

Princess Productions Shameless Mothers

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John Hoffman, an electronics industry workaholic and a widower, blamed himself for his son's bad behavior.

John wasn't a macho sort of guy. In fact his late wife always referred to him as a mamma's boy because of his domineering mother, who did things like make him wear one of her frilly bibbed aprons to make tea for her and any of her guests. From the time he was a little boy, she had taught him how to do all the household chores including washing, ironing and sewing, saying these were suitable pastimes to keep a boy busy and prevent him from getting into trouble with the local hooligans.

His submissiveness toward females and his handiness around the house were two of the reasons his wife had married him, and right from the time they were dating, she told him she wanted him for a husband because he was so caring and good to her, but with his small penis, she made him understand that when she wanted sex, she'd go out and find a real man. And that's exactly what she did year after year until her birth control didn't work one night and she got pregnant.



Sean was born, and it was understandable why John didn't spend much time with the boy. Under the circumstances, John was a good father as far as providing for all of his wife's and bastard son's needs, but he was hurt that his wife had rejected him in favor of having a child by another man. John worked designing computer motherboards and distanced himself from the boy. And now that his wife had died in a robbery at the jewelry where she worked, he was left to raise Sean on his own.

John blamed himself and his lack of closeness to the boy as the reason Sean was turning into a troublemaker and a smart aleck. After trying everything from physical punishment to professional counseling to reform Sean, the boy seemed to be getting worse instead of better.



Karen Stanton, a divorcee with two grown daughters, had recently moved next door to the Hoffmans. John was immediately attracted to the clever career woman, who reminded him of his strong-willed mother, and within a few weeks, they developed a close relationship. Even though Sean was always nice around Karen, she quickly found out about his reputation as the neighborhood bully.

From a letter circulated to all the parents of his school, John learned that most of the other parents were having problems with their sons and a special parent-teacher meeting had been called. He asked Karen to accompany him to the meeting, hoping she'd be able to help bring Sean into line.

The main speaker was a psychologist who explained that as a boy's male hormones increase, he becomes more difficult to handle. The solution was to feminize him! Negative male characteristics could be controlled by dressing the boy in girls' clothes and feeding him female hormones.

John thought it was unconventional, but a brilliant idea. And other than the frilly apron incidents, his mother had never made him wear female clothes, but she did treat him more like a daughter than a son, so he understood how feminizing boys would certainly deflate their naturally occurring masculine feelings of superiority. He voted with the majority of parents to adopt petticoat discipline to tame their unruly boys.



In order to be effective, petticoating had to be enforced twenty-four hours a day. Therefore, it was the parents' responsibility to begin the training at home and reinforce it when the boys were not in school. Eventually the boys would be completely feminized. Parents were encouraged to make their sons wear as many items of female apparel as possible right from the beginning. However, in regard to enforcement, the school program would start slowly to deal with boys resisting the program and to educate and help parents so they fully understood what was expected of them. For the first few days, the boys would only be required to wear girls' panties, and every week thereafter additional items of female clothing would be added to the required school wear, and those who didn't go along with the program would be severely disciplined. This also gave the parents a chance to learn about petticoat punishment, time to acquire a full wardrobe of feminine clothes for their sons and time to work it into their budgets.

Perhaps at least on a subconscious level, John wanted to feminize Sean as a way to get back at his deceased wife for leaving him with a boy to raise who wasn't his own. And the idea of forcing a macho little boy into girls' clothes surely appealed to John's own feminine streak and desire to get even with his contempt for most things masculine.



John, who lived by the motto 'Do it now!', so he wanted to completely feminize Sean as soon as possible, but with his heavy work schedule, he knew he'd need help and asked Karen to help. She happily accepted and went right to work devising a plan to introduce the boy to girls' clothing. At home, she went into her attic and looked through her daughters' old clothes to see if anything would fit Sean, but all she could find was one of the girls' old school uniforms, consisting of a sailor-styled white blouse, a navy blue blazer and pleated mini skirt.

Her daughters had attended the highly respected Park Acres North Shore Institute, and embroidered on the breast pocket of the blazer was the school's crest imprinted with the institute's initials — P.A.N.S.I. Of course, everyone in that area picked up on the initials, and any student from the school was automatically nicknamed "a pansy." The school was good natured about the nickname. If it had been an all-girls institution, it wouldn't have been so bad, but it was a coed school, and the boys who went there had to put up with being called 'pansies' just like the girls!

The schoolgirl uniform was a start, but John and Karen knew Sean had to have a complete new wardrobe, and Sunday, the day after the parent/teacher meeting was their only opportunity to go shopping, but as usual, John had to work.

After working until mid afternoon, John met Karen at the Easton Mall. They had only about an hour to shop before the stores closed. John knew it wasn't enough time, but at least it would be a start. He had thought about letting Karen buy everything that would be needed while he was at work, but he admitted to himself he was excited about petticoating Sean and looked forward to personally picking out lingerie and dresses for his son to wear.

Since the Monroe Street School was just two blocks away from the shopping center, some of the merchants had heard about the school's feminization program and had put pretty panties on sale. One store had a sign in their girls' lingerie department saying, "Sale: Girls' panties for boys," and another store had a display of girls' panties in the boys' underwear department.

During the short time they had, Karen and John were able to buy a pair of penny loafers, several pairs of white knee socks, some lace-trimmed ankle socks, a pink backpack to go with the uniform, two white half-slips, three satin training bras and a dozen pairs of the required frilly little panties all boys were expected to be wearing by the start of school the next day. They made plans to return the next evening to do more shopping.

Sean had never been a problem when Karen was around. He was shy around females, and Karen did



learn one thing about him rather quickly. She could almost hypnotize him with a little lingerie show. If just a bit of her lacy slip peeked out from beneath her skirts, it was enough to make him freeze in his tracks. He'd sit around on the floor and make a puzzle or draw pictures, and when he thought no one would notice, he'd try to peek up her dress. Karen quickly caught onto his game, but didn't tip her hand. She enjoyed his attention, and she often sat carelessly on purpose to excite the boy.

After the meeting, she told John about this innocent little lingerie-teasing game she played with Sean and told him that it indicated to her he already had a strong interest in lingerie so it probably wouldn't be too difficult to get him into girls' clothes. And when she offered to be the one to introduce Sean to his new girly clothes, John thought it was a great idea. That prompted Karen to flash a wry smile at him -- she had a peek into his motivation, and she got him to admit that feminizing Sean exciting him greatly, and he told her he wanted to watch.

On their way home from shopping, they picked up Sean at Mrs. Cole's house. She was a kindly, old retired school teacher who looked after the boy while his father was at work.

Once they returned home, they ate a light meal. Then, Sean was told to get ready for bed. A few minutes later, he reappeared in the oversized shirt he liked to wear instead of pajamas. Karen laughed to herself because the big shirt resembled a little mini dress. She couldn't wait to start feminizing him. After Sean said "good night," John winked to Karen. She got up from her chair, took the youth by his hand, offered to tuck him in for the night and read him a story like his mother used to do.



In the bedroom, he quickly crawled under the covers and Karen perched herself on the edge of the bed. It was no accident that her pretty lemon yellow slip peeked through the slit on the side of her skirt. Of course, Sean noticed it immediately, and his right hand was above the covers and within an inch or two of the lace trimmed nylon petticoat.

Karen began slowly. She opened a book and pretended to be reading from it, but she was actually putting in story form the changes that were going to take place at his school, but Sean was finding it difficult to pay attention. He kept stealing glances at her long nyloned legs and tantalizing lingerie with her bright yellow slip and split skirt open all the way up to the edge of her matching yellow lace panties.

In a bold move, she slid her hip right against his and 'accidentally' trapped his hand between them. She pretended

not to notice, but poor Sean was petrified because his hand was wedged between their bodies and against her soft silky slip.

She could feel little movements against her thigh. The boy was obviously sneaking little feels of the satin slip pressed against his hand. She also noticed the small bulge Sean's penis was making under the covers.

Karen stopped pressing her body against his, took hold of his hand and encouraged him to rub his fingertips over the lace and nylon of her slip as she said, "Sean, I've noticed how much you like to look at and touch my new satin slip."

He cringed and looked away because she had discovered his interest in her lingerie, but he didn't resist as she continued to stroke his hand over the sexy slip.

"It's okay if you like my slip. Why shouldn't you like it? I like it too. Besides, it's perfectly natural for a boy your age to be interested in women's lingerie. And, I know you've been peeking up my skirts for months. I just bought this slip and panties today, and I'll tell you a little secret. While I was buying them, I wondered how long it would be before you would be peeking at them! Go ahead. Stroke it some more. Isn't it so-o pret-ty? Ah-h-h, my sweet little Sean loves my silky, silky slip.

"Would you like to take a better look at my sexy slip?"

Sean didn't answer, just stared in awe, and then he had to look away from her because the things she were saying embarrassed him. When he felt the slip sliding out of his hand, he turned his head to see her getting up from the edge of his bed. She stood close to him as she reached down her back to undo her dress. He gawked in wonderment as her thin summer frock slid off her shoulders and floated down her beautiful body, revealing the fabulous yellow satin slip. It was a full slip with delicate yellow lace covering her breasts that matched the lacy hem he had just held in his hand. In the dim light, the exotic nylon fabric pulled and rippled in the most exciting way every time she made the slightest movement. This was better than Christmas and his birthday all rolled into one, but he didn't realize Karen had a lot more surprises for him.

"My sexy slip feels so good against my body, just like soft hands caressing me," she said as she rubbed her hands on his chest, stroked his nonexistent breasts and tweaked his nipples.

Karen shrugged her shoulders, causing the slip's shoulder straps to fall down. Sean stared in disbelief as she twisted her body a bit and tugged gently on the slip. It slid down to reveal her body in a matching yellow satin bra and panties. An embroidered flower design and lace inserts decorated the adorable satin panties. If he was dreaming, he never wanted to wake up! She took the smooth slip and rubbed it over his body.

Sean couldn't help it. He just kept staring and staring at Karen in her beautiful lace panties. A sight he had been wishing for so long. Until now, his only chances to see women's panties were in a department store, on a clothesline, or at the local tennis courts where the girls in short skirts



nonchalantly exposed their ruffled panties as they played. Lately, watching girls play tennis had become almost an obsession. He'd get Mrs. Cole, his babysitter, to take him to the local courts almost every day after school. It didn't take her long to figure out that Sean wasn't interested in tennis, but she pretended like she didn't notice. She told John about it, but he just laughed.

Of course, Sean had been occasionally treated to a quick flash of panties as a girl or a woman crossed her legs or fought to hold down her skirt on a windy day, but this was different! This gorgeous woman had stripped down to her bra and panties -- just for him! This wasn't just a teasing peek. It was the most erotic sight he had ever seen.

Karen really enjoyed giving Sean this little lingerie show. He didn't resist as she pulled down the blankets covering his body. Then she picked up her yellow satin slip and dropped it across his naked thighs. She sat down again on the edge of the bed and began rubbing her silky slip over his legs. She worked the satin fabric higher and higher until she was reaching under his shirt and rubbing the soft slip against his penis. He was a little frightened, but very excited.



He was on the verge of exploding, but she stopped touching him and reached for the paper bag she had brought into the bedroom when she came in.

She spilled the contents of the bag onto Sean's slip-draped body. He looked down and saw a dozen pairs of frilly, pastel-colored girl's panties. He noticed how small they were in size, as Karen told him that the story she had been reading to him was what was actually going to happen at his school. As she explained the school's new petticoat training program, he realized the panties spread across his lap were for him! Greatly saddened, he asked her if she was joking, but she assured him it was no joke. He was about ready to cry when she told him all the boys would be wearing panties starting the next day.

“Just a few moments ago, you couldn't get enough of touching and looking at my lingerie. Now, aren't these lovely panties? And, just look at this pair of fancy party panties?” she said as she held up pair after pair of panties for him to look at. “Now don't tell me you're not going to love wearing all these nice panties. They're made out of the same silky nylon as my slip, and they'll feel so wonderful on your body. You won't be able to keep your hands off of them! Oh! Aren't these lovely? Let's see how you look in them!”

Before the mesmerized boy had a chance to object, Karen had selected a pair of pink nylon panties with white lace and slipped them over his feet. With a few quick tugs, the slinky panties were pulled up his legs. Without thinking, he arched his back and raised his bottom off the bed as she fit them over his hips. She adjusted the waistband high around his waist, and then let it go with a snap.

The sting of the elastic drove home the full realization that he was wearing panties! Girls' panties! Frilly, silky girls' panties! He looked down to see the bright pink panties stretched over his body. They had fragile white chiffon lace and little pink bows running up and down each side. He became especially embarrassed when he noticed his rigid penis pushing out the front of the sissy panties.

He blushed when Karen said, "Now don't these sweet panties feel terrific on your dickie? And, all of these wonderful girly panties we bought just for you!"

Sean was so confused, yet so excited. He couldn't handle the situation. He protested wildly and tried to yank the icky feeling panties off of his body. Karen struggled with him until she was holding him firmly. He stopped fighting when she threatened to call his father in to give him a spanking.

His father! Sean had forgotten all about him. Just thinking about his father seeing him wearing girls' panties brought tears to his eyes. Karen talked to the boy until he settled down. Then she grabbed his hard penis and began rubbing it back and forth within the silky panties.

Sean shook with erotic delight as she pumped on his pantied dick with a maddening rhythm. His mind was filled with thoughts of Karen and lingerie, but he couldn't forget he was wearing girls' panties because the silky fabric tickled his ass and the fragile-looking but strong elastics kept pinching and scratching his waist and hips.

He couldn't fight the rasping strokes on his penis. He couldn't hold back. His dick exploded into his panties. His Panties!

"Oops!" Karen shrieked. "My little sissy boy just blew his boy cum into his pretty new panties. Naughty, naughty, naughty!" She laughed out loud, relishing her conquest of the dominated boy.

She peeled off his wet panties and used them to wipe up his sticky cum. After she selected another pair of his new panties, Karen made him stand up and step into them as she held open the elastic waistband. Sean really didn't want to put on the panties, but he didn't have the will power to resist her.

Hanging his head in defeat, he watched as she tugged his panties into place and fidgeted with the leg elastics until she was satisfied with how they fit. How embarrassing! To be dressed like a toy doll. And the panties. Shocking bright pink panties. These panties had a ruffle of white lace going around each leg opening. The lace was very wide and edged in pretty pink satin. He knew he wasn't dreaming. Only a few hours ago, he couldn't have dreamed anything so wild could have happened to him.

He heard a noise and turned to see his father coming into the bedroom. Sean jumped into bed and quickly covered himself. He couldn't bear having his father see him in girls' pink panties.



Now John sat down on the edge of the bed. Sean was curled into a ball, facing away from him. John put his hand under the blankets and slowly ran his hand down the boy's back. Sean flinched and made an effort to get away from the probing hand, but there was nowhere to go. When John felt the feminine panties, he gave the elastic a gentle snap and then began to slowly stroke his son's ass through the thin silken panties.



"It's okay, Sean. You don't have to hide from me. I know all about your pretty new panties. Karen and I went shopping together today, and I picked out all of these panties for you!"

Sean started to quietly sob, but he began crying out loud when he heard what his father said next.

"Besides, I saw everything that just happened between you and Karen. I was standing just outside your room and the door wasn't completely closed!"

When John told his son about the school's feminization program, Sean turned to look at his father through tear drenched eyes. The boy insisted it couldn't be true, but John assured him it was happening. "The parents and teachers from your school have enthusiastically approved this training program. Since you boys can't behave like good little boys, we're going to make you into little girls! Starting tomorrow, every boy in school must be wearing at least girls' panties. Additional items of clothing will be required in the near future. Everything the boys have to do or wear in school will be reinforced at home. So, you better start getting used to your nice new panties because you have to wear them twenty-four hours a day from now on -- just like all the other bratty little boys! For your own good, you better keep these panties on. Several times during the night I'll be in to make sure you don't take them off."

Sean pleaded with his father, but it was too late. The program had started, and John was going to make sure his son would become a model student.

John softened his tone, as he continued to talk. He realized his son was very confused and upset from this emasculating attack. John whispered into his son's ear that everything was going to be all right and that he would learn to like his new clothes. When his father started to toy with Sean's penis within his pink panties, the boy was horrified. John just smiled as he reassured him, "I want you to know I love you in your sissy silk panties. I want you to feel good in them. I want you to wear them always. Now, doesn't it feel wonderful when I rub your little hard penis in the soft panties?"

Sean was too tongue-tied to answer. Then Karen and John told him to go to sleep, but first they surprised him once again by kissing him good night with a unique three-way kiss. Their lips pressed his mouth open, and their tongues invaded it with wet sensuous tongues, as Sean felt two pairs of hands roaming all over his panties and teasing his nylon covered ass and penis.

Karen and John left the mentally and physically drained boy, after whispering another “good night” to him. Because of everything that had taken place, Sean found it difficult to fall asleep, but when he finally did, he dreamt about a group of lovely women wearing only their panties. They danced for him, and then started chasing him until they caught him, and forced him to wear panties too!

In the morning, John woke up Sean by massaging his stiff little penis through his fancy pink panties. Sean was too embarrassed to admit to himself how good it felt. He bit his lip as he felt the sexual buildup in his balls, and he blushed deeply when Karen walked into the room to watch his daddy whack him off in his silky panties. Sean felt so naked and vulnerable, lying on the bed in the bright morning sunlight. Karen joined in as she teasingly ran her fingers all over his fancy panties.



“Look at our little sissy boy. He's got a morning hard-on in his pretty panties. Oh! Sean you look so cute in your girly panties, and I know you love being a little sissy so you can cum into your swishy lace panties.” Karen kept talking like this to the sensitive boy.

Sean started to draw short, deep breaths. He was ready to erupt. With a quick motion, John reached through the leg opening of the panties and pulled out Sean's twitching dick. Then Karen bent over the boy and sucked the end of his penis into her mouth. John kept pulling up and down on his panties while Karen held his hard penis between her lips.

“Come on, you little panty wearing sissy fag boy; let your daddy jack you off into Karen's mouth!” John told him.

Sean's tension broke as he shot his hot cum into the sexy lady's waiting mouth.

“That's it pantywaist. Now keep it coming, pansy Nellie boy, and daddy will buy you even more silky panties. Oh, yeah. That's it, fag! Panties! Panties! Panties! Pretty pink panties! Yeah, my boy wears pretty pink panties -- and he loves them! My faggot son loves for his daddy to jack him off in his darling dinky panties.”

Karen dragged her lips off the boy's glowing dick without spilling a drop of his hot cum. Then she reached up and held his face between her hands and passionately kissed him. Sean started to struggle when she forced his lips open with hers and pushed his cum out of her own mouth and into his own.

The boy thought he was going to vomit. He realized what was happening, but he couldn't stop it. Karen and John held him down until he stopped fighting. Karen took her lips away from his after she was sure he had swallowed all of his own boy cum. Before John let Sean up, he tucked the

boy's spent prick back into his pink panties. Totally defeated, Sean put up no resistance as they dressed him in the PANSI schoolgirl uniform -- with a last minute addition. Karen made the boy put on a short yellow satin slip before putting him in the sailor-style schoolgirl uniform. He didn't have any girls' shoes yet, so they let him wear a plain pair of his old loafers with the new knee socks they had bought for him.

Sean caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror. He wanted to die. The schoolgirl uniform was so humiliating, but what was even worse, the yellow mini slip Karen had put on him stuck out several inches below the skirt's hem.

Before Sean could completely comprehend everything that had happened to him, he was being driven to school by his father. John wanted to make sure his son didn't take off his girly clothes or try to play hooky, so he drove Sean to school early on his way to work.

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Cynthia Ralston didn't have a brother to feminize, but she was very excited about the petticoat training program for the boys. She came to school over an hour early just so she could sit on the front steps and watch the boys as they arrived. Most of the boys had to be dragged in by a parent. As some of the other girl students arrived, they joined Cynthia to watch the ongoing parade.

Before Sean got there, all of the boys entering the school were dressed either in simple girls' slacks and blouses or in just their regular boys' clothes. Of course, the girls couldn't see whether or not the boys were wearing the required panties, but just seeing the boys' blushing with embarrassment convinced the girls the boys were properly attired.

John pulled up in front of the school, handed Sean the little purse that matched his schoolgirl uniform, and then tugged the reluctant boy out of the car. As they approached the school, the girls sitting on the steps became excited and started pointing and making comments. "Hey, sissy! Your slip's showing!" Another yelled out, "Well, I'm sure this Nellie boy is wearing the required panties." Only to be followed by, "Hey, faggot. What color are the panties you're wearing?" When Sean didn't answer, one of the girls shouted, "Hey, girls. I'll bet ya ten bucks he's wearing pink panties—and, with lots of lace and bows."

Sean pulled on his father's hand as he tried to hurry past the nasty girls, but his father stopped in front of them for a moment and said, "She's right. His panties are pink, and they're very frilly too!" Hearing that, the girls screamed with laughter as John escorted his sweetly dressed son through the school's main entrance. Sean knew this was going to be the worst day of his life.



The girls were having a great time as they watched the boys being paraded into the school in all kinds of sissy outfits from Little Lord Fauntleroy suits and kilts to mini skirts and party dresses. Some, who were wearing their regular little boy clothes, had been forced to let their

brightly colored panty waistband peek out above their trouser tops. As soon as the bell rang, signaling the start of school, Lillian Poston called her seventh grade students to attention. The old-fashioned, middle-aged matron tried to quiet down the girls because they couldn't stop giggling at the nervous pantied boys.

Ms. Poston introduced three visiting mothers. They would be on hand to handle any of the boys who refused to cooperate. As the teacher continued, she assured the boys the petticoat training would be intensive and complete. She outlined changes that were being implemented.

For example, there would no longer be separate gym classes for the boys and girls, and the woodworking class, auto and machine shop classes had been replaced with cooking, sewing and modeling classes.

Then the teacher announced there would be a “panty inspection,” explaining that every boy had to be checked to make sure he was wearing the required feminine panties. She said panty inspections would be conducted everyday right after roll call.

One by one the boys had to come to the front of the room, drop their pants or lift their skirts and show everyone their girly panties. The mothers assisted any boy who was too embarrassed or refused. Several of the boys had to be dragged from their seats crying. The girls roared with laughter and made humiliating comments as each boy exposed his shameful panties.

Eddie Cooper had long blonde hair that was always rather femininely styled because his mother was a beautician, and she loved to experiment with new styles on his long hair. All of this motherly attention made Eddie rather effeminate, but he didn't mind being a sissy. In addition, he had turned into a prankster. He loved it when people couldn't figure out if he was a boy or a girl. Whenever his hair was in an especially girlish style, he'd love to do very boyish things like starting fist fights or trying to kiss girls.

When it was Eddie's turn for panty inspection, he waltzed to the front of the classroom swinging his hips and limply holding his wrists. Ms. Poston glared at him, took a firm hold on his arm, and told him to pull up his skirt. Eddie did and showed off a pretty pair of silky pink panties with white lace around each leg openings. He had an erection in his panties, and then, to everyone's shock and surprise, Eddie yanked down his panties and exposed his stiff little penis.

The girls laughed wildly, but Ms. Poston didn't think it was funny.

The staunch old biddy admonished him and told him he had an attitude problem. She directed one of the mothers to take him to the principal's office for discipline. The woman grabbed his long hair and used it as a leash to escort him out of the room.



Johnny Melton had been on vacation with his family. They arrived back in town so late the night before that none of the volunteers had an opportunity to tell them about the petticoat training program. The teacher knew about this situation, so when it was Johnny's turn she asked him if he was wearing girl's panties. Of course, he wasn't.

He was horrified and confused about this “panty” thing. She directed one of the women to take him to the principal's office. There, she explained, his parents would be contacted and, with their approval, he would be initiated into panty and petticoat training.

When it was Davy Lester's turn for panty inspection, he tried to bolt from the room, but the volunteer women grabbed him and pulled down his pants. He wasn't wearing anything under his trousers.

After refusing to answer why he wasn't wearing his panties, Jill Berger stood up. She explained that Davy's sister Tina was her best friend, and the day before, while they were playing at Tina's house, she saw Davy undergoing his first day in girls' clothes. Jill said she knew he was supposed to be wearing panties because when she saw him the day before, he had to wear not only panties but also a halter and a pair of pull-on shorts belonging to his sister. The panties he had been wearing were made of bright blue satin, and she could see them because he had to keep them peeking out above the top of his girlie shorts.

Davy began to cry. He said he didn't want to be a sissy, so before class, he had taken off the panties he was wearing and flushed them down the toilet. Ms. Poston told him he had to be punished. Two of the women almost had to carry the struggling boy out of the room and down to the principal's office.

After the panty inspection, the class went to the school auditorium for a special assembly. The Principal, Mrs. Paula Kramer, addressed the students. She told the boys that disobedience, vandalism and uncooperativeness would not be tolerated, but if they behaved, they had nothing to fear. Eventually, every boy in school would be completely feminized, and the frilly panties they were now required to wear were the first step towards that goal. “Panty checks” would be carried on constantly, and any boy found not wearing panties would be in for severe punishment. Other items of feminine clothing would be required as time went on. The boys who were already completely dressed in girls' or sissy clothing would be rewarded with preferential treatment. Every boy had to obey the teachers, visiting parents and even the girl students—at all times. It was going to be amusing to see the older boys being bossed around by even the littlest girls. Mrs. Kramer cautioned the girls to use their newfound power wisely; the boys' feminization was not just some sort of joke.

In the days to come, the boys would be expected to have British-styled gymslips for doing exercises in gym classes with the girls, but for the time being they were allowed to take part in the gym classes wearing whatever they had on, and it was fun to see the boys who were already in skirts, dresses and schoolgirl uniforms taking part in exercises, especially when they had to do somersaults or run and play games that made their skirts fly up and expose their panties. It was especially funny to watch their little jewels bob around within their silky panties as they were made to practice cheerleading. And girlish exercises included (breast developing) shoulder rolls.

Mrs. Kramer outlined other changes including the closing of all the boys' restrooms. The boy students would have to use the girls' restrooms from that point onward, eliminating the boys from having any kind of a masculine refuge. Spanking and a wide range of other punishments were being implemented to keep the boys in line, including forced masturbation of the boys in their panties. And the boys would have to reach into their panties and catch their jizz in their hand so they wouldn't mess up their panties, and then hold their hand up to show everyone their palm coated with their ejaculate. Then the boy would have to lick up his cum and swallow it!

Especially difficult boys would be reformed in one of four hastily and uniquely remodeled rooms in the new wing. There was "The Pink Room," "The AD (audiovisual) Room," "The Night Club," and "The Therapy Room." Mrs. Kramer didn't explain what would take place in those rooms, but she assured the boys they didn't want to find out.

She concluded the assembly by encouraging the boys to cooperate and excel in their schoolwork. The training program was designed to make them submissive, respectful and receptive to learning. She was confident most of the boys would become "A" students. As a parting note, she announced the fashion show, featuring girls' clothes for boys with boy models, to be held at Randall's Department Store on the coming Wednesday evening. On their way out of the auditorium, the boys were given appointments with the school nurse to begin a series of daily "vitamin" shots -- in reality, these were actually female hormone shots which would help to quell their masculine tendencies, soften their minds and bodies, and even develop their breasts!



Most of the boys were walking around in a daze. They avoided everyone and tried not to attract attention to themselves. Their only comfort came from the fact that all of the other boys were going through the same treatment.

Whenever any of the boys got into trouble, they were immediately taken to the principal's office. She reviewed their offenses and selected their punishment. When Eddie Cooper was brought in for exposing his penis to the class during panty inspection, Mrs. Kramer punished him by making him stand all during lunch hour in a corner of the cafeteria with a pink ribbon tied around his dick, his lacy pink panties at half mast around his thighs and a tampon rammed up his ass. A pretty pink bow was also tied to the end of the tampon string to bring attention to his humiliation. All the girls and even some of the boys teased him especially

upon discovery the shameful tampon.

Johnny Melton stayed in Mrs. Kramer's outer office while his mother was being contacted and asked to come to the school. The office featured a wide window overlooking the preschool room, and while he waited for his mom to arrive, he saw little boys dressed like girls playing with each other.

When she arrived, several of the volunteer women took her aside and explained the feminization program because their family had been on vacation and didn't know about the changes that had been approved. By now, the volunteer women had become experts in presenting the program to new parents. Mrs. Melton needed little convincing before she gave the okay to feminize her hyperactive son. In order to bring Johnny into line quickly, it was suggested she personally participate in his initiation in "The Pink Room." A room specially designed to shock boys into wearing panties. After a few minutes of instruction, Mrs. Melton was ready to change her son forever.

Johnny was glad to see his mother. He hoped she would explain what was going on. A few tears came to his eyes as he hugged her and mumbled incoherently about watching little sissy boys playing like girls, fancy girl's panties and other such things. She simply told him to calm down and watch.

The women had prepared her with an exciting change of lingerie, and then, to Johnny's amazement, his mother slowly pulled up the skirt of her thin cotton dress. Underneath was a lovely ruffled pink nylon half slip which she also pulled up to her waist, revealing an adorable pair of pink nylon panties that matched the slip with a delicate ruffle around the leg openings and little pastel colored flowers decorating each hip. As Johnny stood in front of her, she let him stare at her panties for a few moments. They were only inches from his face. He became red with embarrassment as he remembered that they were standing right in the middle of the principal's outer office and anyone could walk in! He tried to turn his head away, but his eyes returned to look and look and look. Then, with a slow, sexy motion, Mrs. Melton stripped the silky panties off, handed them to her son and told him that he would need them soon! He reached for the panties, but the shock of touching them awoke him from his dreamlike state. He dropped the panties like they were on fire. He was confused -- he wondered what all this meant. He started to look around as he was getting ready to run out of there. He made a dash for the door but ran right into the two female guards who were there to prevent his escape. They picked him up and dragged him off to "The Pink Room." His mother picked up her panties and followed them.

The struggling boy was stripped of his clothes and thrown into a darkened room. His mother threw in her panties after him, and the door was bolted shut from the outside. For a moment, Johnny rolled around and cried and screamed. He slowed down to a whimper as he noticed the floor was covered with something very silky, yet bumpy and scratchy. And, there was a very strange, pungent aroma that filled the room. He felt around in the dark, but he had no idea what he was feeling. Very gradually a number of small lights in the ceiling were turned on. They got brighter and brighter until the whole room glowed from the little pink lights. Only then could he see around the small room. There were panties and more panties and more panties -- women's panties -- girls' panties -- hundreds of panties, maybe even thousands of pairs of panties. Every inch of the walls and ceiling were covered in delicate panties -- they were pinned up everywhere -- and, all over the floor! The floor was almost knee-deep in silky, lacy, frilly panties! He jumped and struggled to get away from all those icky panties, but he just kept falling into the soft pile of silk and lace. He looked for a way out, but there was none. When he finally curled into a ball and started to cry, a woman's voice came over a loudspeaker and flooded the tiny room. He held back his tears as he listened. She explained that he would be released only after he had found his mother's panties, put them on, and jacked off in them! Johnny couldn't believe what he was

hearing. Jack off in his mother's panties! He thought it would be impossible to even find them among the thousands of pairs of panties in the room.

Convinced he would never get out of there unless he did what the voice commanded, he began looking for his mother's panties. As he dug through the hundreds of panties, he realized they were all dirty, used panties. He was repulsed when he realized the heavy, pungent aroma filling the room was coming from the disgusting, filthy, dirty panties. Freaking-out, he began throwing panties all around. Then, he started ripping up pair after pair. He finally exhausted himself and fell to the panty-covered floor, crying and talking to himself. The voice came over the speaker again. She admonished him for being so destructive and reminded him of what he had to do to get out of the room.



Defeated and feeling utterly foolish, he started searching for his mother's panties again. He tried to remember what they looked like. He was so afraid he wouldn't recognize them even if he did find them.

The originators of “The Pink Room” knew that a boy would never forget the first pair of panties he saw his mother wearing. And just when he was ready to quit and go into another fit of crying, he found them. They were so pretty, so pink. They were unmistakably his mother's panties. With half-dried tears clinging to his cheeks, he became overwhelmed with joy and announced to the mysterious voice from the loudspeaker that he had found them.

The sweet sexy voice congratulated Johnny for finding the panties but reminded him that he had to put them on and play with himself through the nylon until he came. Only then would he be released. He really wanted to die. He threw the panties across the room in anger. A half second later, he dove onto the panty covered floor to retrieve his mother's panties. How could he have taken such a chance on losing them, after it had taken him so long to find them?

He knew what he had to do. In a trancelike state, he gingerly stepped into the chilling nylon panties. They tickled his flesh as he dragged them up his legs and over his body. He closed his eyes and rubbed his hands over the sleek fabric, the soft pink ruffles and the little flowers decorating the panties. He was amazed at how soft and beautiful the panties felt. He became lost in his mysterious pink world, and before he realized it, he was yanking on his dick at a fever pitch. Seconds later his body jerked with a sexual spasm.

Just as he began to explode within the nylon panties, his mother's voice began to cheer over the loudspeaker! She congratulated him for following instructions and added, “Johnny dear. You look so nice in my pretty panties. If you promise me you'll always wear girl's silky panties, I'll let you out.”

The drained and broken youth collapsed in a heap. His mother must have been watching. He was crushed to think she had seen him jack off in her panties while he was wearing them. Shocked and shattered, he moaned, "Yes. Yes! YES!!" to his mother's request.

Moments later the hidden door to the room was opened and Mrs. Melton entered. She led him out of the room to get dressed and go home. Johnny was well on his way to becoming brainwashed and feminized.

Over the next few days, various boys had committed offenses that got them sent to each of the increasingly horrifying punishment rooms. For taking off his panties and flushing them down the toilet, Davy Lester was sent to "The A/D Room." It took four of the volunteer mothers to subdue the wild little boy and prepare him for punishment. Davy was stripped, and dressed in a pair of frilly pink panties. A blonde wig with pigtails was bobby pinned to his head. In addition He was forced to wear a garter belt with nylon stockings and a snug little pink bra. Then he was tied to a pole and repeatedly forcibly masturbated into his panties until he pleaded for them to stop because his battered penis was in so much pain. They finally stopped and retied his hands so they were at his sides but still limiting their movement. Then the lights were turned out and he was left alone in the room to think about his plight with his girlie panties dripping wet with his smelly jism.

Then, after thirty minutes, the darkness vanished as a multitude of projectors lighted the room with films of sexy women lifting their skirts and peeling off their clothes. The sensual scenes were projected on all four walls, the ceiling, and even the floor. Everywhere he looked all he could see were beautiful women teasing him with their panties. A warm sexy female voice came over the intercom, talking on and on about panties, panties, lovely panties. Davy had hardly ever seen a pair of panties much less stare at a host of women dancing around in just their panties. Only seconds after the show began, his penis became very hard. He had to touch himself to relieve the tension, but his arms were strapped down in such a way that if he strained them to the limit, his fingertips could just graze the head of his dick. He couldn't get a hold of his penis. He could only get within inches of being able to jack off. Uninhibited from total sexual frustration, he cried out to be released so he could jerk off in his panties. The sweet woman on the loudspeaker didn't pay any attention to him. She just talked about how great panties were and how great they were to wear. After more than an hour of this torment, a woman entered the room. She told him that if he promised to wear his panties everyday, she would release him. Without hesitation he agreed. As soon as his hands were freed, he attacked his penis stuck to the

inside of his cum-filled panties that had by now dried into a sticky mess. The woman stooped down to get a close-up view of him wildly tugging on his cock. When he shot his cum into the panties, she laughed at him and called him a sissy. After he promised to wear panties all the time, she cleaned him up, dressed him in a fresh pair of panties and sent him home.



For making fun of girls and the boys who were wearing dresses, Carl Lolande was taken to "The Night Club" room. He was given a sedative, and while he was asleep his breasts

were injected with a saline solution that temporarily made his tits swell, then he was dressed in a fancy pink bra and panties and his boys' clothes put back on him.

They woke him up and shined a bright light on him. Unknown to him, he was on a stage and what he thought was a large mirror was a two-way mirror and on the other side was the entire fourth grade class of girls who were being given a lesson in feminizing boys, and Carl was the unwitting subject.

He woke up quickly once he looked down and discovered he had breasts. He tentatively touched them and then rubbed them with abandon. He went to the mirror, ripped open his shirt and was started to see he was wearing the lacy pink bra. He struggled to take it off, but finally had to just lower the straps and slide it down, and that's when much to his horror he saw he had been given a big set of tits! It was too much for the boy and he started to scream and go crazy, two female guards had to come in and hold him down, and he didn't stop fighting until they convinced him that his tits were just temporary and would gradually go away over the next day or two, but they did warn him that if he didn't cooperate with the new feminization program, they would give him injections that would permanently give him a gigantic set of boobs!

Then Tom Balduff got sent to "The Therapy Office" -- the ultimate punishment room because he had hit a teacher and two sissy boys who were trying to hold him down and put panties on him because he had arrived at school without wearing panties and refused to put on a pair they offered him.

In the Therapy Room, Tom was given a hallucinogenic drug that made him quite passive, and after he was dressed in an adorable pair of pale yellow lace panties, a young girl came in wearing just pink panties. He was mesmerized by her naked young breasts, but then he stared in horror as he noticed she had a big naked cock sticking out of the front of her panties. She had put on a huge strap-on dildo that looked like a real man's cock and it stood stiffly out in front of her body. Tom was held down and forcibly butt fucked with that dildo dick until he agreed to go along with the program, and just to keep him in line, he had to go to the school nurse each day and get a shot of female hormones as well as another shot of the special drug to keep him calm and cooperative until he was fully feminized.

The End of Part 5

To be continued in Part 6 of "Shameless Mothers."

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