

SHAMELESS MOTHERS

No. 4
Classic Reprint



"If I let Johnny
play with himself
in his silly parties,
he'll do anything
for me!"



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Chapter 1

Exposing His Fetish

A record number of parents jammed the lunchroom of the Madison Street School for the PTA meeting as Mrs. McMasters, the president, called the meeting to order and then presented the subcommittee's findings detailing the sharp increase in classroom disruptions, antisocial behavior, violence and vandalism. She reported that male students were responsible for the overwhelming majority of problems and cited statistics from the school records:

Boys received 91% of all demerits issued, and within the past year, sixteen boys -- but no girls -- had been expelled. She also noted that almost every boy in school had at least one major negative mark on his record.

Everyone agreed that the boys were the problem, and they applauded when Mrs. McMasters declared an all-out war on the boys. She had been working with the subcommittee as they studied the concept of petticoat punishment and now it was her job to sell the idea to the membership. She told the audience she had seen the results of petticoat punishment firsthand and was convinced of its effectiveness. Now she was lobbying for their support to adopt petticoat rule as a disciplinary measure at their school. Almost everyone in attendance had been alerted that this radical approach to reforming boys was being considered because the subcommittee had conducted a thorough telephone campaign advising parents that this form of discipline was to be proposed and recommended as a solution.

To convince attendees of the efficaciousness of this form of treatment, she talked about several mothers who were already in the process of reforming their sons by forcing them to wear girls' clothing. She added that in several instances spankings and other punishments were needed to get these boys into their girlish clothes in the first place, but eventually the boys gave in. It was remarkable that simply putting them in frilly clothes immediately made them much more tractable. Then she introduced three mothers to demonstrate what they were doing. Each mother brought out her son and explained in detail her own methods and successes with this type of control.

Zora Eschels was the first mother to tell her story. When she brought her son, Johnny, on stage, he appeared to be a typical little boy, dressed in corduroy trousers and a flannel shirt. He seemed a little apprehensive, but at his mother's urging, he smiled at the audience. Zora told the audience that she was going to show them what she did to keep him out of trouble.

“Johnny, put your hands in your pockets, keep yourself busy.”

He did it, and immediately he kept moving his hands around in his pockets as his mother spoke. With a big grin, she explained she had cut out the pockets of his trousers. It was fairly obvious the boy was intimately touching himself. The women up front noticed and began giggling and whispering to each other. As Johnny caressed himself, his trousers slid down a bit in front and some of the ladies began to laugh because they could see something pink sticking out above his trouser tops -- and they could tell that the shiny pink was actually the top of a pair of girls' panties. Johnny's shirt had been tucked into the thin black waist elastic of the satiny pink panties, and those panties were now boldly peeking out above his trousers. A contrasting bright pink bow right in the center of the waistband made it obvious they indeed were girls' panties. Little bursts of laughter interrupted his mother's speech as word of the boy's peeking panties spread throughout the audience, and several people moved closer to the stage to get a better look. Zora enjoyed watching them react to this discovery. Eventually, she made a direct reference to Johnny's pink panties, stressing the fact that they were 'his' panties and not simply borrowed from a sister.

“Buying Johnny a drawer full of pretty panties was one of the best and most exciting things I have ever done! And when Cora Marx from your committee called me and told me about the proposal to subject the boys to petticoat punishment (a word I had never heard before), I told her about how I had been panty training my son for years. We always kept it a secret within our family and a few close friends, but now that the whole school will be doing it, I'm happy to come out in the open about it. Cora invited me, and I'm delighted to be here and tell you about my experiences in this area. Johnny is bashful and bit overwhelmed being here in the spotlight, but I have enough panty control over him to overcome that. Putting him in silky panties has worked wonders for me, and I recommend it to all of you other parents.

“Now,” she continued, “Johnny stays out of trouble because he's been conditioned to love girls' panties. He's a real panty nut! ... How did it all start? About a year ago I caught him looking in my panty drawer. He said he was just curious. I was surprised to see a boy that young have an interest in sexual things and lingerie. But seeing his little hard-on convinced me otherwise. So I had a heart-to-heart with my mother. She said she had recently read an article about boys maturing sexually, and if you weren't hung up with puritanical sexual notions, it was a great time to shape a boy for life. She says when a boy gets an erection, try to figure out what got him excited, and you can use that information to take charge of him sexually. So, since he seemed to be interested in panties, she said I should use panties to make him devoted to me. Object fetishism, quoting from the article, she said could give me tremendous power over him. I did it, and it worked! And we are here tonight as proof!

“Now he loves drawing pictures of panties and shopping for them. He even has gotten over his embarrassment of modeling them for our family and my friends. Now, don't be alarmed, but I made the biggest strides in his training as I taught him how to masturbate himself in his silky panties. I know the advance callers told you that taking charge of a boy's sexual impulses was the single most important thing you can do to bring him under control, and believe me, it is. I

understand some of you may want to bring your boys down a notch or two by feminizing them to a degree but have doubts about the sexual approach. Well, there's nothing like sex to get a boy's attention and keep him distracted. Personally, I don't see anything wrong with it. To me, it's not incest or anything naughty. It's simply addressing the problem sexual hormones create in young boys. Every boy masturbates, and you can either ignore his urges and let him develop willy-nilly, or you can take charge and use his sex drive to your advantage; use it to make him a better boy, a better student, and a better person when he grows up.

"My little Johnny is too young to spurt his juices, but he's getting close to that point in his development. He has heightened sensitivity in his penis, and his balls really spasm when he goes into a spermless climax. He'll be spurting soon. Actually, this is a great time in his life. Since he doesn't cum yet, once he orgasms, he remains hard and immediately wants to do it all over again. Now, if I turned him loose, he'd jerk off all day and all night nonstop! It's a great way to keep him out of trouble!

"I know there is one school of thought that believes a boy should be denied cumming, and people who practice it supposedly attain a great degree of control over their boys, but I never tried it because it doesn't make sense to me. As male hormones build up in a boy, you have to relieve the pressure or he'll do all kinds of crazy and destructive things. I decided from the start I'd make him into a little masturbator, and I love how he's maturing. He's the sweetest thing.

"The only problem is at night when I'm not there to monitor him. I have to tie his hands to the sides of the bed, otherwise he'd jack-off all night long and never get any sleep because he so loves to do it, and as you can see, he's not even embarrassed to touch himself right here on stage in front of you. Through his soft panties, he loves to tickle the sensitive areas between his legs and massage his silken hips and bottom, but he's only allowed to do that when I give him permission, as I have here. I've made it into a reward system. He'll do anything for me if I tell him I'll let him play with himself in his panties."

The audience laughed and whistled. A few people yelled out to him and called him a sissy and other names. He blushed but it did little to distract him from his little game of panty boy pocket pool. He was in his own perverted little world. He didn't stop enjoying himself as he wiggled back and forth and stroked away with abandon.

The effectiveness of Zora's approach was apparent. The panty-wearing boy was somewhat embarrassed, but more important, he was completely under her control. After Zora finished her story, she received a loud round of applause, especially as she led Johnny offstage, because, instead of taking him by the hand, she grabbed his bow-decorated waist elastic, yanked up hard on it, and pulled him along by his panties--like a puppy on a leash. The straining panties must have crushed and irritated Johnny's penis as he walked because he twitched and squirmed as he hopped and skipped to keep up with her.

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Chapter 2

Spanked into Submission

After seeing that demonstration, people were laughing and talking wildly, and it took a while for Mrs. McMasters to quiet them down enough to bring on Barbara Winters and her sissy son, Timmy, who was dressed in a tailored white blouse and red plaid kilt.



For Timmy it was thoroughly embarrassing being out in public in these clothes and standing on display before all these people. And when the women began heckling him, he was ready to bolt. However, Barbara had anticipated his reluctance to be put on display and maintained a firm grip on him as she forced him to face the audience.

He almost died of embarrassment when a lady yelled out, "Hey boy! Where did ya get the nice skirt? I'd like to get my daughter one just like it."

"My, my, look at this little pantywaist!" another woman said.

The comments continued and the attendees laughed heartily.

"Do you wear lacy panties too, like the fag that was on stage just before you?"

"Has your mommy gotten you into a training bra too?"

The heckling was too much for Timmy. He looked up at his mother and started to back away. She knew he wanted to drop his skirt and get off stage to end the humiliation, but she told him to keep standing still and reached between his legs and tightly gripped his balls through his panties. With a crushing grip on his nuts, he became wobbly kneed and tears came to his eyes. He moaned loudly and promised to stand still with his kilt up so she could show off his pretty panties. Plucking at the pretty pink bows and tracing the leg elastics with her fingers, she fussed with the panties as she snugged them up tightly and adjusted them around his body.

She commanded him to remain standing beside her as she resumed her speech, but he wasn't willing to do it until she whispered to him that if he didn't, she would give him a double enema and piss in his face again as soon as they got home. With tears dripping down his reddened cheeks, he stood beside her with his head held down and his kilt held up.

Barb delighted in telling everyone her son had been in panties and other sissy clothes for only a week, but the results were astounding, and to give an example of her control, she pointed to a blackboard on an easel and handed Timmy a piece of chalk.

“Whenever Timmy is bad, I make him write lines,” she said.

“Now, Timmy, go to the blackboard and tell me what you are.”

Timmy had been red faced and tears had been rolling down his cheeks from the moment he had been brought on stage, but he was crying harder now and mumbling a protest to his mother not to make him do it in front of all these people. His mother didn’t tolerate his backsliding for a moment. Barbara was well prepared for any resistance. She sat down in a chair and flipped him over her knee in one swift motion. She picked up a long wooden paddle and began rapidly beating her son’s pantied butt. He cried and complained, and then quickly agreed to do whatever she wanted.

“Okay, go to the board and show everyone how I make you write your lines. Write big enough so everybody can see it.”

Crying uncontrollably, Timmy hobbled over to the blackboard and printed out, “I am a girl.”

“Write it again!”

He wrote it again and the audience cheered like drunken sailors at a strip club.

Then she said, “Timmy, now that you have written your lines, keep your kilt up so we can see your well spanked, rosy cheeks through your pink panties.”

After exposing his pantied and paddled butt for an excruciatingly long moment, Barbara took a bow and made him execute a curtsy, which he did rather clumsily as the audience cheered and applauded their demonstration.

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Chapter 3

Well-Spun Sissyhood

As Mrs. McMasters came on stage, she saw two men and one woman hurriedly exiting the building. Obviously, the previous demonstration was too much for them. After jotting down their names in her notebook, she introduced Marion Parker and her son, Lenny. Their rousing entrance was like a Broadway production number.



Before she was married, Marion had been a professional dancer, and she showed off her talents as she came out dancing to an upbeat recording playing over the loudspeaker. Her snappy pirouettes made her lightweight skirt twirl up around her body, fully exposing her flowered panties. She took a slight bow to the clamors of the audience and held out her hand for her son to join her on stage.

Unlike the downtrodden boys who had preceded him, Lenny came out smiling and prancing around like a spoiled, prissy little girl. He was dressed in an adorable, babyish, lace-trimmed, pale blue party dress. His swishy, effeminate walk caused his high-waisted full skirt to bob up and down, revealing glimpses of the ruffles and ribbons trimming his cancan petticoats and fluffy white rhumba panties.

Some of the women were up on their feet and crowding close to the stage. They cheered Lenny's display, but some of them thought he was simply a real girl with short hair and wondered aloud when they were going to bring out her brother.

Once Marion got the crowd quieted down enough so she could speak, she assured them that the darling little girl they were looking at was really was a boy, her son, Lenny. Without being coaxed, he performed a flourishing pirouette that sent his short skirt flaring out exposing even more of his white slips and panties. Marion gleefully explained he was a boy who had learned to love his sissy clothes. She directed Lenny to walk to the front of the stage and hold up his skirt and slips so the audience could see his panties up close. They were beautiful high-waisted briefs in white nylon with tiers of rose-colored lace tracing the leg openings and decorating his bottom. She had him keep his skirts up as she invited one of the doubting mothers to come to the edge of the small stage and told her to examine what Lenny had beneath his billowing skirt and see for herself whether or not he was a boy.

A spirited, blushing young woman approached the petticoated boy; however, instead of just looking, she boldly reached out and fondled the boyish bulge in the front of his smooth panties. Lenny's knees buckled a bit, and he squirmed because he wasn't expecting to be so intimately touched. His small penis stiffened within his panties. The woman turned to face the audience with a broad grin on her face and said, "I have three boys of my own, so you can all believe me when I tell you that this pretty little thing really is a boy!"

Even though the woman had toyed with his dick for only a moment, Marion could tell her hair-trigger son was on the brink of shooting his wad. As they walked back to center stage, she told Lenny he could reach under his dress and soothe his rigid penis in his pretty panties. Without any sense of shame, Lenny began to boldly masturbate himself through his panties. His full skirt and petticoats bobbed up and down and couldn't hide his rapid stroking motion.

As Marion resumed her speech, Lenny stood with his eyes glazed over and rocking back and forth as he continued to massage his twitching pantied prick. Suddenly, he lost control. His legs sagged, and he bucked and moaned as pulsating eruptions shook his body. People shrieked and laughed. There was no mistaking what had happened, especially when globs of cum began dripping from beneath his skirt. But Lenny didn't care. He loved shooting off in his silky panties. He was so conditioned to doing it that he had no qualms about doing it even in front of a bunch of jeering and laughing parents. Some of them were shocked, but Marion was only amused.

She said, "If your experience is anything like mine, getting a boy into girls' clothes the first time can be a huge challenge, but by getting him to masturbate in the silky clothes, he quickly becomes hooked and falls in love with panties. Soon he can't stop playing with himself. Then getting him to wear more items of girls' clothing is easy. In my opinion, developing a boy's sexual attraction to sexy lingerie is the key to effective petticoat punishment and the way to gain total control over him." Then she turned to her son with the command, "Okay, Lenny, lick your fingers."

Without a moment's hesitation, Lenny took his hands out from underneath his skirt and slurped up the cum off his fingers like he was licking a Popsicle.



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Chapter 4

Dresses Will Be Next

Mrs. McMasters was laughing and shaking her head in glee as she took the stage and thanked Marion and Lenny for their performance. Then she opened the meeting and let the audience ask questions of her and the three mothers of the feminized boys. The first questioner wanted to know if petticoat punishment was going to be used only as a disciplinary measure or if all the boys in school would be forced to wear girls' clothes.

"If we pass this measure tonight," Mrs. McMasters answered, "the focus will be problem boys whom we will aggressively feminize. But we intend to feminize all of our boys to some degree to eliminate the evil and destructive behavior characteristic of 99% of our boys.

"We recommend all parents immediately begin pantying their boys. Frilly panties are an excellent way to introduce boys to girls' clothes. Since they are worn under their clothes, other people can't see them, but of course, the silky fabric and ticklish lace make a boy constantly aware of what he is wearing. Just the panties will make a major difference in the demeanor of each boy and put a quick end to a lot of the problems we are having.

"A boy who shows any resistance to wearing panties or causes any type of trouble will be spanked or punished and traumatized in other ways and then forced to wear other items of lingerie like training bras and camisoles as well as panties. Boys who continue to be a problem will quickly find themselves in additional items of feminine clothing, items that aren't hidden from view like skirts, dresses, high-heeled shoes, etc. But I'm sure just the threat of being so dressed will keep a lot of the difficult boys in line. Once their buddies see them fully dressed like a girl, they will lose all of their bravado.

"For minor offences, bows will be put into a boy's hair or bright red polish put on his fingernails. As for more serious offences, a boy will be made to wear a kilt, which is universally accepted as a male as well as a female garment, but macho-minded boys still think a kilt is simply a skirt and consider it girlish. Further increases in punishment include making a boy wear a fully padded brassiere, being forced to wear makeup and having his hair bleached or colored and femininely styled. Finally, a boy guilty of a major infraction of the rules will be completely feminized, made to dress completely in girls' clothes of the frilliest and fanciest sort and forced to act like a girl 24/7.

“I want to add that boys will be required to wear their panties and any punishment clothes both in and out of school, and that is why we need the complete support of all of you, our parents, to reinforce any sentence we impose here at school.”

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Chapter 5

Some Parents Can't Wait



Mrs. McMasters continued, “As you have seen here, some parents have already started feminizing their sons and dressing them to varying degrees in girls’ clothes. This is to be encouraged.

“In fact, we are here tonight and considering this method of taming our boys because of Barbara Winters, who first suggested we consider petticoat punishment as a excellent means of controlling our wayward sons. During our initial planning session, Barbara’s demonstration with Timmy ignited so much enthusiasm among the parents in attendance that some of them are already starting to panty and petticoat tame their sons and planning to continue to do it regardless of whether or not we pass this measure.

“In fact, one of the women decided if it was good for school-age boys it would be good for her preschool-age boys too. She took our plans to heart and yesterday sent her two young boys to kindergarten fully outfitted in fancy bloomer panties and girlish dresses. You see, a boy does not have to commit some misdeed to be fully dressed in girls’ clothes.

“And some of our parents told me they want to use feminization as a preemptory strike against any problems while some other parents want to feminize boys for their own reasons. It should also be noted that some boys are femininely inclined and welcome the opportunity to dress in pretty girly clothes. These boys should be supplied with whatever girls’ clothes they want and encouraged to be feminine.

“You may be surprised, but it is NOT important to distinguish between boys who are being punished in girls’ clothes and those who willingly wear them. Simply stated, both types of

should be treated like girls. The boys who are femininely inclined will welcome the treatment, and the boys who are under dress discipline will be more thoroughly embarrassed and that will make their punishment all the more effective.

“One further note before we proceed with other questions. Some parents may want to actually turn their boys into girls, and some boys will surely enjoy girls’ clothes and being treated like a girl so much that they will want to become a full-fledged girl. These boys and their parents will be offered special counseling and supplied with female hormones to start these boys on the road to complete feminization. We are currently studying the possibility of using the school’s contingency fund to subsidize medical treatments and even help with complete sex-change operations. Parents so interested are welcome to contact me at any time.”

Other questions followed:

“Mrs. Eschels, what was it like the first time you put your boy in panties? And like the other two boys we saw, do you ever make him wear other girls’ clothes?”

“I’ll answer your second question first. No. I haven’t put Johnny into any girls’ clothing besides panties yet, but after seeing what Barbara and Marion have done with their sons, I’m anxious to take my son’s training to that level. And if the feminization program is passed here tonight, starting Monday, I’ll see to it that Johnny will be among the first to show up at school in a dress as part of his regular school wardrobe.

“And about that first time, oh, dear, that was a long time ago. ‘Panty training’ as I call it may be new to most of you, but I’ve been putting Johnny in panties since he was six years old. That was three years ago, and I tried it at the suggestion of my mother-in-law. She had used it on Hal, my husband, when he was a boy. Blushing heavily, he had told me about it before we were married. I thought it was a funny thing to do to a boy, but he said she did it to make him stop fighting with his sisters and learn to be more like them. He explained it was no big deal, so I pretty much disregarded it at the time as one of those strange things that happen in the dynamics of a family. Compared to most husbands, Hal is a wimp, and that was one of the things I liked about him. He’s one of those guys who regularly buys me lingerie for gifts. Almost from the start, he let me be in charge of our relationship, and after we were married, I got him to talk about his childhood punishments and playfully got him to wear some of my panties and things from time to time. Whenever I got him to do that, he would recall his childhood and tell me all kinds of interesting stories about how his mother and sisters panty trained him.

“And I never even considered doing something like that to our son, but when Johnny started to be negatively influenced by the local bullies, I knew I had to do something. That’s when my mother-in-law suggested panty training and helped me those first few times. Mind you, I didn’t have to punish Johnny with panties often because it was so effective. Even at that age, a young boy knows he’d be ostracized from his little group of bully boys if they knew he was dressed in panties for his punishments to which I included a lot of enemas and good sound spankings. At first he strongly resisted since he was thoroughly ashamed wearing his sister’s panties. I had to take a paddle to his little bottom repeatedly to get him to cooperate, but now he not only accepts

being pantied, he loves it, but it has taken a lot of time to get him to this point, and since he's maturing sexually that helps a lot too. With his sex urges increasing, my mother-in-law said it was time to take him from panty punishment to panty love, and she did it in a most amusing way: She got my husband (her son) to indoctrinate him into the joys of masturbating in silky panties.

"Hal didn't want to do it, but between his mother and me, he had no choice, and it was priceless seeing him panty masturbate his son while his mother and I watched and voiced our encouragement. My husband wears panties from time to time to this day, and I don't think he'll mind me telling you that! I'm convinced it has made him into a terrific husband. I had no idea how thoroughly Hal had been trained to panties by his mother and sister until years into our marriage, and I learned about it only after we were having problems with our son, Johnny.

"My husband's mother knew I was having problems, so she told me how she had disciplined Hal when he was a boy. I was a bit shocked but came around to her way of thinking when she credited panty training for making him into such a wonderful son and husband. I couldn't argue with her there. He is a gem!

"Anyway, I watched in fascination as my husband tenderly held Johnny's cock through his panties and showed him how to slide the silky fabric up and down the shaft, just like his mother had shown him when he was a little boy. Johnny was embarrassed, especially with the three of us watching, but the pleasure he was experiencing soon made him forget his bashfulness. My husband not only showed Johnny how to tease himself to orgasm, he went with his mother and me when I took Johnny to buy himself a supply of his own panties. Our boy had learned to love panties by then but the shopping experience was still excruciatingly humiliating for him. He so feared we would run into someone we knew in the store while we were buying him his panties.

"Of course, I took the opportunity to add to my husband's supply of nice panties at the same time. Even after all these years, my husband is still thoroughly humbled to buy his own panties, but he did do it! Like father, like son! These days, little Johnny is only out of panties when he's done something wrong. You see, he so loves his panties that taking them away from him is one of his most dreaded punishments. So now I have two panty boys, and when they're especially good, I let them masturbate each other while my mother-in-law and I watch. Johnny was amazed the first time he saw the big penis stretching out the panties his daddy was wearing, and he was astounded when my husband shot a big load of his baby-making juice. Right now, we're grooming Johnny to swallow his father's cum. He has learned to enjoy masturbating his father to climax, and we now have him sucking on his daddy's big cock as a warm up to jacking him off. He knows we want him to suck his daddy to orgasm and swallow his cum, but we're leading up to it slowly. We will have a big celebration when that day arrives. Right now, we end these father-son masturbation sessions by making him lick up some of his father's cum. He doesn't seem to mind the taste, and he's well aware that any day now we'll expect him to go down on his daddy and swallow."

One father stood up and asked, "That's exactly what I fear. I'm not gay or even bisexual. If dressing my delinquent boy in panties and other girls' clothes stops a lot of the problems, we have been having with him, I can go along with that, but I wouldn't masturbate my son under

any circumstance, and I certainly wouldn't have him masturbate me. And as for oral sex, that's definitely going too far! If that's part of the deal, I won't agree to it. I'm not going to make my son into a faggot!"

Mrs. McMasters responded. "Things like mutual masturbation between males are not necessarily homosexual acts. People are born homosexual or heterosexual and not made that way. Let's face it, a hand masturbates a penis, and it makes little difference if it is a male or female hand. Sexual massage is simply touching; it has no gender. The fact that a male or female hand does it may make it mentally more or less exciting -- or traumatic -- for a boy, but there is no real difference with the mechanics. And I feel the same way about oral sex. Such experiences may give a latent homosexual an opportunity to discover his true self, but it will not cause a true heterosexual to change his stripes. It should be noted that forced homosexuality will be considered as a disciplinary option in particularly difficult cases, but a boy will not become a homosexual simply because he was forced into fellatio or sodomized. Of course, no sexual acts of any sort will take place without parental approval.

"That reminds me, we have permission forms that you will be asked to fill out before you leave tonight. On one part of those forms you can stipulate what types of sexual activity and corporal punishment you will allow us to use. In this regard, most parents will probably take a conservative approach, at least in the beginning, and that is understandable. But when they see the benefits that spankings, enemas and sexual humiliations add to petticoat punishment, they'll probably want to update their permission forms. Of course, they can be updated at any time. On this issue, I recommend taking a conservative approach if you are in any way apprehensive until you feel comfortable giving us permission to expand the base of your son's training."

Many other members of the gathering made comments and had questions, including an older lady who explained that all her children were grown, but she could have used something like this when her boys were young. She explained she worked at the school as a crossing guard and hall monitor. She said she was fully supportive of the program because she saw problem boys on a daily basis, and anything that would rein in those boys she would support. She asked how she could be of help.

Then there was a young woman, who didn't have any sons. She only had two daughters in school, and she too wondered how she and her daughters could help. The young woman couldn't hide her excitement, giggling just talking about the feminization of boys. She wondered if she could personally help some parents, panty and petticoat their boys.

Mrs. McMasters assured everyone there would be plenty for everyone to do in helping parents who had school-age boys and a lot of volunteer help would be needed just to get this program off the ground. A number of parents in the audience spoke up. Many had doubts about their own ability to overpower their sons, and they welcomed any help they could get from others.

The committee's advance work had paid off. Those in attendance had a pretty good idea of what to expect at this petticoat punishment demonstration before they had even arrived, so most of them weren't too shocked even when the mothers demonstrated how they sexually dominated

their sons. The subcommittee had been warned to keep watch on the audience, looking for anyone having a problem with the presentation. They took note of those raising strong objections and planned to follow up with them one-on-one to convince them to sign onto the program.

The committee knew that for an all-out petticoat punishment program to work, the parents had to participate and give their full support, and the PTA was striving for 100% compliance, even though they knew getting that degree of cooperation was going to be difficult. Some parents voiced negative opinions and were dead against the idea. They thought it was crazy, disgusting or appalling to make boys wear girls' clothes. Despite arguments to the contrary, they were afraid their sons would turn into screaming homosexuals if they dressed them like girls. A lot of them threatened to complain to the state or district superintendent or take their boys out of the school if petticoat punishment was adopted as a disciplinary measure. No matter how effective it was, they didn't want anything to do with it. Those parents were a minority, and most of them weren't at this meeting because they had refused to attend after being briefed during the advance phone call, but a few of them did show up. For the most part, they sat silently during the presentation, doing little more than shaking their heads in disgust or mumbling negative comments. Many walked out when it became too much for them. And some parents were divided with one half, usually the mother, wanting to go along with the program and the father – usually a jerk macho type -- wanting to go against it.

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Chapter 6

Maid for His Weakness

During the question and answer period, Ron Anderson was one of those outraged fathers who started yelling and carrying on about what a horrible thing this was. He said he was against it from the moment his wife, Sally, told him about it after she had spent an hour on the phone with a committee member who told her about the program and urged them to attend this meeting.

Sally thought it was a great idea, but as her husband vociferously denounced it, she knew he felt threatened and would likely prevent her from petticoating their son, Andy. Ron did agree to go to the meeting, but she knew he was only going to make a scene and try to get others to oppose this “foolish idea.”

So Sally contacted the committee ahead of time and warned them her husband might make trouble. After a long talk with Sally, they created a plan to thwart anything Ron would do to disrupt the meeting, and when he got up and demanded to be heard, Minnie Olsen's daughter, Candy, went into action. She was sitting only about ten feet in front of Ron. As he hyperventilated and screamed out his protests, Candy quickly turned around in her chair and faced him, an action that caused her short skirt to twist high around her girlish hips. She casually spread her legs and exposed to his view a wide expanse of the front of her pink panties. From where Ron was standing, Candy's panty display could not be missed.

Ron did notice. In fact, he began to mix up his words and slur his speech because he was distracted by Candy's widely parted thighs. Ron's wife told him to stop complaining and sit down because he wasn't making any sense. He was enraged and wanted to fight this stupid petticoat punishment idea, but he was no match for Candy because he was hung up on young girls; her aggressive little panty show did the trick.

Candy was young but very experienced when it came to toying with male emotions. Ever since she was a little girl, she had been able to have her way with her father. She saw the way his eyes lit up when she would run around the house in her skimpy girlish lingerie and soon realized she could get anything she wanted from him. Strutting her stuff in just silky panties got his attention every time, and soon it was a regular occurrence in their household for her to spend the evening sitting on his lap while they watched television together. She then learned she could intensify her control over him and overcome any of his objections by cuddling up to him and wiggling around in his lap as she sat on that big hard thing in his pants.

Mrs. Anderson knew her husband had a weakness for pretty young girls. She was sure he had never cheated on her, but she knew how he couldn't stop ogling the local girls. When she told the committee, he was against petticoating their son, they asked if he had any weaknesses they could exploit, and she told them about his predilection for young girls, and that led them to recruit the temptress Candy to be ready stop him in his tracks if he did try to disrupt passage of the program.

And it worked. After Candy teased Ron with her legs and lingerie, he was tongue-tied. For the remainder of the meeting Candy kept up the show. He couldn't look away. On the way home, Ron complained to his wife that he wasn't given a fair opportunity to voice his opinion. Sally just smiled to herself. She knew what really had happened. She was amazed at how effective Candy was in neutralizing her husband and immediately made plans to use the tantalizing girl to occupy her husband while she started putting their son into petticoats and panties. Candy wasn't a long-term solution but a surefire start as she broke down her husband's resistance.

The question and answer session continued. One woman still wasn't convinced. She too wondered if dressing their boys in girls' clothing would make them turn gay. Mrs. McMasters responded by saying that inborn preferences, rather than conditioning, cause a person to be homosexual. Dressing the boys in girls' clothes was designed to get them to fall in love with femininity and make them easy to control. It wouldn't increase or decrease their chance of becoming homosexual.

One father, a brainy type, was curious about the long-term effects of petticoat punishment. The mothers on stage assured him that he would be delighted with the results. His boys would become much more sensitive, loving and extremely manageable. The man seemed to accept the answer. He added that he was fed up with the disrespect his sons had been displaying in recent years. He said he would wholeheartedly endorse any program that would bring his boys into line.

The Q&A continued and would have gone well into the night if Mrs. McMasters hadn't called a halt to it. She assured everyone that a lot of information would be circulated to parents in the coming days and a support network was being set up to handle all their questions and help anyone who needed it. She did add that parents who chose not to go along with the program would be allowed to transfer their son to other schools.

Sensing that the majority was in favor of adopting petticoat rule in school, a vote was taken. Moments later, the plan was passed, and since she had so competently demonstrated her leadership, Mrs. McMasters was nominated and then elected to coordinate the program. She promised to put all of her energy into making petticoat rule an effective solution to their disciplinary problems. She immediately took charge and introduced a few proposals to facilitate the program. The question and answer session revealed a lot of the parents would need assistance, so she divided the parents into a number of small groups, each under the guidance of a committee member. These group leaders would be available on an around-the-clock basis to assist during the crucial introductory period.

Mrs. McMasters encouraged everyone to immediately begin pantying their sons to introduce the boys as much as possible to the program before returning to school on Monday. By that time, she hoped all parents had at least put their boys into panties. She decreed that on Monday an announcement would be made and silky lace panties would be the only type of underwear the boys at the Madison Street School would be allowed to wear. It was getting quite late, so the meeting was adjourned. Parents were requested to keep in close contact with their group leader and each other. As everyone was left the auditorium, they were given several booklets and printed material about petticoating boys.

One hundred percent cooperation was the goal, so group leaders were assigned to contact all parents who were not at the meeting. Also, the group leaders would be working together to solve problem situations as they arose, doing whatever had to be done to foil the resisters like Ron Anderson was foiled by pretty little Candy Olsen.

After the meeting, Ron was frustrated because he hadn't been able to get his point across. Sally, his wife, pretended to understand, but she light of the situation. She told him dressing boys in girls' clothes wasn't the end of the world, and petticoat and panty training would make him a better little boy. To help him get over being so upset, she gave Ron take a sleeping pill and told him to sleep in late in the morning.

Secretly, Sally was thrilled that Candy was able to distract her husband so easily. His weakness would be the key to manipulating him into accepting the petticoating of their son, plus it would

help her gain control over him in other ways. As they went to bed that night, Sally told Ron she had hired a new maid, so in case he saw her when he woke up in the morning, he would know what was going on. Ron nodded his approval. He had always told his wife she worked too hard, holding down a job at the bakeshop and maintaining the house — she deserved a maid. But Ron would soon be shocked because the sexy little Candy Olsen was going to be that new maid, and she would be there to keep him occupied while Sally petticoated their boy.

Early the next morning, Ron awoke to hear a sweet, cheerful voice humming in the hallway just outside his bedroom door. Shaking off the last traces of his sound sleep, Ron opened his eyes and rolled over in bed. He discovered his wife was already up. At first he thought she was making the merry melody, but then, he realized it wasn't her voice. With his eyes barely open, he got out of bed in order to investigate. He blinked several times to clear his vision as he approached the door. He noticed something hanging on the doorknob, something in shimmering pale blue satin with white lace trim--then he recognized it as a pair of his wife's prettiest panties. He wondered why she had left her panties there. It slightly unnerved him as he took the panties off the knob. The panties were silky to touch and heavily anointed with her distinctive perfume. He held the panties in one hand as he used his other hand to twist the doorknob and ease open the door.

At that moment, he recalled what his wife had said the night before about hiring a new maid. He stepped out into the hallway in search of the source of the dulcet tones floating through the air. He half choked and then froze in his footsteps as he saw before him a delightfully feminine derriere encased in a frilly pair of purple panties. The beautiful bottom belonged to a svelte but well-proportioned female body. It was obviously the new maid. Her skimpy costume consisted of only a thin pink chiffon apron, seamed net stockings, high heels and those deliciously ruffled baby-style purple panties.

Ron must have made a sound, betraying his presence, because the young lady stopped humming and turned to face him. He was really shocked when he saw that it was Candy Olsen -- the little minx he couldn't stop staring at the night before. He was embarrassed to meet her face to face, wondering if she knew he had been staring up her skirt at the PTA meeting. He blushed and looked away. Candy broke the silence.

"Hi! I'm Candy the new maid. You must be Mr. Anderson."

Ron wasn't able to organize his words and say anything sensible, so he just nodded and greeted her with a sheepish grin.

Candy dropped her gaze to Ron's hand and beamed brightly when she noticed the satiny pale blue panties dangling from his fingertips. Ron's smile faded when he followed her eyes. He remembered the silky panties he had taken off the doorknob and tried to hide them behind his back, but it was too late, and he knew it. To further complicate matters, his morning hard-on sprung up, bolstered from viewing the sexy sight of her pantied ass. Candy giggled when she noticed it poking at the front of his pajamas. He felt like an idiot. He could only shrink back into the bedroom. She boldly followed him, saying that since he was up, the room needed to be

cleaned. As Ron quickly retreated to the adjoining bathroom, she told him she would be busy with her chores and wouldn't bother him.

He thought to himself--bother him! Was she kidding? She was almost haunting him. He closed the bathroom door. Just then, he realized he was still holding onto those blue silk panties. He threw them down in disgust.

Then, a moment later, he picked the panties up again. He studied them. His hard-on ached. Almost without realizing it he closed his eyes and pushed the panties down the front of his pajama trousers. He wrapped the electrifying fabric around his stiff prick. He dreamed about the pretty Candy and her fancy-party pants panties.

Just as he got close to erupting in passion, he became disgusted with himself for getting carried away with the situation. He yanked the panties away from his penis and threw them into the laundry hamper. He cursed at himself for using the lacy panties to jack himself off like a sex-starved teenager. He jumped into the shower, turned the cold water on full blast and waited for his sexual arousal to subside.

After he finally finished in the bathroom, he slowly opened the door and went back into the bedroom. Candy must have finished cleaning in there because she wasn't around. Ron quickly dressed and started downstairs. On the way down, he ran into his wife. He was a little surprised to see the way she was dressed. She was wearing a simple lacy white bra and very soft looking pink nylon panties. She greeted him with a 'good morning' and acted as if her being dressed like that was nothing unusual. She never walked around the house like that, but now she strutted past him and walked into their son's room without bothering to put a robe on.

The panties hanging on the doorknob, the sexy new maid, his wife running around in bra and panties -- it all started to add up. Ron was a smart guy. He was sure it was a conspiracy. His wife was trying to get to him--but why? Then it occurred to him--she wanted him to go along with that radical feminization program at their boy's school. Well, he wasn't going to permit his boy to be involved in anything like that. He had some thinking to do. He made himself some coffee and took it to the living room. As he sipped from his cup, he noticed a slight movement in the next room, the den.

Then he realized it was Candy. She bobbed up and down as she cleaned and moved within his range of vision. He really enjoyed watching her nimble body displayed in the peeking baby girl rhumba panties. Without thinking, he adjusted his hardening penis. He kept fumbling with his prick. It was still in need of being relieved. He couldn't help himself. He just kept rubbing and gawking at Candy. He couldn't steady his coffee cup any longer, so he set it down. Unaware of his immediate surroundings, he kept fingering his prick as he stared. He jumped when he felt something touch his shoulder from behind. It was his wife's hand.

"I see you've noticed the new maid," she said without saying anything about catching him playing with himself.

Ron grabbed a newspaper to cover the bulge in his trousers. He was blushing, so he avoided turning to face his wife.

“Ron, would you come with me up to the bedroom? I’d like to talk to you about something.”

He knew he had been caught ogling the maid. He was in no position to resist. He walked awkwardly in an attempt to hide his erection as he followed his wife to the bedroom. As they passed the closed door to their son’s room, Ron could hear a couple of little voices humming a sweet, simple tune. He realized it was the same melody Candy had been humming earlier that day. Sally saw him looking in the direction of their son’s room, and so she explained that Andy had one of his little friends over and they were playing nicely.

On the way up to the master bedroom, Sally was acting sweetly toward him. When they got there, she toyed with the lump in his pants and persuaded him to lie down on the bed. Then she straddled his body, opened his zipper and extracted his throbbing penis. She was still dressed only in her bra and panties. She undid the bra, slipped out of it and then started rubbing his penis across the front of her soft nylon panties. Ron winced because Sally’s motion felt good but it also rasped against and began to irritate his now hypersensitive prick. He complained about the friction.

“Oh, I don’t want to hurt your itty-bitty penis. I’m sorry. I got carried away because I know how much your dickie likes my silky panties. Candy told me how she saw you with them when you got up.”

As she spoke, she pulled his penis through the leg elastic of the panties she was wearing and covered it with the sensuous fabric. His prick bobbed around under the pink panties she was wearing. Sally laughed because she could feel him throb with arousal against her body, causing a very unfeminine tent in the front of her panties. It was easy for her to pretend that the prick was attached to her body -- not his. It was an eerie but very exciting feeling. She stroked the penis in the panties she was wearing like it was hers and masturbating herself.

Ron was thoroughly excited from her intimate handling of his manhood. He pleaded with Sally to let him enter her body. He was desperate to shoot his cum.

She just laughed and said, “Oh, I don’t think you want to fuck me. I think you’re all worked up because your cock is inside my silky panties. You see, I know how much you love my panties. I found these in the hamper, and they’ve got drops of your cum all over them!”

As she said that she held up the dainty blue satin panties Ron had played with that morning. He was shocked that Sally had guessed what he had done. She must have gone looking for the panties she had left hanging on the doorknob and found them in the hamper with the incriminating evidence. He had held back from cumming into the panties while he was playing with them, but a little of his precum must have dribbled out and stained them. He regretted not checking the panties before tossing them into the laundry hamper.

While nearing the peak of his sexual arousal, Sally called him a panty pervert. Her obvious disgust toward him and her now abusive stroking of his cock through her panties took their toll. The embarrassment and pain was too much, his abused cock softened. He had never failed to shoot off before in his life, even when the sex was hot and his cock was taking a thorough beating. But this was different. She was taunting, sexually terrorizing and teasing him. She had a lot of anger toward him because he was so easily excited over pretty little Candy. Now she was getting even by yanking harshly on his erection and turning his pleasure into pain without letting him cum. He knew he deserved it.

He was burning with embarrassment at his failure and pleaded for forgiveness, but Sally gave him an evil look and dismounted him, roughly extracting his shrinking penis from the binding scratchy elastic legband of her sexy nylon panties.

Sally had to look away because she couldn't hold back the mocking grin on her face. She had brought her husband to the brink of sexual frustration and then made fun of him. For her, this whole subject about petticoating their boy brought a lot of her pent-up angst to the forefront. After attending the meeting, the night before and seeing how much control other women had over their husbands and sons, she was jealous and wanted more control too. Ron had been lording it over her for far too long, and now was a good time to change things! She was pissed at him because he was so easily aroused by Candy. Things were going to change. That was for sure. She looked back at him on the bed. Flustered and ashamed, he covered his reddened face. Then she added to his confusion as she did an about-face with her mood. She pretended not to be upset with him.

"It's okay honey," she purred sympathetically. "I understand if my pretty panties get to you!"

With that she took off the pink panties she was wearing and playfully dropped them over Ron's exposed, limp penis. He went to move them away, but she told him to keep her panties there while she quickly got dressed and he watched. Once fully dressed, she teasingly touched Ron's penis through the panties draped over it, but this time she touched him gently and lovingly, but she did it with a slight grin on her face.

"I've got to go out for a while, but just in case you get horny, you can whack off in my nice little pink panties. Now let them keep your little cocky warm while I'm gone. I know you can't wait for me to leave so you can pull on your penis through my panties. Don't worry. It's okay. Now that I know you like my panties better than you like sex with me, I understand. You're a panty fag."

Ron wanted to loudly protest, but he knew he had it coming and didn't oppose her. He let her belittle him without argument. Then she strutted out of the bedroom. Ron just lay there and tried to organize his thoughts. Absentmindedly, he toyed with the soft panties covering his manhood that had been stirred into an erection once again.



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Chapter 7

Sweet Sons

As soon as Sally left the bedroom, Candy came strolling in. Ron grabbed for the covers, but he was too slow. Before he could cover himself up, he knew she had seen the pink panties draped over his prick. Ignoring his discomfort, she announced she was there to collect the dirty laundry.

Thoroughly embarrassed, Ron nodded without looking at her and then closed his eyes, hoping she wouldn't take too long. He'd wait her out and then extricate himself from this humiliating situation. As she went about her business, Ron peeked from beneath his eyelids. He was treated with another one of her teasing lingerie shows. Watching her twist and turn in her sexy clothes caused Ron's overworked penis to start erecting again. He tried to disguise it under the blankets.

When Candy moved closer to him to pick up the clothes near the bed, Ron closed his eyes tightly and pretended to be asleep. He cupped his hand over his hard penis, attempting to further camouflage it under the covers. It was so weird--to be so close to the tempting but untouchable little Candy, and at the same time having a his wife's panties rubbing against his prick!

Ron drifted into a dreamlike state. He could smell Candy's perfume stronger than ever. He felt something warm on his face. He daydreamed he felt her breath wafting over his cheeks. With a jolt, he opened his eyes and found himself staring directly into Candy's youthful countenance. She whispered that she needed to add his dirty panties to the laundry.

"Oh, god, the panties!" he thought and stiffened when he felt her reach under the covers and brazenly fingered his prick through the sensuous nylon panties. The blankets slid off to the side. The foxy Candy manipulated him into a frenzy. Then, there was a flash of light, but she held him tightly. Then another flash of light. Ron broke away from Candy's embrace. He saw his wife standing over them. She was smiling and holding a camera. Candy withdrew and started humming her same silly little tune as she waltzed past Sally and out of the bedroom.

While trying to hide his royally teased erect penis by clutching it through the offending but exciting pink panties, Ron, now thoroughly terrorized, lurched up and then dashed into the adjoining bathroom. He lost track of the time he spent in there. He was so worried about the photos Sally took of Candy jacking on his cock through the panties. Now he knew for sure it had been a setup to trap him. But to trap him for what reason? With those photos, his wife could

divorce him and totally ruin his life. He had never been unfaithful to his wife, but that didn't matter. He loved his wife and family. He couldn't think of being separated from them. He knew Sally was in control now for whatever reason. He'd have to do anything she wanted.

When Ron finally left the safety of the bathroom and bedroom, he practically walked directly into his wife who was right outside the door. He cringed. Sally just smiled and made no mention of catching him in such a compromising position. She didn't have to; her superior stance let him know where he stood.

"Glad to see you're finally up -- for the second time!" she smirked. "On your way downstairs, stop in your son's room and say hello to him and his little friend."

The excitement in his wife's voice unnerved him and made him weary of her request. After he got dressed and started toward downstairs, he approached his son's room where he heard giggling and cooing sounds. When he opened their door, he wasn't overly surprised at what he saw even though the sight made him sick. Over the last few days, his wife had gotten involved with those crazy women from school bent on feminizing the boys. He told Sally it was a crazy idea, and they argued about it long and hard. Now she had trapped him and was forcing him go along with what she wanted. As he stared at his son, Ron felt cheated out of his role as a father. He knew it was the end of trying to make his son into a macho little man.

Their son, Andy, was playing with Sal, a boy from the neighborhood. It looked like they had been playing with dolls because a couple of dolls and doll clothes were strewn about the floor. That was bad enough, but most disturbing was how the boys were dressed and what they were doing. The boys froze in position when the door opened, and they saw Ron standing there. Expressionless, they studied him waiting for a reaction -- a reaction to them, but Ron didn't react.

Both boys were dressed in little girls' bras and panties and appeared to like it because they were giggling and humming together that maddening little song Candy had been humming as they touched each other in their lingerie and held each other in a loving embrace. They weren't embarrassed, but they sensed heavy tension in the air as he stared at them in their frilly nylon panties and baby girl training bras. Sal wore yellow and Andy wore pale blue. Their girly clothes were decorated with pretty lace. Under different circumstances Ron would have been ready to tear down the house in horror -- but he was broken. All he could do was close the door without saying a word to his sissified son and feminized little friend.

Ron went down to the den and sat down in his favorite chair to watch television. He had to get his mind off all the dominant female bullshit going on around him. He was at a loss and wondered how he could get things back to how they had been only hours before. He couldn't see Candy, but he could hear her in the adjoining room. He heard his wife too. He jumped a bit every time he thought she was going to come into the den.

After a long time she did come in. She turned off the television set, approached him and looked him directly in the eye as she simply told him there were going to be many changes in their

house, and he would have to go along with everything if he wanted to stay and be part of the family. She had been appalled at his resistance to potty training and feminization because they needed help with their son. He wasn't necessarily a bad boy, but he was a failing student, and Ron didn't seem all that concerned. In short, he had been a bad father and a bad influence on their son, so she was taking charge of the family, and if he loved her and their son as he always claimed, he wouldn't interfere. She was going to make Andy into a sweet little boy and a good student. She was determined not to let him grow up like his dad who could only hold down low paying jobs because he had never finished high school. And she wanted Andy to be good toward women instead of like his father who saw females only as sex objects. With that said, she left him alone to stare blankly at the television and mull over what she had told him.

About an hour later, Marge Allen, Sal's mother, stopped by. She was supposed to pick up her son, but an emergency had come up, and she asked Sally if her son could stay with Andy until late that night while she took care of some urgent business. Sally agreed and offered to have him stay over for the night. Marge thought that was a great idea and agreed.

Ron cringed. He was sitting in the next room and he could overhear everything. He knew this woman's son all too well. Sal was the neighborhood sissy, a total embarrassment to boyhood. The thought of that girlish boy sleeping in the same bed with his little son, Andy, made his stomach turn, but he knew he was in no position to say anything.

But Ron was astounded, when he saw Marge hand his wife a bottle of pills and told her to give one to Sal after dinner with some milk. Marge explained they were her birth control pills but now she was giving them to her son so he would develop cute little breasts. Ron was thinking that the whole town had gone mad! Was she joking? A boy with breasts! Even girls his age didn't have breasts yet. How absurd! Was this just another way his wife was twisting the knife in him? The moment Marge left, he got out of his chair and stormed out of the house. He needed to think things out.

The Anderson household was just one of the dozens of local families undergoing radical change as the elementary school-age boys were being sissy trained, forcibly if necessary. Like Ron Anderson, many of the fathers were against the program, but also a surprising number of them were for it, especially fathers whose sons had joined the gangs that were fast becoming a major problem in this small town that wasn't used to the type of problems usually found only in bigger cities. While many fathers considered petticoat punishment a fantastically radical approach, those fathers who had given up on trying to reform their sons were going along with it as a last resort. The growing gang problem had an effect on almost all the boys in school. Gang members openly showed disrespect for authority and committed acts of vandalism at will, and when they did get caught, the demerits they received they proudly held up as battle scars. The youngest boys looked up to the older boys in the gangs, who told them school was a waste of time and that they didn't have to mind their parents and teachers.



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Chapter 8

Shopping for a Change

Immediately after the PTA meeting, many of the parents began feminizing their sons. The next day was Sunday, and there was a run on girls' lingerie at the local shopping mall. The storeowners had been warned, and the more enterprising ones stocked up and made displays for the occasion. Some of the stores even put girls' bras, slips and panties in their boys' department. Onlookers thought it was weird and stared as one boy after another -- most of them crying -- was taken into the dressing room to try on lingerie and all sorts of other girls' clothes. They became even more confused when they overheard some of the conversations.

* * *

"Oh, Miss! These bra and panty sets are just adorable, but do they come in smaller sizes? My daughter has several sets, and I want my boy here to have some to match."

"Carl! Hold still. I just want to see if this dress is going to fit you okay. Now listen, young man, if you don't stand still, I'm going to make you wear a dress when you visit your father next weekend!"

"Ma'am, where is your ladies' room? My little Billy here had an accident. He's dribbled his boy juice into the pretty new panties I put on him this morning. I need to put him into a clean pair of his new panties."

"Now stop your crying. I don't care what you think. I'm in charge and you'll do exactly what I tell you to do. Get in that dressing room. You're going to try on this baby doll nightie and this party dress. I want to make sure we've got the right size in everything."

"Oh, thank you. I agree. I'm so very proud of him because he makes such a pretty little girl. I always wanted a little girl, so I've been buying girls' clothes for him for many years. We used to pretend it was just a game when I'd dress him in his dresses and panties. It was our little secret, but now that the whole school is backing this feminization program for the boys, it's a dream come true. Now my Bobby can wear his pretty clothes all the time. He loves them so much. Do you know that once I caught him showing the boy next door his silky panties. The boy ran home and told his mother. It was so funny because she didn't believe him and came over to see for herself, so Bobby showed her too! We had a good laugh over that."

“Would you help me hold my boy still? I have to measure him for a training bra.”

* * *

Some of the shoppers were puzzled and some of them cheered when the manager announced over the store’s public address system that they had scheduled a special fashion show for the following Wednesday evening. The feature of the show would be various girls’ fashions modeled by local schoolboys.

* * *

The program was taking hold quickly. The initial progress was very gratifying. Parents all over town were turning their little boys into little sissies. The organizing committee had expected more resistance than they had encountered, and those like Ron Anderson who were opposed to the program were now being targeted to be blackmailed and forced into complying. The various group leaders reported that almost all of the boys would be coming to school the next day wearing at least panties. Mrs. McMasters was pleased to hear that some of the boys would be attending in complete outfits, including pretty dresses.

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Shameless Mothers 4

Chapter 9

Father of a Bunny Boy

Ron Anderson went to his room. He tried to reason things out. He was so upset because he couldn’t prevent his wife from dressing their son in girls’ clothes, but he got his hopes up when she came into the bedroom and said she wanted to talk to him. He thought maybe she was ready to give up all these crazy ideas and let them all get back to a normal life.

But instead, Sally told him his conduct had long been unacceptable, and he yelled and flatly refused when she suggested he put on some of her lingerie and a dress and join the family downstairs. She said it would show their son his daddy approved of his feminization.

Sally waved in Ron's face the incriminating photos she had taken the day before. He still refused to put on a dress, but brokenhearted and defeated, he did let her put him in a pretty pair of green satin panties with pink lace trimming before he put on his shirt and trousers. He fought back tears as she led him downstairs. Candy and Mrs. Allen smiled at him knowingly. He was sure they knew Sally had made him put on silky panties under his clothes. He was stunned to see Andy dressed up in lingerie and bunny ears.

As Andy swished around and served drinks and snacks, Sally explained that Andy was modeling a bunny boy outfit they had created for a group of boys they would be training to serve the girls and teachers at school like Playboy Bunnies did at Playboy Clubs.

Ron wondered how things had deteriorated to this point. Sally saw how much he was suffering and suggested he relieve his tension by going into the bathroom and jerking off in his panties, and she said it loud enough for everyone to hear. The females laughed. He got up and went to the bathroom, not to masturbate, but just to get away from these crazy feminizing females.

But before he could close the door, Candy followed him in, and in the privacy of the bathroom, she pressed him against the wall and started kissing and fondling him through his trousers. She opened his zipper and for the first time, Ron became very aware of the silkiness of the lingerie he was wearing. Since he had been sexually frustrated so many times without relief that day and the day before, his prick ached with desire. Candy jerked him off through the panties. They did feel good even though he kept telling himself that they didn't. He didn't try to stop her. He liked her touching him, and since he had already been caught, he had nothing to lose -- but his pent-up semen. Then he lost control. He bucked wildly. Just as wads of cum went spurting through his panties, he wondered how he was going to explain this pool of sticky cum in his panties! But he didn't have to explain because everyone knew. He looked up to see the door had been quietly opened and all of them, including his sissy son, were staring at him and laughing. They whistled, jeered and applauded. He cried, broke away from Candy and struggled to pull up his trousers as he ran to their bedroom. This had been a very bad day for the thoroughly defeated Ron Anderson.

The End of Part 4 To be continued in Part 5 of

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