

Princess Extra!



FEATURING:

Spanking & Old-time
Petticoat Punishment

#21
June
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Odd, Strange &
Unusual Sissy Boy
Features

Princess Extra! features photos, drawings, letters, stories, articles and other items of interest from our website for the fantasy fulfillment of adult sissies. Items range from "G" to "X" rated and include crossdressing, humiliation and both straight and forced gay sex themes.

Since 1981

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Mom Raised Me to Be a Panty Addict

The Japanese have a very different attitude toward sex than most American families. It's common for a boy's mother, grandmothers and aunts to participate in his sexual development. Another thing is how Japanese men are so hooked on panties. They are like a nation of panty fetishists with schoolgirls selling their freshly taken off panties to strangers right on street corners!

I'm from Japan and I'm one of those boys! My mother is the reason for my panty fetish. Whenever I became hyperactive (what we call ADD), mother decided I needed relief and it made little difference where we were -- at a party, in the car or at home, mother would simply open her dress, give me a good look at her naked breasts, then strip off her nice warm panties, wrap them around my naked cock and jack me off until I had a cum. She first started doing it when I was only able to have 'dry' cums, but kept on doing it until I left home and got married!

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We Need a Fun-Loving Bi Female

I'm hoping for some sincere responses if this letter makes it to any of your publications, (which are very well put together). Are there any single, fairly attractive, bisexual females living in Santa Clara County or southern Alameda County? I stress the fact that she must be unattached because I do have a fantastic panty-trained boy toy of a husband. He's a very good looking heterosexual crossdresser. His transvestism is, for the most part, limited to pretty lacy panties and bedtime lingerie.

Personally, I like to make it with girls, but I do enjoy wanking Mark's cock that I keep locked up in a penis cage. Usually the only time I let him out is when I'm entertaining one of my female friends – he's the entertainment! I make him drop his trousers, and when the women and girls see his pink panties they find it pretty funny. Then I put on one of my thick rubber kitchen gloves; I never touch his naked cock with my bare hand. I unpanty his big cock and see how long it takes for me to jack him off. I time him, and if he cums in under 30 seconds I let him make it with my girlfriend with her in charge of how she wants to use him; otherwise, I lock his dick back up and he can only watch the two of us make

lesbian love and sit there all frustrated. (Sometimes he's locked up for as long as three weeks between ejaculations). He usually makes it in time so he's then ready to pleasure my lady friend long and hard before cumming again since he just shot off his wad, and she can have him anyway she wants him, even if she just wants him to eat her pussy for hours.

We own a small winery in the mountains near San Jose and have a lot of migrant workers; some live here with their families in shacks behind our house. Our master bedroom is where we usually have our sex parties and it is in the rear of the house. There aren't any drapes on the window and the worker's kids love to come right up to the window and watch us. Mark gets really embarrassed when I panty wank him with those kids watching. They range in age from about four to ten. They don't speak any English, so Mark can only guess what they're saying on the other side of the picture window, but he can imagine as they laugh, point and make funny faces. They know we know they are there, so they are bold enough to put their noses right up to the window! I wave to them. I've befriended them and now, after I suggested it to them, some of the little girls pull up their dresses and flash Mark their panties as I panty wank him. Those little Mexican girls wear the most colorful and fanciest little nylon rhumba panties! Mark goes crazy when they panty tease him. I don't worry about the kids saying anything because

they know their parents could lose their job in a second, and contrary to other places around here, we pay them a mighty decent wage.

Mark and I are into female domination, bondage, golden showers, spanking, etc., so I need a woman or girl who can handle all kinds of fun sex stuff. And Mark has a very well-educated tongue that can keep a lady happily going from orgasm to orgasm until she can't take it anymore without going out of her mind. So if you are an open-minded female with a need for adventure and a nice sweet tasting cunt that I would love to eat too, please send a note to our mailbox.

And guys, stay away unless you're really cute and into humiliation, otherwise I think all guys are assholes! I do think it's time I turn Mark into a bit of a cocksucker. I'm sure the kids would love watching that!

My Billy's cock is like a fucking work of art. Before finding him, I hitchhiked all over the country making a buck fucking and sucking hundreds of cocks, but his is the only one I can honestly say is really beautiful.

Kristy Lee
Van Nuys, CA

Reprinted from *Finger #25*, 1975

I Need a Sissy Man or Boy Slut

I need a man or boy slut who will keep me happy. I had the world's greatest small-dicked sissy house puppy and then last year he up and got himself killed speeding around LA on his Harley. Riding his bike was his effort to express the little bit of manhood he did have. He wanted to grow a beard for the longest time but I told him if he did, I'd cut off his dick and balls and make him appear as the bearded lady in the side show.

(We had a dog act together in the Barnes Circus and traveled eight or nine months out of the year, and now I'm doing the act alone and it's twice the work with Alexie gone—and expensive since I have to pay people to do a lot of what he would do for the act.)

I need (and I do mean need) a girly guy, who is self-supporting (if only on welfare) and who has the capacity to fall totally in love with me as both a male and a female equally -- love completely emotionally, physically, and

spiritually. I want to get married and have a sweet sissy for a husband but until that happens, I will not refuse a femmy guy who is just out for a good time. I'm a true believer in lust at first sight.

What do I like in sex? My Alexie was heavy into his Mommy's panties. She was a big, fat woman so they were big and he would almost swim around in them with them on. His Mommy (that's what he always called her) thought it was funny that he liked her panties ever since he was a toddler sucking his thumb while holding a pair of her silky panties like a security blanket, so far from being upset by it, she let him play with her panties all he wanted. As a preschooler he was so skinny and tiny, she'd let him crawl into her big dresser drawer full of her panties (and she had a lot of panties since she knew he loved 'em so much) and take a nap in there!

I grew up next door to them so I knew about him and panties early – the whole fucking neighborhood knew. The boys called him a sissy and would have nothing to do with him other than beat him up once in a while – or



when they got older they'd make him pull down his pants so they could see him in a big pair of his Mommy's panties pinned together to stay up and make him kiss and lick their penises.

The girls in the neighborhood, me included, thought it was fun to play with him, but we always treated him like he was a big joke. We'd make fun of him, but he didn't care, he was happy to have us for friends – the only friends he ever had. His mother used to invite us in and we'd have tea parties with him. He never wore dresses or other lingerie but whenever we had tea she have him wear a pinafore apron with ruffles that tied in back. He'd serve us all tea and cookies before sitting down with us.

I always liked him but when we were in high school I was afraid to show too much affection for him because he was pretty much an outcast and I didn't want that to rub off on me. (High school kids in cliques are so fucking stupid and narrow-minded!)

He was a senior and I was a freshman and I could tell he liked me. Well, his mom got him to ask me to his senior prom. (It was almost more like her asking me to go with

him as she had me sitting there in their living room with him blushing like a new bride!) What the Hell, I accepted. I had just broken off with some squirrely basketball guy and I was pretty sick of jocks by then.

We had the best time at the prom. We barely noticed most of the other kids avoiding us. One girl even asked me what I was doing with the class sissy and unashamedly I answered, "I'm having a great time!" Afterwards we made out in his living room; I know now that his Mommy was watching. I had some experience with sex and he had none. I had given a couple of guys blowjobs by then, so I undid Mark's pants, I wanted to see if he was wearing panties – and sure enough he had on a big pair of his mommy's panties – they looked new and in silky shiny pink. I searched around for his penis and it was hard but pretty small. I laughed as I held it through the sleek panties. He exploded in the panties in no time flat. I was shocked that he came so quickly. He cried and kept apologizing for making a mess. I had to keep telling him that it was OK. Having given blowjobs before, I licked a little bit of his scum off my fingers. He couldn't believe I did it. I asked him if he had ever tasted his cum, and he was stunned at the question, so I told him to taste it. In

fact I demanded that he lick my hands clean and then take off his panties and lick them clean too and then I stuffed them into his mouth, took off my own panties and put them on him. They were tight on him but his limp little penis barely made a bump in them. I told him then that by wearing my panties he was my property and I could do whatever I wanted with him. He had no objections. Well, our relationship built from there and when I graduated three years later, we got married.

We both loved dogs; my dad was a professional dog trainer. I knew all about handling them and that's what gave us the idea to have a dog act and travel with a circus which is exactly what we did to earn a living all of our years together. Actually, my dogs were kind of how we got to know each other as kids. He would come outside and watch me over the fence as I had my dogs do tricks. Eventually, I got him talking and we became friends. Without the dogs maybe that never would have happened.

Poor Mark always bemoaned the fact that he wasn't very masculine – he kept thinking I wanted that in a man, so I

had to constantly reassure him that I loved his sissiness and big time panty fetish. I'd buy him panties as a gift on his birthday and at Christmas and encouraged him to be comfortable wearing panties without his outer clothes just to let him know that I understood his need and approved. Still his favorite panties were always his Mommy's and she was so proud of that fact – some mom, huh? My panties were always too small for him and his mom's too big but he loved her panties and wore them whenever he wasn't wearing his own. I didn't mind his fetish focused on his Mommy's panties; in every other way he was my sissy. Yet, he had this crazy need to try to be manly at times -- like riding his motorcycle too damn fast -- well that's all over now, and I now love sissy love and want a really sweet girly guy who isn't afraid of being a big time panty-wearing sissy for me. If you love hetero sex and being a sissy for a panty hag (like a fag hag for panty boys?), you need to get in contact with me before I sweep up some other lucky sissy boy! Contact me via Finger.

Janice C.
Orange County

Clark, our 3 1/2 year-old son, wants to be a ballerina (not a boy ballet dancer) so we got him a leotard and a pink tutu and enrolled him and Megan, his 2-year-old sister in the beginning ballet classes at our local Mason County Park District Summer Program -- and his daddy is OK with it!





I Love Boys in Kilts

No, I'm not some kind of a crazy pervert for liking boys in kilts. It's nothing sexual -- call me some kind of nut, but I just think they look so damn cute! How did my fascination start? Well, it was actually the girls at our Catholic grade school that sparked my interest. They wore our school's official uniform for the girls of a simple blouse and tie with a pleated skirt,

knee-high stockings and slipper-like shoes, except in winter they wore more substantial shoes like penny loafers.

I had no sisters so I was curious about girls from an early age but quite bashful around them and couldn't even speak to a girl without becoming tongue-tied. Some of the girls wore their uniforms for a long time and as they grew taller add taller, their pleated skirts seemed to get shorter and shorter. That plus the fact that grade school girls, especially the youngest ones, often sit carelessly and their short skirts give frequent peeks at what they wear underneath, which I found very fascinating too. So from a distance, I had a long love affair with girls in kilt-like skirts.

Then when I was eleven years old, I saw a group of Boy Scouts marching in a parade and they were all wearing a scout uniform with kilts! Of course, I thought they were girls' skirts. My mother saw me staring as the parade passed by. I asked her why those boys were wearing dresses. I remember I had called them 'dresses' at the time. Mom laughed and told me they weren't dresses and they







weren't even skirts but were kilts -- the first time I had ever heard that word. But they still looked like skirts to me! Mom saw my confusion and told me that kilts are the native costume for people from Scotland and she said they are worn by both boys and girls as well as men and women. That sent my mind reeling!

The girls at school wore mostly white slips and panties but often had a bit of decoration on them, and occasionally I'd get a look at a girl with colorful lingerie, mostly pastel colors or flower prints that I carefully made note of in a sketchbook I kept. I was quite a budding artist in my

youth, and I'd draw detailed pictures from memory on any day that I had gotten a good look up some girl's skirt, and I was always careful to properly reproduce the color, lace and bows exactly as I had seen them.

One day my mother found my notebook and showed my father. He tore out the pages and spread them on the floor and then put me over his lap and made me stare at my drawings as he spanked the living hell out of my butt. Then he supervised me as he made me pickup all my notes and carefully drawn pictures and take them out to the trash can behind our house and burn them. Throughout the whole ordeal, both mom and dad called me weird and a pervert. Mom even said, "You'll grow up to become a sex criminal if you don't stop dwelling on such nonsense." My dad said, "You'll be the death of me yet if you grow up queer. Imagine a boy of mine interested in little girls' underwear. This better stop or I'll cut your dick off myself and make you into a girl!"

I cried like crazy and was really scared, but it all did nothing to quell my interest in pleated skirts, kilts and what girls wear underneath them. I was still stuck on the idea that kilts were skirts so naturally I related to my younger school days when I got a lot of peeks up the girls skirts and saw their lingerie, so when I saw those kilted boys in the parade, I naturally thought that under their kilts those boys wore lingerie too -- slips and panties just like girls. What else was I to think? I thought about it a lot, and those thoughts kind of blew me away! I almost had an obsession about it! Then I started thinking that if boys wore kilts and lingerie like girls why was it so bad for me to have created my sketchbook full of drawings of what I had seen (innocently, I might add).

It was more than a year after seeing boys in kilts for the first time that I found out what they wore under them --

and it wasn't lingerie! I was shocked! I had spent all that time thinking they did wear slips and panties and it was very erotic for me to think about it and, yes, I masturbated to those thoughts. So once I knew differently, my whole sex life almost came to an end! I had to do a lot of intense thinking -- how could I have been so wrong -- and so sexually excited about it?

I eventually concluded that what had excited me so much about the idea of boys wearing girls' lingerie was that I was like most young boys and it had been drummed into me that "boys don't wear girls' clothes!" Every schoolboy knows that, and I believe that's exactly why it was so exciting to me -- those boys were doing something no boy is 'supposed to do.' What happened next? I admitted to myself that I still found it very stimulating to think about boys in kilts and the possibility that they might be wearing lingerie. Then, I guess I kind of defaulted to my dreams and I became more interested than ever in girls' lingerie to the point that, if at all possible, I wanted to see what it was like to wear slips and panties under a kilt.

Halloween wasn't far off, so I asked my mother if she could get me a kilt because I wanted to be a Scottish bagpipe player for my costume. Mom thought it was a great idea and didn't give me any grief about it. Even dad had a laugh when he heard what I wanted. He asked me if I would mind wearing a girls' skirt. However, before he barely finished asking, Mom cut him off and admonished him for teasing me like that. She told him, "Jack, you should know better. A kilt is NOT a girls' skirt. It's worn by real he-men in Scotland. Men that are a hell of a lot more manly than you are!" That shut dad right up.

Soon after, mom took me to a secondhand store and she found a red and black plaid pleated skirt for me. It even had a matching jacket. Mom mumbled, "Halloween will probably be cold like usual, so the jacket will keep you nice and warm while you are out Trick-or-Treating.

I wasn't fooled. I knew the outfit was a girls' skirt because mom got it in the girls' section of the store but she did her best to convince me it was the same as a boys' kilt. But since it actually was a girls' skirt, I secretly, liked it even more than if it had been a real boy's kilt. She had me try it on right in the store and she asked me how I liked it. I told her, "It's fine." I didn't want to appear too enthusiastic about it. But deep inside, I loved it!

But the lingerie to wear under it was going to be a problem; I couldn't ask my mother to get that for me. I

solved that problem by going back to that secondhand store on my own, having seen plenty of girls' underwear on sale there. I found two slips (one a full slip and the other a half-slip, both nice and lacy) and four pairs of panties -- all in nylon like I craved and in various colors (no white ones). I got them in slightly different sizes to make sure at least one of them would fit me. Then I bought a bunch of boys' socks and T-shirts because all the clothes were so cheap and I took them in a bundle up to the counter like I was getting them for the whole family. The whole lot only cost me \$9, and I could easily afford that with the proceeds from my newspaper route collections.

As it turned out, one of the slips and all four pairs of panties fit me fairly well. I was in heaven! The full-length slip fit pretty nicely too but it was so long that it stuck out way below the hem of the pleated skirt. I did like how it looked peeking out like that with all the lacy trim but I knew no girl would go around wearing a slip under a skirt like that.

On Halloween I did wear the skirt to school. Mom had gotten dad to fashion a bagpipe out of a section of inner tube with four toy flutes mom got at a garage sale and it looked pretty good.

Going to school, I took a big chance because under the skirt outfit I wore the pair of the panties, the sky blue ones with some neat little white lace on the sides. A lot of the kids wanted to know what I wore underneath. I told them I had my regular boys' underpants on because it was a 'boy's kilt' and not a skirt, and since I was somewhat of a tough guy and a bully (sorry to admit) during those years, no one dared to try and force me to show them. Still it was a scary feeling that maybe at any moment my panties would be seen, but it didn't happen. However the thrill of getting away with it I found sensationally exciting.

After school I did get more daring and put on my beige half-slip with the pink lace trim and wore it under the skirt and then went out Trick-or-Treating with a group of kids who lived on my block. That was wildly exciting for me too, and that night when I got home and then went to bed, I masturbated myself multiple times in my slip and panties under the bed covers repeatedly going over every second of that very exciting day, the one day that probably transformed me into an exhibitionist of some sort. And it changed me forever from my old dream of seeing boys in kilts with lingerie on underneath to being the boy wearing the lingerie under my own kilt (skirt). Over the years I further evolved into an exhibitionist as I soon wanted to

let select people see the lingerie I wore under my skirt, and planning such actions became central to my wanking sessions. Now, I do all kinds of things to find occasions to wear my kilt or go out in total drag and then get into a situation that exposes my lingerie. I love how people react! If they are horrified or laugh, I don't care I relish all their reactions and masturbate thinking about them at night!

Yes, I still love to see boys in kilts. Scottish people all over the U.S. put on summertime celebrations call 'feis,' which are like sporting events with Highland games and Scottish dance competitions, and at these feis there are dozens or even hundreds of men and boys in kilts. I go in my kilt (I have a real kilt now so I can attend and blend in). I love to watch all the guys in kilts, especially the young boys -- like I say -- with them it isn't a sexual thing, I just love how they look and remember how I felt about it as a boy myself. I do have a secret wish to see one of them with a slip or panties on underneath, and I often do get a peek up a boy's kilt but to this day I've never found even one of them wearing lingerie!

Little Prick, No Problem! I still Have Tons of Sissy Fun with My Wife & Our Friends

After five years of marriage, Jesse and I had an experience that expanded our sex lives. Our friend Tina introduced us to her friend Annie. My wife and I have two kids, a boy four and a girl three. Annie said she loved kids and during our simple dinner of burgers and drinks and pasta for the kids, we all started rappin' about nothing in particular. But as the drinks worked their magic, the talk began angling toward more adult subjects, so it was time to put the kids to bed. They were tired so it went down easily that night.

Alone now with our two lady friends, the conversation got around to the subject of sex as adult conversations often do, and my wife actually began talking about my crossdressing and the fact that both my wife and I are bisexual.

Annie was very intrigued and confessed she had tried to get a few of her lovers to don her own damp panties without success. She liked the idea of cutting a man down to size by dressing him in female clothes but it was only a fantasy at that point in her life. Then she blushed and mentioned that

she felt she was ready for a bi experience as lately she had been feeling a strong sexual attraction toward many of her girlfriends. So I suggested none too subtly that my wife and I could supply her with the best of both worlds.

Tina knew a bit about our sex preferences but it wasn't for her and flatly told all of us that the way we were talking wasn't for her; all she ever wanted was a man's man, not some panty-wearing sissy and no lezzie sex. Then she took that comment back asking to forgive her in case she had offended any of us. I told her, "No offense, Tina; I'm a panty-wearing sissy and proud of it." Annie beamed a big grin and we heard her give out a happy groan as I said that. I think Tina was feeling a bit uncomfortable, not being up for what seemed like a sex proposal on the table, so she said it was getting late for her and gracefully excused herself.



As soon as the door closed behind our departing friend, the new girl Annie wanted to know all about my crossdressing. She giggled nervously and said she would love to get it on with the both a crossdressers (me) and another woman (my wife), if we could forgive her inexperience. We are very forgiving people! By this time just the thought of getting it on with both my wife and this sexy lady had my aching, pantied pimple dick going into spasms.

She asked to see my girly wardrobe, and with my wife's OK, I was quick to oblige. In our master bedroom, I showed her my separate small closet that held all my crossdressing gear. She was very complimentary and without further ado, I just leaned over and kissed her. My wife then joined us in a three-way kiss and Annie was very responsive. Our three tongues did a sexy dance and my wife put Annie's hand on my tummy and encouraged her to slide her fingers down into my jeans. I wear panties all the time so she soon encountered the nice, very thin, almost see-thru pair of pink silky panties I had on that night. She greeted her discovery with a girlishly delighted, "O-o-o-o! Gees!"

Annie had to break off our kiss and look down to see my panties and by then my jeans were open and falling down my legs so she got a good look at my tiny hard on thrusting up toward her. She grabbed it without hesitating and I had to slow her down or she would have had me sliming my panties in no time flat. My pink panties pink were so thin, it was easy for her to see my little boy meat right through them. My wife then commented that my penis was as hard and as big as it gets. Annie smiled and joined in my wife's giggles and my shame and they joked about my baby-sized dick.

"It looks so cute in girls' panties," Annie laughed. I liked the humiliation but still it was quite embarrassing to be laughed at. She then tried to soften the blow by saying, "Your penis is quite small but it's really, really cute, and it looks so right in pink panties. I'd like to kiss it."

Who was I to stop her? Well, she bent right down and lovingly kissed it right through my soft panties. Come to think of it, she probably just wanted to get a close-up view of my little dick and a guy in girly panties, something she had already admitted to fantasizing about.

Of course, we hit it off famously, and we had an orgy that lasted all night long. I came four times during our hours-long party and I hadn't cum that much in one night since I was a teenager stealing panties off clotheslines. We were making so much noise that both kids got up. Jesse held them and gave them each one of her tits to suck as I panty fucked Annie (rubbing my panty covered cock against her panty covered cunt). While I recuperated from one cum to the next I continued with the kids, giving them each a bottle for more nourishment as the two ladies with Jesse showing our newly indoctrinated mutual lover the finer points of lesbian sex.

I Am Nancy Boy!

I am a twelve-year-old boy named Marc. My psychiatrist tells me that I have a far above average IQ but that I suffer from a severe sexual identity problem. I love to wear pretty girls' clothes and I adore playing with my ten-year-old sister, Suzy, and her dolls. And I love to have sex with other boys, an activity that has caused me to be known as Nancy Boy.

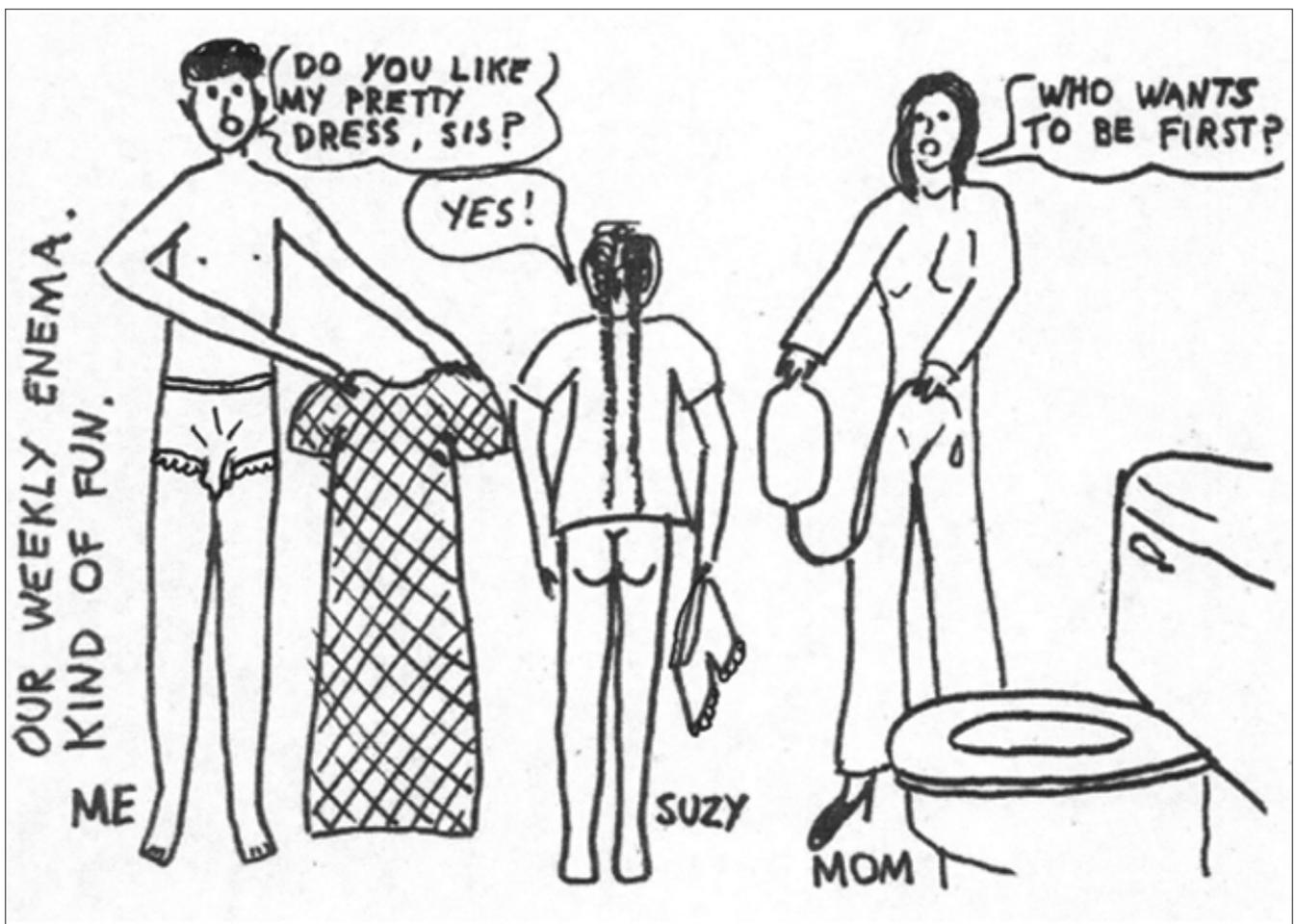
The mall store detectives know me well. On more than one occasion I have walked into the young girls' department in stores stolen panties, bras, sweaters, blouses, skirts and dresses. All too often I get caught and I break into tears as I am handcuffed and led into the office. Then they phone my mom and she explains that I am a sick boy, and I get off free.

Mom can't understand why I don't just wear my sisters' dresses. They are aged ten and thirteen and a lot of their clothes fit me as I am small and according to the shrink still two years from puberty. Other boys my age already shoot cum and I love to suck it out of them. I was afraid that if I kept drinking so much boy juice that I would become more like boys but my lady doctor told me not to fear because it doesn't work that way, but she did say I could use all that protein since I'm so thin. Yummy!

Besides girls' clothes, I love to watch naked boys' bodies and love looking at myself in tight panties in the mirror because my penis is so small, you can hardly see a bulge compared to boys in the locker room with their nice dicks and I get a nice little hard on. When the other boys see mine, they laugh and call me girly. It's very small even when it is at its hardest. I still don't cum but I keep trying.

Mom, Nancy and Suzy all like to play with my dick too; they all want to be the first to make me shoot. But I wish I had a boy to play with my dick; that would be much more fun. With her very slim hips, Suzy looks like a boy too without any clothes on. She is very sexy with her tight ass and flat chest. I pretend she is a boy when she panty wanks me. That's how I love it, being jerked off through my silky panties. I wonder when I'll start to dribble my juice into my panties. I kissed Suzy's pussy once when she was eight and would like to do it again but I am afraid mom would be upset if she finds out.

My older sister Nancy is thirteen; she doesn't look like a boy anymore. Yep, she is Nancy and I am Nancy Boy!



Mom tries hard to raise all three of us as nice girls but I'm expected to be both a boy and a girl. Mom divorced our Dad when we were small. Mom said he didn't love me and called me a runt because I weighed less than both my sisters did when they were born. He said I looked like a girl. (Mom kept me in my sisters' hand-me-down girls' clothes a lot, so that surely didn't help my father's opinion of me.) Mom caught him shoving his cock in my mouth when I was a baby to shut me up from constantly crying. Mom got mad as the dickens when she saw him do it, but he told her I took to it happily. He said I loved it and that I was a 'natural.' That pretty much ended their marriage.

I love to play girls' games and play doctor with Suzy. We take turns playing patient, in just our panties, and sometimes we get inside each other's panties too! What fun! And I love to play with Suzy's dolls. I am the mother, Suzy is the father and the dolls are our children. Yes, Suzy will dress like a boy with a phony mustache and a cowboy hat while I wear high heels and an apron, with just my fancy panties on underneath and one of Nancy's old training bras with the little ribbons on it. It's fun!

With the boys I play the mommy lion. I roar and they throw me their boy meat. I discovered that black boys love to shoot their loads of sperm into my white mouth or asshole. They say all white boys are sissy faggots; their daddies have told them that. But I don't know any other sissies, white or any other kind, but they all like me draining their meat. One black kid is only ten but he already has fuzz around his peepee and he shot a small hot load of cream into my mouth. Only ten! He says all penis play is so much nicer after you start to spurt cum.

I'm twelve and still don't have pubic hair. A joke: 'Nudists don't have pubic hair, they have public hair.' My psychiatrist says that I will probably turn into a homosexual and that I should find me a gay friend who will accept my love and in return love me like a sissy kid brother or like a sister.

Lots of love,
Marc

P.S. Enclosed are drawings of me after a spanking, before an enema and at my lady doctor's office.

From #1761-M Finger #25, 1976





Panty Worship

Here are some of my experiences as a panty worshiper. Only recently women seem to be professing their curiosity and erotic desire over this little fetish, more and more, although a few have been into it for some time.

While my panty "appetite" has been aroused for a long time—I first wore a pair of my mother's black silk panties when I was 13 and I am 26 today—the incidents were usually onetime isolated acts of masturbation in some girl's lingerie drawer.

However, in the last few years, I've permanently fixed panty worship as my primary sex outlet in my sordid sex life. I married a woman who helped me give into my need for sexy, sweet smelling, nylon panties. Early in our relationship, I confessed to jacking off in her panties when she wasn't home. She loved the idea and said she wanted to watch me while I masturbated into her panties!

After that I wore nice panties all the time. We'd go to department stores and buy pairs for both of us. One night while we were jacking off and playing with each other in our sexy panties, I suggested she get it on with another lady while I played in panties. She wanted to do it! So we ran an ad in the old Free Press, and surprisingly, as it turned out—one of the people from her office answered the ad! We all got together shortly thereafter with me in my sex role as their panty slave. That night together got me into female domination, my wife into bisexuality and Sue—the office girl, as my wife's lesbian lover.

My wife then went lesbo all the way. She and Sue would have sex together at their office and then call me at the bank where I worked and tell me they had just eaten each other's pussies in the parking garage in the building where they work. My wife would then command me to jack off in the panties I was wearing and lick my cum out of them before coming home. After many weeks of bi and gay orgies, my wife told me one night that she loved women and wanted to be around them all the time. She moved

out, we got a divorce and within a few months she was living with two other gay women. Don't feel sorry for me—I dig it! To this day, we're still great friends and I still get smelly panties from my ex-old-lady after I give her my monthly alimony check. I've met many ladies, guys and couples who add this fetish to their sexual trips.

The weirdest way I met someone was the lady who lives behind me, our backyards back up to each other. She came over one day for some reason and knocked on my back patio door but I didn't hear her because I had Beatle music blaring so loud the house shook. She could hear the music and then noticed the light coming from my bedroom window. I didn't close the blinds that day and when she took a look in, she saw me stretched out on my bed in a pink leotard feeling myself up and acting real sexy.

I always loved seeing little girls in ballet leotards with their brief-style panties underneath and the elastic leg bands of their panties stick out well below the short legs of their leotards, so I love to reenact that look when I jack off, plus the leotards stretched over my silky Vanity Fair briefs thrills me to no end.

Anyway that's how she saw me -- she saw the whole thing of what I was doing. That night after dinner, she called me said she wanted to talk about something. She then knocked on my door, and I invited her in. She brought a coffee cake and a fresh pot of coffee. I wondered what the neighborly occasion was, and then she told me that she had seen me having sissy sex with myself. She said she was initially shocked because she had never seen anything like that but the more she thought about it, the more fun it looked like. She then admitted that she often masturbated herself through her silky panties – her favorite way of doing it was to put on three pairs of big nylon panties so there is plenty of playing room and then jacking on her panty-covered cunt until she has at least three orgasms. We became best friends immediately and now often delve into mutual panty masturbation parties, staring at each other in our panties and trying to coordinate our cums, I can only cum once or twice or, once in a while, three times, so I have a hard time keeping up with her cums. Sometimes she cums and cums so many times we lose count. We are NOT lovers, just mutual panty wankers and we love it that way!

Love,
Richard
Hollywood
From # 01760-M Finger #20, 1976

Bloomer Boy Says Girls Should Rule

I love dominant women and in a perfect world women would be in power and make every important decision. All teachers would be women. Boys would be raised to be sweet and submissive and feminized to act like little girls from 100 years ago, and once they start school their official training would begin to make them useful little sissy slaves as they would be taught cooking, cleaning, sewing, shopping, and all manner of services to females as well as being taught all about cosmetics, hair care, figure training and whatever else may be required to make them into ideal little maids.

All other schooling would be denied boys. They would only be taught the very basics of the 3 Rs, just enough to be of service to their mothers, wives and other females, but being uneducated means they wouldn't be much smarter than a preschooler, so spanking would be the primary discipline method and men and boys would have their fancy dresses raised and their frilly bloomers lowered for frequent spankings. The only other type of education the boys would receive would be to memorize sayings and then have to repeat those sayings daily. Some of the sayings would be like these:

- * "I am a sissy boy and a happy slave to all females."
- * "It is a privilege to be able to wear girls' clothing."
- * "I want only the prettiest bloomer panties to hide my penis, a birth defect I hope my Mistress will reward me someday by having it permanently removed."
- * "I must obey all orders from all females even the littlest toddler girls, even if they want me to be a human toilet."
- * "Testicles produce the boy slime that is a poison if it stays in my body for too long, but it is also full of protein and very healthy for me to drink."
- * "I will beg my Mistress daily to have her uncage a pretty boy so I can suck out his cream, but if only fat, ugly boys are available I will gladly eat their sweet slime too. I want to stay strong and healthy to do my Mistress' bidding."
- * "Females have beautiful pussies, and I love to lick them at every opportunity. I'm always ready to kiss, lick and adore a pussy on a female of any age from babies to grandmothers -- all pussies are the alter I worship at."



* “I’ll pray to bras and panties whenever all my chores are finished and I am waiting to be assigned more duties. Lingerie is the ultimate symbol of femininity and I’m so happy I get to wear lacy bras and panties just like superior females, even if my lingerie is very old-fashioned.”

All males would be kept completely hair free except for the hair on their heads, which would be allowed to grow long and lustrous. Males would be actual slaves, bought and sold at central locations and owned by women and girls, whom they have to service in any and every way. All males would have their genitals locked up and have no rights, no separate bathrooms (a female would always accompany them when they needed to use the toilet to unlock their privates and to make sure they did not engage in masturbation). Any and all ejaculations are tightly controlled by a male’s Mistress. She alone owns his penis.

All clothing for males would be very old-fashioned and very feminine from corsets, girdles, bloomer panties, restrictive bras, garter belts and stockings etc., fashions

more common to the Victorian era of 100 years ago than today’s fashions. Females of all ages would run around in public in sexy, skimpy lingerie to tempt males into having painful erections in their locked cages. The main form of satisfaction for women would be lesbian sex. Only the best and most fem males would be allowed to sire children and only by artificial insemination. All other males would be sterilized, castrated, given a penisectomy or perhaps a complete sex-change operation, the ultimate reward for obedient males.

Of course, sissy slaves would be brought up to be world class pussy eaters and taught to crave the taste of female snot, phlegm, piss, shit and menstrual discharges. Females could unlock a sissy slave and use him in ejaculation games or in homosexual acts to entertain her female friends. This is my view of an ideal world!

Sincerely,
J.A.

From #06474-T Corporal 10-7, July 1987



Babyish Boy Humbled by Young Girls

I spent my summers staying at my Aunt's house with her two young daughters because my parents always went on long vacations out of the country. Auntie believed in spanking naughty boys and said that I was the naughtiest boy she had ever met because of the erections I was always getting. So she said the most I'd be allowed to wear around the house and in the yard was a very small pair of white-cotton Jockey underpants. That's if I was a "good little boy" and didn't have "naughty thoughts" about girls.

If not, I'd be stripped naked and spanked right there, and that meant a lot of my naked spankings were in front of her daughters and the girls who often played in the yard next door. I usually got my spankings standing up. Auntie would hold my hands over my head with one hand and spank my bottom with other. I was forced to frog-march around in a small circle, prancing like a sissy on my tip toes with my hips thrust forward trying to avoid her smacks, but that never worked and I'd dance a jig with my naked privates flapping away for all the girls to enjoy.

Many times my ass got a real burning up because Auntie spanked me with a heavy ruler or a hair brush if I got a hard little stiffy, which happened almost every time. After

my spankings I had to stay naked and remain outside and play with the girls. I really hated it when the girls would taunt me while pointing at my stiff weenie and giggling. When I was finally allowed to come into the house Auntie would dress me in a cotton diaper just like a little two-year-old boy. That's not all either. She had a special way on putting on a diaper.

It first happened in front of my cousins when I was 12; I ejaculated into my Aunt's hand as she applied Vaseline to my bottom and penis. The girls were pretending to do their summer school homework but were really watching me being diapered and taunted by Auntie, who had worked in her dad's butcher shop for years, so she was strong with a powerful grip, and when she applied the Vaseline to my penis I always got hard. This is what the girls really wanted to see, and they would turn quietly and watch when Auntie got to putting the Vaseline on my weenie. My face always turned red, because I knew the girls were watching. Auntie would say, "Well, I can't really put your diaper on with your penis sticking out like that," and then she'd send one of the girls to get a dirty pair of panties out of the hamper. They were back instantly with the panties, either a pair of Auntie's or a pair of their own. Both girls would then stand right next to me holding the panties ready to catch my boy juice as Auntie milked my

erection until I erupted into the waiting panties. Auntie was very methodical and told the girls to watch closely as she pumped my dick, commanding me to squirt into the panties so she could finish diapering me. "Girls, this is how you take care of a nasty boy who gets erections all the time. If he'd do this to himself, he'd enjoy it, but I do it hard, fast and rough; that way he doesn't like it so much. I'm not doing it to make him feel good; I'm doing it to take the spunk out of him and make him quiet and content as a little lamb. Guilty bad boys like to go to sleep after they shoot off." Usually I was then put to bed regardless of the time of day to "sleep it off," to embarrass me further, Auntie would put me in one of the girls' nighties saying, "Come on get into these nice babydolls, your old pajamas won't fit over your big diaper so I got to put you to bed like a little girl in her pretty little nightie." Of course the girls would laugh and comment about whose nightie I had the honor of wearing that day.

When Auntie saw me turn red and told me it might make me think next time before going around with stiffies. Afterwards, the girls would ask me if I liked being spanked, put into diapers and a ruffled nightie. Many times in the evenings I got spanked and diapered when the girls had friends over. They'd stare in shock as Auntie worked my penis with her hand, not caring that the little girls were watching. She said that it didn't matter because all of them had often seen me get spanked naked out in the backyard. I wanted to hide my face in the pillow as I was about to squirt in Auntie's hand, but she'd demand I turn my head and face the giggling girls as I shot off. Sometimes Auntie would make me sit on her lap facing out with my legs spread wide, while she milked my penis with the girls holding up a pair of panties to catch my cum, and they'd do it giggling up a storm. Then, she'd show the girls my slime on the panties, let them dip in a finger and taste it, assuring them that it was actually good for them. Then she'd have the girls stuff the panties into my mouth to suck them clean before they girls would help Auntie put me in a diaper and nightie.

Once I was sent to the girl's house next door to be spanked by the girl's mother after I got caught looking up her daughter's dress. The girl had on this super short summer sundress that exposed most of her panties even when she was standing still. It was short when she first got it but she had grown a lot so I just had to look at her skimpy pale yellow nylon panties. I sat myself on the ground behind her and just kept looking up at her lovely panty-covered henny with the hardest erection of my young life.

Auntie saw it all from the kitchen window and came out in a flash to yank down my underpants. She then grabbed my ear and made me stand on tiptoes with my stiffie bouncing around for the girls to see as she gave me a long lecture about how to behave around girls. Then she started spanking my naked bottom and frog walked me naked to the 10-year-old's back door. She told her mom what I had done and said she should be the one to punish me. Auntie then left me there. The girl's mom took her daughter and me into their kitchen. She saw my hard dick and asked me how that happened. I had to admit it was because I was staring at her daughter's nice panties.

She laughed at me and called me a pervert and said she'd seen me punished before in panties and baby diapers out in my backyard, so she had her daughter take off those yellow panties, put them on me and then gave me a hard spanking. She made me play with myself in the panties to get rid of my erection while standing in front of her and her daughter with a bar of soap in my mouth. Her daughter then took off her short dress stood there bare naked. I had a clear, close-up view of her plump bald pussy and little 10-year-old titty buds. Her mom held my one hand over my head and commanded me to use my other hand to play with my penis in her daughter's panties as she lectured and spanked me for over ten minutes. I was up on my tiptoes prancing away with my hips arching forward trying to get away from her smacks. As soon as she saw I was about to squirt, she started spanking my pantied henny faster and harder. She didn't stop even when I started squirting into her daughter's panties. The lady took me home to show my auntie, who gave me another spanking for spunking the girl's panties and then told me to put them in the laundry, wash them later and then return them. Then she told me to get a pair of 'my panties' out of 'my panty drawer.' The little girl's laugh rang in my ears for ages reacting to the fact that I had my own panty drawer. Auntie asked the girl and her mother if they wanted to see my panty and diaper drawer, and of course they did. The little girl then commented, "Oh, mommy, he has more panties than I do, and prettier ones too!"

For the rest of that week I had to stay naked in our yard while the young girls came over to play. Whenever my penis got hard they would call my Auntie and she'd give me another stand-up spanking and then jack me off with Vaseline as the girls watched. The girls knew how to excite me and would flash me their panties, and sometimes I would squirt so hard it would land on the little girls. Then they would get to help Auntie diaper me, put a nightie on me and then put me in bed regardless of the time of day!

Spanked in Stolen Panties

At thirteen, I stole a pair of nylon panties and every night I'd secretly play with myself while wearing in them. Then, one day I came home from school and the panties were spread out on top of my bed. My mother had found them and demanded to know where they came from. I admitted I took them from our landlady's clothesline.

"Well, you'll have to give them back," she insisted.

"Give them back!" I cried.



"Yes," mother said,
"But first, I want you
to put them on and
I'm going to give you a
sound spanking, and then
we'll go downstairs and you'll
apologize to her for stealing them.

I was stunned and horrified, and my face began to burn thinking of the humiliating experience to come. In tears, I put on the panties. Mother tarred the living daylights out of my pink pantied butt and then made me go down to the landlady's apartment. Imagine my shame when she opened the door and I had to say, "I stole your panties off your clothesline. I'm sorry."

As you might expect, she asked why I had stolen them and what I had been doing with her lingerie. I couldn't

answer her. Of course, she figured it out and asked me, "Did you put them on and do nasty things in them?" I sheepishly nodded, admitting it. "Well, then, I don't want them back, you keep them. Where are they now?"

Mother told her I was wearing them for punishment and insisted on paying her \$10 for them that would come out of my allowance. The landlady laughed and said she didn't want the money but she did want to see me wearing them. Mom then dropped my pants and showed her! Her cackling laugh I can still hear today!