



The X-Rated

Pantywaist Reader

For Panty Faggots, Pervert Sissies & Wimps

No pictures! No drawings! Just 40 pages of HOT Sissyboy Stories.

Be warned: These stories are X-rated, totally depraved fantasies strictly for the amusement of responsible, mature adults.

Don't buy this publication unless you like extreme sissy sex.

Volume 1

The Sissy that Grandma Loves and Grandpa Hates

He loves secretly dressing up in old-fashioned clothes and playing sex games with his grandma until grandpa finds out, humiliates him and forces him into being his little girl.

Spanking Stepmother Knows How to Raise Boys

A woman dominates her two stepsons, one is a gay crossdresser and the other is in panty training, and she and her wimp husband keep them in line with sissy sex and spankings.

Father Donovan Forgives Ronnie's Sins

After a boy confesses to a priest that he masturbates in panties ever since the nuns used petticoat punishment on him, the priest shows the boy the way to girly-boy heaven.

A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION

XXX-RATED

Since 1981

ADULTS ONLY

The Sissy that Grandma Loves & Grandpa Hates

Little girl party dress on the outside, whore lingerie underneath. Carl gave a sultry look over his shoulder, then shook the long, curly brown hair out of his eyes and strutted around the bedroom like a wanton little wench while his grandma stared at him and repeatedly pinched her inflamed, thumb-size nipples. She edged the tip of her vibrator over her big pink panties toward her clitoris, closer and closer, she held it there and then backed it away, brought it closer again, tickled her clit, but then backed it away again all the while staring at her sissy little grandson lewdly prancing around like an outrageous fag.

With anxious fingers, he reached down and pulled up his Alice-in-Wonderland starched white pinafore then the pale blue party dress and a fussy big ball of cancan petticoats. He pouted his lips and did a bump and grind. With his billowing skirt and slips pulled up out of the way, he massaged his silk panty-covered cock, taunted the old woman and wiggled his slim hips. With a sex hungry stare, she reacted to his every movement, teased herself over and over again, moving the buzzing plastic dildo closer to her clit, then backing it off, moving it closer, backing it off. She was on the floor sitting Indian-style on a big tapestry-covered pillow, naked except for her deluxe full-cut panties. Her heavily scarred pendulous breasts ached, the eye-popping elongated nipples covered with old and new bruises and scratches, but she couldn't stop tormenting them, she never could. They often bled from all the self-inflicted torture, but the pleasure was always worth it. She had learned to love the intense combination of pain and pleasure when she was nursing her first child. Her son, Carl's father, nursed at her breast until he was eleven years old, and from the time he got his first baby teeth, he was a biter. He'd suckle her and bite her nipples. She'd chide him and tell him to be gentle, but the little guy would just giggle and bite her again and again. He knew she liked it. She loved suckling him and no amount of pain was worth giving up that pleasure. It was so pleasurable that she couldn't stop herself from tickling her clit while she suckled him. It was better sex than her uncaring old man ever gave her. A lot of times her son was finished nursing but she wasn't finished cumming, so she encouraged him to suckle some more and pleaded with him to bite her big nipples. He'd bite, she'd cry, he'd laugh, and she'd orgasm one more time. A lot of times their little session ended with her nipples raw, inflamed and bloodied. Even now she often got Carl to pretend he was her little boy sucking at and abusing her drooping tits.

Carl was now standing directly in front of her with his vintage party dress held high, rubbing his pink pantied erection in her face. They hadn't made a merry widow like the one he was wearing in decades; the gaudy red corset had fat black ribbon garters that looked so great to her. She moved the dildo in closer... ah-ah-ah-AH-H-H-H-H! She pumped her hips, shook with pleasure, shouted out and then spilled her cookies. Was this the fifth or sixth time today – she had lost count! But this was the big one. She was expert at timing her last big orgasm to his gushing jism and she knew when he was going over the edge. With her pussy still throbbing wildly and her head buried under his festooning full slips, she gnawed away at his thrusting cock through his old-fashioned pink silk panties, real silk panties. He was jacking himself to climax, and between heavy gasps she fought with his jacking hand to suck up his cum spurting through the wickedly naughty silk and frills. Genuine silk panties and hot and flavorful cum. He was just fourteen but

his balls were already big and fully developed. They had been playing sex games for a long, long time.

Carl's legs always gave way as he shuttered through an orgasm. He sank to the floor on top of his pantied granny. Her mouth followed his spurting pantied cock on the way down. They ended up sprawled out on the floor, depleted, in a tight embrace with his cum-saturated panty cock pressed into her face. There was no sound except the continued buzzing of the big black plastic penis, which she had taken away from her clit but now was leisurely stroking over her plump silk-pantied belly, teasing herself with just light little stokes of the fake dong as she and her grandson descended from their pulsating ecstasy. After a few restful, deep breaths, in unison they looked over at the clock on the bed stand. It was five thirty. Time was up. Grandpa always spent Saturday afternoons down at the local gin mill with his beer-drinking buddies. He would be home soon, and he always demanded to have his dinner at six o'clock sharp. Carl and his grandma used every bit of the little energy they had left to extricate themselves from one another, and with an increasing awareness that time was running out, they struggled to clean up and make themselves presentable.

For one so young, Carl never had any feelings of guilt after cumming. Some crossdressers feel so depressed and ashamed after shooting their wad, a guilt trip that robs them of the wonderful afterglow of a great lingerie masturbation session. But Carl probably had no such woes because, from the beginning of his crossdressing, his grandmother provided him with acceptance, understanding, and encouragement. He loved the after-sex sissyboy glow and wallowed in it. He hated it when he had to hurry up after cumming, get dressed and try to appear normal. Fuck normal!

With a whimper, grandma pulled herself up. Her arthritic knees were getting worse, and she knew she shouldn't be down on the floor for these sex sessions. She was getting too old. She told herself she should be finding another position, but sitting there with Carl standing over her shoving his pantied cock into her face was one of her favorite things to do in the whole world. She thought for a moment and then shrugged off the idea: so what was a little pain for so much pleasure. Besides she was well acclimated to taking her pleasure with a high degree of pain. No, scratch the idea of finding a new position -- bring on the pain!

She sat down at her vanity table and repaired her makeup. Carl remained stretched out on the floor, luxuriating in the moment.

"Carl, honey, some day I'm gonna be gone, and all this will be yours," she said as she took a deep breath and gestured toward her huge, overflowing closet.

It was thrilling to think that some day her dreamy wardrobe of sexy, vintage fashions would be all his! But he couldn't bear the thought of his grandma dying and not being around, and from her labored breathing, he knew she probably wasn't well. Without her, it wouldn't be the same, and that made him sad.

She got up and waddled toward the kitchen to fix dinner. Carl knew it was time to put the things away, but he needed just a little more time. Grandma had given him one of her best pairs of high

heels to wear that day. He loved how they looked and felt. Light blue suede with rhinestone buckles that glittered over the open toes. He got caught up in the moment and continued to strut back and forth before the mirror. He could walk better in those steep heels than most of the girls in his class. Better than Betty Jane Dartmun. And she was the fucking Homecoming Queen. He laughed to himself as he remembered how he had to repress an urge to haul her into the ladies room the night of the Homecoming Dance and give her a few pointers on how to walk in them. She had been wobbling something awful.

In the afterglow of sex, it was fun remembering such incidents, and especially for someone so young, he had a lot of girlish memories since he had been dressing up for many years. Done up fancy and fine and frilly. That's how he was now and how he always was in his mind's eye even when he had to do the boy thing. At that dance, under his tuxedo, he was bound up in one of granny's old-fashioned Merry Widows. The bra cups had been removed for the occasion, but he did have the garters attached to stockings – real silk stockings – and the panties he wore were the flimsy, lace-encrusted panties from his grandmother's wedding day! Since they were so old, the elastic was shot, but granny had sewed them up like new with fresh elastic. Boy, that was an exciting night!

But Granny was also proud of Carl as a boy. At school, he was good at track, and she was his biggest supporter. What a great grandmother. She'd go to his meets, root for him in the 1500-meter and then bring him home and play dress up with him. Grandma Moore had beamed with pride when she found out her son's boy was taking Mary Lou Happ to the Homecoming Dance. She was a fine girl from one of Lawton's best families. Her boy was no queer or pansy. She was sure of that. He just liked to play dress-up once in a while. And she could understand that. She loved fancy clothes and had been playing dress up her entire life!

Carl lifted the hem of his dress and looked at his ankles. They were so trim and sexy inside those stockings. Real silk stockings are so shiny, and they fit loosely on your legs, not clinging like pantyhose. There was no comparison! He wished he could wear them every day! He was having fun. He puckered his thick lips and ran his wet tongue over them. He flashed himself a kissy starlet smile.

He lovingly took off the now thoroughly wrinkled pinafore, pulled up his skirt and shucked down the bouffant petticoat. He stepped out of it, and then unbuttoned the back of his blue satin party dress and let it fall from his shoulders and travel down his body until it too was on the floor. The best part of getting out of all these lovely clothes was doing a little striptease for himself like he was doing now. He made a very convincing girl. Granny had him perfect the role over many years. And now that he had matured, the sexual excitement of these girly play times usually ended up in a sweet masturbation session. A lot of times granny did it with him, like she did that day, but sometimes she liked to watch him do it in front of her as she held up her lacy slip and let him study her panties.

But plenty of times granny wasn't available and he did it alone, and this was going to be one of those times because even though he had shot his cum only minutes before, he was still horny and in need of more relief. Granny was fixing food in the kitchen and time was running out, but he couldn't resist one more wank.

He loved the way his knees looked in those beige silk stockings. And his thighs. Then, holding the skirt in his hands, he paused a moment. The bulge in those panties. That was an odd thing. Odd, because at that point, the illusion stopped. Until that bulge in his panties revealed itself, he could be anything...a glamour girl, a cheerleader, a calendar girl. If he went outside, he could have fooled anyone; that is until his cock would unfold and start tenting out his skirt! He had a big cock. It got stone hard every time he got dressed up, and it was almost impossible to hide, so most of his dress-up games were limited to granny's bedroom or his own bedroom, and during times when his grandpa was out of the house for a length of time.

Consumed in his woolgathering, he was oblivious to the passage of time. He was just so damn sexed-up that day. He needed that second cum. As he thought sexy thoughts, he looked in the mirror, batted his fake eyelashes and flashed himself a come hither smile. He loved vamping himself, offering himself sexually to himself. With half-closed, heavily mascaraed eyes and pursed his lips. He was daydreaming again. He reminisced.

He had always been a looker. Even as a small boy, when it was too long between dress-up sessions with grandma, he would take one of her scarves, lock himself in the bathroom, and wrap it around his head. He'd climb up on the sink and precariously balance himself there for long minutes to pose and see his reflection in the mirror. He loved the way he looked. He could have been born a girl! He knew he was that convincing.

Once, when he was eight, he went to a Halloween party and passed himself off as a girl. Granny had dressed him up beautifully and everyone thought he was a girl who didn't come in costume! His hair was naturally wavy and quite long for a boy, but it was quite short for a girl. But even without a wig, he looked so pretty and natural that his short hair didn't detract from him looking like a real girl. That had been exciting.

He could hear Grandma Moore making noise in the kitchen. Carl lingered. Wearing his grandmother's old clothes was so much fun. He never tired of it. He couldn't resist one last long lingering look in the cheval mirror. He continued to manipulate his hard penis within a fold of the panties until he was flooding the panties one more time.

Time to change into clean panties and get out of there! God, he loved the feel of silky lingerie, and now he was reminded of it for the umpteenth time. He even loved the weird feeling he felt on his legs as he dropped his cum-soaked panties and they left a wet sticky trail on the way down. The then cold wet jism tickled his weak thighs, knees, calves and ankles. The panties landed at his feet, and he laughed when felt a glob of his clammy boy juice land on his big right toe. He held onto the dresser for balance and carefully withdrew his left foot from the tangle panty leg opening, and then with his right foot in a well-practiced motion, he kicked the panties high into the air. He caught them gracefully. Effortlessly, he plucked the cloud of pink silk out of the air. On most Saturday afternoons, most boys are doing things like catching fly balls or gridiron passes, but this twisted little pansy was playing toss with himself and catching a pair of little girls' panties that he had just thoroughly juiced--twice!

But he had lingered too long. Grandpa with a six-pack of beer under his arm was outside staring through the window, stunned but not overly surprised at what he saw. Gramps had forgotten his

keys, and when he had knocked at the front door, grandma must have been in the kitchen with the radio on and making too much noise to hear him. So as he went around to the back of the house to get the spare key out of the garage, he happened to look in his bedroom window and saw his candy ass grandson playing with his wife's old clothes and sexing himself up like a grade-A sissy pervert.

Gramps had gotten home a few minutes early because he had gotten a ride home that day from the tavern's manager who happened to be leaving at the same time. Grandpa hadn't been there long enough to see what his wife and grandson had done together – what they had been doing together on Saturday afternoons for years. If he had, his wife definitely would have been in for some serious pain. But watching his sexually screwed up grandson was enough to thoroughly disgust him. The kid was an embarrassment. That boy needed to be taught a lesson, so he went to the garage, hid the six-pack, got the spare key and let himself in the house.

When he saw his wife busy cooking dinner, he didn't say anything about what he had seen. He was in "one of those moods." He was demanding, a little bit drunk and he had a hard-on, but he hid it from his wife. Making up a story that he had forgotten to bring home a six-pack from the bar, he told her to turn off the stove and go out and buy him some beer so he could have it with his dinner. He said he'd do it, but he had been drinking and didn't want to drive. And he added that she should go across town to the big liquor store because they had Papst on sale, and she should get a couple of cases of it. Then he added, "Stop at that grocery store, you know the one, the one that carries Schuler's Bar Cheez, the one I like so much. We're almost out, and I want to snack on some later."

Grandma Moore had been startled to see her husband home early. She worried about Carl, hoping he was of her clothes and cleaned up by then. She wanted to go and check on him, but her husband was quarrelsome and demanded she drop everything and go immediately to get his beer and cheese spread.

Carl's dad was a good father, but he traveled a lot on business. Carl wasn't exactly sure what kind of business that was; he knew it had something to do with technical sales, something he wasn't interested in and didn't understand. So Carl spent a lot of time with his grandparents, who raised him during all those times his dad was out of town.

Carl had always felt alone and left out. He wasn't gay. He liked girls. He had always liked girls, maybe too much. Even before he started school his preference to play with the girls in the neighborhood instead of the boys got him labeled a sissy. When he was very young, he was probably attracted to females because he missed his mother and was curious about all females. Too bad she had to go and die on him. He would have loved having a mother and playing dress-up games with her. His father didn't know just how much his son was into feminine things, and he got angry whenever he caught him doing anything in the least bit girlish, so Carl knew he could never hope to have him understand his girlish needs. But he was sure his mother would have understood. She would have played his girlish games and even the sex games with him just like his grandma did. He was sure of that.

Spending a lot of time at his grandparent's house was fine with Carl, because he could play fun games with his grandmother. She was completely devoted to him, and whenever his grandpa was out of the house, they could play their special games. Most Saturdays his dad worked and his grandfather spent the afternoon drinking himself silly at the corner tap. So with little fear of getting caught, Saturdays became the regularly scheduled day for sissy sex with grandma.

Carl was six years old the first time he dressed up.

He was very close with his grandma. She always had him playing at her feet while she spent hours doing all those feminine things women do when they have time to pamper themselves. Painting her fingernails and toenails, giving herself facials and beauty treatments, constantly experimenting with new cosmetics and endlessly brushing and restyling her hair, all were a big part of her life, and therefore a big part of little Carl's life. No wonder he was fascinated by the bright red she put on her lips. He'd beg her to put some on him too, and she would. He was always asking her to pin up his hair and let him have some polish on his nails. After grandpa caught him with makeup on a few times, he made fun of the kid and made his wife take off the polish and lipstick. So they became secretive about their little sessions. She loved brushing his hair and did it a lot with her amber wooden hairbrush. Before he started school, she was always letting it grow real long. It curled a lot naturally. His grandpa was always on him to get a haircut, and when he didn't, he'd call him a sissy and a queer. Little Carl didn't know what those words meant, but his grandma explained what they meant, and her explanations were always very graphic!

Grandma Moore frequently walked around in her lingerie, especially during the summer. Her favorite costume was a full-length beige or white satin slip, heavily frilled with a lacy hem and bodice. The bras and panties she wore were always flowered, in some pretty pastel color, or decorated with contrasting lace and frills, and could be easily seen through her slinky thin slips. And when it was time for Carl's afternoon nap, she'd snuggle up with him in her bed, cradle him in her slip-covered body and take a nap alongside him. No wonder Carl became interested in female clothes.

They even shared the bathroom together. She was getting old and didn't like aggravating her arthritis in her hips and hands, so she'd have Carl help her clasp her stockings to her garter belt and pull up her panties all the way from her ankles to her hips.

Grandma Moore had a spare bedroom that had been converted into a huge walk-in closet, and she had it filled with decades of her clothes. She saved everything, and it was a welter of vintage fashions dating back to her childhood. Carl used to play in there. To him it was like a little playhouse. He was attracted to the brightly colored clothes, and the air in that room was intoxicating, a concentrated combination of sweet scents from the cedar-lined walls to the flowery powders and perfumes, and a multitude of exotic sachets tucked away in the drawers. The clothes. He touched them a lot, especially the things that were the softest. Velvets, silks, satins and chiffon things. Grandma had saved most everything she had ever worn. Even from her school days, she still had her little maryjanes and satin dance slippers. Her lingerie, too. She had drawers full of the frilly stuff from her childhood, all satin and silk. The kind they don't make anymore.

The first item of girls' clothes Carl had on his tiny body was a fine little pair of panties. Silk ones. Full-cut and gloriously soft. Peachy pink in color, hand embroidered with little red roses and swirled with tiers of white lace across the bottom. The kind of panties a rich little princess would wear. They fit him perfectly. That was the surprise. And of course, the other surprise was how much he liked them once he had them on. He had found them in a box of small-size panties and lingerie from when his granny was a little kid. She noticed he was very quiet one day and looked around to see him holding the panties. His eyes were wide open and moist but blinking a lot as he looked up at her and realized she noticed what he was doing. She could tell he was wondering if he had gotten into something he shouldn't have. She saw how excited he was to touch them. And that's when his road to sissyhood really started. If he liked silky panties, she'd show him how good they could feel. She pulled down the elastic waistband of his shorts and underwear and rubbed the soft panties over his diminutive cock and balls. He just stared down at what she was doing to him and started panting.

Granny let him dress up in them. But she made him take a bath first, and then put a lot of sweet-smelling powder all over his body. She wanted him to know just how great fine lingerie felt to wear, so without a second thought, she did a thorough job of massaging his bottom, tiny penis and little balls through the layers of silk and heavy rows of lace. He was sold on panties instantly. From that day onward, whenever they had some private time together, she would masturbate him into a pair of those little girl panties. Even though he couldn't cum yet, he was able to have nerve-racking mini orgasms without a discharge. And no sooner did he have one orgasm than he wanted her to jack him off to another. Before puberty, much like mature females, young boys can orgasm repeatedly, and often aren't willing to stop until they get overly sore from all the touching or fall apart from total exhaustion.

He begged his grandma to let him put on one of the slips and some of the other lingerie in that box too. Things like she wore all the time, but these were in a small size that would fit him.

"Lord, Child," she said, shaking her head gently, "I don't know as I should. You're my little man, aren't you? You don't want to grow up to be a girl, do you?" But she had a wild grin on her face. She guessed it might already be too late to save him from life as a sissy. Besides, she was anxious to see him dressed up in those pretty things too. That was the first of many, many dress-up sessions to follow.

She'd say things like, "Will you look at you now in that get up. You is pretty as a flower." She was an earthy, full-figured woman and she knew how to make a sissy boy feel good. Her saying things like that always made him glow inside. But even without the clothes, he was pretty, almost too pretty to be a boy, and he knew it because she was always telling him that. But with the addition of those soft and sexy clothes, he wasn't just pretty, he felt like a movie star or a debutante.

Too bad about grandpa. He was such a boob. A real failure. Nobody's fucking fault but his own. He had beaten Carl several times as a boy. He always called him a sissy, even though he knew nothing about Carl playing dress up at every opportunity. Granny read her husband the riot act

over those spankings and beatings, and it almost caused them to break up, so eventually they just tried to stay out of each other's way.

Grandpa was straight as an arrow. He even thought track and field was sissy stuff. And here he was right now, staring at his grandson, dressed up like a hussy and jacking off into a pair of panties.

By the time he had gotten into the house, sent his wife off to get him his beer and cheese spread and went into the bedroom, Carl had changed into a fresh pair of pale yellow panties with green and purple tulips on each side.

"What the hell you doin' there, boy?" Grandpa Moore shouted, like a drill sergeant. He had been a marine, and when he shouted at you, you knew you were in trouble.

Carl was shocked to see his grandfather standing in the doorway staring at him. Glancing at the clock, he saw it was just ten to six, he wondered why he was home early, but Carl was a smart boy and ready with a quick answer.

"It's just for Halloween, gramps" he said, flippantly, throwing his chin out and parading past the man, but his grandfather grabbed him by his thin, hairless arm and made him stop.

"Halloween bullshit! It ain't even Labor Day yet," he yelled. "You . . . you little fuck! You're a faggot! I always suspected you were that way. Now I know it. Come here. Come here, Carl."

He tried to slip out of the man's fingers and out the door, but the man pulled him closer and encircled his corseted waist.

"Where do you thin you're going, little girl? Gonna have to teach you a little lesson and straighten you out, and I'm gonna use my belt so you learn the lesson good, you goddamn pantywaist!"

He carried his screaming, flailing, kicking grandson over to the bed and dropped him there with a warning to stay put or it would be twice as bad.

Grandpa Moore tore off his belt.

"Always knew you were a sissy!" He shouted as he flipped Carl over and held him down with a knee crushing down on his back.

"It's just dress-up, grandpa," the boy cried loudly, trying to explain, feeling the pressure of the man's knee holding him down.

"Dress-up?" the man yelled. "What you got to dress up about? What you doing parading around like a weak little girl for anyhow?"

"Grandma likes it," Carl shouted, gasping for air to finish his words.

"Gonna have to take you in hand, boy," the man said. "Gonna have to make you see who's boss around here. Make you understand what a man is all about. See what a man is like!"

"You'd like me to beat you up, wouldn't you?" he said, twisting his grandson's arm while he continued to put his full weight on his back. "You'd like that so's you'd get more attention from your daffy old grandma. Well, I ain't gonna do that. I'm fixing to do something you'll find a whole lot more painful.

"Lousy little girl," he scolded, huffing and puffing his beer breath directly into Carl's tender face. "If you want to be a girl, I'll let you be a girl for me, just like I always knew you could be."

With that he broke his hold on the boy and backed up. He grabbed a shoehorn affixed to a long leather crop. It was an English style shoehorn, meant to be used by people who didn't want to bend down and work their shoe on. But Grandpa Moore seemed to have another use in mind for it.

"Now I want you to start by walking around," he said, "show me what a hot little chickie you are. Just like I always knowed you were. Go on, now. I know you can do it. I saw you through the window."

Carl quickly turned toward the window. The curtain had been left open. Realizing he had no chance of talking himself out of this embarrassing situation, Carl gripped the bedpost on the end of his grandma's bed to steady himself as he got up. He wondered why his grandma wasn't coming to his rescue. Carl hoped she'd be there soon to stop this. If he could stall grandpa off for a while, grandma would put an end to this stuff simply by her mere presence.

"I want to see you walk!" the man screamed with a scowl, lifting the crop up and bringing it down onto the bed with a splat. It fell close to Carl and startled him.

"Now!!!" the man said, bringing the shoehorn crop up again and sending it crashing down onto the boy's fingertips.

Carl knew he'd have to do what the man wanted, but maybe walking around for him wasn't the worst thing in the world, and he could stall for time. Still garbed in the red and black corset, beige silk stockings and yellow buttercup panties, he started a slow walk with grim determination. He put sex into his walk, just like granny had taught him.

"Shoot!!!" the man hollered, bending down a bit and pointing to the boy's feet. "You really are a little sissy fag, ain't you, boy?"

"No, I'm not," Carl said, defiantly. After he said it, he wished he hadn't because the shoehorn crop came crashing down across his panties ass. It hurt like hell.

"Now, walk, sissy," the man said, folding his thick, burly arms over his chest. "Walk till I tell you to sit down."

A hard edge had slipped into his grandfather's voice. A strained, rough, tense garble was coming out of his throat. Not only was the man mad, Carl realized his grandpa was sexually excited. And when he looked at his grandfather, he saw what he suspected...a huge, hard bulge in the man's work pants.

Carl set his hips in the feminine posture he had practiced often in front of the mirror. He'd done it many times for grandma, but never for a man who knew he wasn't a woman. There had been a lot of salesmen and other people who had come to the door over the years. When Carl was in dresses, grandma never kept him hidden away from strangers who didn't know he was supposed to be a boy.

As he pranced across the room, he felt Grandpa Moore's eyes burning holes in him. Searing him clean through.

"Fucking crazy," the man said, shaking his head in disbelief. "You are one fucking crazy kid."

Carl felt mildly encouraged by that outburst. He knew he was getting to the old man. And he knew he was convincing. Convincing and beautiful. By any standard. Even the strictest one. He was every inch a lady all done up like this and walking around like a female peacock in search of a love seat. His grandpa staring at him lewdly made him feel like a whore, a role he loved to play, but he wasn't thinking of himself as a whore at this moment. In this situation, he decided to think of himself as a lady, a lady of great charm and grace. He wasn't going to act like a tart. He was going to show his grandpa just how much he could act like a real lady. He snugged up his waist-high panties with a full wiggle of his hips, and then he proceeded to walk with an elegant gait.

Let the stupid fart stare.

"You are one god damned...." the man's jaw fell open as he watched the boy slither around the bedroom. He had to admit that anybody in town would be fooled into thinking this kid really was a woman. But the old man kept telling himself that this boy was a tramp, a tart, a whore. That's what he was. A lousy whore. And whores are only treated one way. They get treated like dirt because they ask for it.

"Damned lousy little bitch!" grandpa said. "I'm a normal, natural man. I hate boys who put on women's clothes and make good of it. I don't want no freaks of nature parading around my bedroom. Now sit down."

Carl sat down, smoothly and elegantly. The way he had seen Queen Elizabeth sit down once in a documentary about the British Empire. Once seated, he crossed his long legs. The action caused his silk stockings to rub against each other and the tight garters to bite into his things in a way he loved. Though having grandpa standing over him with a crop in his hand wasn't particularly pleasant.

"Fucking little fairy princess," the man said, snorting into his scummy mustache. "You are a little fairy faggot queen, ain't ya?"

"No, grandpa," Carl said again in his seductive female voice. "I'm just being a girl right now. That doesn't make me a...."

"I'll do the talking," the man said, gripping his hand around the crop and hauling it back sideways. He let it fly out and snap against Carl's ribs. The ones so tightly sculpted inside the confines of the long satiny corset.

"Owww!" the boy complained.

"You ain't even human," the man snarled.

Carl wondered, glancing at his grandfather's crotch bulge, how something that wasn't even human could pique his dick's interest as much as he obviously was.

"Gonna have to teach you," the man hollered, finally, "gonna have to show you who's boss."

Carl had to suppress a yawn. This was getting really tiresome. Grandpa was constantly threatening to show him "who's boss." If he had to hear it one more time tonight, he was going to yawn square in the old man's face.

"Where did you get tits on you, boy?" the man said, prodding his crop around the mounded breasts of the corset protruding from the boy's chest.

"Grandma stuffed the cups with extra panties," Carl said, matter of factly.

"So she knows you're in that thing?"

"Yes," Carl said, smoothly and quietly. He regretted saying it; he didn't want to get his grandma in trouble. But at least the question did tell him that his grandpa hadn't been at the window long enough to see what he and his grandmother had done together.

"You're lying," the man said.

Carl bit his lower lip. "When grandma gets here, she'll tell you. It's only dress-up, like I said."

Carl couldn't help noticing the size of the old man's crotch and how it had grown steadily since their little tête-à-tête had begun.

"Shit," the man said, adjusting his dick inside his crotch. He hadn't been this hard in a long time. There seemed to be only one thing to do about it.

"Boy," he said, "or girl...as the case may be," he sauntered over to Carl and gripped his shoulder rudely with his hot, sweaty hand. "I'm gonna give you a choice. You can take care of your old grandpa's dick one of two ways."

The man cupped his meat under the thick wool of his pants and thrust it at the boy. "One, by sucking me off, or two, by rolling over and letting me stick it up the asshole you got hidden under all them ruffles. But you're gonna have to pick one way or the other. It's either that," he said, slapping the crop down onto the bed in quick, rhythmic snaps, "or I beat your face into hamburger."

Again, Carl knew he had to stall for time. But there didn't seem to be much else he could do just now. No sign of his grandma. What in the hell was keeping her? Couldn't she hear all the noise they were making?

But grandpa wasn't waiting for anybody; he was slipping his hand inside his fly to pull out his manhood. Carl knew the man had a big cock from the bulge it made in his pants whenever he saw his grandpa reading those old-time girlie magazines stashed away in the basement. He'd get a boner on and then chase after grandma and pester her to take care of it.

He swung it up into the boy's face.

"What's it gonna be, queenie?" the man said, crudely snorting at him.

Carl looked at the tip of his grandfather's dick, and the shaft was thick and very wrinkled. Not a pretty dick. But the size of it amazed the boy.

"Grandma! Grandma!" the boy called out in fear.

"Why's you calling for your grandma? She ain't here. I sent her out to the store to get rid of her. She'll be gone for a good spell, no sense yellin' for her."

Grandpa Moore shoved the smelly, sweaty cock into Carl's face, pressed it up against his lips.

"Calm down and suck, faggot!" the man barked, hunching his hips up and sticking his joint into the seated boy's face. When Carl refused to open his mouth, his grandfather backhanded him across the face. Then he picked up his belt and told the boy to start sucking or he'd be getting the beating of his life.

As Carl opened his mouth in protest, his grandpa pushed forward with his hard penis, forcing the kids' mouth to open wider and wider as it entered.

"Arrrgggh!!" Carl managed to moan before the huge hard pipe slammed up against the back of his mouth and started to gag him.

"Suck my dick, you lousy whore," the man seethed, a ribbon of drool escaping his crusty lips.

"Milk my wang with that sweet little girl mouth of yours. And don't bite. If you put your teeth on me, I'll knock all your teeth out!

"Lick my magic wand or I'll mess up your pretty face for good.

"Face fuck my cock, you little faggot!

"Ohhhhh, shit!!!!" the man groaned. He had never experienced such a fantastically erotic scenario. Carl made a very pretty girl. Grandpa was an ugly man. He had never gotten a blowjob from a girl this pretty. Looking down on the head of lovely wavy hair, those red lips stretched around his cock, and the crying eyes staring up at him only made it all that much more exciting.

"Goooooohhhh!" the man said, repeatedly rocking up onto his tiptoes and then back down again.

He hated faggots. The boy was an obvious queer. But queers were sure good for one thing. Every straight guy in the world knew that. And he had a great one, a real pretty one right here under his roof.

And he could have him anytime he liked!

"Fuck my dick, you slime-eating faggot," he snarled.

He rammed his prick in and out of the boy's continuously sucking mouth. He moved it around and around. He pumped the boy's mouth hard, drilling him up against him until he fell back across the bed. Grandpa Moore followed blanketing him. Carl took the full length of the man's immense pecker into his obedient mouth. His grandfather kept ramming it up against the entrance to the boy's throat. With a mixture of crying, gagging and gasping for air, he struggled to suck the life out of that cock. He knew as soon as he'd get the juice out of it, this would all be over. He concentrated on sucking the living daylights out of the round, firm, hard piece of cock meat. He had no choice.

On the upstroke, Carl tickled the underside of the dick with his tongue until he felt the rim, and that signalled a reverse and he prepared himself for the downstroke. He had to take every inch of the shaft. At his grandpa's command he played with the big sweaty balls banging up against his chin. He played with them back and forth, back and forth, gently massaging them with his fingers, bringing the old man closer and closer to climax.

Carl hated what he was being forced to do, but he was shocked to realize his own cock, deep within his pale yellow tulip panties was hard and begging to be touched. He was being raped but he wanted desperately to cum too!

Carl reached down with one hand, grabbed his chiffon skirt and pulled it up to get under the hem, then lifted it up, up, sliding it along the length of his stockinged legs. Feverishly, now, he was digging through his skirts and slips until he found his throbbing panty-covered cock. He aggressively masturbated as he continued to lick the life out of his grandfather's huge, battle-scarred dick. The more he jerked off, the more he was getting into sucking his grandfather's cock. He pretended he was a woman, a naughty woman, a nymphomaniac out of control.

"Shiitttt!" the old man hollered, getting into a push-up position on top of the reclining boy and raising his ass up high.

He watched below as the thick, round tube of his dick came out of the tight little boy mouth and glistened hot and wet in the light. Christ, the thing had never been this big before. He had never been aroused by such a pretty thing before and never sucked off like this before.

He pumped himself up and down on the boy's mouth. He knocked his gray, frizzy head against the headboard in his excitement. He continued pumping himself up and down on the amazingly tight and ready little face hole. The muscles in the back of the kid's mouth relaxed for a moment and his throat opened up. Grandpa shoved forward and his cock slid down, down the boy's throat. The constriction the old man felt pulled the trigger. He was shooting off into that sweet lipsticked mouth. And it was good. Real good! He knew that faggot boy was loving it! He felt the pulsating crescendo, and tightened his butt muscles to prolong the inevitable, drawing out as long as possible the length and intensity of each glorious spurt.

The boy was gobbling it up. He had been warned: Don't lose a drop of that white load of cream or he'd be forever disfigured for disobedience. Carl took it all. He felt like a woman now, a whore for sure, but a real woman! He was doing what women do! And it felt wonderful. Those torrid thoughts brought him to a climax too. He flooded his panties with cum for the third time that day. He pretended his man had just fucked him and his lover's jism had leaked out into his panties. Carl wasn't a faggot; he was a woman!

A flash of light went off. Grandma was standing in the doorway, and as soon as she took the picture, she stepped back, closed the bedroom door and locked it. As her husband ran to the door and banged away threatening to break it down, she simply told him that she'd open the door in a few minutes, after she put the camera in a safe place. Then she told him, they were going to have a family conference, and a lot of changes were going to be made. First of all, he was going to find out who's boss NOW!

Based upon the story Transvestite Lover by Lynn Sandy

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Spanking Stepmother Knows How to Raise Boys

When his little brother came barging into his room, Alistair didn't take his hand out from underneath his schoolgirl uniform; he didn't stop fingering his wiener through his snug white rayon panties.

Paul didn't even blink. He was used to seeing his faggot big brother jacking off. He did it all the time!

"Damn! Mommy's got me down for twenty with the hairbrush," Paul complained, obviously upset.

The pleats in Alistair's short skirt repeatedly expanded and collapsed as he pumped away at cock. He slowed the pace but didn't stop just because his eleven-year-old brother was there, and little Paul didn't stop talking.

"And she's got me down for sixty by hand! Plus I have to wear that friggin' dress for the weekend. I hope she doesn't try to make me go to church that way!"

"Have you been a bad girl, little Paulie?"

"Alie, stop that shit! I'm no homo like you. I don't go for that sissy shit. Why the fucking dress! Why?"

"I guess Mommy thinks you make a cute little girl," Alie laughed. Unphased by his kid brother's presence, he continued to tickle himself through his panties.

"I'm not going to church like that! What did I do that was so bad?" he questioned with clenched fists and a bright red face.

"Wearing girls' clothes is fun," Alie said still giggling and still stroking his distended panties. "It's not so bad. I got used to it. Maybe you'll get to like it too?"

"But Trish would see me! Thanks to you, she and everybody else knows Mommy spansks me. She teases me about it all the time. I'd die if she and the kids saw me in a fucking dress!"

Alie was still grinning, still masturbating.

"I'm not like you. Everybody will think I'm queer."

"Nothing wrong with that. And Mom has a lot of pretty things for you. It's about time she makes you wear them where other people can see how cute you are. Little brother, you should try sucking cock too. Your sweet lips would look great in bright red lipstick stretched tight around some angry boy meat."

"Stop it! No way! You're gong to make me throw up!" Paul screamed as he jumped up on the bed and started beating on his sissy big brother with his tight little fists.

Alie just laughed and rolled over on him with his skirt and slip twisted up around his hips. Paul was in his usual T-shirt and shorts and when he felt something silky and strange against his bare thigh, he jumped up the bed since he knew his bare thigh was pressed up against his big brother's hot pantied prick.

Flustered and even angrier, Paul yelled, "And you shouldn't be so fucking happy. Mom's got you down for 100 with her hand and 40 with the hairbrush, so there. And most of that's for teasing me."

Alistair slowed playing with his rayon-covered cock and suddenly looked serious. "I bet your lying,"

"Am not."

"Anyway, you're not supposed to look in the book without permission. How would you like it if I told Mommy you looked?"

"Oh, no, please, Alie! She'd give me more."

"It'd serve you right."

Alistair was supposed to be doing his homework instead of masturbating while studying a magazine with pictures of naked guys. If his mommy --that's what the boys had to call their stepmother -- had caught him, more punishment marks would have gone down in the demerit book. She wouldn't punish him for masturbating -- she thought that was a healthy thing for boys to do -- it kept them out of trouble. She wouldn't punish him for having a gay magazine -- she had his father buy those magazines for him -- and she liked to masturbate while looking at those magazines too! No, he would have gotten additional marks for not doing his homework before jacking off.

Distraught over the news of his impending heavy dose of punishment, Alistair stopped playing with himself, closed the dirty magazine and sat upright on the edge of his bed, causing his short pleated skirt to ride up and expose the hem of his lacy white slip and a big expanse of his sexy legs from his ruffle-top ankle socks to the lacy fringes of his girlish panties.

"Mommy told me she didn't think she'd have to spank me that much anymore because I've been acting very grown up. That's what she said."

"What? Like a grown-up girl!" Paul said as he shook his head still bemoaning his upcoming spanking and petticoat punishment. "Alie, how can you wear that sissy stuff everyday? I'd die if I had to . . . Besides, I heard Mommy tell Daddy she'd keep spanking you until you get married and move out of the house. Are you going to get married, Alistair?"

"How stupid can you be, you little brat? I'm gay. I'm not interested in girls, and besides, you can't get married until you're eighteen. But if I have to get spanked, I wish Daddy would do it instead of Mommy."

"Why?" Paul asked.

"Cause he doesn't spank very hard. Remember, before Daddy met Mommy, and he'd spank us. It was nothing!"

"Well, he always seemed to spank me pretty hard," Paul answered.

"That's probably because you were really a little kid then. Little kids cry like crazy over every spanking, even the real light ones."

Paul shrugged his shoulders.

"Dad spanked me once last week. I hardly felt it. I came home late for dinner. You were finished eating and up in your room. Mommy was on the way out the door to some meeting or something, so she told Daddy to spank me after I changed my clothes.

"Well I was feeling sassy, so I went into Mommy's room and put on some of her stuff: her tight blue miniskirt and tank top, and for underwear I put on the old garter belt and some seamed nylons she had given me. Then I felt naughty when I took a pair of her white nylon pettigans, you know the long panties Mommy likes to wear to bed, and I put them on over my panties. To myself, I was saying 'what the hell' and laughing all the way downstairs because the lacy legs of those pettigans stuck way out below the miniskirt. Then I got into Mommy's high heels, the blue ones, the really high ones.

"Well, when I came downstairs, Daddy was surprised to see me in Mom's clothes. I could tell. He kept staring at the lace on those long panties and started flinching and twitching and seemed a bit unsure about how to go about spanking with me in those clothes."

"What about the clothes? Just your usual fag stuff, right?"

"Well, you know, Daddy. When it comes to women, he's a softie."

"He thought you were a real woman?"

"No, not exactly. I think it was just because I looked so much like Mommy or a woman. You know, I always like to wear my little girlie-girlie clothes, like these," Alie said as he plucked up the hem of his pleated schoolgirl skirt. "And that night I had on all these sexy women's clothes, and he was staring. I felt his eyes all over me. I went with it. I sauntered over to him and turned on the sex. I was just joking around on my way to the gallows."

"To the gallows?"

"Meaning on my way to get that spanking.

"Anyway, I had to help Daddy work the tight miniskirt up my hips. He became very nervous seeing me in Mommy's white pettigans. He was red-faced with me up close staring hard at my panties and garters and all. His fingers were twitching when he touched the lace on the pettigans and then reached up to the waistband and started to work them down over my hips. But the real surprise: He had a boner in his pants. I felt it the moment I went over his lap. It was big and real hard!"

"Dad had a boner? With you?"

"Don't you ever say anything to him!"

"Why? What?"

"It was probably just because I was dressed like that, you know, like Mommy, real hot like.

"Well, he didn't spank me hard at all. I think he wanted to get it over as soon as possible. And that was fine with me, but I couldn't help moving around while he held me there. Hell, I was just trying to get comfortable with his big cock rammed up against my crotch. I guess I was rubbing up against him too much. I swear he came in his pants. He stopped spanking me all of a sudden and just held me tight. He was trembling and breathing fast. He shot off on me."

"No, shit."

"Now, don't you ever say anything. Promise?"

"OK. I won't say anything."

"I had never seen him so red in the face. It was probably just an accident anyway."

"Yeah, but Daddy, ... that's weird!"

"Remember, you promised."

"Yeah, I remember."

Meanwhile, in the master bedroom, Robert Bell came out of the adjoining bathroom in his pajamas just as his wife Betty was stepping into a pair of ice blue pettipants that she wore with her babydoll top. She wore the old-fashioned pettipants because Robert had admitted to her shortly after they met that he loved to see a woman wearing them. Despite her lack of hips and barely existent breasts, she was beautiful and sexy. And with her short, ash-blonde hair in a boyish bob, she looked like Annie Lennox -- sissy boylike and sweet but wicked underneath.

"You're looking very beautiful these days," her husband said, "the very model of a young wife and mother," he said affectionately.

"Stepmother," she corrected.

"Yes, Mommy," he said with a laugh as he imitated the boys and how they had to address her. "You're a much better mother to the boys than Janice ever was. She let them run wild."

"Now, let's not talk bad about your dear departed wife. She had it bad, even I know that, with being sick for so long, you could hardly blame her."

"No, I didn't mean to . . . well, what I am trying to say is that you certainly have tamed them. And this stuff with putting them in girls' clothes when they're bad . . . well, I never . . . but it sure does work! "

"I never expected Alie to take to it like a duck takes to water. It's no punishment for him."

"Well," Robert interjected, "it's a big punishment to him when you dress him up like a toddler and take him somewhere leading him around with a dog leash around his neck."

"Yeah, he's definitely trying not to earn another little outing like that one."

"And he hated it when you made him suck your brother's cock that time."

"But he's certainly taken to cocksucking ever since!"

"How did you know?"

"How did I know he was gay and what was good for him?"

"Yeah."

"Since I grew up with a gay brother, I can spot a fag a mile away."

"But how could you tell? Alie was just eleven years old then. He didn't even know he was gay! And nothing he ever did made me think of him that way. I never would have guessed. How could you tell? I mean you pegged him the first night you met him. Remember?"

Betty nodded her head and smiled.

"You came right out and told me he was gay. And you were right! Was it so obvious?"

'Yes' she nodded, a broad smile lighting up her face.

"And now, you've tamed him completely from the jerk he used to be, and you have him looking good as a girl, better than how he looks as a boy. He, ah, he sometimes looks real hot, when he wears the more grown up stuff, like the padded bras and high heels!"

For a moment she gave pause. Was her husband getting turned on by his crossdressed son? She momentarily dismissed the thought, but that thought immediately returned and kept nagging her. Her questioning big smile turned into a sneer.

"But little Paul," his father said proudly. "Now he's all boy. He's going to be a real man—not meaning, anything bad about Alie. It's the 80s, I can handle it. I can handle if my son is gay."

"That's sweet of you, honey. You're my big strong man. I'm so proud of you," she purred. "And you're man enough to accept having a gay son."

She was subtly mocking him. Her sly little smile and the thoughts that went along with it stayed with her. They had been together two years now, one year married. Betty always thought her new husband might have some latent homosexual urges, most men do. She was attuned to it, but his comment about how hot Alistair was looking as a girl was her first strong evidence. To keep him from wondering why she was distant, so deep in thought, she forced out a hearty laugh and

gave him a big hug, and it gave her the opportunity to squeeze herself up against him and checkout that part of his body that he called 'long john.'

His cock wasn't fully erect, but she felt it was thick and growing. She would have liked taking credit for that erection, but more likely, talking about his sissy son was the reason.

"Speaking of our two little sweeties," she continued, "both of them are overdue for one of my beneficial spankings."

"Why, have they been acting up lately?"

"Well, the list of demerits in my book is getting pretty long. For as sweet as Alistair is turning out to be, he still gets pretty fresh from time to time. He doesn't seem to have a lot of respect for my 'old fashioned ideas' as he calls them. And Paul, well, Paul's enthusiastic and bright, so bright that he says things arrogantly, often sounding sassy. We have to put a stop to that kind of insolence. Many times, I'm sure, he doesn't mean it that way, but that's how it comes out. He needs to be knocked down and made a little less surefooted. And the boys tease each other a lot when we're not around. I can tell. Many times I've heard them, but the moment I walk into the room, they shut it down. Paul can be especially caustic. He's been giving Alie a bad time about always being dressed in his girlie clothes around the house and when we go out. Paul is embarrassed by it, especially amongst his little friends. I thought Alie has always been able to shrug it off, but I've been sensing that Paul's nasty little comment have been getting to him lately."

Betty rubbed Robert's pajama front as she continued to talk about the boys, still trying to ascertain the reason why his cock was hard. Was it because she was touching him or because she was talking about his sissy son? She needed to test her suspicions.

"Both of them have enough demerits for a good spanking and hairbrushing. Why don't you help me out this time?"

"Oh, I'm not very good at it. That's why I leave it up to you."

"But I think you should get involved. Paul, especially, has shown definite signs of disrespect toward you, and I think it's because you don't participate in his discipline."

"But, but . . . I can't do it as good as you can."

"You know how excited you get when I tell you about it. So imagine what it would be like if you took part?" Betty said as his cock was now firmly aroused.

"It's strange, I know. I do like to hear about the boys being spanked. It reminds me of when I was a kid and my mother spanked me. I kinda liked it."

"I don't think it's strange at all. A lot of people get excited about spankings."

"You say, they, I mean Paul, . . . uh, . . . disrespect me? Uh. And what does Alie think of me?"

"Alie is getting a little too full of himself. He's been turning into a snotty little girl lately. He needs a major touching up!"

"But you have them both trained to be so polite, and they do their chores, keep themselves neatly dressed and all. But if you think they need it...."

"Oh, they need it all right. So, how about giving me a hand."

"OK," Robert said.

"Great! This Saturday night then."

"But you always do it on Saturday afternoons."

"That's because Paulie was always too embarrassed to get spanked in front of you. He's trying so hard to be a little man. I understood. That's why I let him pick a time when you are always out of the house."

"Yeah, I suppose if you're trying to be a little man, it's embarrassing to be spanked by your stepmother in front of your daddy."

Betty lightly placed her fingers alongside her husband's long cock, much like a nurse holds your wrist to take your pulse. She wanted to detect the slightest reaction in Robert's cock as she told him this next bit of information.

"Well, it's not just the spanking. You see, I've got Paulie into wearing girlie things for his spankings . . ."

Betty felt it! There wasn't a subtle movement in Robert's cock. It jumped up a mile the moment she talked about putting Paulie in punishment dresses. She held his cock now and massaged it as she continued to talk, and as she talked, his meat continued to grow. She had to think back, now. Hindsight is so clear. She had always been so attuned to spotting the least little thing that told her a guy was gay or at least potentially gay, so why did she miss it with her own husband. Well, looking back, she realized there had been signs, but for all of her intuitive talents for picking up gay traits, she just missed them at the time, or maybe she didn't want to think thoughts like that about her new husband. But his cock was reacting to her talking about gay boys and dressing them in girlie clothes. She kept talking.

"No! Paul's not gay. I'm pretty sure of that, but if he pisses me off enough, I might do my best to turn him into a faggot. One thing about gay boys, they usually turn out to be pretty good people. I had a lot to do with my brother's upbringing, and sure he's gay, but you have to admit, he's one sweet person too.

"If I thought it would do Paul some good, would you be willing to help me out? Let him suck on your big daddy wiener? That would certainly knock him down a notch or two and get him to stop teasing his brother for being gay."

Robert's cock gave another big jump in his pajama pants. Betty had to struggle to hold back a laugh.

"O-o-o! Really? Well, ah, I don't know, if you think it would do some good, you know for his sake, you know, uh, uh, we wouldn't want him to grow up bad, ya know like..."

"Yes, Robert, that's exactly what I was thinking. But I'm not saying we'll do it. We'll only do it if I think it will do Paul some good."

"Sure, uh, OK, honey," he said.

Betty guessed his head was spinning. His cock was certainly hard and throbbing.

"But, you know, just girls' clothes don't make a boy go gay. They just help to bring out his natural femininity if he is gay. But for Paulie, it's great for taming him down. I started him with a simple dress and a few pairs of lace panties—I even got him a cute little training bra, all lacy with rosebuds and everything—anyway, he's a little doll all dressed up, but he so feared you finding out. His fear of those girlie clothes and other people finding out about them are what makes them so effective."

"Dresses? ... Bras? ... Panties? ... For Paul?"

Betty muffled a little giggle because Robert's penis pulsed in perfect cadence as he said those words.

Trying to cover his excitement, he said, "Speaking of smacking little behinds reminds me that I better have a fresh look at a certain beautiful pair of buttocks just inches away from me."

With a chuckle, Betty swung around in her pale blue satin nightie and pulled it up to expose for his view her butt encased in silky, light blue pettigans. From behind, he encircled her hips and squeezed her tightly against his body. He loved her slim boyish hips. Now, more than ever, she understood his attraction to her even if he didn't. Her short hairdo, slim hips, and almost nonexistent breasts--she was very boyish looking, and she knew it. She liked the way she looked, and knew her androgynous appearance appealed to her husband, even if he would never admit it quite that way. His first wife, Janice, she too was a slim, boyish-looking woman. Robert, she as not convinced, at least on a subconscious level, had homosexual leanings. Betty laughed quietly to herself as Robert hugged her, buried his face into her nylon-covered buttocks and made love to her hips and tight behind.

"So are you ready to spank your little boys tomorrow night?"

"Sure, baby. Whatever you say," he mumbled with his mouth pressed up to her back through her silken pettipants. For fun, she dropped the top of her babydoll nightie down over his head as he paid homage to her.

"Good, then after the boys get their spankings, we'll keep both of them in their punishment outfits for the rest of the weekend, including Sunday morning, when we take them to church."

"P-Paulie in a dress at church too? Just like Alie?"

"Sure, why not? It was the minister's wife who told me to put Alie in dresses in the first place when I told her I knew he was gay."

"Yeah, that's some progressive church you go to..."

"I go to?"

"I mean, we go to. But, uh, Paul's not gay."

"So what. Dresses did wonders for Alie; they're not going to hurt Paul. It'll be a nice little reminder to him of the spanking he got the night before, a lot to think about while he's sitting down on one of those hardwood pews with just his thin panties covering his bum."

Betty breathed a little harder as she felt Bob's hand busying itself with the firm flesh of her bare behind.

"There's no reason for us to stand here like teenagers petting in an alley," she said sweetly. "Let's get into bed."

Later, with everything quiet following their lovemaking, Betty sighed, "They are really overdue for a good spanking on their saucy little bottoms."

"And in Alistair's case," her husband said, "not so little any more. The last time I saw his but it was so smooth and plump. Those pills must really be working on him. He's starting to look just like a typical teenage girl."

"You noticed, did you?" Betty chuckled. "Even if you couldn't bring yourself to give him a decent spanking when I asked you to punish him a few weeks ago."

"What do you mean . . . how did you know that . . .?"

"Listen, if you give a kid a decent spanking, it will leave marks for hours if not days or even weeks! When I got home from my meeting, there wasn't a mark on him!"

"Oh," was all Robert could say.

"Don't worry," Betty said as she turned out the light and rolled over to go to sleep, "you'll both pay for that little lie tomorrow night."

Robert groaned. But Betty was now exploring other ideas. She had often thought about having sex with another man or maybe she'd even try messing around with another woman. That interested her too, especially now that she knew Robert was ripe for branching out sexually. She had been consciously and subconsciously planning this for some time. Sex with Robert had been getting a little stale, him making love to her pettipants more than her pussy. He made fucking seem like a required afterthought, and his mind was really still locked on her boyish backside. She knew in her heart this was going to be a great weekend.

* * *

At breakfast that following Saturday morning, the boys were told of the spanking they would receive that night. Paul cried when Betty told him he would be getting his punishment in his dress and panties.

"Oh, Mommy, please, you promised..."

"Promised what?"

"You wouldn't tell Daddy about that....Please, Mommy, don't spank me like that. I'll be very good. I really will. You promised me you wouldn't ever tell Daddy about being spanked, I mean...in those things."

"Things. Things! You call all your pretty little girlie clothes 'things!' They're not 'things,' they're your 'sissy girlie clothes' that help you be a better little boy!"

"But Mom, you promised!"

"I never promised you anything little man. I told you I wouldn't tell your daddy about dressing in your girlie clothes unless you continued to disobey me. So guess what? You haven't been as good as should be. You and all your back talk, especially to your daddy. You have to be corrected so this disrespectful streak in you doesn't get out of hand."

Paul wanted to protest some more, but a stern look from Betty and a walk toward the cabinet drawer where she kept her demit book was enough to quell Paul's backtalk.

Betty took out the book.

"I see that your room has been very messy on several recent occasions. I found dust under the bed after you supposedly cleaned it. You came into the house with dirt on your sneakers, not to mention all the entries I have in here detailing the sassiness you showed toward your daddy. There's plenty, and I'm didn't even give you any bad marks for teasing your brother, but if you keep that up, I'll start marking you for doing that too.

"And as far as telling your dad about your girlie clothes. I didn't tell him until last night. That call yesterday from your teacher about goofing off in class changed my mind. But more than just telling your dad about you getting punished in girlie clothes, he's going to see you in them tonight, and he'll be seeing you as a cute little girl for the rest of the weekend. He has even agreed to help me out. I think he should get more involved in the discipline of you boys, and he agrees with me."

Paul knew better than to interrupt his stepmother when she was talking, but he couldn't help it.

"Mommy," he said with big tears rolling down his cheeks, "I'm sorry, Mommy! I'm sorry. But I don't have to go to church that way too? Please, no, Mommy! Can I stay home?"

"Of course you'll go to church. Everybody will think you're a sweet little girl. You really are very pretty in your new dress and things. In fact, I just bought two new dresses for you yesterday!"

"No, Mommy, they'll know it's me. Trish will really tease me bad."

"Trish?" his stepmother asked.

"Trish Murdock," Alie laughed, that's Paul's little girlfriend. She's been giving him a hard time at Sunday school every week since she found out that you spank him."

"How did she find out?"

"I, ah, I blurted it out one Sunday morning during Bible class when Mrs. Skelton wanted to know why he couldn't sit still in class. I was mad at him that day."

"Alie, that was very naughty of you. I'm putting you down for another 20 hairbrush cracks. You shouldn't embarrass your brother that way. Embarrassing someone is punishing them, and your daddy and I are the only ones who can do that to you boys. I would have put you down for 40 more cracks -- that's how serious it was -- but I cut it in half because you volunteered the information and were honest about it."

"I'm sorry, Mommy," Alistair told her.

Betty consulted her book again. "Alistair, you've been late coming home four times since your last spanking. You haven't been keeping your room very neat either, especially your lingerie, as you very well know. Your bras and panties never seem to be properly sorted and arranged in your drawer. You sassed your daddy a few times. It didn't go unnoticed! Just because it is I who lowers your panties and spansks your bottom (Alistair winced), don't think you can get fresh with your daddy and get away with it. Perhaps, one of these days I can persuade him to take off his belt and really give it to both of you boys as hard as you sometimes deserve. I got strapped often when I was a girl, with my father's belt, sometimes even with his razor strop, and I know now it did me a lot of good."

"That was the dark ages," Alistair replied desperately. "None of my friends get spanked anymore. Please, Mom. Don't do it to me. I'll really try to do all the things you want of me. I'll be the best little girl you could ever hope to have. Besides, I think Paul has been sneaking into my room and messing up my panties to get me in trouble."

"That's a lie!" Paul protested.

"That's enough arguing, boys," Betty interrupted. "Any more and I'll start putting you both down for demerits in the punishment book. And Paul if we ever catch you in your brother's room messing up his lingerie, I'll make you attend Sunday school in just a training bra and ruffled panties! Got that?"

Paul hung his head and nodded he understood.

"All right, I think you know I'm quite serious about this," Betty announced, "Now, Paul, in the book I have you down for 60 hand spans to be followed by 20 strokes of the hairbrush."

"Oh, no, Mommy!"

"Quiet!" Betty snapped. "After a talk with your daddy last night, I've decided to add 10 more with the hairbrush."

Little Paul put his face down in his hands and sobbed quietly.

"Alistair," she said in a commanding tone as she turned to the older boy, "you are to go over my lap and have your panties lowered for one hundred stinging slaps on your bare buttocks, to be followed . . . "

There was a sharp, girlish gasp from the older boy.

". . . to be followed," his stepmother continued after a warning glance, "by 60 solid whacks of the hairbrush on that too-old-to-be-spanked bare ass of yours. 40 from the book and the 20 more for telling your Sunday school class that Paul gets spanked. Plus 10 more with the hairbrush for last week when you tried to fool me into thinking your father gave you a decent spanking in my place when I had to go out. For a total of 70."

Alistair was silent and stone faced, fighting fear, shame, and anger.

Then, of course, you will both get your enemas, before bath and bed."

"That's the worst of all," Alistair groaned. "Why do we have to get an enema when we're not even sick?"

"As I've explained many times before, young lady, you must get an enema because the washing out of your insides is a symbol of your submission and a regular cleansing gets rid of poisons in your system that can build up and make you do bad things.

"But it's so icky. It's terribly embarrassing," Alistair argued.

"I'm delighted to hear it embarrasses you," Betty told him. "A little humiliation is a great way to teach you how to be a proper young lady and remind you to avoid making mistakes.

"I might add that when we get to your enema time, it will be your daddy who will be taking down your panties and inserting the nozzle. If having Paul and me see you across my lap getting your sissy backside filled up, I'm sure having your daddy there and administering the enema will make it even more embarrassing."

Alistair was silent, but his hands clenched so tightly that his knuckles were white. Paul, apparently deciding that Alistair's arguments were useless, remained silent.

After breakfast, the boys did a quick but thorough job of clearing the table, doing the dishes, making the beds, and tidying up their rooms. Betty told the boys that they could do what they wanted for the afternoon with the understanding that the family would reassemble at six for dinner.

Alistair changed into a thin, flower print summer dress and told everyone he was going down to the park to read a book. In actuality, he wasn't going to the park at the end of their street, but to Bailey Park. It was off-limits because it was a haven for crime, people doing drugs and sex perverts looking for pick-ups. Alistair had gone there three times in recent weeks. A lot of the men cruising for gay boys passed him by thinking he was a girl, but some of the men could see through his disguise and most of them were very interested.

Alie liked being propositioned by strange men. He had limited his visits to the park to daytime hours because at night he knew it was a rough place and that scared him. It also excited him that this place where weirdos and sex perverts hung out was so close to his home. He hadn't taken up the invitation of any of those strangers -- yet. But he was thinking about it a lot. Several times he had sat on a park bench with one of those men, and they had talked for long periods. They could sense he was new. Possibly even a virgin -- he wasn't since he had already sucked off many of the boys at school during recess in the supply room -- but in the park, these were men not schoolboys, and a lot of them were pretty quirky and scary looking with sex hungry eyes and breathy voices. To the wooly lowlifes lurking in the park, he was as good as a virgin. His innocence turned on these sickos. Curious boys like Alistair had been raped in this park many times in the past, some of these predators just couldn't hold back. Alistair knew about those things, many of the men had warned him to be careful. That's why he didn't dare go there at night, but he did like flirting with some danger. And a lot of the men who did approach him, he liked. Any one of them would have bedded him down in a moment, but they were strong enough not to force such a boy into sex with a high chance of it ending badly. Most of these men had an unspoken code. It was in their best interest to nurture the young ones and not bring them along too quickly, break them in right and those boys would be good for years of pleasure not just a onetime rape.

Betty had told Paul that he should call his friend Mike because his parents had grounded him for the weekend for playing in the street on his scooter and almost getting hit by a car. Mrs. Donatello said Mike was bored and desperately needing some company. Betty said it would be nice of Paul to go over to Mike's house for the afternoon and keep him company. She'd even take twenty hand spans off his total for doing a good deed. Paul knew that he'd probably go over to play with Mike anyway, so of course he agreed. Paul called Mike, Mrs. Donatello, his mom, answered the phone. She said Mike would love to have company, so it was all set.

But as Paul was getting ready to leave, Betty entered his bedroom and told him to take off his shorts and underwear. He didn't want to jeopardize his planned afternoon of fun so he did as she had told him. But he was visibly upset as she went to his tallboy, opened that dreaded third drawer and took out a beige pair of panties with a big ruffle of white lace cuffing each leg opening. He sniffled a bit as she lifted up and inserted first his right foot and then his left into the waiting panties. He agonized as she dragged them up his legs with unnecessary slowness. Probably worst of all, she never said a word, she was just doing it, and he was letting her. They both knew their roles and they were playing him. Paul was being pantied more and more frequently lately. Through the thin nylon of the humiliating panties, Betty took hold of the very tip of Paul's penis and gave it one long hard pinch. She had a death grip on it. The pinch seemed to go on forever. The pain went on and on. Paul squirmed and cried. He twisted and felt his legs collapse. He tried to release the grip of her pinching fingers by twisting every way possible way. He even considered hitting her with his fists, but the pain was so intense that he didn't even have the strength to lift his arms. She finally let go. Why did she have to do that every time she put him into a pair of his lace panties? Wasn't wearing the stupid panties punishment enough? Withering in pain and breathing like he had just run a race, she pulled him to his feet and helped him on with his shorts. Thank goodness they weren't cut too short. Even though they hung halfway down his thighs, he felt the need to run his fingers under the edge of the leg openings just to make sure the lacy hems of the panties were not anywhere near the leg openings where someone could see them. Betty finally broke the silence when she told him he was free to go. But Paul said he changed his mind, he wasn't feeling good and wanted to stay home for the afternoon, but she saw through his lie and told him he just lost the 20-spank reprieve she had offered him, and told him he had to go over to Mike's house anyway. She wanted him out of the house. Then she sent him on his way, with a warning to not even think about taking off the panties and ditching them somewhere. She added that she was going to check up on him later just to make sure he kept them on. He didn't know what she meant by that. He thought she was just trying to scare him.

With his mind in a tizzy, Paul headed toward his friend's house. He really didn't want to go there now that he had panties on under his clothes, so he walked around a bit. As he walked down by the river, he noticed his big brother Alistair sitting on a bench in Bailey Park. He knew they weren't supposed to go there. He didn't know why, just that it was off-limits.

Eventually, he did make his way over to Mike's house. They played board games until they got bored and then watched television. Paul never forgot that he had those panties on. Most times those two got together, they ended up wrestling on the floor. Paul feared Mike would start roughhousing it, and if that happened he was afraid his clothes would get messed up and his

panties would be exposed. So he was glad they just sat quietly and continued to watch television. Paul noticed Mike wasn't his usual happy self. His best friend had been in a funk for weeks, so he wondered what was bothering him. But Paul had little time for his friend's problems; he couldn't get his mind off the punishment session scheduled for that night.

When the phone rang, Mrs. Donatello answered it and was on the line for a long time. It was Betty Bell; they both attended the Unitarian church where they had met shortly after Betty joined the year before. They shared a lot of interests and secrets, like how Betty was now sissy training Paul to keep him in line. Of course, Mike's mom knew about Alistair. He had been going to church and Sunday school in girls' clothes for the better part of a year. The clergy and members of their ultra liberal church had no problem with that. Several lesbians, crossdressers and homosexuals were part of the church hierarchy, so a boy in dresses was not too unusual. In fact, when Betty first told their minister that she knew for certain Alistair was gay, it was the minister's wife who suggested she put him in lingerie and dresses.

Regardless of how he would react, Betty was told that feminizing a boy like Alie would be very beneficial. If Alistair abhorred everything female and was embarrassed to wear girls' clothes it would be a great punishment to keep him in line, and if like some gay boys, he liked being feminized, it would be a good way to help him and everybody else accept what he is. Well, after an initial bit of resistance, Alistair did take to it, and he was much sweeter and more mature as a girl, a role he played expertly every hour he wasn't in school.

And Mrs. Donatello had been following Betty's increasing use of petticoat punishment on young Paul. Even though he wasn't gay, she hoped to attain a lot of benefits since the minister's wife agreed that putting him in girls' clothes could do him a lot of good too and probably stop him from teasing his big brother so much about acting like a girl.

And over the months, Mrs. Donatello had confided in Betty similarly, describing in detail how she and her husband had developed a punishment ritual for their boy, Mike. He seemed to have a problem with girls, whom he thought they got away with murder. He was often quite nasty to them at school and at church. But he was even more abusive to homosexuals. Alistair was the only gay boy he knew, but Mike couldn't stop taking about him, and how disgusting he thought homosexuals were. In a conference with their minister and his wife, they all agreed that Mike was homophobic. So they developed a punishment ritual that included a sound spanking followed by making him stand by naked and watch his parents fucking. They wanted to show him what normal sex was all about, and while they did it, they continually belittled him for having a small penis like a girly-boy. And when they felt he needed to be dealt with more strongly, they made him lick clean his father's cum drooling out of his mother's big pussy and then lick clean his father's cock. Since he hated homosexuals so much they were going to show him what being a faggot was like. And just recently they had taken it one step further. Once every week now, whether he due for punishment or not, Mike has to suck on his father's fat dick until he fills the boy's mouth with baby cream. All of these things were having a very beneficial effect. Mike was toeing the line and being careful about how he treated and what he said about girls and gays.

But just a week ago, they added a further humiliation. Mrs. Donatello was a very small woman, so as they got ready for sex, she'd make her son take off her clothes, and when she was down to just her panties, he had to take them off her and put them on himself. She had purchased a few pairs of frilly panties just for this purpose, and Mike was totally shattered the first time he had to do that. As way of a baptism, once he was in the panties, both his mother and father really teased him about being a sissy and looking like a fag. Then he had to suck off his father, and just before he was ready to shoot, the man pulled his cock out of his son's mouth and sprayed his hot cream all over the purple panties his son was wearing. The kid had to go to bed that night and sleep in the sticky panties. The next day he had to go to church with the smelly panties on under his clothes. He was so embarrassed. He was sure people somehow knew he was wearing panties. He was sure they could smell his father's dried-on cum too.

Now the two women had carefully planned to take their boys to a new level of humiliation.

After the phone rang, Paul didn't think anything about it until Mrs. Donatello told him she was talking to his mommy, and that she wanted to talk to him.

"Hi, Mommy," he said with trepidation.

"Hi, sweetie, now Mrs. Donatello knows all about your panties. I want you to be a good boy and do whatever she tells you to do. Before you come home, she's going to give me a full report and it better be a good one, or I'll make it very bad for you. If your penis keeps getting you into trouble, I won't just pinch it anymore; I'll just cut it off! Do you understand me?"

Paul broke out into a huge flow of tears. All he could do was nod his head and moan in agreement that he'd do whatever Mike's mother wanted him to do.

The moment he hung up the phone, Mrs. Donatello took him and Mike by the hand and led them to Mike's bedroom. Much to Mike's fear, she opened up the drawer of the nightstand and showed Paul the collection of panties she had bought for her son.

"I only have three pairs of panties for Mike so far, one pale green, one yellow, and one pink -- He has the pink ones on now. I don't think a sissy boy can be in training without a least one pair of pink panties."

Alongside him, Paul could hear Mike wailing and bellowing. Both boys were crying intensely. Mike was humiliated to be so exposed. Paul dreaded where this was all leading.

"I'm going to buy Mike a lot more panties, she continued. "I understand you have a big collection of panties, over a dozen pairs."

Paul didn't answer. And he didn't want to look at his friend to see his reaction.

"His father and I are going to take Mike to the mall, so he can pick out his own panties, and he knows he better cooperate or I'll be getting him some nice dresses sooner rather than later. Your mother says she has three dresses for you already, and she says you look really pretty in them. I

can see by your looks that you make a very pretty little girl. I think my little Mikie will look pretty cute too. He better be real good, or I'll get my chance to see just how good he'll look."

While she had been talking, Paul noticed her fumbling around with Mike at his side. He turned a bit and saw she was removing his clothes and his best friend was now standing there in nothing but faggot pink panties. When the woman turned on Paul and started to take his clothes off, he pulled back and tried to run, but a big pair of strong hands grabbed him from behind and made him stand still for his undressing. As soon as he was down to nothing but his hated beige panties, the boys were forced to turn and look at each other. Paul also looked around and was astounded to see Mr. Donatello standing next to them, naked with a long black belt clenched in his fist and with a big, fully erect cock sticking straight up in the air. Paul had never seen a cock that big. It was frightening. When the man cracked the belt across his son's pink pantied butt, Mike knelt down on a satin pillow placed on the floor. And when the man snapped his fingers, Mike took his father's solid piece of man meat into his mouth without a moment's hesitation even though Paul, his best friend, was standing there and watching him. It seemed to go on forever, the slurping, the heavy breathing, the smell of jism in the air, until the man grabbed his son by the hair and repeatedly rammed his penis down the boy's choking throat. When he was ready to shoot, he pulled out and shot it all over his son's face. But that wasn't the end of it. Mr. and Mrs. Donatello held down Paul and made Mike come over and kiss him on the lips with his fathers' smelly goo all over his face and mouth.

"Well, Paul, you've seen some of the things we do to Mike when he's bad. And your mother and I have been trading ideas. Mike's wearing panties now because your mother convinced me it would do him a lot of good. And boy she was right! I told her I'd let you suck Mr. Donatello's cock 'Just like Mike'" -- she made a joke but the boys weren't laughing.

A horrified Paul was greatly relieved when she then said, "But your mother said she'd not make you do that unless you continued to be bad. But she did think it was a great idea to let you see Mike do it, so you knew exactly what might be in store for you.

"Now, I'll have Mike's father drive you home. Your mother is expecting you and expecting a call from me. Don't worry, except for all your whining and crying, you minded me very well today. I'll give her a good report -- but we'll see what the future holds!"

Paul picked up his shorts and T-shirt but she prevented him from putting them on. He was going home wearing beige lace panties only. More tears. More horror and humiliation.

It was just Mr. Donatello driving and Paul in the front passenger seat on the drive to take him back home. Paul didn't say a word and only gently cried as the man reached over while he was driving and began rubbing Paul's skinny little thighs. Then the nasty man moved his hand up to play with Paul's penis inside the beige panties, and kept taking his eyes off the road and staring down at him with an evil grin. Paul could feel the man's lecherous stare without even looking up at him. Thank goodness it was only a few blocks to his house, but when they got there, the man had to help him open the door, and he wouldn't let him out until Paul let him have a deep soul kiss, fucking the kid's mouth with his fat, ugly tongue. He made Paul suck on that tongue. As Paul got out of the car, he told him, "You're a pretty one. I can't wait to have your mouth around

my dick. You're a faggot too, just like Mike. He cries but I know he loves it, and you're going to learn to love it too. Tell your mother I'm available anytime she needs somebody to feed you some man cock and baby-making juice.

Paul was crying harder than he had ever cried before. He made a mad dash across the lawn from the car to the front door, but the door was locked. He banged and banged on the door to be let in. Finally, his father opened the door and laughed at seeing him naked except for the beige lace panties and holding his clothes in his hands. Once he got inside, Betty looked at him in disgust and told him she hoped he had been a good boy while playing at the Donatello house. Then she noticed that he was missing his T-shirt.

Paul's dad said, "Oh, I saw him drop something when he got out of the car."

They took a look out the window and saw his T-shirt lying on the ground. For Paul, it was a fresh round of tears and fears as Betty forced her stepson to go back outside -- still just attired in his dainty little girl panties -- and get his T-shirt with the warning that it better not be ruined or he'd be in even more trouble. Paul got the T-shirt and when he got back inside, he wondered if any of the neighbors had seen him. He certainly hoped they hadn't. He was all set for a bizarre encounter with his parents, but much to his relief, not a single word was said about his running around outside in just his panties or how everything had gone at Mike's house. Instead, Betty just told him to go upstairs and get ready for dinner. Alie was expected home soon since it was getting close to six o'clock and dinner was almost ready.

* * *

Following dinner, a very subdued Alistair retired to his room to ponder his coming spanking. Mr. and Mrs. Bell sat in their easy chairs in the living room of their split-level home -- a well-maintained home thanks to their sons having been turned into competent domestics. Betty commanded Paul to stay nearby. He sat cross-legged on the floor watching the boring cooking show she had on television, but the ticklish lace on the panties under his shorts and the dread of his impending punishment made him restless. He squirmed every time he sensed the touch of silk or lace against his skin. It was endless torment. And he could only inwardly groan and try to force out of his head the horrible images of the horrific things he had endured that afternoon.

When the chimes on the mantel clock signaled eight o'clock, Betty rose from her chair and clapped her hands, "Paul, go to your room. It's time to get ready."

Paul desperately hoped he could avoid being seen in a dress by his daddy. He had already been totally crushed when his daddy had greeted him at the door and he was only wearing the nylon lace panties. And he didn't want his daddy see him being spanked like a naughty little girl either.

After Paul left the room, Betty leaned over to Robert and whispered to him, "In about fifteen minutes, you can watch us from the hallway. I'll leave the door open. I'll tell you when to come in and join us."

Briskly, Betty ascended the stairs with Paul still slowly trudging his way toward his room. At the top of the stairs, she paused at Alistair's closed door and opened it. Despite his impending punishment, the boy was stretched out on the bed and involved in his favorite pastime. He had his skirts up and he was masturbating.

"Alistair, if you keep playing with that little thing of yours so much, it will fall off!

"I'm going to get Paulie ready, now, get that cum out of you, and join us in the master bedroom in about ten minutes. It's bopping time!"

Betty stopped with her youngest son at the child's own room and had him quickly strip off everything but his sweet little beige nylon panties, trimmed finely in white lace, that she had made him put on that morning. She was happy to see he still had them on as instructed, but not surprised that they did look a bit tattered and worse for wear.

She simply pointed to the much-hated third drawer of his tallboy. Paul, with tears already coming to his eyes, silently walked over, opened it up, and took out what he knew his mommy wanted—the little cellophane-covered box she had bought for him three days before and cheerfully announced that it was his new lingerie for this, his next spanking. Through the cellophane, he could see all the pink lace and satin bows on the background of white silk. She broke open the seal and withdrew an ultra-sissified pair of silky panties and a matching training bra. Defeated and not wanting to do anything to increase his punishment, he held his arms straight out in front of himself so she could slip the straps of his training bra up his slim, hairless arms.

"There we go sweetie. You're going to love this bra, just like big girls wear. Isn't it pretty?" she teased.

He nodded his head 'yes' and said, "Yes, Mommy. It's pretty." He was going to end it there, but then he knew that wasn't good enough for her. He knew what she wanted to hear. He had to say all those creepy little girlie words. "Mommy, I mean, it's a very pretty bra and panties. I love them so."

"And..." she encouraged.

He wasn't quite sure what more she wanted, so he had to try and make something up to please her. She wanted him to humiliate himself -- to have that feeling of emptiness and fear associated with not knowing exactly what she wanted.

With a gulp of empty air, he improvised, "This pretty new bra will help my titties get nice and big like yours, Mommy. And I love my panties too. I loved wearing panties all day today." But saying that made all those awful afternoon memories come rushing back into his head. He closed his mouth and could only look down in shame.

Betty loved covering him into self-deprecating talk.

"Oh, honey, I know you wish you had nice titties like Mommy's.

"I understand. Here," she pulled up her tank top and offered him her small unbrassiered breasts for his touch, "go ahead and feel them. Boys like to touch girls' titties. Go ahead."

Of course, Paul never in a million years wanted breasts like a girl, but given the chance to touch his stepmother's titties was a dream come true even at a most confusing and agonizing time like this. He reached up and lightly ran his fingers over her breasts, which were quite small and compact, but for a small boy they were huge globes of powerful womanhood. She encouraged him to touch her nipples and made him kiss and suck on each one for a moment.

As he continued to feel up her womanly mounds, she finished adjusting his training bra. He stretched and twitched trying to adjust to the unfamiliar tightness of this strange, binding contraption.

Betty stripped down his beige panties, and as if he were sleepwalking, he stepped out of them and then immediately stepped into the matching new white panties she held open at his feet; never for a moment did he consider resisting. As soon as the panties were all the way up around his plump little butt, she grabbed the tip of penis and pinched it like a mad woman.

In the next room, Alistair had shot off into his panties, and then dragged himself up and got dressed according to his mommy's instructions. He slipped into a new set of pink bra and panties, pink nylon full-cut briefs, and added his white garter belt that he attached to a pair of sheer black seamed nylon stockings. Then something special. He opened the little bag she had given him and inside was a pair of her bright white sissy pettipants. Confused why she wanted him to wear them, he slipped them on anyway. They were tight and sheer and he could clearly see his pink panties right through the fancy pettupants that had old-fashioned appliques and rows of pleated lace around the leg elastics that went around his lower thighs. The combined silkiness of the pettupants and panties aroused his cock, as it was already getting ready for another round of action! He remembered the last time he had on a pair of her pettupants and his father's reaction to them. Alie wondered what was going to happen when his daddy saw him in his mother's frilly pettupants this time.

The new pink flowered bra his mommy had provided was soft and silky and without any padding. His tits had grown large enough to fill the small cups. He liked wearing a sexy teenage bra that he could completely fill like many girls his age. Ready for his punishment, he marched down the hall to his parents' bedroom.

"Ah, here we are then," Betty exclaimed with satisfaction as her older stepson entered the room in his lingerie. Paul was standing near the big double bed, wearing a very serious and thoughtful expression and a darling lemon yellow little girl party dress, lacy anklets, shiny white two-strap shoes and a blonde wig with a white bow pinned in it. Alistair had to blink a few times to make sure what he was seeing was what he was seeing. His kid brother was one cute little girl! The new wig really did it! He wanted to say something, wanted to make a joke or tease Paul about looking so cute in a dress, but the seriousness of a punishment session filled the atmosphere. It was no time for joking.

Betty pulled out the sturdy straight-backed "spanking chair" she always used. To the boys it was "The Chair,"—the most dreaded piece of furniture in the house. She put the chair in the middle of the room at a little different angle than usual, but the boys thought nothing of it.

"I'll spank Paul first. Alistair, you stand right in front of us and watch. I want you to be thinking about your own silky-ass and how it too will be experiencing the same thing. You will learn not to overstay your time. Also, the worst crime you committed was trying to make me believe that your daddy had given you a suitable spanking last week for being late for dinner."

Standing, Betty rucked up her own skirt and slip and held them up as she took a seat and got comfortable. She was wearing a smart beige dress with a full-pleated skirt. She carefully folded back her skirt and slip to keep them out of the way as much as possible, revealing bare knees and superb slim thighs. She was baring more of her upper legs than normal. The boys could even see her old-fashioned, pretty lace-edged white briefs.

She had both boys facing her. And with the way she had the chair angled, any one standing out in the darkened hallway would have a perfect view of the ensuing activities. And she did glance in that direction. She saw a little movement in the shadows. She knew Robert was there and watching, and she was going to give him a show and then get him to join them.

First, she motioned to Paul. The little boy stepped forward out of the shadows and obediently stood just to the right of his mother's bare legs. Robert let out an audible moan when he saw his youngest son in the yellow dress -- and the wig was a shocker -- he didn't expect that. God, the kid looked like the sweetest, most innocent little girl he had ever seen. Robert's cock erected with a shot! He didn't want that. He hoped it would go down to a respectable level. But no such luck.

Quickly and efficiently—all the while making cooing little noises, Betty pulled up Paul's skirts and then his voluminous tiers of petticoats and slips. She inserted her fingers into the waistband of Paul's little panties and rolled them down. The fabric turned inside out as they were peeled down and nestled at the base of his butt, exposing his bare, childish little penis and almost nonexistent balls at the very base of his tummy. Those little-boy hips could boast no swelling width, but behind them a chubby young bottom arched out zestfully in twin curves of sturdy, pink-white charm.

"All right, Paul, get your sorry ass over Mommy's lap."

"Yes, Mommy." All was now abject contrition. The little boy pulled himself across his mother's naked lap, putting his pouting backside into prime spanking position as he had learned it was best to do. He reached down and gripped the rung of the chair to hold himself steady—and waited.

"Alistair, you keep count! I have some talking to do to this one and I don't think Paul will be able to count for very long. I have a laundry list of things I have to work out on his miserable little bum."

His stepmother studied the pretty little bottom displayed before her. She raised her right hand and brought it down swiftly, bridging the two sturdy little cheeks. The crack was like a pistol shot.

"Ow-w-w, Mommy!"

A faint rosy handprint blossomed up slowly on the tender flesh.

Smack!

"Ooh, no, no, no!"

A second blush welled up, blending slowly into the first. Betty settled into a slow, determined rhythm.

Paul's whimpers and cries furnished a perfect counterpoint to the relentless impact of his mother's palm slapping his lurching, squirming bottom.

Whack! Whack! Crack!

"Ow-wow-wow!"

"Those are for the dust I found under your bed."

Smack! Whack! Crack! Crack!

"That's for leaving your toys all over the yard."

"Ooh, Mommy, no-o-o!"

Whack! Smack! Smack! Smack-smack!

"And those are for being sassy to your daddy."

"Ooh, Ow-wow-wow! Mommy, no more, please, Mommy," he moaned now crying at full tilt.

"Oh, Mommy, no, please! I'm really sorry, Mommy!"

For what seemed an eternity to the little boy, his chubby buttocks leaped and quivered and burned under his mother's intense, determined punishment, until at last there came a sudden, blessed pause.

"Alistair, what number are we up to?"

"Mommy, that was your fiftieth spank."

"That's what I thought. Paul, you count the last ten."

"Yes, Mommy. But not too hard, please!"

"Count."

Smack!

"Ugh-yu! Fifty-one!"

Smack!

"Oh-ooh! Fifty-two! Please!"

Though she could hardly believe it, Paul at last was able to call out his sixtieth and final hand spank.

Betty let the little boy lie sobbing and wriggling across her bare thighs until he had calmed down.

"Now, Paul, you know you must also take the hairbrush."

Still sobbing, and with infinite sorrow, the little boy said, "Yes, Mommy."

"But get up and pull your panties up because I'm gong to have your daddy give you those."

She motioned for Robert to enter the room as she told Alistair, "Bring Mommy the hairbrush from her bureau."

Alistair, who had watched close up the martyrdom of his little brother's backside, turned and crossed to the bureau to pick up the smooth-backed mahogany hairbrush with which his own tender behind was all-too-familiar. He brought it to his mommy.

When Robert entered the room, Betty saw he was just about as red-faced as his sons, and he was holding his hands in front of himself. She knew he had an erection. She got up from the chair and was about to have him sit down in her place when she told him to wait a moment and to turn and face the boys. She pulled his hands away from his front and revealed to the boys the big erection their daddy had in his pants.

"Looks like your daddy likes to see his boys being spanked, or is it he likes to see them looking like pretty little girls? Or maybe both. We're going to find out!"

Robert was lightly crying now. Under her breath, but loud enough for his sons to hear, she whispered, "Sissy! What kind of a daddy are you, anyway?"

He didn't try to stop her when she undid his trousers and stripped him of them as well as his shirt and underwear. His hard-on had subsided somewhat, but it still bobbed embarrassingly in front of him. She picked it up in her hands, looked at it for a moment and then flicked it away from herself with a disgusted look on her face.

"Boys, be prepared for it, pretty soon, we just might find out that you daddy is queer for little boys, little girly boys, I think.

"Sit down, and get ready to do some spanking, and you better do a good job or you'll be spanked next!" she said to her husband.

She took the hairbrush from Alistair, "Thank you. Now stay right there and watch your pervert daddy give Paul what his naughtiness has earned him."

Robert's full erection returned as his wife directed him to pull up Paul's beautiful yellow dress. She didn't have him take the boy's panties down. She thought it would be more exciting with Paul lying across his daddy's lap with his panties in full contact of his daddy's penis. Paul was supremely embarrassed as he gingerly crawled over his father's lap, hoping somehow to avoid his daddy's throbbing cock, but it was unavoidable. Betty laughed. She was mocking them all. Alistair stared dumbfounded.

Robert did do a good job. He made short work of the thirty strokes with the hairbrush that Paul had earned. And he gave him hard smacks. The kid collapsed off his father's lap and fell to the floor. His hot bottom glowed red right through his thin white panties.

"Now, Paul pull up your panties but keep your skirts and slips up. Go stand by Alistair and watch him get his spanking, right where it'll do him the most good."

Betty took Alistair and led him to stand next to his father. She directed the boy to raise his skirt and slips. Robert's cock gave a twitch when he saw Alistair had on a pair of his wife's beloved pettipants. Betty noted her husband's wide-eyed look of surprise.

"Boys, your daddy has always liked me to wear a combination pettipants babydoll nightie. I know you know that, I've been wearing them around here ever since I moved in with here. You see, your daddy has a fetish for pettipants -- remember I explained to you what a fetish is -- and that's why he loves to see me in them." Then turning to Robert she said.

"Honey, we have no secrets in this family, so why don't you show the boys how you like to snuggle up to me, the little foreplay you enjoy so much before we fuck! And show us on Alistair here. I'd like to see for myself. I've never seen you do it from any other angle."

Robert was defeated. He had Alistair turn around and began kissing and fondling his son's bottom covered with the silky pettipants. Then he buried his face deep between the boy's feminine ass cheeks. Robert cried. A thoroughly amazed Alistair felt his father's tears soak through his double nylon-covered butt. He was awestruck, but also excited by it. He was getting a strong erection that tented out both his pink briefs and the pettipants that covered them. Before it went too far, Betty broke it up. But in her mind, she knew there would be more of that kind of action later.

"Alistair, stand still now right in front of your daddy so he can pull my -- I mean, your pettipants down."

The boy emitted a long shuddering sigh, but came close to his father as ordered. Robert dug his fingers into the snug waistband began peeling them down, out over the passive boy's uncommonly full hips.

Paul meanwhile had taken up a position where he could watch the pettipants as they descended from his brother's hips and gradually reveal his pale pink ladies' briefs. Paul, as instructed, still had his skirts and slips held up high and secretly glad to have cool air passing gently over his flaming, panty-encased bottom.

Somehow Robert managed to get Alistair's pettipants down to mid-thigh without pulling his panties down at the same time.

"Now, young lady, let's get your panties down to join your pettipants," Betty ordered.

"Oh, Mom, please!"

The pretty satinette panties were a lot easier to lower. His father pushed them down to form a second ring just above that of his pettipants and now both cupped his hairless penis and balls. Betty put her hands on Alistair's bare hips and slowly turned the boy around until they all got a good view of his backside erotically framed by his white satin garter belt and seamed black nylon stockings.

"Your daddy was right. He said only last night that you were developing a nicely rounded bottom that would be the pride of any pretty teenage girl."

"So, I'm growing up, Mommy. Please don't be taking my clothes off and spanking me anymore."

"You'll get it whenever I think you need it, young lady, as long as you're in our house. The only thing this nice plump development of your backside means to me is that you've got an even more suitable place on which to receive discipline when you're bad," she said with venom as she firmly patted Alistair's trembling buttocks and smiled wickedly as his delectable rump rippled in response to her love pats.

"Now, Alistair, put yourself across your daddy's legs."

Paul, standing in front of Alistair, took a long look at his brother's penis. He thought it used to be bigger. And Alistair's chest was all bunched up under his trim little bra like he had real titties. He hadn't seen Alistair naked in a long time, but he was sure that Alistair's breasts were getting bigger for some reason. It was like Alistair was turning into a girl! Paul was very confused looking at his big brother's body which seemed to be getting more girlish every time he looked at him. It was weird to see his brother turning slowly from a boy into a girl even though he didn't understand it.

At that moment, Paul worried and wondered if he'd ever get to be a big boy, or would his mommy make him grow titties and turn him into a girl too.

Alistair arched himself over his father's bare lap, easing himself down, dreading contact with his father's erection. He wouldn't have minded it if they were alone, but in front of his mommy and his kid brother, it was embarrassing.

Robert could feel his son's springy bit of flesh twitching with life as it pressed itself between his legs, and he was sure his son could feel his firmness too. Robert grabbed his son's right hip and pulled him in closer to his own body, trying to make both of them as comfortable as possible for this dreaded moment, while between them their erect cocks fought with each other for position like dueling swords.

Betty, all eyes, admired the boy's bottom. The full swelling cheeks of Alistair's bared backside arched up invitingly. The hormones were working wonders! Those fat sassy cheeks begged to be spanked!

Betty told her husband to deliver the first spank.

Robert smacked his son's buttocks sharply with the first stroke of his hand and was rewarded with a gasp, a sudden upward lurch, a rich jiggling of the soft flesh.

Betty said, "Now, my boy, you get ninety-nine more like that. Robert, get to it! And do it hard!"

Smack!

"Ooh! Please, not so hard!"

Smack!

"They must be hard," his mommy said. "You've been a bad boy and I'm determined to make you improve. I've let your bottom go unspanked far too long."

Smack! Smack! Smack! Robert delivered the blows, Betty did the talking.

"Ow-ow-wow! Oh, Daddy! Ow!"

On and on, he spanked the full, plump cheeks of his son's lovely bottom. The soft hemispheres of flesh bounced deliciously with each hard swat. Flailing legs soon worked his bunched together pettipants and panties down to his cocked knees, and left bare the full length of his pretty thighs. Alistair's nylons were a wrinkled memory of their former sleekness as his gyrations stretched them out of shape.

Smack! Smack! Smack!

His father's palm banged away to instill obedience in the boy excitedly sprawled out naked and squirming under his gaze.

Smack!

"Ow-wow! Please!"

"Are you sorry you stayed out past curfew?"

"Oh, yes! I'm sorry!"

Smack!

"Oh, God, ow! O-o-o-o-w!"

"And will you take better care of your room in the future?"

"Yes, Mommy, oh, please, it hurts!"

Whack-smack!

"Ugh-yi-yi!"

"And will you speak to your daddy respectfully at all times in the future?"

"Yes! I will! I will, Mommy."

At twenty, each impact of his daddy's hand upon his girlish butt was elicited a sharp yelp or a fervent hiss. At thirty, sobs and pleas for less force, at forty, yells. When Betty's count reached fifty, his lurching and kicking were making it hard to keep Alistair balanced over his father's naked lap.

"Hold still! You're going to be here until you've gotten all your 100 spanks."

"Mommy, no! Don't have Daddy hit me so hard!" The boy wept as each word was spanked out of him by the rhythm of the swatting palm.

Robert banged away on the kid's ass. He was really getting into it.

"Hold it, Robert. That's ninety," Betty announced at last to the punished boy. "Now, I want you to count off your last ten."

Smack!

"Ninety-one! Ow-wow!"

Smack!

"Ooh! Ninety-two!"

Smack!

"Ugh-ow-wow! Ninety-three!"

Finally, the stroking palm at last came down for the one-hundredth time across Alistair's crimson buttocks.

"Very good, young lady. You took those well," his mother told him. He screamed in agony as Betty palmed his hot and swollen flesh with her hand and told her husband to do likewise and admire the results of a job well done.

"Now," she announced, "this bottom is nicely warmed up to receive the hairbrush."

"Oh, Mommy, can't your hand be enough. My -- my bottom is burning up."

His mother chuckled. "Quiet, now, brace yourself."

"Paul, give me the brush," Betty asked. "Alistair can't wait to feel it across his big naughty backside."

Paul, still with his yellow dress and full slips held high, struggled to hold onto them and prevent them from falling down as he scrambled to retrieve the hairbrush from the floor. He could hardly take his eyes off his brother's glowing, bruised bottom. He handed his mother the brush, and she gave it to Robert and directed him to start. The long wait for the first stroke of the dreaded hairbrush drew a long, loud wail.

Whack!

"Ooh-h-h-h.... Oh, MOMMY!"

"I see that got your attention, young lady."

Solid and weighty, the smooth, polished back of the hairbrush did its job very well indeed. In no time, Alistair's behind was arching and jerking to the impact. His "noo-noo-noos!" tumbled over each other in his frantic compulsion to give expression to the fire in his behind. The wicked stinging wooden oval was struck upon every inch of his blistering bottom, the shallow dimples in his boyish flanks, the topmost rounds of his buttocks, the little creases where his cheeks met thighs, even the uppermost flesh fairly deep between his thighs, each in turn felt the blazing impact of the hairbrush.

Then it was over.

"That's it, honey," his mother said. "You've had your sixty and the extra ten for bullshitting me about your father's punishment of you. Now you may get off his lap."

The moisture on Robert's lap didn't go unnoticed. Betty knew either one or both of them ejaculated during the spanking. And since Alistair had never shot his cum while she had spanked

him, she guessed that her husband was the one who had unloaded his balls. When she had Robert get up and saw that his erection had disappeared, she had her proof.

"Now, I want you two boys to stand right there, facing the wall. Both of you keep your skirts and slips up. Paul, drop your panties all the way down to your ankles.

"Alistair -- for heaven sakes, stop sniffing! You haven't been skinned alive, just had your naughty bottom well smacked. Anyway, I want you to stand right alongside Paul. Leave your stockings, pettipants and panties in a tangle around your ankles just as they are.

"Robert now go over and inspect the job we did on our boys."

Robert stepped up close to the waiting boys. He extended a hand. Cool fingertips caressed Paul's rosy, pouting buttocks. He flinched, then relaxed, at the soothing touch.

"My, we still do have a hot little behind here, don't we?" he murmured. "I didn't get a chance to compliment you before, but I might add, you look very pretty in your nice new dress, and my oh my, look at those sweet white panties and fresh silky slips you get to wear underneath. Are you going to turn into a girlie boy like Alistair?"

At that Paul moaned and cried in total humiliation and submission. He never wanted to be seen like this in front of his father.

Robert turned to examine Alistair's bottom. The boy, still struggling to stifle his sobs, jerked when his father palmed his still-outrageously flaming behind for a second time, but knew well enough to stand still for his gentle exploration.

"You'll need a pillow to sit on for a while, my sweet darling girl-boy. But I'm sure you're much better for taking this discipline."

"Now it's time to give these boys their enemas," Betty announced.

Alistair groaned.

"What did you say, Alistair?" she asked.

"Nothing, Mommy."

"Boys, I think your daddy likes taking your panties down, so pull them up now, stand with your back to him and tell him how you feel 'back there' while I fix a nice little dose for each of you. Paul, you'll be first."

Robert sat on "the chair" and contemplated each boy's lingerie clothed, well-spanked bottom while he waited to hear their accounts.

"Daddy, you spanked me very long and hard. It really hurts," Paul reported humbly.

"You were warned of the consequences if you did things wrong. You knew this is what you'd get. Your mommy has rules and they have to be followed," his father answered seriously but kindly.

"Alistair, how do you feel now?"

"I feel ashamed, standing here with you staring at my panties just after I was spanked and hairbrushed."

"But you know you needed it, right?"

"Yes, I guess so, but I wish there were another way."

"Mommy knows best, and she feels that a boy learns his lessons most thoroughly when it is firmly impressed upon his bottom. It is 'the seat of learning' as you have frequently heard. And Paul, that's equally true for your little behind."

"Daddy, do we have to get an enema?" Alistair asked tearfully.

"It's an essential part of the ritual in your mother's view, and I never interfere in matters of discipline. Mommy --"

"I know. Mommy knows best," Alistair filled in. He shrugged his bare shoulders and the gesture made his soft buttocks quiver.

"And Mommy is here with your nice, warm, soapy water, darlings," Betty announced cheerfully.

"Paul let me get you out of that dress and slip then get back across your daddy's lap."

The little boy stood still for her to help him out of the dress and big puffy petticoat. He hastened to obey as he squirmed back across his daddy's naked lap.

Betty Bell held up the well-filled hot water bottle.

"Pull his panties down to get at his bum hole," she told her husband. "Good, I'll hold up the bag and you can stick this in him," she said as she handed the nozzle end of the hose to Robert.

He put his left hand into the tight little valley between Paul's still-hot buttocks and spread them to get at his little pink rosebud.

"Alistair, I want you to watch this too," Betty said.

The older boy sighed and drew close enough for a good view of what was being done to his little brother.

Robert pressed the long black nozzle against the tiny, puckered opening. Betty had the tip well lubricated in advance, and the black probe slid into Paul's butt under firm pressure and was pushed deep into his behind.

Paul let out a sigh and a muffled moan.

Alistair said, "Mommy, you're not going to have Daddy do it to me. It's bad enough when you do it. I'd be so embarrassed if he does it."

"That's great that it embarrasses you, Alistair," his mother replied. "Humiliation is part of your lesson. If you're so ashamed, perhaps the next time that will keep you out of mischief."

She pressed the valve and they could all hear the gurgle as a warm torrent poured into Paul's bowels.

"Stop - Mommy - stop - I can't - hold - all that," the little boy struggled to say.

"You had better hold it, Paul," she warned and then stopped the flow and gently withdrew the nozzle. "That ought to do the trick. Now you just lie there across Daddy's lap until I say you can go to the bathroom."

After a moment or two Paul wriggled desperately.

"Mommy, I have to go -- now!"

"All right, run along."

Frantically, Paul scrambled off his father's lap. He wedged a hand between his little buns to cork his demanding behind. With his other hand he stripped down his silk panties as he ran to the bathroom. A moment later they all heard his moans and loud sighs plus the spurting evacuation of blessed release.

Without waiting for Paul's shamed reappearance, Betty pointed to Alistair, "Get over your daddy's lap."

The older boy shuffled forward and without protest placed himself as instructed. Betty had the Vaseline ready. She scooped up a glob of the oily lubricant and liberally coated the nozzle again. Alistair slumped in resignation and waited for the awful invasion. He felt his father's hand draw down his pettipants and panties together and nestle them just below his ass cheeks, and that was followed by the strange sensation of having his father poke the well-greased enema nozzle in his ass crack in search of his butt hole.

"Alistair, help your daddy. Reach back with both hands and spread your cheeks," Betty instructed.

When he hesitated in embarrassment, Robert delivered a swat to the boy's bottom and commanded, "Do as your mommy says. Spread your fat young butt apart so I can get the nozzle well up your behind."

"Ooh-h-h," Alistair groaned in desperation, but he reached back and sinking his fingers into the yielding globes of his bottom, drew the fleshy hemispheres apart. The fresh pink bud pouted up at them from the very center of the valley. Robert zeroed in on the opening. The long nozzle sank in slowly until it was lodged well up Alistair's trembling behind.

"Now let's see how much this young miss can take," said Betty as she opened the valve and released the warm, soapy liquid to flow up her son's butt.

"No more! No more," Alistair begged, squirming on his father's bare thighs, but still obediently holding his buttocks apart to receive the loathed infusion.

Under guise of wanting to check her son's abdomen to see if he could take some more of the enema, Betty reached under the boy and felt around. She took the opportunity to check out both her husband and son's dueling cocks. Both were hard again.

"Oh, you can take a lot more," she announced as she opened the valve again.

"Oh, God!" Alistair moaned, feeling his guts filled to bursting with the liquid.

"There, that's a nice tummy full," his mother announced with satisfaction. "Now just lie there across your father's lap until I say you can get up."

Like Paul, this chastened son tried to obey, but in a few moments begged, "Now, Mommy, please, let me go now. I just can't hold it any longer."

"All right," Betty relented, "Just - let - me - get - this - nozzle - out - of - your - bottom. There! Now you may go."

In a frantic surge of activity, Alistair slid off his father's knees, fought to drop his pettipants and panties and then ran at top speed to the bathroom. His wide, womanly hips swung alternately left and right, the plump flesh of his round, red bottom jiggled temptingly with every step, and the soft flesh of his schoolboy thighs shivered with the tremors of his trotting stride. From the bathroom they could hear his quivering groans, his long, convulsive discharges of that awful fullness, his short, panting breaths of exhaustion -- and his moans of exquisite relief.

While they waited, Betty told Paul to pick up his pretty new panties and put them back on.

Moments later, head down, Alistair, naked but for his little pink bra, garter belt and nylons, came out.

"Are we through, Mommy and Daddy?" he asked in a subdued voice.

"Not quite," his mother responded. Paul, pull up your panties and wait a minute. Alistair, I'd like you to pick up your panties from the floor, where you dropped them a few minutes ago when you were in such a hurry."

The older boy flushed darkly and picked them up.

"I want you to tighten and rehook your stockings. Give your daddy and your brother a demonstration of the problems a boy has maintaining neat-looking nylons with perfectly straight seams. Then demonstrate how you carefully put on and pull up your pretty panties and tight pettipants over a well spanked behind. Then I think your father and brother will find it interesting to watch you take off your bra."

Robert looked at his wife open-mouthed. He was amazed at how thorough his wife's petticoat punishment sessions had become.

Alistair looked horrified. "Mommy, you're just trying to embarrass me even more."

"That's certainly part of it. If you forever remember this moment with shame, I'll be very pleased."

Alistair surrendered. He unclipped the stockings from his garter belt, meticulously pulled each seam straight from ankle to stocking top, and then reattached each garter strap. He picked up his sissy pink lace panties and slid them slowly up his nyloned legs doing his best to avoid contact with his burning ass. He held the panties open wide in the back and let them ever so gently close around himself, moaning as they made contact. With great care, he adjusted their fit around his slim, girlish waist and hips. The pettipants followed. They were tighter than the panties and it was more of a struggle to pull them up over his burning flesh. As he worked the pettipants over his thighs he was greeted with both pain and pleasure. He grunted at the conflict between silky nylon, elastic and pain-wracked flesh.

"Alistair, before you pull your pettipants all the way up. Turn around," his mother advised, "and let your daddy see this little show from behind."

With no hope left for his modesty, Alistair turned. He presented an absorbing rear view to his daddy as he thrust his hips alternately left and right in what looked like an erotic dance, tugging and wriggling to get the pettipants up over the ripe swell of his lovely backside. As he dragged upward on the tight pettipants, the sturdy waistband pushed a plump roll of Alistair's panty-covered bum upward just ahead of it. Once the snug garment was fully in place, his tightly confined buttocks began to burn and itch with revived intensity. His penis chose that moment to erect. It stood out in his panties as he bent forward to straighten out the little rows of white lace encircling each of his thighs.

Then the final humiliation. His tears flowed as he reached behind himself to unhook his teen bra and expose his well-kept secret.

Both his father and brother had thought that Alistair was wearing some padding in his girlish bra, but they soon realized that those pert little mounds were the boy's own little girl titties. The nipples were enlarged. Even at his stepmother's command, he could only find the strength to display himself for a moment, then he had to cover his budding breasts with his hands and cry the sweetest little baby girl tears.

"I've had our little sissy on hormones, he is—or I mean 'she'—is coming along nicely, huh, boys?"

Betty didn't miss the raging hard-on tenting up her husband's trousers. She turned to her husband, smiling.

"Of course, Paul and Alistair hated putting on this little exhibition for you, but that's the point. I'm sure it will be a long time before they have to repeat this performance. Right boys?"

"Yes, Mommy!" they shouted in unison.

"All right, boys," their mother said, "you've both been quite obedient tonight — after a little extra persuasion! Now I think we can let Daddy go back downstairs to watch television while I bathe and powder you and put you in your nighties for bed."

Paul looked wide-eyed; "You don't mean a sissy nightie for me, not one for girls!"

"Of course, sweetie. You're so cute as a girl. You'll love it! Some time in dresses, nighties and panties will do you a lot of good. A nice nightie will help you sleep, and you'll need it because we're all getting up early and going to church tomorrow!"

Then she turned to her husband, "Robert, get ready for bed, I'll be down in a little bit. We have a lot to talk about!"

Story based upon a manuscript by
J. C. Charles entitled "Mommy Knows Best."

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Father Donovan Forgives Ronnie's Sins

The Thursday before his First Communion, Ronnie Reardon, like his fellow second graders at St. Alexis, had to prepare himself by cleansing his soul at his First Confession. Over the entire school year, he had studied diligently and practiced confessing his sins. Now he was ready to tell everything to Father Donovan. He knew the good Father would help him. He always helped all the kids with their problems, especially the boys. Ronnie wanted to be an altar boy too and hoped to be good enough to be recommended by the good Father.

Ronnie was nervous as he lined up with his classmates, all the boys on one side of Father Donovan's confessional and all the girls on the other, each ready to tell the priest his or her deepest, darkest secrets and sins. The line moved slowly, but then all of a sudden, it was his turn. He went into the confessional and knelt down. Then the little door opened.

"Bless me Father for I have sinned," said Ronnie. "This is my first confession."

The priest mumbled a response. Ronnie was nervous and the priest could tell it in his voice, so he encouraged the boy to relax and take his time.

"Father, I fight a lot with my sister. I sometimes talk back to my mother." Then he cleared his throat, and hurriedly said, "Sometimes I wear my sister's clothes and then touch my self in an impure way when my thing gets hard." Ronnie then quickly threw in a few other smaller sins.

Poor Ronnie almost collapsed of heart failure as Father Donovan gave off with a big sigh and paused for a long time before he spoke.

"Ronnie, it's not uncommon for boys like yourself to like to wear girls' clothes. They get curious about girls. Tell me, when you say 'girls' clothes,' what do you mean? Tell me about the clothes you like to wear?"

"Uh, my sister's dresses, and slips, sometimes even her shoes and lace socks, but especially her panties. I wear them almost everyday and every night. I wear them to bed."

"Panties, huh. Well that can be serious. Tell me, do you go for your sister's best panties. You know, most girls have an assortment of different kinds and styles. So do you like her prettiest ones, you know, the lacy ones, and ones made of silky materials. Or do you just use her plain, everyday panties."

"I, uh, like her good ones the best; her pink lacy ones are my favorites."

"Are they silky too?"

"Yes, Father."

"Oh, I see, then it's quite serious. Panties! If you wear panties, that is very serious. I'll have to give you a lot of help. Does your penis get hard in the panties when you wear them?"

"Uh-huh, I mean, yes, Father."

"Yes, it's serious all right. I know some other boys who have had this same problem. They dress up in fancy panties and dance around like silly little girls, and then they get so excited that they touch themselves. I understand. You must be having a terrible time with this. I've been able to help quite a few boys like you. I'm sure can help you too.

"Can you visit me at the rectory, say at about four o'clock today?"

Ronnie thought for a moment and said he could.

"And, by the way, you should wear a pair of panties when you come to see me," he added.

"But why, Father?" the boy asked.

"Do you want me to help you?" the priest asked sternly.

"Yes Father," replied Ronnie.

"Then do as I tell you. Wear a pair of your sister's best panties."

Ronnie said he would.

"Now for your penance, say an Act of Contrition, five Our Fathers and five Hail Marys. And I'll see you at four o'clock."

Ronnie ran home and went straight to his room and put on a pair of pink, lace-trimmed nylon panties he had taken from his sister's room the day before. As he was leaving, his mother asked him where he was going.

"Father Donovan wants to talk to me about the sacraments," he yelled as he ran out the door.

"That Father Donovan is a saint," his mother said, as she blessed herself. "Hurry and don't keep the good Father waiting. And try to be home for dinner by six," she yelled out the door after him.

Father Donovan let Ronnie in and led him into his study. He dismissed the housekeeper, telling her to take the rest of the day off.

Father often did that when one of the schoolboys came to the rectory. The housekeeper suspected the good Father was having his way with some of the boys, but that was none of her business. He was good to her, and she liked the frequent time off. She also liked the little bonuses he sometimes paid her to look the other way.

"All right, Ronnie, tell me about your problem." the priest said in a soft compassionate voice.

"It started just after the beginning of the school year when Sister Angelica made me wear a dress at school."

"What did you do to deserve that, Ronnie?"

"Well, one day sister had punished Terry Cole for fighting. She made him wear a dress and girls' clothes underneath too. We all thought it was funny, and I kept chasing after him and lifting up his skirt so all the guys could see his panties. It was really funny. Even the girls thought it was

funny. Sister Angelica saw me doing it, but didn't get mad. She said Terry deserved to be teased. I was one of the only boys who could beat up Terry, so the other kids kept after me to keep doing it.

"Then I got thinking that it would probably be even more fun to lift up some of the girls' dresses and let the guys see their panties. I went around the playground that day sneaking up on girls and lifting up their dresses. I did a lot of them, maybe fifteen or twenty. Most of the girls really got upset, and a lot of them started crying, but I really got into it and liked seeing what those girls were wearing under their skirts, and the guys I hung around with were having a great time.

"Then Sister Angelica caught me. I never saw her so mad at anybody. She told me that pulling up Terry's dress was a prank and he deserved it because being teased was part of his punishment, but doing that to real girls was a grave sin because they were pure and brides of Christ. Then Sister took me to Mother Superior and that's when they made me put on a dress and all the other stuff."

The priest became very solemn. "Well, you see, Sister Angelica did not start it, you did, when you committed a sinful act. God punishes us in many different ways and through many different people. What was it like when they dressed you up that day?"

"Oh, I hated it. I never cried so hard without even a spanking. I felt horrible."

"And you understood then that putting a boy in a dress was a punishment and not a joke. Tell me about the panties you wore that day."

"Oh, they were embarrassing because they had so much lace on them. They were pink panties. A boy would never put on something like that unless he was forced to."

"Were they silky panties? Did you like wearing them?"

"Oh, not at first. They made me feel all creepy and bad inside, made me feel like a weak little girl. Oh, yeah, they were silky all right. Real silky and ticklish feeling. They were the slipperiest and weirdest things I had ever felt. It was really scary to wear them. The dress was bad enough, but what I feared most was anyone looking up my dress and seeing the panties. The panties were the worst!"

"Then you discovered how bad Terry felt when you pulled up his dress and let everybody see the panties he had on."

"I guess so. Yes, Father."

"After they dressed you up, were you sorry that you pulled up the girls' skirts and made them cry?"

"Oh, yes, Father, I promised Mother Superior that I'd never do that again."

"So, you see, it was an effective punishment. It cured you from ever wanting to commit that sin again.

"Now, Ronnie, tell me more about the panties you wore that day. You said your penis gets hard when you wear panties. Did it get hard that day, right from the first time Sister put them on you?"

"Uh-huh, they just tickled me so much down between my legs. I didn't really like it just then, at least I don't think I liked it. I was just so afraid the kids would get a look up the dress I had on and see those awful panties, and see my penis hard in those panties too. I knew they'd really laugh at that."

"Did they? Did some of the kids see up your dress?"

"Yeah! Everybody!"

"All the girls I did it to got together on the playground and did it to me. They knocked me down and held me down and pulled the dress up around my waist and let everybody come around to see the pink panties Sister made me wear."

"Was your penis hard then?"

"I don't remember, but I think so. Sometimes now I try to remember it. I know all the kids were talking about the bump in my panties, and a lot of them touched me down there and pulled on my penis. Some of the girls even reached their hands down inside the panties and touched me and then went laughing and giggling. Sister Angelica came around and saw the girls holding me down and even sticking their hands in my panties, but she didn't stop them."

"Do you know why she didn't stop them?"

"Uh, no, Father."

"Because your penis was hard in the panties and she needed to have the girls tease you like that so you'd never forget that lesson. When a boy's penis is hard, it's a great time to teach him very important lessons. Sometimes the only time a boy can learn some things is when his penis is hard. Did you know that?"

"No, Father."

"Well, most boys your age don't. It's a secret women teach girls when they are very young. Boys generally don't know about it until they're much older. Boys just don't understand how that works. It doesn't make sense to them when they're little. But I'm telling you because you're a big boy and you have experienced it, and therefore can understand what I'm taking about. Right, Ronnie?"

"Sure, right, Father. But ... but what were they teaching me when they did that?"

"They were teaching you how wonderful it is to wear girls' panties. Boys aren't allowed to wear panties, so most boys never learn that lesson, but it's obvious you learned that lesson very well that day.

"But the only problem is that once a boy learns about panties, he's hooked on them for the rest of his life.

"You might as well accept it, you'll be wanting to wear panties forever. Now girls don't have that problem with panties because they don't have a penis and most other boys don't have that problem because they never put on a pair of panties and get hard in them. But you my boy did, and once the girls saw that, they knew what to do. That's why the kids teased you so much. I bet the girls tease you even more than the boys, don't they?"

"Oh, yes, Father. The girls do it almost every day."

"That's because they know you're hooked on panties. They know you steal panties. They know you wear them every chance you get. They know panties drive you crazy. They won't let you forge it."

"But how do they know all that, Father?"

"They know it because they taught you that panty lesson and they taught it to you real good."

"Tell me, Ronnie, do they do other things to you besides just say things to harass you?"

"Oh, yeah, sometimes I find pairs of panties in my desk. Some of the girls sit around carelessly and I can see up their dresses to their panties. They pretend like they don't know that their legs are apart, but I know they're doing it on purpose and just to me."

"See, those girls are still really mad at you. They made it so you'll never forget their panty lesson. The girls call it panty training a boy. And they're going to keep on doing things to you to tease you because you still deserve to be punished for what you did."

"But, Father, I went to confession to you today. So aren't my sins now forgiven?"

"Oh, yes, my, boy. Your sins are forgiven but you earned yourself a punishment that will go on for the rest of your life. If other girls and women find out that you have been panty trained they will make it their business to add to your punishment.

"Let me tell you a few things: The nuns we have here at St. Alexis are very good teachers and are very skilled at handling children, and when one of the children gets out of line, they are very clever at making punishments fit the crime. You were abusive to the girls so they taught you a lesson by forcing you to dress and act like a girl for the day.

"The nuns call it 'petticoat punishment' I suppose because a petticoat -- the old-fashioned term for a girls' under slip -- a petticoat is one of the things they put on a boy to make him feel bad

and learn a lesson. The Sisters don't use this punishment often, and as you know, you were neither the first boy nor the last to be given such treatment. But most of the boys get taught their lesson and then get over it pretty quickly.

"But, Ronnie, in your case it was different because you were the class bully -- yes, I know about you like I know about most of the children in our school. Being a bully, you had made a lot of enemies, and they were delighted to see you punished in a dress. After that day I'll bet your reputation was shot, and all the kids you had dominated in the past made sure you'd never live it down. They kept bringing it up and teasing you about it, didn't they? They wanted to make sure you would never lord it over them again. Right?"

"They were mean to me. They were all mean to me. Any of those kids I could beat up one-on-one, but I couldn't take on all of them at once."

"So you were dethroned as the class bully, and from what I understand you didn't put up much of a fight."

"Father, I think about it. I don't know how it happened, how everything changed. That night I had the craziest thoughts in my mind. While lying in bed in the dark..." Ronnie took a deep breath. "I had to, well, I knew that I loved wearing those silky panties all day. I loved how the soft panties felt against my skin. It was crazy. I didn't just like them. I loved them! And the dress and slip, the ankle socks with all that lace around the tops and the shiny black shoes, they all made me feel real funny inside. I loved them all."

"Ronnie, I'm sure the nuns have taught you that we are supposed to love people, not things. When you love an object too much it's a sin. You've opened a Pandora's Box, my boy ..."

When Father Donovan saw the puzzled expression on Ronnie face at the mention of Pandora's Box, he explained that it meant he had started an evil in motion that could never be undone, never be stopped.

"Does that mean I'm evil, Father?"

"Oh, no, no, no, my boy. You're a good boy. I can tell, but it does mean you have a devil in you and we have to deal with that."

"Now, Ronnie, tell me what happens when you wear panties?"

Ronnie had tears in his eyes and began to stammer. "My thing gets real hard and I play with it...and it feel good," he replied.

"See. That's the devil in you. If you get an erection because you love a person, that's good, but if you get hard because you love an object -- like your panties, that can be bad. That's the devil in you. Are you wearing panties now?" asked the priest.

"Yes, Father."

"Good. I'll show you. Now stand up, open your pants and let me see your panties."

The boy looked away from the priest's eyes and hesitated when told to undo his pants.

"It's for your own good," Father Donovan said.

Ronnie slid off the chair across from Father Donovan's desk. Shaking a little bit, he undid his belt and the top button of his jeans, then lowered the zipper, revealing a very lovely pair of pink nylon panties. His penis strained against the soft material.

"Those are very nice panties, Ronnie. I can see why you are tempted to love them. Are these one of your favorite pairs of panties? They must be some of your sister's best panties."

"Uh-huh," Ronnie said barely audibly, biting his lip and feeling very self-conscious with his pants wide open.

The priest pushed the boy's jeans all the way down and helped him step out of them. He helped him off with his T-shirt too, leaving the boy standing there naked except for the pretty pink panties in the cold air of the brightly lit room.

"Now, I'm going to show you about love and the devil," Father Donovan said.

Ronnie nodded his head.

The priest knelt down beside him, touched the boy's erection in the pink panties and massaged it gently through the soft nylon. The boy shivered. His small cock became as hard as it could get and pushed out the front of his panties. The priest's teasing fingers had Ronnie involuntarily rocking his hips to and fro, and thrusting his pantied penis deep into the man's large hand.

"Yes, you have it bad, Ronnie. I can see and feel how much you love your panties."

Ronnie nodded that he was right and shuddered as the priest massaged the boy's tight little butt through the sleek nylon and squirmed as Father Donovan used his skilled fingers to excite the boy even more until the kid squirmed and convulsed through a spermless orgasm. Then the priest hugged the boy and kissed him on the forehead as he continued to rub his hands over the full extent of those cute little pantied buns.

"Oh, Ronnie, my boy, these panties are wonderful. They do make you feel good don't they?" the good Father said as he adjusted the panty waist elastic high around the kid's waist, straightened the leg elastics and fussed with the lace and bows on the front of the panties.

"You have it serious, Ronnie. You better sit down. We need to have a long talk about this."

"OK," Ronnie said, still a little wobbly after his orgasm as he went to sit back down in the big black leather chair.

"No, let's sit down over here," the good Father said as he pointed to a matching black leather couch, then lifted the small pink pantied boy up and sat him on the couch before sitting himself down next to him. The priest put his hand across the back of the couch and patted Ronnie on the back of his head and then let his hand rest on the boy's shoulder.

"Ronnie, you have been completely trained to panties. The girls have you, and I'm afraid they'll never let you go. The devil has you in his grip in the depths of your soul, and he's never going to let you have peace or happiness unless you wear girls' clothes again and again.

"The girls just meant to train you to be nice to them, but the devil took advantage of the moment and snuck right into your soul. We're going to have deal with him in some pretty harsh ways. He's not going to let you wear girls' clothes just once, let you get over that feeling, and then let that be the end of it. No, he's going to make you want to wear them again, and again, and again, and for every moment you are alive. But you already know that since this has been going on for eight months. Every day that you can't wear panties, you'll be miserable, and every night you can't wear panties to bed, you'll cry yourself to sleep. You feel that way, don't you?"

"Yes, Father," Ronnie said, his head still spinning with a mixture of strong emotions from knowing that he had a devil inside him to the satisfaction he felt after being so expertly masturbated by the priest.

"When did you start feeling that way? Right from the start?" the priest said as he petted the boy's naked shoulder.

"Yes, Father. After that first day, I felt better in the morning. I though it was all over with and wondered why I had cried when I had gone to bed. I was a boy, the toughest boy in my class, how could I ever want to wear girls' clothes? How stupid! I thought I was just upset from all the bad stuff, you know, being dressed like that and teased. Girls' stuff, yuk! Is what I thought."

"What happened then?"

"Well, I didn't want to go to school that day, but I had to. I was ready to beat up any kid who teased me."

"How long did you feel that way?"

"Only a few minutes. I was still pretty sleepy, but I got up and went to the bathroom. The door was closed a little bit, but I just pushed it open and went in. Erica, my sister, was in there washing her face. She started screaming for me to get out of there, pushed me out and slammed the door shut.

"It woke me up fast. I just stood there and couldn't move for a minute. I saw her. She was wearing just a pair of nylon panties with flowers on them and a little white bra. But now I was standing out in the hallway. It happened so fast, but seeing her in those panties made it bad for me again. I had seen her for only a second, but it stuck in my mind. I could describe her bra and panties exactly. You know, ah, phota, I mean, photographic memory? Well, I think it was like

that. Where you see something and just kept seeing it, even when it's not there? And my penis was getting itchy between my legs too, and it stuck up in my pajamas. And I was almost ready to cry because, right away, I felt like I had felt before, you know with all those crazy ideas, like wanting to wear panties and dresses and all the other girlie stuff."

"See, Ronnie, the devil was in you already. Those girls sure did a good job of panty training you. And they let the devil into your soul too. So what did the devil make you do then?"

"Devil? Oh, I dunno. I mean, I was just staring at the door sis had slammed in my face. I could see her so well like I had X-ray vision. The door was closed, but I'm not lying, Father, I could see right through it, see her still standing there in her bra and panties. It was like visions saints have like we learned in religion class."

"That was the devil working, boy! Wow, I never met a panty boy that had it as bad as you have it."

"Oh, I knew it wasn't right, Father. I know the saints see visions of Jesus or the Virgin Mary; they don't have visions of their big sister in her panties. But it was like seeing Jesus, I'm sure. It was so real. I was looking at the door. It was closed but I could see. I could see! See it better than anything! This feeling came over me, and I knew that for the rest of my life, any time I wanted to, I could close my eyes and see that vision all over again. It was like, bong! Tilt!

"I backed away from the magic door slowly. I floated back to my room, thinking about all those girls' clothes, you know, that the Sisters made me put on for being bad. I thought about how much I wanted them on me.

"I was getting a headache then, just like some of the saints when they have a vision. I was filled with these ideas and feelings. So I went back to my bedroom and lay down on my bed. My peter was still real hard and still sticking up in my pajamas. It felt good to touch it while I thought about girls' clothes, my sister, and even the kids laughing at me at school. I liked thinking about those things. I closed my eyes and tried to forget the pain in my head, and I touched my peter because it hurt too and it was so hard. I tried to think about other things, like the dirty pictures of naked women I had hidden in my closet, like I told you about in confession.

"Wally, he's one of the kids in my class. He brought them to school one day. Well, I just beat him up and took them from him. I still have them. I thought about those pictures and remembered what older boys told me that they liked to look at those pictures and pull on their things..."

"Masturbate, Ronnie, I think the nuns taught you that word, right?"

"Yeah, muast, maste, masturbate, but I heard the boys do that. They call it 'jerkin' too. Anyway, they do it until they get hard and shot out that stuff that makes babies. I don't know too much about that because I don't have any of that baby stuff in me yet."

"Oh, but you will, Ronnie, believe me. In just a few years you'll have it. You just have to wait until you're a teenager. Maybe I can show you some so you know what it looks like, huh?"

"Sure, Father. Really? I liked to at least see some. It doesn't work for me. Tim lives next door to me. He's older. He told me about it. He says he puts a lot of soap on his hand and then rubs himself real fast until he shoots. I tried it several times after he told me that, and I looked at my dirty pictures when I did it, but it didn't work. I didn't even get hard, just all soapy and sloppy. That was before the dresses and stuff.

"My peter used to get hard just whenever it wanted to, not when I tried to make it hard. Until that morning after I saw my sister in her panties. My peter was real hard and I knew it was because of her and thinking about wearing girls' clothes. It was hard --real hard --and it felt good -- real good. Then I understood a lot about what the older boys told me. Those guys weren't joking with me or lying. It felt good to be jerkin' on my peter, I mean, masta..., masturbate it.

"But the bad part, I wasn't jerkin' to the dirty pictures of naked women, I was doing it and real hard, thinking about wearing my sister's panties and dresses and things. Even people laughing at me like that I liked to think about. It's the worst thing to call a boy a sissy, but I think I would have liked to be called a sissy. But I knew that wasn't right boys weren't supposed to be sissies and be like girls."

"Ronnie, I have to tell you many little boys are like girls, and it's OK, sometimes they just can't help it. It's not a sin to be a girl, so it's not a sin for a boy to be like a girl."

"Really?"

"Really. I can tell you need a good friend. I'd like to be your good friend. You can come to see me anytime. Would you like that?"

"Oh, yes, Father!"

"Well, good. Now, we're good friends -- the best of friends. Now that we're good friends, come on over here, and get up on my lap. It'll make it easier for you to talk to me. And now that we're the best of friends, you can tell me anything and I won't get mad at you. I could never get mad at you. I want to help you with all your problems. That's what good friend are for."

As soon as the good Father finished saying that, he pulled the boy up and slid him onto his lap. The action caused the boy's pink panties to twist and bind a bit and get pulled out shape around his hips. They both laughed a little as the priest took the time to meticulously smooth out the panties around the boy's loins and carefully arrange and flatten out the waist and leg elastics. Ronnie's laugh was closer to a nervous giggle than a really jolly laugh, and his eyes were moist. His innocent face held a world full of hopes and fears. That excited Father Donovan as he slid his arm around the boy's waist and rested his hand on the kid's pink pantied hip right at the point where a layer of lace ran down the side of the panties. Very gently he started to stroke the silk and lace as he encouraged the boy to tell him more.

"Did anything more happen that morning after you had your 'vision' of your sister in panties?"

"Oh, yeah, a lot! I was lying in bed, and a couple of times I heard my sister and my mother call to me to get up and get ready for school. I heard them, but didn't really hear them. It was weird. The next thing I knew my mother was there yelling at me, slapping my hand and my penis and telling me I was committing a sin. My sister was standing over me grinning and saying, 'Shame, shame, shame on you, Ronnie!'

I was thinking so much about panties and stuff that I never heard them until they were right there! I got out of bed to get dressed. My mom was really angry, getting my school clothes out and telling me over and over again to hurry up. My sister was all dressed then in her school uniform, you know, blouse and skirt, mom was telling her to pull her skirt down just like the nuns do, all the girls like to pull up their skirts real short. I never noticed too much, but I did that day. Her skirt looked good like that. At that moment I wanted a skirt like that too! And I had my X-ray vision again, and when I looked at her, I could see right through her clothes and see her bra and panties with the flowers on them. And I knew if I wanted to, I could see right through her lingerie too! I tried it and I did!

"I had seen my sister naked once when she was sleeping. It was hot out and I got up early to go fishing with my dad. Her blanket was on the floor and her nightgown was all pulled up. She didn't have nothin' on. It was already light out and she had her legs wide open, so I could see everything when I went by her door. I even walked real quiet into her room a little bit to see better. She was seven then, and I was six. I wondered why she didn't have a peter like I have. That worried me a lot until some of the other kids told me girls are different 'down there.' But I still didn't understand. I thought girls had their peters cut off or something. But that made my own peter hurt just to think about it. I didn't like to think about that anymore. Besides, I wasn't all that interested in that kind of stuff anyway.

"As my sister stood there by my bed in her uniform, I thought about it now. With my X-ray eyes working again, I looked at her, and I could see her naked cunny, that's what the boys call it. Pussy sometimes they call it too. Boys say they like to look at cunnies, but I knew I'd rather back off with my X-ray vision and just look at her in bra and panties."

"Did that make you feel like you were different from other boys since you liked something different than what they liked?"

"Yeah, Father. Older boys always said it was exciting to see like women naked. I know they think girls' clothes are stupid. But they were what I wanted. In just a few seconds, I had hundreds of things like that in my head all at once real fast. My mother looked different to me then too. It wasn't her; it was me.

"Mom was pulling clothes out of my closet and helping me put them on. I looked at her. But it was all new like.

"She didn't have her makeup done, and she had those big roller things in her hair. She always wears one of her housecoats in the morning. Well, she was holding it closed with one hand while

trying to dress me with the other. And she turned real quick, and her housecoat slipped out of her fingers and flew way open. I saw everything underneath."

"What did you see? Was she naked?" Father said as he strummed his fingers over the thin elastic waistband of Ronnie's loose-fitting panties.

Ronnie wiggled a bit both in reaction to Father's ticklish fingers and the memory of that day.

"Naked? My mom? No. It was real quick, but I saw everything. Mom had on big shiny white panties with blue lace down the front and a big shiny white bra. My mom's bongos, oh -- can I say that word?"

"Of course, you can say that word. You can say any word. There are no bad words between us, no bad words between best friends. But instead of bongos, a lot of people call them boobs, jugs, tits, melons. People call women's breasts a lot of things. Have you ever heard any of those words before?"

He shook his head 'yes.' "Especially, boobs, that's what a lot of boys call them."

Ronnie's cock was still hard. It never went down for a second since his orgasm.

"Anyway, boobs, bongos, what ever, I know what you're talking about," Father Donovan said as he was now rubbing the smooth pink nylon panty fabric covering the little boy's virgin behind. "Go, on tell me how you felt after seeing your mother's lingerie.

"Linger -- that's underwear, right, Father?"

"Yes, Ronnie. Lingerie is a French word. It's a nice word for girl's underwear. It's a sexy word, isn't it?"

Ronnie nodded.

"Go ahead, my son."

"Anyway, I got hard, real hard, and I just saw my mom's under, I mean, lin-ger-..."

"Lingerie,"

"...lingerie for just a second. Her boobs," Ronnie giggled, "that word makes me laugh. Well, they are real big like and my mom had on this bra that was real pointy, it was like her boobs (giggle) were pointing right at me and telling me I was naughty. I was really hoping she didn't see my boner --that's another word the boys say when their wiener gets hard."

"Yes, I know, Ronnie."

"Gee, Father, I bet you know all the words."

Being a sex pervert like Father Donovan is a lot of work, and sometimes he'd get a little too serious and make a boy nervous. But the boy's remark caught him off guard, and he let out a vigorous laugh.

"I suppose I do. I suppose I do," he said.

The laughter broke some of the tension that filled the room. The boy relaxed a bit because it made Father seem more human and more like a close friend. Friends laugh a lot together.

"Go on, Ronnie."

"Seeing my mom like that made me want to wear girls' clothes even more. I wondered why. I wondered why I changed so fast. What happened?"

"Like I told you, you got panty trained by the girls, panty trained for good."

"I guess so. See, I'd seen my sister in her panties lots of times. I didn't care about that then. She was just in her underwear, that's all. She only started closing her door just a little while before that, just after she started wearing a bra. One of those little bras little girls wear that are flat and all."

"A training bra. That's what they call them, Ronnie, a training bra."

"Training? A training bra? Like they are in training for her to grow boobies?" He giggled.

"Yeah, you might say that," Father laughed too.

"If I put on one of her training bras will I start to grow boobies too?" Ronnie asked with a startled expression on his face.

"No, Ronnie, that won't happen. You're a boy, and that only happens to girls. Besides, you told me that you've put on your sister's training bra a lot of times, and you're not growing titties, are you?"

Ronnie shook his head 'no,' as he looked down at his flat chest.

So tell me more about your mother. Have you ever seen her naked or in her lingerie?"

"Oh, yeah, a lot of times a long time ago. When I was a little kid, I'd walk into the bathroom or her bedroom all the time while she was getting dressed. It was nothing. She didn't care. But she cares now! I used to always play in her bedroom when she was getting dressed, doing her hair and stuff. Her with just her bra and panties on, but I don't remember very well because I didn't care. I guess I wasn't interested in girls' clothes then. But then, real quick like, seeing inside her robe like that. I had my photographic memory working again. It made my peter hurt. My mother made me hard! Or was I still hard from before? I don't remember. I was getting that headache

again. It wasn't a regular headache, it was like how your head hurts when you study hard stuff or try real hard to remember something.

"Mom and sis left my room. I didn't even know what I was doing as I finished putting on my clothes. But a great thought came to me just then, and my bad headache went right away."

"What thought was that?" Father asked. His fingers now stroking the silky nylon on Ronnie's stomach and getting very close to the boy's penis pointing skyward in the middle of those darling pink panties.

"I just then remembered my sister's room. It was loaded with her girlie clothes. Tons of them! Her room was right next to mine. I wanted to go in there right away and touch her clothes. I wanted to go wild and try all her clothes on! She wasn't much bigger than me; I knew her stuff would fit.

"But it was getting very late and mom and sis were calling me from downstairs. It was hard to stop thinking about that stuff. If I didn't stop thinking I'd either go crazy or go into her room and start going through her stuff. I couldn't forget it, but I finished dressing and headed downstairs. When I passed my sister's room, I was tempted to go in. She wasn't in there. She was waiting for me to walk to school. I knew if I went in there, I forget about being a boy, put on her clothes and want to be a girl."

"Do you still want to be a girl?"

"I don't know, Father. Can I become a girl?"

"Well, I don't know if you know about such things, but some boys want to be girls so much that they would rather die than not be a girl. And some doctors do an operation where they change a boy into a girl. Give the boy nice titties and make him look like a girl between his legs."

"Cut off his peter, Father?"

"Yes."

"No way!"

"Yes, It's true. The doctors cut off the boy's penis and put a little hole there, just like you saw your sister's hole."

Tears were in Ronnie's eyes; he had a firm grip on his own penis and was breathing heavily. He was about ready to cry.

"Oh, Father, am I like that? Do I want to be a girl and have doctors cut off my peter? I'm scared, Father. That would hurt bad, wouldn't it?"

"Oh, I don't think it would hurt very much. Doctors give you medicines so it doesn't hurt very much when you have an operation. But are you like those boys who want to be girls? I don't know? But a lot of times, like with you for instance, it's a very difficult question, so we'll talk a lot about it, and we'll find out.

"So what did you do that day standing by the door of your sister's room?"

"It made me feel sad. I had been in her room a lot before. I always thought it was a really dumb in there. She had one of those girlie beds with the tops on it..."

"A canopy bed?"

"Yeah, a canopy bed, a fancy white and gold dresser and a pink stool where she sits down and looks in the mirror. There's pink and white and light blue all over. It used to give me the creeps just to be in there, but now it was all different. The room was like really nice and I felt like it had been waiting for me all those years, waiting for me to come in and look around. I looked in there and saw a lot of her clothes. They looked all so nice. Boy did I want to go in there."

"Did you?"

"No, I tried to be strong, but it made me cry a little as I turned and ran downstairs."

"Good, for you, Ronnie, you showed the devil that you can be strong. Now you probably know that most of the time you can't win when you fight with the devil, but sometimes you can if you're strong. So we have to keep you strong so you can beat the devil when it's important to beat him, like when you have to go to school or do other important things.

"What happened at school that day?"

"School was pretty bad. I tried to forget about liking girls' stuff, but I couldn't, and the kids kept saying junk to me about dressing up like a girl.

"All my friends didn't want to be my friends anymore. They teased me just like the day before. The things they were saying and the names they were calling me were ten times worse than the stuff I use to beat them up for. A few times I got real mad and hit at them or chased them, but there were too many of them, and they were always together. I could beat 'em up one at a time, but not when they were all together and nobody on my side. I just tried to get away from them.

"But with my girl thoughts, I didn't want to fight anybody anymore. I just wanted to go home to my sister's room and get into all her clothes.

"Schoolwork was really boring too. I think I screwed up on everything. I had no idea what was going on every time Sister Angelica called on me to answer a question. She usually punished kids when they weren't paying attention and didn't know their lessons like that, but I think she knew all the kids were giving me a bad time. She didn't get mad at me or anything."

"So petticoat punishment did some immediate good for you didn't it?"

"What? How, Father?"

"Well, for one, you stopped being a bully! And all these lessons were really helping you grow up."

"Is that what growing up is like, Father?"

"Growing up can be very difficult, and I have a feeling you have a lot of difficult times ahead of you, but now that I'm your best friend, you can come to me and I'll help you with those problems, just like I'm explaining things to you now and helping you right now."

"Thank you, Father."

"Like I said, Ronnie, that's what friends are for. Tell me more about how the kids treated you that day."

"They teased me a lot. Even the nuns were talking about me and laughing when I wasn't looking. I could tell. Even some of the girls tried to pick a fight with me! They wanted me to try and hit them so they could report me and have Mother Superior put me in a punishment dress and panties again. A lot of stuff like that went on.

"Every day, a lot of kids made fun of me. They got to know I wasn't going to fight them back. I just worried because I wanted to wear girls' clothes so much. I thought maybe I should hit one of the girls then they'd punish me again, but I didn't really want to wear girls' clothes that way. I wanted to wear pretty clothes and have people love me."

"Oh, that's good, Ronnie. You see even then you love those clothes but that proves that you wanted somebody to love you even more. We have a lot of work to do, but I think we will have some real solutions for you. So let's keep talking.

"You said you were tempted at home with all the clothes in your sister's room. Did you have a lot of temptations at school too?"

"A lot, Father. My X-ray vision was working a lot. I started looking at the girls like I had never looked at them before. And I saw a lot of panties! I never realized how carelessly the second grade girls sit. All day long, every day, I could see girls' panties. Sometimes they saw me staring and closed their legs or sat up straight, but a lot of them didn't even notice me staring -- or didn't care. And, oh, a few girls like Mary Lou and Katie, they laughed at me but didn't move away. One time, when nobody else was looking, Katie pulled her skirt up higher and opened her legs wide. I think she tried to make it look like an accident and pretend I wasn't there, but she didn't fool me."

"Those girls really have you panty trained. I can give you some help so it won't be so bad in the future."

"But, Father, I liked looking at their panties. Is that a sin? I just didn't like them laughing at me."

"We can't be too quick to call some things a sin. A lot of things may or may not make it a sin. It's one of the things we'll talk about in more of these meetings."

"Oh, do you want me to come back?"

"Absolutely, Ronnie. This is Thursday, and I need to give you a lot of help before your First Communion this Sunday, so I'll need to see you every day until then, and after Sunday, we'll set up a regular schedule. Now, our time is up for today, but I want you to be here tomorrow right after school gets out. OK?"

"Sure, Father."

"And of course, wear a nice pair of panties tomorrow too."

"But if I can't go home to change, I'll have to wear them to school tomorrow under my clothes."

"I guess you will. You can do that can't you?"

"I never wore panties to school before, except for when I got punished."

"Well, you're so hooked on panties, I'm surprised to hear that. I thought you'd have worn panties to school a lot of times."

"I wanted to, Father, but I was so afraid someone would find out."

"How are they going to find out unless you tell them?"

"Maybe they'd see me in the lavatory when I pee."

"Well, just go into one of the stalls, and sit down like a girl when you pee, then nobody will see you, right?"

"I guess so, Father."

"Good, it's settled then. I'll see you here just after 3 o'clock."

That next day was a day of firsts both good and bad. Ronnie lived in fear that someone would discover his panties, but was relieved when no one did. And he was sad that he hadn't been wearing panties to school all along. He did have to use the lavatory a few times, and liked sitting down on the toilet to pee like a girl. He liked it too because he got to sit there and look at and touch his pretty panties stretched across his knees as he went to the bathroom. He liked that a lot.

After school, he was welcomed into the rectory just as the housekeeper was being excused for the day. In Father Donovan's study, they got right back to where they had left off discussing his problems.

"I know a lot of boys like girls and want to have girlfriends, but I didn't feel that way. I looked at girls and wanted to be with them and play with them but I didn't want a girlfriend, I wanted to wear their clothes!

"Every day, I fought with myself because I wanted to get rid of those ideas and be tough again, but then I'd think about it, and know that I didn't want that. There wasn't any fun in beating up kids and stealing things from them. So I just studied and tried to think of other things and forget about girls' stuff, but the kids at school kept bothering me.

"One day I found on my desk a drawing one of them made of a boy with lipstick red lips and panties on, pink panties with lace on them. And they printed my name at the bottom of the picture. And as soon as the other boys realized I wasn't fighting back, they started sneaking up to me, pinching my nipples and telling him I needed a bra before they ran away. Or they'd grab between his legs and pretend they didn't feel anything there and then ask me why I wasn't wearing girls' clothes and playing with the girls.

"One day one of the girls, I couldn't see who it was, threw a pair of pink panties in my face while we were coming back into the room from lunch. The panties fell to the floor, and I just ran to my seat. When Sister Angelica came into the room and saw the panties, she picked them up from the floor and held them up asking whom they belonged to. All the kids pointed to me and laughed like crazy. Sister laughed too and held the panties up in front of me. She asked me if they were mine. Crying, I told her they weren't, but since no one else claimed them, she pinned them to the bulletin board where everybody could see them all day long, and told us that she'd leave them there, so whoever lost them would know where to find them. And just in case I, all of a sudden, did remember that they belonged to me, I could take them, go to the rest room and change into them whenever I wanted. I cried a lot. The kids laughed all day long. It was tough like that a lot of days."

"Well, I can see why your grades have suffered this year. Maybe I can tutor you during the summer to get your grades up. You know you have to get only As and Bs to be an altar boy next year."

"Oh, Father, would you really do that?"

"Sure, my son. I'd be happy to. Right now I want to learn a lot about what it's like for you at home. But before we get started, why don't you take your slacks off and get comfortable. You did wear some nice panties today, didn't you?"

"Yes, Father."

"How, did that go at school?" he asked as he helped the boy open his trousers and slid them down.

"My-oh-my," Father said, "these are lovely panties, Ronnie," as he helped the boy step out of his trousers.

The priest was nervous with excitement as he hurriedly undressed this virginal boy until the kid was left standing in nothing but a pair of ice blue panties with white lace going across the back like little baby panties. There was a white satin bow right in the middle of that lace on his butt, and two more bows on the front of the panties, one on each hip. The front of the panties were otherwise unadorned except for the little boy penis standing at attention. Ronnie's penis was about 2 1/2 inches long and about as thick as the good Father's little finger. Father Donovan was sweating lightly. All the while he was complimenting the boy on his pretty panties, he was rubbing his hands over that lace-encrusted bottom, toying with the bow and breathing heavily. In front he touched each bow and tickled Ronnie's taut little tummy. The priest wanted to immediately grab that toy cock and masturbate that kid to panty dreamland and then suck him off and fuck him in that baby face and fuck him in that tight little ass right to heaven, but he told himself to be patient; the buildup was the most exciting part. And breaking in a kid took time to do right. Patience does have its own rewards. It was so much fun to fuck with the innocent kid's little mind too. Gullible little boys -- what a treasure! He could pick out toddler boys who were going to grow up to be gay. Gay boys were fun, but regular, tough little boys were something special. To take a macho little boy, especially a meanie and a bully like Ronnie, and turn him into a masterful cocksucker and cum receptacle was supremely exciting. Father Donovan was a champion at turning naive little boys into cock-hungry boy toy whores. Father Donovan considered it his calling. He felt good about what he was doing. He gave so much pleasure to so many boys that otherwise would be floundering around for years before they found their real selves.

He prided himself in being able to spot a cocksucking boy in the cradle. And along with a small group of other boy-molesting priests, Father Donovan took bets and kept a little book from when they did baptisms as to the potential of a boy to be a good cocksucker. A standard part of the christening ritual is for the priest to put a dab of salt on his finger and then touch it to the baby's lips. And depending upon how a baby boy licked or sucked on the priest's finger, these priests made bets with each other. Some of the babies rejected the finger and tried to spit out the salt, but some of the infants seemed to like the taste, and a few of them even seized the salty finger, drew it into their mouths and sucked on it like a tiny vacuum cleaner. Those boys, the priests usually picked to grow up to be great ones. Father Donovan knew Ronnie his entire life, and Ronnie was one of those baby boys who had sucked his finger aggressively. Father Donovan had been following him for a long, long time, and that's why now the good Father was nervous and sweating, as he got closer to busting one more cherry and patting himself on the back for picking another winner.

And as much as he loved fucking with little boys' bodies, almost as much, he loved fucking with their minds: Tell the fucking kids whatever you have to tell them to keep them coming back, to keep them offering him their nifty little bodies, and to keep them from ever telling anyone else about the things he taught them and did with them.

But patience! Patience! Patience! Father reminded himself of that for the hundredth time. He had already tried to assuage his racing hormones that day by fucking two of his regular boys: One

after 6 o'clock mass that morning and one during lunch hour when he sent for one of his special boys to come over from the school. But now he was horny as hell all over again. He was a sex maniac for sure, but at fifty-eight years old, needing to cum three times in a day was rare, but with this kind of temptation, he felt like he could cum three more times, and he still would be randy as hell for this sweet little kid. He had waited so long. Now not much longer. Don't fuck it up! He kept whispering to himself: Patience! Patience! Patience!

He gave the boy a bear hug; the boy's hard little pantied cock firmly pressed up against his chest was thrilling. Once again the priest sat on the big leather couch and set the pantied boy on his lap so they could continue talking. He couldn't resist playing with the delicate lace on the rear of those sissy rhumba panties as he cuddled the boy in his arms and encouraged him to talk out his problems.

"So, Ronnie, you told me what it was like at home for you the day after you were punished. Now tell me what your home life was like after that?"

"Well, I never used to like my sister very much because we used to always fight, but I didn't want to do that anymore. I wanted to be nice to her. I think because I wanted to get closer to her so she would let me come into her room more and then I could be more like her and get closer to her clothes."

"As you know, Ronnie, God works in mysterious ways. Unless, you are fighting for God, fighting is sinful. So you see here is another benefit from Mother Superior using petticoat punishment on you. It made you want to stop fighting with your sister.

"Now tell me more."

"When Erica, that's my sister, wasn't home, I'd sneak into her room and steal some of her clothes to use."

"Steal them? You didn't steal them. Did you, Ronnie? Stealing is a sin, but borrowing something as long as you eventually put it back, that's OK. So, you didn't steal them, you just borrowed them right?"

"Oh, yeah, Father, I just borrow them. I always give them back."

"Good, boy. I knew you were a good boy."

"I'd take her clothes and put them on in my own room and look at myself in my mirror. I liked doing that so much, but I felt bad when I did it because, because I was still trying to be tough sometimes, and tough boys don't put on girls' clothes and act like a sissy."

"See, there's more proof that you're basically a very good boy. Being a tough boy means getting into trouble and hurting people, and that's all you knew, and you were afraid to change. It can be scary for a boy to admit that he is weak, but girls are weak and they don't have any problem with it. You were just going through a stage from a bad boy to a good boy. I understand it's not easy,"

Father Donovan said as he for the first time slid his hand down the front of the boy's panties and just rested it on top of Ronnie's blue panty-covered twitching boner.

"When you looked at yourself in the mirror, did you like how you looked?"

"I, yes, Father. I thought I was pretty. Just like a girl."

"Oh, you are pretty. I can tell. If your hair was a little longer, you'd look just like a little princess."

"Really?"

"Absolutely!"

Ronnie smiled, and then continued talking.

"Panties were still my favorite. I'd steal, I mean, borrow them from my sister's room or from the dirty laundry. I liked how her dirty panties smelled, and sometimes they made me feel even more like a girl."

"Did you feel like a girl when you dressed up?"

"Oh, sometimes, but I wasn't sure. It was more like play-acting. I wasn't too sure if I wanted to be a girl all the time. I only wanted to wear their pretty clothes all the time."

The priest stretched open the lacy legband of the panties and took out the boy's small but very firm cock. Ronnie lurched when Father Donovan took the boy's penis into his mouth, sucking it all the way in. He continued expertly sucking on it for several minutes with the young boy swooning and gasping for air. He went on and on until Ronnie humped his hips and had another one of those spermless little boy orgasms. And then he stopped.

"Did that feel good?" he whispered in the kid's ear?

"Oh, yes, Father. But, but isn't that a sin?" he asked.

"Not when you're with me."

The priest took off his own clothes and had the boy strip down to just his sweet baby blue rhumba panties.

"Now, I want you to kneel before me and close your eyes."

The boy did as he was told.

"Open you mouth. Do to me what I did to you."

"But I don't know how, Father."

"It's very easy, my son. I'll teach you."

"First kiss it a lot and lick it up and down, that's it! O-o-o-o-o-oo! That's very fine, Ronnie. Do that some more. Lick it like a lollipop right on the end. Open your mouth a little more and lick it like a real big lollipop. Good. G-o-o-o-od! Real gooooo!!!

"Can you open your mouth a little wider and put it right in your mouth? Suck it right on the end like you're a little baby sucking on a bottle."

The priest then slid his long slender pecker into the boy's mouth and instructed him to suck. Ronnie did as he was told.

"You are very good, my boy," he said. "Now, I'll teach you some more."

"You know how you stick a Popsicle all the way into your mouth and then slowly draw it out, then slid it back in, and o-o-o-o! Yes! That's it! You got it! OH-ooo! Don't use your teeth!

"Yeah, that's better. Yeah, now you got it. That's good! Oh, wonderful. You're a natural, son. You are an expert already!"

"You are so good, Ronnie, as good as any of my special boys. In fact I'm going to make you one of my special boys. Would like that?"

Without removing the priest's cock from his mouth, he nodded that he would.

"Good," said the priest, who had to quickly remove his cock from the boy's mouth. As much as he wanted to, he didn't want to shoot off in the boy's mouth this first time. Instead he took his cock in hand for the last few strokes and milked his jism into a small juice glass he had ready and waiting.

Ronnie stared with big, innocent eyes as Father Donovan sprayed his ejaculate into the glass. He had to pause for a few moments and catch his breath before he could pull himself together and continue talking to the boy.

"Well, I told you that I would show you what big boys had in them for making babies, and here it is. See?"

Ronnie stared at the little glass, its sides splattered with the priest's milky white cum. The priest gave him the glass to hold. He held it up and turned it around so the thick juice rolled from side to side in the glass.

'Juice glass: They certainly named that correctly!' Father Donovan thought to himself with a slight laugh.

"Tell me, Ronnie, do you like salty things, you know, like olives and potato chips?"

"I don't like olives, but my sister does. But I love chips. Why? Do you have some?"

"Oh, no. I don't have any now. I was just wondering because if you like potato chips, you'd probably like to taste this baby juice. It really is very good, but it is a little salty. Here, go ahead and give it a try."

Ronnie looked a little scared, like he thought this was all pretty weird.

"I'm telling you, Ronnie, it's really very good, and it's good for you too. It's almost 100% protein and that builds strong bodies and good minds."

The priest was getting a little impatient.

"Here, Ronnie, I'll show you how good it is."

Father Donovan took Ronnie by the hand, had him reach in the glass and coat the tip of his finger with some of the love juice. Then he guided the boy's hand to his own mouth and licked it clean, sucking loudly and making exaggerated motions to show how much he liked it.

"Um-m-m-m-m, good!" he sang out.

Ronnie laughed a bit.

"Go ahead now Ronnie, you try it. Stick your finger in. Yeah, that's right. Good. Go ahead get a lot of it on your finger so you can get a good taste. That's it. You got it, my boy. Now stick out your tongue. Good. Now stick your finger right in your mouth and start sucking!"

The boy was going to do it slowly, but the priest shoved on the kid's arm and forced his sperm-laden finger right into his mouth, and the priest held it there, and he kept repeating how good it tasted until he finally let the boy take his finger out of his mouth.

"See, now wasn't that good? Just like I told you, real tasty, but a little salty.

"Now I'll tell you a secret: since this came from me and I'm a priest, a representative of God himself, this is blessed baby-making juice. But you know priests can't get married and therefore can't have babies, that's why God turns the baby-making juice priests have into angel-making juice. If you drink enough of this in your lifetime, you'll automatically become an angel the moment you die. And, you know, in heaven angels have it made. They never do any work, just fly around and sing and play with each other all day long forever and ever. You'd like that wouldn't you?"

Ronnie nodded his head 'yes.'

"Good, then why don't you get started on becoming an angel? Drink up what's in the glass. But if you don't want it, I'll put it away in the refrigerator and give it to one of my other special boys who is working on becoming an angel."

Ronnie looked at the good Father and then looked at the glass. As he got it close to his mouth, he smelled the contents and wrinkled up his little upturned nose.

"Yeah, it doesn't smell the best, but the trick is to drink it down without smelling it too much. You already know it tastes good; you just have to get by the smell. In the future I'll show you a way to drink it so you never smell it, but we don't have time to show you how to do that now, but we don't want this good angel-making juice go to waste, so open up, and drink it."

Ronnie was still hesitant.

"Oh, another thing about angels, I bet you'd really love their outfits too. You've seen them, you know, the statues in church and the pictures in your catechism book. You've seen their outfits. They wear silky long dresses, they get to wear their hair long like girls and put it in curls, and here is some very secret information just for you, they have nice soft little titties just like little ladies, and, you'll love this: I know for a fact, that angels get to wear the prettiest panties in heaven. All their panties are the prettiest colors and have lace and ribbons on them. God has shown me what angels are made of, what they do and what they get to wear. And if you look real close on statues and pictures of angels, just sometimes, you can see their pretty panties right through their silky dresses because their dresses are always white and very thin, so once in a while you can see their panties through their nice dresses just a little bit because the angels like to wear pretty colored panties and sometimes they show through. Go ahead and drink, my boy, we're going to start you on your road to becoming an angel!"

Ronnie put the little glass up to his lips and tilted it upward. He held his breath for as long as he could, but the jism flowed slowly and he only got a few drops. The rest of it clung to the sides of the glass, and had to reach in with his tongue to get every little bit he could get. He lapped up even though he wasn't overly impressed with the taste. Father then took the glass and inserted his long finger and swirled it around to scrape his cum off the sides of the glass. He held his dripping finger to Ronnie's mouth, and the boy, now well used to the taste, sucked that finger right into his mouth and cleaned off every drop.

Father Donovan looked down at the boy, nodded in approval, and smiled broadly as he remembered back to how tiny baby Ronnie had sucked his salty finger and then cried because he wanted more!

That was the end of the consultation for that day. The next day was Saturday, the day before the boy's First Communion, so Father told him to be there at his regular time, three o'clock in the afternoon, for a very special lesson. And he reminded the boy to wear pretty panties because they were the key to helping him.

Saturday was a very special day. They did very little talking. Father Donovan said they should do a lot of praying together. He took Ronnie up to his private quarters for the first time. The housekeeper had been given the day off again, and Father was wearing a long silk robe. He was naked underneath. As soon as they entered his bedroom, the priest helped Ronnie get out of all of his clothes until he was left standing in just a brand new pair of bright yellow panties, with a panel of white lace and flowers going down each side of the front. Once again, the boy's penis told the good Father that he was as excited as ever.

They said a prayer together and then the priest said, "Lie on your stomach, Ronnie, while I give you a special blessing that will make you one of my special boys."

Ronnie did as he was told and soon felt the priest massaging his tight little butt through the thin sexy feeling panties. The priest took a lot of time carefully adjusting the elastic legs and waistband, and he smoothed out the delicate fabric and traced his fingers over every inch of lace.

"These little bows are the best part," the priest said with a laugh as he touched the white ribbon bows on each side, tickling the boy in the process.

Ronnie laughed and squirmed under the large man's soft touch.

"Just close your eyes and relax," the priest said.

Ronnie felt the legband of his panties being pulled aside from behind. Then he felt something warm and wet near his poopy hole. The boy was already arching his back and welcoming the thrill of being anally invaded before he realized it was the priest's tongue going deep into his ass crack and poking at his butt hole. It felt weird, strange, but also very good. Kind of like the first time he had worn panties. That crazy kind of feeling that would be very easy to learn to like.

The priest forced his tongue into Ronnie's rear entrance and made his hole all juicy. It felt wonderful!

"Now, you won't make your confirmation yet for another four years, but I have some confirmation ointment here as a special present from the Bishop. He gives it to me just to use on my special group of boys. It's very rare, and very holy. Just a good dollop of this and your body is blessed.

"Now, when a boy is inhabited by the devil, as you are, the devil resides in your bowels -- that means back here," he said as he touched Ronnie's asshole.

"And this holy ointment won't kill the devil because we humans can't kill a devil, but it will lock him up in your bottom like he's a prisoner in there, so he can't give you a lot of problems. Now this may hurt a little, but I'm going to put some of this ointment up your bowels with my finger."

The priest greased the boy's asshole, repeatedly inserting his finger, each time a little further, greasing him more and more, and getting the little boy to relax his butt opening. He spent a lot of time doing this, goosing the boy until the kid let his finger slide in and out with ease.

"Good, boy. But we've got to get some of it up in there even further to lock that devil up real good. It might keep him locked up for a day or maybe even a week, we'll just have to wait and see how effective this batch of ointment is. But to make it really work, I'm going to put some on my pole and then we can get it way up there, and while I'm there I'll shoot in some angel-making juice, that will do two things, it will really give the devil problems. Devils hate angel juice. And it will also help you toward becoming an angel. Plus, you never even have to smell it. Isn't that great?"

"Yes, Father."

"There's only one problem, this may hurt a little," Father Donovan said, "but it is the real test for my special boys. And the more we do this, the easier it gets. After we do it three or four times, you won't even feel it very much. In fact, all of my boys get to love it. They say it feels great, just like you say your panties feel on you penis. OK, so are you ready?"

"Yes, I'm ready, Father," Ronnie said as he nodded.

Then he felt the tip of the priest's cock enter him. There was a sharp pain but the boy only bit his lip as the priest continued to slowly penetrate. He got the boy to relax by having him pray out loud.

"Hail, Mary full of grace..."

"Oh, yes, Ronnie, that's good."

"Holy Mary, mother of God..."

The pain soon gave way to an ache and an immense feeling of fullness. It hurt. It wasn't too bad when the man just held him tightly and didn't move. But as soon as the priest started pushing his cock in and out of his butt, there was a lot of pain. After a long while and a lot of praying and a lot of labored breathing by both of them, Ronnie found it a little less painful, but it was such a full feeling that it gave him a headache, but he wasn't going to complain about that because he was being given the holy ointment and the very special blessing by his favorite priest and it would be disrespectful to complain, especially when so many of the other feelings he felt were so good.

Father Donovan had busted this kid's cherry wide open, and from the sound of the boy's moans, he was going to work out just fine. That excited the priest, and moments later, he shot a large load of holy angel-making jism deep into the boy's ass. As he released his sperm, he smothered the little boy with kisses on his neck and along side of his face. At the moment of climax the cock inside Ronnie's ass grew large and then pulsated, it made him feel so full, he thought the devil was gong to split him right open (that's what Father had told him to expect), but the devil

didn't. The devil fought them but they won, and Ronnie only suffered a little bleeding. Father Donovan called it his battle scar from fighting with the devil and winning! After his orgasm, the priest's cock quickly began to shrink and Ronnie's feeling of fullness and even the headache faded away quickly. Ronnie was so relieved.

The priest let his diminishing cock slowly slide out of the boy's asshole, leaving a slimy trail as it deflated.

Father Donovan turned the boy over, and as his asshole drained itself of angel-making juice and blood, the good Father sucked the Ronnie's stiff cock until he reached a dry orgasm and collapsed. He kissed the boy full on the mouth and then gave him the warning that he must never tell anyone about their special meetings.

Everyone who participated with Father in the angel-making process and the regular receiving of holy confirmation ointment was sworn to secrecy. And if anyone else ever found anything out, none of the other special people were allowed to say anything about it because they were bound by the same secrecy that binds a priest in the confessional.

Then Father fucked with the kids' mind again.

"Ronnie, now that you're one of my special boys, I'll be introducing you to some of my other special boys, and there's another bonus too. Now that you are bound under the same seal of secrecy as a priest in the confessional, I can share with you the secrets other people share with me when they confess their sins."

"Really, Father?"

"Oh, yes, my dear boy. Not right away, but as time goes on, I'll tell you the secrets of the kids in your class, I'll tell you about your sister's sins, and even your parents. And you know what? The nuns go to confession to me too. I may even tell you their sins!

"Would like to know them?"

"OH, yes, Father, I didn't know that the nuns committed any sins."

"Oh, they do all the time, my dear boy, and some pretty bad sins too. But as one of my special boys, you'll become even better than the nuns."

"Wow," what kind of sins do nuns commit?"

"Well, we won't get into that a lot right now, but I can tell you that one of the nuns likes to play with her cunny through some pretty panties every night just like you like to play with your penis. You know nuns are sworn to poverty so they aren't supposed to have any fancy clothes, but this nun loves her pretty panties just like you love your sister's panties, and this nun wears them under her habit everyday. That's not a very bad sin, and playing with her cunny isn't too bad of a sin either because I gave her a special dispensation to do it as long as she does special things for

my boys and me. Sometime in the future, I'll tell you who she is, and I'll even get you two together and you two can talk all about pretty panties and even play with each other in your panties. How would you lie that?"

"Wow! Cool, Father!"

"OK, now, that's all for today. Tomorrow is your big day, your First Holy Communion, so I'm sure your mother wants you home soon to take a bath and get all ready. We made great progress today."

On Sunday morning, the procession of little girls and boys, all dressed in white, made each of them look like little angels. As Father Donovan followed the procession into the church, he looked over the crowd and tried to exchange smiling glances with as many of his special boys as he could, and two of them were his altar boys for this ceremony. On one side of him was Jonathan, one of his oldest angels at age thirteen, and on the other side was David, age twelve. They expertly helped the good Father throughout the service as he administered Holy Communion for the first time to these beautiful youngsters.

Little Ronnie, with the devotion of a saint, knelt at the railing and looked adoringly up at Father Donovan as he served him the blessed host. The priest gave him a special, knowing smile.

Sister Angelica took it all in! She had long suspected the good Father had a special interest in certain boys and was always on the look out for evidence.

After Mass the children posed for photographs, and Father Donovan took Ronnie over to say hello to one of the girls. It was Charlotte, one of the girls in his class who was also making her First Communion. Ronnie didn't know why Father wanted them to talk and get to know each other a little better, but he did as he was told. Of course, he loved all the beautiful dresses all the girls were wearing, so he was very excited in that regard to be actually talking to one of the pretty girls. He wished he could have a dress like that, and he guessed Father sensed that too and that was why he got them together.

Charlotte talked a lot like girls do, and Ronnie was simply awestruck with her fabulous dress and didn't know what to say. Well, in his heart of hearts, he wanted to ask about or even better yet, he wanted to see her slip and panties and what else she was wearing under that dress, but he was able to control himself and not ask about that. Not knowing what else to talk about, finally blurted out, "I'm going to become an altar boy!" Then he added in a whisper, "One of Father Donovan's special boys."

"I can't be an altar boy because I'm a girl," she said. "But Father Donovan says I'm very special to him, and he has helped me with a lot of things."

Ronnie didn't know what to make of that comment, and he decided not to ask anything more. He'd ask Father Donovan about little Charlotte at the next opportunity.

"Maybe we can get together sometime," she suggested.

Ronnie quickly agreed. He knew Charlotte always dressed in very pretty clothes when she wasn't in school, and she wore great panties too. He got a good look up the pleated skirt of her school uniform a lot. She was one of those girls, who didn't seem to mind if he looked at her that way. And Charlotte was one of the few kids in his class that never had teased him. Thinking back, he was just realizing that now.

So, all of a sudden, he felt very good talking to her. He wondered if he got to know her better if he could somehow get to try on some of her clothes. He liked Charlotte and felt they could be good friends, and he desperately needed friends. It was what he missed most about the tough kids and bullies he used to hang around with. He was convinced that a lot of good was already shining down upon him from those counseling sessions with Father Donovan.

Ronnie was feeling better than he had in a long time. One of the few things that was bothering him that day was his asshole. Father had reamed it out pretty well. The night before, he had even found a lot of blood in that new pair of yellow panties he had worn. Thank goodness Father Donovan had told him how to wash them out in very cold water to get the bloodstains out. The blood came out OK, but they were all wrinkled, and since they were brand new panties that his sister had never worn before, he knew they didn't look like brand new anymore. He needed to talk with Father Donovan what to do about that. He was sure the good Father would somehow be able to help.

Father Donovan then took Ronnie over by his parents and they all talked.

"Mr. & Mrs. Reardon, Ronnie had some troubles getting ready for his First Communion. Some of the lessons were pretty hard. (He couldn't believe that he actually used those words to this kid's parents!) But with the special instructions I gave him, he is well on his way to becoming a little angel in God's army of good souls," Father said as he winked at Ronnie.

Ronnie picked up on the 'angel' comment and smiled.

"Now, Ronnie tells me he wants to be an altar boy. I think he'd make a fine one, but that takes a lot of learning too. You know altar boys have to learn Latin, and over the summer, I'd be glad to give him private lessons in Latin and teach him all the things altar boys have to know. That is with your permission, of course."

Ronnie's parents quickly gave their OK. His mother had tears in her eyes as she wholeheartedly thanked the good Father, and said Ronnie would be free whenever he wanted him during the summer so he could learn all he needed to know.

Ronnie was glad that his mother and even his father were so excited about his becoming an altar boy.

"One more thing," Father interjected, "after fancy church ceremonies like a First Communion it's customary for me to throw a little celebration for the altar boys who took part in the service. You know altar boys don't get paid, and they have to work very hard and do a lot of things in the service of God, so these little festivities I put on are one way that I can personally thank them. We have a little food and the kids' favorite drinks and then we have fun talking about church things because these boys are very special, they're very holy and many of them want to go on to become priests.

"Anyway, the reason I'm telling you all this is because I'd like to invite Ronnie to join us today, just give him a little peek at what it's like to be an altar boy, the party is one of the perks, you might say, for the boys who have been so loyal and devoted to St. Alexis."

Ronnie's parents only had plans for a special dinner that night with a few of the relatives, and since Father Donovan's party was only going to last an hour or two, there was no conflict, and they felt quite privileged that the good Father wanted to include their son. So Mr. & Mrs. Reardon turned over their innocent little boy to this lecherous priest and told him to have a good time.

Minutes later, Ronnie was shown into the rectory.

The priest took the boy into his bedroom, where he had him strip down to his panties. For his First Communion, Ronnie had worn another brand new pair of his sister's panties. Just by coincidence, his mother had gotten his sister a whole stack of new panties just a week ago. Her timing couldn't have been more perfect. These panties were pure white and had delicate loops of lace around the legs and down the front. They made him feel like he was a little angel in heaven already.

"I have a special surprise for you today," Father Donovan said as he opened his closet and brought out a lovely white satin First Communion dress.

"I want you to wear this today," the priest said, as he also produced a full bouffant petticoat, lace-trimmed anklets and sparkling white maryjane shoes, all in the purest virgin white.

Ronnie loved all the clothes immediately, and the priest had to laugh because the little boy was so excited and so anxious tears came to his eyes as he hurried to get into all the clothes. Hurry up, hurry up, hurry up! He couldn't wait! When he was finally fully dressed, Father led him over to a long mirror and let him study his reflection. Ronnie had to blink away the tears of happiness in his eyes as he stood there and stared at himself bedecked in this thrilling explosion of lace and feminine frills.

The priest kissed the boy full on the lips and then took him by the hand to his study. As they entered the room there sat one of the altar boys.

"Ronda," said the priest said as he winked at Ronnie, "I want you to meet a very special boy; this is Jonathan. He's is going to be your date today."

The handsome young boy stood up politely and shook Ronnie's hand. The priest put on some soft music and served them some cookies and sweet wine. With a little encouragement, Jonathan kissed Ronnie full on the lips.

"Jonathan, why don't you and Ronda use my room?" the priest suggested.

Jonathan took Ronnie's hand and led him into the bedroom. He removed his clothes and sat on the edge of the bed, just as Father Donovan had done so many times. Ronnie knelt in front of the boy and stared at his erection, which was almost as large as Father Donovan's. He took it into his mouth and began sucking, until he had all of it, just as the priest had taught him to do. Father Donovan was busy, taking photographs of this beautiful scene. He watched as the older boy shuddered and knew Jonathan had climaxed. Ronnie easily swallowed the boy's load since Father had told him that his special boys could pass their angel-making juice to each other and that counted almost as much as if they got the juice directly from Father himself. And he told the boy that this was another way he could get the angel juice with out smelling it, since he didn't like the smell too much. He just had to swallow it as fast as it came out.

Father Donovan had Ronnie stretch out on the bed. He pushed up the skirt and full slips into a big ball and stuck his head underneath, removed Ronnie's penis from the side of his lace panties and sucked furiously on the sweet toy. Jonathan watched until the priest had the boy squirming and going into one of his dry orgasms. Next he had Ronnie roll over on his stomach and began licking his ass. Jonathan was stiff again.

"It's your turn, Jonathan."

The priest got up and watched as Jonathan took over where he had left off. Ronnie was squirming again. This time from Jonathan inserting his cock into the boy's tight little asshole. Ronnie moaned more from pleasure than from pain. The good Father could tell the difference. The priest congratulated himself on bringing Ronnie to this point. The boy was going to be his star attraction for his private little group of boy loving priests, who tried to outdo one another each year at their own special summer camp.

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End of Volume 1

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