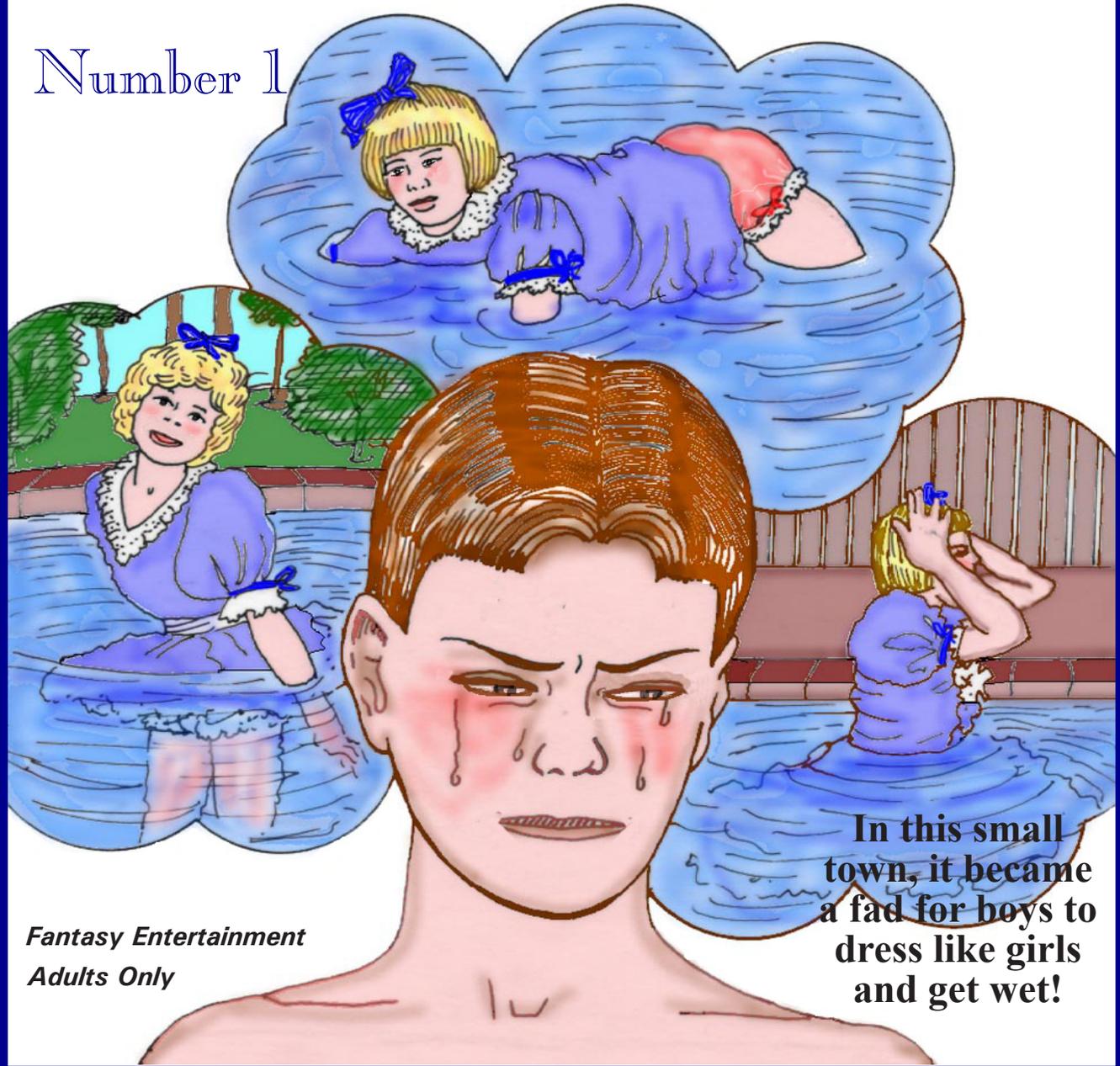


BOYS

in Wet Dresses

Number 1



Fantasy Entertainment
Adults Only

In this small town, it became a fad for boys to dress like girls and get wet!

Exclusively written for adult sissyboys, this real story is about a confused young man with an unusual fetish: He get off on seeing girls get soaking wet in fancy dresses, but two scheming lesbians make sport of his fetish and twist him until he prefers boys in wet dresses!

Since 1981

A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION

BOYS in Wet Dresses

Boys in Wet Dresses: Number 1

A Message From Princess Lacey Romance Versus Fetishism

Dear Sissies,

Many people would say romantic love is the greatest and most powerful form of love. I'd disagree. Love can be an all-consuming passion that affects almost every aspect of one's life, and I believe no form of love can do that more radically than fetishistic love.

Romantic love usually begins in adulthood or at least as someone is approaching adulthood, and that indicates some level of mental and physical maturity is involved. Therefore, it's not a completely free and uninhibited emotion, but an educated response. Comparing, contrasting, experimenting and manipulating are all part of selecting a lover. Therefore, while it may be a mature form of love, it's never as pure and as long lasting of a love as love of one's fetish, which is an automatic response to a stimuli, an emotional form of love that typically begins long before physical and mental maturity is achieved.

To a sexually immature individual, love is very simple. It's his reaction to people and things that make him feel



good. An infant's love for both his mother (who supplies his needs) and his favorite blanket (a baby's fetish) are good examples.

It's much easier to love an object than to love a person, yet it's much easier to fall in love with a person than to fall in love with an object. Fetishism, an intense love of a specific object (or an object-based sexual scenario), is a form of love not everyone experiences, but to those who do, it's an obsession that typically grows, becomes more refined and more all-consuming with time, and it tends to last a lifetime!

Fetishistic love usually begins during childhood in a very private, emotionally vulnerable moment. Typically, it's an innocent, almost insignificant incident — a chance encounter without much forethought, like a young boy accidentally seeing his parents having sex or rubbing up against his mother's nightgown-clothed body when he cuddles with her as she hugs him good-night. Invariably, the triggering incident involves a person much admired or loved, but a person who is usually not romantically obtainable, plus an object, and excitement of that moment gets transferred to the object. In an instant, something physical, emotional, mental, and sexual happens. The incident leaves a deep, lasting impression, and

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everything associated with that incident carries a heightened degree of import, and an object associated with that incident comes to symbolize not only the incident but also the admired individual. Sometimes it takes moments, sometimes it takes years, but in a mysterious way, the object involved in that incident replaces the person.

Given that the object is easily obtainable, undemanding, easy to love and so strongly associated with an ideal, it's easy to understand how it becomes preferable to the person. People are human, not clones; and any one individual cannot hope to replace an idealized individual who represents so much. However, an object can fill the job quite well.

Since a fetish originates in pure emotion, not reason, it responds poorly to any type of rational control one tries to exercise over it and is why fetishists are nearly impossible to 'cure' from their fetish. In fact, there have been incidents in which, at a date long after the fetish has been established, the idealized individual has become romantically available to the fetishist, but then it's too late. The fetishist will be thrilled by the attention he receives from his former idealized love, but ultimately, that person cannot compete with the object that has replaced her!

In this story, a boy is inexplicably attracted to a little girl who lives next door to him, but since she's so much younger than he is, he's not attracted to her in a typical boyfriend-girlfriend way. No, he simply thinks she's truly beautiful, and he loves to watch her from afar. Then he happens to witness an unusual incident involving that little girl during a crucial period of his sexual development, but at the time he didn't realize how much that incident imprinted itself upon his subconscious mind, but over time that memory lingered and grew, and eventually it consumes him and becomes a sexual fantasy. Then one day, he is shocked to consciously realize he has an intense desire to repeat that experience; he admits to himself that it is nearly impossible, yet he desires a reprise of the event more than anything else in the world. Then as he struggles to forget his quest an unattainable, he is stunned to see a little girl who so closely resembles the little girl involved in that first fetish-starting event that all his old urges returned with astonishing power. He then struggles to control himself, but can't. Pushing caution and reason aside, he connives to orchestrate a reenactment of his fetish scene with that little girl. But his consuming need has made him careless. An unscrupulous lesbian and conniving mother catch him, and motivated by financial gain as well as revenge, they try to use his perversion to destroy him.

This story illustrates how a person with a powerful fetish can be easily controlled with it, but it also shows how this pure and intense form of love can turn upside-down the lives of those who come between the fetishist and his fetish.

Enjoy!

Princess Lacey

BOYS in Wet Dresses

Chapter 1 - The Panty Stroke

It had been one hell of a week: The shoe factory went on strike and a nice young couple from down the road was killed in a car wreck, but the real shocker: Some pervert had stolen her kid's panties and jacked off into them!

Welcome to Elsie Mae Meyer's small town America.

"Jo baby, I found your new party panties in the trash. How'd they get there?"

"I don't know, Mommy!" he answered with a blank, confused expression.

Jo Lynn was Elsie Mae's *son, not her daughter, and the whole town knew it!*

"So what if I dress him like a girl," she'd say to anyone who dared to comment about it. "He's my kid, and I'll fix him up anyway I please. I'll buy him some T-shirts and dungarees when it's time for him to go to school — maybe!"

Since Jo Lynn was just four years old, his mom knew he couldn't get the lid off the trash can much less reach to put something inside it. No, he hadn't put the panties there. Elsie was sure of that. Perplexed, she looked over the purple fabric and delicate lace, searching for a clue. The panties were damp and stained. Then she noticed a familiar aroma coming from the ball of wrinkled nylon. She knew that odor. It brought back unpleasant memories of the times her toothpick-chewing ex-husband shoved his drooling dick in her face and demanded she take it in her mouth or he'd pull her blonde hair out by its brown roots. Of course, she'd give him a blowjob, what else could she do. When he wanted her to stop sucking, he'd usually just grunt and backhand her across the face. It was a lovely life.

That smell. Yuck! A man's cum! It was still fresh, and it was all over her baby's panties! 'What in the hell had happened?' she wanted to know. She felt sick, scared and angry. Had some pervert interfered with her little Jo Lynn? Holding the panties up for her baby boy to see, she asked him about them, desperately seeking answers. Jo Lynn cried when he saw his purple party panties all dirty and torn, but for his mother's questions, he had no answers. He hadn't recently worn the panties. He had no idea how they had been soiled and ended up in the trash can. His answers gave her some relief, gave her hope that maybe some asshole just had a thing for panties and her precious boy hadn't been molested.

Going back in her mind she tried to remember anything unusual that might have happened, any little thing to help her figure it all out. Everybody around town knew Elsie had it in for men ever since her ex took off, and they guessed that

was why she girlified her little boy. Moreover, most of the locals weren't about to give her any grief about it. Elsie Mae was the most popular waitress at the Salt & Pepper, the only restaurant in town and the Mecca for gossip. She knew all the town secrets and had something on just about everyone. Anyone who took on Elsie Mae usually came out the loser. She could spread rumors and expose family secrets faster than a swarm of bees could sting.

Rural kids are a cantankerous sort, and she hated most of them. 'Road kill' she called them. The local kids would have pestered the hell out of her baby if she weren't always there to protect him. She knew they laughed at her and her boy when they saw him in his little dresses and all. Could it have been one of them? If soiling her baby's panties was their idea of a joke, she'd make 'em pay!

Elsie Mae always kept Jo Lynn near, even sleeping with her sweet little boy every night. A girlie-boy needs to be protected! But she didn't just sleep with him; she nursed him two or more times every day since the day he was born. And while Jo Lynn suckled her sweet milk, she loved to run her hands over his silken panties, teasingly tugging on the leg elastics, snapping the waistband, stroking the sissy soft nylon and teasing his ass through the lacy bottoms of his rhumba panties. Especially when she massaged his rosebud through the silky panties, his little penis would erect. She'd swoon with delight as she felt his tiny hard-on press against her bare tummy through the flimsy barrier of his girlish panties.

The only time Jo Lynn wasn't with her was while she was working. But even then he was safe. Laura Ericson watched him. He was safe with her. Laura, a wheelchair-bound single mom on disability, was a good soul, who had a hard life. She and her two boys loved Jo Lynn and kept close tabs on him whenever he was at their house.

Elsie Mae took Jo Lynn and went over to Laura's house, looking for answers. Elsie was a strong woman, who rarely cried, but she had watery eyes and a squeal in her voice as she showed Laura the pecker tracks on those soiled panties and told her about finding them in the trash. Laura was shocked too. She had no idea what had happened, swearing Jo Lynn was never out of her sight whenever she cared for him. She tried to comfort Elsie by cuddling her and running her hands over her friend's soft, milk-laden breasts.

As they talked, Elsie Mae recalled that the day before, while taking in the wash, something had been missing from the clothesline. At the time, she had dismissed it. Her backyard clothesline was none too long so she always filled every square inch from end to end, and yesterday, when she saw an empty space on the line, she knew something was missing but didn't know what. It had been a windy day so after a look around, she guessed whatever had been there had fallen off the line and been blown away. Looking back, she figured it out: It was Jo Lynn's party panties that had been missing, the soiled panties she now held in her hand.

Momentarily, she was relieved. No doubt, the panties had been stolen and her baby had not been harmed. Then her mind was in a whirl: The thought of some pervert invading her backyard and doing his wanking into her kid's panties



was a horrifying thought. What kind of lowlife would do something like that? Just thinking that way reminded her of her ex. Cal was a real piece of shit, fucked in the head for sure, but even he wouldn't do something like that. At least, she didn't think he would.

Without the shoe factory, Murrysville would be a ghost town. She sure hoped they would settle that strike right quick because she was already seeing a big drop off in her tips. She'd need money if she had to get out of town to protect her baby from some sex maniac on the loose. But that's the last thing she wanted to do. They loved the town, even with all the bullshit they had to endure.

A sticky pair of panties! What in the hell was she supposed to make of it? Kids are supposed to be safe in a town like Murrysville. Perverts live in big cities, and the nearest big city is Cleveland, close to an hour away. Only 400 people live in their little burg, including all the farmers who had a post office box there. The locals were a real mix, mostly Christian evangelicals and Old World Bohemians with some Irish Catholics and a few backwoods refugees. Three miles south of town was an Amish community. Six miles away in the other direction, going towards the Turnpike, they had just finished building one of those mega-malls. Southtown Mall, they called it. It was bigger than their whole town. Elsie Mae thought about that mall. Maybe some perv from one of

those construction crews came through town for one reason or another, saw the panties on her clothesline, stole them and did his disgusting deed.

But she kept wondering, how could something like that happen in Murraysville, a classic everyone-knows-everyone-type of town? Strangers are noticed, especially scum who would do something like that. The two women were stumped. Elsie Mae still had a sick feeling in her stomach, but it improved as Laura continued to soothe her by gently petting her plump breasts. Laura did promise to keep an even closer eye on the boy. What else could they do?

Chapter 2 - Life-Style Diving

On the next day, Saturday, Max and Jill Leason, who lived at the end of Elsie's street, died in a car accident. Elsie Mae didn't know them very well because they had just moved to town. He was an itinerant house painter, who was finding work in the wake of the bad tornado that had come through the Murraysville area in July. Leason probably wasn't used to driving around those Amish horse and buggy rigs because when he tried to avoid hitting one, he barreled off the road and hit a tree, killing both himself and his wife.

The Leasons had left three boys, a high school kid named Todd, and his two brothers, Mark who was in the sixth grade, and Eddie, who was in the fifth. At the diner, Elsie Mae got to know the boys fairly well because they hung around and played the pinball machine. The two younger boys were hyperactive little monsters. She was always shooing them out of the place when they got too loud for the other customers. The big one, Todd, he was a case. Very smart in school, she could tell, but quite bashful. And, believe it or not, she could swear he had a boyhood crush on her.

Now Elsie Mae was not a 'looker' and more than a dozen years older than he was, so she didn't know why he was making eyes at her. At least that's how she interpreted his nervousness whenever he was around her. He stammered and blushed every time they had occasion to exchange a few words. Beyond the drunks and truckers that came into the diner (and she didn't take them seriously), she wasn't used to having a man, especially a very young man, interested in her. But she wasn't into such foolishness. She thought all men were pigs. This kid's case of puppy love she chalked up to him being a new kid in a new town without any friends. A couple of times while floundering around in an attempt to talk to her, he mumbled he'd like to do odd jobs to earn some money. She understood his plight, not many things a kid can do to earn pocket money in a small town. One weekend she did give him twelve dollars to cut the grass. Another time she gave him a sawbuck to clean out her garage.

Well, after their parent's death, the boys were adopted by the whole town, especially after word got out they didn't have any other family. People wanted to help them in any way. Three months earlier, Elsie Mae's sweet old Aunt Grace had died, and Elsie Mae had to deal with the funeral home



and such. So armed with that recent experience, she pitched in and helped the boys make the burial arrangements.

Most people knew Elsie and Laura as the two biggest man-haters around. Rumors abounded that they were lesbians so people scratched their heads when Elsie offered to let the boys stay with her and Jo Lynn in her big old Georgian house until they could figure out how they'd go on from there.

An even bigger surprise came on Wednesday, a day after the funeral when she accompanied the boys to the office of the local attorney. He had been helping the newly orphaned Leason boys sort out their legal problems. He told them their father had taken out a one million-dollar life insurance policy. Moreover, it had a double indemnity clause, so it paid off double in the case of accidental death. The only problem, he explained, was that this policy was sold by an unreliable company that specialized in selling life insurance to working class families then trying their best to welsh on any claims. But since all the premiums had been paid on time, the lawyer said they were entitled to the money and hoped they wouldn't have to wage a long court battle to get what was rightfully theirs. But he did warn them that he knew this particular company was currently being sued by a long list of claimants.

When it came to living with Elsie Mae and her boy, Todd, Mark and Eddie worked out quite well. Todd, especially, seemed to be pleased to be living with them, and he still blushed up a storm whenever Elsie was around. He was a good worker when it came to doing the chores and a real godsend when it came to taking care of Jo Lynn. With the boys there, Elsie Mae saved money because they baby-sat

her kid so she didn't have to pay Laura to watch him except while the three boys were in school.

Each day, Elsie's boss helped feed the boys by letting her take home any of the daily specials they were long on. The plant manager at the shoe factory (probably thinking he was helping the company's image during the strike) made sure the boys were well shod, and people from all around gave the parentless brothers clothes and school supplies.

Chapter 3 - Secret Pool Party

Then, only six days after the boys had been staying with her, Elsie Mae came home from work unexpectedly to change clothes because she had spilled chocolate syrup all over herself. No one was in the house so she quickly put on a clean uniform and was about to head back to the diner when she heard noises coming from the backyard. She went out to investigate and found Jo Lynn wearing one of his Sunday dresses and sitting in his water-filled kiddie swimming pool: new dress, white strap shoes, ankle socks—all soaking wet! And Todd was there with one hand holding up the back of Jo Lynn's dress and looking at the boy's panties, and with the other hand, he was holding a camera and taking pictures!

Elsie shouted, and they turned toward her.

Jo Lynn instantly recognized the anger in his mother's voice and started crying as he jumped up and struggled to get out of the pool in his dripping wet clothes. Todd looked at her with an expression like she had just bitten off his penis; even more amazingly, Todd's trousers were tented out. He had an erection! He obviously was getting some strange kind of kick out of whatever he was doing to her boy.

Her first concern was for Jo Lynn so she gruffly told him everything was okay and sent him into the garage to wait for her. Immediately, she attacked Todd, hitting him with her purse and hands, all the while screaming at him and calling him every disgusting name she could think up. He didn't resist. He just fell into a heap and started to cry too. He kept repeating nothing bad had happened. She was on the verge of calling the police, throwing him out and killing him with her bare hands. The slightest little thing would have made her go in any one, or all, of those directions.

Somehow Todd convinced her to back off until he had a chance to explain. She demanded immediate answers, but his answers were slow in coming so she had to threaten him with the cops several times before he completely opened up.

She was confused, frightened and very angry. However, she quickly realized Todd was confused much more than she was and specially mixed up about sexual matters. Weirdly, he revealed to her he had a secret wish to see a little girl, like Jo Lynn, go wading while wearing a party dress, shoes, ankle socks and everything else! He broke down totally as he told her he did not intend to harm her child in any way.

When she asked him about having his hand up Jo Lynn's dress, he said he was just curious. When she asked about the camera, he told her he wanted some pictures to keep. When



she wanted to know why and kept pressing him for more information, he explained what had led him up to that point.

When he was twelve years old, his family lived next door to a family with a four-year-old daughter named Heather. Todd thought she was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen. Of course, he convinced himself he had no real interest in her. It's just that she was so very pretty even if she was so young. He just liked to watch her from his bedroom window whenever she played outside. Heather knew she was a cutie. She was a headstrong little princess who always got her way. Then one summer day while Todd was in his bedroom with the window open, he saw her come running out of her house screaming that she didn't want to change into her play clothes. Instead she demanded to be allowed to play outside wearing her new party dress. Her mother relented, but she must have hit the limit of her father's tolerance because he threatened to make her go into their swimming pool fully dressed to wash herself off if she got her new outfit dirty. That of course would wreck the dress, which he then told her he would force her wear on the next fancy dress occasion.

Well, as you can guess, she did get the dress dirty, and her father followed up with his promise. Todd recalled in exact detail the fancy pale blue dress she had been wearing, the full lacy white petticoats that peeked out and the shiny white Mary Janes on her feet. He described her fully clothed, tearful descent as she climbed step-by-step down into the pool, pleading with her parents not to make her do it — the



water was cold and her dress would be ruined.

The scene had totally captivated young Todd. For some strange reason he could not explain, it made him very randy. He had watched with rapt attention as the bawling girl gingerly stepped into the pool with her shiny strap shoes. Down and down she went into the water. Air trapped beneath her full skirted party dress pushed it up around her waist as she descended into the water. When she came out of the pool, her dress had become almost completely transparent. Through it, he could clearly see her skimpy, little girl camisole and sassy lace-encrusted pink panties.

Todd's sexual ignorance and physical development must have been at a crucial point for this simple incident to create such a powerful and lasting impression. Ever since, he told Elsie, he thought about it, even dreamt about it. He said he kept a vigil, watching the little girl next door, but she never again had to go into the pool fully dressed. Then he took to hanging around swimming pools and going to the beach, all in hopes of seeing some girl going into the water with her clothes on. He wasn't the least bit interested in seeing girls in bathing suits, only girls soaking wet while they were fully clothed, especially in party dresses. But it never happened. Eventually, realizing the slim possibility of ever seeing something so unusual again, Todd almost gave up. That is, until his family moved to Murraysville and he first saw Jo

Lynn, whose resemblance to little Heather was so remarkable that he went wild imagining ways he could get little Jo Lynn alone, dressed to the nines and soaking wet!

Elsie Mae wanted to kick herself because all along, she had thought Todd had been smitten with her! God damned males! Now, she realized he must have been bouncing off the walls with joy when she invited the boys to stay in her house.

All the while Todd was talking, Elsie Mae hated him desperately even if his story did ring true. She didn't feel sorry for him. His fucked up brain was his problem, not hers. He had no right to interfere with her child's development. Could she believe everything he had told her? With her whole heart, she wished she could get some kind of proof, some kind of guarantee her child was okay and what she had seen was the full extent of what had happened.

As he talked, it became obvious Todd's knowledge about sexual things was very limited. These days, she thought kids knew everything, especially a smart kid like him. Well, at least in his case, he knew very, very little. His lack of sexual knowledge scared her. Maybe he'd done things to her boy and had no appreciation for their impact. She was still totally pissed and on a rampage to discover more about what had actually gone on during his little fantasy game.

She came right out and asked, "Are you a queer, a fairy?"

He looked at her like she was crazy, "No, of course not!"

"Well, you stole Jo Lynn's panties! Didn't you?"

He blushed, looked away.

"Wanked off into them too. Right?"

He turned completely away from her.

"Tell me or I'm going to have you locked up!"

"Jo Lynn is so much like that girl Heather I told you about so I, I couldn't help it. I, uh, I had to be near ... I saw them on the line ... I'm sorry. Please Mrs. Meyer, I didn't mean to ..."

"Of course, you meant to! You're a fucking pervert! When you were younger I bet you stole panties from that cute little neighbor girl of yours too. You did, didn't you?"

Todd's eyes covered over once again with tears.

"Tell me about it!"

"Just one time! That same day ... that day she went into the pool. Afterwards, her mother came outside and hung up her Heather's dress, slips and pink panties to dry out.

"It was just that once. I swear! I looked out my window at them for the longest time. They must have forgotten about them because it got dark and no one came outside to take them in. Really, I just wanted a close-up view, wondered what they felt like and all ... well, I ..."

She continued his sentence, "... took them and jacked off in them!"

"Oh, Mrs. Meyer, I don't know why I did it. I did it only once, I was so, so ... uh," he was crying again.

"... so fucked up!" she finished the words for him again. "You creep! You fucking pervert! You are a queer boy!"

"No. NO!" he managed to say. "I like girls. I don't like boys! I'm not queer!"

"Then why were you messing with my son? If you like girls, why did you have your hand up my boy's dress?"

He looked at her with a puzzled expression on his ruddy, tear-stained face.

Talk about not knowing whether to laugh, cry or whatever — for Elsie Mae, this was one of those times. At that very moment, it dawned on her Todd had no idea Jo Lynn was a boy! But she had caught him with his hand up her boy's dress. Had she gotten there just in time, just before Todd had gotten into the front of Jo Lynn's panties? Could that be it?

She had taken it for granted Todd and his brothers knew Jo Lynn was a boy. She fathomed his reaction. Why, hell, everyone knew! She never lied about it. Sure Jo Lynn's hair was a little long, as was the fashion. It wasn't any longer than those boys who play Little League. And yes, she often did call Jo Lynn 'she' and 'her'—just wishful thinking on her part, but people knew he was a boy, even if he did wear dresses and panties all the time. Then she remembered just how recently Todd and his brothers had arrived in town—so maybe they didn't yet know. Could that be possible, even though they already had been staying with her and her boy for almost a week? And if that were so, there was the proof she had been so desperately seeking! After all, if Todd didn't know Jo Lynn was a boy, it was safe to guess he hadn't gotten into the boy's panties and molested him!

But it was the thought of all that insurance money Todd was apt to get that made Elsie Mae's levelheadedness take over. Of course she would have to protect her child, but she also realized it wouldn't do much good to throw Todd out on the street or even put him in jail. No! She'd create her own justice with this little pervert. For whatever Todd had done to her baby, some — or all of that money was going to be hers!

Fucking over Todd's already warped mind and draining all his money right through his penis was going to be as easy as carrying a half dozen entrees to her next table. She and Jo Lynn could be headed for easy street.

She took an aggressive, no bullshit approach. She simply called him a pervert as she showed him the purple panties he had dirtied up. She kept up the threats to call the police. He became scared. He was willing to promise her anything. She told him she'd need money to take care of Jo Lynn, to make sure he grew up right and not troubled by whatever Todd had been doing to him. She went back to his story, made him tell her what had happened repeatedly. He kept coming back to the point that Jo Lynn so strongly resembled the little neighbor girl that he just couldn't get out of his mind. He told her to stop telling him Jo Lynn was a boy and not really a girl. He thought she was saying it to make fun of him. Well, she could prove that point quite easily.

Talking about Jo Lynn made her remember her boy who was still waiting for her in the garage in that wet dress! Thank goodness it was a warm day because if she didn't get him out of those wet clothes soon, he'd catch a cold. She took Todd in tow, grabbed some of Jo Lynn's clothes from the laundry room

and went into the garage. Jo Lynn was sniffing, fearful, and unsure what his mother was going to do. Assuring him that everything was all right, she gingerly hugged him, trying to avoid getting herself wet too as she proceeded to change him out of his wet dress, slip, socks and shoes. As she slid down his cute little pink nylon panties, she made a point of turning Jo Lynn in Todd's direction so the boy could see for himself that without a doubt Jo Lynn was a boy.

Todd turned pale and ran to the bathroom. She could hear him throwing up.

After Jo Lynn was put into a clean dress, she sent him up to his room to play, then called her boss and told him she had to deal with an emergency and would have to take the rest of the day off. He wanted to know what was wrong, but she told him it was personal. He accepted that and then told her he would bring around a 'to go' for her and the kids for supper.

Then Elsie took Todd to her room, where they talked for hours. Todd was a sorry sight, a troubled, confused boy. Still, her anger prevented her from warming up to him. She became focused on the money. Some people might think that was horrible, but when you've been on the short end of the stick your whole life like she had been a big wad of dough like that insurance money does your thinking for you.

After Todd got ready for bed, she came into his bedroom and made him tell her in detail about that first incident with little Heather being forced to go fully dressed into the pool. Elsie pretended to be interested and very excited about the story. She asked him dozens if not hundreds of questions. She made him tell her everything again and again, pressing him not to leave out any details. She knew what she was doing, and she knew she had guessed right when she noticed movement under the blanket covering his groin. It definitely excited him to relive those memories. As he talked, he was so worked up he barely flinched when she boldly rubbed her hand over the top of the blanket to soothe his hard member. Moments later she slid her hand under the covers, opened his pajama pants and touched him directly. While he was



in a high state of excitement, she knew she was in control. She relished the moment, an opportunity to twist the dagger in the wound. She let him know how disappointed she was in him, how wrong it was to fool her into thinking he was attracted to her when in reality he was drawn to her little girl-boy. Then she secreted out her apron pocket a pair of silky panties. She rubbed those panties over Todd's hot dick. God was he excited!

"Do you like the feel of my hand on you?"

He could only moan.

"Of course you do. I'm rubbing you up with a nice soft pair of panties. I bet you like that, huh?"

He throatily mumbled, "Yes."

As she kept increasing the tempo of her strokes, she talked to him as sweetly as she could.

"These are real pretty panties. Don't they fell nice?"

It was almost torturous. He groaned in agreement.

"Yes, silky panties do feel nice. Well, then shoot off, dear boy. Shoot your cum into them. These panties are waiting for it!"

She felt the first wave of cum surge up through his cock and into the waiting nylon panties. She immediately decided she liked masturbating a cock when she was in charge! The poor boy was in bad shape. It was probably very embarrassing for him to shoot off in those panties with her leaning over him, staring him in the eyes with a big grin on her face. He probably would have stopped himself from cumming into those panties if he could have, but of course, he couldn't. She pumped and pumped. He arched his hips and thrust his hot anxious dick into her accommodating, teasing hand. His troubled soul needed that climax much too desperately to be stopped by any thoughts of embarrassment or what was and wasn't right. Once his sperm was drained, he cowered, blushed profusely and shrank away from her. She knew he desperately wanted to be alone at that point, probably wanted to attempt to sort out all the confusing thoughts flying around in his head. She made him feel worthless and disgusting, saying she should go to the police and have him arrested for what he had done, but she said she felt sorry for him and knew all about boys like him—boys who were all messed up sexually. She told him she could help him get over his confusion and straighten him out about sex. She explained she wouldn't have him arrested but instead would help him—that is, if he'd help her. Since he had committed a grave sin against her and her darling little boy, she told him she wouldn't hand him over to the police if he promised to give her half of the insurance money for Jo Lynn's benefit.

He agreed!

She made him put it in writing. Moreover, she had him write down he would have to give her all of the money if he ever tried to molest Jo Lynn again.

Without hesitation, he signed the paper saying, "I'm not a fag. I'm not interested in Jo Lynn, she ... I mean, he's a boy!"

That's when she leaned over close to him and whispered directly into his ear, "I'm glad to hear that, but I should tell you, I just jacked you off into this pretty pair of panties. And look, as you can see, these are Jo Lynn's panties, you lucky



little queer boy, the panties he was wearing while you were forcing him into the pool. Have a good night's sleep, you little faggot!"

Todd cried.

At that moment, she felt power over a male like she had rarely ever felt before.

Chapter 4 Pervert in the Shallow End

On the telephone, Elsie Mae thrilled Laura as she described every detail of what she was doing to Todd. Laura begged to be in on the destruction of this perverted, wimpy teenage boy. Elsie realized she needed to protect her investment, so by letting Todd and his brothers continue to live in her house, she could keep an eye on him until that insurance money arrived. But these women knew men and boys, especially guys like Todd who were downright strange sexually. They had seen their share of weirdoes in their time; being from a small town didn't shield them from that. With the truckers that came through there, especially Elsie had seen and heard it all. And since Laura was handicapped and poor, she seemed to attract the yahoos and derelicts. She was a lovely young longhaired blonde mother, but for some reason, she attracted the worst men around. Wheelchair bound ever since her father kicked her in the spine in a drunken rage on her thirteenth birthday, Laura was convinced men thought they could do anything with her and she would be grateful that they had even looked at her. In these two women's eyes, Todd was just another worthless asshole male. Just thinking of him now, after what he had done to Jo Lynn, made Laura think of the men who had fathered her two sons: the one man was a bullshit charmer who turned out to be as useful

as the walking dead. The other trash can with a dick thought he was doing her a favor by getting her pregnant, telling her she should be happy because she'd qualify for more welfare money. Of course, that additional money he used each month to pay his tab at the local gin mill until she was so fed up with him that she threw him out.

Elsie and Laura decided most men were overgrown babies and out of control. They convinced themselves that Todd would end that way too unless they stepped in and changed the course of his life. They decided the best way to do that was to take control of Todd, to manipulate him sexually for his own good—and their own fun and profit!

Even though Todd insisted he wasn't interested in Jo Lynn in any way since he had seen Jo Lynn was a boy and not a girl, Elsie wasn't about to trust him. If anything, that fact gave her plenty of ideas that might prove helpful in training Todd. First, she had to decide how she was going to take sexual control of Todd. Should she put a restrainer of some sort on him to prevent him from relieving his juices at will or should she personally masturbate him to the point of excess and keep him totally drained and tamed?

She decided on a combination of the two methods.

It was now Sunday of the Memorial Day weekend. Telling them that they needed a break from their recent travails, Elsie drove Laura and Jo Lynn to the new Southtown Mall for the first time. Laura wanted everything in sight but had to settle for some much-needed supplies. Elsie bought Jo Lynn a baby doll he refused to put back on the shelf and then picked up some things for Todd's training. Laura was in tears of glee as Elsie explained to her the "training" program while buying a three-foot length of small link chain, a small padlock, two panty-girdles and a half dozen pairs of flowered and patterned nylon print panties, all in a size to fit Todd. While they were at the mall, Elsie also dropped off the roll of film from the camera Todd had been using to take pictures of Jo Lynn in the kiddie pool. The two women were anxious to see if those pictures shed any more truth as to exactly what Todd might have done to little Jo Lynn.

When Elsie got home, she called Todd up to his bedroom and showed him her purchases. "I bought you some special athletic supporters"

"Why?" he wanted to know, his eyes filled with questioning fear.

She pulled out the two panty-girdles. One was white and the other was light blue. Both had a delicate band of white lace around the leg openings, a shiny satin panel down the front and puckered elastic sides. Immediately, he knew they were women's things. He knew that much about lingerie. He started to balk, but she quieted him with a harsh look as she quietly explained to him that she would allow him and his brothers to keep living with her for a while if he minded her completely. And regardless of how he felt about it, that included wearing one of these 'supporters' at all times. She couldn't trust him to be alone around Jo Lynn so locking his penis up would stop him from using it to violate her little girly boy.

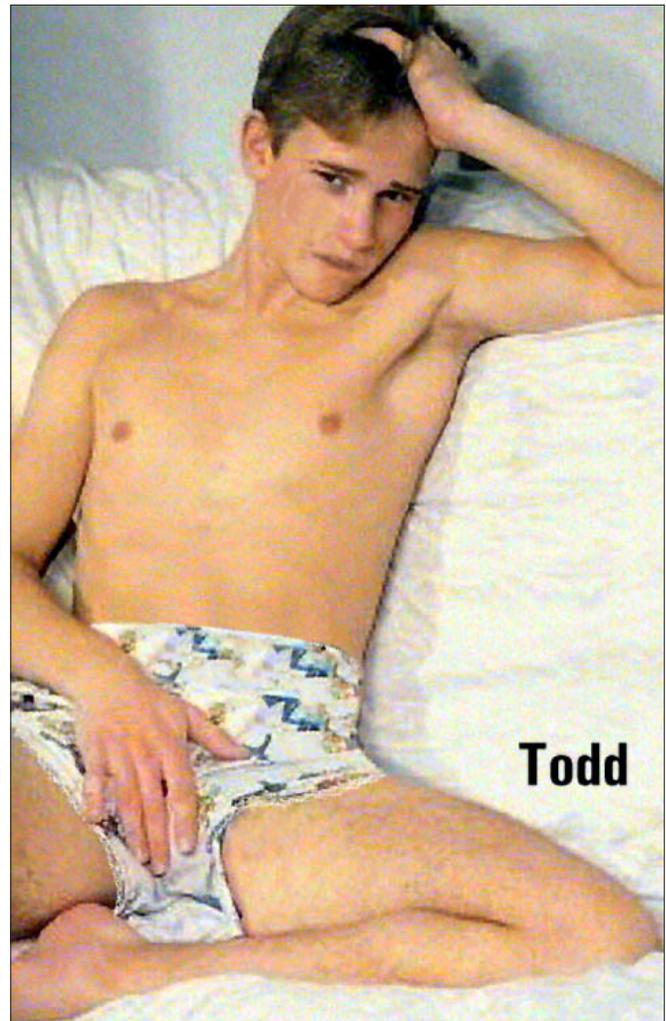
"Never! I won't ..." he protested, but Laura cut him off.

"You'll wear them and shut up! I'll only let you out of them to use the bathroom and take a shower.

"Here, the supporters are tight, so these will help you slide them on and off," she said as she pulled out the half dozen pairs of cheap, printed nylon panties.

Todd groaned. He knew they were women's panties, no doubt about it. He looked at her with a hangdog expression, pouting lips, pleading eyes. He wanted to resist but didn't as Elsie unbuckled his belt, unzipped his jeans and bade him to strip them off. A tear streamed down Todd's face and dripped onto her forearm as she helped him step into the silky panties. He visibly shivered and gasped as she yanked them up none too gently. He squirmed and squealed as she hauled them up extremely high on his waist, trapping his flaccid penis and balls into the tightened panty crotch. Without any ado, she followed up with the panty-girdle.

Todd, now pantied and girdled, had no choice but to put up with the additional indignity of having them locked into place. With the light chain in her hands, for the first time, he noticed the holes in the waistband of the panty-girdle then quickly realized their use as she threaded the chain through the holes all the way round. She pulled the chain tight and locked it shut. He turned away from her. His shame was so complete. With a slap on his femininely clad butt, she com-



manded him to go to bed without any supper. As he left the room, she explained she had the only key, so she warned him about drinking water during the day because there was no way for him to go to the bathroom until he met up with her either at the restaurant or at home. Of course, she knew he could easily break the chain or the lock, but then, of course, she'd know he had disobeyed her so she warned him if he broke the chain, she would call the police to arrest him!

Of course, he insisted he could be trusted. He repeatedly told her he wasn't interested in boys, but Elsie ignored his pleas as she took the sperm-filled purple panties out of her dress pocket and waved them in his direction.

"I had trusted you once, but never again."

Todd complained he still had two more weeks of school, and on gym days, he couldn't go to school with the 'supporter' on. Elsie told him to hush up his whining and then advised him to simply put on his gym clothes over the supporter. He could change in the school restroom if he was worried someone would see what he was wearing. Beyond that, it was his problem. Todd conceded. Once again, he fell asleep that night with a tear-stained face.

Elsie spent another night on the phone with Laura, keeping her posted. Laura laughed so hard that her boys were giving her questioning looks, but she told them to go back to watching television. She pleaded with Elsie to find a way she could see Todd imprisoned in his panties and panty-girdle. Elsie said she'd find a way to do that.

The two women talked on and on, fielding wild ideas while planning Todd's total subjugation. Concerning his sexual drive, Elsie said she wanted to be in charge whenever he did cum. But she didn't just want to control the 'when,' she wanted to control the 'how.' In other words, she wanted to control the entire act. Sexually, it was going to be feast or famine for him, depending upon her mood—not his! And she

knew he was ripe, open to her power of suggestion and quite dependent upon her. She'd develop his fetishes as a way of furthering her control over him. By the time the money would arrive, she'd have him trained like a puppy dog!

The following morning, he pleaded with Elsie to let him out of the panty-girdle and panties to use the bathroom.

"Here, I'll let you out to do your business, but you better get used to them, creep. You're going to be wearing your supporter and panties everyday," she said unlocking the lock.

Todd groaned in relief peeling down the tight girdle. "O-o-oh! Uh-h-ugh!" he moaned repeatedly as his untrained body luxuriated in the relief of being released from the tight grip of the formidable panty-girdle. Never before having experienced that type of confinement, he couldn't resist running his hands over his now liberated hips and stomach.

"Got some drops of something here in your panties. Let me take a good look. ... Just a little bit of pee. Lucky for you that you didn't shoot off in them. Mind you, I'll be checking you all the time. You'll have hell to pay if you spurt.

"You'll be wearing these as long as you stay here! And you're going to stay here a while, at least until you turn over to me half of that money you've got coming! It's that or the cops so don't get any ideas about running away. Even if you did, I'd turn your brothers over to the cops in a minute and say they did to Jo Lynn the things you did. You know I'm getting those pictures of my baby developed, the ones you took of him, dressed up, and wet . . . so I'll have real proof!

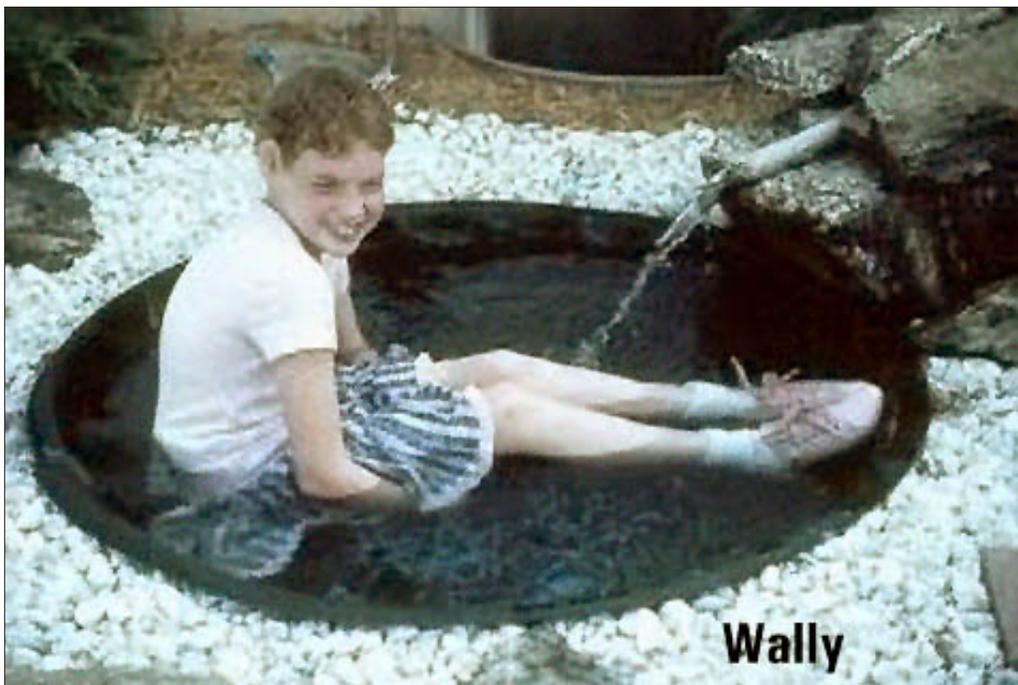
Her intimate touching was having an immediate effect, causing his penis to inflate and tent up his colorful panties.

"Now get in the bathroom and do your thing. Leave the door open. I'm standing right here until you're done. No pulling on your pud!

"Kind of small," she laughed. "Not much to pull on. Are you a freak or something, boy? You are a boy, right? I think my four-year-old sissy son has a bigger dick than that. Now get along. I'm a waiting."

Todd's dick was about normal size for his age, but Elsie knew how males were when it came to the size of their donges. They all cowered when ridiculed about the size of it. Regardless of how large it is, if you tell them it's small, she knew, it is a blow to their manhood!

After he came out of the bathroom, she had him step into a fresh pair of his new panties. These were printed with a modernistic design in light and dark blue and yellow on a white background. Then



she had him get up on his bed. Before he could do anything except use his hand to cover his limp, panty-clad penis, she snapped a picture of him. Tears came to his eyes. He started to jump up. She was bigger and probably stronger than he was. He thought about fighting her off but then the thought of the cops, his brothers, the money, and dozens of other things got him all confused again. In response to her menacing gaze, he relented. Then he stood still with his head bowed as she had him step into the other new panty-girdle.

“This being Memorial Day, you got a whole day to get used to your nice new supporter before going back to school tomorrow. Any shit from you and I’ll put your brothers in lacy panties and satin girdles too!”

Todd flashed an amazed frown in her direction, but she wasn’t watching. She was already leading him back into the bathroom to instruct him on how to wash out his panty-girdle and panties that he had just taken off. Something she expected him to do every day.

When she hung them up on the shower rod to dry, he mumbled a complaint. “Wa . . . wa . . . what if Mark and Eddie see them?”

“So the fuck what, asshole?” she shouted. Her anger toward all men was showing.

“If your brothers ask me, I’ll tell them who they belong to. You tell them whatever the fuck you want.”

Being locked into the panties and a panty-girdle that day caused Todd to be in a constant state of shame. He was sure everyone knew what he was wearing beneath his jeans.

Elsie Mae was ready to do more with Todd but thought it best to let up on him for the rest of the day.

Tuesday, the next day, he tried to stay in bed. He didn’t want to go to school, but the now standard litany of threats convinced him to go.

Elsie took the afternoon off and raced over to the shopping center to pickup her pictures from the 24-hour photo

shop. She was greatly relieved to see that the pictures of Jo Lynn were all innocent enough, if quite unusual. Looking closely at the pictures, she could see her boy was having a good time prancing around in the water! Go figure?

By the end of that first school day in restrictive lingerie, Todd was a wreck. He raced home from school and had to humiliate himself as he asked Elsie to ‘help’ him so he could go to the bathroom. Laura was there. She was all smiles. She knew what was going on but played it dumb. So did Elsie.

“Help? What kind of help to you need, boy?” Elsie asked with a smile.

“Can you take off this thing, unlock it so I can, can go?”

“What thing, dear boy?”

“This,” he said, pointing down the waistband of his jeans.

“Is this what you need?” Elsie said, now openly laughing as she pulled the key out of her pocket.

“Oh yes!”

“Well, come here, boy. I’ll undo you.”

Todd was so desperate to relieve himself that he ignored the embarrassment of having his jeans undone and the girdle unlocked before Laura’s glowing eyes. But before he could dash off to the bathroom, Elsie pulled down the waistband of his panty-girdle to expose a bit of the frilled elastic and silky nylon fabric of the pretty panties he was wearing.

“Nice panties . . . for a boy!” Laura giggled.

With that, Todd rushed off to the bathroom. Minutes later he reappeared with just the open ends of the chain appearing out of the V of his open jeans as he waited for Elsie to lock him up again.

After the disgrace of being so humiliated, he had no appetite even though he had no supper the night before. He ran upstairs and went to bed. Later that night, Elsie was very sweet to him, even bringing him a ham sandwich and a glass of orange juice up to his bedroom. She wasn’t feeling sorry for him; she was just continuing her mind control. After he

had devoured the sandwich, she took off his panty-girdle and panties and then took off her own panties and jacked him off into them. Before she got up to leave, she put him back into his panties and panty-girdle and then pushed her sperm-filled panties into his mouth and commanded him to suck out his dirt. Todd gagged and moaned that he was going to throw up, but Elsie cautioned him that if he threw up, she’d shove it all back into his mouth and make him swallow his vomit too!





Chapter 5 Wading for the Money

On the following Thursday, Elsie tore open a letter addressed to Todd from the insurance company, notifying him the insurance money would be sent within thirty days. Elsie immediately went to the lawyer and had a long talk with him. She didn't tell him about how she had started a program to sexually dominate Todd, but she did talk to the lawyer about the financial agreement Todd willingly signed, giving her half the money for possibly molesting Jo Lynn. The lawyer was shocked but sympathized with her then explained her piece of paper could possibly prove Todd had wronged her son in some way, but as a contract, it wouldn't hold up in court because he obviously signed it under duress. But the lawyer did tell her Todd's money would be put into a trust for a legal guardian to oversee until he reached age twenty-one.

Not wanting to lose control of the money before it even arrived, she coerced Todd and the boys into having her appointed as their legal guardian. Within four days, they were all in the lawyer's office to make it official. Immediately, she was given temporary control of the boys' finances. Anxiously they awaited the insurance settlement. Of course, she would only be able to spend the insurance money with the best interests of the boys in mind, but that was OK. She'd find loopholes increasing her discretion over spending some of it on things for herself and Jo Lynn. She also started to think of other ways she could extend her grip over Todd and the boys so they'd never be able to escape her control.

Even though she was confident much of that money would eventually be hers, she didn't go on some crazy spending spree. Most people would have called that kind of dough 'quitin' money and rush out to spend it like a lottery

winner, but not Elsie. Even if she would end up with all the money, she was determined it would not wreck the life she and her sissy son had come to love so much.

So what did she buy? She contacted Curtis Blocker & Associates, Cleveland's best architectural firm, and started in motion plans to build her dream house. She ordered the car she always wanted, a brand new, but modest dark blue Buick sedan. Nothing too flashy, just a good car. And from that new mall, she ordered one more thing: an aboveground swimming pool for the backyard. In her new house, she'd have a built-in pool but that would be a year or more away. So in the meantime, the aboveground pool would be fun for the kids as well as come in handy for Todd's continuing slide into sexual submission. Elsie had plans! She was going to train him using his fetish. It was going to be a couple of weeks before the pool would be ready so she didn't tell the children about it. They wouldn't find out about it until the workmen showed up to install it.

If Todd could have had his way, he would have drained his tool at least once a day, but Elsie learned more about controlling him when he was denied sex than when she would let him spurt. After that first night, she jacked him off three days later. Then waited a week to drain him again, and on that occasion, he actually seemed to be in pain from being sexually deprived for so long. He spurted buckets when he finally did let it go. Yes, he had dribbled a lot into his girdle and panties during that week, but with her inspections, she was sure he had not had a full blustering cum. Of course, when she did notice some pecker tracks in his panties, she'd take off her dress belt and give him a few sharp reminders across his rear, but she knew he was trying to be celibate so she wasn't too hard on him. Besides, she was learning a lot about the libido of a healthy teenage male.

Then she started playing with him more frequently, but without a pattern to her timing. She loved to do it at the strangest and most unexpected times, like when he was overly tired late at night or just minutes before he had to race off to school. Sometimes, when she felt especially devilish, she'd jack him off three or four times in quick succession. Then she'd act like she was never going to do it again, only to drain him when he least expected it. Between orgasms she watched with glee as his sperm built to the breaking point and tormented him by repeating her threat to call the cops if he had cum in his panties without permission.

In action, she experimented with stroking and timing, learning both mental and physical ways to drive him wild. She frequently did let him spurt, but quite often, she'd drive him crazy then yank up his panties and panty girdle and tell him to go to sleep without cumming. Then she'd sit next to his bed and read a book until he did fall asleep just to make sure he didn't relieve himself. And when she did let him cum, she made him realize she was in total control.

Whenever she did tap Todd's manhood, she loved to talk to him nonstop. She'd tease him about his memories of Heather, the little girl in her wet dress, embarrass him with

stories of girl-boys and pretty panties or talk about boys with big penises and how she was going to teach him to suck cock. She liked to taunt him about turning him into a queer! Why? Just because she thought it would be fun to see if she could actually make him into a screaming faggot. Forget those experts who argue a homo is born and not made. She was going to take this malleable piece of confused, perverted boyhood and train him to be a dick licker!

She kept Laura posted on her progress, and since Laura shared Elsie Mae's low opinion of men, she loved everything being done to Todd. She had little sympathy for him and thrilled to details of his subjugation. As time went on, the two women became exceptionally excited training Todd. Elsie's stories to Laura would get them both worked up and they would have to orally please each other to orgasm, such as on one lazy Friday afternoon in June, the boys were all in school, and Elsie was at Laura's house. The two women lay on her bed with Jo Lynn between them. As he drifted off to sleep while suckling her tits, Elsie whispered to Laura all the latest happenings involving Todd's training.

Laura got so excited she couldn't resist pushing her light cotton summer skirt and frilly beige slip out of the way to toy with her clit through her silky panties. Elsie replaced Laura's hand with her own as she continued her stories. Laura gently rested her hands on Jo Lynn's panty-clad ass cheeks and traced the lacy decorations with her fingertips.

"Oh, Elsie love, what did Todd say when you told him you'd make him suck on a man's dick to test and see if it excited him?"

"O-o-o-o, you should have seen him," Elsie moaned. "The little wimp cried, pleading with me to tell him that I was just joking."

"Uh-uh! I love it when you touch me there, uh! Were, uh, were you ... o-o-o-oh! Were you joking?"

"You know me. Of course, not!"

"Oh, Elsie, let me do it too.... Let me tease and play with Todd too!" Laura begged, tired of living vicariously.

"Let me think," Elsie mused as she slid her fingers under the elastic leg band of Laura's panties then inserted three fingers into the woman's slopping wet cunt. "Sure! I'll tell you what. Can you get your boys to dress up in girls' clothes and go wading in our kiddie pool?"

"What?" Laura asked. The unusual request threatened to stall her building sexual high, but she wouldn't be denied. Waves of sexual thrills shook her mind and body.

"Well, I think so," she moaned once her climax subsided, but she wanted to know why. "They'd do it. I'm sure. But what ...?"

"Good! Just tell them it's a game Jo Lynn wants to play. Will they buy that? We can really get to Todd if you do that."

Laura screamed a shrill laugh at the idea, but told her she didn't think it would be a

problem. Her boys were fun loving and very adventurous. They'd try anything once.

"Besides, Elsie, I've never told you this, but knowing Jo Lynn since he was born, I've often wondered what my own boys would look like in girls' clothes. I love the idea. But tell me, how is this going to tie into the scheme of things?"

Elsie Mae explained that since Todd claimed he was only interested in girls she was going to challenge his stance. She was going to use boys in wet dresses to distort his fetish, to see if she could use his childish girl-in-the-wet-dress fantasies as a launching pad to homosexual perversion. She'd get not just her Jo Lynn, her own son, but Laura's boys and maybe other boys too, to dress up, get soaking wet and vamp Todd while she worked him over mentally and sexually! She was on a mission. Todd wasn't going to have a chance.

Chapter 6 Synchronized Swindling

Elsie Mae told Todd that since his two younger brothers had a Little League game that coming Sunday, she was planning a pool party especially for Todd's benefit, telling him how much fun it was going to be but then cautioned him that the pool party would be a serious matter much concerned with his sexual development. She was going to work on curing him of his fetish for girls in wet dresses.

Of course, her true objective was just the opposite. To her, Todd represented every disgusting male she had ever known. Laura shared that feeling, and they wanted to fix in Todd's mind his fetish more than ever, but with boys, not girls. They were making one big game out of taking his money and turning him into one kinky fag boy.



Just before the party on that Sunday, she removed Todd's restrictive panty-girdle and cheap nylon print panties then showed him a new pair of pink satin panties, very frilly panties. She made him examine them closely, pointing out the tiers of lace and frills. 'Party panties' she called them as she explained that wearing something so girlish would probably be embarrassing for him, but that was the idea. She wanted to make him extremely embarrassed and self-conscious. That, she said, would help him control his prick since it would be more difficult for him to get a hard-on in something so unmanly as a frilly pair of pink party panties. She told him she was sure he'd be able to look at girls in wet dresses and not get excited thus overcoming his perverted sexual attraction. Of course, it was bullshit and 180 degrees from what she really wanted and what probably would happen.

He resisted putting on the panties. He backed away and was on the verge of bolting when she took out of her pocket that stained pair purple pair of Jo Lynn's panties and threatened him once again with the police and ultimately taking him to court to get all of his money.

He did relent, but she sensed her threats were starting to lose their impact so she was desperate to strengthen her control over him as quickly as possible. And to show her authority over him, she made him bend over her lap for a paddling. Almost expecting resistance, she had brought along her Ping-Pong paddle.

Whack!

"I never want you to resist me again!"

Whack!

"Do you understand, young man?"

Whack!

"Yeah, ye-e-e-s!"

Whack!

"Good! Now if you give me any more trouble . . ."

Whack!

"... I'll take away all your plain little print nylon panties and give you a whole bunch of pretty lace-trimmed satin panties like these to wear every day."

Whack!

"Would you like that?"

Whack!

"No! Ow! No, Mrs. Meyer!"

She helped him on with the panties. His dick was twitching and bobbing even before she got them pulled all the way up. Was he excited from her touch? From the paddling? From the panties? Regardless, whatever the reason, one of these days, he'd get excited from everything and anything she did to him.

She pretended not to notice his growing erection as she fucked his mind over some more as she kissed him on the cheek and told him what a big man he was going to become. She told him how wonderful it was going to be, to make love to women in a normal way and not be attracted to little girls in wet dresses. She positioned him in the garage because from there, he had a perfect view to the kiddie pool in the backyard. He'd be able to see everything that was going on, yet no one would even know he was there!



She left him to watch.

Then he saw her wheel Laura into the backyard. Todd was utterly shocked to see walking behind them Laura's two boys, Wally and Michael, dressed in girls' clothes! Wally was nine years old. He was wearing a T-shirt and a striped skirt with a ruffled and lace hem. He seemed to be quite self-conscious about his outfit. Her other son, Michael, who was four years old just like Jo Lynn, was wearing one of Jo Lynn's dresses, a bright red party frock with full petticoats and white lace trim.

Elsie left them by the kiddie pool and came back into the garage. Todd stared at her in disbelief. He wondered what she was trying to do. Elsie sensed his tension and explained how she was going to help him overcome his addiction to girls in wet dresses by making him watch boys in wet dresses!

She led Todd back over to the garage window, and together they looked out. By then Laura had persuaded Wally to get into the wading pool and splash around in the water. Elsie whispered sweetly into Todd's ear as she made him watch. She toyed with his dick inside his satin panties. She complimented him that his dick was somewhat soft and therefore not excited. That was a good sign, she said.

Todd wasn't very soft; in fact he was quite hard. He was wishing with all his might for his erection to retract, coil up and go away! But the more he wished, the harder it became. In his self-anger he jumped around and accidentally banged up against the window.

Up to that point, Wally seemed to be enjoying himself. He had been splashing around and acting silly. But the noise



made him jump out of the pool, fearing someone was watching even though he wasn't sure where the sound had come from. He ran to his mother who had promised him no one would see him in that skirt. She hadn't been able to get him into a dress, just the skirt and his T-shirt.

Laura had told him it was all for Jo Lynn's benefit. She convinced him it was a game Jo Lynn wanted to play. Well, when Todd had hit up against the window, it made Wally forget her explanation. He became so unnerved he started to yank off the skirt. In the process, he tore open the zipper and buttons. Laura got angry with him for ruining the skirt.

Throughout all that action, Todd's penis stayed hard and interested! Elsie Mae commanded Todd to stay there looking out the window and to pay attention to what was 'part of his cure.' Then she went outside to join Laura. By that point, Laura had Wally bending over the picnic table. She had removed the torn skirt and was beating his pink pantied ass with her dress belt for being so destructive.

After the whipping, Elsie Mae took Wally into the house to get him something else to wear. Laura continued with Jo Lynn and Michael. Her youngest boy didn't seem to mind wearing the dress. He danced around, imitating a girl, even making sweet kissy faces and spinning in circles to make the dress flip up. She loved watching him act so girlishly.

Laura had both the boys get into the pool. They took to the water, quickly getting themselves almost completely wet, jumping in and out of the pool, playing a game of tag. Moments later, Elsie Mae reappeared with Wally in tow. This time he was in a white chiffon party dress, actually it was a practically new little girl's Confirmation dress. Elsie had recently bought a number of such dresses in various sizes at the second hand shop in town to use on any unsuspecting boy she could find whenever the opportunity arose!

Laura let out with a whistle when she saw her son in the dress, he blushed and almost balked again, but Elsie had a firm hold on his arm and wasn't going to let him change his mind. Laura wanted to know Elsie's secret. How did she get him into such a fancy dress? Elsie whispered to Laura she simply talked to him sweetly while playing with him in his panties — then he agreed — and she needed to change his panties too! Wally overheard what she had said to his mother. It made him blush even more. But he didn't object when Elsie led him to the pool and demanded that he get in. With that, she excused herself, saying she had some work to do.

Back inside the garage, she found Todd by the window gently crying and not looking out. She touched his prick and found it was very hard. She soothed his tormented soul but demanded he pay attention to what was happening outside. She laughed at him and told him it was all right if he liked pretty boys in wet dresses too. She was going to help cure him of those nasty desires. But for now, he should just watch the boys in wet dresses and think about them, and if he shot his cum into his panties, it was OK — this time! And for the longest time, he watched the boys playing in the pool, jumping in and out of the water, running around, flipping up each other's skirts and losing themselves in their girlish play.

All the while, Elsie Mae masturbated Todd into his panties, repeatedly bringing him to a peak, then easing him down again. All the while, she described what the boys were doing, what color panties they were wearing, how well their pretty lingerie could be seen through their wet dresses, how cute they looked, how exciting it was to watch them and on and



on. When Elsie finally let him explode into the satin panties she told him it was OK. She added she had another pool session planned for the following Sunday and said he would probably be better able to control himself with what he had just learned.

Todd spent the rest of the day in bed highly disappointed in himself because he couldn't get out of his mind the images of those little boys in wet dresses. Finally, he began to feel better as he rationalized it was Elsie's handling of his penis and not the boys in wet dresses that had gotten him all worked up.

Elsie Mae and Laura cleaned up the boys and took them inside to play games together. Then the two women went to Elsie's bedroom and shared a gin and tonic while Elsie told Laura all about what she had done with Todd. As she talked, Elsie and Laura touched and teased one another, kissed and fondled, then finally tongued each other's wet cunts until they were delirious with the power and love they shared.

Chapter 7 Poolside Perversion

On that next Sunday, Todd's two younger brothers once again had a baseball game. Laura sent her two boys along with them to watch the game. When Wally, the older, said he didn't want to go, she threatened with making him wear a dress again. That changed his mind right away. He said he'd go. The reverse almost happened with Michael. At the mention of dressing up, he sheepishly grinned and said he'd do it! She laughed at him and gave him a little kiss on the forehead and told him 'no' but promised to let him do it again very soon.

Elsie and Laura wanted to use many different boys for these pool parties. Other than Jo Lynn, the idea was to prevent Todd from becoming fixated on just one boy. They wanted to develop his fetish and his homosexual leanings so any boy in a wet

dress would excite him. That would help make him very dependent upon Elsie and Laura, who would be his source for boys in wet dresses!

It wasn't difficult lining up a couple of boys. As luck would have it, Elsie ran into Carla Montague, a woman who was living on the edge of financial ruin she was now out of work with the shoe factory strike. Carla had asked Elsie if she could borrow a few dollars because her first unemployment check hadn't yet arrived. Elsie said she'd give her twenty-five dollars to keep if she could get her boys to help her with 'a little game.' After Elsie Mae explained what she wanted, Carla told her that for twenty-five dollars, she'd make her boys do anything Elsie wanted and no questions asked!

Carla's boys, Jack and Russell, were lively little devils but very devoted to their mother. She had no problem getting them to cooperate. She simply told them they could help her out and make some money to pay some bills. In addition, she promised them each a dollar to spend on candy. It was that easy. Elsie wondered just how far some people would go with their children to earn a few dollars.

Laura, a very creative type used to managing children, took charge of them and made a big game of it. The boys were in a joyous, playful mood from the moment they arrived until they had to go home. At first, they were a bit nervous while slipping into the forbidden garments of a little girl, the silken flowered vests and matching panties. They giggled like silly little girls when the dresses were slipped over their heads. The boys' giddiness and nervous comments made it obvious the fancy little girls' clothes excited them. That fact was not missed on their mother.

Once outside, Jo Lynn went into the water and showed them it was fun. Then they took turns going in and out of the pool. At first they just walked around in the water, then began splashing around in it before sitting down and getting completely wet.

They even took turns dipping their heads in the water and throwing their heads back to spray water over each other. Jo Lynn and the boys were having a lot of fun. But watching Todd as he watched them splashing around in the pool was the real show.

Todd, of course, was stationed at his post in the garage, peering out the window, this time with a huge erection pushing out the front of his gaudy lace party panties. He was wearing yellow and pink ones this time. Elsie wanted to touch his dick but was afraid the least



bit of contact would make him blow like Old Faithful. So she took her hand and slapped him in the crotch with all her might. Amazed she would do that, he doubled over in pain and fear, letting out a sound like a wounded goose. Tears filled his eyes as he tried to straighten up as she berated him for getting so excited.

“You fucking little sissy. All hard in girls’ panties! Why I never! “You’re a pervert, and a fairy to boot.” With a firm grip on his pantied cock, she pinched and pulled on its girth. “Quite randy here, little boy. I thought we were going to make some progress, today, you dirty minded little fag.”

Now stroking him through the tantalizing nylon, she said, “You’ve got it going pretty big, sissy. I must have guessed wrong. You like boys in wet dresses. You don’t like girls at all. And I think you like to wear girls’ panties too, especially really fancy panties. I think you better start wearing fancy ruffled panties every day.”

“No. No, I don’t,” he complained.

“Well, your prick tells me differently.

“Next,” she sang out, “I suppose you’ll want a whole wardrobe of pret-ty, pret-ty clothes, slinky dresses, training bras, shiny shoes, and lots of pret-ty, lit-tle girl-lie par-ty pan-ties. Pretty par-te-e-e pan-teez! Right?”

“No. No, please. NO!”

“You fucking fruit. Don’t lie to me. I’m taking my precious time. Laura’s taking her time, trying to help you, and look, Mr. Pop Off is going wild. Sissy!” she hissed as she rubbed him even closer to climax. Then suddenly she stopped. She made him step back into his panty girdle and pulled it up over his panty-clad hot cock.

“A good thing about satin panties. They show up every bit of moisture. If you know what’s good for you, you won’t let a drop of your juice stain these panties. If you do, I’ll see it because I’m going to inspect you later. Let your sticky, vile jism soil these panties, and I’ll make you model them for Jo Lynn and your brothers!

“Now, let me lock you into your panty-girdle ... ah, that’s it. Now, go to your room and think about our next little pool party. I’m going to cure you yet! Stay in your room and stay quiet. I’ll be up later to check on you.”

Chapter 8 Swimnastics Switch

That night, Elsie told Todd’s two younger brothers, Mark and Eddie, that they could join Jo Lynn in a pool party on Sunday. It was going to be especially fun because they’d get to put on some fancy girls’ dresses to go wading in the kiddie pool. They laughed their heads off saying ‘no way’ would they want to do that.

Then she told them that if they did join in, they’d get some cake and ice cream. They thought about it but still said ‘no.’ But Elsie wasn’t ready to give up that easily.



Except for the fact they had boundless energy and were almost impossible to keep up with, Mark and Eddie were a couple of sweeties. Their parents had raised them to be well mannered and very mindful; that is, whenever one could get them to sit still!

With school out and a few days to work on them, she and Laura knew they could win them over. The following morning, Elsie Mae tried a different tact. She took them aside and told them that Jo Lynn was really a boy just like them and not a girl. Eddie didn’t seem to be too concerned, but Mark mentioned to her one of the boys in school had told him that a long time ago, but he didn’t believe it. Elsie assured them that he was a boy. She even had Jo Lynn pull up his skirt, pull down his panties and show them.

She thought they handled it surprisingly well. Sure there was giggling and under-the-breath comments to each other, but they took it OK. In fact, they bombarded Jo Lynn with questions, wondering if just changing clothes could change a boy into a girl, or how weird it must be to wear girls’ things, and why would any boy want to be a girl?

Elsie loved it! She knew she was going to have fun with them.

That feeling was further evidenced that afternoon when she

walked in on them as Jo Lynn was showing them all his pretty dresses and lingerie. It was so cute! Of course, she couldn't resist joking with the boys, asking them if they'd like to try on some girly clothes too! They both blushed and were quick to mumble 'no,' but she knew she had struck a cord! That put her mind to work even harder. She was going to get them into dresses right quick. They were going to help her sissy sink their older brother, Todd.

When Elsie set her mind to something, it was almost certain to happen, especially if it meant crushing some boy's masculinity. So she dared Todd's younger brothers to go over to Laura's house that following Sunday and join them as they put on fancy dresses and got into her little inflatable pool.

Would you believe it was that easy! With just a simple "I dare you" followed up with an "I double dare you," those tough little boys were ready to put on dresses instead of being called 'a chicken.' They agreed on the condition that no one else would see them. Elsie informed them Laura would have to see them because it was her pool at her house, but she assured them Laura wouldn't laugh at them and wouldn't tell anyone about it. Laura's boys were away at a charity camp that week for needy kids so they wouldn't have to worry about them showing up unexpectedly.

Then Elsie told them if they let her take pictures of them while they were dressed up and in the kiddie pool, she'd let them in on a real big secret. They were unsure about that. It was clear they didn't want to have a photographic record of their excursion into girls' clothes. So she let their curiosity get the best of them, promising them if they didn't think the secret was big enough they wouldn't have to go through with the picture taking! To them it sounded like a no lose situation so they finally agreed.

But Elsie's secret was a big secret, no two ways about it! She told them their older brother, Todd, wore girls' panties and a panty-girdle every day. They laughed their heads off, confident she was just joking. But to prove her point, she took them into Todd's room and showed them one of the panty girdles and the stack of panties in his underwear drawer, taking special care to show off his new party panties — he had four pairs now, all in bright pastel colors — yellow, pink, pale blue, and light green, and all of them dripping with girlish ruffles, ribbons and lace.

Between shock and laughter, the boys had some adjusting to do, but she did remind them they had to keep the secret and not let their older brother, Todd, know that they knew. They agreed. Moreover, they reluctantly agreed it was a super-major secret. Then realizing they couldn't get out of their pledge, they would let her take some pictures of them in wet dresses, but they did make her promise never to show them to any of their friends.

She promised.

The next morning, they couldn't look at Todd without laughing and rolling their eyes, but just one look from Elsie and they scurried off, laugh-

ing all the way.

Elsie told Todd there would be another pool party that following Sunday, but he was not invited!

He asked how they could have a pool party since their pool was gone. Elsie said she had packed it way in the garage because she was having some special yard work done. Little did he know she was getting the yard ready for the new aboveground pool she had ordered.

Elsie told him the party was going to be at Laura's. She had a little inflatable pool the boys were going to use. She did tease Todd by telling him a big surprise would come out of the pool party that he would like very much.

Todd was a mess, fearful, excited, his mind in a whirl. What was she planning? What kind of a surprise? He wanted to know, but Elsie wouldn't tell him any more. Instead, she arranged for him to paint the restrooms at the diner that day, a job that would keep him away from Laura's house while she carried out her plans to further destroy him.

Having made several trips to Louise's Resale Shop, Elsie now had acquired quite a stock of dresses. Mark and Eddie had been in the back of her mind since the beginning. She had some especially nice dresses ready for them as well as some beautiful lingerie.

On that fateful day, the boys did hesitate when she showed them the vests and panties, but she told them the clothes were part of the deal. After all, it would look stupid to wear boys' underwear beneath a dress.

Colored over with embarrassment, they agreed to put on the lingerie but did want to change in the privacy of the bathroom. Elsie took charge.

"Enough of this nonsense, it's time to get dressed!" she commanded as she helped Mark into a pair of yellow panties with two white bows on the front.

Eddie whimpered a bit, but he was no match for her take-charge manner. He didn't resist.

"Step into these, dearie," she said as she had him get into an equally darling pair of pink flowered briefs with a lace panel on each side. Then came the matching vests.

"You're going to love wearing panties. They feel really good. Girls are so lucky. Don't be embarrassed," she giggled.



Then came the elegant chiffon party dresses. Mark's was in pale purple and Eddie's a confection of white and pale blue. Elsie Mae was having a high old time dressing them up. She took many liberties with them, rubbing their lithe bodies within their silken clothes, even tugging on their little pantied penises, telling them she had to adjust them to be comfortable in the strange-feeling panties.

Ankle socks and shiny pairs of white one-strap Mary Janes completed the outfits. Shoes were very important to Todd's fetish. He loved looking at girlish feet in pretty little Mary Janes beneath gentle waves of water! Todd certainly lucked out when his family moved to Murraysville. Having a shoe factory in town certainly helped to make a good supply of little girl Mary Janes available at very reasonable prices.

Blushing like ripe peaches, the boys waddled back and forth across the room getting used to the unusual feel of those exotic, soft clothes. Eddie pranced and swayed with every step. Mark kept his hands over his crotch. Elsie flicked away his hands and told them both to stand up straight. That's when she saw the bulge in Mark's dress. She knew this was going to be fun!

Then it was out to the kiddie pool the women had inflated and set up in Laura's backyard. Repeatedly, the boys made remarks about how weird it was to wear 'girls' things' as they called them, laughing nervously and fooling around with one another as they jumped in and out of the pool, playing tag and getting wet.

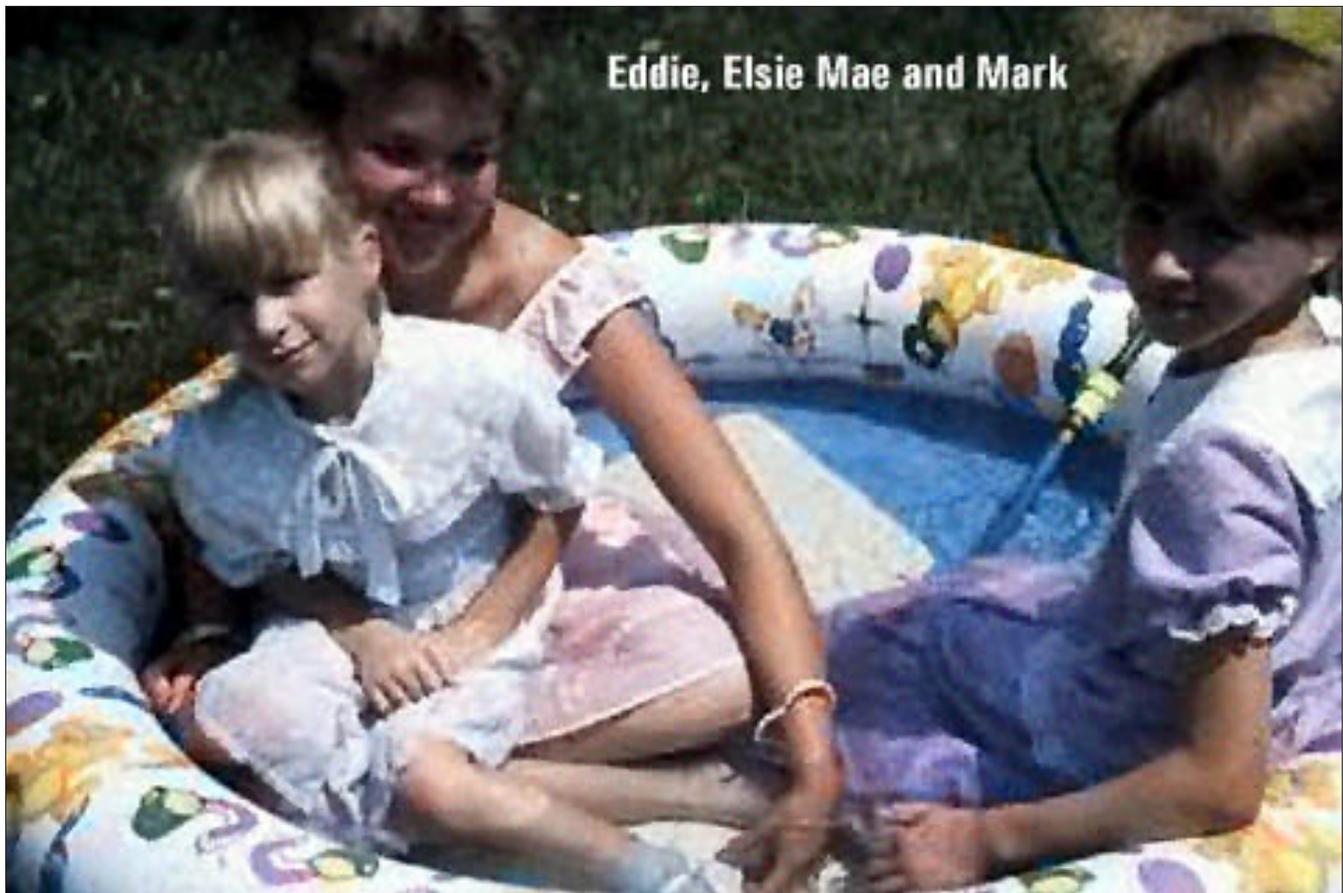
Since the boys were quite self-conscious, especially

when Laura started taking pictures, Elsie Mae climbed into the pool with them and egged them on, even pulling up their dresses to expose their frilly slips and panties.

The next day, Elsie Mae took that film over to the photo shop in the mall and got one of those specials where you get the second set of prints free. On Tuesday, she picked them up. One set of the pictures she cut out the boys' faces. Then, that night, she used those pictures in her jack off session with Todd, lying to him, saying she had gotten the two Huffington girls from down the street to pose for them. She told him that she knew he thought they were cute so she had asked them to do the pool thing! He asked her why the heads had been cut out and she said the girls were afraid the pictures would fall into the wrong hands. Todd was inspired by that bullshit story, and on two successive nights, Elsie barely had to stroke him to make him spurt as he looked at the pictures.

Each night, Elsie laughed herself to sleep thinking about all the bullshit she had been pouring into that boy as he shot his cum over those pictures not knowing they were actually photographs of his own brothers in wet dresses.

On the third night, she also brought in the other set of pictures, the pictures without the faces cut away. When he was ready to cum, she switched the photos at the last crucial moment. Todd shot his wad all right. He couldn't hold back by then. He cried aloud as he blew his brains out through the tip of his penis in sexual ecstasy and terror, emptying his dick over pictures of his kid brothers decked out like sissies in wet party dresses!



Eddie, Elsie Mae and Mark