my mom has come around too. She finally admitted that she knew I was playing around a lot with lingerie, and when Paul got thrown out of the Army, she eventually heard the details and put two and two together and figured out we were gay lovers. She took it hard at first. She didn't want to believe it, and she wanted me to go to a shrink to cure me. She then wanted to go to one f these churches that cure you of being a homosexual, and I convinced her that those places were just a sham. She finally found it in her heart to accept Paul and me, and her acceptance has added greatly tour happiness.

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## Becoming a Sissy Was the Only Thing I Could Do!

I grew up in a family of four children, my 16-year-old brother, my 14-year-old sister, my 11-year-old sister, and myself, a 10-year-old boy. I did all the normal boy stuff, such as looking up my sisters' skirts whenever the opportunity arose, and taking my little girl cousins and removing their panties to see what they had between their legs.

My older brother had been around and was always teasing me about not knowing anything about girls, which was true. I idolized him and thought how cool he really was.

One day when my folks and my sisters had went to the big city, and left my brother and myself at home, my brother decided we should play some new kind of games. Wanting to please him I agreed to do whatever he wanted. He said that he wanted to play dress up.

We went into my sisters' room and he pulled out a pair of white panties and a training bra, and told me to strip and put them on. I told him boys didn't do that, but he told me it was only a game, and he wanted me to do it. So I agreed and put them on. The feel of the panties and the thought of being dressed in my sister's clothes gave me an instant hard on. My dick wasn't very big, and he teased me about getting a woody just from having the panties on. I was getting upset and started to take them off, but he told me to do what he said or he would tell Mom and Dad he had caught me wearing girls' clothes. So I agreed to do what he said, again.

He took me into the bathroom and had me stand in the bathtub. Then he told me to pee in the panties. I didn't want to do it, but he again threatened, so I started peeing in the panties. The feel of pissing through the snug nylon panties was exciting. After I had stopped peeing, my brother told me I had better clean the panties up really good and put them back exactly as they were or the girls would know, and I would be in big trouble. Well, I hand washed them and took them outside and waved them until they dried enough to put back in the drawer. For a couple of days I was so scared someone would find out, but my sisters never said anything. Then a day later, the big black man who lived next door to us saw me outside and called me over. He put his hand right on my dick and grabbed a hold of it.

"I saw you outside the other day waving a pair of girls' panties around. You must be a sissy boy. I like sissy boys. Are you wearing those cute little panties right now?"

I was scared to death and shaking. I shook my head 'no.'

He asked if my mom and dad knew I had been playing with my sister's panties. I shook my head no and I'm sure he could see the extreme fear in my eyes.

"Oh, so you're a secret sissy, huh? Well, get yourself one of those nice little pairs of your sister's panties and come over to my house after dinner. We need to talk about this. If you don't show up, I guess I'll have to give a phone call to your folks.

He laughed and let go of me. I ran crying home, but I did go over to his house that night and he made me put on the white silk panties I brought with me and made me model them for him. Then he put me down on my knees and made me suck his cock. I could only get the head of it into my mouth since it was so big, and I'll never forget how he laughed as he shot tons of his cream down my throat and all over my face.

Surprisingly, that was the only time that man did anything to me. Anytime I saw him, I'd just run in the opposite direction, and as I did, I could hear his laughter ringing in my ears as I ran, and that laughter would stay in my head for days afterwards.

I still love the feel of wearing silky panties on my cock and peeing in them at home. Outside, I wear lacy panties 24/7 under my regular clothes, and I never pass up a chance to pull down my pants and show black men my sissy panties as I go down them and show them I can suck cock better than any female they ever had swinging from their dick.

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## **Lady Takes Charge of a Sissy Buying Panties**

Cammy tried to look casual as he slowly moved from one rack of women's clothing to another, working his way slowly toward the back of the department store. He pretended to be interested in the various women's blouses and sweaters hanging in front of him, but the teen's attention was really centered on the lingerie department located just across the aisle way.

This had become the 13-year-old's favorite pastime on a Saturday and he loved hanging out at the mall, while he pretended to window shop, all the while checking out the lingerie on display in the stores. However, as hard as he tried not to be, Cammy was a bit conspicuous being a young male hanging around in women's clothing stores.

Some of the female clerks in his more popular haunts knew him on sight, and they would watch him with knowing smiles as he lingered near the lingerie displays. They knew he was harmless and chalked up his apparent fetish to youthful curiosity so they never interfered with him. However, today he was hanging out in Macy's and he didn't realize that his movements had attracted the attention of someone he hadn't ought to of.

Cammy was staring openly at a rack of lacy pastel-colored panties when he suddenly felt someone's eyes on him. The teen looked around and spotted a tall attractive woman standing off to the right in the lingerie department and she was looking right at him! As their eyes met she pursed her full red lips in a mocking kiss and gave the teen a knowing wink! Cammy blushed hotly and quickly averted his eyes looking down again at the blouses on the rack, but it was too late.

“Shit! Shit! That was so stupid!” He cursed under his breath; time to get out of there before that woman called over a sales clerk! Cammy was just about to beat a hasty retreat from the store when he sensed someone had moved up behind him. The teen did the only thing he could and concentrated on the rack of clothes in front of him trying to ignore whoever was behind him.

“Those blouses are very pretty, but I don't think they're quite your style.” A husky feminine voice commented. The teen jumped at the sound of the voice and his stomach exploded in nervous butterflies as he reluctantly looked up to see who it was. There standing just over his left shoulder was the woman who had been watching him from the lingerie department.

She was taller than he thought, probably 6-feet in her high stiletto heels with long straight black hair, full pouting red lips and very attractive! “These are for a more mature woman,” she commented as she flipped through the rack of blouses, “Hardly something a young person like you would be interested in?”

“I'm...I'm looking for a present...” he offered in way of an explanation. The woman raised one perfect eyebrow at him in question. “Really...I'm looking for a present...for my girlfriend.”

She laughed at the teen's improbable explanation. “I seriously doubt that you'd be thinking of

buying your 'girlfriend' something from this rack," She said with a mocking smile. "Especially since your attention seemed to be centered on those pretty panties hanging just over there!"

Cammy's face flushed hotly in embarrassment knowing that this beautiful stranger had caught him ogling the women's lingerie across the aisle. A voice in his head was urging him to run away, get the hell out of that store before it was too late, but for some reason the teen remained rooted in place and he dropped his head in embarrassment.

"I'm sorry," he apologized. "I didn't mean anything...I should go."

Just then the woman put a finger under his chin and raised his head until he was looking her square in the eye. She examined his angelic face closely. For a boy, he possessed soft, somewhat feminine features and his skin was clear and pale, untouched so far by the onset of puberty. His short blond hair was neatly trimmed and he looked up at her with big pale blue eyes. As he blinked and she noticed he had uncommonly long eye lashes, as well as full pouting lips, attributes that any girl his age would die for.

"You're very pretty." She said, giving him a re-assuring smile. "What's your name sweetie?"

"Cammy ma'am," He replied quietly, blushing hotly at the strange complement.

"My name is Madam Bordeaux," She replied with a slight accent; then she gave Cammy a smile that made the teen's knees weak. "Now tell me Cammy," she said as she released his chin.

"You're really not here buying a gift for a girlfriend, are you?"

"No ma'am," he said hanging his head once more. "And you really don't have a girlfriend do you?"

"No ma'am," The beautiful stranger had caught him lying twice now!

"I didn't think so," she commented. "You're far too pretty for girls your age to be interested in. They'd be too jealous of you!" And she stroked his cheek lightly.

The strange woman was making him feel funny. Her comments about his looks both pleased and disturbed him, but wasn't sure what he should do? It would be rude to just run away, but he was scared of what might happen if he remained here with her. She smiled, seeing the teen was uneasy.

"So Cammy, you were shopping for something special. Did you have anything in mind?" She asked, trying to prompt the shy teen.

Cammy sensed there was danger in that question. "No ma'am I didn't find anything. Can I go now?" He asked.

"Nonsense," She said with a wave of her hand. "We're just getting to know each other."

She bent down until her face was level with his. "I think you already found something special for yourself, just over there." She said, indicating the panties he had been looking at earlier. "Why don't the two of us go over and take a look!"

Madam Bordeaux took Cammy by the hand and pulled him over toward the lingerie department. He resisted slightly not wanting to be dragged but she was much bigger than him and she possessed surprising strength! The teen looked down at his hand in hers and he was immediately struck by how big her hands were! She had carefully manicured long red nails and several big, expensive rings on her fingers, but her hand was so large!

They came to a stop in front of a rack full of panties! There were briefs and rhumba panties, high cut and full cut panties in a wide variety of pastel colors and trimmed with pretty lace and delicate bows. Cammy was so nervous his mouth went dry as he took in all that feminine finery, something up until this moment he had only looked at from a distance.

The teen glanced around nervously as Madam Bordeaux slowly browsed through the racks. "Do you know what size panties you wear sweetie?" She asked off handedly.

"I've never worn girls' underwear before!" He shot back in a barely controlled whisper.

She looked over at him, irritation showing on her face. "Firstly, whenever I ask you a question you will always reply properly by saying 'Yes Madam Bordeaux' or 'No Madam Bordeaux', is that understood?"

The teen could see he had made her angry and backed down. "I'm sorry Madam Bordeaux. I don't know what size, because I don't wear girls' underwear."

"That's much better sweetie," she said, smiling benignly at him once more. "But never refer to them as 'underwear', that's a unisex term. These are 'women's panties' or in the broader sense lingerie." She corrected him. "And I didn't ask if you had worn panties before, I asked if you knew your size?"

She could tell by the teen's blank stare that he had no idea. Reaching down she grabbed Cammy by the waist and feeling up and around his legs, hips and bottom and she got a pretty good idea of his figure.

"You have fairly wide hips; that's uncommon for a boy and you have a nice round bottom." She commented as she searched through the rack of panties once more. "With a little work you'd have a figure that any girl would be proud of."

Cammy blushed hotly at that comment, not wanting to believe there was anything girl-like about him! He was very uncomfortable with the things she was saying and he started to look around for some way to escape.

Madam Bordeaux smiled seeing how uncomfortable she was making the teen. The naive boy had no idea what he had walked into and she was having fun watching him squirm. She could just



imagine this ripe young boy fully feminized as her sissy plaything and she felt a stirring in her crotch. 'Calm down,' she said to herself. 'Plenty of time for that later,' and she continued to look through the undies.

"Ah, these are perfect," she said with a satisfied grin as she withdrew a pair of pink nylon panties from the rack and held them up for Cammy to see. "These are a size six, sweetie, just so you'll know your size in women's panties from now on."

Cammy looked at the feminine little undies with mixed feelings of longing and dread. They were a high cut style of brief with pretty pink lace running down the front of the leg openings and a delicate little pink bow at the waist. The teen swallowed nervously as he eyed them.

"I...I can't wear those Madame Bordeaux. They're girls' panties!" The teen said in a loud whisper.

"Oh really," She said, raising her eyebrows at him in question. "You seemed pretty interested a few minutes ago when I caught you ogling these panties from a distance?" She pointed out. "And besides, I haven't asked you to wear anything, you impertinent boy!" And she walked away toward another section of the lingerie department leaving him to either follow or bolt.

Now the smart thing to do would have been to get out of there, but Cammy was curious and Madame Bordeaux was offering him something he couldn't obtain on his own; lingerie! She glimpsed the young teen slowly following in her wake, she knew he was hooked!

She had only come to the mall out of boredom, hoping to kill a few hours while window shopping, but now it looked like she had discovered herself a young closet sissy to feminize! Cammy was cute, respectful and as far as she could tell, deliciously submissive.

Madame Bordeaux continued to browse through the lingerie making her way over to a rack displaying various lace trimmed garterbelts. The rack held a mixture of different colors, widths and styles and she started looking for something suitably feminine to go with the little pink panties she had selected for the sissyboy.

Cammy watched uneasily as she looked through the delicate items of lingerie until she found exactly what she was looking for. Madame Bordeaux held up a pink lace trimmed garterbelt with 6 long frilly garters dangling from it.

The dainty undergarment was made of stretchy, pink nylon and Lycra and was about 6-inches wide across the front. The front panels were trimmed with flowery pink lace and each of the garters was tipped with a metal stay with a length of pink satin ribbon attached to hide them when worn.

"Oh yes this is exactly what we need!" She said enthusiastically and then she held then she held the garterbelt up to Cammy's middle to check the size. The teen jumped back like he had been burned with hot oil!

“Hold still sweetie, I have to be sure of the size.” She said calmly, as she held the frilly undergarment up toward him again.

“Please Madam Bordeaux...not here!” The embarrassed teen pleaded.

“I said, hold still!” She said quietly, a steely tone creeping into her voice.

Even though he was mortified, Cammy did as instructed, blushing hotly as she held up the panty and garterbelt combination against his lower body for everyone near by to see.

‘Yes, very submissive’ she thought to herself as she pretended to compare the feminine pink lingerie against the teen for an exaggerated period of time, affording lots of time for anyone nearby to notice. Fortunately for Cammy, no one was in the lingerie department to see this humiliation, except for the sales clerk at the register and she watched with open amusement. When their eyes met she winked at the teen knowingly and pursed her lips at him in a mocking kiss.

Cammy immediately averted her gaze, quickly looking down at his shoes and wishing he was anywhere else but here! ‘Oh my God, this is so embarrassing!’ The teen thought to himself.

‘This can't be worth it! I've got to get out of here!’ His inner voice yelled at him, but still the teen didn't move. Cammy stayed where he was, enduring this public humiliation of being sized for lingerie, in the vain hope that Madame Bordeaux might actually buy the women's under-things for him.

Just then Cammy could hear the sharp ‘click click’ of the sales woman's heels as she approached them from behind. “Hello Jacqueline,” Came a cheerily voice. “It looks like you're out shopping for someone special today!”

“Oh, hello, Marie,” Madame Bordeaux replied and she greeted the sales woman with a big grin and a kiss on each cheek. Cammy glanced up at Marie and could see she was an attractive, buxom woman in her mid 30's with shoulder length curly brown hair. She knew Jacqueline Bordeaux quite well, from both the store and in her personal life. The two women had a number of common interests and shared a passion for the unusual when it came to their sex lives.

“This is Cammy,” she said, indicating the silent teen. “We just met a short time ago, right over there near the sweaters.”

He was so embarrassed he couldn't look up; opting instead to stare at his feet all the while blushing hotly.

Madam Bordeaux put her arm around his shoulders and gave him a re-assuring squeeze. “Come on now Cammy, no need to be shy. Say hello to my friend Marie.”

The teen reluctantly looked up and mumbled, “Hello ma'am.”

“I know you...” Marie said, suddenly placing the embarrassed teen. “I've seen your young friend hanging around here a few times.”

Working in a lingerie department, Marie had seen it all. It was surprising the number of men that came in pretending to buy lingerie for girl friends and wives, when it was quite obvious it was for them. She had actually hooked up with one or two of these submissive males and that had proved ‘interesting’ to say the least!

The reason Cammy stood out to her was one, he was so young, and two, he never actually entered the lingerie department. She would always see him lingering on the fringe of the department, looking at the items on display from a far. Out of curiosity she had tried to approach him a couple of times, but the teen was shy and disappeared before she could get near him.

“He's very sweet, Jacqueline, and I see you've found some pretty items for him to try on. Do you need any help?” Marie asked, giving her friend a knowing smile.

“Yes, but we still need to find my young protégé a pink training bra to go along with his new outfit.” Madame Bordeaux said. “Could you help us out?”

“Certainly,” Marie replied with a big grin. “Come with me Cammy.” And she took the humiliated teen by the hand and led him over toward a large display of women's brassieres.

“You're a little flat chested, but that will change.” She said teasingly. “An ‘A’-cup with slight padding to start with I think; wouldn't you agree Jacqueline?”

“Oh yes, something with lots of pink lace to go with the panties and garterbelt.” Madame Bordeaux suggested.

Marie knew just where to look and she quickly searched one of the racks and returned holding a pink lace bra. The undergarment had pretty A-cups trimmed with almost the identical lace as the garterbelt with soft padding lining the inside to protect a girl's sensitive nipples from irritation. A delicate pink satin bow was nestled in the valley between the cups and there was one at each shoulder where the straps met the top of the cups.

“Very pretty,” Madame Bordeaux commented.

“Very feminine for your little friend,” Marie replied winking in return. “Should we get sweet Cammy to try them on?”

The teen looked horrified at the suggestion and that only made the idea more appealing to Madame Bordeaux. “Yes I think he should! Will you assist him Marie?” She said to the sales lady with a big smile.

“I'd love too!” Marie said as she took Cammy by the hand once more.

“NO please...I can't!” The teen said, trying to pull away. “Please Madame Bordeaux, I can't do

this! I have to go home now!”

Marie kept a firm hold of the teen's hand and she pulled him close and bent to whisper in his ear. “You listen to me sissyboy,” She hissed. “How would you like me to call Store Security and tell them what you've been doing?”

“No...please don't...” The frightened teen pleaded and tears ran down his cheeks.

“They take a dim view of perverted little boy's hanging around the lingerie department of the store!” She threatened. “They'll turn you over to the police and put you in jail and then everyone will know what a dirty little boy you've been!”

Cammy was sobbing, tears running down his cheeks. The women had him hemmed in so he couldn't escape even if he wanted to. If they called the police...if anyone found out...his life would be over.

“Dry you eyes little boy,” Madame Bordeaux said. “We're not going to turn you in, but I want you to follow Marie and do EXACTLY as she instructs. Is that understood?”

“Yes, Madame Bordeaux.” The teen replied, as he sniffed back his tears.

Marie led the teen away to the changing rooms as Madame Bordeaux looked on and then she went to search for a few more items for her sissy protégé.

In one of the bigger change rooms, Marie and locked the door behind them after they were inside. The walls were lined with mirrors except for the one at the back which had a small bench to sit on as the person changed.

“Take your clothes off sissyboy and let's see how your new lingerie fits,” Marie ordered.

Cammy's face was beet red as he slowly started to remove his clothes. He could see Marie in the mirrors as she removed the lingerie from the hangers and then she held up the panties towards him and smiled wickedly. He was down to his Y-fronts and socks as he turned to face Marie, trying unsuccessfully to cover himself with his hands.

“Take those filthy boy underpants and your socks off and come stand here!” she ordered pointing at the floor in front of her.

Cammy did as she said feeling weak and vulnerable as he stripped off the remainder of his clothes, and cupping his member with his hands he tiptoed over to stand in front of the sales woman. Marie smiled as she watched the humiliated teen approach and she slapped his hands covering his crotch.

“Keep your hands at your side sissyboy! Never try to cover yourself in front of a superior.” She ordered; the smug tone evident in her voice.

“Yes ma'am,” Cammy mumbled in reply and dropped his hands at his side and as he did his 6-inch pecker popped into view.

“Well, well...” Marie said with a giggle. “It looks like our little sissyboy can't wait to see what it's like inside girls' panties!”

Cammy blushed hotly at his embarrassing hard-on. Even in the face of the public humiliation the two women were putting him through he was deeply aroused by what was happening to him.

Marie bent in front of him and spreading the pink panties with her fingers, she opened the waistband wide for Cammy to step into. The teen looked down at the inviting panties and soft brushed nylon crotch inside and he knew that if he took this step, his life would change for ever.

“Come on, sissyboy, put the pretty pink panties on for Miss Marie.” She coxed.

Hesitantly, Cammy lifted his right leg and pointing the toe he slipped it past the waistband and into the frilled leg opening of the pink panties.

“Oh, you're such a good little sissyboy!” Marie cooed at him as Cammy did the same with his left leg, then Marie quickly slipped the women's undies up and in to place settling the around his waist with a little ‘snap’ of the elastic.

This was Cammy's first experience wearing panties and the only thing that sprung to mind was sensational! He ran his hands over the silky pink nylon covering his bottom, marveling at how wonderful it felt against his skin. The elastic at the waist and around the leg openings gripped him in a way he had never experienced before and he knew that after today he would never be able to go back to cotton underwear.

Marie took Cammy's face in her hands and she kissed him lightly on the lips. “You're such a sweet little sissyboy I could just eat you up!” She said as she buried the teens face in her ample cleavage. “Mistress Jacqueline is going to have a lot of fun with you, but for now you're mine!”

She went to pick up the bra leaving Cammy standing there slightly dazed and defiantly confused! It seemed really weird to him that both these beautiful woman were going out of there way to get him lingerie to wear? And what did Miss Marie mean when she called Madame Bordeaux, Mistress Jacqueline? He was still puzzling over this when Marie lifted his arms and slipped the pink lace bra onto him.

She fastened the delicate hook and eye closures in the back and then adjusted the shoulder straps until the feminine undergarment fit him snugly. The unfamiliar constriction around his chest immediately reminded him of the affectionate hug Marie had just given him and he decided he like it!

“Oops, I forgot your stockings!” Marie said. “I'll be back in a moment, just hang tight sweetie.” And she unlocked the door and let the room.

Cammy stood for a moment examining the lingerie he was wearing in the mirror. The teen ran

his hands over the pretty lace covering the cups of his bra and gave his nipples a little squeeze. He let out a little moan 'Ooooooh' and his hand went to the front of the panty and he started to gently stroke his growing erection through the buttery soft nylon.

Cammy jumped dropping his hands to his sides as Marie unexpectedly walked back into the change room carrying a package of beige nylon stockings.

"Now, now, Cammy," she said, as she wagged her finger at him. "Don't mess those pretty little panties before Madame sees you!"

"Yes Miss Marie." The teen replied sheepishly.

"Now come over here to me and I'll show you how a young woman wears her nylons." Marie said as she took a seat on the bench.

Cammy came over to stand in front of the sales lady and she took the pink lace garterbelt and wrapped it around his waist, fastening the hook and eye closures and then sliding it around into place. "Now sissyboy, the thing you have to remember is that the garters go in the 'inside' of your panties. That was you can easily slip them off when you use the washroom...or for other things..." She hinted.

The teen watched attentively as Marie slid the six frilly garters under the waistband of the pink panties and then out through the leg openings of his undies. Next she opened the package of nylons and started to slowly roll the silky beige stocking in her hands.

"You do it like this sweetie, so you can roll the stocking up your legs easily." She instructed the novice sissyboy. "Now give me your leg and let's get these on you."

Cammy place his leg on the bench between Marie's and she had him point his toe into the stocking as she started to roll it up his leg. "You take over now Cammy." She instructed and the teen rolled the beige stocking the rest of the way up his legs. Then Marie showed him how to fasten the tabs to the welt at the top.

Soon Cammy had both stockings on and Marie adjusted the tension of the garters until they supported his nylons properly. The teen took a few tentative steps around the change room feeling the strange sensation of the long elasticized garters as the pulled and retracted with each step. It was weird!

While he played around, Marie opened the change room door and signaled to Madame Bordeaux who was waiting just outside in the hall.

"My, my! Look at you, Cammy!" She exclaimed excitedly when she saw the teen. "Don't you look pretty in your pink lingerie, just like a young lady!"

Cammy smiled happily and posed in the mirror for the women, like a mindless little sissyboy.



“There is one thing though Marie,” She commented, putting a finger to her chin in mock concern. “Our little sissy seems to have an unsightly bulge in the front.”

In fact Cammy was so aroused, his penis was now rudely tenting out the delicate nylon at the front of the panties.

“Take care of that for him, will you?” And she winked at Marie.

Marie nodded and sat down on the bench. “Come here to me Cammy,” She ordered and the teen stopped posing and came over to stand in front of the sales woman, then she did something totally unexpected. Marie undid the buttons on her white blouse and removed it, exposing the pretty white lace bra she was wearing beneath.

Reaching out she started to stroke the teen's erect penis through the front of his undies. “Do you like my bra sissyboy?” She asked coyly.

“Ye...yes Miss Marie,” The teen stammered out, hardly believing what was happening.

“Go-o-o-o-od,” She purred, as she continued to stroke the teen's rampant penis. “Ummm, you have a nice little cock, Cammy!” And Marie cupped her left breast and said, “Would you like to see more?”

All the excited teen could do was nod his head dumbly and stare with his mouth open at the breasts concealed beneath Marie's lacy white bra.

Marie smiled mischievously and reaching up she pulled down the cups of her bra allowing her big round globes to pop out into view. She was a curvy woman with 40-DD breasts tipped with exceptionally large areola and nipples.

The dark brown bumpy circles were about 2-inches in diameter and nestled in the center were her big swollen nubs. Marie's nipples were at least the size of the tip of his baby finger and they were already rock hard in excitement! This was the closest Cammy had ever been to a real breast, and as he looked at them he licked his lips like a baby waiting to suckle.

Marie pouted her lips coquettishly at him and started to roll her fat nipples between her thumb and forefinger all the while grinding her ample rear into the bench. “Um-m-m-m, I know something our little Pantyboy would like!” Reaching up she grasped the waistband of his pink panties down pulled the undies down around his upper thighs. Cammy's ‘stiffy’ popped into view and leaning forward she took the young teen's penis into her mouth.

The excited teen almost blew his load right there! Never in his short, inexperienced life had he ever felt anything to compare with Marie's hot mouth as it slid over his cock! He masturbated of course, mostly to magazines and the pictures of lingerie clad women in catalogs, but that was nothing compared to this!

Marie sucked the teen like a Hoover vacuum, her head bobbing up and down rhythmically as she

took his full length down the back of her throat. Cammy's knees were weak and he started to sag, but just when he thought he might fall down he felt a soft warm body move up behind him for support; it was Madame Bordeaux!

“Oh yes, Marie,” She said breathlessly near his ear. “Suck our little sissyboy dry! Taste his sweet cum!”

Marie doubled her efforts, holding his plumbs in the palm of her hand and rolling them gently to encourage the teen. Cammy instinctively started thrusting his hips towards Marie's hot mouth trying to push his length down her throat. Madame Bordeaux saw this and placing her hands on his rear she urged the teen to fuck the sales woman's mouth hard.

Cammy was on the edge when Marie suddenly drew back letting the sissyboy's cock pop free of her mouth. The teen moaned out in disappointment, but she quickly took hold of his member and leaning forward she started rubbing the swollen tip over her tits and erect nipples.

“Are you ready, Pantyboy? Are you ready to cum for the first time in girls' lingerie?” She asked teasingly.

“OH YES! Please, please, Miss Marie...please suck me some more!” The lingerie clad teen pleaded.

Marie smiled smugly, up at Madame Bordeaux, toying with the boy's erection for a moment more before going down on him again. Cammy's thrusts were definitely more frantic now as he approached climax.

For her part Madame Bordeaux was grinding her crotch against the teen's exposed rear seeming to help him thrust forward into Marie's mouth, but there was more behind than that! The teen should have felt the hardness at her crotch rubbing up against the soft cheeks of his rear, but he was totally distracted!

Marie's menstruations had the unwary teen in an exotic haze. Also, Madame Bordeaux had slid her hands up under the sissyboy's pink training bra and she started to pinch and roll his surprising hard little nipples.

It was all too much for Cammy! He was in erotic overload, his young body being pounded by too many wonderful sensations at once! Marie's hot mouth licking and sucking his engorged penis; the feel of Madame Bordeaux pressed up against him and the way she was pinching his own little nipples! Cammy had never tried that before, but the way it felt having this beautiful woman do it, he knew the next time he masturbated he'd be doing the same!

Not least of all these sensations was the ever present feel of woman's lingerie against his skin. With out knowing it Cammy had just been ‘conditioned’ by the two scheming women to associate the wearing of women's lingerie with sex, from this day forward. They were seducing the naïve teen into the role of ‘sissyboy plaything’ and after today there was no turning back for him.

“Oh...oh...pleeeese Miss Marie!” The teen moaned out and jets of hot cum started to fill the sales woman's mouth. Marie continued sucking, taking the teen's load into her waiting mouth like a trooper until he started to go limp, his overwhelming orgasm finally spent.

Madame Bordeaux could feel the teen start to sag and supported him for a couple of minutes until he could recover. Marie got up off the bench and taking the sissyboy's face in her hands she pressed her full lips to his and forced his mouth open with her tongue. Cammy felt her tongue snake into his mouth and he tasted his own spent seed but just then she pushed his entire spent load into his mouth!

Cammy tried to pull away but he was sandwiched between the two controlling woman, unable to move away and besides Marie was holding his head firmly in her hands. They pushed up against him the sales woman's tongue continuing to probe his mouth and he did the only thing he could, he swallowed his own cum!

“Good girl!” Marie said, smiling down at him as she broke their kiss. “My god, Jacqueline, he is too, too delicious!”

Madame Bordeaux looked quite flushed herself and she was sure the inside of her own panties were quite wet, considering the dry humping she had just done up against the unknowing sissyboy's soft rear.

“He's quite the little treasure, isn't he?” She finally managed to get out. “I think we should make it our business to let him realize his full potential!”

For his part, Cammy was still in a daze, basking in the warm glow following his first blow job from a mature woman! He stood and watched as the two women's straightened themselves, Marie adjusting her bra and putting on her blouse again while Madame Bordeaux smoothed out her clothing.

“Well Marie, I guess we'll take everything young Cammy here is wearing plus I have put a few other items on the counter outside I would like as well,” she said when they were done.

“All right, Jacqueline, I'll get our little friend here ready and send him out in a moment,” the sales woman replied.

Madame Bordeaux turned to leave the dressing room, throwing Cammy a kiss over her shoulder as she closed the door behind them.

Marie quickly got to work on the teen, helping him out of his lingerie and neatly folding each piece on the bench. Then she got him dressed in his street clothes again. The whole time Cammy said nothing, passively allowing Marie to strip and dress him like a child.

When he was ready she kissed him lightly on the lips and said, “You're all set to go, sweetie. Remember don't tell anyone this happened, and I'll see you again real' soon!”

She checked the hallway outside and then led Cammy by the hand back to the lingerie department's sales counter where Madame Bordeaux was waiting patiently for them. The two exchanged pleasantries while Marie quickly and efficiently rang through her purchases, which Cammy noticed had grown considerably from the three pieces of lingerie she had selected for him earlier.

When everything was done and wrapped up two said 'goodbye' like nothing had happened and Madame Bordeaux took him by the hand and led him from the store. Cammy looked back over his shoulder at Marie and she waved and threw him a kiss as they walked away.

Cammy followed along behind the beautiful woman like a child in tow, not really mindful of where he was going. When they reached the exit Madame Bordeaux stopped and turning to face him she said, "This is where we part company for now, Cammy."

The teen suddenly felt a great void inside him and after all he had been through he never did get the pretty pink lingerie! "But what about..." And he pointed to the bags she was carrying.

"Oh, don't worry you'll get them, but later." She said reassuringly. "Right now I have to launder them and make a few alterations, but I can assure you there's nothing more I'd like to see than you dressed in that pink lingerie again."

She reached into her purse and produced an embossed business card and handed it to the teen. He looked at it and all that was printed on it was Madame Bordeaux and an address underneath.

"Meet me at my house Saturday morning at 9:00 AM 'sharp'!" She said. "And don't be late, sissyboy! I hate tardiness!" And that said, she turned and walked out into the parking lot.

Cammy stood for a few minutes more, watching her drive away. He still couldn't believe what had just happened! No one would believe, but for that matter he couldn't tell anyone!" The teen finally shook off his malaise and ran to catch the bus home.

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