

SHAMELESS MOTHERS

No. 3
Classic Reprint





Don't think of it as a punishment. Soon al

Shameless Mothers 3

Chapter 1 "Lets Turn Them All into Girls!"

"Eureka! I love it. I love it! I think this is going to solve our problem!" Mrs. McMasters said after seeing how Timmy had been transformed from an irksome little brat into a covering sissy in a matter of hours. "But why do you call it `petticoat



Don't think of it as a punishment. Soon all the boys will be wearing bras and panties!

punishment?"

"I understand that it's an old term," Barb Winters answered. "During the late 1800s, parents used to tame down their naughty boys by putting them in petticoats as well as dresses and other girls' clothes. Probably because of the alliteration, the name 'petticoat punishment' just stuck.

"But I'm only in the early stages with Timmy, here, just sissyboy clothes and panty training." Those terms caused some of the assembled women to giggle and whisper amongst themselves.

"And you say you started this just today!" Mrs. McMasters asked.

"Yes."

"Well, it's amazing. I've never seen anything like it!"

As she spoke, she realized the advantages of using petticoat punishment on their boys. If it worked as well on them as it did on Timmy, it would be their much-needed miracle cure. And as the chairwoman, she was able to propose using petticoat punishment as a solution to handling their problem boys.

Mrs. McMasters wasn't a man-hater, but she didn't have a lot of respect for men either. Her own husband was a cigar chewing, beer-drinking lout who spent his time propped up in front of the television ever since he had retired from the Navy. She thought he was a lost cause, but if the women of their town could whip their boys into shape by feminizing them, everyone would be better off and the future would be a lot brighter. She was convinced that it was very possible since their school was the only school for miles around, and all of the boys in the area went there. It was the ideal place to take charge of them. She was sure she could win over 99% of the women, and she didn't expect much opposition from the men in town. Very few of them were involved with the school so there was little that they could do about it if most of the mothers went along with the program. But she was also convinced that many of the men in their small town would even support a program as radical as feminizing the boys because most everyone, women and men alike, had been pleading with anyone to do something about their boys who seemed to be getting wilder by the moment.

That line of thinking prompted Mrs. McMasters to propose feminizing all the boys in their small town! She watched the faces of the women as she explained her plan. She was expecting a lot of resistance to such a drastic measure, but she was pleasantly surprised how quickly they agreed with her thinking.

Phyllis Thompson, one of the wealthiest and most respected women in the area and a mother of two well-behaved children (a boy and a girl), was quick to support the proposal. She was very outspoken as she lobbied the other women. She let it be known that she was no stranger to the use of petticoat discipline.

"From your comments, I can tell that some of you think this is pretty crazy stuff, and others think it will never work," Phyllis said. "Well, I can tell you from experience that it does work! When I was having a lot of trouble with my boy, Tony, my mother was the first to tell me about such things. She said it was a common thing to do back in the old country. Well, I took her advice, and on more than a few occasions, I've put my Tony in a party dress and panties."

"A party dress? Panties? With lace and everything? That must be terribly embarrassing for him! Aren't you afraid that you'll harm him in some way?" one woman asked.

"Of course, he's humiliated! That's the whole idea! And, no, it doesn't harm him. On the contrary, I know it does him plenty of good! Believe me, a blushing boy stays out of trouble!

"Look at how sweet and subdued he is," Phyllis said as she pointed to the sissified, red-faced little Timmy, who looked like a scared little kitten. "You can see how quiet and well-behaved he is. Sure he's embarrassed, but he's not getting into any mischief is he?"

Phyllis' arguments helped to convince the women that Mrs. McMasters' proposal to feminize all the boys in their school was extremely doable. The meeting ended after they all agreed to continue with their plans at a meeting on the following evening. During the interim, they would have a chance to talk to family and friends to get their reactions and input. They needed a lot of ideas as to how to make this plan work. High on the agenda was to develop ways of overcoming any of the parents and town folk who might stand in their way. Many of the women were very doubtful that their husbands would approve so everyone agreed to work together and to use all means available to them to succeed. If they could overcome any and all objections, the women on the committee were sure that feminizing their boys would work.

After the meeting, Phyllis Thompson drove home in her new BMW confident that things were going to be different! Her husband, Edward, was the town's leading physician. She had him firmly under her thumb ever since she caught him cheating two years earlier. But Edward was an avid sports enthusiast. Over Phyllis' objections, he was always pushing their son, Tony, into playing sports and doing male-oriented things like hunting, fishing and playing baseball. She tried to counter his influence by teaching Tony about art and music. Between the two of them it was a classic battle over the boy, pulling him in opposite directions.

When Phyllis first put Tony in a dress and panties, her husband vehemently objected, but eventually he let her do it as long as she didn't let outsiders see their boy in girls' clothes. He was worried about his reputation and their standing in the community.

But what Edward didn't know about was what his wife and daughter did to Tony at one time when they had caught him masturbating while peeking at them getting dressed. They forced Tony put on a bra and panties then sat him between them on the couch and slowly masturbated him into the panties. While they played with him, they talked dirty to him, terrorized him with wild ideas and forced him to tell them how much he envied girls because of all the pretty clothes they get to wear.

But now that all the boys in their area were going to be feminized, Phyllis could petticoat Tony on a full-time basis and even in front of outsiders. She knew that would solidify her position of superiority over both her son and her husband as well as make all that macho sports stuff the two of them shared seem pretty ridiculous.

The meeting had been exceptionally long so by the time Phyllis got home, Tony was already in bed and fast asleep. In the glow of his nightlight, she quietly opened his dresser drawer and withdrew a pretty white nylon pair of panties with fancy baby blue lace trim. Gently, she removed his pajama bottoms and put the fancy panties on him. He stirred and rolled over on his side but did not wake up. After she gave his limp little penis a few loving strokes through the soft nylon, she was delighted to see him start touching himself through the silky panties. As she replaced the blankets over his frail little body, she thought to herself that Tony would make a pretty little girl because he was slim with an adorable baby face. She reasoned that he was much better suited to be a girlie-boy than a little ruffian. In the morning, she knew Tony would be surprised to find himself wearing panties again, but she was sure he'd keep them on. She had him well trained.

When Phyllis came back downstairs and discovered Paula, her daughter, studying in the den, she announced that her brother was going to be wearing panties and perhaps other girls' clothes on a permanent basis. She excitedly told her all about what had gone on at the meeting. To Paula it was exciting news. She envisioned dominating her brother even more than she already did!



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Chapter 2 "It's panty time, boy!"

In the morning, Tony was upset when he realized he was wearing a pair of his punishment panties. He suspected his mother had put them on him during the night; she had done it before. And to take them off without her permission would mean severe punishment so he kept them on as he got ready for school. Paula passed him in the hallway on his way to the bathroom. She flashed a broad smile in his direction. He was sure she noticed the blue lace trim peeking out from under his pajama top as he tried to hold it down to cover the fancy panties. Paula let out a teasing giggle and a wolf whistle. All of his punishment panties were hand-me-downs from his big sister, and that made it all the more embarrassing whenever she saw him wearing them. His morning hard-on throbbed within his sissy panties, and that added another degree of embarrassment. More than anything, Paula loved the sight of his hard pecker stretching out an old pair of her panties. Tony blushed and dashed into the bathroom.



In the bathroom, Tony was in for another surprise. A huge collection of his mother's and sister's panties were hanging all over the place. Panties were perched over the edge of the tub, sticking out of the hamper, laid out on the sink, and stacked up on the drying rack. They were the gaudiest, frilliest, and most elaborately lacy panties they owned. He knew they were bating him, but he was unable to stop himself from grabbing a gaudy turquoise pair of panties with little pink and yellow bows decorating the front. He knew they were his mother's. He thrust them down the waistband of the panties he was wearing and wrapped them around his hard, aching penis. With just a few tugs on his erect cock through the folded layers of nylon he shot a load of his sticky boy cum. Luckily he caught it all in his mother's panties without staining the ones he was wearing. Sexually relieved, but feeling cornered, manipulated and very emasculated, he withdrew the wet panties from around his dick. He was going to hide them deep in the clothes hamper, but when he opened the lid he saw a piece of paper with a note written in lipstick. It said, "Dear Sissyboy, Did you enjoy shooting off in my panties? (Signed) Mother." Tony dropped the wet panties and ran back to his room.

After he got ready for school, he went downstairs. During breakfast he avoided looking at the other members of the family. He was sure his mother and sister knew he was wearing the panties. His sister giggled constantly, but he was glad no one said anything. His father was engrossed in the newspaper. He hoped his father didn't know. It was always very embarrassing for him to have his father see him in girls' clothes. Next to his very masculine father, it made him feel completely emasculated.

As he got up to leave the table, his mother stopped him and reminded him about keeping his shirt tucked in. Disregarding his protests, she unfastened his trousers, pulled aside his shirt and

snugged up his pretty panties.

"Tony, from now on," his mother said as Paula giggled, "you will be wearing girls' panties all the time! Your sister's hand-me-downs have been fine for punishment, but now you'll need a supply of your own. Today I'll buy a whole drawer full of panties for you while you are at school.

"By the way," she continued, "I'm glad to see you kept these panties on. And don't think for a moment about taking them off. I told your sister to check on you at school to make sure you keep them on. If she catches you without your panties on, tomorrow I'll send you to school in your pink party dress!"

With that Tony hung his head in shame. He heard the shuffling of the newspaper and knew his father had put it down to look at him.

"Phyllis," he complained. "What's going on here? I thought we agreed that you wouldn't make Tony wear those clothes outside."

"They're just panties," Phyllis answered as she continued to snug them up and tuck in his shirt. "Nobody can see them under his clothes."

"I think it's a stupid thing to do," he commented.

"Is it stupid that I wear panties? Stupid that Paula wears panties?"

"That's different. You're girls!"

"Boys don't wear them!" Edward protested. "Dressed like that, he'll feel like a sissy even though people can't see them."

"Bingo! I hope so! Acting like a sissy would certainly be an improvement over how he's been acting lately. Besides, you don't have to worry. All the boys in town will be wearing panties and probably be wearing dresses too before long."

"What are you talking about?"

"You'll find out soon enough. We'll talk when you get home tonight."

"I think you're going nuts."

"Butt out of this one, dearie! Or your nuts won't be going anywhere for a long time!"

Edward knew better than to continue to bicker with his wife, especially in front of the children. With a groan, he reopened the paper and went back to his reading.

Tony had adjusted fairly well to wearing panties at home for punishment, but he dreaded wearing them in public even if they were hidden under his regular clothes. The few times before when his mother had made him do that he was deathly afraid that people would find out. What if someone saw them? What if, somehow, people could guess what he was wearing? As he walked to school, he rushed past strangers. He must have checked his waist a hundred times to make sure that the panty waist elastic wasn't peeking above his trousers.

His mother had a perverse sense of humor, and on more than one occasion she had tucked the back of his shirt into the waistband of his panties and let the panties peek out without him knowing about it until his sister or father noticed them. She hadn't done that on this particular morning, but those experiences caused him to be extremely paranoid. He thought every passerby could see the panties as if they had x-ray vision. He was sure everyone he passed was laughing at him behind his back.

At school he shied away from everyone, and he prayed that his sister wouldn't tell anyone. At lunchtime she checked him by boldly thrusting her hand into his trousers and tickling his penis through the silky panties. Fortunately for Tony, her body shielded her actions so other people couldn't see what she was doing. Just as quickly she withdrew her hand, but with a parting snap of the waist elastic, she told him that she was going to check him again later.

Tony debated whether or not to keep the panties on during gym class. He decided to keep them on, because with his luck, somehow his mother would find out if he took them off even for a moment.

To avoid being seen by the other boys, he discreetly changed into his gym outfit in one of the bathroom stalls. Upon reporting to the gym, Miss Pearson, the tough lezzie athletics instructor, recruited him to set up some exercise equipment. While bending over he felt his T-shirt pull loose from his gym shorts. Immediately he tried to tuck it back in, but it was too late. Miss Pearson must have noticed because she made him stand still while she pulled out the waistband of his shorts to have a look at what he was wearing. For several moments, which seemed like hours to Tony, she stared at his shiny white panties with the lacy blue trim.

With a laugh she asked, "Do you wear girls' panties all the time for underwear?"

Tony hemmed and hawed, unable to organize his words.

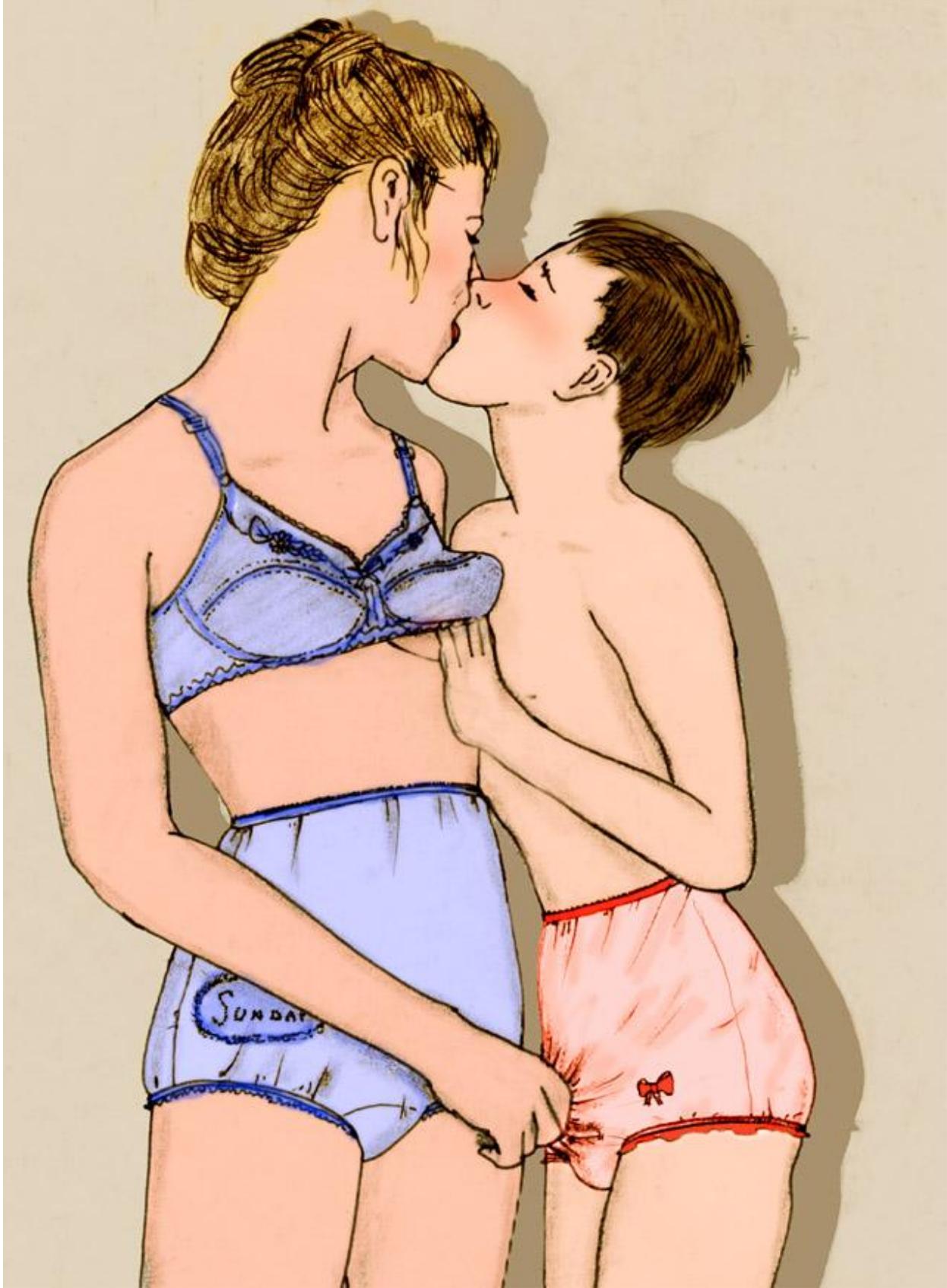
Miss Pearson always enjoyed having the upper hand with a cowering boy so she was excited ever since she heard some of the teachers talking about some sort of a feminization program was in the works for the boys. If it were true, she knew there would be a lot of opportunities to lord it over the spoiled bratty little boys she had to deal with every day. Little Tony was the first evidence she had seen that such a program was underway. As she peeked at his panties, she could see him trembling and scared. She wanted to embarrass the hell out of him but decided to spare him for the moment until she learned more about what was being planned.

"Those are really lovely panties," she teased. "I'll bet they feel nice on your little penis. And that is a little penis you have there. It looks good in panties!"

"However, take my advice, keep your shirt tucked in. If the other boys see your panties, heaven only knows what they'll do to you. But don't worry about me, I won't tell anyone about them," she added with a laugh.

When school got out, Tony was supposed to walk home with his sister. He waited for her, but when he saw her coming out the door with a whole group of girls, he got nervous. As they approached, he noticed that the girls were laughing, staring at him and talking loudly. When he heard one of them say something about panties, he panicked and started to run. He was sure his sister had told her friends about his panties. The girls gave chase and caught him as he tried to cut across the park.

They wrestled him to the ground, and as they held him down, Paula directed the girls to undo his trousers. When they saw his lacy nylon panties, the girls screeched with scorn and laughter.



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Chapter 3 "Hi, Mom, I'm home. . . . Ugh!"

All of the noise the girls were making attracted the attention of Lenny Parker and Timmy Winters as they walked home from school. When they saw the girls pull down Tony's pants, they finally realized who the other boy at school was, who was also wearing girls' panties. Lenny and Timmy feared that those crazed girls might try to depants them too. And if that happened, those girls would not only see that they were wearing panties, they'd tell everyone in school all about it! It was bad enough having the teachers know about their panties, but they couldn't bear the thought of having their fellow students find out.



The boys ran as fast as they could until they were well out of sight of the girls. Once they slowed down, Timmy took a close look at Lenny. It was the first time they were together since the day before when Timmy had gotten his first taste of petticoat punishment. Timmy was anxious to talk.

"What can we do about our mothers? Have they gone nuts or something?"

"You mean the girls' clothes and stuff?"

"Yeah!"

"It's not so bad?"

"What? Are you crazy? You like that stuff?"

"No. NO! But . . . but . . ."

"But what?" Timmy said in utter amazement. "They're making us into sissies! I'm not going to let them make me into a goddamn sissy! No way! Can you get some money? Let's run away."

"Oh, I don't know . . ." Lenny hesitated.

Timmy took a good look at his friend. It was like looking at a stranger. Lenny didn't seem to be overly concerned about having to wear girls' clothes.

"Damn, man! You're going to let your mother do this to you?"

Lenny blushed and shrugged his shoulders. Timmy was becoming more confused by the moment. He wondered if he was the only sane person left on earth.

Following their usual route, they cut through the parking lot of the Extra Value Mart and squeezed through a broken fence to get to the backyard of Lenny's house. They waved good-bye to each other as Lenny ran up the stairs, but Timmy immediately froze in his tracks because Mrs. Parker was standing in the back doorway. Through the screen door, Timmy could see that she was wearing only a matching pale blue satin brassiere and panties, both trimmed with delicate trim. Timmy blinked in disbelief as she made Lenny strip off his boys clothes right there on the back porch until he was down to just his pink nylon panties. A shiver went down Timmy's spine as he watched his friend being humiliated like that. He was really shocked when Mrs. Parker

didn't let Lenny into the house right away. Instead, she stepped out onto the porch and gave him a passionate, deep-throated kiss. And as she kissed him, she pumped on her son's pink pantied penis. Blushing and obviously embarrassed from being put on display for Timmy and any of the neighbors who could easily have seen if any were watching, Lenny grabbed up his clothes and dashed into the house the instant his mother ended the kiss and opened the door to let him in.

Timmy was amazed at that spectacle, but such sights were becoming strangely commonplace for him. He shook his head like he was trying to shake all this nonsense out of his mind as he turned to take the shortcut home through the Parker's backyard. But as he turned and began to run, he ran directly into the laundry strung up on their clothesline. The clothes were all brightly colored and exceptionally frilly. A complete range of girls' clothes were hanging up to dry, everything from fancy dresses and filmy blouses to training bras, full-length slips and, of course, panties of every color and decoration. He hesitated for a moment as he realized that those were Lenny's clothes. It was very unnerving to Timmy. He wondered if his mother would expect him to wear girls' clothes like Lenny. As Timmy turned and started toward home, he looked back in disgust as he watched Lenny's girlie clothes fluttering in the breeze.

As he ran through backyards and alleyways, Timmy couldn't stop the flood of images flowing through his innocent mind. He definitely got the sense that Lenny didn't mind wearing panties. His cock certainly erected fast enough from almost the moment his mother had started touching him. But Timmy could understand that, to a degree. After all, when his own mother played with him in his panties, he found it impossible not to become wildly aroused. But yet there was more. He got the feeling that Lenny really enjoyed it more. The sight of all those girls depantsing Tony Thompson didn't bother Lenny half as much as it had scared him. Afterward, Lenny even laughed about it, when Timmy didn't think it was funny in the least. And why wouldn't Lenny even consider trying to run away with him? Was he willing to stay there and put up with all this female bullshit?

Timmy was quickly finding himself with very few options. He promised himself that he was going to try to reason with his mother the moment he got home. He wasn't going to wear any more girls' clothes, regardless of what the other boys were going to have to wear to school and regardless of how much his mother wanted him to do it. Besides, he was sure most of the other boys would fight back. They wouldn't allow themselves to be dressed like sissy girls! And if they wouldn't fight back, he'd run away. He didn't want to be a girl. He just wanted to be a plain ordinary boy. Timmy told himself he was going to take off those dumb panties the moment he got home, and he was going to tell his mother that he wasn't going to wear them any more!

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Chapter 4 "I just wanna be a boy!"

As Timmy entered his house, he took a deep breath to bolster his confidence before confronting his mother. He walked into the living room ready to plead his case, but before he could say a word, he was consumed with the sight of his mother sitting provocatively on the couch in her brief little white tennis dress. It was short enough to expose several inches of her ruffled pink panties. But more than that, she was boldly stroking herself between her legs, stroking the silky panty fabric over her throbbing pussy lips. Timmy couldn't help staring. His mother saw him looking. She didn't do anything to modestly cover her frills or hide the fact that she was finger fucking herself through her panties.

He wanted to talk to her, to complain about wearing panties, but seeing her like that took his breath and words away. She could see that a lot was on his mind. Realizing that he was frustrated and confused, she asked him what was on his mind. She kept trying to look away from her, but his curiosity got the best of him, and he found himself repeatedly staring in disbelief at his mother with sidelong glances.

"What's on your mind, honey?" she asked.

He seized the opportunity. Nervously he started to hem and haw but before he could put together a coherent sentence, she interrupted him.

"Hold on a sec, baby, Momma's gotta cum!"

And with that Barb started pumping her pussy with abandon, flailing away at herself until he she brought herself to a long, screaming orgasm. Carried away by her reawakened sexual appetite, her long dormant sex life had been turned around 360 degrees within the last twenty-four hours. Like Jekyll & Hyde, she had changed from a typical small town housewife to steaming sex machine. Little Timmy could only shutter in amazement. To him, she had become a total stranger overnight, an exotic stranger that was both an amazingly fascinating sexual animal and very scary. Lenny's mom and a lot of the other women seemed to be going through a similar metamorphosis!

After she recuperated with a series of tension-relieving deep breaths, Barb acted like nothing was unusual, calmly snugging up her moist panties and straightening out her flirty little skirt. As she smiled at him and mentioned that she would be right back, she made a big production of sliding off the couch, causing her tennis dress to slide high on her body, tantalizing her son with an even greater display of her pretty panties. Timmy had difficulty getting used to his mother's sexually aggressive manner. It made him blush a shade of pink even brighter than her fancy panties!

Barbara went into the kitchen and returned a moment later with some milk and freshly baked

rum babas. Timmy wasn't really hungry, but he had difficulty in refusing his mother in any way. On the tray along with his snack was a little pink pill. She explained that it was a new vitamin that would help him sleep and make him strong. At her urging, he swallowed the pill and washed it down with a sip of milk. The sweet rolls were delightful. With a few more sips of milk, his resolve was restored. He cleared his throat as he prepared himself to talk to his mother.

Mrs. Winters waited patiently for him to talk. She sat down on the arm of the chair he was sitting on and asked him what was on his mind as she began toying with his hair, fluffing it up and dreamily shaping it into gentle little curls around his angelic face.

Timmy wanted desperately to complain. It was nerve-racking to wear panties, and the prospect of being forced to wear other girls' clothes was upsetting him. He had to protest.

The closeness of his mother's long legs and full thighs distracted him as did her fingers playing with his hair. Her perfume filled his head. He found it difficult to think. But what commanded his greatest attention was his mother's wispy tennis dress that was pulled high across her thighs, displaying the intricate lace trim on her utterly feminine pink panties. They were only inches from his face, and he found it impossible to look away from them. The crotch of her panties was soaked with her pussy juice. He could smell it. He was getting very used to that strange, erotic aroma.

Barbara took his hand and gently held it against the frilled panty elastic. She encouraged him to rub his fingers over the smooth nylon and scratchy new lace.

Gathering his strength while confronting the full force of his mother's enticing femininity was extremely difficult. Timmy made a feeble attempt to speak.

"Mom, I just wanna be your little boy. I can't keep wearing girls' things. P-pl-please let me take these things off?"

Confident that she could easily override this resistance, Barbara said, "First of all, these are not 'things,'" as she opened his trousers and plucked at the nylon fabric. "These are panties. Girls' panties! And, if you don't call panties by their proper name, how am I supposed to know what you are talking about?" She knew that young boys had difficulty in even saying the word "panties." And, Barbara didn't miss an opportunity to get the upper hand.

Timmy desperately tried again. "Mom, please don't make me wear these uh-girls' p-panties?" With his trousers wide open, she started to playfully touch him through the soft nylon of his panties. Timmy's hopes sank as her persuasive words and teasing manipulations eroded his resistance. Tears filled his eyes as she rubbed the panties and kept inching her hand closer to his panty-covered prick. The moment she touched it, he began to moan. She knew he was defenseless as she toyed with his boyhood through his sissy panties.

"Now Timmy, you know how much you love the pretty panties I bought for you. Sure, you're a little confused, but believe me, I know what is best for you."

By now she began stroking his extremely hard and sensitive penis wrapped in the ticklishly soft, silky panties.

"I know what the problem is! Just look how hard your little dickie is! Well, I'll relieve the tension, and you'll feel a lot better!"

She was putting more and more energy into her swiftly moving fingers. Timmy was so young that he didn't really cum like grown-ups do. He was just maturing into that stage of his life. When he came, he only emitted a small quantity of milky colored fluid. It dribbled out of the end of his little penis instead of shooting out.

His mini cums were not very satisfying. He usually stayed hard and wanted to cum again almost immediately. Barbara loved having her boy at this stage of development. She could play

with him almost endlessly, warping his mind and indoctrinating him into her bullshit way of thinking until his penis got so sore, he would plead for her to stop touching it.

Timmy's mother didn't stop pulling on his penis until he shot two successive mini cums into his dainty panties. In order to get his mother to stop, Timmy found himself promising her all over again that he would always wear girls' panties and love doing it.

Barbara replaced her hand with Timmy's own hand. He gingerly touched the cum-soaked nylon covering his penis. Under his mother's direction, he started to stroke his penis as she had done. She told him to keep it hard and sensitive. She knew that when he was in that state, his defenses were totally broken and his mind was very receptive to her radical ideas.

Timmy slumped forward in the chair and snuggled up to his mother. His lips touched her thigh and she told him to kiss her there while he studied her pretty pink panties that were only an inch or two from his eyes.

Barbara reached down the boy's back with her hand and began gently tugging on the waist elastic of his soft new panties. Mother and son titillated each other with their intimate contact. The boy's natural submissiveness was the perfect counterpart to his mother's determined and superior attitude.

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Chapter 5 Brief Resistance

Barbara finally had the beaten boy stand up. She told him to go to his bedroom. It was time for him to pray to her panties, something she would be making him do every day now. She told him not to take his hand off of his pantied penis.

When he entered his bedroom, he immediately noticed a frilly full slip as well as a pair of panties that his mother had left on the bed for him. Within seconds he was kneeling at his bedside admiring the slip and panties. With his free hand he touched them and closely examined the seams and elastics as well as the fancy lace trim. The delicate lingerie was pale purple with snappy white elastics and ribbon bows and pink lace around the edges. The lace didn't just go across the front of the panties; it completely encircled the legbands in a very delicate flower pattern. Timmy even looked inside the panties and noticed the little satin tab with the size on it. He looked further and noticed the feminine stains his mother's body had left on the bright panty fabric. He held the panties to his nose to inhale the rich perfume and sweet pungent odors from his mother's body. He kept his fingers busy on his penis. Even though his prick hurt, he renewed his stroking when he smelled his mother's precious body odors on her well-worn lingerie. It was like she was right next to him. He could see her in his mind's eye with her devilish grin and commanding presence.

Tommy lost all track of time. He really became involved in playing with and praying to his mother's panties. Barbara loved the devotion he showed and left him alone for well over an hour. She periodically checked on him, but without fail, he was still kneeling before her panties talking to them as he fingered the filmy nylon and inhaled their fragrance.

Barbara took the time to change her clothes and prepare dinner. She couldn't wait to complete Timmy's feminization. She was going to love making him into her daughter and teaching about everything feminine. Soon, she'd show him how to cook and wait on her so he could do all the traditional kinds of girls' things like sewing, cleaning and other household chores.

When she entered his bedroom to get him to come downstairs for dinner, he was slouched back on his heels crying and pleading with the panties to be merciful to him. His little hand still cupped his penis. He had obviously cum at least once or twice more in his panties. They were dripping with goopy boy cum. Barbara helped him to his feet, but after being on his knees for so long, he almost fell down. Barb grabbed him and hugged him. She let him know how much she loved him and how well he was progressing into the secret world of femininity. With his legs still a little wobbly, Barb guided him to the dining room for dinner. His very irritated penis kept bouncing around in the wet nylon of his panties as he walked.

Barbara couldn't get enough of looking at her sweet little boy wearing lace-trimmed panties, but even more than that, she loved the sweet acrid smell of his boy cum. She found it very



appetizing. She was looking forward to smelling his delicious cum throughout dinner.

After dinner, Barbara carefully peeled her boy's silk panties off his bright red, overworked penis. She bent forward and placed a gentle kiss on the very end of his prick. Timmy swallowed with difficulty, expecting a sharp pain as his mother's lips came into contact with his dick. The terror of the situation made him beg his mother not to do it; but she proceeded to touch his inflamed dick with her hot wet tongue. Without warning his supersensitive penis unleashed a brief, strong spurt of cum. It hit his mother's mouth and streamed across her face. It was the first time he had ever shot his wad so intensely.

Barb stifled a laugh. She enjoyed the flavor of his youthful, tormented cum. Instead of wiping off the strand of jism that had shot across her lips and face, she lifted her head up and let Timmy see his sticky cum dripping from her upper lip. She tilted her head back and stuck out her tongue so drop-by-drop he could see it drip into her open mouth.

Smiling with a huge droplet of cum dangling from her upper lip, she aimed her mouth directly at Timmy's and slowly guided his lips to meet hers. Once they were enveloped in a passionate kiss, she used her tongue to force open her sissy boy's mouth. Then, her darting tongue flung droplets of cum from her mouth to his. The sticky cum running down her cheek got rubbed across his face as they twisted their mouths back and forth in an erotic French kiss.

After his very sore penis had shot its load, it became super sensitive and started to feel more irritated than ever. At that moment, he felt his mother's hand on his dick. He groaned as she pushed him down onto the cold tile kitchen floor. She mounted him as she pulled aside the elastic leg band of her frilly panties and thrust his aching penis deep into her hungry, wet pussy.

The rasping, scratchy lace on the legband of his mother's panties was tightly strained across his inflamed penis as she fucked him with violent thrusts of her cunt. Barbara came as her boy moaned in pain. Her tight panty elastic had rubbed the side of his dick raw. The skin was broken, and it began to bleed. Timmy hugged himself against his mother's body. He didn't want to move a muscle. Even the slightest movement caused him intense pain as they began to unwind from their passionate excess. Without warning Barb unleashed a flood of piss that erupted over his penis still throbbing within her. Her salty piss soaked into the bleeding scratches on his organ. Timmy let out a new series of moans and then began to cry.

Barb gently permitted his prick to retract from her cunt. Her piss soaked panties snapped back into position as he flopped out of her depths. With a pained expression on his face, he watched as she took a big fluffy towel and wipe them both dry then mopped up the piss on the floor. Fucking him, pissing on him, she obviously had this all planned! After a series of deep breaths, Timmy was quickly falling into a deep sleep. Barb took him to his bedroom and helped him up on his bed. She laughed to herself as she gingerly removed her cum and piss soaked panties and playfully slipped them on her exhausted and now fast asleep little boy.

When she finally woke him up, he saw that he was wearing her stained tennis panties. He looked at her with an expression of total defeat. Barb teased him a bit about wearing her dirty panties as she gleefully referred to them as his "motherfucking panties."

When she had him take off the panties, she teased him about keeping them as a souvenir then sent him off to take a bath. He had to get all cleaned up so she could dress him up for the PTA committee meeting they were going to that night. He didn't resist as she dressed him in a rather feminine outfit that she had purchased that afternoon. He belonged to her. He couldn't resist.



Shameless Mothers 3

Chapter 6

"It's not a skirt. It's a kilt!"

Timmy's costume featured a soft pink, girlish blouse frilled with wide lacy ruffles around the collar and cuffs. It buttoned down the back, a feature that underlined its feminine style. He wore a fully pleated plaid skirt that his mother had told him was like the kilts worn by boys in Scotland. In his heart he knew it was a girls' skirt, but he had no fight left in him to defend his masculinity. He also wore shiny black patent leather strap shoes with white ankle socks trimmed with pink lace.

Underneath the thin blouse, his chest was wrapped in a little pink satin training bra. He didn't realize it, but the little girl bra easily could be seen through the sheer blouse. A crisp white satin half-slip with a wide lacy hem peeked from beneath his skirt. His mother explained that he needed to wear the slip so the scratchy skirt wouldn't irritate the tender skin on his legs. And, of course, he was wearing a new pair of panties. They were a cheery rose color with pale pink lace inserts on each hip and his name "Timmy" was embroidered on the front.

That night's meeting was being held downtown in an office belonging to one of the committee members. They had arranged to meet there because it had a large telephone room that they could use to contact parents, whom they would be inviting to a general meeting to be held that coming Saturday.

Barb and her cute little son finished getting ready and were on their way to the meeting. It was a new experience for Timmy to feel the wind blow around his legs under a skirt. The teasing slip kept swishing against his panties. Only hours before he had sworn to himself that he was not going to ever wear any girls' clothes again, and now, here he was, being led down the street in a skirt and blouse and everything that went with it! Sexually, he had been repeatedly drained and tormented. Such sensations were totally new to him. His mother knew how to drive him wild. It was like he didn't have a mind of his own. His mind was in his penis and his mother took control of it any time she wanted.

About a dozen women engaged in spirited conversations packed the brightly lit office. The surroundings made Timmy exceptionally self-conscious. He tried to stay close to his mother. Feeling totally defeated, he knew he couldn't refuse her anything no matter how much she humiliated him. He was completely aware of his surroundings and his appearance. He thought he looked like a sissy fool. Why couldn't he go against his mother? He had to admit to himself that the sexual pleasure she gave him superseded all of his other wants and needs. Yet, he found it difficult to admit to himself that he didn't resist because he craved her intimate touch. But he knew he wasn't resisting her because he feared she might stop giving him her special brand of mind-blowing sexual thrills.

The humiliation of being dressed as a prissy girl in a room full of women was daunting. As the laughing, curious women came up close to get a good look at him and to touch his girlish clothes, he wanted to run and hide, but he had no strength to run. It was like the clothes had drained him of all his power and energy. Some of the women were kind and sweet but others were intimidating as they examined his outfit and asked humiliating questions about his panty training program.

"Oh Barb, it's so nice to see you." Minnie Olsen said as she greeted her. Minnie's eyes lit up

when she spotted Timmy.

"And this must be little Timmy. I've heard so much about you. You've grown so much. I haven't seen you in months. Let me take a look at you? Aren't you just adorable?"

She stooped down to Timmy's level and rubbed her hands down the sides of his blouse. "My little girl would just love you. It's a pity we don't live closer; you could play together. I'm just going to have to bring her over sometime for a visit. You know my daughter, don't you? Her name is Candy. She's in the fifth grade."

Timmy knew the girl all right. She was a bitchy little brat that thought she owned the world. He dreaded being in the same room with her.

Minnie continued, "I think your outfit is just divine. A little kilt, isn't that novel! Are you Scottish?"

Before the besieged boy could answer he tried to pull away from her because she had grabbed the hem of his kilt and held it out to see how full it was. His action caused the hem to snap out of her grip. It flew up and gave the surprised woman a glimpse of his lace-trimmed satin half-slip.

"Oops!" she laughed. "Your slip is showing!"

Her eyes widened when she noticed the pink training bra showing through his blouse. Beaming with an intimidating big smile, she leaned toward Timmy, embraced him and let her hands roam across his back until she located the back strap of his little bra.

"I've just got to bring my little Candy over to play with you," she whispered into his ear. "She'd love to play dress-up with a sissy like you!" With that she snapped his bra strap and let out a conquering laugh.

Minnie and Barb agreed upon a date for their children to get together. And once the full feminization program was up and running, they were planning to hold a slumber party for the neighborhood girls and boy-girls. Poor Timmy just took it in stride; he wondered if he would ever get out of girls' clothes.