



## Shameless Mothers 4

### Chapter 7

#### Sweet Sons

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

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

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

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

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

While trying to hide his royally teased erect penis by clutching it through the offending but exciting pink panties, Ron, now thoroughly terrorized, lurched up and then dashed into the adjoining bathroom. He lost track of the time he spent in there. He was so worried about the photos Sally took of Candy jacking on his cock through the panties. Now he knew for sure it had been a setup to trap him. But to trap him for what reason? With those photos, his wife could divorce him and totally ruin his life. He had never been unfaithful to his wife, but that didn't

matter. He loved his wife and family. He couldn't think of being separated from them. He knew Sally was in control now for whatever reason. He'd have to do anything she wanted.

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

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

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

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

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

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

After a long time she did come in. She turned off the television set, approached him and looked him directly in the eye as she simply told him there were going to be many changes in their house, and he would have to go along with everything if he wanted to stay and be part of the family. She had been appalled at his resistance to panty training and feminization because they needed help with their son. He wasn't necessarily a bad boy, but he was a failing student, and

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

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

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

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

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