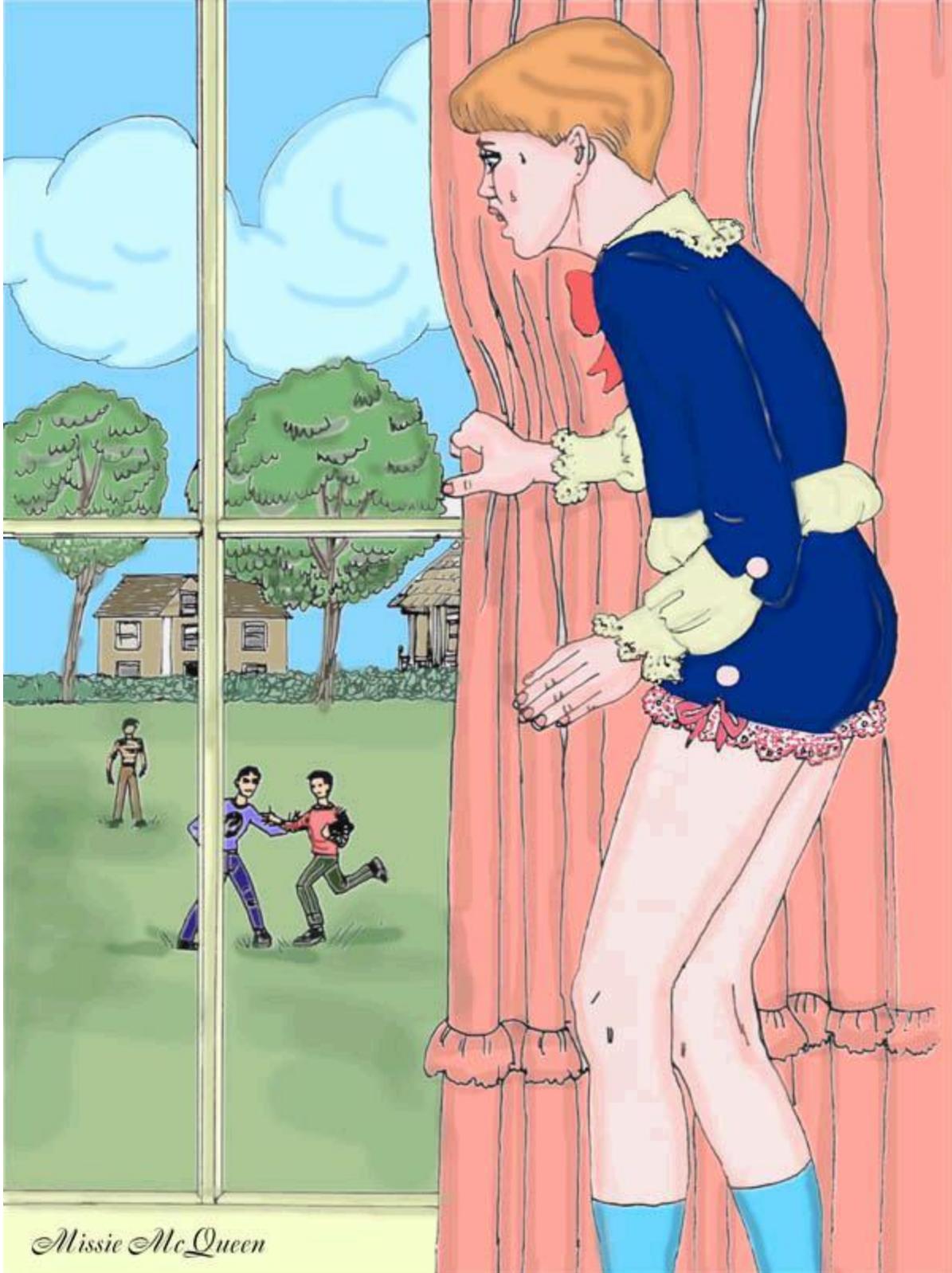


SHAMELESS MOTHERS

No. 2
Classic Reprint





Missie McQueen

Chapter 1

Immersed in Sissyhood

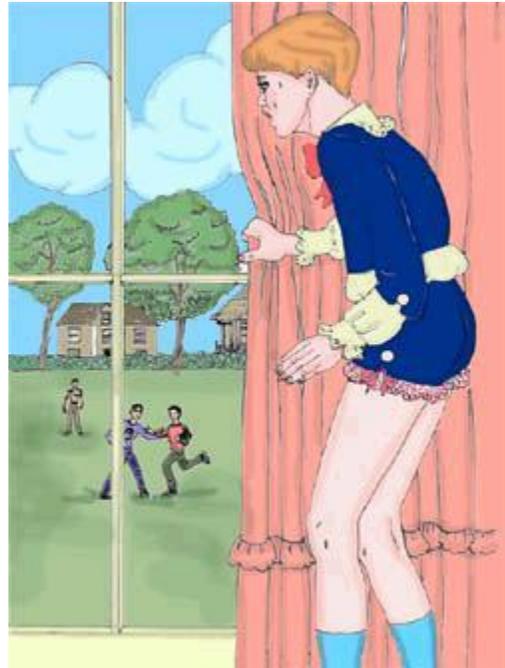
Shaken, shattered and shamed, Timmy tasted the lipstick his mother had put on him as he nervously stroked his lip over his teeth and stared out his bedroom window. He reflected upon the frightening but astounding things that had happened to him that day. He shuttered as he recalled seeing Lenny, his best friend, wearing girls' panties and a dress and apparently enjoying it! Worse than that, he himself had been forced to wear panties-icky, silky girls' panties-and most amazing of all, he had been totally ravished by his mother. His mind burned remembering the intimate and secret things she had done to him!

Even though it was early evening, the sun was still shining brightly. It was the type of day he loved because on beautiful fall days like this, his mother usually let him go back out to play after dinner. From his vantage point, he watched some boys in the field next door playing an impromptu rough and tumble game of football, something he had always loved to do. On any other day, he would have been wildly anxious to join them, but he wouldn't be joining them today. Moreover, he sensed his little boy world would never again be the same. His mother had brought forth the full force of his emerging hormones, a scary and confusing time for a boy.

Even though he was watching the boys from the quiet safety of his own room, he was hiding himself behind the drapes, afraid of being seen in the humiliating outfit his mother had forced him to wear. She had borrowed the Little Lord Fauntleroy-style costume from her friend Marion Parker, who had used it to turn her ill-mannered little Lenny into a quiet, submissive sissy. And now Timmy's mother was trying to do the same to him. Consisting of a childishly cute, dark blue velvet vest and shorts, it was more appropriate for a girl than a boy, especially with its flamboyantly frilled, ecru satin blouse and oversized red satin bow for a tie.

How had this all happened, he asked himself? Was it all some kind of weird dream? He wanted to know. Just a few hours before, he was a typical little boy with nothing on his mind beside sports and doing the absolute minimum to get by in school. But everything was different now. How had he gotten into this mess?

Seeing his baseball-loving friend Lenny wearing girls' panties, then wearing a dress--weird! Why had his mother done that to him? And why was he now being led down that same path? He felt a tickle on his thigh, like a bug crawling up his leg. He scratched it, sliding his fingers along the edge of his short shorts only to encounter the lacy frills on the panties he was wearing. Yes, panties! Yuck! How did he ever let his mother do this to him? Why was she convinced that he would stay out of trouble if he had to wear panties



and sissy clothes? What in the hell did wearing such clothes have to do with anything except make him feel like a jerk?

He recalled snippets of conversation from a few hours earlier, when his mother listened to Marion talking about a surefire way to train boys. She kept mentioning panties, claiming panties were the real key to making it all work. Faced with that weird reasoning, Timmy thought about ripping those panties off then and there and that damned sissy suit too! He took a few deep breaths and prepared to begin ripping and tearing, but he couldn't go against his mother and do it. Extremely disappointed in himself, tears came to his eyes.

He remembered Mrs. Parker saying that she had crushed Lenny's emerging manhood with 'petticoat punishment.' Whatever in the hell that meant! She kept up the talk about panties, saying that she focused on the panties because they were the ultimate girlish garment, and panties could kill a boy's spirits better than any other single item. She had described in detail her training methods, and now those words, which Timmy did not fully comprehend at the time, were haunting his thoughts. He had seen it for himself, but only now was he putting it all together: Lenny was well on his way to becoming an outrageous sissy—he had even graduated to wearing fancy party dresses—yuck! Timmy knew in his heart that he was headed for dresses too unless he did something to convince his mother not to do it. Didn't she love him for being a little boy? She couldn't really want to turn him into a girl? Was all this just some kind of a crazy game meant to scare him into being nicer and doing better in school? He was going to tell his mother that he'd work much harder in school. He'd take out his school books and start studying right away. That might convince her to let him get out of the sissy clothes.

Throughout her life, Barb always had been dominated by one male or another. First it was her father, then her husband, and in recent months she saw the same type of arrogance developing in her son. Timmy expected more and more from her and was giving back less and less. But once exposed to the effectiveness of petticoat punishment, she became an instant convert. She knew it was exactly the type of thing she had been looking for, a way to turn the tide and make her son totally submissive instead of destructive and demanding.

Moreover, Barb was a sexually frustrated woman. For as much as she loved having a good cum, sex with men always seemed to be more of a game or a battle, and she usually ended up feeling used. So over the years, masturbation was her friend, masturbation with fantasies of being in charge in the bedroom. While all of those dominating, feminizing and sexually aggressive attacks on her son happened on just this one day, her subconscious mind had been preparing her to do it her whole life.

That evening, Barb was hosting a PTA committee meeting to discuss the very real problem they were having controlling the boys in school. Thank goodness she was an organized person and had been readying everything for the meeting over the previous few days. Otherwise, her visit to Marion's house and the subsequent feminizing sexual attack on her son might have interfered with her ability to be a good hostess.

For days leading up to this event, Barb had been wondering how she could contribute. Disciplining children was not her forte. Her own son had been sliding down a spiral, increasingly disrespectful, even abusive and getting into trouble more and more frequently. What could she offer to the group. That was until today, when she took charge of her son and made a direct frontal attack on his masculinity. Could petticoat

punishment-she laughed to herself every time she even thought of that cute little phrase-permanently change Timmy's evil ways? Something from within her told her that it could. Now, literally overnight, she did have something to contribute on the subject of controlling naughty little boys, but would this group be ready to handle such a radical idea? She had already decided that she'd be prepared to open the subject of petticoat punishment and possibly even use Timmy as an example if the discussion could be led in that direction.

Aglow with the satisfaction that she was more in charge of her life than at any point in her past, Barb strutted into Timmy's bedroom and sat herself down on his toy chest. Her entrance disrupted him from his trace-like stare out the window.

She smiled with delight as she studied the fine details of his sissy costume. With one foot perched up on the edge of the chest, her pleated white mini skirt lewdly fell away from her thighs. Timmy had an unobstructed view of the wonderland beneath her skirt. Her thighs were framed by the pink lacy hem of her silky white half slip. Barb pretended to adjust her stockings as she tugged at the straps of her virginal white garter belt, a garment that she gotten out of a storage box in the attic, hoping to further tantalize her little boy. Instead of obstructing his view, her hands with their bright red fingernails were beacons directing his attention to her lingerie show. Above the expanse of her luscious soft thighs, Timmy could see her bright pink panties which were embroidered with delicate rosebuds. He groaned as he stared. He knew boys weren't supposed to look at their mothers like that, yet he couldn't stop watching her as she boldly stroked her pussy through the sensuous panty fabric.

Entranced by her blatant sexual display, the pace of his breathing increased. Her breathing also increased as she let herself sink into a luxuriously exciting sexual rhythm. She was doubly thrilled sitting there and playing with herself as her pantywaist son watched. She grinned when she noticed his little penis swell to rigid attention within the confines of his little velvet shorts. Even though she couldn't see his panties because he had been successful in tucking their lacy edges far up inside his shorts, she knew he was wearing them. Just thinking about all that silky nylon and lace encasing his little prick and balls made her hum with excitement as she felt an orgasm approaching. She motioned for Timmy to come close to her, and when he did, she grabbed him behind the neck and drew him down to his knees between her parted thighs, pulled his face right under her skirt and told him in excited moans to kiss her pretty panties like he had kissed her there before.

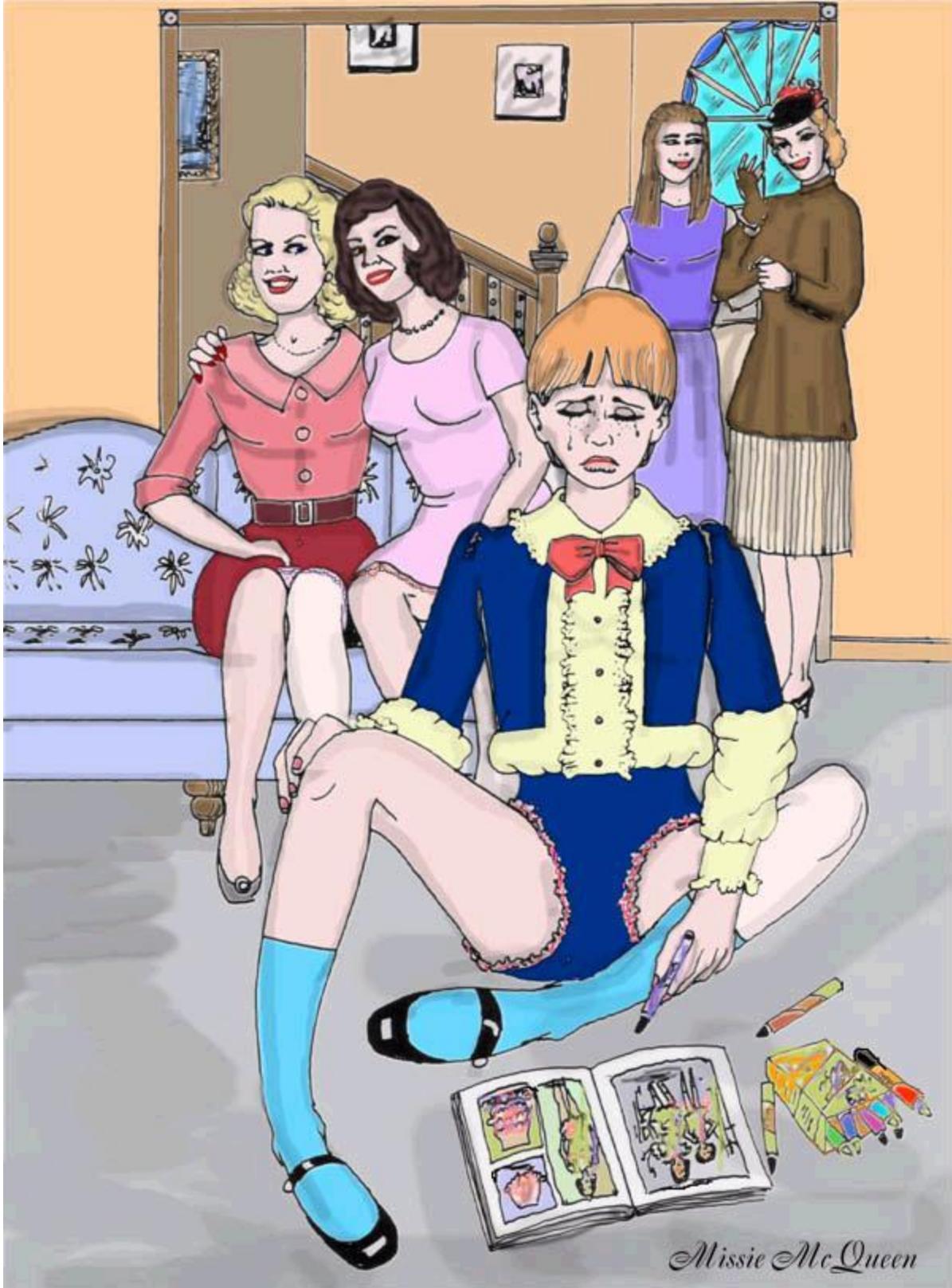
As he started to lick and kiss her between her rocking thighs, she quickly pulled aside the leg elastic of her pink panties and directed his tongue into her pussy. He was a quick learner, responding faithfully as she steered him by a tightly clenched hank of his hair. She shouted out precise instructions between bouts of heavy breathing. The boy performed astonishingly well for his inexperience. Oh, she'd teach him to be the best! Barb heightened her arousal at the expense of her sissy son by leaning forward and thrusting a hand down the back of his velvet shorts. She had to see them! She had to feel the pretty panties he was wearing. She extracted her hand from the back of his shorts and in her firm grip was the rose-colored waistband elastic.

With a loud gasp and a little laugh she said, "Oh! Timmy, I love your pretty panties!" That was quickly followed by another rolling orgasm exploding throughout her body.

She let her panty leg snap back into position across her son's cum-drenched face and lips, signaling him to stop eating her now overly tender pussy. Barb was out of breath and out of words. She had nothing else to say to her boy, his face still just inches away from her cum-coated panty crotch. Still wallowing in the dizzying experience, he stared as his mother's sex juices seeped through the double thickness of panty nylon.

Barb regained her being, slowly tugging down her skirt and slip as she bade Timmy to stand up. After she adjusted her own clothes and applied a fresh coat of lipstick, she straightened Timmy's outfit and gave him a big hug and his still rigid penis a few encouraging strokes. That brought his pent-up penis in contact with her lovely breast. Even though his penis touched her titty through many layers of clothing, it throbbed in excitement with the intimate contact.

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Missie McQueen



Chapter 2

Toying with Exposure

Barb gave Timmy a little kiss on the cheek then handed him a coloring book and crayons and led him to a far corner of their spacious living room, where she told him to sit down on the floor and keep himself busy while the women were holding their meeting. He told himself that she should have no fear because he had no intention of drawing attention to himself and his ridiculously humiliating outfit. He pleaded with her to let him stay in his bedroom because he was afraid someone would notice how he was dressed and make fun of him, but Barb commanded that he sit down and get busy coloring in the book and stay there where she could keep an eye on him during the meeting.

Timmy begged her to let him tuck the lacy edges of his panties up under the edge of his shorts. She agreed, laughing gently as he rushed to hide the embarrassing lace. Confident that he had been successful in hiding away all the lace, he breathed a sigh of relief. Barb giggled at him as she bent to give him another kiss, this time right on his mouth with her freshly lipsticked lips. As she pulled away, she saw the fresh lipstick her kiss had left behind on his lips, effectively replenishing his lipstick that had been rubbed away by her hungry pussy. Looking down at his legs, she could still see little flecks of pink and white peeking from the leg openings of his shorts, but she didn't mention it to him.

Timmy had turned to face the wall in a further attempt to escape attention from the throng of women who were about to arrive. Now that things were quiet for a moment, he reflected once again on what was happening to him. From his nose to his chin, his face was covered with a generous slathering of his mother's dried-on pussy juices. Every time he inhaled it was like burying his face into a pair of his mother's dirty panties. The lingering aroma kept reminding him of where his face had been and what he had done. He was haunted by thoughts from the immediate past to the present and what would happen if any of the women did notice his sissy outfit. Just as horrifying, he imagined what the future held. Troubled and tormented, he sought relief from the onrush of all those images. He opened the book, hoping to distract himself by getting involved in coloring the pictures. With disgust, he noticed it was a girl's coloring book. All types of women and girls were pictured in a variety of fancy outfits, ranging from party dresses to lacy lingerie. He remembered seeing the book before. His mom had kept it on hand for when his little cousin Judy visited.

Though reveling in the sexual thrills his mother was awakening within him, the idea of being turned into a sissy was unbearable. Timmy was ripening to protest, but he didn't know how to resist his all-powerful mother, who was simultaneously turning him on and terrifying him. He certainly had no intention of becoming a swishy sissy like Lenny, but

his mother's pleasuring of his penis was a thrilling force that was getting him to cooperate with her weird ideas—at least for the moment, but he wasn't a sissy and he wasn't going to become one no matter how she dressed him nor what she did to him. He sat there and began to fill in the pictures with bright colors, all the while hoping and praying for a return to his former typically little boy life-style. Somehow that must be possible!

Timmy was hoping to go unnoticed as much as possible so he sat with his back to the arriving women, thinking that the frills on his outfit couldn't be seen from the back. He was thankful that the women did not bother themselves with him. Instead, they immediately involved themselves in conversation with one another. A few of them did acknowledge his presence with a "hello" to him or by making a reference to the "quiet little boy in the corner," but none of them seemed to have noticed his sissified condition. Mrs. McMasters, the committee chairperson, was the last to arrive, but once she was there, she wasted no time in getting the meeting underway.

In her opening statement, she reported that at the Madison Street School, their school, the boys accounted for over 95% of all problems and almost 100% of the serious problems. Even when one of the girls broke the rules, it was rarely anything as serious as what was commonplace for the boys. She simply stated that they didn't have a general student problem; they had a boy student problem. With a great degree of emotion in her voice, she said she feared that the town they had developed into a wonderful little community was quickly slipping away from them and they were in danger of losing this generation of boys to the forces of evil.

To support her case, she read off a litany of recent offences committed by some of their boy students that included everything from home break-ins, school vandalism and physical assaults on teachers to emerging gang and drug problems, something they had never before encountered. They had always prided themselves in being a small town away from the ravages of big city crime, but they were on the verge of having their pleasant life-style destroyed. Mrs. McMasters theorized that these problems were inspired by television, outsiders to their town and workaholic parents with too little time for their children. She said boys who were going through puberty were especially susceptible to those negative influences. To prove her theory, she pointed out that the older boys, those starting and well into puberty, were by far the most aggressive and problematic.

In conclusion, she stated that to regain control of their boys and their future, it was necessary to 1) turn off the televisions, 2) monitor anyone who got involved with their children, 3) convince parents to spend quality time with their children, and 4) develop a way to inhibit the naturally aggressive nature of boys. Insisting that they were fighting the same battle that the rest of the country, if not the rest of the world, was fighting—and losing, Mrs. McMasters told them that it was time to take drastic action. Moreover, she was confident that almost every one in their town also wanted action!

Expressing their agreement, the group of fifteen women gave her a resounding round of applause. The floor was opened for discussion and others were quick to concur with her analysis of the problem. Most talked about was how to go about controlling the aggressiveness of the boys. Listening to them talk, some of these women were ready to cut the balls off the boys! A lot of ideas centered on ways to emasculate the aggressors. It was agreed that humiliation was the most effective form of punishment to control

behavior, and a lot of discussion evolved around how to go about embarrassing the excessive maleness out of their boys.

They further agreed that in order to be fully effective, 100% of the parents had to be involved and, whatever kind of a plan was agreed upon, it had to be a program that would extend out of the school and into the home. By using force, if necessary, training the boys in proper forms of behavior would stop the disruptions in school and prepare them to be decent, honest citizens.

One of the women got up and mentioned the rumors circulating around town. She wanted to know if it was true that some parents were so desperate that they had taken to forcibly dressing their boys in girls' clothes to control them. That brought a lot of snickers and catcalls from the women. One of the women said it was all rubbish, a ridiculous idea borne out of desperation. But several of the women did say they too had heard of such things going on. Even though there was a lot of laughing at the idea, most of them did agree that if it worked, they'd support it.

Mrs. Ryder entertained everyone as she described to them how her parents used to punish her brother like that years ago, and it really worked. Other women spoke up, saying they either had heard about such things or had firsthand knowledge of it. Just as many women stared incredulously during this bizarre conversation. A few laughed uncontrollably, and some others were highly agitated, shocked and disgusted at such an idea.

Leading up to the meeting, Barb had racked her brain for a easy way to introduce her idea to use feminization as a way to cure problem boys, and she wondered how far she should go in parading Timmy before the group as an example of the immediate success possible. She was both relieved and surprised that the ensuing conversation provided her with a perfect lead-in. While she was confident that these women would be open to her idea, she wasn't sure how much they could handle so she planned to introduce her concept and delve deeper into it only if she sensed they would be receptive.

After over an hour of discussion, Barb suggested a coffee break. Everyone agreed. The little group broke-up, several of them went to the powder room, a few went with Barb to help her in the kitchen and the others took the opportunity to exercise their legs or relocate in small groups of two or three around the living room.

Two of the women, Phyllis Thompson, the second grade teacher, and her friend, Rita Redgrave, settled on the couch in the far corner of the room near Timmy, who was still obediently coloring in his book. While they were talking something about Timmy caught Phyllis' eye and caused her to focus her attention on him. She studied his costume from the back. While continuing to talk with Rita, she found herself periodically looking toward the boy and examining his velvet outfit. Something just wasn't right.

When Phyllis picked up on the rather feminine quality of Timmy's shirt collar that flounced out of the neck of the little vest, she interrupted their little tête-à-tête, touched Rita on the knee and whispered, "Take a look at that boy sitting on the floor behind you and get a load of the outfit he's wearing. It's kind of fem, wouldn't you say?"

Rita tried to be casual as she turned her head around to take a look. Since she was actually sitting quite close to Timmy, she had a ringside seat.

She suppressed a giggle as she whispered back to her friend, "It's fem all right. That shirt he's wearing's should I say blouse . . . " "Do you really think it's a blouse, I mean a girl's blouse?"

Come on now, Phyllis. I know it's a girl's blouse—just look at it! It's made of satin, and when was the last time you saw a boy's shirt with lace trim?

Oh wow! This is too much!

This boy's sissy outfit fascinated them. As they continued to talk, they found themselves repeatedly staring at it. Anxious to get an even better look, Phyllis asked him to come over by them so they could talk. He wanted to resist the invitation but knew it would be wise to do as she asked. Hesitantly, he got up and stood by the women with his coloring book in hand.

Without a word, the two women simultaneously directed a broad grin toward one another, each confirming to the other that they did notice the obviously feminine nature of his outfit.

Timmy knew Ms. Thompson from school. She introduced him to Rita then asked to see his coloring book. They both giggled when they saw it contained pictures of little girls in fancy clothes. With mocking grins, they complimented the boy on prettily coloring the pictures.

One of the ladies approached and gave Timmy a large glass of milk, Rita and Phyllis a cup of coffee, and each of them a piece of cake. Since Timmy had been too upset to eat any dinner, he was now ravishingly hungry. He sat back down on the floor not only to eat his snack but also to escape the probing eyes and touching hands of the two snickering women.

He pulled his long skinny legs up under his chin in an attempt to shield the frills on his blouse from view. As he glanced around the room from his vantage point, Timmy realized he was in an ideal position to peek up many of the women's skirts. He saw many flashes of fancy slips and shiny nylons, and when he looked at Phyllis sitting next to him on the couch he could see completely up her purple summer dress! He had an unobstructed view of her pretty, but gaudy, peach nylon slip trimmed with a wide band of lace. He could even see between her legs all the way up to her panties—they matched the slip. The crotch of her peach panties quivered with her every movement—almost as if the mysterious valley in the panties was winking to him. He reacted by pulling his legs up toward his body even tighter, now trying to hide not just his lacy blouse but also his aching hard-on.

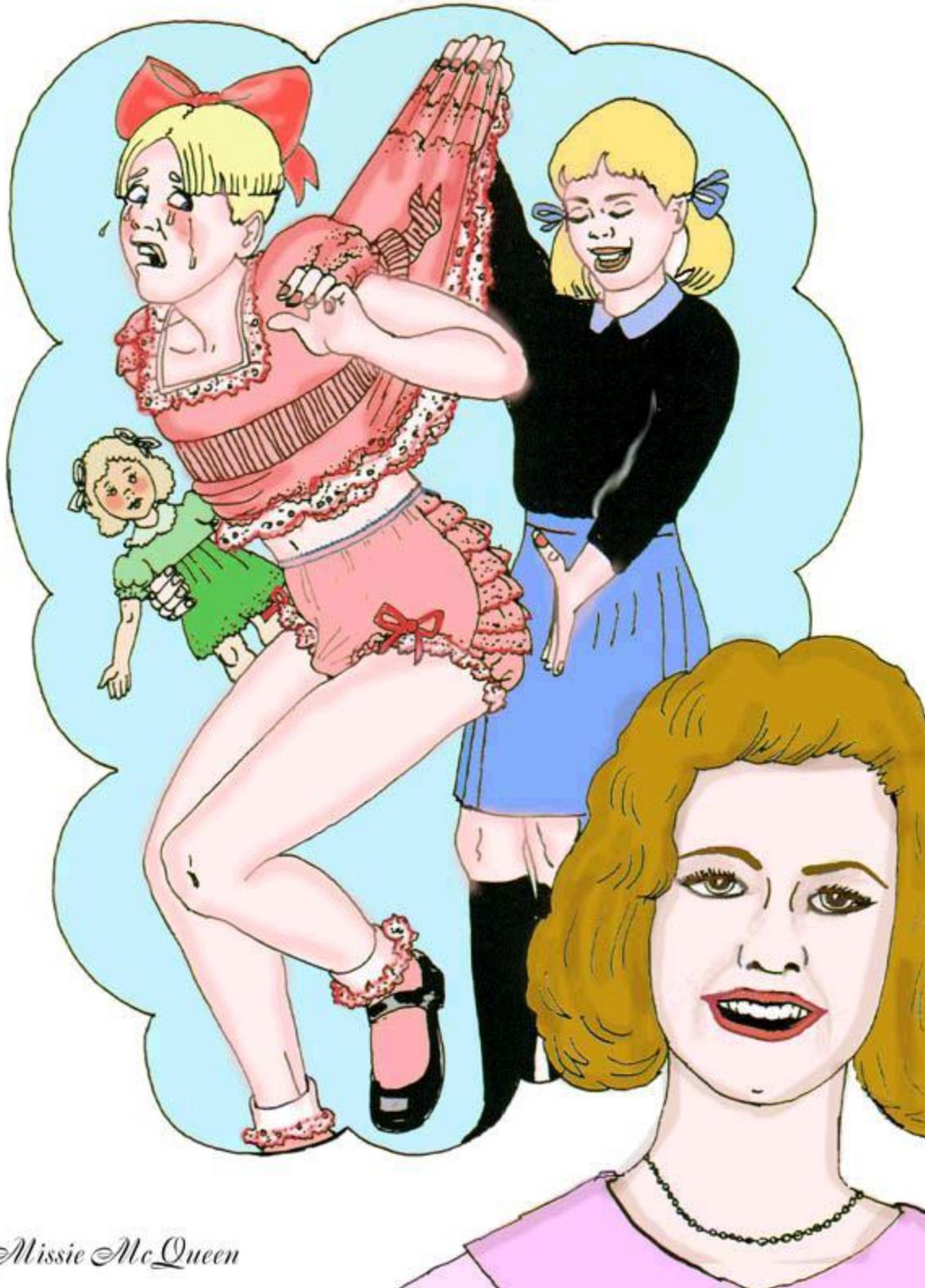
Forcing himself to take his eyes off her beautiful leg display, he glanced toward her face to see if she had noticed him peeking. She was smiling brightly and looking directly into his eyes! He quickly dropped his gaze and self-consciously stared at the floor. However, out of the corner of his eye he could see that Mrs. Thompson made no attempt to close her legs. She obviously didn't mind him looking up her dress! For as long as he could remember, he had a natural curiosity that led him to try to look up women's skirts, but they always sat with their legs tightly held together. Seeing anything but a wisp of lace every now and then was a rarity. But now, between his mother and this woman, he was being terrorized by the same sort of women who used to be offended if they caught him trying to peek.

Timmy's heart was beating furiously. Sitting on the floor with his knees pulled up to his chest, he didn't realize that the leg openings of his little shorts had gaped open, causing the delicate rose-colored frill trimming his panties to peek out.

The two women noticed. Rita laughed as she bent toward the boy. With her index finger she reached out and snapped his panty leg elastic, causing him to jump.

“Hey little boy,” she laughed, “your pretty panties are showing!”
Timmy retreated back into the corner and cowered in shame as their teasing comments and wild giggling resounded in his ears. Tears formed in his eyes.

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Missie McQueen

Chapter 3

Sweet Memories

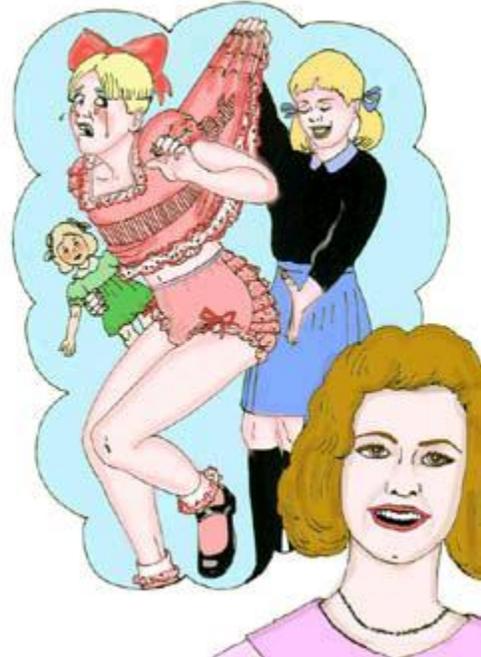
Seeing Timmy's costume prompted Phyllis to tell Rita about how she once punished her son for constantly pulling up his sister's dress. She forced him to put on one of his sister's party dresses as well as her lacy ankle socks, black patent leather strap shoes and fancy rhumba panties. After a brisk spanking on his little pink pantied ass, she forced him to stay dressed that way until bedtime. The dress was so short on him that the hem flipped up to expose the pretty panties with his every step. Of course, his sister loved his punishment, and she was encouraged to tease him like he had embarrassed her. She followed him everywhere and didn't tire of pulling up his skirts to expose his girlie panties. Timmy was close enough to hear every word she said and cringed as he listened to the story.

Phyllis said that to this day, that punishment costume hangs in her son's bedroom not in the closet but on a special hook on his wall where everyone entering his room can see it. Even though she said that she frequently threatens him with being forced to wear the dress and panties again, she only had to resort to that punishment once since that first time because usually just the threat is enough to get him to do anything she wants him to do. Phyllis said she understood why Barb dressed Timmy in such sissy clothes. It was a great way to control a boy.

Timmy was finally able to relax a bit when the meeting was called back to order and Phyllis and Rita rejoined the group. In at least one respect, all of their talk was encouraging to him. After all, if his mother was just going to make him wear these ridiculous clothes for a short time and then only use them to threaten him in the future, it wouldn't be so bad. He could probably handle that, especially if he got all other aspects of his life back!

Barb had secretly kept an eye on Timmy during his encounter with the two women. Even though she was too far away to hear much of their conversation, she could tell that the women were intrigued, if not distinctly excited, by his outfit. Barb took that as a sign of approval and further encouraged her to share her ideas on discipline with the group. She waited for just the right moment, hoping that what she had to say would gain acceptance by the committee.

To get a fresh grasp on her own little world before requesting to address the gathering, Barb sat herself down in one of the chairs away from the group, closed her eyes momentarily and reflected upon her past and the events of the day. It had been only a matter of hours since she had started sissy training Timmy, but she was overjoyed with the immediate results as well as the sexual pleasure she was getting from it all. Except for



the regular use of her vibrator, Barb had become sexually dormant over the years. While diddling herself, she frequently fantasized about having sex with her best friend Marion Parker. In her mind, she enjoyed reliving their brief high school fling into lesbianism even though they didn't continue their relationship on that level.

Conversely, Marion was sexually adventurous and often told Barb about her escapades, even telling her that she periodically made it with a woman. She also admitted that she occasionally played with her son ever since he was an infant. It had all started with a little innocent penis kissing during his diaper changes. These two women were a product of the free loving 1960s so they didn't have a lot of hang-ups about sex, even such things as lesbianism and incest!

Still, Barb had always been the more conservative of the two and had opted not to toy with Timmy. It wasn't so much that she was against such contact, on the contrary, she frequently fantasized about it during her masturbatory sessions ever since she had nursed him as a baby, an activity that had been very sexually stimulating for her. And until today, except for those years-old experiences, she had kept on a fantasy level intimate contact with both Marion and Timmy. But everything had fallen into place that day. She crossed those borders and crossed them like a sex-starved nymphomaniac. Even at that very moment of reflection, her pussy still throbbed from the explosive orgasms she had experienced earlier, orgasms brought on by her quick-to-train little Timmy.

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Missie McQueen



Chapter 4

Cumming to the Conclusion

Awakening herself from her reverie, Barb felt the time was right. She requested the floor. Following a round of applause for her hospitality, she started slowly outlining her ideas. She even surprised herself with her boldness, eloquence and conviction as she systematically established her points one after the other. The groups' reaction was mostly positive even when she went from theory to specific radical proposals.

‘We all agree that our problem is with the male students. It is obvious that their natural tendencies have to be crushed. So let’s viciously attack their masculinity and mold them into obedient students.’

‘So how do we do that? Easy,’ Barb said answering her own question. ‘The opposite of masculinity is femininity, right? Well, I suggest that we feminize the boys, and that would include dressing them like sissies or even girls, treating them like girls and punishing them severely when they don’t act like perfect young ladies!’

A number of hoots and howls were heard from the audience.

Barb continued, ‘Let’s destroy the thing that makes bad boys bad—their precious masculinity. Let’s call them sissies and train them to adore women, not look down upon them. Let’s so completely reorient these little troublemakers that they become quiet, sweet and obedient instead of how they are now—loud, disruptive and destructive.’

With a supercilious, matronly giggle, Mrs. McMasters interjected, ‘Barb’s ideas go quite a bit beyond what I had envisioned. However, if something like that works, I for one, would fully support it. We do need to do something, perhaps even something that drastic. Our boys are bringing us down as a school and as a community. The lack of effectively disciplining them has caused our test scores to plummet and our national ranking to go right into the toilet. If we don’t watch it, we’ll soon have a generation of hooligans running this town. I’m sure you have a lot of questions for Barb about this feminization idea so let’s hear them.’

‘Yes, I do,’ said one of the women. ‘Why do you advocate that we handle all the boys this way? Why not just the troublemakers?’

‘Well, from what I’ve seen, I think all boys should be put through at least some portion of a feminization program. For example, my own son has always been a fairly good kid, but in recent months, he’s been picking up a lot of the bad habits of the other boys. This type of program will help keep him out of trouble and make him a much nicer little boy.’

Mrs. McMasters added, ‘Exactly what to do and how to go about it, we can kind of work out as we go along, but if we can all agree on this newfangled type of feminization program, is that what we call all this? Or we should do it across the board. And as far as

the few good boys that we have, and believe me, there are very few, they'll just have to go along with it; otherwise, we'll be making dangerous exceptions.

I might also say that twice now we've been done wrong by the so-called experts. First, when we had that state school board psychologist come in here six years ago and persuade us that we should stop using corporal punishment. And secondly, last year when that not-in-touch-with-reality, big city consultant came here and told us that we'd cure our bad boys by treating them with respect, giving them unbridled freedom and encouraging their individuality. Well, we worked hard on all one hundred and thirty-seven points of his recommendations. That pseudo-intellectual consultant cost us \$26,000 for his study, and what do we have to show for it? All of you know that we've had nothing but problems ever since. Putting the boys in dresses wouldn't be as weird as some of the harebrained recommendations in that jerk's report.

Phyllis Thompson stood up. I know from experience that spanking alone will not solve all our problems. We need something more to humble our boys, something that will take them down a peg and keep them there! Let's talk some more about this feminization stuff. This might be exactly what we need. Therefore, I make a motion that we should propose to the general membership a revision in our disciplinary policy to include spanking and feminization.

Rita Redgrave immediately seconded the motion then officially opened debate by enthusiastically endorsing feminization. Most everyone had some sort of an opinion on the subject. Discussion continued at a lively pace. Barb answered questions as best she could. Sensing she needed something more to support her case, she called Timmy to join her in the center of the group.

Timmy was dreading something of this nature, but he knew better than to disobey his mother, now that his relationship with her had evolved into a combination of astonishing sexual thrills and fear-of-the-Lord domination. He slowly approached, all the while continuing to sneak his fingers up under the edge of his shorts to keep tucked away any errant bits of lace on the verge of peeking out.

As he sheepishly approached his mother, some of the women giggled as they noticed for the first time the feminine style of his Little Lord Fauntleroy outfit. He overheard several comments, mentioning the lace blouse. As soon as he got near his mother, he tried to hide behind her skirts, but she wouldn't have it. She pulled him around to stand in front of her and face the women.

The women complimented Barb on Timmy's cute outfit and on how well-behaved he had been all evening long. Barb pointed out that his quiet demeanor was a direct result of how he was dressed and how she had been treating him.

One woman asked, "His little costume is darling, but don't you think it's just a little bit too . . . ah . . . feminine for a boy? I mean, look at the blouse he's wearing. It is a girl's blouse isn't it?"

"Of course it is. Isn't the lace trim beautiful?" she said as she fluffed up the fancy collar.

"However," she continued, "this suit isn't feminine enough for me. It's just for starters.

The more he resists, the faster he'll end up wearing even more femininely styled clothes. All the things I've been talking to you about, I'm preparing to do to him. I'm breaking in Timmy step-by-step. Just wait until he starts wearing dresses!"

Howls of laughter rang out. Timmy got even more red-faced. He moaned and squirmed to move behind his mother once again. This time, Barb let him try to himself behind her.

She proposed that a similar dress discipline program could be carried out in school. She said it should be an ongoing program not just a periodic discipline measure. She also agreed that it should be for all the boys, not just the most troublesome. Beyond that, she recommended that to be effective, she thought all the parents should become involved and backup the school feminization program by continuing the feminization process at home so the boys would be under control twenty-four hours a day!

Mrs. McMasters asked, "I concur with the united approach in theory, but if I recall, we couldn't get everyone to agree on what kind of folding chairs to buy for the band room so how are we going to get everyone to go along with this? I just know that, for one reason or another, many of the parents will probably resist something this radical."

At that point two of the women who had quietly donned their coats were on their way out the door. When someone asked them why they were leaving, the one simply said, "We think you're all crazy! We won't be a part of this! Boys in dresses? Not for us! We want our boys to be boys—not girls! Good-bye!"

"There you go!" Mrs. McMasters said. "What do we do if a lot of our parents don't go along with this program?"

Now speaking with great confidence like an over zealous born-again Christian, Barb answered, "Some, maybe even a lot of them, may resist, especially at first. But I'm sure that after they see the success we are having, they'll come around to our way of thinking. And for the few who resist no matter how much good we achieve, I think we can overcome those individuals on a case-by-case basis. There is no question about it, this is controversial, but I'm convinced that it's a workable solution that just might show up all those big city know-it-alls who think they have all the answers when it comes to handling problem kids."

"Let me explain to you that as late as this morning, I was like everyone else here. I too had thought those rumors of 'petticoat punishment,' as my close friend Marion calls it, were just that—stories. But after seeing for myself the amazing and immediate results, I'm a believer. Wow! It's the most effective boy controller I've ever seen. But we need everybody to cooperate. If the boys of noncooperative parents don't have to go along with the program, they'll undermine everything we'll be trying to accomplish. No, sooner or later, we've got to have everyone involved."

"Tell me," asked a woman in the back row, "just how do you go about getting a parent to go along with this program if they don't want to?"

"Yes," another woman said. "I have a boy in the third grade, I'm not so sure that I'm just going to take your word for it that this is such a great idea. And my husband, . . . he'll have a fit! What can you do with a guy like him?"

"Ladies, ladies, ladies!" Mrs. McMasters said, calling them to attention, "I think we're getting a little ahead of ourselves. Yes, this is an unusual approach to say the least, but it's not any crazier than some of the things we've already tried. I mean, what's the big deal? Women and girls dresses and lingerie everyday—they're just clothes. It's not like we're giving them poison or something. If our boys are so into their macho thing and so fearful of female things that if putting them into a dress and panties destroys them, then I say, that attitude alone proves that they're very antisocial and anti-women and in need of training."

"It's no wonder we are having such problems with the boys when you realize what has evolved in our culture: Males, one half of our population, have built-up so much

disrespect and loathing for females, the other half of the population, that they can't even put on female clothes without feeling demoted and demoralized. Put in those terms, I've never really realized just how severely chauvinistic men have become. It seems like every generation of males is worse than the last. Instead of waiting for the world to turn around, we should use this insight to show the world that we just might have stumbled upon a solution to the arrogant male. I say, let's give it a good try. Let's see if the refining effects of buttons and bows, silk and lace can help us to regain control of our boys!

Barb, please tell us more about what you plan on doing.

Soon, I'll have Timmy completely dressed in girl's clothes, twenty-four hours a day," she answered. "I know he'll love it eventually anyway!"

Timmy shivered at her words. He felt so vulnerable and self-conscious being talked about and put on display for the grinning ladies. Tears gently rolled down his glowing cheeks. Rita was thrilled with the sight of the sissified little Timmy. Unable to contain her curiosity, she edged her way up to the front and waited for a momentary break in the discussion to ask Barb if she could take Timmy back to sit with her since he seemed to be so embarrassed being the center of attention.

Barb agreed.

Rita took him to the back of the room and had him sit on her lap. With a firm hug and mother-like cuddling, she whispered soothing words in his ear. While the women debated the merits of such an unusual program, Rita's curiosity wouldn't be denied. She took the opportunity for a close-up exploration of the boy's sissy outfit. Her sweet whispers soon turned to teasing and barbed comments.

"Oh Timmy, I just love the fact that you are wearing silky girl's panties. They are very pretty. I bet you love wearing them too, but doesn't all that lace tickle your legs, huh?" Timmy was too humiliated to answer. He hung his head in shame on her shoulder, but his little body stiffened as Rita started to pet him through his soft velvet suit and satiny blouse. He became very tense when she slipped her fingers down the back of his shorts. She toyed with the tight elastic waistband of his panties as she repeatedly kept pulling up on it and snapping it against his tender back. Her intimate exploration caused Timmy to get a hard-on. When Rita noticed it bulging in his shorts, she took her other hand and pulled the leg opening of his shorts out of the way to expose to her view a bit of the rose-colored lace trim. She plucked at the elastic leg band then began alternately snapping his waist band in back and leg elastic in front, just gentle little snaps in an increasing tempo. Timmy squirmed. His breathing became more labored when Rita stopped the snapping and slid her hand inside the leg of his shorts. She repositioned his pantied penis and brought it out of the leg opening. Locking onto his peter with a vice-like grip, she massaged it through the silkiness of the panties. Timmy's eyes widened and his breathing accelerated. He loved the sensual touch of her fingers, but he was afraid someone would see what she was doing. Curling into a ball on Rita's lap, he tried to shield from view the fact that he was being jacked off by the woman. Even though he resisted her touch as best he could, it took her a minimum of strokes to make him lose control and let out several panting, muffled groans as he shot a pulsating load of cum right through his panties into her pumping hand.

Some of the women must have heard something because they turned to look, but by that time it was all over. Of course, Barb knew what had happened, she was facing the group and could easily see what Rita had done to her son. She saw him, squirming around on

her lap as his pecker-spitting convulsions racked his body. Barb was a little distraught that a stranger could get him into that position and take advantage of him so quickly, especially in this semipublic gathering! Barb suspected that she would have to keep tight reins on her little playtoy boy; otherwise, ruthless dominating women, like Rita, would steal her boy right from under her!

Just at that moment, Connie Shane entered the room. From the tips of her fingers, she was swinging a dainty pair of pink panties, the ones Timmy had worn home from Lenny's house. The gaudy panties had a wide band of pale green lace around each leg opening and a pink satin ribbon threaded through the eyelet lace. The ribbon ended in a sweet bow on each side of the panties.

Connie asked, "Barb, I didn't know that you had a daughter."

"I don't. Why do you ask?" Barb said.

Connie smirked, "Well then, whose are these? Are they Timmy's?" she sarcastically asked as she held the saucy panties up for everyone to see.

To this point, Timmy had been spared the embarrassment of having his panties exposed to this whole group of women, but Barb was a little perturbed about him falling into the clutches of that little boy predator Rita Redgrave so she wasn't about to protect him from a little more humiliation. Besides, she thought that the group was ready to handle a greater insight into Timmy's personal feminization program, so she answered without missing a beat.

"Of course, those panties belong to Timmy. He got them from his boyfriend Lenny!" The women broke out into intense laughter. The novelty of a boy wearing girls' panties caused some of the women to get up and gather around Timmy, who was trying desperately to hide his cum-stained thighs by pressing his groin into Rita's side. One of the women was bold enough to reach into the back of his shorts. Everyone laughed as she confirmed that he did indeed have panties on.

"Barb," one of the women asked, "has Timmy always been this pliable? I can't believe that you could accomplish so much in such a short amount of time. Timmy, here, must have been one of those real sissy types to let you do all these things to him in the first place?"

"Are you kidding?" Barb answered. "Do you remember about two months ago when Majerski's Hardware store had their front window broken?"

"Well, Timmy, along with his friend, Lenny, was responsible for that. It cost me \$335 to have it fixed. Most people would say that was just a boyish prank, you know, the 'boys will be boys' type of B.S. Well, that's not the only thing. Within the last couple of months, I've found cigarettes in his room and a huge pocket knife hidden in his closet. Just last week, he got sent home from school for hitting a little fourth grade girl!"

"All of this trouble had just starting within the last few months. Timmy's had always been a pretty good kid so I didn't know what was getting into him. Now, I know! He's at the age where his male hormones are coming in full force. And in order to control him, I had to counteract those hormones. Turning him into a sissy is working wonders, as you can see.

Realizing that Timmy was now totally crushed, Barb interrupted herself and announced that it was time for him to go to bed.

At last, Timmy reached the safety of his room, but the catcalls and cutting comments continued to ring in his ears. Barb followed him into his bedroom and, without warning, pinched his penis through his sodden shorts and panties. He winced in pain.

‘I don’t want you shooting off in your panties unless I tell you it’s okay. Do you understand, young man?’

Timmy nodded in agreement and started to protest that he couldn’t help it, but Barb silenced him.

Pointing to the lingerie on his bed, she said, ‘Since I don’t yet have a nightie that will fit you, you’ll have to wear this half slip of mine along with this pair of your new panties.’ The slip was pure white and rather sheer with a long slit up the side and a wide hem of pleated yellow chiffon. It closely matched the shiny new panties which she had laid out. They were the bright yellow pair with white elastic waist and lacy leg bands. Pastel colored butterflies were embroidered on each hip. She told him to take a bath then put on the slip and pull it all the way up to his armpits so it would be like a nightgown on him. Still trembling from the maddening experience of this day, which was like no day he had ever experienced, Timmy didn’t have the will to resist. He would do whatever she told him to do.

As Barb rejoined the meeting, they were still talking about the amazing results she had achieved in just one day of panty training Timmy. She wanted to tell them about all the sexual benefits she also was enjoying but decided to keep that secret for the time being. Without much further discussion, the women passed the motion. They agreed to meet the next night in order to formulate a more precise plan after the women had time to think it over and talk about it with their husbands, daughters, and friends as well as the teachers who were not at this meeting. They also decided to immediately conduct a telephone campaign to notify all the parents with children in their school of a special meeting that would be held on the following Saturday night. By the time of the meeting, they’d be prepared to officially introduce the feminization program and seek the support of all the parents and faculty.

As the women got ready to leave, Barb let them go into Timmy’s bedroom to say good night to him. Timmy pretended to be asleep, trying to spare himself more embarrassment but his ruse didn’t fool these women. Each of them gave him a little kiss on the cheek. Several of them peeked under the covers to see his silky slip and panties. One of them even pried loose the blanket from his chin-high grip and pulled it all the way back for a good view of his sissified condition. She let out a shaming ‘O-o-oh’ as she eyed Timmy’s yellow panties clearly showing through the thin half slip, which he had snugged up high around his chest just as his mother had commanded. A bit of the panties even peeked out the side slit of the half slip. Rita Redgrave just couldn’t resist giving the exposed panty leg elastic another sharp snap before telling him good night. It caused him to cower in fear as his penis twitched under the nylon.

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Chapter 5

Schoolboy Torment

In the morning, Barb told her son to keep his yellow girlie panties on under his regular clothes for school. When he tried to object, she let him know that she would not tolerate any opposition. "Besides," she added, "it won't be long before all the boys in school would be wearing girls' panties and probably dresses too!"

When Timmy complained that his friends might find out about his panties, his mother told him that of course, several of his teachers knew about them because they had been at the committee meeting. Those teachers probably would tell the other teachers. In fact, she had asked them to periodically check on him

throughout the day to make sure that he kept them on. But unless Timmy told his friends, he should have nothing to fear because the teachers promised, that at least for the time being, to keep his secret. With his little boy mind in a distressed state, Timmy finished dressing and trudged off to school.

Timmy wasn't in school more than five minutes, when Mrs. Kramer, the principal, told him to come to her office. Once inside, she simply told him to drop his pants and hold his shirt up. When he hesitated, she gave him a hard slap across the face and told him to hurry up. Timmy was afraid of this strong and stern woman so he did what she asked with tears streaming down his burning cheek.

Once his trousers were down, Mrs. Kramer started to laugh so loudly that Joanie, her teenage office assistant, peeked in through the open door to see what was going on. A moment later she stepped into the office and joined the woman as they laughed together at the befuddled little boy.

Mrs. Kramer finally slowed her hyena laugh enough to speak.

"Joanie, several of the teachers told me about this PTA meeting that they went to last night and that Timmy here was the star attraction. What do you think of our little pantywaist?"

Joanie approached the boy and, as if to make sure she wasn't seeing things, boldly ran her hand over his silk panty-covered ass cheeks.

"Holy gees, these are girls! He's a pansy? Get a load of the pretty little butterflies on the side. God, I've heard of sissies, but I've never really seen one quite like this!"

Having difficulty stifling her laughter so she could continue talking, she said heartily, "Hey kid, did you steal these panties from your sister? Or did your mommy buy them for you?"

Mrs. Kramer explained, "Well, it seems as though Barbara Winters discovered a way to train her little boy Timmy here by making him wear girls' panties under his regular



clothes. I understand that she makes him wear even more humiliating clothes at home. She called me a little while ago and told me that it's a natural way to squelch his aggressiveness, makes him totally submissive to women too. She said Timmy was one of the first, but the PTA was actually in the process of organizing a program to keep all the boys in line this way. Fearing that some of the kids would make it rough for him if they found out about his panties, she asked me to keep an eye on him for a few days—at least until the other boys were also forced into wearing them.

“So once she told me that, I couldn't wait for him to show up here at school so I could have a look for myself. From all appearances, it sure seems like an effective way of handling this boy. Look, he's as obedient as a trained dog and sweet as a baby.”

“Remarkable!” Joanie added. “I don't understand it, but if it works, wow! When can we do this to some of our other troublemakers?”

“Soon. I understand they have a planning meeting tonight and hope to make an official presentation this weekend at a meeting for the parents and faculty. What do you think? Do you think it would work?”

“Oh Mrs. Kramer, I think it's a great idea. If putting all of our nasty little boys into girls' clothes keeps them sweet and out of trouble, let's do it as soon as possible.”

And turning her attention back to Timmy, “I do love these little panties. Ooóoo-oo!

Timmy don't your silky pan-t-i-e-e-e-s feel s-o-o-o nice?”

They finally let Timmy pull his clothes back on and sent him off to class.

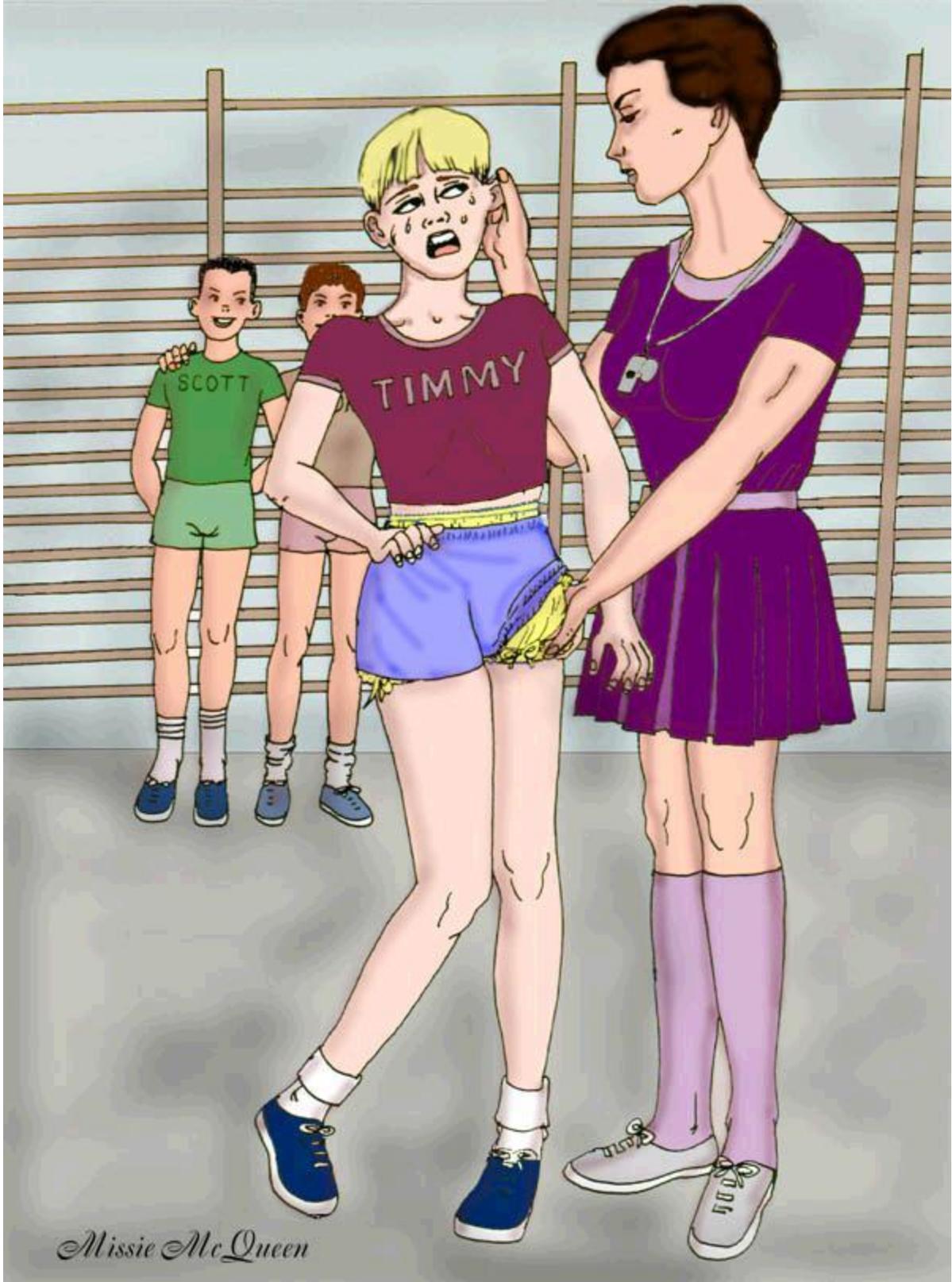
Understandably, he had a difficult time concentrating that day since he was so worried that one of the other kids would find out. He avoided the teachers as much as possible, knowing that the word was out amongst them about him wearing panties. Throughout the day, many of his teachers made sly comments to him, letting him know that they knew, without tipping off the other kids. Several of them did pull him aside to make sure that he was still wearing the panties. Usually their inspection was not just a quick glimpse. No, they took delight in making a big production of fingering the elastics, commenting on the butterflies and examining the lace.

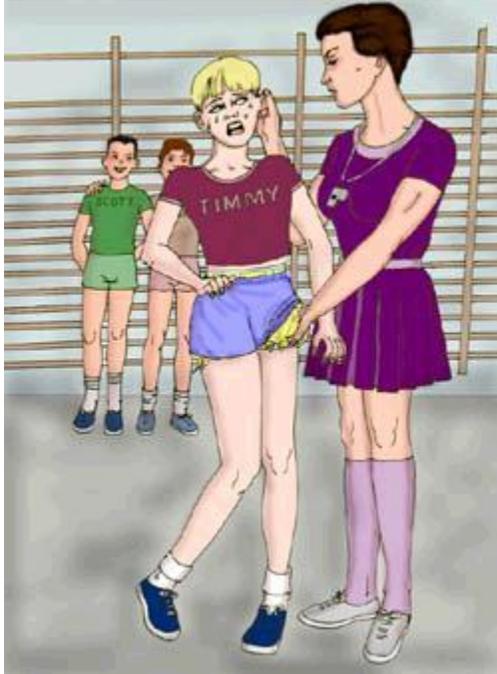
He had been toyed with so often that he was sporting a cum-filled hard-on that would not go down. He had to carry his books in front of himself to cover his condition. By lunchtime, even though his bladder was full, his full-fledged erection prevented him from being able to urinate. He sat on the toilet for twenty minutes waiting for his prick to get soft enough so he could relieve himself, but his dick had a mind of its own and remained hard. With his mind in a whirl, he wasn't thinking properly. While sitting on the toilet, he let his bright yellow panties slip down around his ankles. He didn't realize that anyone outside the stall could see underneath the door which ended about a foot above the floor. Eventually, one of the boys did notice Timmy's panties and loudly pointed them out to several other boys also in the bathroom. At first, they thought that it was a girl using one of the stalls, but when they also noticed the boyish trousers and shoes, they were convinced it was a boy. They called for him to come out. They wanted to see who the sissy fag boy was that was wearing panties. Greatly alarmed, Timmy yanked the panties up his legs and out of their sight, but of course it was too late, the boys had already seen them. He yelled at them to get away and refused to open the door. He hoped he'd be able to wait them out, but he got very scared as the boys started banging on the door, telling him that they were going to break it down if he didn't come out.

Timmy was saved when Stanley, the goofy old maintenance man, came into the restroom to see what all the noise was about. As he shooed the bothersome boys out of the restroom, they told him that some sissy ass boy was in the stall and they were just trying to find out who it was. When they told him about seeing the panties, Stanley's eyes lit up and he laughed out loud. Still, he made them get out of the rest room and sent them on their way.

That frightening episode did distract Timmy enough so that his hard-on finally softened and he was able to urinate. Still, he stayed in the stall until the bell rang, then quickly opened the door and hurried out. But as he sped off to his classroom, he noticed Stanley sweeping the floor just outside the restroom. The dirty old man had a leering grin on his face and a bulge in his trousers!

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Chapter 6

Cum with Me, Sissy

Since he had arrived late for Miss Roberts's class without an adequate excuse, she had him stay after class. Once all the students had filed out of the classroom, she took Timmy by the hand, led him to a secluded little nook in the teacher's lounge and had him strip off all of his clothes except the panties. The sight of a frail little boy in frilly yellow panties turned her on. She couldn't help but oo and ah with playful enthusiasm as she played with him, adjusting the fit and repeatedly rubbing his slim bottom through the slinky fabric. Her exploring fingers fidgeted with the waistband and leg elastics then grasped his penis through the nylon and gave it gentle up and down strokes. Timmy's knees weakened at her tender touch.

Then, Miss Roberts knelt before the befuddled boy and pulled aside the dainty white lace-trimmed leg elastic and sucked his prick into her mouth. Timmy, weak-kneed already, fought to maintain his balance, wobbling back and forth in pleasure and agony from the human vacuum cleaner attached to his well-worked dork. With hot, loud slurping noises, she aggressively sucked his tiny but very hard penis. She couldn't keep her hands off his panties, especially his tightening balls still entrapped in the silky folds of lace and nylon between his legs. He couldn't resist the inevitable, collapsing into her grasp as she yanked the cum right out of his balls with savage force. His penis throbbed in pain as every drop of spunk that he could produce spouted into her sex-starved mouth. The young and beautiful Miss Roberts finally released her oral coupling and slid the boy's spent dick back under the edge of his lace-trimmed panties, but her lips were tightly sealed, her mouth full of sweet virgin sissyboy cum. Now face-to-face with Timmy, she slowly opened her mouth as she held her head back at a slight angle. He blinked to attention. He could see his cum, all sticky and white; it filled her mouth. She smiled as she made slow swallowing motions and let the cum slid down her throat a little bit at a time. Her still open mouth was only inches from his face. He could even smell his jism in her mouth, and he watched her relish the taste of it and revel in the lewd swallowing display she presented for his bewildered benefit. Her busy fingers never stopped touching his panties. She came close to him and planted a big sticky kiss on his lips and forced his mouth open with her tongue. When she stuck her tongue between his lips, slathered remnants of his cum were pushed into his mouth. This sloppy and overdone french-style kiss forced Timmy to taste his own cum. At least he was thankful that she had swallowed most of it. Only days before, he could not even have imagined such a thing, much less envision experiencing it.

After a moments rest, Miss Roberts cuddled him and talked sweetly to him like a lover. She explained that when she had heard about him wearing panties, it excited her beyond

control. She said it had taken all of her will power that day not to attack him long before she did because she was greatly attracted to feminine boys. She loved to suck them off! Timmy wanted to protest that he wasn't a "feminine boy," but couldn't find the words. She told him that she hoped he kept on wearing panties because she needed a steady diet of sissyboy cum.

Miss Roberts also demanded that from then on, he was to sit in the front row of her class with his panty waist elastic exposed over his trouser tops and across his tummy so she could see them and get all excited about the next dick licking she was going to give him! Timmy remembered that within a few days all of the boys in school were supposed to be forced into wearing panties. Now, he hoped that would happen as soon as possible because he sensed that just keeping up with his mother's sexual demands would be exhausting enough. Being sucked off by Miss Roberts was very exciting, but she was so aggressive that it was painful too. So if other boys were feminized, perhaps Miss Roberts would be less inclined to make daily sexual demands on him too.

As Timmy left the teacher's lounge, Miss Roberts gave him a note to excuse him for being late for his gym class. By being late, he was spared the stress of trying to hide his panties while changing into his gym clothes in front of the other boys since Barb had demanded that he keep his panties on under his shorts for PE. That morning, she had him pack another one of his new pairs of panties to change into after gym class. Remembering how his little velvet shorts had exposed the lacy edge of his panties the night before, Timmy was very self-conscious because his gym shorts were very brief. He snugly pulled up the panty leg openings to make sure that they wouldn't peek out.

When he entered the gym, the other boys were already doing exercises. Dreading the worst, he approached Miss Pearson, the gym teacher, and handed her his note. It had long been rumored that she was a lesbian. She was so butch. She wore her hair short and always dressed in mannish clothes.

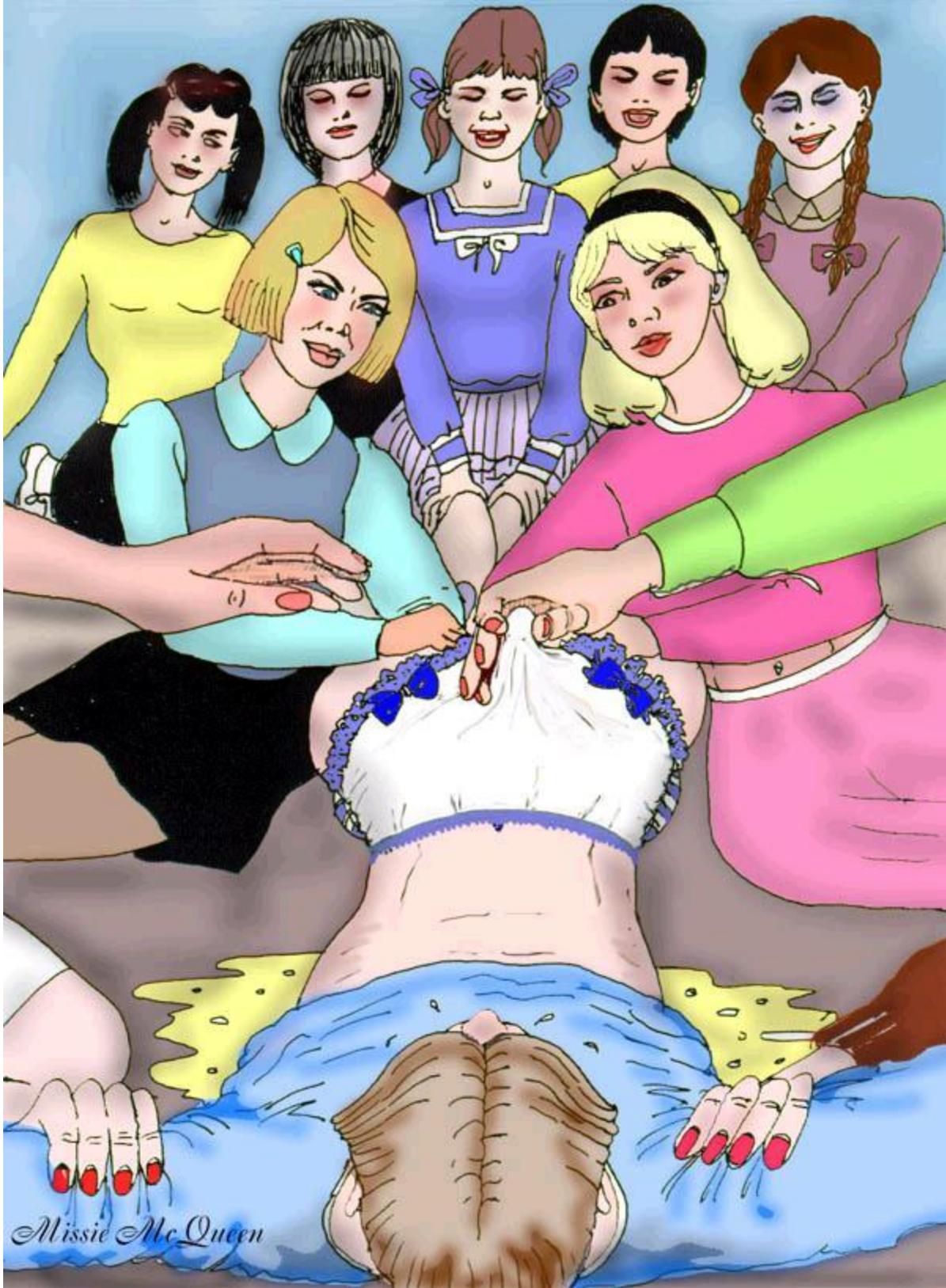
After she read the note, she looked him in the eye and asked, "I heard that you're wearing girls' panties today. Do you have them on now like you're supposed to?"

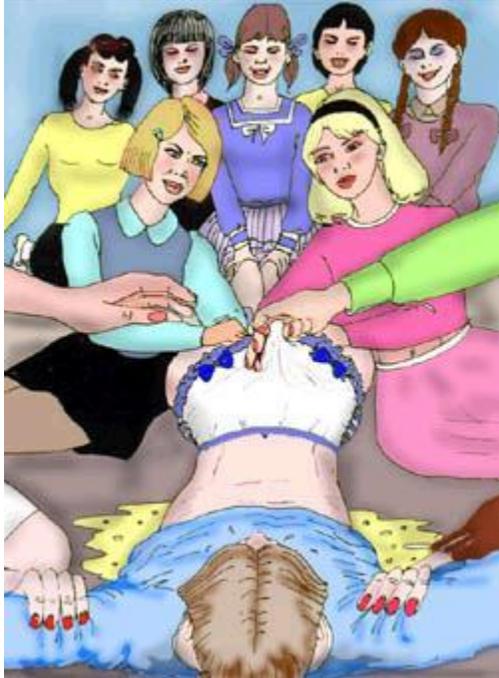
Timmy was taken back by her directness. He could only groan a bit and drop his eyes downward as he nodded a yes.

Before he could react, she had inserted a hand up the leg of his shorts and pulled out a bit of the yellow nylon and lace to take a look. A smirking burst of laughter was followed by coughing as she attempted to clear her throat and stifle her laughter. She tugged on the tickling elastic and inspected the lacy hem.

"Well, good for you," she said, "that you have them on because if you didn't I was going to punish you royally. I understand that pretty soon all you bratty boys are going to be wearing panties. Well, I can't wait for that to happen. Now go ahead and join the others in their exercises. By the way, a couple of the other boys in this class have panties on too!"

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Chapter 7

You Are Not Alone

Timmy was surprised to hear her say that. After he pushed the lace and elastic of his panties back out of sight under his shorts, he sheepishly approached the boys and joined in doing the calisthenics. However, he was so mentally and physically exhausted from his ordeal of the last twenty-four hours that he had no energy. While he did weak renditions of the required exercises, he kept thinking about Miss Pearson's comment and looking around to see what other boys might be in panties. Then, he spotted Lenny Parker. He hadn't seen Lenny all day, but of course, after his initiation into panties yesterday, he knew that Lenny would be one of the boys wearing them. Timmy watched Lenny for a moment, he was embarrassed for

him because Lenny was swishing through his exercises like a girl!

But Miss Pearson had said that there were *two* other boys in the class wearing panties. If Lenny was one, who was the other panty boy? Timmy kept looking around throughout the class. He even tried to peek up leg openings and down the back of waistbands as he tried to figure out who else was wearing panties, but he couldn't discover who it was.

On the way out of the gym class, Miss Pearson called Timmy aside. She told him that he had performed his exercises very poorly but she wouldn't give him any demerits, saying that he was probably very self-conscious about his panties, and besides, how much could she expect from a sissy like him? But before sending him to the locker room to change, she forced Timmy to endure her pulling out the waistband of his shorts so she could examine his pretty yellow panties once again. She told him she loved the little butterfly decoration, then let go of his shorts with a snap and sent him on his way.

In the locker room, Timmy was peeking at everybody as he tried to find out who else was wearing panties. He saw Lenny Parker and went over to talk to him. For a moment the two boys just stared at one another.

Finally, Timmy whispered to Lenny, "Hey, are you wearing your . . . ah . . . p . . . panties today?"

Lenny broke out into a big smile and enthusiastically shook his head to indicate "yes."

Then he peeled back the waistband of his shorts an inch or two and revealed a vivid pair of purple panties with little pink bows decorating the front. He pulled his shorts back up when another boy walked past. When Lenny asked Timmy if he had on his panties too, Timmy nodded "yes" and blushed. Lenny seized the initiative and pulled out the waist of Timmy's shorts to peek at his yellow panties. Lenny cooed in appreciative delight and forced Timmy to admit that they did feel good. Laughing because Timmy was blushing with embarrassment, Lenny insisted, that before long, Timmy would love his panties as much as he did.

Both of the boys didn't want any of the other boys to see their panties. That would be more than they could handle so they decided to undress in the bathroom stalls, take a shower, and then return to the stalls to get dressed in their fresh panties. Once, they were ready, Timmy mentioned to Lenny about Miss Pearson's comment that there was another boy in their gym class wearing panties. Lenny didn't have any idea as to who that might be, but they both wanted to know because it was nice to realize that they were not alone in their panty training.

On their way to their classrooms, Timmy told Lenny all about the PTA meeting that had taken place the night before and the fact that a panty training program was going to be instituted for all the boys in school. Lenny was excited by the news because if the other boys had to wear panties too, he felt he could openly wear his panties and perhaps even some of his dresses and other pretty girls' clothes. Those words made Timmy recoil. He snapped back saying that he hated panties and sissy things. He insisted that he had no intention of giving in to his mother and all those other women. Lenny just smiled like he knew better then added that he and his mother had been invited to that night's PTA meeting, and now he figured out why. As they parted, they agreed to walk home together after school.

After school, Timmy hurried out to meet Lenny. On their way home, they saw a group of girls from their school yelling and screaming and chasing someone through the playground. The girls caught whomever they were after and were making so much noise that the boys walked past them to find out what was happening. A few of the girls were holding down Tony Thompson. The boys got close enough to hear and see everything that was happening.

"Now listen, Tony, hold still," said the girl who was sitting on the boy as two other girls held his arms firmly.

"I just want to see what you have on under . . ."

Tony started to kick violently as the girl slid herself down his body a bit and stared to undo his belt buckle. Several of the other girls joined in to secure his legs.

The boys noticed Paula Thompson, Tony's sister, standing on the side lines.

"I'm sorry Tony," she said, "but I couldn't help it. It's so funny. I just had to tell Sheila about you wearing my new party panties. When Mom borrowed them from me last night, she told me she was going to make you wear them to school. I didn't mean to hurt . . ."

"It's just so funny."

By then the girls had pulled down Tony's trousers. As his panties came into view, the shrieks and whistles coming from the girls made Lenny and Timmy very nervous. Tony's panties were very pretty, brand new and very shiny, white with a half dozen rows of blue lace running across his bottom like little baby panties. Two blue satin bows decorated the front of the panties and his penis obscenely stuck up in the air through the soft nylon.

Several of the girls fondled his pantied penis, and Joyce Mayfield, his girlfriend, was so humiliated that she walked over to the girl sitting astride Tony's legs and pushed her off the boy.

Joyce commanded Tony to lay still. Shouting at him that he was an embarrassment to her, she boldly stood over his face and pulled up her simple blue uniform skirt until everyone could see her pale green panties. Unexpectedly, she squatted over him and unleashed a gusher of piss that shot right through her panties and onto his face. Now totally humiliated, he just lay there crying in his girlfriend's pool of piss.

So Tony Thompson was the other boy in school already wearing panties! Of course, Timmy thought to himself, he should have realized that after hearing his mother tell Miss Redgrave the night before how she had punished once before in panties and a dress. The situation was now getting a little too close for comfort for the two boys so they decided to hurry on their way. They didn't want to take a chance on also becoming a target of these fierce little girls so they ran the rest of the way home, only pausing as they split to go their separate ways to reminding one another that they would meet up again within a few hours at that night's special session of the PTA committee.

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