



The X-Rated

# Pantywaist Reader

For Panty Fags, Pervert Sissies & Wimps

No pictures! Just 40 pages of HOT Sissyboy Stories.  
Be warned: These are XXX-rated, totally depraved fantasies.  
Don't buy this magazine unless you like really offensive sissy sex.

## Volume 4

### Alan's Pink Ribbon Day

His seducing mother manipulated him into falling in love with panties and he is crazy with the power they have over him; he wants to please his mother and earn a sissyboy pink ribbon, but he has no idea what he has to do to get it!

### A Panty Pervert Finds a Special Family

He's a black monster with a fetish for panties. No, he doesn't wear them, he makes white males and females of all ages wear them while he abuses them.

### Auntie's Unusual Punishment Ritual

Spanking, enemas and fancy punishment panties she uses to tame her nephew.

### Snotty Girl Gets to Spank and Humble Her Boy Cousin

A creative little girl gets to handle the discipline of this unfortunate lad.

A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION

XXX-RATED

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ADULTS ONLY



## A Panty Pervert Finds a Special Family

Even though I graduated as an electrical engineer and held a string of good paying jobs, I finally admitted to myself I'm an uppity black asshole and can't tolerate working for someone else, so I dumped that career and opened a home cleaning business – a maid service – something that gives me many opportunities to get my nuts off as I exploit my workers and even my customers because as you'll find out as you read this, I'm a pervert on many levels.

I hire illegal immigrants, mostly Mexicans and Polish kids and pay them as little as I can get away with -- and that isn't much. They are hard workers, don't complain and look the other way and keep their mouths shut to my shenanigans. I speak Spanish (my second major in college) and Polish (my dad was from Harlem but met and married my mom who was fresh from Poland just after WWII), and when I hire these kids I prefer ones who speak very little or no English. I advertise for workers in their ethnic newspapers and have a never ending supply to choose from. When I interview them I pretend I don't know how to speak their language very well as I talk to them about cleaning houses. I hand them a stack of clothes and tell them to put on the panties and suck my cock. Those who are offended I settle down by pretending it was a mix-up in the language. But those who do (both males and females) strip down, put on the panties and suck my cock, I hire. Of course I secretly videotape the whole thing and use that video to get them to do anything and everything I want ever after. So I can understand why many people would call me a perverted asshole, maybe even a slave master – I can live with that!

But even more than having a steady supply of cheap, reliable good workers, I love to dominate entire white families and my house cleaning business opens up such opportunities. I size up prospects whenever I go to someone's home to make a proposal after they call and inquire about our maid service, and if I think there's a chance I could have my way with a particular family, I offer them our services at an unbelievably low price, explaining to them I'm training workers,

but assure them I will be on the job to make sure they do everything right. In actuality, I'm on the job to get a peek into this family's personal life and size them up for my perverse needs.

And I thoroughly train my workers (after I show them the videotape of them wearing just panties and sucking my cock) to look for things as they clean – revealing photos, a wife's sexy lingerie, family financial problems, a husband's smut collection, and clues that a wife or husband may be unfaithful, kids that are sexually curious (what kid isn't!), etc.

Now that you know my MO, let me tell you about the slutty Alton family, one of the best setups I ever had. From the moment I gave them my pitch, I knew they would be ideal. Sally, the wife looked like she needed a good fuck and couldn't keep her eyes off my bulging crotch. Dan was a tax accountant, a meek, prissy nerd who jumped whenever I addressed him with my booming voice or ruckus laughter. I paid them regular visits with my weekly cleaning crew and got to know them pretty well, just as I was doing on the evening that was the turning point in our relationship. After they had dinner and my crew finished up and left, I asked if I could have a talk with them, to which they agreed.

The Alton family, thirty-four year old Dan, his gorgeous thirty-one year old blonde wife, Sally, and kids were a dream come true for a single forty-six year old pervert like me. Those luscious kids, Brent, a fair haired boy of ten, with the cutest ass and biggest blue eyes I had ever seen, and Cindy, a doll of a girl at eight. She was a preteen replica of her mother, with long pale blonde hair and flashing blue eyes. Her ass was just as cute as her older brother's, if not more so. I didn't know how the boy got the freckled face, bright red hair and dark brown eyes that he had, but I guessed Sally had been knocked up by someone other than her husband with Brent because Dan had black hair and dark brown eyes — the boy didn't look like his dad at all.

The four members of the Alton family are about as submissive and obedient as anyone could hope for, an ideal situation for me because, on occasion, I like to get a little rough with those I engage in sex, especially with kids as cute as Brent and his little sweetheart of a sister, and that was what I was going to do as soon as I finished the glass of Scotch Sally had brought me. I gulped down the last of my drink, then stood up and started to take off my clothes.

Sally asked what I was doing, and I told her to shut up as I handed all four of them photos of her sucking my cock from one of my previous visits. Dan told the kids not to look at the pictures and to go to their rooms, but I told the kids to stay and told their wimpy

daddy to shut up as I handed him and his wife Polaroid pics of the little boy sucking his daddy's cock that my competent cleaning crew had discovered.

He shut up. And just as I suspected, Sally wasn't surprised when she looked at the pics. Dan and Sally were seated on the sofa and watched intently as I continued to undress. Brent and Cindy were also watching, looking at me nervously from their seats on the floor of the living room, where I had ordered them to sit before I began to undress.

Once I was completely naked, all four pairs of eyes were on my cock, which rapidly came to life, growing to its full nine inches, "I think it's time for someone to get a good beating," I announced, as I sat back with ease in the lounge chair. "Who should it be?" No one answered. But as I surveyed the room, I noticed all four of the Alton family members had lowered their heads, and daddy Dan was rubbing his hands together nervously.

"Well, since no one seems to want to volunteer, I guess I'll have to pick someone myself," I said loudly. "But before I do that, I think I need to have my cock polished a bit. Brent get naked, get over here and suck my cock!"

"Yes, sir, Mr. Williams," the boy replied meekly.

He shed his clothing rapidly, and I parted my legs to allow him access to my stiff shaft, and as he crawled between my legs, I took hold of his orangish-red hair and pulled hard on it until his small face was an inch from the head of my prick. He looked up at me with those light blue eyes, and I could see tears forming in them from the pain I was causing him by tugging so roughly on his hair.

"Get your mouth open and suck it, you little cocksucker! Now!" I demanded.

I pulled even harder now on his hair. His lips parted and a second later the head of my cock was engulfed in the youngster's wide open mouth. He began sucking diligently and I eased up on my grip on his head so he could concentrate better on the blow job he was performing. Dan and Sally, along with their sweet daughter, watched nervously as Brent sucked on my big black rod. I was sure each of them was contemplating which of them was going to suffer the beating I had mentioned earlier once Brent had finished sucking me off. I looked over at Dan and his wife as their young son's head bobbed up and down wonderfully on my thick dick and his babyish hands massaged my bloated balls.

"Your son is a natural cocksucker," I said with a moan to the boy's parents. Just look at how engrossed he is in what he is doing. It's as though he wants badly to please me."

"I - I'm sure he does, Tyrone," Sally Alton said

softly. "He's been sucking cocks since he was four, and he does like doing it, we know."

"I can tell," I chuckled. "Like I said, the boy's a natural."

"You two should really think about feminizing him, you know?"

"What do you mean?" Sally asked, her eyes still riveted on the fabulous blow job her preteen son was bestowing on my throbbing cock.

"I mean just what I said, bitch. This kid is definitely going to suck cocks and take dicks up his cute ass the rest of his life, and since that's what girls do, this kid should become a girl, or as close to one as is possible."

"How — how can we do that, Tyrone?" Dan interceded, his modest-sized cock pressing against his trousers front. I could tell he liked the idea of what I had just suggested.

"Well, he doesn't haven't a hair on his body yet, " I said, just as I let out a lingering groan as Brent backed off and expertly swirled his little pink tongue around the head of my dick, "so you won't have to shave him anywhere. "You can get him some panties and other girly clothes, especially fancy panties and slips and stuff. Start putting rouge and lip gloss on him, and teach him to walk and talk like a girl. It shouldn't be too difficult to turn him into a full fledged sissy boy in no time."

"It sounds nice," Dan Alton said with a deep sigh. I could detect he was very turned on by the idea of his only son becoming a true sissy boy. I was certain Brent liked the idea too because as he looked up at me he smiled with his eyes and his cocksucking efforts increased to the point where I was about to paint the little bitch boy's mouth with my rich cum. Sally jumped up and ran from the room. That pissed me off a bit as it broke my concentration. I wondered what in the hell had gotten into her. Then moments later, she returned with a pair of little girls' pink panties with ruffles across the back, obviously a pair belonging to his sister. God where they pretty panties! I love little boys in pink panties!

"That more like it," I said, as I slid my cock out of Brent's mouth so he could stand up and let his mother panty him. He blinked, hesitated for a moment, and then let her slide the silky pink panties up his skinny little legs. He twitched and girlishly wiggled his ass settling his femmy little body into the panties as she pulled them way up on his frail little body. He was skinnier than his slightly pudgy little sister, so the girl's panties fit him beautifully and even flattened his little cock to make it almost unnoticeable.

Cindy giggled at the sight of her older bother wearing her party panties. I got fully excited all over again,

stuck my cock back into the pantywaist kid's mouth, grabbed hold of his head with both hands and grunted wildly.

"Are you going to be cumming now, Tyrone?" the boy's mother asked me as she sighed deeply. Without the least bit of shame before her husband and kids, she had her legs spread and her right hand up her short skirt as she fingered her own panties. "Your suggestion about feminizing him is really exciting me. I can't wait to get him some sexy panties, little girl party dresses and other things."

"Shit, yes, I'm about to cum! Shit, he looks great in those pink panties. He was born to wear them. Yeah, get him some dresses and tons of panties as soon as possible.

"Brent, you're a cocksucking little fairy sissy boy. You belong in lacy panties and cute little dresses! Now, suck me good, you sweet little panty fag!" I shouted out.

"This little cocksucking panty boy is making me shoot off!" I yelled out for all to hear.

"Suck him good, son, and we'll get you a whole lot of pretty panties!" Brent's dad wailed in an excited tone from the sofa. "Get all of his cum, Brent! Don't lose a drop, my little pansy pussy panty boy!"

My hands locked onto the boy's head and pushed him down as far on my cock as was possible. I could hear him choke, cough and gag as I filled his mouth with my fuck juice. He swallowed every damn drop. Hell, he knew he better take it all! He was still coughing and gagging when I at last released my hold on him and let his mouth off my dick. He was doing everything he could to catch his breath as he remained on his knees between my legs. I let a few seconds pass and then instructed him to lick and kiss my balls. The rest of his family looked on keenly as he performed this chore.

"You can get up, now, Brent," I told him. "Let's all get a good look at you in that great pair of your little sister's fancy pink panties."

He rose to his feet, but remained between my legs. I pulled him close to me, took him in my arms and gave him a very lengthy, passionate french kiss, and all the while I kept rubbing my hands over the back of those silky panties, flipping through the lace and ruffles. Then I grabbed his cockette through the front of the soft, sexy panties and jerked him off. I could hear both his parents swoon as Brent and I kissed hotly, especially when I rammed my hand down the back of the little kid's pink panties and finger fucked his tight asshole. After he had a shattering dry cum, I finally released him, and he sank to the floor in an exhausted heap.

His dad said with baited breath, "Don't forget to

thank Mr. Williams, son, for allowing you the honor of sucking his beautiful cock and for suggesting we put in you your sister's panties."

"Thank you, Mr. Williams, for letting me suck your beautiful cock, sir, and thank you so much for letting me wear Cindy's panties. I've always liked looking up Cindy's dress at her panties, and for a long time I had wished I had pretty clothes like my sister wears. Thank you, thank you, thank you!" the boy said softly to me.

"You're welcome, Brent," I replied. "I think your parents are going to make you into a girl soon. What do you think of that, you sweet little cock-loving boy whore?"

"I - I guess that would be nice, sir," the boy sputtered, as his face turned red from obvious embarrassment. I laughed.

"You will have to have a new name of course," I said to him, "A girl's name. What name would you like, pussy boy?"

He thought for a moment before answering.

"Could it be Prissy?" he asked, somewhat excited. "The prettiest girl in my school has that name and I'd like to be pretty just like her."

"Sure, why not?" I said with a grin. "Prissy it is. Is she your girlfriend, boy?"

"Oh, no, I don't like girls too much. I just like to look at the pretty ones, and she's the prettiest girl I know."

"Fair enough. From now on, you little panty-wearing cum drinker, you will answer to the name Prissy. Got it?"

"Yes, sir," he replied, smiling, pulling out the sides of the panties and dancing around in a circle, snapping the leg elastics and squirming in sheer pantywaist delight. "Thank you, sir."

"What do you two pervert parents think of his new name?" I asked Dan and Sally. She was still busily fingering her panties under her skirt.

"I like it," Dan announced. "Putting the boy in panties is a great idea!"

"I love it," his wife sighed. "And, yes, he's perfect for panties. I don't know why we didn't think of it. The boy is a little sissy, always has been. Panties are the only kind of underwear he will wear from now on, and I don't give a fuck what other people think if they find out. But I don't think they'd be surprised; everybody knows he's a sissy and many of them know he's a cocksucker too. So wearing panties naturally goes with his sissy boy nature!"

"How about you, Cindy, you little piglet," I asked the eight-year-old pixie as I looked over at her. "What do you think of your brother's new name and his wearing panties all the time?"

"I like his new name, and I love how he looks in my panties. He'll be just like a sister to me now!" she giggled. "I'm glad Brent will be wearing lacy panties. He should be a girl."

"You're right about that, you little cunt," I said. "Now, I want you to get completely undressed and then go get me that big leather strap I know you have hanging in the laundry room." (Another tidbit of knowledge discovered by my crack cleaning crew.)

"Are — are you gonna' whip me, Mr. Williams?" Cindy asked, as her eyes lowered and a pout crossed her face.

"No, Cindy, I am not," I assured her. "I'm going to whip your mommy, and then maybe your daddy, too. How's that?"

She smiled brightly now, knowing she wasn't going to be the one to suffer my wrath.

"Goody," she said. "I'll go get the strap for you, sir."

She returned with the strap and handed it to me.

"Well, you heard me, Sally," I said, looking over at the sexy blonde mother of these two slutty kids. "Stop fingering yourself and get undressed. You're going to get a beating."

"But why me, Tyrone?" she asked me in a shuddering tone. "Why me?"

"Why not you?" I shouted at her. "I don't need a reason to give you a beating, Sally, do I?"

"No ... no, of course not," she said timidly.

"Help her out, Dan," I said to her husband, whose cock was now truly straining against his trouser front. "Get your whore wife stripped own for me. I want her to be wearing only her panties and high heels."

"Yes, Tyrone. Yes, sir," Dan replied in a highly aroused tone. It was obvious he wanted to see his sexy wife beaten.

Once Dan had her stripped down to just her high heels and panties, I ordered Sally to get on her hands and knees in front of the sofa. She was already starting to sob and I hadn't even whacked her yet. What a cunt! Her panties were the old-fashioned, high-waisted type of panties. Some guys call them passion killers or granny panties, but I'm an old-fashioned guy and I love them. My mother and my three sisters all wore those kinds of panties, and like many black girls, my mommy bought them the fanciest panties she could find, and if they didn't have enough lace and ribbon bows on them, mommy would sew more on them! And mommy and my sisters would often go around the house in just those panties and a bra, especially during hot weather and just before bedtime when they took turns playing with my big cock — it was big even when I was a kid, and they just couldn't keep their hands off it! Mom and my sisters

got me hooked on panties like that. I had a fetish for those panties, not to wear them myself, mind you, but I sure like my women in them, and sissy fag boys I love wearing full-cut deluxe panties too! When my cleaning crew gave me a report on the lingerie — the full-cut, waist high panties this mother and daughter wore, it really moved them up on my want-to-seduce and dominate-now list.

The two brats scooted as close to the sofa as they could, in hopes of getting the best view possible of the beating their lush mother was about to receive. I let them get as close as they wanted. I stood up now and walked over to where Sally was on all fours.

"Dan, you might as well get naked, too," I said to him. "You can jack off while I beat your wife."

"Thank you, Tyrone," he replied, breathing hard.

While he got up from the sofa and shed his clothes, I whispered something to Cindy and she ran off to get something for me. A few moments later she came back with a nice frilly pair of her mother's pink panties and handed them to me. "Thanks, you little slut, but they're not for me, give them to your daddy to put on."

Cindy handed them to her daddy. Dan mumbled, "But I don't wear my wife's clothes, especially panties ...."

Before he could say another word I double slapped him across his cheeks so hard he fell naked back onto the couch.

"You need to learn that when I tell you something, you do it immediately or you'll suffer a lot of pain. That lesson goes for all four of you, understand?"

They all nodded, and Dan jumped back up to his feet and stepped into the pink panties without further hesitation, his cheeks bright red from my slapping him as well as blushing with shame from being pink pantied. Then he quickly sat back down. His cock was rock hard and already leaking a couple drops of pre-cum through the thin nylon panties despite the humiliation of being forced to wear his wife's panties. I'm sure he didn't want to admit it, but he was finding this all very exciting. I gave him a jack-off gesture with my hand and he slowly began to use his right hand to stroke his undersized but very hard cock through the silken lace panties. His eyes were fixed on his pantied wife, whose body was quivering now in anticipation of the beating she was about to receive. Both kids were watching with wide eyes, too.

I brought the painful leather strap down on Sally Alton's marvelous ass with all my power.

**WHACK!**

Her panties rippled, her plush ass rocked and she screamed aloud. The two kids giggled. When I hit her the second time, she almost fell over, and I could

hear her husband sigh deeply. He even moaned. The kids again giggled, this time more noisily.

“Spread your legs more, Sally,” I commanded of her. “I need to whip your cunt, you slut!”

**WHACK! WHACK! WHACK!**

I smacked her cunt with pure lust and did not hold back. Sally was sobbing loudly now, and her entire luscious body was shaking and churning. I beat on her ass through her thin panties some more and then whipped her thighs just below her panty legs – just to make the snappy leg elastics on her panties add a teasingly painful extension to her agony long after her whipping would be over.

“Wow, he’s really beating mommy hard, huh, Daddy?” I heard little Cindy call out as I placed a well timed stroke on her mommy’s cunt again.

“He sure is, honey,” Dan replied in a breathless voice to his young daughter. “He’s beating mommy real good!”

I then ordered Sally to lie out on the rug on her back. She obeyed me at once, moaning louder as her tender panty ass touched the floor.

“Prissy, get over here between your mommy’s legs,” I said to the boy pussy.

“I want you to ram your entire fist up your mother’s cunt while I beat her tits.”

“Yes, sir,” the boy said.

He crawled immediately between his mother’s parted legs, put his baby boy hand inside the leg opening of her delicate panties and, in no time at all, had his right fist up her pussy. She howled, and then cried still louder as he rammed it in and out of her cunt. I then whipped her tits as hard as I could and caused her to scream out in pain. It was then that her husband shot his paltry load of semen all over his pantied belly. I laughed as I witnessed his feeble cum load seep through the front of his wife’s panties that were covering his flabby wimp tummy. Sally’s sissy boy son continued to fist fuck her cunt as I lashed her tits three more times. Sally shrieked out loudly in agony.

When I was done beating the whore, I had their eight-year-old daughter strip down to just her pale yellow baby nylon panties and lick up every drop of her daddy’s cum coating the silky panties plastered to his belly. She did so with gusto as I laughed aloud and watched her gulp it down. Then I had her french kiss her daddy and give him a little taste of his own paltry slime.

My cock had become erect again during the beating of Sally and watching their little girl lick up her daddy’s sum, so I took Cindy and sat her on my lap on the lounge chair. As I held aside the leg opening of her little girl yellow nylon panties, I made the fag

boy Prissy insert my hard tool up against his little sister’s tiny hairless slit. It took some banging to get my big cock into her and she was in tears, but they were tears of joy as much as pain, I’m sure. Then I made Mr. Alton, still in his cold and wet cummy pink panties, crawl over and lick both his precious preteen daughter’s cunny and my cock and balls as we fucked lustfully.

When I at last shot a load of my sperm up the cute little girl’s twat, I made her dad lick it all out, and then made him also cleanse my cock. He seemed thrilled to taste his own daughter’s cunt juices on my shaft. He was moaning uncontrollably as he cleansed my prick with his mouth and tongue.

Sally laughed and said, “Dan have you been holding out on me? It looks like you’re a damn good cocksucker! You told me you never had sucked a cock and never would, but from what I see with you wiggling your ass in my pink panties while you gobble up Mr. Williams’ big black meat, I think you’ve been practicing a lot!”

Obviously in an attempt to dispute what his wife was saying, Dan tried to pull himself off my dick, but I hate to be interrupted when in full pleasure mode, so I just reached under him, grabbed both of his nipples and pinched them good and hard. “Get your faggot mouth back on my big black beauty, you panty-wearing pansy. Pull off my cock one more time before you’ve got my dick polished clean of your slut daughter’s juices and I’ll cut your little cock and balls off, barbecue them and feed them to you and your family for dinner! In fact, that’s not a bad idea, and since you’ll be wearing ladies’ panties all the time now, your panties will fit you even better.” I laughed just thinking about how much fun that would be!

After he thoroughly cleaned me – and almost brought me off again! — I made Dan get down on his hands and knees, just as his wife had been earlier, and I handed Cindy the pain-causing leather strap.

“Beat his ass, Cindy,” I told the girl. “Whip your daddy’s ass and his balls too, as hard as you can. Get him to admit he loves wearing pink panties and get him to tell us how many dozens of cocks he has sucked. He isn’t a beginner at sucking cock, so he better fess up and tell us just how big of a faggot he really is.”

“Okay, Mr. Williams,” she smiled brightly.

She had to use both of her tiny hands to control the strap properly. I watched with pleasure as she walloped her father’s ass with it, causing the man to cry out with grief. I was surprised how much muster she could call up. Of course, she wasn’t hitting him as hard as I would hit him, but even mildly hard smacks add up and can become very painful. Cindy

got a little tired from time to time but then dutifully would just take a few deep breaths and go back to work. After more than a hundred cracks, Dan was becoming thoroughly beaten.

“Oh, God, no, please, Cindy honey, not so hard!” Dan cried out in a begging voice, as genuine tears now streamed down his face.

Cindy looked over at me.

“Hit him harder, Cindy!” I instructed her. “He shouldn’t beg like that, the cocksucker!”

Cindy giggled and lashed her father with even more fury!

“Ow-w-w-w! Oh shit! No, Ouch!” daddy Alton wailed and yelled.

Cindy hit him repeatedly with the stinging strap.

“Spread your legs more, Dan,” I told him, “so she can get at your balls, too!”

He did so reluctantly.

“Give us your confession daddy, tell about how much you like wearing mommy’s panties, and tell us all about the cocks you’ve sucked!”

Cindy hit the mark and landed blow after blow on her father’s balls still held close to his body in his wife’s cum-saturated panties, as he screeched out in anguish and deep pain. I looked over and noted that mommy Sally and son Prissy were watching Dan’s beating with sheer joy. Both of them had huge smiles on their faces as Dan got whacked by his daughter.

Dan insisted he had never worn ladies’ panties in his life but he was quick to add that now he loved wearing his wife’s fancy old-fashioned panties, and with a few more cracks of the strap, begged to be allowed to wear panties forever after. I granted his wish and then asked him about sucking cock, at first he hemmed and hawed, and tried to evade the question, but finally admitted he had been forced to suck cock in the Navy where he spent the better part of two years on a submarine with a lot of horny sailors and he had been chosen as the entire crew’s cum receptacle, but they only made him suck cock, he never had taken a dick up his butt, and he had never sucked a cock since getting out of the Navy a dozen years before.

I finally had Cindy halt the beating. Dan dropped to the floor and began crying like a baby. His ass and balls were marked up quite nicely, I could tell even through the panties he wore because his bruises could be seen through the sheer panties, and a few droplets of blood oozed out at points. I took the strap from little Cindy and made Dan get back up on his hands and knees. He was still sobbing as he did so.

“What ... what now?” he muttered between sobs.

“Time for you to get ass-fucked,” I told him. “Since your faggot Navy buddies never honored you with

this pleasure, I think you need to find out just how much fun it is playing the girl’s part with your asshole. You already have the pink panties on, so now let’s really make you feel like a girl.”

“Oh, no! God, no!” he begged, tears coming down his face even harder now.

“Oh, yes!” I laughed. “My cock is hard again, fuck face, and it’s going up your tight ass! I love wimpy men in pink panties almost as much as I love sissy fag boys in pink panties. And you are going to suck off Prissy too while I fuck you, you’ll suck him off right through his saucy panties, you shit head nancy sailor boy!”

“Oh, god, no, please?!” Dan whined.

I paid him no mind.

“Get over here, cunt,” I said to Sally. “I want you to pull aside your fag husband’s panties and insert my cock up his asshole! I’m going to fuck the living shit out of him!”

“Yes, Tyrone,” she mewed, as she crawled over to me.

“Quit complaining!” I shouted at Dan, as I got down behind him and prepared to fuck his inviting silk pantied ass.

Sally held aside his panty leg, took hold of my cock and aimed it dead center at her quivering husband’s asshole. She guided the head in and Dan cried out in obvious pain. I gave a good push and in it went. I had no plans to be gentle with this lying cocksucker. Sally massaged my balls lovingly as I pushed even deeper up her protesting husband’s rear end. For being a wimp, I knew this was part of his true calling. I don’t think Dan had ever been ass fucked before, so I could understand his protest of my invasion of his asshole. Nonetheless, I was intent on fucking the bastard, whether he liked it or not, and that is exactly what I did. I enjoyed playing with the shiny panties stretched across his butt; I pulled them up as high as they would go on his waist, crushing his penis and balls in front; I snapped the waist and leg elastics, especially the snappy leg elastics to further irritate his butt and upper thighs so amiably strapped by his slut baby daughter, and then I gave another fierce shove and found myself up to my balls in the worthless fuck head’s rectum. He squealed loudly when he felt my balls smack up against his girly sweet pantied balls. I took hold of his nylon pantied hips with my hands and began to fuck his ass with long, deep thrusts. His wife, meanwhile, continued to rub my balls for me, and she was moaning softly at the sight of seeing my large dick pump in and out of her hubby’s virgin back hole. I found Dan’s ass to be most enjoyable for fucking and loved every thrust.

“Ow-w-w-w ... oh, dear, god!” Dan whined, in a

whimpering tone.

I laughed and began to fuck his ass even harder.

“Ouch ... ow-w-w-w-w!” he wailed as I increased my pace. “Oh, no, please ... not so hard ... ow-w-w-w!” he sobbed.

I couldn't see his face, but I was betting there were real tears running from his eyes. His asshole was tight and I loved it!

Prissy was standing in front of his daddy's face, waiting to be sucked off.

“Hey, fuck head!” I said to Dan, in between thrusts. “Time for you to suck your pantied, candy ass son's little cock sticking up in front of you, you dumb ass pansy dick licker!”

He lifted his head upwards a bit, still sobbing and whimpering, and Prissy slid his smallish pink pantied cock into his father's mouth. Dan began to suck on it lavishly as I continued to assault his butt hole with my hard prick. Little Cindy crawled up close to watch. I decided to put the young bitch to work. I told her to get behind her sissy brother and lick his asshole for him while her daddy sucked on his little pecker. She nodded and moved to where I had told her. She eased down his panties in back enough to part her sissy brother's sexy, hairless ass cheeks and then commenced licking his asshole with her pert little pink tongue.

Holding Dan in place with my left hand on his left hip, I let my right hand slip around front to his cock in his still damp cummy panties. The son of a bitch was rock hard! I smiled. He was beginning to like what I was doing to him, now I knew! I grabbed his cock and squeezed it hard. He shrieked out in pain and let his son's dick slip out of his mouth.

“Get that sissy boy cock back in your mouth, Dan, NOW!” I ordered, and he did so at once.

He was sucking Prissy off again when I reached down and squeezed Dan's small nuts with no mercy. Again, his mouth let loose of his son's small dick and he screeched even louder this time. I laughed, and continued to ravish his asshole with my nine inch tool.

Prissy was too young to cum yet, and I knew this; besides, he whined a little saying his penis was getting quite sore, so I said to the kid, “Hey, Prissy, do you need to pee?”

The sissy boy nodded in an affirmative manner to me.

“Well, go ahead, bitch boy!” I told him.

“Now?” he questioned, “into my daddy's mouth?”

“Yes, do it, you little cocksucker! Piss in your faggot father's mouth and hold his head while you do it, so he won't miss a drop!” I said.

I watched, as did Sally, as the kid tugged as hard as

he could on both sides of his dad's face, closed his eyes, tried to relax and then finally then let go with a torrid stream of hot piss down his father's throat. I could hear Dan gurgling and moaning as he gulped down his sissy son's golden fluid. Sally swooned with delight at this!

“Oh, how lovely!” she said in a breathless tone after her son had completely emptied his bladder in her husband's mouth. “That was so beautiful to watch!”

“Lick my asshole, bitch!” I said to Sally. “I'm about ready to shoot my load up your fuck head husband's ass, and I want a whore rimming my butt hole while I do it!”

“Yes, Tyrone, darling,” she cooed, then scooted around behind me, spread my cheeks apart wide, and began to race her tongue up my ass. It felt good! Real good!

Prissy had now pulled his cock away from his dad's mouth, and was content to just watch the savage ass fucking his worthless father was receiving. I let Cindy halt licking her brother's ass, so she too could watch her daddy get his silk pantied ass pumped good and hard. Now that Dan's mouth was free of cock, he began to cry and whine again, but it was in a different tone now. His hips began to gyrate and twist as I fucked him, and when I squeezed his balls again, he just groaned softly.

“You like it now, don't you, faggot?” I shouted, ramming my prick faster now up his ass. “And you love wearing your wife's lacy panties too, don't you, cocksucker?”

“Oh, yes ... god, yes! I love it!” he cried out with passion. “Fuck me! Fuck me more ... harder, please?” he begged. “And I love the panties ... ugh!”

“I'm going to shoot now, you filthy fairy bastard!” I exclaimed. “Right up your useless asshole! Your asshole that forever more will be covered by pink panties just like your sissy son's pink pantied asshole!”

“Yes, please...” he begged of me. “Give me lots and lots of pretty panties to wear and fill my ass with your manly cum! Please!”

And I did! I put quite a load up Dan's rear end as Sally continued to give me a truly splendid rim job from behind. A few moments later, I made Sally cleanse my cock with her mouth as I watched gobs of my spent sperm leak out of Dan's asshole. Dan collapsed on the rug still sobbing, and I kicked him in the balls. He moaned.

I had Sally fix me a drink, and I sat alongside her on the sofa and fingered her wet twat and savagely pinched her nipples as I drank it. The two brats were seated on the rug, looking closely at their freshly fucked father and giggling at his still pantied form.

Later with Dan still stretched out on the rug while I sipped my Scotch, I had the two kids take turns sucking on my cock until it was hard again.

I figured it was time to give both of them a good beating.

I made Sally fetch the leather strap and hand it to me, then let her sit back on the sofa so she could watch as I gave her two adorable preteens a sound thrashing.

Both kids had a definite look of fear on their cute faces as I told them clearly to get on their hands and knees, side by side, on the rug.

“You are both going to get a good hard beating,” I told them, as I stood now behind their upturned little asses. “You can cry and scream all you want, but if you try to move away from the strap, you will get an even harder beating! Is that clear?”

Both of them nodded in acknowledgment of what I had just said.

I then began the onslaught.

I took turns with my strokes, swatting Cindy’s luxurious ass in bright yellow nylon panties first, then her brother’s sweet butt in his sister’s fine-looking pink nylon rhumba panties, then hers again, and so on. Both kids were crying and yelling wildly by the time I had doled out five harsh lashes to each of their sweet bottoms.

Sally was swooning with bliss as she watched her brats being beaten. By the time I whacked Cindy’s ass for the sixth time, Dan turned his head to watch the twisted scene of his two loving children being beaten so ruthlessly by a man he hardly knew.

“Please, no more, Mr. Williams!” Cindy cried out, tears streaming down her pretty face from her elegant eyes.

“Shut up, baby cunt!” I told her, and then hit her bald little cunny covered only by her thin panties with a very severe blow.

She let out a scream that was almost deafening, and I loved it!

Sally swooned again, and I took notice that Dan’s cock was growing erect from seeing his two beautiful kids receiving this glorious beating.

I hit Cindy again, flush on her tiny pussy, and again she screamed aloud. I then smacked Prissy right on his small sized balls and he let out with a howl like a wounded little girl animal. Again, I laughed.

“Like what I am doing to your beautiful children, Dan? I asked, looking down at where he was still lying on the rug.

He had no choice but to confess that he did indeed like what I was doing to them.

“Yes,” he muttered with a hoarse breath, as he took hold of his now stiff cock and began to stroke it as he

watched me lay lash after lash on his kids’ asses, cunt and balls and manipulated them through their slinky pink panties. Cindy and Prissy were crying, screaming and yelping by the time I decided to quit beating them. Both kids were marked up wonderfully. I surveyed their many cuts, welts and bruises as I set down the strap and sat back down of the sofa next to Sally and downed the rest of my Scotch.

“God, Tyrone, you really beat the hell out of them,” Sally said to me, still breathing hard.

“Did you enjoy watching them get it like that? I asked her, flashing a smile.

“Oh, god, yes!” she admitted. “It was heavenly!”

“You better attend to your two baby sluts now,” I said to her. “They are going to need some attention for those welts, bruises and cuts.”

She nodded and rose from the sofa. She helped her two still crying slutty little brats get up and had them follow her to the bathroom. Both kids had a difficult time walking, I noted. That, of course, caused me to grin widely.

Dan was still jerking off his nylon pantied cock.

“Let me help you with that, fuck face,” I said to him.

He seemed surprised at my offer, but smiled anyway at me.

I bent down and proceeded to take hold of his cock and began stroking it for him through his panties. I like handling a submissive guy’s cock in a pair of fancy panties. He moaned and sighed deeply. At the last moment, I pulled down his panties in front and had him shoot his cum onto my hand. When he was done spurting, I smeared his cum onto his face, shoving the last globules up his nose.

“Don’t wipe it off, asshole!” I ordered.

He nodded sheepishly. His face was fully covered with his own semen.

Sally returned with the two kids a short time later. They looked a lot better, but they were still hurting badly, which pleased me immensely.

Little Cindy first noticed the slime on her daddy’s face. “What’s on your face and dripping from your nose, daddy?” she asked.

I motioned for him to tell her.

“It’s my cum, honey. Mr. Williams jacked me off in my – I mean your mom’s panties, and then caught my cum and put it on my face.

Sally and the kids thought that was funny. I then told him he looked disgusting and told him to take a shower and clean himself up, but to come back wearing only a fresh pair of his wife’s old-fashioned panties.

Sally then led the two kids over to me. They stood in front of me rather fearfully.

“Cindy and Prissy have something to tell you, Tyrone,” Sally said. “Don’t you, kids?”

Both children nodded their heads in unison.

“Thank you for giving me a beating,” Cindy said softly to me.

“You’re welcome, Cindy,” I said to her, smiling at her now.

Then it was Prissy’s turn.

“Thank you for beating my ass, sir,” the sissy boy said timidly. “And thank you so much for letting me wear girlie panties. I really, really love them!”

“You are welcome, Prissy,” I said to him. “Your mommy and daddy are going to take you shopping for panties tomorrow, and they’ll be buying a ton of fancy panties for all of you – girls, wimps, sissies and faggot assholes can never have enough new panties. Next time I come over, you and your whole family will put on a family panty fashion show for me before I beat you all – beat you even harder than I did tonight — and then I’ll fuck all of you pantywaist bitches.

Looks of fright came across both their faces at the same time. I just laughed.

I then took hold of Prissy and Cindy and placed them alongside of me on the sofa. “Are you both still pretty sore and hurting?” I asked them.

They both confessed that they were.

“Good,” I said, smiling at their mother. “I am glad I was able to hurt both of you so well. Now, I am going to let you both lick my balls and cock, so I can get hard again. I want to fuck your mommy and make a baby in her. Would you both like to have a black baby for a sister or brother?”

They both eagerly said “yes” to that question.

Sally looked at me in total shock.

“Really, Tyrone?” she asked me. “Are you really going to breed me?”

“Yes,” I told her. “I want to knock you up, you fucking whore cunt and mother of this godforsaken pervert family in panties. I want to see your belly swell from my seed. Any objections, pig slut?”

“No ... no, of course not,” she said in a husky voice. I knew now that the idea of me planting a baby in her was very much to her liking, just as it was to mine.

“I don’t think your asshole husband will object, do you? I asked Sally.

“No, I am sure he will love you impregnating me, Tyrone, darling, just as I will,” she beamed.

The two brats got me hard with their sultry little cocksucking mouths, and by the time Dan returned downstairs after his shower wearing a faggot lavender pair of his wife’s panties with lace on the legs and buttercups on the hips, I was fucking the living hell out of his hot wife’s cunt. The two brats were sucking

on their mommy’s tits, Cindy on the left and Prissy on the right. Sally’s tawny long legs were locked tightly around my back as I drilled her fertile pussy with my cock with piston-like strokes. Dan stopped about two feet away from where we were fucking and looked down at us. He had a somewhat puzzled look on his face.

“I’m fucking your gorgeous slut wife, Dan!” I said to him, as I continued to pump in and out of Sally’s wet pussy. “I’m going to knock her up, too! I want her to have my black baby, Dan. OK with you?”

I noticed his dick twitch just slightly within his stretchy panties as I said that to him.

“Yes, that would be fine with me,” he said meekly.

“Good, because I would do it anyway,” I told him, giving Sally a very hard thrust, which caused her to mew like a cat. “You’ll have to pay all the expenses, Dan, and raise the little bastard, too. And of course I will be fucking it, whether it’s a boy or a girl, as well you might imagine. And you’ll raise it in silken panties from babyhood and teach the little bastard to prefer suck cock over downing a bottle of milk. Do you understand, you panty-wearing shit head?”

“Yes,” he sighed. “I ... I understand.”

“Good, then get down behind me and lick my nuts for me while I put a baby in your sow wife’s cunt, fuck face!”

Dan’s cock was almost fully hard now, and he got down and licked my nuts zealously as I fucked his horny wife for another ten minutes, all the while I played with her panties smoothing them over her belly where my baby would soon be. When I at last creamed her sizzling snatch, I made Dan lick us both clean with his mouth, while his two kids continued to nurse with love and affection on their mommy’s ample tits.

As I left that night, I reminded Prissy and his daddy that they would be wearing nothing but pink panties for underwear from then on and that they were all to go shopping the next day and pick out a big wardrobe of fancy pink panties for each of them.

Nine months later Sally gave birth to a stunning beige-skinned boy with kinky blonde hair. I was a regular visitor to the Alton home during that time, and still am, as are several other horny and perverse men I met over the Internet who pay me handsomely to fuck the shit out of all of them. I alone control the Alton family, and they do as I say at all times. Cindy sucks me off on a regular basis, as does Prissy, who is now totally feminized with big hormone tits and all, and I still fuck Dan’s asshole, as well as the asshole of his wife, Cindy and Prissy. Dan sucks my cock a lot too these days, and I have also trained him now to be my full toilet slave. Of course I often fuck Cindy’s cute cunt as well as her mommy’s, and their

assholes also. As a tribute to me, we named our new baby boy, Willy Junior. He's three now, already potty trained and thoroughly hooked on frilly nylon panties. We love taking him out in short dresses with his BIG penis poking at the front of his pink rhumba panties, and we love it when people ask us about our little girl, and tell them he's a boy and faggot Dan is his father. Just one look at the kid and they know that can't be true. Next thing we know most of them are running as fast as they can to get away from us and dragging their questioning children behind them.

Overall, it's a great life I've carved out for myself, and I am truly glad I discovered this cock-loving family of submissive females and sissy wimps! ♦

## Punished for Looking Like a Pansy

For years my brother was heavily abused by my father. I don't know why it started; I can only guess it was because Paul was a cute, pale-skinned, blonde-haired boy with a girlish look about him. Dad hated homosexuals with a passion and was very outspoken about it. I think he tabbed Paul as a homo-to-be. When we'd go out to a restaurant and a gay waiter served us, Dad would act like a complete asshole, teasing the guy, saying embarrassing things right to his face like, "Thank, you, miss," and then top it off by not leaving him a tip! Then Dad would tell Paul he was going to grow up to be a swish like that guy. Many people would say Dad was homophobic and had subconscious homosexual urges he just couldn't handle — and I'm sure they'd be right!

Dad teased Paul from the time he was a toddler, saying things like, "What do you want for Christmas, Paulie, a cute little party dress? Or how about a box of day-of-the-week nylon panties?" He'd ask him if he had a little boyfriend yet or if he wanted to play with my dolls. Dad pretended to be disappointed whenever he saw Paulie in his little boys' underwear and would ask him if he had forgotten to put on his lacy panties that day.

Paul wasn't a macho little boy, but he wasn't effeminate either. He didn't have any interest in my

things or any kind of girls' things; he usually played with the neighborhood boys and did all the things most other boys do. He was adequate at sports and had typically boyish interests like playing with trucks and trains, but Dad always had it in for him! Paul reacted by trying to be masculine in every way he could. But as he grew older, Paul realized that no matter how hard he tried, he was never going to impress his father into believing he was just a typical boy, and the harder Paul tried, it seemed like the more Dad hated him.

The summer Paul was thirteen and I was fifteen, our mother was severely injured in a car accident and had to spend four and a half months in the hospital. Dad was used to having Mom wait on him hand and foot so when she wasn't there, Paul and I had to take over the household duties. You'd think my father would have been grateful, but it just gave him more opportunities to get on Paul's case about doing 'women's work' and acting 'like a girl.' Dad really missed Mom's slavish devotion to him and he took it out on Paul big time!

During August I had to go to a two-week summer camp. I wanted to stay home and help out, but Dad and Mom insisted I go because the camp had been paid in advance and they couldn't get a refund. When I came home after camp, I didn't see Paul, so I finally asked Dad where he was. He told me Paul was in the basement. When I asked what he was doing down there, Dad explained he was being disciplined for being such a lousy little sissy.

As I got up and headed toward the basement, Dad added, "Oh, by the way, we're not going to call him Paulie any more. From now on, we'll call him Pansy!"

In the basement, I couldn't believe my eyes. Paul was naked and chained up to the ceiling; his ears, nose, nipples and penis had been pierced and ringed. He had lipstick and eye makeup on, and it was streaking down his face from his tears. His body had been beaten and tortured, and he smelled like a sewer. I think he had been up there so long he'd gone to the bathroom all over himself. After adjusting to the shock, I ran back upstairs to confront my father. He had a smug look on his face like he was proud of what he had done. I never was one to go too strongly against my father since more than a few times I had felt the back of his hand or the pain of his belt, but I screamed at him and demanded to know what had happened. He just kept saying things like, "The little sissy is getting what he deserves."

When I told Dad I wanted him to let Paul out of the chains so I could put get some clothes and put them on him, Dad said he'd let him out of the chains, but he wouldn't let Paul wear his own clothes. "A pansy

doesn't wear boys' clothes, get him something of yours, some nice lace panties and a little skirt, or better than that, get him that frilly cancan petticoat you have. That's all he needs.

Realizing it wasn't the time to argue with my father, I simply got the pale purple bouffant petticoat Dad was referring to and a pale blue pair of my panties that had lace on them, thinking my father wouldn't want me to pick any of my plainer panties.

I rushed to the basement and waited as Dad unlocked the chains. Then I helped Paul over to the laundry basin and gave him a thorough sponge bath. After I dried him off, I held open the panties for him; he stepped into them, and then I helped him into the petticoat and slid it up to his waist. As I did all this, I tried to ask him what had happened, but he only shook his head, cried and said Dad had gone berserk and started beating on him and abusing him from the moment I had left for camp.

I didn't think Paul had eaten for days. He was so skinny and gaunt looking. As I took him up to the kitchen to get him some food, I asked him what he had been eating, if anything, but he didn't say anything with Dad standing there staring at him.

"Cute, real cute," Dad said spitting out his words in reference to how I had dressed my brother in my cancan slip and panties. "Yeah, Pansy, tell your big sister what you've been eating and drinking lately."

Paul only blushed and cried some more.

Dad said, "OK, don't tell her; we'll just show her!"

Then Dad snapped his fingers and Paul gagged back his tears and slumped to his knees. I watched in stunned silence as Dad undid his zipper and hauled out his big fat penis. Paul was audibly crying as he downed Dad's dick like an experienced hooker. When Dad was ready to cum, he pulled out and masturbated himself the final strokes until he began shooting his cum towards Paul's open mouth about a foot away. Paul jerked back and forth trying to catch the cum in his mouth but most of it just splashed all over his face. Dad put his softening penis back in Paul's mouth to clean it off. Then for a few minutes Paul just kept kneeling there and suckling as Dad's penis went limp.

I stood there not knowing if I should scream or run out of there as fast as I could. I was frozen in shock. Then Dad aimed his soft penis toward Paul and started peeing on him, pissing all over his face and laughing as Paul struggled to follow the stream of piss and drink it up!

That did it! I screamed and I ran. I ran to our neighbor's house and called the police. They took forever to show up, and when they did, they hesitated to intervene, not wanting to get involved in a domestic dispute. They thought I was hysterical and making it

all up. I don't think they really believed what I was telling them. Finally I did get them to go into the house and look around. They found Paul still in my slip and panties, his face smeared with piss and cum. Dad was sitting in the living room watching television like nothing out of the ordinary had happened!

Dad spent less than two months in jail and that was just waiting for a trial. The judge then let him out provided he get psychiatric treatment. Until Mom got out of the hospital, Paul and I lived with our maiden aunt Grace. Paul continued to live with her after Mom got back home and never saw his father again.

Today, Paul is gay, and I always wondered if that was because of how Dad had treated him his whole life. Was Dad right from the start or did he make my brother gay with all the shit he put him through? ♦

## Auntie's Unusual Punishment Ritual

"Donald, DONALD!"

"Yes, Auntie?"

"I'd like to see you, please."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Right now, young man!"

I pretty much knew what my aunt wanted. She kept a Japanese vase on the guest bathroom sink with some plastic flowers in it; I had broken it and then hid the evidence. I slowly went downstairs and found my aunt and cousin, Cindy, in the kitchen.

"You want to see me, Auntie?"

"Yes, Donald, I certainly do! Do you have something you want to tell me?"

"No, ma'am."

"Well, I'm waiting?"

"I didn't do anything."

"What about my vase that was in the bathroom? Where is it?"

"I don't know."

"Stop lying to me! I found it in the trash."

"Um, I'm sorry, Auntie, I, uh, broke it last night. It was an accident."

"Yes, I know you broke it, Donald. Cindy saw you sneak something into the trash and then found it. She told me after I came home from my Bible study meeting, but I didn't say anything until now because

it was too late last night and I was too tired to do anything about it then. Besides, I wanted to see if you were enough of a big boy to come to me on your own and admit to your misbehavior! But I guess you're not very responsible. I would have been easy on you if you had come to me and explained how you accidentally broke it. I would have made you pay for it out of your allowance and given you just a light paddling to remind you to be more careful in the future, but you keep acting like a bull in a china shop around here, despite my many warnings to slow down and be careful how you treat things. You need to develop respect for people and property, especially other people's property. And you need to learn how to be gentle and how to move around gracefully instead of the clod-hopping clumsy way you approach most everything; therefore, you will be punished for breaking something that wasn't yours and then not freely owning up to it ... but most of all, you will be severely punished for then trying to lie about it!

"Oh, no! Please Auntie! I'm fourteen years old!"

"Have you been acting like a responsible fourteen year old? Well, Donald have you?"

"No, ma'am."

"No, you haven't. My daughter is much younger than you and obviously much more mature, and I think she should be part of your punishment. She needs to help me shame you for acting like a very bad, bad boy! Go to my bathroom right now! Cindy, bring me a pair of your prettiest pink panties and meet us in there."

"Oh, Auntie, NO!" I protested but shut my mouth and hung my head when Auntie shot me a stern look.

A short time later I stood in the bathroom of my aunt's master bedroom with my aunt seated on the closed toilet, tears of shame and mortification flooding my eyes as my aunt began removing my clothes. When Cindy entered, prissily humming, I complained because I didn't want to be naked in front of her.

Auntie stopped taking my shirt off, and said, "Well, you should have thought about that before you were a naughty boy! Cindy, you can remove the rest of Donald's clothing. Throw them in the laundry basket. He has no further need for them tonight. Let me see those panties you brought along."

Cindy held them up by the thin waistband for me as well as my auntie to see, stretching it in and out. They were girly pink with white lace panels down each side and little pastel-colored pansies embroidered into the lace. More white lace was ruffled around the leg openings.

"Cindy, those are very pretty panties. I'm sure Donald will be thrilled to wear them."

"Oh, no-o-o-o-o-o!" I shouted. I knew I had been

destined to wear Cindy's fussy lace panties, but I just didn't want to admit it in my mind until Auntie actually said that is what was going to happen.

"Silence, young man! Any more protests out of you and we can easily transform you fully into 'Missy.' Do you understand?"

"Yes, ma'am. I'm sorry, ma'am!"

"That's better, Donald. Now, step into the panties while Cindy holds them and then go down to the kitchen pink panty naked the way you are. Set my spanking chair in the middle of the room and then get my paddle and put it on the seat of the chair!"

"Oh, may I please put some of my clothes on – I don't want anybody to see me like this!"

"NO! But you can put on one of Cindy's training bras and one of her dresses if you want."

I moaned out a 'no' and ran panty naked to the kitchen, the panties tickling my butt and jiggling boy parts as I hustled down the stairs. No sooner had I positioned the chair in the middle of the kitchen and put Auntie's red paddle on it when I heard Cindy's laughter approaching. She had been smirking at me the whole time, and now, between spurts of giggling, she was talking to Auntie a mile a minute about my bad boy behavior and begging her to turn me into Missy once again. Auntie wasn't saying anything, but I heard her steps getting closer as one after the other, her high heels struck the hardwood floor. Moments later, they arrived in the kitchen. I was hoping I'd get a quick paddling before my sister and my uncle arrived back home and then be able to hurry to my room to lick my wounds and hide my embarrassingly girly pantied condition, but then Auntie told me I wasn't going to be so lucky.

"Donald, this is going to be a family spanking, so you will await the arrival of the rest of the family with your nose in the corner and your hands on your hand! Understand?"

"Yes, ma'am," I moaned, realizing everyone would partake in teasing and taunting me in my shameful pink pantied condition.

"Well! Get to it bad boy! Get your nose against the wall!" Auntie said as she delivered a brisk hand spank to my thin panty-covered bottom.

I went to the corner to wait for my 'family' paddling with Auntie and her fire engine red paddle. She had painted it that color so she could compare how red our bottoms got as she spanked us – I shouldn't say 'our bottoms' because with my cousin, my sister and me, I was just about the only one who ever got spanked by either my uncle or my auntie.

But between the stress of waiting and the weight of my arms on my head feeling like they were made of lead, I tired quickly and was weaving around and

dropping my hands down much to my aunt's dismay. I heard her open and then close the refrigerator door, and then she came up to me, pulled my panties down in back and shoved a big long carrot up my asshole before pulling the panties back up. She then told me to not only hold the end of the carrot through my panties but to keep moving it in and out: She was making me fuck myself with that cold carrot!

Three years ago, Angie, my twelve-year-old sister, and I lost our parents while they were in Pango Pango on a sightseeing trip and the edge of a mountain road gave way and the tour bus they were on plunged over 400 feet. There were no survivors, and ever since then, my sister and I have lived with our strict Auntie Alice, our perverted Uncle Morris and Cindy, their prissy and precocious daughter.

Presently, my uncle had taken my sister to her ballet lesson, a job he loved to do probably just to get his jollies leering at Angie while she practiced her steps. She can do no wrong in their eyes, and I think it's spooky the way my uncle and even my aunt look at her and touch her all the time, but she doesn't seem to mind and even seems to enjoy it!

When they arrived home, Angie came bounding into the kitchen and then stopped dead in her tracks when she saw the straight back chair and paddle and then me in pink panties carrot ass fucking myself in the corner. After a long silence, she burst out into girlish giggles. No one had to tell her what was going on; she had seen me disciplined many times before. Even though forcing me into frilly panties or other girls' clothes was -- thankfully -- a rare occurrence, she had seen me so attired before. My spine tingled, I didn't have to look to know her piercing eyes were staring at me in my pantied condition; no boy likes to be seen so sissyishly attired by his kid sister. Her giggles hurt more than my aunt's demon-like stares or my cousin's cackling laughter. Angie, no doubt, considered it a treat to see me so girlishly humbled.

Moments later, Uncle Morris came shuffling in. He snorted a greeting like the animal he is -- a big and fat growling animal with black hair all over his body like an ape. He smokes stinky cigars. Auntie doesn't let him smoke them in the house, but at all other times, he smoking them either outside or in his car. And his cigar stench clings to him like a shadow; you can smell him from twenty feet away. I smelled his arrival. I knew he was there staring at me.

"What's the faggot done, today?" he asked Auntie. After she mentioned the broken vase and my lying about it, he said with a disgusting laugh, "Pink panties look good on him. Ya gonna make him eat that carrot?"

"If he doesn't cooperate in his punishment 100%,

that carrot will be his dinner."

I knew Auntie wasn't joking; I can't relate the amount of shame and humiliation I felt at that moment. Then at exactly 6:30 PM with the entire family gathered in the kitchen, I was summoned from the corner. Laughter and lots of teasing greeted me as Auntie pulled down my panties, took the carrot out of my butt and then turned me around to reveal my hairless front side to the three others.

Once a week, Uncle Morris personally shaves me of what little bit of hair I have down there. My juvenile appearance only added to my shame. Auntie pulled my panties back up, and as she massaged my butt in back and my penis in front through the panties, she made me confess my naughtiness to the rest of the family. My punishment was announced: in addition to the spanking I was about to receive, I was grounded for a week, lost my privilege to wear boys' clothes at home, and had to appear either pantied or naked at all times in the house and that included during mealtimes, while doing chores, waiting on any of them, etc. And if I didn't act properly at all times, any of them could force me to become 'Missy' for their amusement. Furthermore, everyone was granted permission to spank my bottom anytime they thought I could use a good smacking to remind me to stay out of trouble!

Having said that, my aunt pulled me over her lap, positioned my pantied bottom to her liking and then made me ask her to be spanked for being naughty! Immediately following every crack of her red paddle, I had to count each spank and say "thank you."

My aunt started a slow deliberate blistering of my smooth, nylon pantied mounds ... SMACK ... SMACK ... SMACK ... the paddle came crashing down against my butt with scorching pain from the very first swat. I had all I could do just to remember to count and say "thank you" after each crack of her paddle.

Soon I was kicking and squirming and wiggling my bottom like a five year old. Up and down my cheeks she went, making sure she didn't miss a spot. She had already reduced me to tears, but then gave me her final volley of spanks with my panties down. She paddled my bottom, making sure it was evenly glowing red hot and then she smacked my upper thighs with fresh vigor!

I lost it and completely broke down and cried! Here I was, a fourteen year old, over my auntie's knees, wearing shameful girls' panties and getting a hard spanking, and I'm ashamed to say, crying like a baby and not acting my age at all! The laughter of the assembled group only added to my misery. Auntie concluded my spanking by warning me not to touch my bottom. With my panties stretched between my

thighs, she further ordered me to present my bottom to each and everyone there and hand them her paddle as I then asked each of them to give me additional spanks. No one spared me either. They all applied wicked smacks to my flaming bare bottom that was already a dark red contrasting with the flimsy pale pink panties now draped just below my butt!

I screeched in pain as Auntie teasingly pulled up my panties over my burning bottom, the lace on the panties burned like fire as it scratched my beaten thighs. My final humiliation came as Auntie then took me into the bathroom. With my sister, cousin and uncle providing a cheering audience, Auntie put me over her knees, eased my panties back down and gave me an enema with a bulb syringe. She had Cindy hold my blistered cheeks apart to help her, revealing my little balls and dangling penis between my legs, much to everyone's delight. Four syringes full of warm soapy water had me begging to use the potty. Only after I counted out twenty five more spanks by Auntie with her paddle was I dismissed to expel the crampy solution from my bottom and belly!

After cleaning myself up and then gingerly easing the torturous nylon panties back over my still tingling ass, I was forced to sit down while we had dinner. In severe pain, I couldn't even eat and only found the strength to down my dinner after being threatened with being made to gobble up my shit-stained carrot. I was happy when given permission to get up and do my regular chores of washing and drying the dishes. Then I had to sweep and mop the floor and take the garbage to the bin in the backyard, still wearing just the pink nylon panties. Though I desperately wanted to ease the pain in my bottom, I didn't dare touch my blistered butt for fear of another spanking!

With my chores finished, I had to french kiss both my aunt and uncle before being dismissed for the night. In my room, laid out on my bed was a pink nylon babydoll top with a white chiffon overlay and pink ribbon spaghetti straps. In tears, I put it on, knowing not to do so would surely mean even more punishment, and I had all the pain I could stand for a while. The unfamiliar sensation of wearing the sleek girlish babydoll nightie top and the torturous and ticklish sensation of wearing nylon panties over my burning ass kept me awake long into the night. And for a long while, I could hear beds in the other rooms squeaking, I didn't know who was doing what to whom, and I really didn't care. I felt I had been unjustly and excessively punished for simply breaking a lousy flower vase.

In the morning, I took off the babydoll top and the panties, went to the bathroom for my morning pee, and then went downstairs naked. I had decided going

naked was preferable to wearing Cindy's lingerie, but when I entered the kitchen for breakfast, Auntie admonished me for taking the nightie and panties off without permission and told me I had just earned another paddling.

"But, Auntie, you said I could either go naked or just wear panties. Besides, I'm fourteen and too old to be paddled like a little kid!" I protested. I couldn't believe it was happening again.

Auntie quickly replied, "Yes, Donald, during this punishment week you will be either completely naked or wearing just panties unless we want you to wear more girly clothes and become Missy for a while. But how you are or aren't dressed is not up to you, but up to one of us! Now, if you don't like how you are treated in this house, it's your choice, Donald, you can leave at any time. So, either accept your punishment from me, now, like you always have, or you can get yourself out of this house and don't expect even a dime from your parents' trust fund. Remember, I control that account!"

"Yes, Auntie, I know." I tried to keep my voice even to hide the fear that sliced through my soul.

"Now, go ask your cousin, Cindy, for a fresh pair of her pink panties, let her help you put them on, and then tell her you're going out to the shed for a good licking. Understand?"

"Yes, ma'am!"

"But, Auntie, please ... isn't fourteen too old to still be spanked?"

"You're repeating yourself, Donald. No, fourteen isn't too old to be spanked, especially when you're acting like a ten year old. Further more, you will be getting a lot more than a simple spanking!"

"Oh, NO! Not the strap?" I wailed in distress, already knowing what her answer would be and dreading what I'd have to endure at my aunt's hand.

"I'm afraid it'll be the strap and more!"

"Oh, Auntie!"

"Enough, Donald, you know you deserve a good licking for talking to me the way you just did!"

"Yes, ma'am"

"Well?"

"Yes, ma'am," I repeated, hanging my head.

"OK, so go get properly pantied and then meet me out in the shed. Donald, Move it!"

"Yes ma'am," my voice quivered and I felt a chill wash over me.

"In five minutes, I'll expect to find you in the shed in birthday-pretty panties with your nose in the corner! Understood?" she smiled with glee.

She knew all along what my answer would be. I couldn't leave her house. My sister and I were penniless without Auntie's token handouts from our

parents' estate -- at least until we were twenty-five.

"Yes, ma'am!" I groaned.

"Well, get to it, Donald! I'll be out in five minutes and we will see if I can't teach you how to talk to your aunt or any other adult or female superior property!" she snapped as she turned her back on me, busying herself at the kitchen sink.

I think Cindy had overheard everything because when I got to her room, she was sitting on her bed twirling a pair of pink panties from her fingertips. I think just because of my periodic panty punishments, Cindy only owned god awful fancy pink panties with the exception of a several pairs of white nylon panties she was required to wear under her uniform at the horseshit Catholic school we all attended.

"Beg me to wear these pretty panties, sissy boy."

With my auntie expecting me to show up pantied and in the shed within minutes, I knew I had no time to waste, so in the faggoty way I know she wanted me to ask, I said, "Cindy, those are beautiful pink panties your are holding. Please, may I wear that lovely pair of you pretty panties? Auntie said I have to immediately be pantied and in the shed ready for a good licking. So, please, may I wear those panties?"

Cindy didn't say anything, just clucked her tongue, giggled and hissed as she bent forward and held open the panties for me to step into. Tears rolled down my cheeks as she pulled them up and took a long time adjusting my penis and balls to her liking within the thin panties. The time was ticking away, so I didn't resist her touching. She pinched the end of my penis hard through the panties; I yelled out in pain. She told me she was just trying to see how hard she had to pinch me to get me to scream. Once pantied, I ran out to the shed, my bruised penis sore as the dickens.

True to her word, moments later, Auntie was in the shed viewing a panty naked fourteen year old awaiting his bare bottom justice with Uncle Morris' wicked strap! Standing in the corner like a naughty little boy, I was already regretting my fresh mouth to Auntie. Moments later I Cindy arrived. I kept my nose to the wall; I didn't have to turn around to know she was there; her giggles announced her arrival.

After a verbal roasting, I was summoned from the corner of the shed and told to bend over two saw horses that served as a work bench. To my horror, Auntie had Cindy run straps around my arms and legs, securing them to the horses. Auntie took down from the wall uncle's well-oiled, thick split-end strap! As she took a few practice swats through the air, I was so nervous I almost peed on myself. I forgot about how horrible I looked in my shameful panties as I waited in fear for the punishment strap. Auntie approached me from behind. I couldn't see her, but I

heard her as she continued to lecture me about my fresh mouth. "Donald, I intend to make you a very sore and sorry young man until you apologize to me properly and tell me what I want to hear!"

"Oh, no, Auntie, not that too!"

"I'm afraid so, Donald. You need to be taken down a peg or two! When you're ready to be 'Missy,' I'm sure you'll very nicely ask your cousin Cindy if you can dress up in some of her nice clothes."

"Please, Auntie, I don't want to dress like a girl!"

"Silence, Donald! The only thing I want to hear from you is that you want to be a girl and dress up in Cindy's clothes. The only other thing I want to hear from you is you counting the number of lashes I give your chubby bottom so heavily protected by those heavy nylon panties Cindy was nice enough to let you wear. And with each crack of the strap, I want to hear you say in a nice clear, loud voice, 'one ma'am,' 'two ma'am,' etc. Understood?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"If you fail to count, we go back to zero. Got it?"

"Oh, yes, Auntie; yes, ma'am."

"Good! Here we go."

CRACK... "Oh, one, ma'am!" ... CRACK ... "TWO! Ma'am!" A searing heat and stinging pain exploded across the every inch of my marked, upturned butt. Of course, the thin panties were no protection at all. The flimsy nylon panties even added to my pain by being in direct contact with the welts and bruises being beaten into my bottom. The strap left its fiery brand of justice each time it struck me. Auntie seriously went to work covering me with biting strap marks from the bottom of my thighs to the top of my quivering blistered butt cheeks. I was crying, pleading, apologizing, and promising anything if only Auntie would stop whipping me! I was trying my best not to be debased, not to be turned into a lowly, prissy little girl. I was a boy, and I wanted to show them I could take it!

"You know what I want to hear you ask, Donald!"

"Oh, Auntie, ple-e-a-as-se-e! No girlie clothes, no dresses ..." But before I could refuse any further, Auntie rained down on my butt with a flurry of nasty lashes; they came fast and furious to my upper thighs too, quickly breaking me and reducing me to a blubbering mass. I couldn't stand anymore and with much humiliation and shame, I found a shred of strength and asked, "Auntie, uh, please, stop. PLEASE, STOP! Pl-e-a-s-e, may I wear Cindy's pretty clothes, uh, and be sweet little 'Missy' for you?"

"Of course, you can, Donald. Just ask your cousin."

"Cindy, may I please wear some of your clothes?"

"Yes, Donald. Do you really want some of my prettiest lingerie and dresses?"

"Oh, yes, Cindy, please!" I moaned, crying.

My strapping had stopped. I don't remember how many I had gotten, but it had to be close to fifty. I didn't want to be transformed into Missy, but my bruised and burning bottom and thighs betrayed me.

I knew I now had to endure all the shame that was coming. After being released from the horses, I went to my uncle for a fresh shave of my pubic hair as well as the thin bits of hair on my legs and bottom. No hair at all made me feel extra naked! Next came the shameful dressing. Frilly white panties, knee socks, and Cindy's Catholic schoolgirl uniform. My finger and toe nails were painted with pink polish, and blusher was put on my face, although I was sure it was already red enough with my shame. After Auntie and Cindy were satisfied with my appearance, I was told to present myself to my uncle for his approval. I was instructed to shake and wiggle my bottom on the way to see him. My bottom felt swollen to twice its normal size. It was on fire and itched and tingled because Cindy's silky clothes were chafing me everywhere uncle's wicked strap had marked me.

"Missy, shake that bottom!" Auntie barked at me.

"Yes, ma'am," I moaned as tears of shame continued to flow from my eyes.

So, of course, I swished my hips like a panty faggot. Squeals of laughter greeted me as I entered the living room. Uncle Morris was watching a football game on television. He was in a T-shirt and boxer shorts and had the sports section of the newspaper on his lap, which he moved out of the way as he embarrassed me with a hug as he quickly pulled me up on his lap.

"Well, I see we have my favorite nephew Missy visiting us again. I hope you stay for a long time this time because we can have so much fun together.

My sister came walking in the door at that moment after going to the corner store. She broke out into cheers and laughter when she saw me dressed up like a Catholic schoolgirl. "Oh, how cute! He looks great in your uniform, Cindy. Does he have on pink panties or your regulation white nylon panties?"

"Why don't you take a look?" Auntie said.

At that moment I felt something warm and hard pushing at the back of my panties. I realized uncle had pulled up the back of my schoolgirl uniform when he had sat down me on his lap, and his naked penis was out of the front opening of his boxer shorts and resting in the crack of my white pantied ass! I quickly put my legs tightly together to hide my shame as Angie pulled up the front of my skirt, but that only increased the pressure of uncle's hardening cock pressed against my butt crack in my nylon panties.

"Oh, the white panties," Angie noted with a bit of disappointment. "I know they aren't regulation, but

I had hoped Donald, I mean Missy, was wearing some of your fancy pink panties, like he normally wears!"

I cried and they all laughed, and I was shocked as Uncle Morris began rocking me on his lap faster and faster until he was ejaculated all over the back of my panties! Then he made me stand up with my skirt up and show Auntie, my cousin and my sister how his creamy spunk had made my panties sticky wet.

Auntie then announced, I needed a punishment enema to clean out my bottom, and my cousin Cindy was going to administer it!

Cindy led me to the master bathroom with everyone else close behind. She sat down on the vanity chair pulled out into the center of the room and then ordered me to lift my skirt and get across her lap. Reluctantly I did so. The sudden appearance of my aunt's red paddle helped speed my compliance. The sight of my cum-splattered white nylon panties bought more laughter and taunting sissy boy comments. A fresh batch of laughter followed as Cindy lowered the slimy panties, spread my blistered cheeks and applied K-Y Jelly to my asshole. Steadily she went deeper and deeper with her finger until I well greased!

Next, my aunt surprised me with a new purchase, an enema nozzle shaped like a male penis. And it was huge! I complained, "That's four times the diameter of your regular nozzle!" I complained.

I was quickly silenced by several paddle spanks!

"You have had much larger, Missy," my Aunt said. I didn't want everyone to know Auntie often made me do dirty things with her in the privacy of her room, like being dildo fucked, so I kept my mouth shut!

Cindy slowly introduced the nozzle into my anus, stretching my hole so widely, it hurt severely, but I had to accept it! And accept it, I did, and a slow, steady pressure ensured its entrance up my bum. I was breathing through my mouth, panting and sweating to accept this big imitation cock. Finally it was lodged to the hilt and the soapy solution was released deep into my bowels.

The cramping was almost immediate. Cindy took Auntie's paddle and started to spank me, delivering wicked stinging spanks all over my bare bottom.

Soon I was begging to use the potty as Cindy reignited the fires in my butt cheeks. After a sound paddling, I was granted permission to use the chamber pot next to me. Despite the total humiliation of expelling the enema in front of everyone, I was glad to release the pressure and did so!

I was wiped and cleaned in front of everyone, a fresh pair of delicate white nylon panties was pulled up my legs, and then I was hand spanked by Auntie and ordered into her room. In the privacy of Auntie's room, I kissed and sucked her pussy and then licked

her bottom deep inside her ass crack until she was satisfied. I then got my butt fucked with Auntie's biggest a strap-on dildo that made the penis enema nozzle seem small! I very much felt like 'Missy' as she pounded my asshole.

The final humiliation came as I was taken to the front foyer of the house. A cardboard sign was hung around my neck which read, "Naughty panty boys get spanked and turned into nice little girls!" I was made to stand while all of them sat on easy chairs and watched a video – of me eating Auntie's pussy and asshole and being butt fucked with her big dildo – I had thought all those sex sessions with Auntie had been private, but now I knew they weren't!" ♦

## Snotty Girl Gets to Spank and Humble Her Boy Cousin

At school; I was bored and hated it. I was flunking, and I didn't care. The problem for me happened when my parents placed my cousin Sandy in charge of me and under the guidance of my Aunt Minnie (Sandy's divorced mother) because my folks had tried and tried to get me to do better in school, but nothing worked. And since Sandy was good in school they thought she could get me to improve because everyone was tired of my being sent home all the time for screwing up. The school system had repeatedly suspended me and now didn't want me to come back if I wasn't serious about doing school work.

My parents wanted me to get an education and make something of myself, but I think most of all, my mother didn't want me home all the time watching me because it kept her from spending time at the mall with her shopping friends. Mom and dad had grounded me for weeks at a time, but it didn't mean a thing to me. I'd sneak out and go wherever I wanted to go and do whatever I wanted to do — anytime, anywhere. What were they going to do to me? Ground me some more?

Finally, Aunt Minnie got involved!

She's my mother's younger sister. She was over one evening for dinner and my folks were singing the blues about how I'd been cutting up in class —

and that was after I'd skipped school for three days the preceding week.

"Just let him live with me for a month," promised Aunt Minnie, "and I'll guarantee he'll be cured."

"But," my mother protested. "I don't see how just you can do anything with him. If Cecil and I can't do it, how can you?"

"You forgot; there are two of us. I'll just turn him over to Sandy. She'll straighten him out."

Well, my folks doubted my two-years young girl cousin could do anything with me but were ready to agree to anything — so, they said I'd move in with Aunt Minnie and Sandy.

On a bleak Saturday morning, I was dropped off, with my silly little suitcase and twelve or fifteen hangers full of shirts and trousers. I was shown to my room and then joined by my aunt and cousin. I was fourteen and Sandy was twelve, and even though I was inches taller than her, she was a big girl and outweighed me easily by 20 or 25 pounds.

"Sandy will be in charge of you, young man," said Aunt Minnie. "You will do everything she says ... without question."

"Her? Sandy? She's ... she's a kid."

"So are you," snapped my cousin, "but the way you act, you're even more of a kid."

"Yeah, sure," I scoffed.

"For one thing," replied Sandy, "you're not going to need your underwear. I have some my nice lacy girls' panties I bought for you to wear."

"Panties? Lacy panties? You're fucking dreaming."

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

"Aunt M? You aren't gonna ...!"

"Shut up and listen: You'll do what Sandy says," snarled my aunt. "If she says you'll wear panties, you'll wear panties. Is that clear?"

"That's the dumbest fucking thing I ever heard of," I shouted.

The next thing I knew, both of them pounced upon me. Now, as I said, Sandy was a big kid and so was her mom, and I was unprepared to have the two of them jump skinny little me!

I had always been taught a boy never hits a woman or girl. My mother always said that if a male hits a female, he's afraid to fight with another man — he's a coward! As long as I can remember, Mom had always insisted I abide by that. I didn't accept too many parental edicts, but that one stuck! So I couldn't bring myself to hit them to ward them off me! Of course, Mother didn't say anything about wrestling! I tried to fend off Aunt Minnie and Sandy — but, I didn't have a chance against that tag team!

After practically destroying the bedroom, I found myself facedown, stripped naked and tied with old nylon stockings to the bed!

I was exhausted, panting heavily, and had no idea what was going on over me. That is, until I saw my cousin Sandy hovering over me with an immense strap like she was ready to use it on me.

It wasn't an ordinary belt. It was a strap. A leather strap! I'd thought, at first, it was an old-fashioned razor strop. I'd never seen one before, but my imagination told me it was a strop. Where they got it from I don't know; all I knew was that now it was dangling menacingly from Sandy's right hand!

She pulled that monster up! And when it slammed down onto my bare butt, I got my first taste of corporal punishment! It was only the beginning! She whipped my bare ass until I was screaming and crying and hoarse from pleading for her to stop. My aunt just stood there on the other side of the bed while Sandy was giving it to me. Aunt Minnie had the darndest, smuggest, smile on her face.

Whatever macho attitude I might have had was gone by the time they'd pulled my clothes off me. It was for sure gone when that strap landed across my rump the first time. And by the time my strapping was over, I was a sniveling wreck and ready to agree to anything! And I did agree to wear girls' silky panties — with lace and frills! I had a hellish time easing them up over my destroyed rear end, once they'd untied me — about an hour-and-a-half later.

The next time I was sent home from school — for throwing a book in class that missed the jerk I was trying to hit and hit a girl instead — Sandy took down my jeans and panties and used Aunt Minnie's old wooden-backed hairbrush on my bare ass!

Two weeks later, when the principal called my aunt and told her I'd skipped school that day, Sandy stripped me and tied me to the bed again! Then, she used a huge wooden paddle on me before lambasting me again with the strop! I'd never been so sore in my life! Each spanking was increasingly severe.

I stayed with my aunt and cousin almost two months longer than planned. I desperately wanted to run away, but I had no money and I had no friends I could go to because I was such an asshole no one wanted to hang with me. I had no where to go except hobble my beaten ass to school and back again to auntie's house at night. I got better quickly in school and had a good shot of passing to the next grade, but, they wanted to be sure I was cured before they returned me to my parents.

Two or three times a week. I was given a terrible spanking by Sandy for no reason at all except to remind me to stay on course! Sometimes Aunt Minnie

was there and sometimes she wasn't. Didn't matter. Sandy's whippings were severe! And when she had her boyfriend mount a big rubber dildo to the seat of a high bar stool and made me sit on it every night to do my homework; my grades improved 100% overnight. I never questioned Sandy's authority over me. I knew better. Just before I was returned home, Billy Bob, Sandy's fucked-up pervert boyfriend butt fucked me in front of Sandy and my aunt because Sandy pretended like she had forgotten where she had put my dildo stool that night. Never in my life did I plead so hard and promise to be so good. I didn't know Auntie had secretly videotaped me being strapped, doing my homework on the dildo stool and being butt fucked by Billy Bob, and she had presented with my folks with a copy of each tape as she finished it to show them me being disciplined and my progress.

My parents didn't have the wherewithal to spank me, but they had no objection to Auntie and Sandy doing it, and they didn't even object to my being dildo fucked nightly on the stool and even to my being cornholed by Billy Bob. Auntie explained to them I could return home as long as I kept wearing my fancy girls' panties and kept my school grades up.

Mom and dad laughed when Sandy handed over to them my supply of about two dozen panties, and they took great pleasure in examining each and every pair, holding them up in front of me with them constantly commenting how nice I would look in this or that pair. Dad got a boner in his trousers! Mom saw it and teased him about it, and then she said it was all because of me and made me take down my jeans and show them the lavender lace panties I had on at that moment. Mom took dad's cock out of his barn door and told me I had caused it so I better come over and take care of it. I had no idea what she was talking about, but just then I felt Sandy's paddle crack my ass, and I was soon on my knees gobbling down my dad's smelly uncircumcised dick. I never screwed up in school again, but mom had me take her place in their bed. I had to wear panties with dad -- they drove him crazy! And then I had to suck him off or get butt fucked by him just about every night!

That was ten years ago, and Sandy — even though she's married with two kids — still spansks me. Just last week she had cause to whip me and used that cursed strop on me. Her kids, a boy five and a girl seven had ringside seats in the bedroom. She said it was time they saw how naughty boys were treated. The girl laughed when she saw me wearing panties, but the boy didn't laugh. Sandy explained she already made him wear panties and paddled him gently at times and now she wanted him to see what would happen to him if he grew up to be a naughty boy. ♦

## Alan's Pink Ribbon Day

By Ron

I felt hot and cold, loved and hated, happy and sad, good and bad; I knew I was a boy, yet I liked feeling like a girl, but did I really like it? Or did I love my mommy so much that I wanted to like it because it was one thing I could do that really made her happy. Such thoughts I woke up with every morning during the few moments I had each day with time to think about my meager life, time to ponder what my life would be like with any other mommy, but I hated thinking like that; I could never love any other mommy like I love my mommy.

When Mommy came into my room, I quickly jumped out of bed, hugged her and kissed her on the lips. Then I stepped out of my nighttime panties and handed them to her; she turned my panties inside out, inspected them and then kissed and then tasted the sticky drop of stuff on the front of my panties that lately had been leaking out of my weewee at night and at times when I got overly excited.

Licking her lips, she said, "It won't be long, doll face, and that will be a special day!" as she helped me into the bathtub full of lavender-scented bubbles. Dressed in her pale pink nightgown trimmed with scarlet ribbons, she shoved my own pink panties into my mouth and told me to lie back in the tub and think about defiling my sweet panties with my naughtiness. After about twenty minutes, she came back in, removed the panties from my mouth and used them like a washcloth to soap and cleanse my body, especially my nasty weewee that drips juice into my nice panties and gets me into trouble.

Mommy got up from beside the tub, dried her hands, smiled and said, "I'll be back in a few minutes. I have to make a phone call." But before she left, she took from her apron pocket a frilly pair of lemon yellow panties with pink flowers on the sides and white lace around the legs and more lace in tiers across the back. "Aren't they dainty?" she remarked as she flagged them in my face. "I want you to wear these nice new panties today for your lessons."

Blushing, I said, "Yes, Mommy Dear," as I looked up from the suds and blushed as she draped my new

silky yellow panties over the edge of the vanity so I could look at them as I bathed. Mommy went to make her phone call, leaving me to fool around childishly in the soapy water.

After more than six years of being pantied, my cheeks still went red whenever she openly pushed me to acknowledge my love of sissy panties. I was a boy and supposed to act like a boy, not like a girl, so I never really got used to fully accepting dressing and acting like a girl, and it embarrassed me when Mommy would push me to do girly things. Whenever Mommy made me profess my love of silky panties, I'd blush. It shamed me even to stand in front of her in nothing but ticklishly soft nylon panties. Yes, I did love them, even though I knew as a boy I should hate them, and Mommy always reminded me that I was a boy and not a girl, and that's why panties and girly things made me feel so strange inside.

Mommy alone had raised me since I was five when my illegal alien father was sent to jail for two years and then permanently deported. If he dared to return, he'd be put into prison for a long, long time. Since he had been abusive to Mommy and had repeatedly molested me, we didn't miss him. Besides, Mommy never did need the money he made cheating and stealing and doing the things that had gotten him into trouble because in the storefront of our house, Mommy has a popular palm reading business with a loyal following of good-paying clients. Mommy is no saint. She has ripped off many of her customers, but she's so good that most of them just keep coming back anyway! Mommy is the most wonderful thing on earth to me, and around town, she easily passes for a typical suburban mom dedicated to her only child — me, but to me and her sexually demented friends, she is also deliciously naughty. She gets me to love panties and girly clothes by making me feel so good while wearing them, even as she teases me and calls me embarrassing sissy names.

As a fatherless boy, I became more and more in love with my seducing mother. I wanted to be close to her and be like her, and at age six, when she caught me secretly trying on her luscious panties and playing with myself like she played with me; she became enraged, spanked me on the panties, called me a sissy and laughed at me. She made me keep on the panties, and pinned the waistband together so they'd stay up. My fabulous Mommy harshly scolding me and making fun of me for just loving her panties was a trauma I never forgot. My loving but stern Mommy had magically awakened in me a slavish fetish for panties, especially her panties, and she quickly learned she could use that knowledge to her advantage. She further punished me by inviting her

two best friends over to the house to see her perverted little panty boy. And when the newspaper boy came around for his weekly collection, she invited him in and let him see me too. The three women thought it was great sport watching him laugh at me, and they encouraged him to call me sissy and girlie names.

Then soon after, Mommy did an about-face, and instead of getting mad at me for wearing her panties, she told me I was a sissy and always would be and began to encourage me to wear panties; she took me shopping to buy panties in my own size; she made me select the panties, give them to the cashier and pay for them with my own allowance. You would think any panty boy would love being accepted by his mommy and allowed to buy panties and wear panties, his own beautiful panties instead of boring boys' underwear, but my little six-year-old brain only ended up being confused; I wasn't even sure I liked panties. I had just been curious, and just wanted to play with something silky that felt good in my tiny fingers and something that was so close to my mommy.

I knew what I didn't like: I didn't like people teasing me and laughing at me. And I now felt Mommy was laughing at me all day long every day, but I wore the fancy panties Mommy had gotten for me because she expected me to wear them. And after wearing them for only a short time, I did develop an intense love for them, especially because of the way Mommy intimately handled my penis while I wore panties. She soon made me an enthusiastic convert to being pantied. She had twisted my mind, molested me and manipulated me until I couldn't live without frilly silky little panties even though they still gave me an intense sense of shame.

Her rage during that first moment after she had caught me and then her dominating, teasing and taunting ways had done the damage and forever fetishized panties for me. But despite being brainwashed into loving my panties and never wanting to live without them; the laughter and teasing still humbled me and sent chills down my spine that traveled between my legs, over my pantied balls and instantly erecting pantied penis.

Now, at twelve years old I was splashing around childishly in the bathtub and taking a moment to think about my life while waiting for her return. I was a freak: I wasn't a girl; I wasn't a boy, I was a very feminine playtoy for my mommy and her friends.

Following her phone call, Mommy reentered, picked up a bar of Ivory soap, soaked it and then made a thick lather in her palms. "Stand with your back to me, Alan."

I lifted myself up and spread my legs, knowing what was next. Mommy began softly lathering my firm

little bottom in gentle circles as I moved myself back and forth against her. Her fingers slid between my bottom cheeks and found my tight opening. Then she worked her index finger carefully inside my bottom hole. Although her nail was quite sharp she managed not to scratch me. I gulped a bit as she entered my butt hole but kept her finger still. She withdrew it slowly and then shoved it back in, in and out she went with her soapy finger, making me groan and shake before completely withdrawing it and then soaking my tense behind with the sponge.

Mommy looked satisfied and then soaped her hands again before reaching between my open legs to lather my small weewee. I usually became hard in her fingers and this morning was no different.

"Sit back down, darling," she said.

I loved the feeling of dipping my soapy bottom in the hot water and I slithered around like a seal. Mommy still wanted to clean my small penis in her hands. I was now semi-hard and I gasped as she yanked back my tight foreskin.

"Ow!" I yelped.

"I have to clean the tip of your baby weewee, my soft little angel, so it will be sweet enough for you to wear your girlie panties!" Mommy said.

It was becoming easier the more Mommy cleaned my willy like that. I remember the first time she pulled back my tight skin. I felt queasy about her touching my weewee as it was very sensitive and sore. But when she wants, Mommy now knows how to handle me delicately. Her hand roamed gently under my bottom again and easily pierced my naughty hole, shoving even more of her finger inside me.

"OK, darling," she soothed me, still keeping her finger inside me. "Now, that's not so bad, is it?"

"Uh, no, Mommy," I moaned lightly in reply as she continued to slide her finger in and out, in and out. She eventually let her finger be squeezed out by my tight body. It was a weird sensation, as if I was pooping at the same time.

"Your bum-hole is becoming more pliable, sweetie!"

"What does pliable mean?" I asked.

"It means it's easier for Mommy Darling to put her finger inside you ... and wiggle it, like this," she said as she plunged it into my asshole again and ran circles around inside me.

"O-o-oh!" I gasped. "Oh, it's nice, Mommy," I admitted. It was strangely nice — and naughty!

Mommy moved her finger in and out, in and out, and then pulled it all the way out and gave me a stinging slap on my bottom cheek. I let out an 'ouch' with the completely contrasting sensation of just having been butt fucked by her. She finished by soaping and rinsing my entire body. It was time to

dry me. I like to be hugged in a warm fluffy towel and pampered and powdered by my kind Mommy. She let me finish the drying on my own while she went to her room. I cleaned the bath and tidied up everything, still naked. When Mommy came back into the bathroom, she picked up the fabulously fancy yellow panties she had hung over the vanity edge and held them up for me.

“Are you ready?” Mommy said as she towered over my small naked body, teasingly dancing the panties in front of me so they tickled my little weewee.

“Yes, Mommy Dear,” I said.

“Aren’t you glad it’s Friday today?” Mommy remarked.

“Yes, Mommy Darling,” I enthused. I had a habit of covering my naked weewee in front of her, which Mommy always corrected.

“Hands away,” she said abruptly.

I put my hands by my sides. Mommy looked distracted for a moment. “That was Mrs. Ryan on the phone. She wondered if I could drop you off for your lessons a little early as she has some things to do afterwards. I told her we could. While you’re doing your lessons and practicing your piano, I’ll stop over and see Linda to reconfirm about tomorrow and to get a peek at how she’s doing with making a sissy panty boy out of her Danny. She says he’s all ready.”

My mind raced when Mommy said that. I was looking forward to playing at home on Saturday with my dolls and new my dollhouse, but Mommy now reminded me her friend Linda and her son, Danny would be visiting. But it would be no ordinary visit. Danny was a sissyboy like me, and our wonderful mommies had organized a Pink Ribbon day — that is when sissies, like Danny and me, have to prove ourselves as Mommy’s Special Sissy Boys, and if we do well, we are rewarded with a big Pink Ribbon sewn onto the back of our panties.

“I hope you are as ready for tomorrow as well as lovely little Danny? I understand he’s made a lot of progress,” Mommy asked as she marched down the hall. I practically had to run to keep up with her pace.

“Yes, Mommy,” I said sweetly.

When we got to Mommy’s bedroom I could see numerous articles of clothing laid out on the bed.

“Am I wearing my shorts today?” I asked. I had a bad feeling I wasn’t going to my piano lesson in my usual sissified Little Lord Fauntleroy outfit.

“I’ve been thinking about what to put you in today ... and I came up with this: the nice new lacy yellow rhumba panties you have on but without clothes to cover them up. I know how you love your pretty panties. And you know how I love beautiful panties on you too. I think Mrs. Ryan will agree that you

look so smart in these panties.”

“But what about my shorts?” I wondered why she did want me to wear them. I blushed as I looked over the array of pretty lingerie and assorted items in feminine colors laid out on her neatly made bed.

“I have discussed this with Mrs. Ryan and I’ve decided you need a spell in sissy panties. Not only has she had to complain twice this week about your bad habits, she’s also very unsatisfied with your attentiveness during her lessons.

“So, today, just a garter belt, silk stockings, Mary Janes and pretty panties. And maybe a light sweater.”

Mommy, darling, “Won’t my silky panties be showing? Isn’t it naughty to show them?”

“Naughty?” Mommy was saying. “The point is to remind you that you are Mommy’s little pansy. Exposing you in just your panties is a good way to remind you to behave yourself and be as sweet as possible for your tolerant Mommy. So, let’s put you in your nylons. Would you prefer a pair of stockings in white, pale green or shimmering pink? Tell me what you’d like, darling?”

My penis was beginning to stiffen in the crisp, new yellow panties, and I tried to turn and hide it from Mommy. Luckily, she didn’t seem interested. I pointed to the white pair. She held the delicate stockings up in her hands. “These are very nice.”

“I love them, Mommy.”

She was happy with my answer - I think. I was glad to see her smile again.

“You are very sissyish for a twelve-year-old boy, and you know there is nothing wrong with that. Mommy likes to encourage your sissyboy side.”

“Yes, Mommy,” I answered. She was right, of course. I was heavily ridiculed at school for being a sissy until some boys took my shorts down and saw I was wearing lacy panties underneath. After that, Mommy took me out and began having Mrs. Ryan homeschool me. But that was a long time ago, and now we lived in a new part of town and my whole life had changed.

“You are very lucky there are nice ladies in your life like me, Mrs. Ryan, Linda, and some of my lady friends who understand some little boys are genuine sissies and need to be pantied all the time!”

I reeled in shame. I knew my dear Mommy had made up her mind to begin dressing me in these outrageous clothes for my school lessons. The velvet suits were bad enough, but Mommy had conditioned my mind to associate so much shame with my panties that being exposed in just my panties, even to ladies who knew all about my sissy status, caused me tremendous embarrassment.

“Wouldn’t you like Mrs. Ryan to see how sissyish you are this morning? She’ll love seeing you in these

gorgeous stockings and sunshine bright ruffled rhumba panties. We're always talking about making you wear something more appropriate, rather than your old sissy velvet shorts and ruffled blouses."

I was feeling confused about being seen by Mrs. Ryan, but Mommy was pleased with me so far, and I didn't want to disappoint her. I didn't complain, unlike the last time when I had cried and threw a tantrum. Mommy wasn't pleased and she pulled down my velvet shorts and gave me a very hard spanking over my pink panties in front of a tittering Mrs. Ryan. For some strange reason, I'm more embarrassed when exposed in my panties than when I am shown off as a boy in a dress, a sissy in my sissy clothes, or even totally naked. Those things are all humiliating, but not nearly as shameful as being displayed like a miserable dippy sissy in my frilly panties. And after spanking me on that day, Mommy did feel sorry for me, cuddled me on her lap and masturbated me to a dry cum through my panties – all the while she laughed at me and called me 'her sweet little sissy!'

Mommy hooked a white satin garter belt around my waist and then – with a lot of intimate and seemingly unnecessary touching of my body – inserted the straps down inside my cheerfully bright yellow rhumba panties before extracting the elastic garter tabs through the wide lacy hems on the leg openings of the panties. I usually wore little girl nylon tights or girlish lace-topped ankle socks and not stockings and a garter belt, so I knew today was going to be a special day and probably a particularly shameful day. Mommy picked up the shimmering shiny white stockings. They sparkled with tiny flecks of silver woven into them. She pulled them up my legs and clipped them onto the garter straps that now gripped my thighs. The tight stockings made the skin on my legs feel acutely cool.

Next she put a pink turtleneck sweater on me, but unlike most sweaters, it was short and ended well above my waist. "Pink to match the pink flowers on your panties," she mused. Then she pulled the waistband of my ticklishly soft panties up, front and back, snuggling them up high under the sweater. I so love the silky feeling of nylon panties hugging me high all around my body, and I couldn't resist running my hands over my sleek pantied tummy and then reaching behind to strum my fingers through the ruffles and lace decorating the panties across my bottom. I was next expecting Mommy to put me into a short skirt, one undoubtedly short enough to expose glimpses of my girly panties, but instead, she said, "Okay, sit on the edge of the bed."

Instead of the demure black court shoes she had shod me in yesterday, she produced a pair of bright

pink patent leather Mary Janes with a row of rhinestones on the straps. She looked at me. "Do you like them?" Her eyes sparkled and I'm sure I looked excited.

"Oh, thank you, Mommy dearest! They're beautiful," I cooed like a baby.

Mommy beamed at me. She was always happy with my nancy boy reaction to any feminizing thing she did to me. I stood up in the squeaky shoes, my lacy panties tickling me with my every movement. As I swayed in my little girl, sexy attire, I wondered why Mommy didn't put a skirt on me before helping me on with my new shoes, but then I was distracted from that thought as I watched Mommy go to her panty drawer and pick out a large pair of filmy pink nylon panties, producing them with a flourish like a magician pulls silk scarves out of his top hat. She waved them at me. I smiled politely. I was slightly confused – I guess it showed on my face.

"O-o-o-o-oh, Panty Boy!" she cooed girlishly. "These aren't for you; they're for me, so stop dreaming!"

I admired her choice of feminine pink panties – so elegant and yet so tarty with their edging of purple lace and black satin bows. I watched her put them on the bed and then set alongside them a matching pink satin bra, black nylons and a beige skirt.

I was whisked away into a bit of day dreaming, my body felt the very real sensation of feminine satin and nylon hugging me and imagining what it would be like to wear my mommy's own lingerie. I remembered years ago how I used to sneak into this very room to play with her panties and other clothes, and until she caught me, I never would have guessed that being in this room would become a regular occurrence and that I'd be now sitting here in a pair of little girls' panties – my own ruffled rhumba panties while Mommy teased me as she promoted my love of everything feminine and pushed me deeper and deeper into sissiness. She kept telling me I was on the verge of meriting a Pink Ribbon for my panties, but I wondered what more I could possibly do that would make me more girlish or more loving of my exciting Mommy.

I was brought back to the present when Mommy handed me a big black licorice-flavored sucker in the shape of a huge penis.

"Here, honey, do your little girl best making oral love to your man-sized all-day sucker while I get dressed. And remember, I want to hear you slurping, and I want to see how far you can stick it down your throat. You're getting quite good at controlling your gag reflex, but you still need a lot more practice. And let me know when you get down to the creamy liquid center. I so enjoy seeing the big load of cream fill

your mouth so full that it leaks out the edges of your lips. That's probably the only thing I miss about your asshole father – he liked sissy boys, he could have been here to train you with the real thing – the dumb shithead faggot had a pretty decent cock."

As Mommy took off her apron, dress and lingerie, she looked satisfied and smiled at me watching me sucking on my black dildo lollipop and gazing at her as she went from nakedness to a beautiful set of lingerie, then changed her mind and went back to nakedness again before putting on another set of exciting lingerie. Dressing me is always a long, slow affair because Mommy likes to do a lot of teasing and intimate touching of me as she girlishly clothes my body, but Mommy undresses and dresses quickly, giving me little time to enjoy the spectacle. Just as fast, she slipped into her sheer blouse, hoisted up her skirt to straighten her nylons and smooth out her slinky slip before stepping into her shiny black high heels.

Then she directed her attention to me. "Think how pleased Mrs. Ryan will be when she sees you like this," she enthused. She then thrust at me a pink patent leather purse, also bejeweled with rhinestones to match my shiny Mary Jane slippers. She put the purse over my wrist and then tucked my favorite crossdressed boy doll, Priscilla, under my other arm.

I set down my dick-shaped lollipop on its wrapper and held out my hands as I pleadingly asked, "But, Mommy, my skirt? Or maybe my shorts – I'd prefer them — may I wear them?"

"Oh, no, dearie, no dress or skirt today for Priscilla," she said as she pointed at my dolly's exposed bright yellow rhumba panties that matched the panties I had on. "He's going to stay in sissy panties, identical to my darling little sugarplum!"

She made it seem like she thought I was referring to my dolly and not myself. Horrified, I stared at her; the question obvious in my expression.

"And no dress or skirt for you, today, either. Won't it be exciting? Surely Mrs. Ryan will appreciate you showing up in the delightful panty boy outfit I've devised for you today.

"Now let's see your prettiest panty curtsy to show me how much you love your pretty panties. I'm sure it will please Mrs. Ryan to see you do a panty curtsy. And we want to please her because my little girlie-boy has a LOT of schoolwork to do at Mrs. Ryan's today! She'll be giving you your weekly piano lesson too. I know learning the piano is difficult, and I want her to be patient with you."

My knees shook at the thought of how Mrs. Ryan punishes me when I mess up on the piano by making me practice with a cold sausage up my bum, I

instantly and automatically grasped both sides of my big, full-cut rhumba panties, flared them out like a little skirt and felt myself drop in a deep curtsy.

Mommy stood over me triumphantly. When I looked up and saw my image in the full-length mirror, my face was burning crimson as she picked up my cocky lollipop, pushed it back into my mouth and shoved me ahead of her down the hallway. There were so many sensations washing over me: the subtle swish-swish of my nyloned legs brushing against each other as I walked, the acute feeling of exposed panty nakedness, and the squeaking of my stiff new pink patent Mary Jane shoes glittering with rhinestones. I minced daintily down the hallway gently swinging my new purse just as Mommy had trained me to do. Worst of all, I had to keep sucking noisily and rhythmically on the big black dildo sucker that more than filled my mouth!

Mommy told me to sit in the den while she touched up her hair and freshened her lipstick. I followed her orders and sat primly with my ankles crossed in my Alice-in-Wonderland chair that I had long ago outgrown. With my long legs akimbo and spread wide to balance myself on the girlishly decorated, preschooler-size chair and my naughty little penis standing up and saluting femininity, I watched Mommy enter the room again. I trembled at her imperial stance – she was ready to take me out and shame me royally – I was sure! I bent forward and tried to pull down the front of my short sweater to disguise my erect pantied penis as I awkwardly extricated myself from my low chair. Mommy stroked my hair lovingly; I don't think she noticed the distinctly boyish bulge in my girlie panties. Mommy doesn't like it when I can't control myself and erect in my panties. She only likes it when she touches me and makes me panty hard. She was looking as beautiful as ever with her hair styled, her heavily made-up eyes sparkling and her conservative outfit with her naughty whore-like lingerie underneath.

"Mommy Dearest," I said. "I love it when you give me the treat of letting me watch you get dressed. You look so beautiful today!" I felt embarrassed about my spontaneous outburst and blushed deeply, but I was glad I had done it. Perhaps, it would help and she would go gentle on me today.

She smiled. "Don't sound too surprised, little precious, but thank you. I know how much you like to watching me getting dressed, and that's why I don't let you watch me too often. You see, I make it a little reward for you when you so sweetly obey me. And I know how much you liked watching me today; I can see it in the way your yellow panties stretch out in front and point toward me with loving attention," she

said it in a babyish voice before pursing her lips and kissing me. So she did notice my hard-on, stretching out my little girl nylon panties. Her hand was on my pantied penis, now, gently stroking. I guess she wasn't angry with me for being hard; perhaps she took credit for my erection, thinking she had caused it as I ogled her in her lingerie -- almost the same as exciting my cockette with her warm hands. Her kiss lingered. I love being kissed while she is wearing a thick coat of lipstick. Mommy was careful to pass some of her pussy pink lipstick onto my lips with her strong kiss as she pried open my lips with her tongue and breathed into my mouth. I tightened my body and took in her breath until she released me.

"But you must always remember to curtsy smartly when I enter the room, even when you are just in panties, as I had you do here. I won't spank you this time but do try to remember, especially when we arrive at Mrs. Ryan's."

I panty curtsied again, correctly and spontaneously this time. "Sorry, Mommy," I said.

Then she sat me down and tied around my neck my large pink bib bordered with lace and embroidered with "Boy or Girl? No, Just a Sissy!" in red script across the front. She then sat beside me and brought my dildo sucker back up to my lips. My eyes locked onto hers as I stared into her face. She slowly pushed the pacifier into my mouth and then pulled it from between my lips until just the tip remained in my mouth. Then instead of removing it, she slowly slid it back into my mouth pressing the large black monster deep into my mouth until the tip tickled the back of my throat, forcing me to suck and quiver as I struggled not to gag. She then idly repeated the procedure of tugging the black dick lollipop slowly in and out of my mouth, face fucking me as she grinned and expected me to keep staring back into her eyes.

"Now, darling," she began, "I'm so happy to see you so beautifully dressed and so diligently applying yourself to your sucking lessons. My pretty little Princess is finally dressed the way she was meant to be and practicing what she was always meant to do." While she continued to slide the licorice pacifier in and out of my mouth, her other hand began roaming over me, smoothing and adjusting the high elastic waist of my saucy panties, snapping my legbands, and then reaching down to play with and tug on my snappy garters and shimmering stockings.

"And Mommy is sure," she continued, her voice taking on the condescending tone reserved for small children, "that my little Princess feels the same way. Don't you, darling?"

I felt shame as I felt my penis once again stiffened to as hard as it has ever been inside its delicious

nylon-satin panty prison. Mommy pushed the dummy deep into my mouth until I was gagging and sucking hard on the long candy cock.

"Now, sweetums, you can't fool me. I know how much my Princess loves her frilly panties," she continued, "and little boys like you want nothing more than to wear pretty frilly panties over their naughty willies. And you would play with your little nubbin around the clock if I wasn't here to make sure you leave it alone long enough to be properly schooled, do your chores and learn how to be the gentle little pansy boy Mommy wants you to be."

I could feel my penis twitching as she said it. At the same time she reached down to touch my tiny cockette once again with the tips of her fingers -- compared to the big black dick-shaped sucker, my penis was one-tenth the size, even when I was fully hard -- as Mommy had pointed out to me practically daily. Yes, the sucker was a man-size cock -- and all I had was a tiny cockette, a shameful embarrassment for any real boy. I strained involuntarily and Mommy looked more closely, noticing the movement inside my panties.

"I better not touch my precious too many times or he'll mess up these pretty new panties! You are really close to that time when your dick will be shooting boy slime. How disgusting!" Mommy said with a frown. Then she changed the look on her face and became a little more serious. "I hope you haven't been touching yourself without my permission," she said with a scolding voice.

"Oh, no, M-M-Mommy," I stuttered as I lied. "Only those few times when I told you, but I haven't done anything today."

"I know, sugar. You're still too young to have a proper orgasm, but you are starting to dribble a few drops. Your body is getting ready to start spurting that smelly, repulsive juice boys make. I've resigned myself to the fact that the time is at hand. I do understand about such things, but I don't like it. Now, you must always be truthful to me, and if you ever have to touch yourself down there you know you have to ask Mommy first! But I must warn you that when you do start spurting, you'll have to immediately tell me about it if I'm not by you. And, of course, I'll make you lick up your penis snot whenever it happens; you'll soon learn it's smelly, nasty junk, not sweet cream like the juice loaded into the center of your candy lolli-cock.

"Now, cupcake, tell me you want to wear dainty little girl dresses every day, hmmmmmmmm?"

Breathlessly excited, I nodded "yes" as she withdrew her hand away from my panty crotch and pulled the licorice pacifier out of my mouth with a pop. She examined it.

“I think you’re almost to the center, baby, start sucking on it nice and hard, so you can get your reward, the sweet, creamy center – you deserve it, my darling panty boy.”

She shoved the black cock back into my mouth and was a cheerleader coaxing to make the sucker climax in my sissy mouth. “Suck hard, my little pansy. Get what’s cumming to you!”

Her singsongy voice filled my ears as I struggled to deep throat and swallow the liquefying sucker, hoping the center was near because my jaws were beginning to ache. I was drooling, and by the time, I hit the center, my bib was covered with sickeningly sweet goo drooling down from my mouth, and it was joined by the weird-tasting, sweet slime that almost shot out of the center of the dildo sucker when I hit gold. It was too much for my little mouth, and it overflowed my lips no matter how hard I tried to swallow it as fast as it filled my mouth. My face and bib were now covered with the gooey remnants of my once big dildo sucker. I couldn’t help but stare at my ridiculous reflection in the mirror on the opposite wall, panting as I had finally drained the last drop and struggled to once again breathe normally.

“Oh, my, look what a messy dick eater my widdle sissy boy is!” Mommy clucked her tongue with mock disapproval after scolding me as she took off my sloppy bib.

I bobbed a panty curtsy and said, “Thank you for my sweet breakfast sucker, Mommy Dearest.”

She led me prancing to the bathroom in my unusual getup of little girl finery with my fully exposed and absurdly frilly satin panties. Mommy washed my face and hands with a washcloth, and then touched up my blush and pink lip-gloss.

“Now we better see if you need to peepee or go pooh-pooh, don’t you think poopsie!” She was now talking to me exclusively in her singsongy tone and expected me to answer in the little girl falsetto I had been forced to practice.

“Yeth, Mommy dearest!” I heard myself lisp as I nodded my head. Mommy could not help but pinch my cheek before she yanked my satin panties down around my ankles. Now that my hairless and freshly scrubbed crotch was exposed, I was acutely aware that I had not used the bathroom since waking. “Um-m-m-m-m-m, Mommy Dearest, may I please use the toil ... uh, I mean the potty?” I looked up expectantly.

Mommy looked at me with amusement. Finally she gestured toward the toilet. “Does Princess have to make weewee?”

I nodded, blushing with embarrassment. She fetched my plastic kiddie potty and placed it in the middle of the bathroom floor. With my darling Mommy

standing over me, I minced over to the potty with my lush panties bunched around my ankles and then squatted and relieved myself. She stood directly over me, supervising me as I peed and then wiped myself with tissues she handed me. I was glad I didn’t have to pooh – I hate having to pooh into my kiddie potty.

While I dumped my potty in the toilet and rinsed it out, Mommy made a call. I overheard her talking to Linda, and it sounded like tomorrow’s plans were still on. I was disheartened to hear this, but obediently, I took hold of the waistband of my cowardly sissy yellow smooth panties in my shaking fingers and pulled the magic nylon-satin panty up and up, snuggling myself deep into their silky crotch. I stared at my nails flashing with pink coral nail polish as I let the snappy waistband of my panties go with a crack, like Mommy usually did.

After Mommy said goodbye to Linda and set the phone down, she approached me and made me pull up my panties even higher, until I winced with the upward panty pressure on my small dick and tight little balls. I then plucked outwardly on the sides of my yellow rhumba panties, brought one pink patent Mary Jane shoe behind the other and dropped a deep panty curtsy for Mommy Dearest.

With still time before my homeschooling and piano lesson, Mommy sat down in the living room in her favorite overstuffed chair. Beneath her skirt, I glimpsed her white nylon slip all the way up her parted thighs. I thought I might be imagining it, but I swore I could see her lovely pink panty crotch! But then I knew for sure I could! As I unabashedly stared, Mommy had a strange smile on her lips. “What do you like wearing most of all?” she asked.

Finding it difficult to take my eyes off her splayed open legs that she kept wiggling with slight little movements, I gazed at her upskirt wonderland, watching her make her pink panty crotch dance for my pleasure. Since I was six years old when she discovered my interest in panties, Mommy trained me to revel in the fantastic sight of looking up her skirt. She let me watch her dress and undress on occasion as a treat but letting me look up her skirt at her dancing panties was an extra special treat; there was something so naughty about it. At times, like at this moment, Mommy had on panties that were slightly loose and she had them stuffed deep into her pussy crack, and she could manipulate her cunny muscles and really make the crotch of her panties dance, like there were tiny little sissy boys bouncing around inside her panties diving in and out of her beautiful pantied pussy lips. The sight brought tears of joy to my little boy eyes – this was great, exciting fun! As I quietly sobbed, I found it hard to

catch my breath to answer her, but I finally uttered the magic word, I struggled to pronounce “Pantyth... pantyth,” in a strange moaning voice I answered her question about what I most loved to wear.

Mommy crooked her finger and I dutifully minced up to her. She unceremoniously patted the front of my fancy panties, her access unimpeded of course, as I wore nothing over them. My weewee was quite hard as she touched it but then she took her hand away. I averted my eyes, looking down, but this only made me harder as my eyes were immediately drawn back again to Mommy’s legs now fully apart and her skirt now fully bunched up around her narrow waist. This time I saw almost all of her elegant panties and even more of her pantied pussy that was looking back and panty winking at me with her panties now stained with the moisture of her excitement. I was so tearfully happy because I had so pleased my mommy she was wetting her panties.

“Silly little weewee,” she laughed as she touched my hard penis again and twirled it in her fingers through my soft silly little panties.

Since I did not have permission to have one of my dry little cums, I was glad when she pulled her hand away from my pantied penis and began to get up from the chair.

“Now, wait over there on your Princess chair and read your sissy boy Bible while I finish getting ready to leave.” As she got up from her chair and walked toward the door, she took her time easing down her skirt and I got a good look with her skirt hem up, affording me a beautiful view of her most shapely bottom, so lovingly encased in her sheer panties.

“Hm-m, um, pantyboy ...” she hummed an impromptu little tune as she adjusted her pretty skirt and walked away.

‘Pantyboy’ was a term she had used to embarrass me in the past, but now, I had greater understanding, and when she referred to me as pantyboy, we both understood it as a term of affection. Of course, in public it still humbled me to the core, but in private it added to my excitement, as it contributed to my stiffness at this moment.

She was putting on a light coat as she returned. Then she looked in the mirror and put on her hat careful not to disturb her upswept hairdo. At that moment, I felt so very much in love with her and brave enough to ask a difficult question. “Mommy darling, remember you said I would be shooting my boy juice soon and it would then be ever so much nicer for me to touch myself on my ... panties,” as I pointed down to my erection throbbing in my silky yellow panties. “On my panty front, you know? You said I would feel a lot more pleasure.”

“Yes, cookie. I remember talking about that.”

“Mommy? May I please touch my panties? I’m feeling so much pleasure and feel a strong need in my weewee to feel it up in my panties; they feel so very silky today. Maybe it’s time ...”

With a bit of sternness and heft in her voice, she looked at my reflection in the mirror and asked, “You mean you want to play with your silk-pantied weewee instead of going to Mrs. Ryan’s for your lessons?”

I looked at my rhinestoned, pink buckled shoes wanting to sink down and hide on the floor.

“Alan? Answer me.”

“Please, Mommy, I didn’t mean it like that, but my silky panties feel especially funny right now. I’m sorry; I’ll be good and, yes, Mommy Dearest, I want to go to my homeschooling and piano lessons.”

“Yes, I should think so. You are very lucky I haven’t spanked your naughty bottom for asking me to let you do that when I told you to sit there and read. Did reading your Sissy Boy Bible get you so excited, my hopelessly spoiled little panty boy?”

I felt I was going to cry. “Please Mommy ... I only asked you because you said I could. I got so excited from seeing you ... when you were sitting here, your panties moving under your skirt ... it is always so great you let me see, you know, but today, it was so maddening, and you said, when I am getting to that time, when it would really drive me crazy, and your, uh, your panty dance, uh ...”

“Take it easy, panty boy, just relax. No, I don’t think it’s time yet, but it will probably happen very soon. Right at the very tip of your hard penis in your panties I see a drop of sexy dew. And at that little spot your yellow panties are much darker with that wetness. Yes, you are so close, but when it does happen, I want it to be very special; we’ll prepare for it.

“Yes, darling, and I do encourage you to enjoy the sensations of wearing panties and maturing into full sissiness. You are Mommy’s soft and obedient little lamb, but today is not the day, and I don’t want you making any bigger mess than you have already in your new sissy rhumba panties. I want them nice and pretty for Mrs. Ryan to enjoy seeing you in them. As you know, she’s a special woman who understands sissy boys like you.”

Mommy looked down at my panty crotch. “Your naughty willy is making a naughty bulge in your panties. You need to get rid of it; try to think about something besides your Mommy and your fancy panties. I don’t think Mrs. Ryan would like to see that nasty thing sticking out at her while she’s trying to teach you.”

My crotch was very exposed to my dear Mommy.

“Pull them up a bit, darling that’s better. Try to get

your mind on your upcoming piano lesson. Maybe that will help deflate that birth defect you have in your panties. I think it's time to give Nurse Pollack a call. She said she could give me something that would slow down your naughty boy thing. I want you to experience it, but then I want to take that pleasure away from you – I enjoy making fun of you being a boy, and that would be a lot of fun for me. You owe me that fun for putting up with your perverse love of girlie panties. I'll get the hormones for you that will make you grow breasts like a real girl. Linda has already started giving them to Danny even though he's two years younger than you are. She never wants him to know what it's like to shoot cum. Maybe she's a little sadistic, and maybe I'm even worse, but I like the power of giving you a bit of manhood and then crushing it, a nice little payback to your skunk of a father – and all men, in my way of thinking.”

My mind was reeling. Mommy was saying aloud things I barely understood and I was very sure I didn't want. Why did she want to do things like that to me? I already didn't feel like a boy, more like a real girl, but the things she was saying scared me. Giving me pleasure and then taking it away? Titties on me? How could she do that? Was she just teasing me? I didn't know what to think, but I so loved Mommy, I knew I'd let her do anything to me she wanted to do.

“As your hormones come in, I hope your weewee isn't going to be sticking up all the time,” she smirked as she snuggled up my panties again. I felt even more ridiculous with my lovely panties pulled up tightly, making my stiff weewee even more obvious. I wondered if this was Mommy's plan, to humiliate me in front of dear Mrs. Ryan.

“Let's see if you can stay well behaved today,” she said. “Except for two minor mistakes, Mrs. Ryan has had nothing but good reports about you all this week.”

Mommy indicated she was ready. She returned with my navy blue coat and my pink plastic school satchel. Before handing my satchel to me, she made sure she put one of my dildo suckers into the side pocket. “It's sunny out but still a bit chilly,” she observed. She held out my coat for me. “Put this on. The silk stockings should keep your legs warm.”

I had to say something, so I stammered a little. “M-Mommy?”

“Yes, dear. What is it?”

“Mommy Dear, I've never been outside in just my silk stockings and panties. Those boys who hang out on the corner might see me and beat me up!”

“Oh, you, silly boy! Let me show you.” Mommy proceeded to put the coat on me from behind. I felt my upper body snugly covered, but my sparkly white nyloned legs were still exposed. “See? Your pretty

panties are covered by your coat. You'll wear your pink tam, so you will look just like a real little girl and no one would guess you're just a sissy. Besides, I'm driving you straight there - I do not intend to introduce my son to the local rabble as a boy-girl.”

“But they already tease me about being a sissy even when I wear my most boyish clothes.”

“Well, you needn't concern yourself with those lads as you're not likely to ever meet them again unless you become attracted to them and want them to know you're a thoroughly sissified boy, and I don't think you are ready for that, are you, my little boo-boo!”

I gave her a look of horror. What was she suggesting? That I would ever want to parade my sissy self before such roughneck boys? What craziness! My mind jumped between weird thoughts as she helped to button up my coat and then turned me around again. I was in a subdued blur, still very sensitive to the clinging nylon silk stockings and fussy silky panties.

“There, doesn't it feel nice?”

“Y-yes Mommy,” I said.

She looked more sympathetically at my sissy image. “Honey, believe me, you really do look just like a little girl in your nice white silk stockings and pink Mary Janes. So don't worry. I won't make you suck your licorice lollipop while we're outside in front of other people, and I'll put a scarf on your head to cover your boys' haircut instead of the tam if you think the tam isn't an adequate disguise.

I whispered that I'd like the headscarf.

She took off my tam and replaced it with a gaily pastel-colored bandana Granny had given me after her recent trip downtown. “This is probably a better idea, anyway,” Mommy said. “It will help keep you're your hair from being messed up by the wind we've been having lately.” Mommy fitted it tightly and clumsily onto my head, making herself laugh in the process. I knew I looked silly and I tried very hard to avoid the mirror in the hall beside the front door, but Mommy turned me around towards it.

“There you are,” she looked over my shoulder. “Don't you look nice? And all ready for your lessons. Now, I have your books all packed. Mrs. Ryan will give you lunch. Is there anything else you need, dear?”

I realized at that moment I was going outside, and I began to cry.

“Oh, what is wrong now, my little lamb?” Mommy turned me around and hugged me to her chest.

“I'd rather stay home, Mommy,” I sobbed. “I'll help you around the house. You could use my help, couldn't you, Mommy.”

“Oh, darling,” Mommy replied. “I'm pleased you're more and more sissyish everyday, and that you so

love your mother that you'd like to be with her all day, but even sissy boys like you who need a mother's special attention need a rounded education." Mommy kissed me on the cheek. "Poor baby, Mommy will pick you up at two o'clock an hour earlier than usual."

"Thank you, Mommy," I said.

"You know you can't miss your lessons with Mrs. Ryan. She's a very kind woman and she is trying very hard to be helpful."

"I know Mommy; I'm sorry."

"Good boy," Mommy said. "Cheer up, for heaven's sake." She collected her handbag and then looked me over once more. She opened her purse, took out a pink satin bow and clipped to the side of my hair just under the edge of the bandana. She also took out her lipstick, and my eyes widened as I saw her twist it and the bright red stick emerged. With my mouth open in awe, she brought the red stick to my face and put a hefty coat on my lips. Mommy looked pleased "Bring Priscilla," she reminded me.

"Oh, yes! Sorry, Mommy," I gasped. "I almost forgot my girly-boy doll, Priscilla!" I had left him upstairs in Mommy's room

"Hurry then, it's almost nine o'clock," Mommy said. "And walk, don't run! Your little pantied behind can be seen under your coat if you're not careful."

"I'm sorry, Mommy Dear," I said. I quickly found my trannie boy doll lying comfortably on top of the dainty lingerie Mommy had so recently taken off.

I returned to Mommy very demurely with darling Priscilla under my arm. "He was still asleep on top of your perfumed lingerie, Mommy," I remembered to sound very girlish and I felt my weewee tingle in my tightly pulled up rhumba panties. It was a wonderful feeling and I was beginning to lose my sense of embarrassment. Mommy must have noticed because she patted me warmly on my pantied bottom as we left the house.

It was only a short drive to Mrs. Ryan's house. Usually, Mommy and I walked through the shortcut from the bottom of our street up through the small wooded area to the back of Mrs. Ryan's house. But today, Mommy was unsure about displaying me in my attire. It was, after all, my first daylight outing in such obviously girlish clothes. I immediately felt the cool air blow up under my coat and encircle my silky panties as I stepped out of the car and onto the Ryan's large drive. I was relieved Mr. Ryan's car was not there. Quite often he'd be leaving for work just as Mommy and I arrived. He'd always ask about my lessons and how I was progressing. I felt I'd die of shame if he saw me in the outrageous panty outfit Mommy had concocted!

Mommy held my hand as we marched up to the

front door. I was immediately aware of how cold and soft my wispy sissy panties exposed from underneath without benefit of shorts or even a skirt to cover them. Normally I would love this special sensation but this morning I was filled with apprehension. I felt so exposed and unboyish; I was truly ashamed about being so attired out in public.

Mrs. Ryan greeted us warmly and welcomed us inside, making me feel a bit better about the situation. She was a kindly plump woman in her forties. She always looked smart with her dark hair in a bun and her pristine skirts and blouses. I noticed she was wearing sheer flesh-colored hose, which made her attractive legs look even shapelier. She cheerfully ushered us into her immaculate and spacious parlor busying herself by taking our coats. When she helped me slip out of my reefer coat my shameful fluffy yellow rhumba panties and girlish white silk stockings were all too clearly displayed. Knowing what was expected of me, I pinched each side of my sissy panties and dipped into a well-rehearsed panty curtsey as I greeted Mrs. Ryan with, "Good morning, ma'am."

"Mmm, very appropriate, Alan. It's about time you dressed more reflective of your sissiness. Your mother tipped me off that you'd be nicely dressed today, but this outfit is extra special."

Mr. Ryan laughed when I told him you'd be in a special outfit today before he went to work, and he asked how you could be dressed even more femininely than you usually are unless you'd be showing up in a dress. I have to admit, this is even better. I better call Bob and tell him he should come home for lunch today just to see you. I think he'd get a big kick out of seeing you." She was talking in a very cheerful, sweet tone like my mommy often did as she turned me out in my girlish outfits, like making me into a sissy and girlish boy was laughable entertainment.

"I bet you enjoy such fancy clothes. Most boys have no idea how much fun they are missing, right?"

"Yes, Mrs. Ryan," I said in a shamed low voice.

In my pink sweater that barely came down to my waist, pink Mary Janes, silk stockings held up with white satin ribbon garter straps and sunshine yellow rhumba panties, I felt utterly ridiculous. And even though we were inside her house, she kept her house a good ten degrees cooler than Mommy keeps ours, and the sensation of the cool air circulating in the room and wafting continuously over my crisp, cold panties teasingly affected me. I wanted to ignore my crotch, but I had to look and see what I was feeling, and I noticed the small bulge my stiff weewee was making. Mommy smiled and settled down in the chair in front of me. I tried stupidly to cover myself.

"A very smart outfit, Ellen," said Mrs. Ryan.

“Mmm, thank you. He’s still preoccupied with his little willy though,” Mommy said. “It’s quite excitable more often now. Soon he’ll be spurting. I hope he does it with me at home, and not here or out somewhere. I want to make a special occasion of it, if you know what I mean.”

Mrs. Ryan noted, “It’s his age. Boys at 11 or 12 always get hard dicks! And they usually find ways of playing with it when their mommies aren’t looking.”

Mommy nodded her head. “I know. It’s normal; but only this morning my little pantyboy asked me if he could rub himself through his panties in front of me. What a brazen little prig he is.”

“Oh, my, I see. I’ll have to be very vigilant with him,” Mrs. Ryan giggled.

“He has a Pink Ribbon Day tomorrow; I’m pretty sure he’s ready to perform for us in an especially feminine manner,” Mommy added.

“Oh, yes,” Mrs. Ryan said to me. “You’ll certainly have to be on your best behavior for that, my little Tinker Bell! I hope you do something super special and get your reward.”

“Yes, Mrs. Ryan!”

Mommy reached up under my sweater and pulled up on the snug elastic waistband of my panties until she was satisfied they were nice and smooth as she felt the shape of my slim bottom through the tingly nylon-satin. She couldn’t resist slapping me playfully across my bottom cheeks. “Willful boy!” she said in a mock scolding.

Mrs. Ryan shook her head and moved towards the doorway. “Off you go! Upstairs!” she said to me, pointing to the large staircase dominating the entrance of her Victorian castle-like home.

I put my school bag under my arm and marched over to kiss my dear Mommy goodbye. She bent forward to receive my peck on the cheek and she gave me a playful tug on my pantied penis as I said, “Goodbye, Mommy dear.”

“Have a good day, boo-boo!” Mommy gave me a gentle hug and then let me go.

Both ladies admired my neatly pantied butt with the ruffled lace juggling as I marched off. I felt exposed and shy in my sleek girlish panties as I walked up the staircase knowing their eyes were following me in my wake. Mommy and Mrs. Ryan continued their conversation but as I got farther and farther away, their voices faded and I couldn’t understand much of what they were saying. I went to the spare room upstairs that was filled with the morning light and served as my schoolroom. I took out my exercise book and my black dildo sucker, slid into the seat of my desk on my ruffled panty bottom and began licking my dickie pop as I adjusted my

panties, which had slipped down slightly. Then I opened my exercise book and got ready for my studies.

Mrs. Ryan was a qualified teacher used to homeschooling children of all ages. A firm believer in corporal punishment for children, she was familiar with all aspects of discipline including old-fashioned approaches like petticoat punishment. Mrs. Ryan was constantly reminding me of her adventures as a tutor and as a governess to many small boys. It was often the case that she would have permission from the parents to use sissy or girls’ clothes to curb a boy’s bad habits. In fact, Mommy met Mrs. Ryan through Nurse Pollack, whom Mommy had conferred with after discovering me playing with my little boy penis in her best panties some six year earlier. As Mommy’s nurse, she recommended I not attend regular school where I would be wrongly influenced by nasty boys and suggested Mrs. Ryan for homeschooling and that’s how it all started. Nurse Pollack was the one who changed my mommy’s attitude toward me and my love of panties; she convinced Mommy that a boy in love with lacy panties was a good thing and something Mommy could exploit throughout my life, training me to love her as well as panties and be a devoted sissy servant to her and one who was always ready to please her above all else.

But with Mrs. Ryan, I feared two things, her small paddle that she kept hung from her dress belt at all times and her husband, a mean jerk of a man who hated effeminate boys. Her paddle was made out of a thin slice of hardwood with a padded handle. She used it once on me late that morning just before lunchtime. It happened when I giggled girlishly at a silly picture in my French phrase book of a group of children leaning over a farmyard fence. One little girl’s silky polka-dot panties were clearly seen beneath the raised hem of her short red frock. I thought it was very cute and humorous, yet she sentenced me to receive five good and hard strokes of her paddle across my nylon-clad panty seat for that little misdemeanor.

Mrs. Ryan had simply elevated me over her knee as she sat on her comfy chair. As if on cue, Mr. Ryan came blasting in through the door just as she was about to begin. She did not pull down my silky panties, knowing how I’m so much more shamed when anyone sees my sissy panties as opposed to my nakedness. And with Mr. Ryan staring at me like a lecher, I began crying before the paddle ever touched my bottom.

He laughed, “What a fucking sissy! God, boy, how can you let your mother dress you like that? What a fucking pantywaist bitch you are!”

Instead of pulling down my sleek panties, Mrs. Ryan pulled them up high forcing them deep into the cleft

of my butt and causing the tight leg elastics to expose and divide each of my ass cheeks for her paddle, the panty elastics biting into my tight little buns. It was intensely humiliating, worse than being de-pantied. And the strokes did sting terribly. Mommy rarely spanks me, partly because she has no reason to as I am usually very well behaved with her, so being over Mrs. Ryan's lap is always a traumatic experience. Worse still, she made me parade around with my sissy panties pulled up into my bottom crack, looking very silly beneath the short hem of the sweater I was wearing that day. Afterwards, Mr. Ryan thought it was funny to make me lie on his lap so he could massage my pantied butt and pretend to soothe my pain. Actually, he had no interest in easing the severe soreness caused by his wife's paddling; he was laughing at me all the while, pinching my butt and painfully stroking his callused hands over my panties. His rough, craggy construction worker hands repeatedly snagged on the delicate nylon of my lacy panties. His massage was more punishment and torture than of any assuaging benefit for me. He took the opportunity to shove his hand down the back of my panties and thrust his fat, dry, hard finger into my bottom hole and fuck me with it. He pushed it into me slowly at first and then fast, then slowly again and fast again, over and over, and every few moments he'd laugh loudly and ask how I liked it. I cried and pleaded with him to stop, but he said I'd soon get used to it and beg him to butt fuck me with his finger or maybe even his cock every time I'd come over for my lessons. He had let his hard cock out of the front zip of his trousers, and it was pulsating up against my pantied tummy. I know he likes to nestle his fat, smelly penis against the silkiness of my panties. He's done it many times before. He's a monster!

The strokes Mrs. Ryan delivered to me that day seemed especially fierce. She had never before punished me so severely. I wondered why my delicate nylon panties hadn't been torn from the punishment she had delivered to my tender seat; I guess nylon panties are much stronger than I could have guessed. With all my tears, Mrs. Ryan just shrugged and said they were very lenient strokes and I was lucky I didn't warrant a serious whipping. Of course I tried my hardest to be attentive and productive in my lessons for the rest of that afternoon after Mr. Ryan went back to work, and I was rewarded with a delicious scoop of chocolate chip ice cream – my favorite – that she let me enjoy while we sat on her back porch in the warm afternoon sunshine.

Since it was such a fine day, Mrs. Ryan decided to relax with me as I ate my ice cream in little spoonfuls, like a well trained effeminate boy. Her back garden

is a private space, sheltered from the nearby homes by tall fences. When I was finished with the ice cream treat, Mrs. Ryan played with my feminized body and little willy. She loved to rub it thoroughly through my soft panties and watch it grow. She pulled my peepee out from the lacy leg opening of my panties and rubbed the sensitive tip beneath my foreskin between her fingers. It made me feel very good, but also naughty. She liked to have my weewee out in the fresh air. She sat back on her chair and made me walk around while I was very stiff with my de-pantied naked penis bobbing around.

“Wiggle your hips in those saucy panties, boy! Practice swaying your hips more like a girl as you walk. Tickle your little dickie and keep it good and hard,” Mrs. Ryan instructed me from her reclining garden chair.

I was terribly self-conscious and aware of the cool air blowing over my dickie and on my balls through my delicate panties. As she had instructed, I tried to walk and swish my hips while playing with my willy at the same time.

“Oh try to get it right, please, you ignorant little pansy,” Mrs. Ryan said seriously.

I had an idea and I placed my thumb in my mouth as I walked in this ridiculous fashion. Mrs. Ryan didn't show any reaction, which made me feel worse, so I started skipping along then stopping to turn around and wiggle my rhumba pantied bottom at her in an absurdly girlish way that I must have picked up from some naughty television show I probably shouldn't have been allowed to watch.

Mrs. Ryan said I was improving. I was excited as I played with my willy in front her with her sneering at me. I even created more pansy movements using my other hand like a ballerina. I suddenly heard a noise from the side of the house and turned.

“YOO-HOO!” my mommy shouted coming around the corner of their backyard by their large rosebush. I could see her smiling face. Mrs. Ryan waved back and laughed. I stood there, thumb in mouth and limp-wristed, watching my mommy approach. “Oh, my precious angel!” she clapped her hands at my swishy antics with amusement. “What a big NAUGHTY sissy you are!” she said. “Prancing around like a nanci boy and waving your willy at Mrs. Ryan like that!”

Mommy greeted Mrs. Ryan with a slobbery wet kiss and then folded her arms and told me to continue. I was too shamed to repeat my pansyified choreography for her. My face was a deep red color. Mommy just shrugged her shoulders and sighed.

“You know what I think, Debbie?” Mommy asked Mrs. Ryan. “I think it's funny that he loves wearing girls' panties over his weewee instead of scratchy old

boys' underpants. Most boys would hate it if they had to wear lacy girls' panties, and people would laugh if they knew, wouldn't they?"

Mrs. Ryan commented, "I like the way you say weewee to describe that thimble he has between his legs. A boy with a weewee – it sounds like a boy with just a tiny nubbin instead of a real penis — a boy with little more than a bump down there belongs in girls' nylon panties. He's lucky he has such an understanding Mommy who lets him wear them."

Mommy played along. "Yes, he has a toddler boy's weewee. But I bet he wished he had a sweet, flat pussy like us girls, don't you my angel? Your panties would fit nicely then, wouldn't they? Your poor weewee must be very confused as it is caressed by frilly, fluffy nylon panties all day long — it wants to be a boy and you keep trying to act like it belongs on a girl!

"Debbie, shouldn't he wear just panties every day. No outer clothes, just panties. What do you think?" my mommy asked. "I have some very special pale blue and pink silk ones I've been saving for just the right time. I think they'd drive him a bit crazy though, they are so soft and teasingly thrilling to wear."

Mrs. Ryan snorted a laugh and commented, "Just panties? I love the idea. We'll see everything then, won't we? Mr. Ryan was home for lunch today and helped me give him a little paddling and a follow-up massage. My husband can't get enough of seeing your boy in panties – drove him wild today. Bob worked on enlarging the kid's butt hole; he likes doing that. You said you have been doing it a lot to him lately. With a sissy boy, a loose bottom hole will definitely come in handy from time to time. He can use it to placate some of the nasty macho men and little boys he'll surely run into out in the cold, hard world."

Mommy smiled at her friend and then turned to me. "That's absolutely right. Remember to thank Bob for me. I hope he wasn't too gentle on him. Sure Alan is a sissy panty boy and all, but breaking in a kid's asshole can't be done without some measure of pain. A sore bottom hole reminds a sissy of what he is and keeps him aware of one of the few things he's good for. It makes him feel all the more girlish, naughty and vulnerable. Doesn't it, my little baby?" Mommy squeezed my red rosy cheeks and touched my lipstick mouth. I was still panting after my little dance. She eased my firm penis back under the legband of my panties, tickled it for a few moments through my yellow panties and said, "Did it feel good to wear these white nylon stockings all day long? Even I still appreciate the way sheer nylons feel on my legs. It's a delicious feeling, isn't it sweetie? Especially combined with wearing nice panties, huh!"

"Um ... yes, Mommy," I answered.

"You can stay in just your panties and play with Priscilla boy in his matching panties when we get home," Mommy said. "Maybe I'll even let you play with yourself for a little bit like you were begging me to do this morning. Would you like that? Then, while you nap, I'll call Linda to plan our day tomorrow with her little Danny. Won't that be nice?"

"Yes, Mommy."

Mommy explained to Mrs. Ryan. "Danny is Linda's little boy. He loves to prance around in girly things too, especially his Mommy's best panties. And he's not ashamed at all while doing it, is he darling?" she asked in my direction.

"No Mommy," I said.

The truth was that Danny was as mortified as I was when his dear Mommy pantied him. Our Mommies knew this too but insisted that each of us loved our predicament. Linda had only been feminizing Danny over the past few months, but she put him on a fast track, and — unknown to me at the time — she was already giving him female hormones! As compared to me, my mommy has been slowly sissifying me and feminizing me for six years. My mommy made it known to me that she savored every stage of my development and was never in any hurry to rush it.

"I'm sure I'll meet him one of these days," Mrs. Ryan said.

"Of course you will. Linda is new to our little club, and I want you to know that you are always invited."

"But I know you always have your little get-togethers on Saturday afternoons, and that's usually a busy time for me with Bob. It's the only time each week we have to go for a little ride and do something fun together."

"Well, why don't you and Bob both come to one of our meetings – that would be fun wouldn't it?"

"I'm sure he would. Bob loves seeing pantied boys, but I thought only mothers and sons could attend."

"Debbie, whatever gave you that idea? We often have other women, girls and even a few men come to watch. Some prospective mothers bring their sons too. Those boys are always fun to watch. The horror on their faces says it all when they learn that the girls they are looking at are really boys. It's an introduction as effective as shock therapy. The mothers usually sign up for membership on the spot, especially if the boy is of a particularly nasty or macho bent. With that approach, we lose some too. Some mothers can't handle it, but even some of them come back a few weeks later when they realize we have one of the few solutions for taming a willful boy.

"Back to Danny: He's a darling little sissy. He really adores his sissy clothes. Linda tells me he cannot resist his lacy white embroidered vests and beribboned

white panties she has been using on him. Of course, I urged her to try the heavily ruffled rhumba style panties for little girls on him, and I think she has. I'm sure he'll be immediately addicted to them too."

While Mommy continued, she kept smoothing out the nylon material of my panties over my tenderized bottom. Cheekily, I was pushing my sensitive butt out against her hand, hoping neither she nor Mrs. Ryan would notice my erecting naughtiness.

"Your silky panties are in a twist," Mommy noted as she examined the way the pink panties were still half wedged between my bottom cheeks. She wasn't sure why Mrs. Ryan had so arranged my panties and said to my teacher, "Oh, I prefer a properly pantied penis and bottom, rather than having his boy parts hanging out," as she adjusted the yellow panty nylon over my naughty bottom cheeks and then carefully checked the fit of them over my penis. She finished by inserting her fingers under my elastic leg openings and then running them fully around each of my thighs, neatly straightening out the lace decorating the place where my bottom ended and my legs began. She snugged the panties up high on my waist, making me wiggle girlishly in the clasp of my silky nylon panty prison. Mommy continued, "And in my book, if he is naughty, a good spanking on the nylon panties covering his bare behind or with his sissy panties around his knees is all that's required. I take it from his being paddled that he wasn't good, today."

Mrs. Ryan looked at me charitably. "No problem at all. I just had to give him a mild paddling for giggling at a picture in his text book of a cute toddler girl accidentally exposing her delightful little pair of polka dot panties. Boys shouldn't laugh at girls in such situations. Sometimes because of an errant wind or for some other unforeseen reason, a girl's panties peek out, but a proper boy looks away and pretends to ignore what he has seen, not giggle about it like a childishly stupid little kindergarten boy.

"I thoroughly agree. I'm surprised at his behavior. You were right to paddle him. I'll tend to him so more when we get home." Otherwise, Mommy was pleased to hear from my teacher about my impeccable behavior in class and that I did well on the piano.

"Was his weewee any trouble?" Mommy asked.

"No, Ellen," Mrs. Ryan replied. "Even when it gets hard, his little thing is so sweet and small, isn't it?"

My lovely Mommy devilishly cupped her hand over my weewee while we stood in the sunshine. "Yes, it is, and I'm sure the cool breeze now blowing is making it shrink a little too," she remarked.

"Yes. But since he's only twelve," Mrs. Ryan said laughingly, "he'll be spurting soon. It will probably start to get bigger once that happens."

"Oh, no, I don't think so. I'm already acquiring some strong female hormones to slow down and even stop that soon after it happens, but I want him to experience a short period of intense boy cums before I curtail that disgusting activity. I want him to appreciate what I will take away from him and have him so strongly attached to me and so in love with his panties and me that he'll beg me to take his boyhood away from him as proof of the two things he loves most: fancy panties and me."

I was mortified by my mommy's candid discussion of my soon-to-be chemically shortened sex life. I didn't understand a lot of what she was saying, but I knew it wasn't good for me, and I knew she wanted to confuse me even more and make me even more shamefully a sissy. My panty covered weewee was being touched and discussed about in Mrs. Ryan's back garden like they were discussing the latest fashions or a new recipe. It was making me nervous; I became so self-conscious I began to make a fuss.

"What is it, baby-boo?" Mommy asked.

"Mommy dear, can we go inside? I'm getting rather cold now that the Mr. Sun's gone behind the clouds."

Mommy looked up and nodded. "I hope you're not trying to get away from me, dearest."

"No, Mommy."

She turned to Mrs. Ryan and said, "Sadly, I think it is time for us to go, Debbie."

"Well, OK, but, Alan, I'll look forward to seeing you next week, and if you're dressed in another one of your lovely panty outfits, it would please me greatly. And I'm sure Mr. Ryan would love to see more of you in such outfits. He's off work next week and will be here every day all day long."

"That can probably be arranged," Mommy said.

"Thank you very much, Mrs. Ryan," I said politely as I kissed my teacher on the cheek while she took the opportunity to finger my panties and snap my leg elastics, stinging my thighs again where her fierce paddle had smacked me. But my mind was filled with thoughts of the terribly abusive Mr. Ryan. Maybe I could play sick and not be schooled next week.

Mommy took my hand and we walked back to the car as we both waved goodbye to Mrs. Ryan. Mommy stopped me before I climbed into the back seat and started fussing over me, slipping my partially eaten licorice dildo sucker out of my satchel and out of its wrapper and into my mouth for the trip home. She adjusted my uncomfortably stretched panties and primped over my nylons, smoothing them up as high as she could. She tied my bandana onto my head. I still looked pretty awful though, so I avoided looking at my dildo-sucking face in the side rearview mirror.

"Have you weeweed and pooh-poohed today, dear?"

Mommy said. "I have to stop in town for something and I don't want you to be caught short and end up wetting or messing your nice new yellow panties."

I mumbled through my sucker, but Mommy couldn't hear me, so I had to slip the candy dildo out of my mouth, so I could say, "I recently had a weewee and a pooh-poo, Mommy darling."

Mommy was starting the car. "And did Mrs. Ryan help you?" The car engine hummed as we drove out of Mrs. Ryan's drive.

"Yes, Mommy, she helped to pull my panties down."

Mommy looked at my face through the rearview mirror as she drove. "Did she?" she sounded surprised. "I didn't think she supervised your potty time that closely. Did you hold your willy or did she?"

I felt stupid and completely childish now. I hated these intimate questions, but I answered as best I could. "Mrs. Ryan held my willy, Mommy," I said blushing heavily.

"What's the matter, honey? You surely aren't embarrassed about that with the number of times she's seen your little peepee! You didn't look so coy when I saw you dancing like a little panty boy faggot flagging your naked peepee in Mrs. Ryan's face in the garden."

Mommy turned to look at me briefly and smiled. I was very sullen. "Oh come on, I think you liked showing off to her with your willy sticking out of your sexy girlie lemony panties. You just didn't expect me to arrive at that moment and find you. You looked ever so cute. But you should have been sucking your dildo sucker at the same time; that would have been cute, but sucking your thumb was a sweet idea too."

I continued sucking my big licorice-flavored dick while trying to avoid eye contact with any people walking or in cars we passed as we headed into town. We stopped at several red lights and watched the shoppers while we waited. I was dismayed to see a few schoolboys gathered beside the video store. One of them looked at my sissy face and seemed confused. I recognized him as he lived on my street. I shrank back in my seat as he looked directly at me, but he didn't appear to recognize me.

Mommy switched on the car radio and listened to a few commercials. She wasn't aware of the mini-trauma I was experiencing as we passed boys roughhousing with each other and playing in the streets. My life was controlled by her and she must have felt pleased at my total obedience to her. She had made me into exactly what she had wanted me to be. Here I was, twelve years old and a complete mommy's boy. I just left the house of one strict lady in her forties to be handed back over to my own mother who treated me in much the same way.

As these conflicting thoughts raced through my mind I saw part of Mommy's beautiful legs, which glimmered as the light reflected off her shiny nylons. Her skirt had ridden up considerably on her seat and I felt very naughty thinking about how her panties must have looked just a few more inches beneath her skirt. As I happily sucked on my dildo, I felt drowsy, and I soon rested my head near the passenger door and drifted off to sleep.

Saturday mornings are always fun. I love to have my yummy chocolate cereal and watch cartoons while Mommy sleeps in. Sometimes, I would get so engrossed in a program I'd start to unconsciously touch myself through my frilly panties because it felt so pleasant to do it, and so it was on this Saturday morning. I was still dressed in my fabulous yellow rhumba panties from the day before – and lovingly touching them and myself through the soft nylon, waiting for Mommy to get up, have me take off my nighttime panties for an inspection and then bathe me and dress me in fresh panties and other lovely clothes from my huge wardrobe that contained tons of girlie clothes and almost no boys' clothes. I was enjoying myself because it was so nice not to go to my lessons at Mrs. Ryan's on Saturdays.

Mommy got up at about 10 AM. She had a long bath and took even longer selecting her clothes, applying light makeup and drying and brushing her dark shiny hair. When she came into the parlor, she looked very pretty in a flowered lavender dress, black court shoes and sheer tan nylons — rather dressy I thought for a Saturday. She loomed over me in her elegant way.

Mommy crouched down beside me, making me very aware of her body, especially her long smooth legs, and I could see up to her shapely nyloned thighs all the way to her elegant, white lace-trimmed black nylon panties just above her thighs. It delighted me whenever I got to see her panties peeking between her legs. Her bottom was also magnificent and so erotically presented. I must admit I could not keep my eyes away when Mommy dear was not looking. I know I was naughty peeping up her skirt at her panties, but Mommy is so very beautiful.

"It's Pink Ribbon Day, today, Alan," mommykins said. "Ready for bath time, sweetheart?"

"Yes, Mommy," I said. Just then I remembered with a little bit of fear that this wasn't going to be a normal Saturday, but a sissyboy day Mommy had planned with Danny and his lovely-to-look-at mommy, Linda. With my head in a daze, I slowly lifted myself off the floor and was about to turn off the television.

"When the cartoons are over, Alan," Mommy dear said. Then she went and fetched her small white apron and wrapped it around her slim waist. Mommy's

bottom was outlined beautifully beneath the drawstrings of the small apron. Mommy looked at me on the thick rug, idly rubbing my pantied weewee very lightly. She bent down on her haunches and stroked my fully exposed ruffled pantied behind. "I don't think you've ever looked sweeter," she said.

"Thank you, Mommy dear. And you look beautiful too!" I said.

Mommy retrieved my unfinished dildo sucker and plopped it into my mouth. "Mmm ... my good little pansy; today is going to be so much fun. You're going to be in panty heaven today!"

Mommy was having fun now by lightly dancing her fingers over the ruffles on my pantied bottom as I kept my eyes glued to the cartoon on television. I giggled and wriggled on the rug happily. It was nice to be teased by her, but then Mommy suddenly plunged her hand between my legs, tickled my pantied balls and rudely jacked on my penis right through my panties. Mommy was being very naughty, I thought.

"Oh, Mooooommmmmeeeee!!!" I sighed.

"Shut up, you silly panty boy!" she laughed. "Weeeeeeeeeee!" She had me lick the middle finger of her other hand, and then she reached down the back of panties and shoved that finger into my asshole, still sore from the fingerfucking rape Mr. Ryan had given me the day before. It hurt! I was beside myself with indignation.

"Mommy Darling, please don't!"

"What's wrong baby weewee? It's only a bit of fun."

"It feels funny – and different today."

Mommy looked seriously at me. "Are you going to be reluctant today? You know if I'm not happy with your behavior, today, I'll have to punish you quite severely. Now, I put my finger up your little bum-hole all the time. You must be getting used to it. You said you liked it, didn't you? Now don't tell lies."

"Yes, Mommy, yes, my darling Mommy, I'm very sorry, but it hurts a little, today and feels tickly!"

"Too tickly? Honestly!"

I had to giggle as Mommy continued to prod my butt with less force, but she loved making me squirm with her pointed finger as she continued feeling, rubbing and prodding me. After about five minutes I thought she'd stop. However, Mommy's fingers were busily taking down my panties in back.

"Lift your bummy up please!" she commanded.

My bare little bottom was now exposed, and Mommy made me stand leaning forward with my knees bent and my silly sissy butt poking out for her inspection, all the while continuing to manipulate my penis within the front of my yellow party panties. She ran her one hand all over my naked, soft girly bottom and

then dropped it in-between my ass cheeks and butt fucked me as she used her other hand to tease my little nylon pantied balls and firm weewee through my panties in front with a circular movement. Unconsciously, I was gyrating against her hands, and all of a sudden I jerked involuntarily and started to tremble, but Mommy yanked her hand off my penis and quickly withdrew her finger from my bottom hole. She instantly grabbed my nipples and pinched them hard. It took my mind off my excited cockette and made me scream out in pain.

"I wanted to stop you from getting too excited," Mommy explained. "You are so close to spilling your slime now, and I want you to save it."

Now huffing and puffing, I barely came down from my high and was still panting heavily when Mommy, spying my silky ruffled panties bunched at the bottom of my buttocks, decided by clenched bottom presented a target just begging to be spanked, so she began lightly slapping it with a steady rhythm, admonishing me for doing something so naughty and boyish as almost spilling my newborn seed into my little girls' party panties. After fifty or more smart pats, the heat built up and my bottom was hot and tingly. It felt naughty too. Then abruptly, Mommy stopped, let me stand up straight and gave my penis a loving little kiss followed with a hard pinch.

"Ouch!" I shrieked.

Mommy pulled up my panties in back and then ran her fingers around the snappy waist elastic as she snugged them up tightly and let the elastic waist go with a stinging snap as she laughed, "I just want to have one last look at my sissy baby boy in his pretty new rhumba panties before we take them off and have you get in your bath." She leaned in close and touched just the tip of my pantied penis through my panties. It made me nervous and humbled me with her eyes just inches away from my panty front and gazing intently at my protruding sissy dick showing off to Mommy how happy it was to be in such pretty but so shamefully fussy little girlie panties. The end of my dickie was moist and had left a bit of wetness at the embarrassing boy point it made in my nylon rhumba panties, staining the bright yellow nylon with a droplet of dark wetness.

"Did your little panty-dickie go all hard and make you crazy? And look at this? A little drop of naughty boy juice! It won't be long sissy boy and you'll be doing big nasties in your panties three, four times a day or even more! You won't be able to keep your hands off your dickie in your panties then, even if I spank you severely every time I catch you jacking off like the miserable little panty pervert you are turning out to be," Mommy said with a babyish lilt to

her voice as she kept touching the wet spot at the apex of my erect penis point in my lemony panties.

“Do you need to do pooh-pooh?” she asked.

“Yes, Mommy,” I replied quietly, still out of breath.

“Do you want me to play with your body afterwards and clean it?” she asked as she took me to the bathroom, then lowered my panties to my thighs as she pulled out my plastic kiddie potty and helped me sit down on it.

I nodded my head at the shameful thought of having to ask to be humiliated like that. Yesterday, dear Mrs. Ryan had also washed and fingered me after I did pooh-pooh. Like Mommy she always cleaned me by sticking her soapy fingers in and out of my naughty hole. Sometimes I would have to do this myself if Mommy or Mrs. Ryan ordered. I knew both of them were committed to keeping my faggot asshole and panty-loving weewee very clean throughout the day.

On my potty, I had a difficult time because I couldn't make pooh-pooh for Mommy, and she kept sliding a warm wet finger into my little hole to encourage me. After almost thirty minutes I did a large jobby in my potty toilet and then Mommy darling had me wipe myself before putting me into the tub.

“Go on, darling. Get into the big hot bath and I'll get your breakfast ready,” she said as she lifted the potty containing my dirty mess and tilted it towards me for me to see. “Naughty boy did big jobbies this morning,” she remarked.

My humiliation was complete. I couldn't bear Mommy talking about its. She poured it into the toilet bowl and flushed it down and then came over to help bathe me. Mostly, she concentrated on washing my naughty butt hole and little weewee until they were immaculately clean. Then, as usual, Mommy Darling let me have fun splashing in the water and scented bubbles and playing with my plastic boats.

After my bath, she took me to her room to show me my clothes for the day; they were new — a simple, but very girlish, pale blue sleeveless halter-top in thin satin that she pulled over my naked body. The sexy fabric tickled my chest and Mommy laughed as she tormented me by repeatedly pinching my nipples through the satin. Next, she snugged a blue satin garter belt around my narrow waist and teasingly slithered up my legs a pair of pale blue nylon stockings with reinforced tops and attached them to the ribbon garter tabs. Mommy then helped me into a darling pair of ice blue silk panties with a lacy white inset on each side and huge, wide bands of white lace around the legs that tickled my thighs. She added an embroidered pair of little girls' light blue ankle socks that also had huge bands of white lace around the tops. I thought it strange to wear lacy ankle socks

over my stockinged feet, but Mommy was overjoyed at the sight, and seeing her delight, I looked at myself in the mirror and saw that the combination of sweet little girl socks and sexy ladies' stockings was an exciting sight. Mommy pointed to my stiffening penis in my fabulous soft panties that were made from real silk and said it confirmed my love for how she dressed me and raised me to be a simpering little sissy. Mommy staring at me in my panties and commenting about my erection caused me to feel an even greater degree of embarrassment than the wild panty outfit she had dressed me in the day before. I felt even more exposed and shamed! Every day now, my penis was erecting more and more often, and it felt so different. Mommy said it was because my balls were filling up with nasty boy juice and soon I would find it impossible not to shame myself by defiling my pretty panties with the disgusting slime my body was getting ready to spurt.

My fears were confirmed when I looked down to see my dickie as clear as day through the delicate silk of my thin panties. The sleek panties' hugging friction was more pronounced than ever. Mommy added a pair of pale blue patent leather Mary Janes to my feet with hard heels that clicked as I walked across our hardwood floors. With click-clacking shoes and the wiggle in my walk as I had been so thoroughly trained to do, I felt the feminine panties tickle my butt and excite my willy with my every movement. Sitting for breakfast in my high chair my silken panty bottom slid back and forth sensually in contact with the cold, hard seat, and when Mommy decided to smooth out a crease in my nylons, the thrilling sensation of her hands on my stockinged legs was intense. In the process, she accidentally brushed a hand against my silk pantied weewee, and it leaped to her touch as if it were alive with a mind of its own. My fears were enhanced by the impending visit of Danny and his Mommykins! What would they think of me dressed like this!

As we went to the parlor to wait for Danny and his mommy, Linda, to arrive, my mommy asked me if I liked my outfit.

“I love it, Mommy Dearest!” I sparkled. “Especially the real silk panties; they are really the best!”

“Good!” Mommy said. “Then you can wear similar panty outfits more often.”

Just then the doorbell rang, and I jumped up and rushed behind Mommy as she went to the door. Linda came in leading her sissy boy Danny inside. His hair was rather short but had been bleached white-blonde and styled with little curls and a feathery edge that framed his powdered face. He wore bright red lipstick and had black liner around his big eyes! He was a

ten-year-old boy, but he looked just like a girl of even younger age, like a little girl who had gotten into her mommy's makeup. He wore a simple, long pink coat and pink patent leather spiked heels. I had no idea they even made such high heels for little kids – and he could walk expertly in them!

When his mommy took off his coat, we saw him simply but erotically dressed all in pink – a garter belt, nylons, panties, and a training bra made of the same thin pink nylon chiffon as his panties, both of which were very see-through. His penis was a tiny worm cuddled up and resting next to his very small balls in the crotch of his panties. But strangest of all was his bra. Through it I could see little mounds and nipples three times the size of my nipples.

Mommy noticed too, and when she clapped her hands in joy and threw her head back laughing, Linda knew what Mommy and I were staring at, and she made an upward hand motion to Danny. Without hesitation, he expertly unsnapped his bra in back like a girl does and slid it off his arms. Mommy and I were awestruck! He had teenage girl titties! And they weren't all that little! Each one was the size of a half of an avocado, and they jiggled when he laughed, and he was laughing at us staring at him with our mouths open.

I had a million questions, and thank goodness so did my mommy because it wasn't my place to ask them. And as she reached out and touched one of his little boy's titties, Mommy said, "Oh, Linda, they're beautiful! How did you do it?"

I didn't think big titties on a ten-year-old boy would be considered beautiful by many people, but my mommy seemed to think so. The sight of them made me feel very strange inside and scared me. My stomach flip-flopped and my once stiff penis drooped a bit in my panties. Immediately, I wondered what it felt like to have titties, especially for a boy. Was my mommy going to make me grow titties too? I shuttered at the thought. How was it even possible? Was Danny going to become a full girl now with a flat pussy in his panties instead of the little bits of whatever he had left in his barely stretched-out nylon panty crotch?

Linda encouraged my mommy to feel them even more, and she didn't hesitate to do so. Mommy smiled as she smoothed her hands over his titty mounds and then tweaked each of his stiff nipples. He squirmed but giggled just like a real girl. Mommy gave him a big sloppy kiss, and then told me to touch his titties too.

I hesitated because I wasn't sure if I wanted to touch them and wasn't sure even how to do it. But Linda and Mommy pushed us together and Mommy put one of my hands on each of his very girlish breasts. A

shock went through my body as my hands first felt his hard nipples and then the spongy soft handfuls of flesh. I wanted to yank my hands away, but I knew my mommy would be disappointed in me if I did, so I kept my hands on his boobs and gently massaged them with my mother guiding me.

"I think, you and Danny should properly greet each other," she said.

A bit puzzled, I looked at her questioningly.

"Give Danny a nice big kiss, honey, just like I kiss you," she said, pushing me even closer to him.

"But, Mommy, he's a boy! I can't kiss a boy – not like that!"

"Of course, you can. And, yes, Danny is a boy underneath, but just look at him. He doesn't look like a boy, does he? Especially with his big girl titties. So go ahead and kiss him. It will be just like kissing a pretty girl."

Danny was standing there with his head tilted up towards me with his heavily lipsticked lips pursed and ready to kiss. I wanted to protest and pull away, but Linda was holding Danny, and my mommy was holding me and pushing my mouth down to his. Our lips touched and I wanted to cry. Danny opened his mouth and I felt his tongue sliding back and forth over my lips and trying to pry them open."

"Open your mouth and give Danny a real deep french kiss, just like I taught you to kiss me," Mommy commanded.

I didn't want to do that! But when I opened my mouth to say 'no,' Danny forced his tongue between my lips and started a very wet saliva dance with my tongue. Tears rolled down my cheeks in horror as both women cheered. I had a further shock as I realized Danny's big bare titties were pushed up against my flat chest covered only by my thin satin top. Our mommies kept our faces and bodies crushed against one another and Danny moved his mouth around as he kept face-fucking me with his acrobatic tongue, and he made sure I felt his titties with their hard nipples as he twisted his body back and forth and mashed his as-big-as-a-teen-girl's breasts against me. My own nipples hardened in my satin slip top in response to being massaged by his movements.

When the ladies allowed us to end the kiss, and I pulled back, they saw my tear-stained face and attempted to cheer me up by changing the subject. As if they had nothing to say about that weird faggoty kiss, Linda looked down at my panties and said, "Oh, Alan, I love your panty outfit, so pretty and all in matching pale blue. Your panties are extra silky, and I love the way I can clearly see your balls and excited weewee standing up them. I must say, it's very interesting to see your naked wiener like that." She

touched the tip of my now growing penis through my cool real silk panties and then cupped her hand over both my penis and nuts, I swooned in reaction. Things were happening fast. I couldn't resist her exert touch. I knew my penis was quickly inflating. I'd be rock hard in no time if she kept it up.

Mommy commented, "His new silken panties show every little spot and stain making it easy to keep an eye on what his weewee is up to, huh, sugarplum?"

Strangely, I loved showing off my sissified weewee to Mommy, even though her panty training had made it a humbling experience. But, here and now, in front of Linda and Danny, my display was a true disgrace to boyhood, and my heart sank. I couldn't understand my feelings: I was thoroughly shamed to be so exposed to sissy Danny and his mommy. What sort of boy wants to advertise himself so humiliatingly with a firm willy in slinky lacy panties? My dick was getting hard. I couldn't stop it. I sobbed a bit more.

Mommy was ignoring my discomfort and seemed to be expecting some comment from me, so I hid my fears and said, "Oh, yes, Mommy. I love the new silk panties you bought for me, and please do keep an eye on my naughty willy!" And, I said it with a lisp because I wanted to further satisfy the perverse joy I knew my mommy got from feminizing me. As much as anything, it was in fear I said it as I was hoping to appease my darling mommy with my thoughtful obedience, so perhaps she wouldn't make me into a freaky gay boy with titties like Danny. Yes, I am panty crazy and love my taunting, teasing, scary mommy, but I wanted her to keep me as I am. I didn't want to be a girl despite how much I loved panties and so many other girlie things. Part of me wanted to rebel but part of me relished the sissy lifestyle she had forced upon me. I was afraid.

Interwoven in these events Mommy had kept up a discussion with Linda about Danny's titties. In answering Mommy's many questions, I learned that Linda had been giving Danny female hormones for just two months – a combination of pills and powerful booster hormone injections administered biweekly by a lady doctor who despised men and boys!

I hate shots, and the thought of getting one twice a week made me cringe. It was an aggressive approach to quickly give him a girlie chest. And since we was only ten years old and didn't yet have any of his male hormones to work against the shots, his titties developed quickly.

I also learned that Danny's hips and bottom had gotten a lot bigger – like a real girl – and once his mommy mentioned it, I could see he had his usual small waist but it was now contrasted with his boobs and wide hips that girlishly filled out his panties. It

puzzled me to hear that his penis had gotten a lot smaller and didn't really get hard anymore because of all the hormones. I looked at his penis. I could see it through his thin pink panties and it just lay there, curled up against his small ball sack, a little mound that would be the shame of any normal boy. A baby penis and big tits on a little boy like Danny looked weird! The only good thing about it from my point of view was that Linda had also kept him on a diet high in fat with big daily servings of rich ice cream and chocolate milkshakes.

But as much as I would love a heavy diet of ice cream, I knew I didn't want breasts like a sassy sixteen-year-old girl! I liked my penis the way it was. It so pleasures me when it gets hard in my panties. It embarrasses me when it stands up in my panties as it does so often these days, and I know Mommy likes playing with it too. I also felt foolish in girls' panties, and even felt strangely boyish compared to this fully titted little bra and panty fag boy, Danny. I am completely subservient to my mommy, and I know Mommy loves to play with my weewee, and I wanted things to stay that way, so for some strange reason I decided to show off!

I sat back on the couch, parted my legs and put my feet up onto the seat.

"Alan!" Mommy shouted. "Don't get those shoes on the couch! Do you want a spanking?"

"No, please, Mommy, just watch me ..." I said daringly. I slid a bit down on the seat, pulled my legs up and lifted them so my knees were along side my face. Mommy's eyes widened as I spread my stockinged legs and exposed my nylon clad bottom, balls and weewee bulging in my panties. "Look, Mommy Dear, look at me, your little boy!" I said.

Mommy laughed and playfully spanked the provocative target my silky butt made. Linda laughed too, and Danny giggled like a little girl as I brazenly showed off my boy stuff bulging in my new panties.

"Yeow!" I said in response to a firm smack on my pantied butt from Mommy.

"Silly panty Boy!" she said. "Always playing the jokester and sissy!" She spread my knees apart even more and gently pushed me down further across the seat until I was fully stretched out on my back and with my legs doubled up to my chest, my silken panty clad bottom lifted off the couch and rising up in back. Mommy couldn't resist giving me two more slaps, this time much harder. With a sharp crack her flattened palm smacked my bottom on one cheek and then the other. I yelled again but held my position, rocking back and forth on the couch. I must have look ridiculous, but I wanted Mommy to remember how much she loved my boy parts in my panties, and

I wanted her to play with them. It shamed me, but I wanted to shame Danny even more, in a way teasing him and taunting him with what I had between my legs and what he probably never would have.

“Want me to smack you again, my little pansy?” Mommy asked.

“N-no Mommy,” I lightly sobbed. “Just love me, Mommy.”

Mommy raised her hand as if to strike again. I flinched but tried to maintain my position. Mommy darling was only joking and instead rubbed my body all over: Starting with my truly boyish, flat, satin bloused titties and then my sleek nylon stockings before finishing by feeling me up with a complete massage of my panties. After patting my little balls, my dearest Mommykins touched me on my secret bottom hole through my silk panties with one hand and jacked on my cock with her other hand. “My goodness boy, you are very playful and lovable today. What a crazy little panty boy I have for a son. I could cuddle you and play our panty games all day long, but we have to tend to our company.”

“Yes Mommy,” I said as I lowered my legs and she helped me sit upright.

Linda said to my mommy, “I’m happy to see you took my advice and made him wear the combination of silk stockings and little girl lacy ankle socks. It never fails to gather attention whenever I take Danny out dressed like that.”

“You love your stockings and ankle socks together like this, don’t you, my darling sissy?” Mommy said.

“Yes, Mommy.”

“You’ve done such a spectacular job of showing off your sissyness to Linda and Danny, I feel like sewing a brand new pink ribbon onto your panties already, but we have just one more thing to do, and I think now is the time. Your dickie in your panties is warm to the touch and amazingly hard today, and combined with the way you are acting so sissy foolishly, this might be your very special day. Now, we just have to see how you behave next.”

Mommy sat down in her favorite big overstuffed chair. I always had some reservations about some of the things Mommy did to me, no matter how good they felt, but I was in a silly mood today, and other than my rebellion at being disgusted by the kiss from that fag boy, Danny, I had no backbone; I felt no need to protest. My penis felt much too good at this moment. And I had no idea what had possessed me to so foolishly flaunt my pantied penis, balls and butt to the three of them! I loved how I felt, and just because I thought Danny was a stupid little fairy didn’t bother me. Let Danny be a super silly sissy, a boy with tits, a simpering little girl, what did I care!

My penis felt so good! Wow! The touch of my silken panties never felt better. Despite my embarrassment at fully participating in this sissy boy play date, I didn’t attach any special meaning to Mommy’s comment about this possibly being my ‘special day.’ I missed her meaning as she pulled me too her, stood me between her legs, hugged me, and then turned me around to face Danny and his mother. Mommy kept her arms around me from behind.

“Do your panties feel good today?”

“Oh, yes, Mommy Darling! I don’t think my panties ever felt better than they feel today.”

“Good boy. And your weewee feels good?”

“Oh, Mommy, it never felt so good. I could just stand here all day long and shake my hips to make my weewee slide deliciously around inside my panties – o-o-o-o-o!”

Mommy laughed, but continued to hold me securely from behind. I barely noticed Linda leading Danny over to me and then having him kneel down at my feet. My eyes popped wide open when I felt something warm and moist on my pantied penis. I froze in position and looked down to see Danny with his lipsticked lips around my cock; he was sucking on me with his bright red lipsticked lips through my pale blue panties. I squirmed, but Mommy held me tightly. I didn’t want to like what he was doing to my penis, but it was getting so big and hard it hurt – but also felt amazingly good. What was going on? I don’t like boys, especially boys doing sex things with me like Mr. Ryan does. And at that moment, Mommy released her one hand from me, but I had no will or energy to try to get away. I swooned and my breathing became faster, Mommy shoved her hand down the back of my lush panties, and when she pushed her greased finger deep into my asshole and rapidly jerked it in and out, I felt like peeing, well almost, I had a feeling so strange and so good in my dick; I did jerk back and forth. I cried, “Mommy, I, uh, Mommy, I think I have to pee!”

“It’s OK, honey; I don’t think you have to pee, I think you have to shoot your boy juice for the first time, so just go ahead and do it.”

I felt something ready to shoot out of my penis. I was sure I had to pee worse than I had ever had a need to do so in the past. “But, but, Danny’s mouth, Mommy ... I, uh, really have to pee!”

“Don’t worry about it, Alan, just go ahead and do it; Danny wants you to do it in his mouth!”

A stranger thing had never been said to me, but I was powerless in my fight not to pee, so I let go and felt spurts instead of a stream come out of my cockette. It was so different from peeing, and as soon as I did it, my legs weakened and I collapsed back

against Mommy. Danny lovingly licked the last bit of wetness soaking the penis point in my panties. My penis stayed hard and throbbed, jumping around in my panties like a snake in a sack. It tingled like it had never tingled before. Mommy hugged me.

Linda then had Danny stand up and join Mommy and me in a four-way hug; I could feel Danny's naked titties pressing up against my back. My mind was beyond thinking. I closed my eyes and held tightly onto my dear mommy. If this is what she wanted, she got it. As for me, I knew I had crossed some strange border with an immense meaning that would forever after affect the rest of my life. And I knew that feeling I had felt in my penis, I wanted again and again and again – and soon!

I didn't resist when Mommy and Linda pressed Danny and me together and positioned our lips for us to kiss once again. He instantly slid his tongue into my mouth, but this time he transferred some slime into my mouth, some salty, strange-tasting goo. I swallowed it, what else could I do?

Mommy said I looked ever so cute in just my panties, stocking, frilly socks, Mary Janes and smart satin top. It didn't seem to bother her or anyone else that my beautiful pale blue panties were dark in front with my juices and fag boy Danny's saliva from his sucking on me like a penis vampire. If Mommy hadn't been holding me up, I would have slipped down and spread out on the floor like a puddle of water. I found it painful to even thinking about moving a single muscle, but that feeling soon passed, and I whispered to Mommy. "I'm sorry, Mommy for peeing in my pretty panties," I sobbed. "I tried to warn you. May I please put on a clean pair of panties?"

"Oh, Alan, you don't understand. You didn't pee in your panties; you shot boy juice for the first time in your life – that's what you shot into your panties and into Danny's loving mouth, and other than the little sample he gave you to taste, he happily drank up every bit of it! It felt good for Danny to suck you off, didn't it dear?"

I nodded 'yes.'

"I told you I thought this would be your 'special day' – the first time you shot you boy juice. I knew you were building up to it, and luckily, I got the timing just right. You did exactly what you were supposed to do, so let's leave your special wet panties on for a while and remember this day forever.

The wetness in my panties was quickly getting cold and felt really weird.

Just then Linda applauded and then announced, "Well, this is a special day for Danny too. It's the first time he sucked the penis of another sissy boy. He has been practicing on his daddy for months, and

I think Alan will agree, my Danny boy has gotten very good at it, so I think it was such a successful day, that both of our boys should be awarded a pink ribbon to be pinned onto the panties they are wearing, and after today we will hang these special panties up on your bedroom walls to honor this occasion and for all of your visitors to see."

And with that, our mommies stood us up, pinned a big pink satin ribbon on each of our panties and laughed and clapped as they took pictures, including a shaming picture of Danny and me in our pink beribboned panties while tongue kissing. They also made us pose with Danny sucking on my penis again through my wet panties, and then smile as each of our mommies took turns laughing at us while pointing to our penises in our panties.

It made me cringe to do it, and I feared these pictures would make me feel horrible if anyone ever saw them, but I knew my mommy wanted me to pose french kissing this panty fag boy and do all the other things, so I did it.

It had been an amazing day, but I immediately promised myself I'd be ever so obedient and nice to Mommy so she would never give me those hormones she talked about with Linda and turn me into a tittied girl-boy like Danny.

Then after the pictures and a relaxing rest while our mommies jibbered on with small talk, Mommy said we both deserved a treat, and after seating Danny and me at the dining room table with just our silky panties in contact with the cold leather seats, Linda walked in from the kitchen with a huge bowl of ice cream, a bowl of french vanilla for Danny, and a bowl of double chocolate chocolate chip for me – my favorite! But as I ate it, my brain lit up and I became alarmed as I wondered if Mommy was already starting to have me grow titties. She saw the fear in my face, and my insightful mommy instinctively guessed what was scaring me. She just laughed and then whispered in my ear that this ice cream was a real treat for being such a good sissy for her today, and 'no' she wasn't starting me on a Danny-like path to grown my own breasts, at least not yet. I was greatly relieved, but then she smiled sardonically, and told me I could eat rich ice cream everyday whenever I did decide I wanted to be even more like a real girl. I assured her that would never happen, but she just giggled and said someday she fully expected me to come to her and beg her to change me into a girl because being a sissy boy would become too painful as only girls and full boy-girls could truly relax and have pussy girl fun in their panties, and pussy girl fun was so much more exciting than simply playing with a penis in your girls' panties! ♦