

SHAMELESS MOTHERS

No. 6

Classic Reprint



Adults Only

For sissies who dream about being naughty little boys forced to wear panties and other girls' clothes to cure them of their nasty ways, this is the story about the boys of a small rural school who had organized into gangs, terrorized the teachers and abused the girls, and how their parents brought them under control with panty training and feminization until they adored all females and everything feminine.

A P R I N C E S S P R O D U C T I O N S P U B L I C A T I O N

SHAMELESS MOTHERS

No. 6

Classic Reprint

Brian Swain's three aunts are ardent feminists, and for years they have been pushing Julia, Brian's mother, to aggressively take charge of her two sons. They are winning her over, but she has been slow to adopt some of their ideas because, as a single mother, she spends most of her time either working as a waitress at her brother-in-law's restaurant, Alex's Deli, or caring for Angel, her youngest son. The three women have been advising her on how to raise Angel to prevent him from turning into a problem boy like his twelve-year-old brother. Along with Mary Lee, his babysitter, Julia was panty training Angel. Self-centered Brian is too busy causing trouble as the local bully to care about or even notice they are making a sissy of his six-year-old kid brother. Julia hadn't given up on Brian. Sure, she would love to turn him into a sweet and gentle boy, but he is deathly fearful of anything feminine — with some justification based on a couple of incidents during his childhood, especially from one time when he was abused by his Aunt Polly. Julia had felt sorry for him at the time and up until now she did not want to pressure him in any way, and the result is that he is now out of control.

Brian's mother realized she needed outside help to tame him but didn't know where to start until she was informed that the Monroe Street School, the school Brian attends, was taking the drastic step of instituting a petticoat punishment program because the boys were forming gangs, becoming increasingly destructive and now bordering on the criminal. Julia's three sisters, Brian's aunts — Polly, Ethel and Maxine — were excited when they learned of the proposed school program. The sisters told Julia this was her chance and encouraged her to become involved. But, as usual, she said she was too busy to attend the initial meetings and would have little time to

keep Brian in line when he wasn't in school, and that was providing he could be forced to go along with the program at all. She feared her son's reaction and thought he might even run away rather than do anything he viewed as sissy. In the past, he had often run off for the day anytime she wanted him to go with her to visit his boy-hating aunts. Of his three aunts, only his Aunt Maxine had a child at Brian's school, and that kid was Graham, a hopelessly dumb little sissy! But upon hearing about the program, Brian's three aunts went to the school seminar in their sister's place and convinced Julia now was the time to finally change her monster son into an obedient little boy — and they would help.

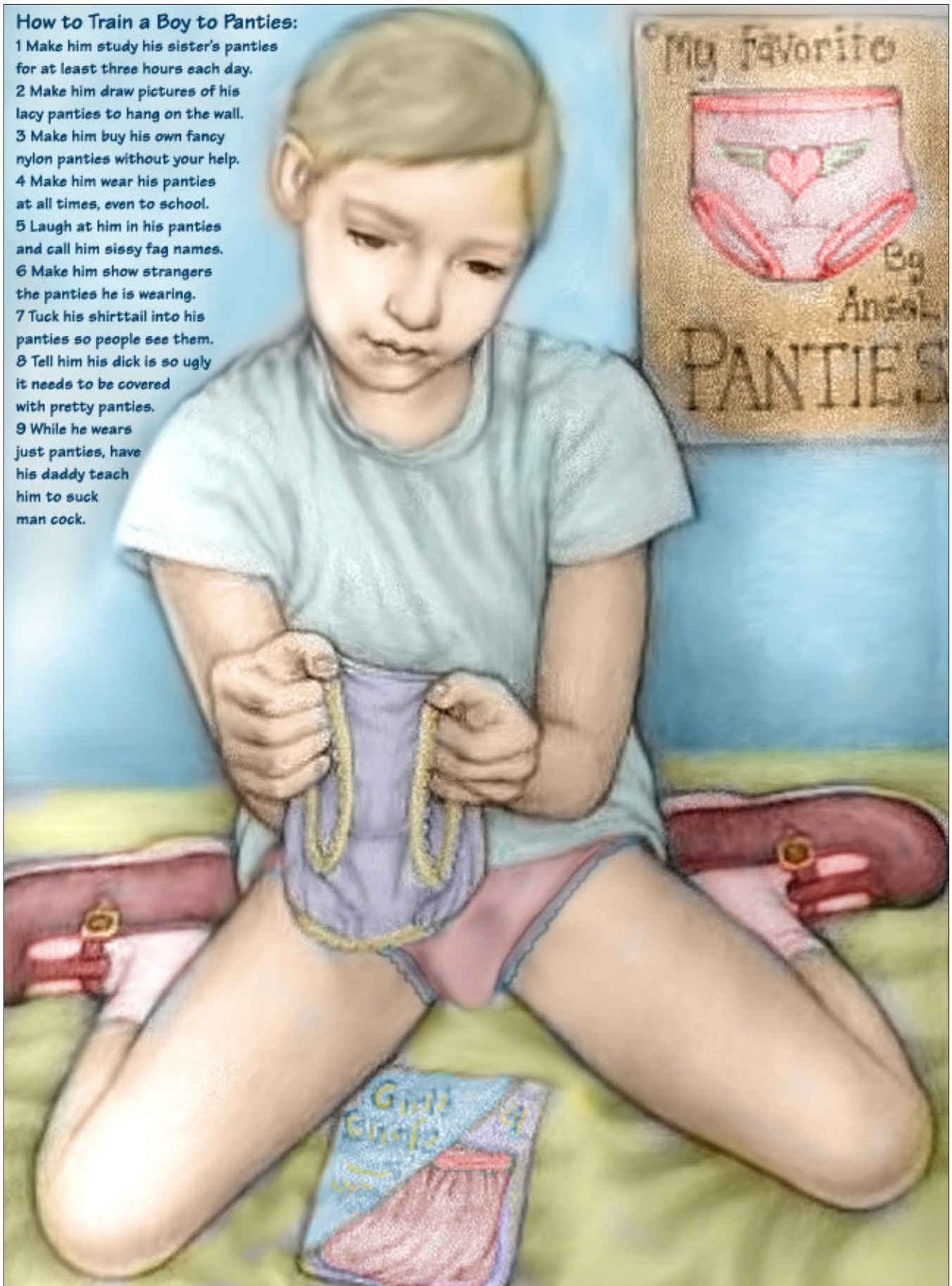
Mrs. McMasters, the president of the PTA, emceed the seminar, and the three aunts were not surprised to hear that Brian was one of the bullies most talked about as a prime example of the problem boys in their school. Upon hearing that, Brian's mother realized just how bad things had gotten and begged her sisters to help her do something to change Brian and to force him to go along with the new program.

Brian had heard rumors about the parents and teachers conspiring to somehow sissify the boys to prevent them from getting into trouble and make them apply themselves at school or face extreme consequences, but he thought it was all bullshit to scare the boys into behaving and he wasn't buying it; besides, no one could ever do anything like that to him. By coincidence, his Aunt Maxine's daughter, Ann, was having her twelfth birthday party. Brian was invited, and the three aunts, with his mother's blessing, were going to use the occasion to reform their nasty little nephew. In the following, Brian describes what happened.

Shameless Mothers #6 is published by Princess Productions, PO Box 1184, Des Plaines, Illinois 60017-1184. All rights reserved. Copyright © 2009 by Princess Productions, Chicago. Contributions are welcome, but the publisher does not assume responsibility for the loss of any such materials and does not guarantee the return of any such materials. Any letters, stories or other materials sent to Princess Productions are considered intended for publication. If any of these materials are published (with the exception of factual stories about famous personalities), real names and identities will be kept confidential. While story lines may suggest violent or abusive behavior, these are just fantasy situations meant to enlighten and entertain adult individuals who would never wish those fantasies to become reality. Neither Princess Productions nor anyone connected with Princess Productions advocates violent or abusive behavior of any kind. This publication is a fantasy journal meant to comfort an oppressed minority of individuals who have been created by society, and then, rejected by that same society. Transvestites, panty fetishists and submissive males are not welcome in most families or cultures. Princess Productions publications are designed to soothe the souls of these often frustrated and lonely individuals by a) exploring situations similar to their own individual upbringing, personal experiences and fantasies; b) providing a pressure-relieving masturbation aid (a safe sex alternative); and c) making them feel that they are not alone and that their fantasies are just as legitimate as anyone else's. Printed in the U.S.A.

How to Train a Boy to Panties:

- 1 Make him study his sister's panties for at least three hours each day.
- 2 Make him draw pictures of his lacy panties to hang on the wall.
- 3 Make him buy his own fancy nylon panties without your help.
- 4 Make him wear his panties at all times, even to school.
- 5 Laugh at him in his panties and call him sissy fag names.
- 6 Make him show strangers the panties he is wearing.
- 7 Tuck his shirttail into his panties so people see them.
- 8 Tell him his dick is so ugly it needs to be covered with pretty panties.
- 9 While he wears just panties, have his daddy teach him to suck man cock.



Brian's Surprise at the Birthday Party

Cousin Ann's birthday party I'll never forget. I was invited, but I didn't want to go because I knew the place would be filled with gushy, icky girls. Besides, it was on a school day, and she lived over two miles away. On that day, my mother was going to be working late, so she strongly suggested I attend and go there directly after school. I didn't want to go, but mother said there would be a lot of sweets, cake and ice cream there, so I then agreed to go.

I assumed I had been invited to Ann's twelfth birthday party to return the favor of having her to my twelfth birthday party two months earlier, which turned out to be a wild, loud and mostly all-boys' party that left destruction at every turn and made my mother declare I would never be allowed to have a party at our house again. At my party, Ann arrived and walked into our rec room wearing a pale blue satin party dress. I was on the floor wrestling with one of my friends as Ann came up to me and asked, "Brian, do you like my pretty new dress?" From my vantage point as I lay face up on the floor I had a clear view up between her slightly parted legs, past her puffy petticoats and all the way up to her pink satin panties that I found a delightful sight. With the way I was grinning and stretching my neck upward to stare, she realized I was looking up her dress and quickly pushed her big skirt and petticoats down to cut off my view before running out of the room pouting. I laughed, but I had enjoyed the view and thought about it frequently after that, especially at night as I lay in bed and fingered my penis that currently was getting unbearably hard quite often. Until recently, I always thought girls were worse than cancer. I wanted nothing to do with them, but I was now looking at girls in a different way — I didn't want to play with them, but I did like looking at them, studying them and looking up their dresses at their funny frilly underwear every chance I got.

The fateful party day arrived and I went to my cousin's house after school. My Aunt Ethel answered the door. "Oh, hi, Brian, so you decided to come after all. You're the first to arrive. Come on in." She eyed me wearily. I was wearing old clothes and my messy longish hair was shoved haphazardly under my baseball cap — I was hardly dressed for a fancy birthday party, especially compared to my Aunt turned out in a red jacket and pencil skirt combination with a sheer white blouse — and underneath I could plainly see her black underwear, a bra and slip. (Don't women know we can see their underwear when they wear sheer blouses?) She continued, babbling along, "Fortunately for you, your Uncle Alex is working late at the Deli. He has a bone to pick with you about the mirror you broke the last time you were here. You're reckless and a bully. The disrespect you have for everyone and everything is appalling. You need to be more careful, especially with other people's property. And you usually act like a spoiled little brat; well, today, you will be

the only boy here at the party, so please be decent around Ann's friends or your uncle will hear about that too. So come in, wipe your filthy shoes on the mat and sit down in the lounge while I help your cousin finish dressing."

As I followed my aunt into the house, I got a god whiff of her strong smoky-flowery perfume and noticed the sound of her nylon stockings rubbing against each other as she walked. She led me to the lounge where I flopped down in an armchair by the fireplace as she trotted off to Ann's bedroom. I reflected that my Aunt Ethel, like my other two aunts, had never been very keen on boys. In fact she often asked her daughter in my presence to recite the old "What little girls and little boys are made of" poem. To me, Ann was never the 'sugar and spice' type and this exercise seemed to be her mother's little brainwashing ritual to remind her daughter to always be feminine and to put me down as something less than girls. As I sat there, I laughed inwardly, trying to dream up tricks I might be able to pull with these girls, especially with my Uncle Alex not there to keep me in check. Yuk! He was a wimp because whenever I was there he was usually wearing a ladies' apron around the house doing the cooking and household chores — what a dork! Aunt Ethel was obviously in control in their house. She was a behavioral therapist and held in awe by most everyone she encountered, all except me, of course. Ha! Ha! With their two-income family, they were able to enjoy a lifestyle far beyond my mother's means.

My cousin Ann was spoiled rotten but also quite athletic, an outstanding swimmer with a highly competitive spirit. She is two months younger than I am but two inches taller, which I resented. I'm sure Auntie dressed her little darling in dainty silk and nylon clothes to try to curb her athleticism and keep her from turning into a tomboy. Ann came clip-clopping in on medium high heels closely followed by her mother. My cousin was wearing a yellow satin dress — different than the pale blue dress she had worn to my party — with a lacy collar, short puffy sleeves, and a satin sash about her waist tied into a big bow in back. On her feet she wore lace-edged white ankle socks and yellow satin heels decorated with satin bows. She took the hem of her dress in her fingers and did a little twirl as she asked me, "How do I look in my new dress, Brian?" They both scowled when I stuck my nose in the air and replied, "You look stupid in that sissy dress."

Just then the doorbell rang. Cousin Ann scowled, turned her back to me and ran to answer it while my aunt gave me a mean look and spat out, "You're just jealous because you can't wear such pretty things. Look at yourself; you're a filthy little guttersnipe who needs to be taught a lesson about how to behave. Perhaps 'The Sisterhood' will give you some lessons sooner than you think!" Mention of 'The "Sisterhood" went over my head because I assumed it had nothing to do with me. I had heard the term before and guessed it meant my mother and her three sisters because I had always heard mention of it while talking about them. I ignored my aunt's

disgust with me. I did think of my cousin Graham, my Aunt Maxine's son, who is a year and a half younger than I am. I hadn't seen him in some time. I always considered him a weakling and not much of a boy, especially after he told me how he often played dress-up games with Ann since each of them was an only child and they didn't have any neighbor children to play with, unlike me, as I lived near many other kids. Cousin Graham admitted that in those dress-up games, Ann would make him pretend to be her little sister and make wear her fancy girls' clothes. He said he had to dress up as a girl almost every time he visited. One time when mother and I were visiting, my Aunt Ethel, Ann and my mother tried to force me to dress up like a sissy girl, but I refused and ran out of the house with my mother chasing me. I wasn't going to become a sissy. Mother saw how scared I was and apologized and said she wouldn't make me do it.

I admit I was always getting into trouble. My mother tried to get me to change my ways, but she wasn't having any luck. It distressed her that I was the neighborhood bully; everyone for blocks around feared me. Thankfully, my days having anything to do with girls were few, and the worst was at the hands of my maiden Aunt Polly, a sissifying experience I still struggle to forget about!

Moodily, I remained screwed to my chair in the lounge as Ann's friends arrived in their party dresses, all in lace, chiffon, silks and satins in a variety of pastel colors, each puffed out with a bountiful display of cancan petticoats. Most of the girls had their hair long, but several had short-cropped hair since a bout of head lice had been going around at Ann's school, so I thought it funny that those shorthaired girls looked like boys in fancy dresses. In fact, compared to half the girls there, I had longer hair than they did!

I was able to sit quietly enjoying the occasional glimpse of lace and frills underneath the hems of their skirts. Most of the stupid girls had lapses of restraint, especially when they giggled uncontrollably, and their legs would part and their puffy slips would bob up and I'd get the most delicious look up their skirts. Many of the girls brought along their favorite doll. Most of these girls most of them near my age, and they were still plying with dolls and having tea parties! Much to Ann's disappointment, two of her friends hadn't arrived, but eventually there were twenty squealing girls squeezed into the lounge giggling and chattering as they welcomed each other. They generally ignored me as Ann opened her presents to the squeals of delight from her friends.

"I'm not a sissy and I don't play sissy games!" was my response when Ann suggested a game of Post Office before we would go in for tea and a snack. I didn't know what the game of Post Office was, but I soon discovered as they ignored me while the girls took turns going in pairs into the big walkin closet off the lounge. From their comments, I realized they were going into the closet for a little mutual kissing and petting – like older girls and boys do together! —

before returning to the group for another round. I then realized I would enjoy the opportunity to get my hands under those girls' skirts to finger their panties and maybe get a feel of the little mounds on their chests, so I caved in and joined their game.

Most of the girls there, along with my cousin Ann, went to the all-girls school Park Acres North Shore Institute (I love the P.A.N.S.I. nickname!). One of those girls, Pauline, approached me when my number came up. I feigned surprise and protested, but she led me into the closet for some private mischief. She was strikingly good looking. Once the door was closed, I stood shyly in front of her as she took my hands and put them on each side of her waist. I stared at the ground shuffling uneasily. She asked if I thought she was pretty, and I blushed and nodded vigorously. She said I was supposed to kiss her, but I stammered, "Um, it's yucky for a boy to kiss girls." She laughed and said I had it all wrong and older boys find kissing girls a lot of fun. She said I could put my hands on her chest. I hesitated, so she took my hands and put them on her titties and encouraged me to massage them. They were like soft little pillows and right in the center of each titty, I could feel her nipples through her thin training bra, and they were hard. I was so embarrassed. I kept my head down, but then she leaned toward me and kissed me on the lips! By then she was pressing up against me. I had a hard on, and I didn't realize that she could probably feel it pressing against her, even through her big petticoated skirt. I jumped when she brushed her hand against the front of my trousers. She laughed and then led me out of the closet to rejoin the others. In the bright light of the living room, I'm sure my erection was obvious. Many of the girls were pointing at me and laughing. When I returned to where I had been sitting, I found my chair was now occupied as there weren't enough chairs in the room and one of the girls who had been sitting on the floor had taken my chair. I tried to squeeze into the chair with her and gave her a big shove. I almost knocked her off the chair, but then she got up and let me have it; a glance at the expression on my Aunt's face made me realize it wasn't a wise thing to do. Auntie then announced it was time for tea and sandwiches, and on the way to the dining room, Auntie pulled me aside and said, "You better be nice. The Sisterhood will take your behavior into consideration. Be nice and maybe then they won't be so hard on you." I had no idea what she was talking about so I just shrugged it off. But there was that term again — "The Sisterhood" like it meant something important.

As we sat down for tea and sandwiches, I ignored the noisy chatter going on around me and stuffed myself. Then I accidentally kicked one of the girls under the table. The girl shouted, "You stupid boy, can't you be more careful!" Others then joined in. "Clumsy boy! Be careful around us girls. Stop acting like the bully we all know you are." Then my Aunt angrily said, "You know, girls, Brian wasn't always a repulsive little roughneck. I remember what a lovely pageboy he made at a wedding when he was five." That brought out

“Oos” and “Aahs” from the girls. “Oh, yes! I have a photograph, girls. Would you like to see it?” She immediately went over to the bureau, brought out a picture from that wedding and passed it around. There I was — a sissified little boy with the wedding party. My aunt was getting even with me! “Ah, he’s wearing a plaid kilt and a ruffled blouse with little white ankle socks! I can’t quite see, but I think he has lace around the tops of his ankle socks. I wonder if he had lace on his panties that day too,” said one of the girls with a hearty giggle. “Doesn’t he look cute with his hair curled? He looks just like a girl,” continued another. Auntie then said, “Yes, if he had been born a girl, his mother told me she would have named him Sylvia. She says it’s a pity he didn’t turn out more like a girl because as a boy he’s worse than the devil. She doesn’t know what to do with him. But we’ll soon have our way with him, and The Sisterhood will soon sort him out!” scowled Auntie as several of the girls chorused their approval. — There was that reference to “The Sisterhood” again.

“But, Mommy, perhaps if he were sweetly dressed up he would be different, be nicer,” said Ann. “After all, he could put on the kilt you bought me last week.” Auntie smiled and responded, “What a great idea. Oh what fun! Let’s play a dress-up game.” A small girl squealed with delight and the others screeched and giggled like only little girls can. “I’m not a sissy!” I shouted. “I won’t put on any stupid kilt or any kind of sissy clothes.” My Aunt’s glare from across the table made me cringe. “Oh, dear, such a disappointment,” sighed Ann. “After all, all Scots wear kilts — boys as well as girls.”

“But I’m not Scottish, and besides, even I know Scottish boys wear boys’ kilts, not girls’ kilts. I won’t wear a girls’ kilt,” I replied angrily. Ann said, “Spoilsport! You did when you were little at that wedding.” I returned to my chair, my arms crossed defiantly. Aunt Ethel then suggested, “Come on girls, let the scared little boy alone. Help me clear the table. Then you can all go into the living room, sit in a circle and play spin the plate with forfeits.”

Soon all the girls gathered in the living room and seated themselves on the floor — affording me many great peeks up their skirts and big bouffant petticoats from my viewpoint sitting off to the side in a big overstuffed chair — being at this party wasn’t so bad after all!

The plate was spun on its edge by one girl who then called out a name of another girl drawn from a bowl. That girl then had to jump up and retrieve the plate before it stopped spinning; otherwise they had to pay a forfeit. Meanwhile, I looked on, mentally noting in detail what each girl was wearing under her dress as they cavorted about and their skirts and petticoats became puffed up and then smoothed them down but not before I had many great upskirt peeks. I was just at that age of becoming interested in girls but I didn’t want to admit it. They were fascinating and I did like looking up their skirts for some strange reason, and this was

a fantastic opportunity to indulge my interest with this bevy of little beauties in their Sunday best! Gradually, I became increasingly interested in their noisy game, and to get a better view of their dainty lingerie, I quietly slid down to the floor and joined the circle.

“My cousin, Brian, is joining us again, girls, so put his name in the bowl,” said Ann as she winked at her mother. I was then part of the game. “Now make sure you play properly and don’t cheat!” was my Aunt’s only comment to me. I meekly agreed. The game continued and soon my name was called and in a flash I got to the plate before it fell over. I then spun the plate and deliberately called out Janet’s name. As I stepped back, Janet rushed past me and my foot caught on hers and she fell with a scream. I laughed aloud as Janet slowly rolled over with her legs fully spread giving me a great look up her full skirt as she struggled to get up. Ann’s mother came scurrying across to help. Janet complained, “Mrs. Stewart, he tripped me on purpose!” Auntie said, “Yes, I saw him do it! Never mind him right now, honey. Go back to your game, and when my husband, Alex, comes home, he will have a stern word with Brian.” Auntie comforted Janet and then gave me a hard slap across the face. “Cocky, little brat, you deserve to be sent home, treating your cousin’s best friend like that!” I immediately stopped laughing and told Janet it was an accident and that I was sorry. She just turned her nose up at me. I went to the bathroom and when I returned the game was about to resume, and having promised to be nice and faithfully to comply with the rules, I sat down again. As the game progressed, several of the girls had to pay a forfeit like singing while acting out “I’m a Little Teapot” or sing while standing on her head, which was much appreciated by me since I had a ringside seat, and the girl who had to pay that forfeit couldn’t clamp her dress very well between her legs so it kept falling down because she was wearing so many big petticoats, and she finally had to leave them down as she stood on her head with her peach and white flowered white panties fully on display.

After a few minutes my name was called again and the plate went spinning away from me. In my haste to get it, I slipped on the polished hardwood floor and missed the plate just by inches. A joyous howl went up and the girls huddled to decide on my forfeit. Whispering noisily, they only took a moment to decide, and then Ann announced, “Brian has to wear my kilt!” The girls clapped their hands with glee. So that was it! How stupid of me; I had been set up! In a flash, my Aunt marched off to fetch the dreaded skirt while the girls shrieked with delight. I announced, “I’m going home!” and made for the door, but Ann’s friends gathered and blocked my way. I tried to push my way through them, but I was defeated by their numbers. I retreated to my chair in disgust. When Auntie returned I took one look at the red and green plaid material of the kilt and said, “I’m NOT wearing THAT!” Her eyes narrowed as she then held up in her other hand a girlie party dress far scarier than the kilt. “Now, look here, young man, you lost fair and square and you have to

pay the forfeit. So, immediately take this kilt and put it on or I'll force you in this lovely dress; the choice is up to you — you have ten seconds to do it! And if you don't, I will also tell your mother how you have been acting today and you know what that will mean!" I just crossed my arms and remained silent.

Aunt Ethel then cajoled me. "The kilt won't hurt you, you know." I said, "But you will all laugh at me in a kilt." My cousin Ann said, "No we won't; we promise. We won't laugh at Brian in either my kilt or my party dress, will we girls?" In unison, they all said 'no.' Ann added, "No one will know you put it on. We'll keep it a secret. No one from your school or neighborhood is here, so no one will ever know except us girls." I remained silent just shaking my head 'no.' My Aunt then said, "Enough of the arguing, you've been given a fair choice — you have ten seconds." I steadfastly sat there like made of stone. Auntie then said, "OK, buster, your time is up. And now you will go with me to my bedroom and I'll put you in Ann's lovely little party dress. Come along, mister!"

She shoved the party dress into my hands, then grabbing my arm and propelled me out into the hall towards her bedroom. I tried to rebel, but she was stronger than I had anticipated. She stopped dragging me long enough to press her face up against mine and loudly whisper, "Now, listen, you little bastard, you are either going to put on this dress or I'll tell your mother that you exposed your penis to my daughter?" It was true, but how did she know! Well, it was enough to make me stop resisting and let her pull me along. "PLEASE don't tell her that, Auntie; it was Ann who started it! She showed me hers first!" Auntie Ethel slapped my face hard. "Are you going to compound your crime by suggesting my darling daughter lied?" Auntie's face was contorted with rage as she smacked my cheeks hard again and slammed me into the wall; on the rebound she hit me again! "How dare you say Ann would DO such a thing? She has no interest in a pig like you and would never show you her private parts. Get into my bedroom, NOW!" I was given a mighty shove and went flying into her room. "I'll make sure you find out what it's like to be a girl. Take all of your clothes off, now!"

I feared a beating with her dress belt if my mother found out I had exposed myself to Ann, and I couldn't overpower Auntie, so moments later, with no ability to argue further and no clothes on, I was shaking and sitting on Auntie's bed as I waited for her sorting through some clothes behind me. With nothing on and feeling very vulnerable, I picked up something setting on the bed beside me and draped it over my thighs. I didn't even pay attention to what it was — it was Auntie's pink satin nightie. Then Auntie came around to the front of me holding a small stack of pastel-colored clothing. I gasped because she had taken off her sheer blouse, red jacket and skirt and her black slip. Now she stood shamelessly before me in just a black bra-like contraption and wearing pale blue nylon panties with lace on the hems. She smiled and motioned towards her nightie. "I see you like my sexy

nightie. Well, you're going to love all the silky clothes I have for you." I wanted to complain that I didn't like her nightie and was just using it to modestly cover myself, but I let her comment pass. I was still stunned by her parading in front of me in just her lingerie; besides, I could tell she was in no mood to argue.

"Well, my dear little nephew, let's get started. Step into these nice panties." I blinked in disbelief as she held out a pair of girls' panties in pale purple satin, nylon panties covered with white lacy frills. "Ple-e-ase, Auntie Ethel, do I have to? Can't I just wear my own underwear or nothing at all?" She spat, "For the rest of this party, you'll be attending as a girl not a half boy and half girl, and you're expected to be properly covered under your dress! I will count to three! Get these panties on, now, or I will have the girls come in here, let them see your silly naked little dick and have them help you put the panties on!" That threat was good enough for me, so I took the fancy panties in my hand, let the nightie covering my hips to slide off me and rose from the bed with the intention of standing just for a quick moment to slip into the funny looking panties.

But she stopped me and had me stand up straight and then looked down at my genitals. "I haven't seen your dickie since you was a baby; it was tiny then and it's still very little for a boy your age, isn't it? It's funny looking too with that scare on the side, huh? Here, let me help you with your new panties." My face was now burning with shame as her comments got to me. She knelt down and held open Ann's panties for me to step into, and as she tugged them up my legs, I was shocked when she suddenly shoved my balls up tightly against my crotch and then took my penis and harshly shoved it down and back between my legs while pulling the snug panties up into place to hold my dickie down. Unknown to me, Auntie was an expert at neutering a boy in this fashion. The process of shoving a boy's balls up into his body she had learned with others in "The Sisterhood," but all I knew at the time was that it hurt and made my head spin. Shocked at her jam packing my nuts, I broke from her and tried to run but my busted balls made me yelp in pain as they plopped back out and I fell to the floor. Auntie laughed and helped me to my feet, but a strange thing had happened, my penis was now rock hard and thrusting itself outward in the front of the lavender panties. Auntie saw it. "Well, my little sweetie, that hard penis of yours in those saucy panties tells me that you love them, love the silkiness against your skinny dickie. She quickly grabbed me from behind and rubbed her pale blue nylon pantied front against my silky lavender pantied butt as she put her arms around me and jacked on my cock within my purple panties. I groaned and begged her to stop; it did feel good, but I didn't want to let her know that. But my erection told her all she wanted to know. She kept jacking on my cock until I had an orgasm — except for a few drops of precum, it was a dry orgasm like I teased myself to while in bed at night, except with her experienced hands doing it, I swooned and panted with unbelievable pleasure.



Afterwards, she said, "Oh, I see you don't shoot cream yet. What a pity; I would have enjoyed having you sperm yourself. But from the little stain in your panties, I can tell it won't be long before you'll be gushing your juices into panties and driving yourself silly."

I didn't know exactly what she was talking about. Of course, I had heard the older boys at school joke about jacking off and shooting their sperm, but I thought what they were referring to were the few drops of precum I drooled out of my dick when I played with it. And I thought Auntie's comment was strange since I knew the stupid panties I was forced to wear had nothing to do with my orgasm.

I was happy when she yanked the panties down my legs. I hoped that would be the end of this craziness, but then she slapped me down with her comments as she turned the panties inside out and inspected the few drops of moisture I had deposited in them. "You even cum like a girl, you little sissy!" I stared in awe as she put her tongue to the stain in my purple panties and tasted my juicy deposit. "Your precum tastes sweet; I know a lot of sissy gay boys who would love to drink it when your gusher comes in!" Once again I knew nothing of what she was talking about, but I was glad to be divested of the panties, even though standing before her naked wasn't any fun either. As my mind danced with all these crazy thoughts, Auntie took my panties, folded them so the wet spot was on top and shoved them up to my lips and part way into my mouth! Stunned, I spat them out but not before I got a taste of my own disgusting cum! "Hey, what's the big deal? You made that wet spot. That cum came out of you. I'm sure you have tasted your cum before, huh?" I shook my head no and looked at her in shock. "Oh, well, you should get used to the taste of boy cum. It's really yummy!"

Now completely down from the high of my orgasm, I had hoped it was over, but it wasn't as I shook in fear as she produced a pair of pale pink panties and had me step into them. Since she had jacked me off to a spirited dry cum, my penis was soft, plus I had no fight left in me, all barriers had been broken and I wasn't much more than a lifeless form in her skilled feminizing hands. Up the frilly panties went high on my waist and then, once again, she made me jump when she aggressively reached into my panties, seized my balls, shoved them deep into my body and then plastered my dickie back all the way in my crotch before snugging the panties up to keep everything in place. She then produced two more pairs of panties, each of them in a matching pale pink and each equally silky and lacy. I thought it was weird as she then put each of those pairs of panties on me too. What was the reason for wearing three pairs of panties? Wasn't one pair enough to do the job? One pair surely was enough to humble me; at least the additional two pairs of panties didn't increase my shame, they only made me doubt my Auntie's sanity. At that moment, I didn't know it was another clever trick practiced by "The Sisterhood" — using multiple pairs of snug-fitting panties to keep a boy's well trapped penis and

balls snugly in place. At the time all I could think was that my Auntie wasn't just a weird boy hater but insane too.

I bowed my legs to ease the pain and pressure on my crushed and compressed genitals. I thought I couldn't bear having my nuts strangled for another minute, but then after Auntie had me take several deep breaths and take a few mincing steps, it became easier to tolerate, and I somewhat adapted to the strange sensation of having my balls up inside my body. Auntie then busied herself with adjusting the three pairs of panties about my loins, inching the panties up high around my waist and then adjusting the elastic legs around my thighs until she was well satisfied with the way they fit, effectively feminized my lower body. "Isn't this much better now that I made you nice and flat in front with your boy thingies tucked out of sight?" she said as she ran her hand down the front of my multilayered panty prison. The heat of wearing three pairs of pink nylon panties and the pressure I felt made me feel ill. My spirit and my boyishness had been broken; I was woozy and disbelieving of what she had just done to me. Even my mother at her most desperate moments to tame me wouldn't have done such a thing; I didn't even know it was possible for a boy's nuts to be hidden inside his body. In my troubled mind, I had a difficult time just trying to organize my thoughts. At that moment, I was ready to agree to anything Auntie said. I had no intention of going against her and making her angry enough to do even worse things to me.

"Now sit on the bed, pet, and I will put your shoes and socks on you." I obeyed without question as she put on my feet a pair of pink, lace-trimmed ankle socks and pink satin slippers with a single bar that buckled shut. In a daze, I stood up at her command and then the next horror was thrust upon me. From behind she put my arms through a little girls' bra and pulled it until it was around my chest. The shock of that moment brought back a hint of my bravado. I did not resist, but I moaned, "But Auntie?" She cut me off. "Shush, shush, it's only a lightly padded training bra to give you a sweet girlish figure so you will look nice in your dress. Girls your age begin wearing a bra like this to prepare them to get used to wearing a pretty brassiere all the time once they have titties." In shock I groaned, "But, Auntie, I don't have breasts and I won't ever grow them! I'm not a girl!" She laugh quite loudly as she secured the training bra hooks in back before spinning me round to see my stunned face as she said, "Perhaps one day, my dear, you may have nice big breasts like a girl. Did you know that boys — sissy boys, of course, sometimes have nice big breasts? If a boy takes special pills, they will grow titties just like girls! But you're a smart boy; I bet you knew that already, huh? Be a good boy for us, or maybe one day, we'll have you grow titties and turn you into a real girl. That would be nice, huh? Then you would have to wear a bra, wouldn't you? Hmm, this bra fits you perfectly!"

She was sending my mind into outer space again. I had no idea what she was talking about. Was she crazy? Taking pills to grow tits! More than ever, I was convinced my Auntie was

insane. In just the bra and triple layer of panties, I was then made to sit down at her dressing table. With my balls inside me, it was difficult and very uncomfortable to sit down – it hurt! After I wiggled around, I found a somewhat comfortable position. Auntie then combed my longish hair into a feminine style. She then put light touches of lipstick and makeup on my face and finished me off with a dab of perfume behind my ears and on shoulders before spraying a little perfume on the front of my panties with the comment, “Just in case — you never know when a boy will be down there making love to you and kissing your panties between your legs, and you do want to smell nice for him, don’t you?” There she did it again! She was wacko for sure!

I was worn out from all this fussing, and as she put pink polish on my fingernails, I complained, “Uh, Auntie, is all this really necessary?” Her face lit up with a wicked grin. “If I don’t do your nails, hair and makeup, Ann’s friends certainly will, and goodness knows what you would look like after they got their hands on you! Now, all this work to make you look nice didn’t hurt a bit, did it, darling? Go look in the mirror and see yourself.” With one glance at myself in the mirror, I saw she was right: I did look like a girl. And strangely, I thought looking like a real girl would make it less scary for me to appear before the girls out there, who I was sure were waiting to see me. The thought of appearing before them like an ugly boy in a funny dress scared me even more!

The doorbell rang, and Auntie Ethel commanded, “Now just stay where you are, pet, stare at yourself in the mirror and get used to seeing yourself as a pretty little girl while I go see who has arrived.” She closed the door behind her and a few moments later I was upset as I heard the new arrivals talking and thought I heard familiar voices. Suddenly the bedroom door creaked open. “There is someone in here I would like you to meet.” In trotted Auntie Ethel and my mother’s other sister, Aunt Maxine, who looked quite surprised at my girlish appearance in just makeup, bra and panties. She whistled in disbelief. I held my hands in front of myself not knowing if it was better to shield from her view my training bra or my saucy panties! “My-oh-my, Ethel, you got him to do it then? Did he put up much of a fuss? I must say that despite the unpleasant frown on his face, he is quite pretty and I know his mother will be impressed when she sees him later.”

My face was scarlet as I sat on the stool realizing that since Auntie Maxine was there, my cousin Graham was obviously there too and surely just out in the living room with the girls. And judging by the laughter, I was sure the girls were describing to him my predicament. He was sure to come through the bedroom door at any second.

Auntie Maxine asked me, “So, is it Brian or do I call you Sylvia?” My two aunts sniggered at my discomfort as she explained, “I am sorry we are late, dear, but our car overheated about a mile away and we had to park it and walk here.” She turned to me and said, “My Graham and his best

friend, Tom, are here. They had fun on the walk here. I’m sure that makes you happy, Brian, as you can now enjoy the company of two other boys amongst all those girls?” The smirk on her face said it all as I realized that my little cousin Graham was about to take revenge on me for all the times I had teased him and called him a sissy and even worse names, but there was nothing I could do to prevent it since I was now dressed in lacy girls’ panties and a training bra like some big pansy while in contrast the two of them who would be wearing manly trousers!

“While you continue dressing our new dolly boy, Ethel, I’ll keep the kids amused in the other room, so don’t be too long.” So saying, Auntie Maxine left me alone again with Auntie Ethel, who instantly produced with a flourish a thoroughly feminine pale blue and white nylon and net petticoat. She had me hold it up to my waist in front of the mirror to see the effect as I protested, “B-but I can’t wear this.” But at that moment, the door flew open and Ann came skipping into the bedroom, took one look at me and called out. “It’s okay, girls, he’s decent; you can come in now!” Two embarrassed faces peeped cautiously around the open door and as soon as they saw the way I was dressed, they rustled into the room in their petticoated dresses. Hand-in-hand they shuffled awkwardly, looking just like any of the other twenty or so girls at the party with their bulging petticoats peeping provocatively beneath their skirts. But as I glanced at their made-up faces framed by feminine hairstyles and hair ribbons, I was stunned: these were no ordinary girls, but my sissy cousin Graham and his best friend, Tom, who I couldn’t believe had allowed himself to be dressed like a girl too!

After a moment of silence, they recovered their composure as they focused their attention on me as I stood in shock at the way they were dressed. My only relief came at the realization that with both of them in dresses, they were in no position to tease me. I felt utterly indecent dressed only in my satin training bra and frilly panties in delicate shades of pale pink and holding to my waist a pale blue cancan petticoat that I held up to my chest to hide from them my lingerie-clad body. They obviously had seen my training bra as the petticoat I held in front of myself failed to hide the straps of the bra that went over my shoulders. Tom asked Graham’s mother, “Uh, why aren’t we wearing one of those things?” She giggled and said, “That, my dear, is because Brian is a bit older than you, and all girls his age wear a training bra special occasions; it shows they are beginning to grow up. I’m sure your mommy will be getting you within the next year or two.” This kid wanted to wear a stupid bra? Even though I was now wearing girls’ lingerie too, my cousin seemed embarrassed about being in a dress in front of me considering the way I used to tease him about being a sissy. But his best friend, Tom? What had happened to him? He actually made me think he liked pretending to be a girl! And did I hear right? His mother was all for it too? Little Tommy was not happy with the explanation; he seemed to want to wear a bra now! And I hated being part of this abortion of a gathering, standing

across from two little boys dressed like little princesses and talking about training bras for boys! My feelings were obvious, but Ann just smiled with satisfaction at my discomfort as she came up behind me and put her hands on my bare shoulders. She teasingly gave my bra strap a little snap and said, "Now, girls, I think you should be introduced by each other's girlie names starting with my new niece, Sylvia," pointing to me. Graham, I could tell he was under pressure to perform, and he took the cue. "Umm, err, ah, hello, Sylvia, my name is Abby." He offered me his dainty lace-gloved hand and leaned forward and gently kissed me on the lips. I was too surprised to turn away! I was thinking, 'God! I can't believe I'm being kissed on the lips by Graham, of all people.' With my Aunt staring at me, I endured his wet-lipped kiss and felt like throwing up. Kissing a girl was bad enough, but a boy in a dress, YUK!

But I went along with this craziness and gave my cousin an off-the-cuff reply, guessing what my aunt Ethel wanted me to say. "Err, uh, pleased to meet you, Graham, I mean, uh, Abby, umm - you look lovely in that dress." While our onlookers sighed with delight at my response, Graham's carefully made-up face didn't exactly light up with enthusiasm; he seemed none too happy. In reply to my comment about his flowery pink dress, he said, "Um, yes, thanks, Sylvia. My mommy bought it for me last weekend." My Auntie turned me to face Tom, who also kissed me on the lips. But I jerked back in disgust when I felt the wetness of his tongue touch my lips!" He crowed breathily like a little vixen, "Hi! I'm Charlotte, Abby's sissy friend, and this is my dolly, Patty Panties. She's so sweet, and isn't my dress so-o sweet and pretty too? Abby and I went shopping with our mommies last Saturday, we both had our hair done and got a make-over before they took us to pick out our own dresses, slips and panties for this special party, look!" She — or rather he — lifted up his lilac dress to show me his matching petticoats and then his lavender baby girl style rumba panties. I stammered, still in a state of confusion, but with the fear of the Lord in the back of mind from my Auntie's comment about having me grow tits if I didn't act nicely, I said, "Umm, yes, Charlotte, your slip and panties are very pretty and you do make a very pretty, uh, umm, girl."

"I do like pretty nylon panties ever so much, don't you?" he insisted upon carrying on this ridiculous conversation as he squealed like a real girl. "Perhaps your Mommy can bring you over to play with my best friend Abby and me at my house next week for my birthday party — I'm going to be ten, and you can meet some of our other girlfriends and boys from school who like to dress up as girls. We go to Monroe Street school like you do, and I'm sure you know all the boys in our school will be wearing panties all the time and then be completely dressed like girls whenever they ever get into trouble." (As I had mentioned, I heard rumors to that effect, but coming from this little pantywaist fruit, it sounded like it was really happening and not just a joke or a trick our parents were pulling on us boys to make us behave). If I

hadn't recognized him as Graham's best friend, I never would have known he was a boy. Charlotte made a convincing little girl. He had down pat all the mannerisms, excited girlish giggles and talkative gibberish the way young girls carry on. I couldn't imagine there was a boy named Tom inside him; he was so girlish and femininely animated as he rolled his eyes and playfully fidgeted with his dress, like he couldn't keep his hands off it and was ready and willing to lift it up again to show anyone and everyone his delicate lace panties. A sweet innocent smile on his face hid the turncoat of a boy underneath. I stared blankly at her, I mean, him. I was not moved to accept his party invitation.

Auntie Ethel then clapped her hands together for attention, "Children, now that we have that over with, shall we continue preparing our new princess for her first outing?" Three of the four curly-tops in the room nodded vigorously in agreement. "In that case, Sylvia darling, now that you are more or less decent, let's go into the living room and finish dressing you, I'm sure Ann's friends will love to watch." I had been dressed in girls' underwear, embarrassed to the limit, masturbated by my Auntie Ethel into silky panties, and now shamefully exposed to my cousin and his sissy friend. It was all too much! At her suggestion to finish my dressing in front of all the girls at the party, I felt ready to faint. I smugly plunked myself down again on the bed. "Come on, young ladies, don't stand on ceremony; let's go!" Auntie saw my reluctance and told Ann, Graham and Tommy to go on out and she would have me soon follow. Then alone with Auntie Ethel, she went to her closet and returned with a big, long plastic thing, and it looked like a giant penis. I was dumbstruck; I had no idea anything like that even existed in the world, yet here I was staring at a fake cock that was easily ten times the size of my little dickie. "Now, Brian, this is a cock. What you have between your legs isn't a cock, it's an embarrassment. Now, when I tell you that you deserve to wear panties, you know what I mean. You can hide your little cock and balls in your panties as I have demonstrated. If you had a nice big cock like other boys your age, I couldn't have done that. It's time you admit to yourself that you are a sissy boy. No girl will ever want you for a boyfriend; you don't have the male equipment to make a girl happy. After my daughter told me how little your penis is, I talked to your mother — yes, I've already told her you exposed yourself to Ann, you little pervert! Anyway, your mother agreed we should make you into a girl or at least a fag sissy to spare you the shame and embarrassment of trying to grow up to be a man. You're a tiny dickied freak, and the sooner you accept it and start wearing panties to hide your embarrassment, the sooner you will learn to like being a pantied pansy and stop acting like an asshole trying to prove that you are a boy. You don't have the equipment to back up your actions. One of these days, you'll thank us for helping you get over your idea that you are going to be a man someday. That day will never come. Now, let's go out into the living room and show all the girls — and girlie boys — how much of a sissy you really are." I screwed up my face and got to my feet. Auntie could

see my anger and my aggressive stance. With a powerful slap that knocked my head back and made me fall onto the bed, she then flipped me over, yanked aside the leg elastic of all three of the pink panties I had on and shoved that giant plastic cock into my asshole. It was huge compared to my little ass opening, but that didn't stop her from repeatedly jamming it up against my hole as she tried to get it to go in. Then after about the tenth thrust, my asshole opened up and the head of the dildo went in. I screamed in horror at being ass raped, but she just kept pistoning it back and forth until I thought she had shoved the devil's own giant cock all the way up my bottom. Then, just as suddenly, she pulled it out. I screamed as it exited my bowels. She then held the plastic cock up to my face and told me to lick it clean. Yuk! I knew I couldn't fight her. I closed my eyes and let her shove the dildo up to my lips; I licked it as she rotated it over my lips and tongue. Despite the evil taste, I tried not to think about what I was doing. Before I had closed my eyes to do this dreadful task, I had seen that dick was covered with bits of my brown shit and bright red blood. She had raped my asshole with it and I was bleeding! At that instant, I did feel blood trickling out of my bottom hole. I knew it was staining my pink panties. Oh, well, what the hell! I couldn't imagine anything more evil or perverse happening to me. I was sobbing, and I knew I had been crying for some time, but I didn't even remember the exact moment when I had first gone over the edge and started bawling. But that loss of memory and my agonizingly sore asshole helped me to stop crying. My auntie complimented me for stopping my crying like "a big girl" but then praised me and said I had taken to being ass fuck like a real girl. "But you knew girls let boys do things like that to them, didn't you. I'm amazed that you are such a smart you. I know you are going to make a very smart, pretty and sexy little girl.

Auntie then went to the door, opened it and called for the new girls 'Abby' and 'Charlotte' to come and lead me out into the living room for me to be petticoated and put into a party dress in front of all the girls. Abby grabbed my big pale blue petticoat and Charlotte picked up the pale blue party dress that I knew I was about to be forced to wear, and then they both took hold of my arms and led me to my doom. Within seconds, I was surrounded and the novel sight of my frilly panties and training bra garnered gasps and giggles from the girls. One girl noticed a little bit of blood staining the ass of my panties. She screeched and pointed it out to all of them. Auntie then quickly quieted them down and told the girls that she had just officially broken me in as a girl.

My laughing cousin Ann announced, "Now that my mom has persuaded, Brian, oops, I mean, Sylvia, to cooperate, she has agreed to complete her forfeit out here in the living room for all of you to see and enjoy." Shaking my head 'no' was ignored as Auntie Maxine took the dreaded petticoat from Graham and held it out in front of me. "Hold your arms over your head, pet." Despite being increasingly aware of my audience of evil little girls, I raised my arms. My bloody

asshole reminded me to cooperate. Heaven only knew what other horrors these people were capable of inflicting. I looked up at the descending petticoat and saw the light at the end of the nylon and net tunnel as my multilayered pale blue petticoat was lowered gently over my head and shoulders to flutter in a gentle swish and then be eased down into its place around my waist. Ann hummed a murmur of approval, and Auntie Maxine commented, "Aunt Polly will be pleased!" I instantly stiffened at the mention of that dreaded name, and a glance in the direction of Graham showed I wasn't the only person who had experienced the horror our Aunt Polly dished out to the boys in our family. However, I was happy — and I'm sure Graham too - that she wasn't here now. But at the mention of Aunt Polly's name a little argument broke out between Graham (now Abby) and his mother, and the next thing I knew, she was taking him into Ann's bedroom. Like I worried about him! I had enough to worry about!

Charlotte then handed the dress Ann. I didn't recognize the dress, but Ann then informed everyone else the significance of the dress: "Hey, everyone, this is the dress I wore to Brian's birthday party. The same dress that he looked up to see my pink panties that day. He's now already wearing that pair of my pink panties stained with his virgin blood and next he'll be wearing my dress too, and then we all can have the fun of peeking up his dress at his pink panties!" The girls laughed and cried with joy; I'm sure they had never before been to a boy bashing party like this one! And, oh, yes! Now, I did remember that dress. And my tucked-away penis and balls seemed to melt away at that very moment as I realized I was now wearing the pink panties that I had spied under her dress! Would the horrors ever cease?

Then I heard noise and crying coming from the bedroom along with a loud cracking sound. Little Graham was obviously receiving a spanking from his mother! Everyone else acted like they didn't hear a thing! I wished they had noticed, and it diverted their attention away from me, but all of them were focused on my plight. I was overcome with fright at the idea that I would soon be in that dress and it would be swishing around my body. I was a thoroughly defeated boy. In an attempt to speed things up and get this latest humiliation over with, I stepped towards my cousin ready and willing to be put into the dress. At some point, this all had to end! "Steady, girl!" Ann said as she held the pale blue party dress open and I stepped gingerly into it without complaint. The girls gathered around and pushed my mountain of petticoats down inside the dress as Ann pulled the skirt up around my waist and arranged the lacy top over my training bra as she then helped put my arms through the puffy sleeves. Auntie Ethel turned me round and did up the buttons in back before tying the sash into a huge, floppy bow behind me. I couldn't see it; I didn't want or need to because I remembered how that sash with the bow in back looked from seeing my cousin in that dress at my party. The other girls busied themselves fluffing out and patting down my skirt and the bouncy petticoats now fairly well hidden under

the princess-like party dress. Ann whispered in my ear, "Now, my dear cousin, Sylvia, you can't get out of this outfit without help, so it looks like you'll remain in your pretty dress until we decide otherwise. You are now 'sugar and spice and all things nice' until we release you. But don't fret, you will have so-o much more fun playing the games that sissies play instead of the stupid boys' games played at your birthday party!" I could do nothing. She was right, I was their sissified prisoner, and as if I was trying to confirm that this was all really happening to me, I inhaled deeply and caught the scent of the perfume that had been liberally anointed on me. I let the tips of my fingers toy with the nylon lace and satin materials covering my body as if it was to confirm that all this was really happening!

The girls crowded around me and gleefully began kissing, cuddling and congratulating me as they welcomed me into the world of girlhood, a world I never wanted to enter. I had been tricked, overpowered and raped! I was determined that all of this would not change me and I would get even with all of them at the first opportunity. As the girls petted my silk, nylon and satin-covered body, the sensations sent shivers up my spine. To be so lovingly caressed by pretty little girls, both a bit older and younger than I was, did feel good, invigorating in fact! But I wasn't going to fall for their teasing sweetness. This was NOT fun! I was determined not to break; I would always remain a boy. I would not let them brainwash me into their sissy sickness, like my cousin Graham and his faggot friend Tom, who tried to force his tongue into my mouth when he had kissed me.

As the party ended, I had nowhere to go until I was released from those girlie clothes — I certainly wasn't about to go outside in that outfit, so I just stayed put and went back to sitting in the overstuffed chair in the living room once my cousin tired of teasing me and correcting my every move as she insisted upon teaching me how a girl stands, sits, walks and does everything else. Graham finally came out of the bedroom with his mother. He was still sniffing, but struggled to hold back his tears under his mother's threat of more of the same if he didn't stop. Not long after, Graham and Tommy sat next to me, and to take my mind off what might happen next, I asked him why he had been spanked. He explained, that at the mention of Aunt Polly's name, he said loud enough for his mother to hear that our Aunt Polly was 'a fat, ugly pig' and that was enough to earn him a spanking.

Until now, I didn't think Graham still dressing up like a girl anymore, and those childish dress-up games he played with his cousin Ann had ended long ago, so I asked him how he came to be dressed as a girl for the party. I was sure he didn't like being in a dress even though Ann always gave the impression he enjoyed wearing her things. Graham squeezed my hand and said, "Well, I don't mind dressing up too much because Ann did it so often while we were growing up. We still do it; I guess I rather got used to it. And mommy enjoys me being a daughter for her. I have my own girls' clothes

now — a lot of them. But what I do hate is other boys knowing about it, boys who tease me and hit me and beat me up because of it. That's why mommy is transferring me to another school since Monroe school boys are too rough. I do like other boys who dress up like girls and play with me. Friends, like my best friend, Tom, here, and a few of the boys at Monroe who like being girls."

I said I was shocked that he still did those things. When I asked how his father feels about it, Graham did become a bit uneasy. "Daddy says he doesn't mind me being a girl around the house. He says I seem to be so much happier when dressed as a girl, but I don't think I'm any different either way. I do think mother puts him up to going along with it. At first when daddy saw me dressed in girls' clothes at home, he got very angry. My parents fought about it for days. My mommy did something to change his mind and I remember he had tears in his eyes when he told me I looked pretty in a dress and held me and kissed me and pretended I was a daughter to him. But that wasn't enough for mommy and she said daddy needed to be punished for going against her and fighting with her in front of me. She also said he had to learn to accept me as a girl not just with words but with actions and had to learn how to think of me as a girl in every way. Starting that night, mommy moved out of the master bedroom and into the guest bedroom, and then she put me to bed into their bed next to daddy with me wearing one of her pink nylon baby doll nighties that went down to my ankles; it looked like a full-length nightie on me. Then with daddy lying beside me, mommy sat on a chair next to the bed and read me a story about girls dressing up and going to afternoon teas and fancy dress parties. All the while she made daddy massage my body through the nylon of her babydoll nightie and the sleek nylon panties she had me start wearing every day. Daddy didn't like doing that, I could tell, but every time he started to complain, mommy said it would be even longer before she moved back into their marriage bed and cuddled up with him. She said she wanted him to be completely comfortable with me as a girl, and if he needed comforting in her absence, he should just cuddle up with me, and since I was wearing her nightie he could pretend I was her and he was fondling and making love to her.

This story sounded bizarre to me and made even more of a mess of my head. I had little understanding of sex between a man and his wife, but I knew they did things together in bed that ended up with the wife having a baby, and how that all worked out with Graham and his father I had no idea. But Graham went to the same school as I did, the Monroe Street School, and I then asked him about the stories going around about making boys wear girls' clothes. He told me right up front that the stories were all true and I would find out more on the following Monday at school when a special assembly had been called. But he added that he was no longer going to Monroe school. He was being transferred to the Park Acres North Shore Institute, the same school Ann and most of her girlfriends attended. "But that's an all girls' school I shouted



in surprise. How can you go there?" I responded. He said, "A number of boys go there. They accept boys up to the sixth grade as long as they uh ..." He hesitated. "They, uh, what?" I pressed him to go on. "Um, as long as the boy is willing to, uh, well, um, wear the same uniform as the girls." I said, "Are you kidding me? What else do these boys have to agree to?" Graham blushed and added, "They have to act like girls too and do all girls' things, like take gym class with the girls, and even, um, use the girls' lavatory." Looking for some oasis of masculinity in Graham's life, I then asked, "What about when you get home from school? Can you go back to your boys' clothes, then and play ball and do boys' things?" He looked at me with a forlorn expression and mumbled, "Uh, no, not really. Mommy likes to keep me dressed as a girl all the time now. Daddy really likes it too. He still sleeps with me, and I kind of like it because he hugs and kisses me a lot and makes me feel good when he rubs me between my legs through my panties like mommy tells him to do as she watches us. Now, Daddy often does that on his own, even when mommy isn't watching. My Daddy really loves me a lot. And now that you are dressing up like a girl too, maybe we could get together at times and play girls' games together, rub each other's panties and do all the lovely things girls get to do. Just like Charlotte and I do whenever our mommies can schedule us play dates together. We often do a fancy panty fashion show that is so-o-o-o exciting. My daddy loves to watch. Do you want me to tell you how to play it?"

"What! You must be joking! As soon as I get out of here, I will never again let anyone force me to dress up as a silly girl or play sissy games. You and your pansy friend, Tom, are welcome to a crazy life like that, but you can count me out!" I sniggered and snorted loudly with contempt at the idea of doing more girlie things.

Now that Tom/Charlotte's name was brought up in our conversation, I asked him how he got into this mess. This sissy jumped to his feet and swirled around so his party dress spun around as if he was deliberately trying to show me the fancy — pink! — rhumba panties he had on underneath. He started talking fast like a dopey girl. I had to tell him to slow down so I could understand him. "Well, Sylvia ..." — it irked me that he insisted upon using the girlie name that had been given to me, but I didn't interrupt him "... now that you are dressing like us you will soon come to love it and enjoy trotting along and behaving just like a real little girl. You'll even learn to love being called a little sissy just like we are." At that I did protest. "My name is Brian, not Sylvia, and no! I never will learn to like being called a sissy. Are you bonkers?" But with all the confidence of an undisputed frontrunner, he ignored my disgust and gleefully said, "Oh, just wait and see. I heard you have a small penis; you had some kind of accident when you were born or something, so girls won't want you for a boyfriend, so eventually, you'll want to be a girl too. Besides, it's so-o-o-o EXCITING! The Nylon and silks, the slips and fancy panties! Dumb little boys have no idea what they are missing. Surely, you must know

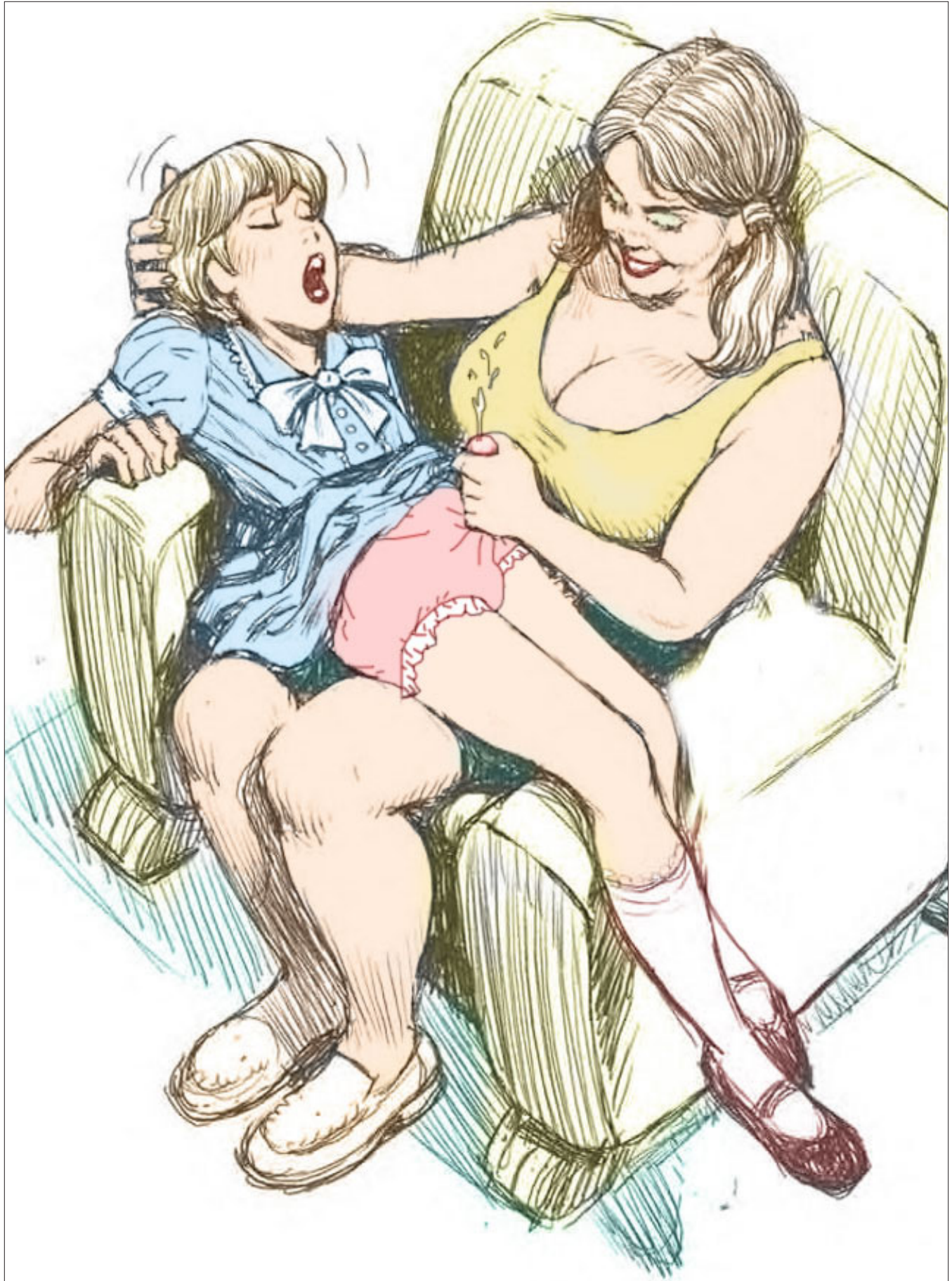
that by now! It looks like you let your Auntie and cousin dress you up, and I haven't seen very much resistance. I'm sure you want it but just can't admit it to yourself just yet. Give yourself some time. Pretty soon, you'll be begging your mommy to let you have fancy baby girl rhumba panties like mine and have girlie play dates with us!"

I couldn't believe it! I didn't think anyone except my mother knew about the accident to my penis when I was born. How did this snotty little sissy faggot know about it? And if he knew, Graham's mother knew, and Graham knew — and how many other people knew? All my Aunties? My cousin Ann? How many others! My shame was unbearable. Yes, there had been an accident. When they were circumcising me, the surgeon's knife slipped and he cut off a bit of the side of my penis, making it look funny. And after my last physical, my nice lady doctor explained that now I was getting older and becoming interested in girls, I should know that I was underdeveloped. She said for some reason the trauma at my birth had stunted the growth of my penis and told me I never would completely develop like other boys even though I could use it for going to the bathroom without a problem. I started weeping like a girl and feeling ill and I got up and went into Ann's empty bedroom and lay down for a good cry.

My Aunt Maxine had noticed when I started to cry, and she sensed Graham had caused it. She grabbed her son and marched him off to Auntie Ethel's bedroom. I heard her questioning him and Tommy about what made me cry, but I just closed Ann's bedroom door to shut them all out. I was sure he was about to get another spanking.

Now alone, I tried not to think about what Graham had said about my penis and tried to remember what had happened to him. Originally, I knew for sure he hated girls' clothes. And like me, our Aunt Polly was the first one to force him to dress up, and it had devastated him like it had me. Before that the only other time I had worn girls' clothes was the kilt for that wedding of an eccentric distant cousin in Santa Fe who had no little boys in their family to be the ring bearer — and, yes, it was a girls' kilt worn I had worn that day WITH lacy ankle socks. And yes! Underneath, I did have white satin panties on with lace on the edges — girls' panties for sure along with a matching satin girls' undershirt. I remembered them well, but I wasn't going to tell anyone else about those upsetting details. At the time, I had enjoyed the nylon camisole and panties. At six years old, what did I know? All I knew is that they felt good on my bottom and penis.

Back to my Aunt Polly and my first full introduction into wearing girls' clothes: My maiden Aunt Polly is the oldest of the four sisters. She's an old-fashioned type who lives in the past. Her house is a treasure-trove of 1950s high fashion, and she still dresses like it was the mid 1950s! My horror at her hands began on a day just like today; my mother worked long hours and often couldn't take care of me. Usually my Auntie



Ethel watched me but she couldn't that time because she had gone out of state for a funeral for three days, so my mother dropped me off with Aunt Polly, who thought she knew everything about raising children, especially boys, but she didn't! Aunt Polly lived quite a distance from us at the time and the commute would have taken too much of my mother's time, so it was decided I'd stay and sleep over at Aunt Polly's house for the three days.

Upon arriving, my aunt was disgusted with the clothes I had on and promptly took me into a girls' bedroom, stripped me naked and then dressed me in a full outfit of girls' clothes from the lace-encrusted old-time panties on out. I was eight years old then and knew boys weren't supposed to wear girls' clothes and I vehemently protested but that just earned me a severe skirt up, lacy panties down spanking over my aunt's knee. When I finally stopped resisting and let her have her way, she calmed down for the whole time as long as I did my best to pretend I was a girl. She then poured her tender loving care on me. She is a fat, ugly old crow – Graham was right about that! Aunt Polly in her very feminine fashions looked like a truck driver in dresses or at best, a fat witch. Upon first being feminized by her, I screamed and struggled as she sat me firmly on her lap and gave me frequent slaps to my face, arms and legs, and repeatedly advised me to “be a good little boy,” and once I settled down, she began to refer to me as “her nice little girl.” I got the message: Be a boy and be punished — be a girl and be well loved!

The next three days were a nightmare. I had to have afternoon tea with my aunts and her frequent visitors. I couldn't go out except into her walled-in garden at the rear of her house with strict instructions not to soil my lovely dress and the frilly pink rhumba panties I was forcefully to wear. Much to the delight of her visitors — I was always made to lift my dress and slips and show them the babyish nylon rhumba panties and let them feel me up in the panties, even letting them toy with my penis, which would make them laugh in surprise as to what I kept hidden under my fancy panties. Aunt Polly and her friends made me lick their smelly bodies all over; they even stuck things up my butt and peed on me — things I still struggle to forget about.

I heard the doorbell ring and thought my mother was coming to pick me up as she had promised, so now past my crying jag, I walked out toward the living room. As I passed my Auntie's bedroom I heard muffled sounds. Through the partially opened door I saw Aunt Maxine with her skirt up and sitting on my cousin Graham's face. On his head was a pair of someone's nylon panties, and she was pressing her pantied crotch against his mouth as she encouraged him to suck on her 'clit' whatever that was. I could see his nose was being pushed right up to where her asshole was at. He was moaning and telling her he was doing his best with muffled, gagging sounds, but she was insisting that he try harder. Yikes! I then U heard her fart into his face! And off to the side, Tom was standing there with a stupid grin on his face

with his hands under his party dress obviously playing with his penis through his panties as he watch my Aunt face fuck her boy — was she punishing him for making me cry? What a sight with my cousin with panties on his head and with him still wearing his fancy party dress, smelling, licking, and ding whatever else he was doing to his mommy! Without disturbing them, I hurried on my way. I tried not to think about the weird things they were doing, I was going to meet my mother and get the hell out of there! Just as I entered the living room, Auntie Ethel came in from cleaning up in the kitchen and answered the front door. My hopes of it being my mother were dashed — it was Aunt Polly!

I hadn't seen her in over a year, and she wasn't dressed in her usual 1950s outfit but instead like a teenager. My big fat Aunt Polly looked ridiculous in a miniskirt with a low-cut blouse and her hair in ponytails. She came at me with the wide-eyed enthusiasm of butcher wielding a carving knife and eyeing a prime piece of meat. Before I could run, she grabbed me, gave me a man-size bear hug, and then held me at arm's length and looked me over. “Brian, you look fabulous! I heard how you had been dolled up today, so I just had to pull myself away from my TV soaps, come over and see for myself! Let me have a good look at you!” With that she felt me up to check out my costume, she ran her hands over my back and chest to finger the telltale straps and cups of my training bra, lifted up the skirt of my dress to see my pale blue bouffant petticoat, and then tried to lift the petticoat to see underneath, but the cancan petti was so big she couldn't both hold it up and search for my goodies underneath, so she simply pulled down the big petticoat and had me step out of it! And I did, happy to divest myself of the ticklishly girlie undershirt that had added a maddening, teasing scratchiness to my terror-filled day. As my Auntie Ethel stood by, Aunt Polly made me spin around repeatedly and made me do it wildly enough so my full-skirted dress would fly up so she could get a good look at my panties. I felt like such a fool, but I knew Aunt Polly was no one to argue with. Over the years, I had stayed as far away as I could from her after having her for three days as my babysitter and keeping me dolled up like a 1950s toddler girl. That one time, my mother understood how bad it had been for me and promised never to let Aunt Polly get me alone again. Still, every time my mother visited Aunt Polly, she would let me stay home with someone watching me. She saw the marks and bruises and knew how this other crazy aunt of mine had spanked me until I bled and hounded me into being a little girl for her. My mother knew how wicked Polly could be since she admitted that she herself had suffered at the hands of her oldest sister while they were growing up.

I wanted to run, but Aunt Polly had a vise grip on me and was talking a mile a minute with Aunt Ethel, getting all the details of my transformation. I really didn't want to hear a retelling of the humiliating feminization I had just lived through such a short time before, and I stood idly by trying to tune out the conversation while they gossiped like long lost



girlfriends. Then a few words did catch my attention; they were talking about sexual things and me! “So does this pretty little boy spurt yet?” I didn’t know what they were talking about but figured it wasn’t good. “Just a bit of precum,” my Auntie Ethel replied. “But I think his balls will explode pretty soon — he’s right at that age.” I recoiled. My balls were about to explode! What were they going to do to me now? Aunt Polly looked at me with intense interest, and then she grinned and asked, “Can I have a go at him?” Auntie Ethel — not to refuse her big sister — said, “Sure. Why not? Give the little pantywaist sissy a handjob; maybe you can get more out of him than I did.”

I stepped backward not knowing what next to expect, but then Aunt Polly was pulling me over to the big overstuffed chair. She stretched me out across her lap, yanked up my pale blue party dress and looked at my pink panties. She toyed with the lace and snapped the elastics. I squirmed. “Pink panties, huh, boy? Nice. Don’t look so down and scared, your big Aunt Polly loves you and she hasn’t seen you in so long. Here, let me make you feel good about being a girl.” She played with my panties. “Wow, three pairs of nice pink panties. You do love panties, don’t you, my little fruity boy?” She kept snapping the lacy elastic legs of my panties driving me crazy. I couldn’t sit still, and she just kept on doing it. Pinging at my thighs like big rubber bands, the snapping built up painfully and really hurt. As I was ready to scream, she suddenly stopped, and said, “Hey, boy — you are a boy aren’t you? I don’t see any dick or balls in your panties.” She looked up at Auntie Ethel and asked, “Did you already cut off his dick and balls or do you have him tucked?” Before she got a reply, she answered her own question by searching around inside my three pairs of panties, pulling each pair down a hint to give herself some exploring room. Then she announced, like she had won the lottery, “Wa-la! Found them,” as she released the panty grip on my penis. She grabbed it and pulled hard on it, pulled up and into the front of the panties. With a painful plop, my balls followed and dropped back out of my crotch. “Yeowie!” I moaned.

She quickly took her hands out of my panties, and adjusted them neatly around my hips. She then grabbed my penis now covered with the triple layer of my pink panties and started jerking on it inside the nylon like a jackhammer. Her rough handling of my already beaten down penis drove me wild! As I bounced around I saw my Auntie Ethel staring, and then I saw my cousin Ann, and she too was staring at me with googolly-eyed enthusiasm. My Aunt Maxine was there too — she must have finished abusing my sissy cousin Graham and his faggy friend. Realizing that, I then looked beyond her, and standing in the doorway — much to my shame — I saw Graham and his candy ass buddy, Tom. Both still had on their fancy party dresses, which now were in disarray, but their faces were lit up in fascination as they now focused their attention on what Aunt Polly was doing to me. But I cared little about all of them watching like a prisoner about to be

but to death because Aunt Polly had quickly escalated her torturous teasing of my dick. She was now so rough on me that I thought she was going to yank my penis right off of my body and leave it to be discarded with the panties I was wearing that were surely soon to be in tatters. But she knew what she was doing and she was now exciting me more than hurting me — and then it happened — I felt ‘the urge!’ I started bucking my hips, like I was fucking her tight fist, and then I felt an explosion inside me and something leak out of my penis. My violent but brief orgasm was over in just a few seconds, but Aunt Polly kept on jerking on my pantied dick. I screamed and yelled and begged her to stop. The pain in my penis was stunningly intense. Finally, she did stop, only then to lean over me and to make a close examination my panties. Then she reported, “Yes, I see what you mean. Not much more than some precum, but a goodly amount of it.” Auntie Ethel came close and looked, “Oh, my, that is a lot more than I was able to get out of him. Next time, I’ll bet he’ll be ready to fully spurt.” Then Aunt Polly said, “I’m sure you have a lot of ice cream and cake left over. Why don’t we all go and have a nice little birthday party snack; then, I don’t think Ann will mind, if instead of just celebrating her birthday, we celebrate Brian being born again as Sylvia. And to make it official, I think he should have his cock sucked off through his pink panties by another boy. No, it won’t make Brian a girl, but it surely will make him a sissy boy for life. He’s ready to cum big time, so let’s get it sucked right out of him! Here’s what we can do: After we give him a little rest, a nice birthday meal and some sweet loving, I think Brian will give us the pleasure of blowing his first big wad of spunk. Do I have any volunteers? Who would like to suck this boy’s pantied cock?” Little Tommy jumped up with arms waving and his skirt swirling like he was on springs. Everyone laughed except me. I just shuttered! Then a little, a very little preschool girl was shoved forward with her arm raised to volunteer. I hadn’t seen this little girl at the party until this very moment, but I immediately recognized that it was no girl at all but my baby brother, Angel, dressed like Shirley Temple in a baby-style party dress that was a ball of pink and white and lavender chiffon, lace, silk and satin. And behind him was my mother with a big grin on her face.

Here’s what I didn’t know but soon found out: My mother along with my three aunts — especially Aunt Polly — had been aggressively training Angel into sissyness, but unlike me, HE LOVED IT! And most shocking of all they had been giving him BOTH female and MALE hormones in a very balanced amounts and even though he was only six, he was already growing little titties, PLUS he was cumming male cum in his panties when they jacked him off or ass fucked him with their strap-on dildos! But, at that moment, I thought the sight of him in that dress was an illusion — but I knew it wasn’t, especially when I saw him looking at my precum stained pink panties and licking his lips with eyes wide open with anticipation, like a vampire ready to suck blood. No, this wasn’t a dream; even horror stories aren’t this scary!

