

Shameless Mothers 4

Chapter 2

Spanked into Submission

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



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

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

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

The comments continued and the attendees laughed heartily.

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

“Has your mommy gotten you into a training bra too?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Write it again!”

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

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

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