

# Princess Extra!

**#20**

**May  
2014**

**Petticoating  
memories from the  
1940 - 1990s**

**FEATURING:  
Spanking & Old-time  
Petticoat Punishment**

**Adults Only**

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**

**A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION**

# Princess Extra #20 Special Issue

## Spanking and Old-Fashioned Petticoat Punishment

### *My Stern Aunt and Sneaky Girl Cousins*

My dauntingly proper, old-fashioned Aunt Myrtle and my three mischievous little girl cousins first introduced me to female domination when I was twelve. My mother sent me to their home on Long Island for Easter vacation from school. This was many, many years ago, and at that time, girls wore pinafores over their dresses. My cousins told me my aunt demanded that everyone wear a pinny at mealtimes, so begrudgingly I let them put a flouncy white pinny on me.

Then as soon as it was securely tied in back, they began to tease me. Realizing they had tricked me, I got angry and ruined the pinny as I tried to tear it off. Auntie heard the ruckus and running. She declared that as punishment for my bad temper and tearing the pinafore, I'd have to wear girls' clothes for the duration of my vacation. Every day that week I was forced to wear panties, a slip, a garter belt, stockings, a dress and girls' shoes. I also had to wear a bow in my hair and a long, girlish nightgown to bed. I had to wear a pinny at mealtimes and play girls' games with my three younger girl cousins. Their favorite was to have little tea parties, which made me feel like a fool playing with them like I was a girl too. I did not have to go out in public like that, but I was shown off to any visitors who came by that week. My aunt told my mother about it and how the humiliation had

scared me into behaving. Mother said she had been frustrated with me for some time as I was turning into a smart-aleck who was 'too big for his britches' so she started humbling me by dressing me in my sister's clothes whenever I needed to be punished at home, which turned out to be quite frequently.

The silky slips and panties would make my penis erect and I suffered the same of ejaculating into the panties at times while I slept and even once just after my mother put me into a fresh pair of pink ones with little rosebuds after I had a bath. "My goodness, you little scamp! I do believe you keep getting into trouble just so you can be punished and made to wear soft, girlie clothes. Well, since you love dainty sissy panties so much, I can do something about that!" She proceeded to buy me a supply of ten pairs of fancy nylon panties and made me put them in my dresser drawer. "Now, young man, you'll wear lacy panties at all times. You won't need your old boys' underwear so scoop them up and go with your sister. She will oversee you



**Princess Extra #20** is published by Princess Productions, PO Box 1184, Des Plaines, Illinois 60017-1184, U.S.A. Contributions are welcome, but the publisher does not assume responsibility for the loss of any materials and does not guarantee the return of any materials. Any letters and other items sent to Princess Productions are considered intended for publication. With the exception of news items, all real names will be changed and identities will be kept confidential. Copyright © 2014 Princess Productions. All rights reserved. The words accompanying photographs are not meant to describe the actual conduct of the pictured subjects. Any similarity to real persons is purely coincidental. With the exception of original news items, most of the photographs contained herein have been artistically altered either by computer or in other ways to simulate certain activities as well as to conceal the identity of any real persons. Many photographs have been supplied to us from readers and not known to be under copyright protection. If any copyright holder can prove that is not the case, they should notify Princess Productions and those photos will be deleted. Neither Princess Productions nor anyone connected with Princess Productions advocates violent or abusive behavior of any kind. While story lines may suggest such behavior, these are just fantasies meant to enlighten and entertain adults who would never wish those fantasies to become reality. This is a fantasy publication meant to comfort an oppressed minority of individuals created by society, and then rejected by that same society. Transvestites, panty fetishists and submissive males are scorned in most families and cultures. This publication is designed to soothe the souls of these often frustrated and lonely individuals by exploring situations similar to their own upbringing, experiences and fantasies and intended to make such individuals feel that their fantasies are just as legitimate as anyone else's as well as be an aid to masturbation, a safe alternative to risky sex practices. Printed in the USA.



as you burn them up in the incinerator.”

With me crying, she added, “Any normal boy would hate to have to wear panties, so if you really want to be a boy again, you’ll have to prove to us that you hate your panties by not becoming erect and soiling them when you wear them.”

The only problem, I was twelve at the time and my balls were always full and ready to shoot, and I couldn't stop soiling my panties every night. My mother or sisters would come and check on me in the morning, wake me up and tease me for soiling my pretty panties. My dad complained that I should be forced to become a strong boy, but then my mother handed him three pairs of my panties that had been thoroughly stained with my boy juice to prove I had a perverse love for girls' lacy panties. My father looked at me in horror, threw up his hands and told my mother, "The boy is an embarrassment to me and our whole family. Handle this as you see fit, but keep it quiet. As a drug store owner, I can't afford to have people know of this."

My father barely ever spoke to me after that. Eventually, I got to enjoy the humiliation. I became what I feared most -- a sissy who really did end up loving his girlie clothes. I still wear lacy nylon panties at all times, and at last count, I have 347 pairs of the nicest panties imaginable ... and I jack off in my panties at least once every day, and I'm seventy-eight years old!

### ***Fantasy/Reality Fulfilled***

By Spank Boys

For years I've been fascinated by the thought of an adult pulling down a boy's pants and underwear, placing him over his lap and spanking his bare bottom until he can't sit down. There is just something about it that is very intriguing to me.

When I was 14 I spent a week with my aunt and uncle and their 12-year-old son Aaron. He was a good-looking, blonde-haired kid with the plumpest and roundest butt I'd ever seen. Boys usually don't notice another boy's butt, however, Aaron's was so prominent that it couldn't be missed. The kids in his neighborhood called him 'pear shape' an apt description of his bottom-heavy body. Little did I know his fanny was subjected to good, hard spankings, but I found out soon enough. Aaron was a typical kid, a good boy, but even good boys get into a bit of trouble once in a while.

One evening Aaron and I were in his bedroom playing around and had a pillow fight. Uncle Al had come in and told us to settle down, but of course we didn't listen. Aaron then threw a pillow at me and I ducked. The pillow hit a lamp on the table next to his bed, knocking it onto the floor and breaking it. Uncle

Al heard it and immediately appeared. "Aaron, didn't I just get through telling you two to settle down?" he asked with a stern voice. "You're getting a spanking!"

Uncle Al sat down on the bed and told him to get into a pair of his spanking panties. "No, daddy, please, not with cousin Carl here." He got a hard slap across the face for that comment even before he finished the sentence. "Boy, how many times do I have to tell you that when I tell you to do something, I want it done immediately and with no back talk! So get your little girlie panties out before I increase your spanking to the next level."

Now pouting with a bright red handprint on his cheek, Aaron ran to his dresser, and I was amazed to see him open the top drawer and take out a frilly pair of girls' pink nylon panties with lace and ribbon bows -- about the most sissified thing I had ever seen. Uncle Al saw my confused look and explained, "You see, Carl, the panties will cover Aaron for modesty sake but they are much thinner than boys' underwear so he'll feel the spanking all the more. My son's punishment panties are pink and fancy with lace and frills to shame him and make him think about his actions before doing something so stupid again."

I stared in disbelief as Aaron stood in front of him holding the panties. Uncle Al unbuttoned Aaron's pants, pulled them down and off along with his underwear, baring his fat, little butt. I saw his dick and balls were pretty tiny! Uncle took the pink panties from his son's trembling hands held them up for inspection and for my benefit so I could see how shamefully girlish they were as he laughed and Aaron cringed.

He then stretched the waistband wide and had Aaron step into them. Uncle Al took his time carefully pulling the panties up and fitting them around his son's butt. The panties came up high on his waist, and after my uncle snapped them into place, he ran his fingers under the elastics in the waist and legs and all the way around, repeatedly snapping the elastics to intensify the humiliating sensation Aaron surely had to feel. The boy danced around from the stinging snaps of his panty elastics. Uncle then pulled Aaron across his lap and began to spank him. I got an immediate hard-on watching Uncle Al's hand smack Aaron's butt over and over while Aaron kicked and cried. A couple of times uncle pulled down the panties in back to check the

redness of his butt to measure the progress of the spanking. The spanking lasted several long minutes and I could see that every inch of Aaron's bottom was deep red by the end.

"OK, Carl, it's your turn," Uncle Al said when he finished with Aaron. I couldn't believe it - he was actually going to spank me! He sent me to Aaron's dresser and told me to take out a pair of spanking panties from that same drawer. I stood before the open drawer almost unable to do it, but uncle's threats to increase the punishment got me to grab a pair on top of a neat stack of frilly panties and take them to my uncle. He made me keep holding them as he lowered my pants and underwear. I had a hard on. My uncle grabbed my dick and said, "What kind of sissy boy are you? Are you excited to be put into girlie panties? Are you a fag, boy, huh?" I didn't answer. I stood with tears leaking from my eyes. "Well, it's your lucky day, Carl, because today you'll get to wear some nice panties." He kept giggling at me as he made me step into the panties and pull them up. I had never felt both so humbled. As with Aaron, he took his time fitting the panties over my tummy, butt and penis. He jerked on my penis through the panties and asked me, "I bet you like this, huh?" I was silent. "Carl, tell me you like me playing with your penis in panties or I'll tell your mom and dad that you like to wear girls' panties and that they should buy you some of your own. So, Carl, tell me about it." He seemed angry at me for not answering, so I finally nodded and admitted, "Yes, uncle, I like it." "Like what?" he shouted. "Tell me you like



When Mark is a good, he can play soccer, and when he isn't, he has to be a pretty panty boy.

wearing sissy lace panties with me rubbing your penis in them.” “Yes, yes, yes! Uncle, I like wearing girls’ silky lace and panties and I like you rubbing my penis through the panties.” “Ah, that’s more like it,” he crowed. “I do think you are an even bigger sissy panty boy than my pansy for a son. Wait until I tell your dad and mom all about it.” In shock, I pleaded with him not to tell them, but he just laughed at me and turned me over his knees. The few tears filling my eyes turned into a torrent of tears after just a few of his iron hard slaps across my panty-clad butt cheeks. It really hurt and I immediately regretted feeling aroused at the thought a spanking was exciting. The blows to my bottom seemed to last an eternity and I was bawling like a baby by the end of it. Aaron and I both stood there sobbing while Uncle Al pulled our panties down and then rubbed soothing lotion on our bottoms and genitals. I became aroused all over again as his hand rubbed my penis and when he forced a big fat finger up my hinny. He then pulled up our panties and sent us to bed with the comment, “You’ll both keep your panties on for the night and maybe tomorrow too. We’ll see in the morning.” Made to sleep together in Aaron’s small single bed made it impossible not to accidentally touch each other in our girls’ nylon panties.

That experience by my child molesting Uncle Al began a life of male-dominated panty fantasies for me. I became obsessed about boys being put into panties and then severely spanked. Throughout my life I was never able to do anything about my strange desires, but that then changed. My sister has four sons ranging in age from nine to thirteen, and over the last two years, they occasionally spend the weekend with me because my sister likes to travel with her husband on some of his business trips.

I was always looking for reasons to spank them, but I didn’t do it until my sister told me in front of the boys that I could spank them if they ever deserved it! I started with the formal pants-down, bare-butt spankings, over my knees, with my hand, but since my fantasies also involved more severe spankings and panty punishments, I decided to push the limits. I began using a paddle on them, causing them to cry uncontrollably, so I accused them of “crying like sissy little girls” and got them to admit they sounded like girls when they cried. I then bought a supply of punishment panties for them in each of their sizes. At first I was afraid they would tell their parents and I’d get into trouble, but I then made them admit that they cried like girls and therefore they should be dressed like girls. Then, to their started eyes, I took out four pairs of fancy panties, one for each boy and told them, “Boys you know your parents said I can punish you whenever you need it, but since you cry like girls and can’t take a paddling like a boy, you will need to ask me to dress you in your panties for all your spankings. Now, I’ll keep it a secret from your parents that you are sissies when it comes to taking a spanking, and I won’t tell them about you wearing panties like little girls. And once you can take you spankings without crying you won’t have to wear your panties anymore.”

I’m positive the boys never told their parents about the panties, otherwise I would have heard about it from my sister. Obviously,

the spankings combined with panty punishment are so embarrassing for them that they aren’t about to tell anyone. And once I realized that, I took pictures of them in panties and threatened to show their parents and other people unless they behaved. That scared them even more into secrecy about the panties even though their parents know I spank them whenever they need it, and they seem to need it a lot! Last week, I even masturbated the oldest (he’s 13 and a real sissy already) in his panties after spanking him, and I’m about to start panty wanking the other three at the earliest opportunity; I’m sure I’ll make them into lifelong panty-hooked sissies just like my uncle did to me! People say reality is never as good as your ideal fantasy, but I beg to differ. For me, reality is even better!

Carl the Panty Spanker & Spankee

### *Dressed Up and On a Swing*

By Paul S.

Debbie was in the garden with Mandy, her fourteen-year-old daughter. The girl wore a red pinafore frock, which was adjusted to barely reach the apex of her thighs. She could see the girl’s white panty crotch under her dress clear as day. The strange, babyish yet sexually teasing costume was intentional and for the benefit of James, their eleven-year-old visitor, whom they were training to female domination and the sexual superiority of females. Debbie, Mandy’s mother, had been working on young James for most of the past week and making great progress as they played with his mind and curiosity.

His mother was coming to collect him this afternoon. Angie was a good friend of Debbie’s, and she had given Debbie the OK to experiment dominating and controlling James. Angie had been reading up on training a boy to be more responsive to females and female things but she found it quite awkward to do much herself, since her husband would hit the roof if he knew. She further reasoned, once he was trained, her husband would have to accept what their son then wanted, even if he had been kind of brainwashed into it!

Debbie welcomed Angie upon her arrival. “So how is it going with James? On the phone you said you were making real progress, how will I be able to tell?” Debbie laughed. “Oh, you’ll be able to tell all right,” she laughed as she led her good friend through her ornately and very femininely appointed house, out the back door and into the garden. Her daughter, Mandy, saw them and approached. Angie said, “Hello, Mandy!” and hugged her. “That’s an awfully short dress, you know.” Mandy giggled. “Of course it’s short – Mommy adjusted it for me! I love it but it’s really for James’ benefit.” Angie wondered how it was for her son’s benefit.

Debbie grinned at Angie’s exasperation about the shortness of the girl’s dress. “My daughter’s short dress is a wonderful

training tool. Poor little James! He's quite stirred up by it. And Mandy has been very strict with him, training him to appreciate peeks up her dress." Angie couldn't take her eyes off the exotic looking pair. Mandy's ultrashort dress and her mother, Debbie's slinky grey miniskirt that easily floated up around her hips giving glimpses of her gartered nylon stockings and the pink lacy edges of her black panties as she moved even slightly. She was anxious to see her son. "So, where is he?" she asked nervously.

"Sweetie, I think you'll like what you see; he's on the swing in back," Debbie said. She escorted the boy's mother through the neat rows of flowers and bushes and up a small slope, next to the wall surrounding the property. James was on the light blue swing set with his back to them, wearing a girlish yellow dress that was rucked up about his waist, showing off what he had on underneath, shiny white satin panties, clearly frilled and lacy.

"What on earth?" Angie mumbled to herself, quite stunned. Debbie urged, "Go sneak up behind him; just quietly go up and give him a push. He'll think you are Mandy, she's been playing with him on the swing for the past half hour, but don't let him know it is you," Debbie said.

James felt her push him and mistook her for Mandy. "Yes, Mandy, please push me up real high." With the skirt of his dress fully up around his waist, Angie was actually touching his bottom through his sweet satin panties as she pushed him. Mandy then took over pushing. The girl demanded, "Now get those legs of yours wide open; you know it's important we see your panties. Show us how much of a silly little panty boy you are." And he responded by immediately spreading his legs even wider apart. Just then, Angie walked around in front of the swing to watch. James was mortified, of course, seeing his mother's face. He clamped his legs together. Angie shook her head and couldn't help but giggle at the strange sight. Mandy then ordered, "NO, no, no! Get your legs apart more, love, like you were doing before your mommy got here!" With a shocked expression on his face, James obeyed, giving his mommy a great look up his dress at his shiny satin panties. "Quite strict, isn't she?" Debbie said. Angie answered, "Gosh, I'm convinced your daughter is in complete control of him."

Debbie now took over pushing the boy on the swing as she studied her friend's face trying to judge if Angie was impressed with the sissification of her son. As the boy swung higher he spread his legs as commanded and rudely showed off his panties with the little mound of his penis that was standing up in the panty front. Mandy stepped around front, hands on her slim hips, and with just a slight movement of her hands she was able to slide the skirt of her short dress up and give a major display of her white panties trimmed with fancy black lace as she took a dominant stance. James certainly took notice. Just within that week, he had been very successfully trained to panties and he stared at her exposed panties with a huge sexual hunger so atypical for an eleven-year-old boy. His mother saw how he was consumed with gazing at the little girl's panties. "Smile!" the girl said to him. His lips were rouged, and he made an

awkward face, and then grinned inanely, as he was told to do. "Now tell your mother what she needs to know. Sing out: I'm a little sissy! I love showing off my panties! Go on!"

The poor boy said, "I'm a little sissy! I love showing off my panties!" But it did not impress his young tormentor. "I could barely hear that. LOUDER!" she demanded. "I'm a little sissy! I love showing off my panties!" he shouted. "Oh, dear," Angie said, "Won't people hear?" as she pointed to the nearby house just beyond the fence. "No, don't worry. My nearest neighbor is a sweet old lady. She's seen James prancing about in his short frocks and panties many times. I told her he likes playing dress up and she thinks he is quite cute, actually.

"Angie your boy has taking extremely well to panty training. The only problem you will have now is trying to keep him from constantly stealing your panties, taking them out of the laundry, out of your drawers, and anywhere he can find him. You better lock up your panties or he'll steal them all! It's best you buy him a huge selection of panties of his own; that will help keep him away from your panties. Let him wear them and play with them all the time; if you don't he'll be totally unmanageable; he'll even howl in the night like a werewolf if he can't have panties to wear and play with."

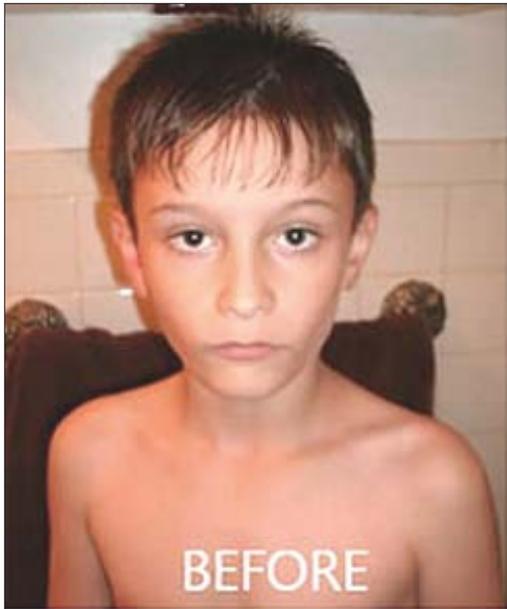
"Oh, Debbie, I had no idea ... what am I going to do with Ralph?"

"Angie, that's simple. James is so in love with panties that he will do anything for them. Just have him tell his daddy that he loves panties and that he wants to dress in nice panties and pretty girls' clothes all the time."

"My husband will have a fit!"

"Maybe, but once he realizes that his son wants to dress and act like a sissy girly boy, he won't have any choice but to accept it. He might spank him, might scream and yell at him, or god knows what else, but eventually he'll have to accept it. I think we effectively destroyed his mind with panties. You won't have to convince your husband of anything. James will plead his case if that is the only way he can get to have panties."

They then released James from his blatantly shameful panty exposing ride on the swing. "Have you been a good boy with Debbie and Mandy while I've been away?" Angie asked. He ruefully greeted his mother, gulping like a fish out of water before answering, "Yes, of course, Mommy." He sounded so soft and sweet. Her heart went out to him. She was pleased, worried and amazed all in one. She gave him a tight hug and in the process couldn't resist sliding her hands up under the hem of his dress and to press her fingers against his frilly bottom, as if to confirm what she was seeing was real. She then rubbed the shiny material. It was very pleasing, seeing and feeling him in nylon panties and a dress. Young James was quickly getting over his embarrassment in front of his mother and slid into seventh heaven, enjoying her touching his panties.



“Well, I quite like you like this, James,” Angie said. “But I’m afraid your father won’t approve. He’ll go berserk if he sees you in a dress and fancy panties.” Debbie asserted, “Well, he needn’t know about it just yet. We’ll keep it a secret while we make a plan. Just let James wear panties for regular underwear and let him wear dresses when his workaholic daddy is out of the house. James can probably go for days without his daddy seeing him. He seems to be working all the time. Then, when the time is right and the pressure for James keeping it a secret is too much, James himself will tell his daddy he’s a girly boy and that he wants to wear his panties and dresses all the time.”

“Oh, Mommy, I couldn’t do that.”

Debbie said, “James, how many things have you done this week that you said you would never, ever do ...” He was silent. “See,” she continued, “when you have the need, you will do it. It’ll have to be that way. You see, your mommy can’t ask him because he’ll think she is forcing you into dresses. Only you can convince him of your need. What do you think, James?”

He responded, “Yes, I guess if I have to!” Angie added, “Your Daddy is going on a business trip soon, so we have time to plan how you will tell him.” She turned to Debbie and explained, “Roy’s got a company trip to Dublin next month. It will give us two weeks to play dress-up and get James ready for his daddy’s girly boy debut.” “Oh, that’s wonderful,” Debbie said.

“Yippee!” Mandy added. “Mother, can we go and visit them? Please, Mommy?” “We’ll have to see. I’d love to of course. Is it OK with you, Angie?” “Absolutely, I’d love some company while I adjust and you two can teach me all about managing a sissified boy. I had no idea you could make such progress in just a week. I thought getting my boy to be mindful of anything feminine would take years!” A grinning Debbie commented, “I think your boy is a natural born sissy, with his small stature and tiny boy parts. It was so-o-o easy panty training him.”

Angie said. “It’s time to get him dressed and ready for home.” Debbie volunteered and dressed him in a cheery, bright yellow dress a normal girl of eight or nine would wear so he could pass as a typical girl on the train ride home. “Look at how excited your child is now.” Debbie then bragged, “He loves being girlie. You now officially have a sissified, fully panty trained girly boy to take home all ready and willing to do your bidding -- as long as you keep him supplied with panties!”

### ***Grandma’s Subtle Force Made Me into Hopelessly Lost Lingerie Boy***

I know you enjoy stories of boys being forced to wear girls’ clothes; well, at points in my life, I was forced into them, especially panties, by several females, and the panties effectively seduced me! My undying love of pretty, frilly, lacy, silky panties and other lingerie began when I was very young, in the mid 1950’s. I had a very happy childhood as a boy, but I’m sure my mother and especially my grandmother would have preferred a daughter.

My grandmother, who I’ll refer to as ‘Nan’ (my other grandmother was ‘Nanna’), had raised two boys on her own, and all her grandchildren were



boys too. I was the youngest. I remember helping Nan on wash days, pegging up or taking in the washing. She lived with us until she passed away in 1981 as mom had a full time job, which meant Nan took care of the housekeeping duties. With two women in the house, there were a lot of different items of lingerie to be laundered, including all their lovely panties. Nan favored very soft white nylon panties, typically with lace or embroidered with cute little flowers. While my mom preferred her slinky nylon panties in a range of colors. Some were quite plain, but others were heavily decorated with lace and bows. Back in the 1950s, some of the panties sold were outrageously frilly -- very pretty indeed.

Mom owned some rather fetching white nylon panties that were extremely silky and almost see through. They had a wide lacy trim at the legs. I must have shown too much interest in them for a young boy because Nan gave me a pair of these panties one day, possibly to test my reaction. "I see you like these panties; here, take them and play with them all you want." I took them to my room, removed my short trousers and boys' briefs and was just pulling the adorable nylon panties up my legs when Nan walked in. "Oh, dear! What on earth are you doing, my boy?" She was horrified, I think, but she may have only been pretending. She gave me a mild telling off but didn't mention it again; however, she didn't take the panties away from me and even laundered them when needed and supervising me as I put all the lingerie way in everyone's drawers including that pair of panties back into my own dresser drawer.

Nan always had the big lacy hem of her slip sticking out a good four or five inches below her house dresses. She never made any attempt to hide her slips under her dresses. She would even joke about it and tell me she loved her slips so much and was happy to show them off. She was always very loving to me, and I spent many happy hours on her lap while she cuddled me. And as she gently stroked my forehead, I would gaze down her body and enjoy her exposed slip hem; the lace was always so crisp, intricate and fancy, sometimes even with a bit of ribbon or bows as part of the trim. At times, as she sat watching television or reading, she would idly finger the nylon fabric and lacy edge of her slip.

I think all that helped to condition me to tactile sensations of silky lingerie. She'd also invite me into her big soft bed for a cuddle on Sunday mornings while mother was off to church, and granny always wore lovely nightgowns. That stopped when I got older, at about 10, but because of all the years that I had already spent in her bed, I was by then thoroughly trained to her feminine finery. I was a little upset when it did end, also because she had a wonderfully soft feather mattress that was so comfortable and just swallowed me up! At the time, Nan was in her late fifties, but still elegant, lovely and very trim. She looked great in her lingerie.

She had a good sense of style and always wore seamed nylon stockings. She would take me with her on shopping trips for groceries and household goods, but sometimes I would find

myself being taken into a ladies wear shop when she wanted to buy new stockings. She would sit me on the counter as the assistant showed her various pairs of stockings off display stands to be touched and compared. To discover how silky they were, I was usually included in the demonstration as Nan would stroke them against my cheeks! The lady clerks seemed to enjoy my participation in this usually ladies only ritual. I remember one time I was given a little push-along teddy bear that was the advertising symbol for a brand of stockings on sale. (Bear brand I think, and the little bear wore a black top hat).

Nan also got into the routine of asking me to make sure that her seams were straight before leaving the house, and if I saw a snag or ladder anywhere, she would send me up to her bedroom to fetch a new pair. She would then change into them, not worried about me watching her smooth them up her legs and fasten her garters that often included a good peek at her slips and panties.

I also became very familiar with were her full silky nylon slips. Occasionally if I was feeling poorly, she would tuck me into bed, and after saying our prayers, she would fetch one of her fancy silky slips and slide it into my bed with me so I could snuggle with it for comfort. Also, she would anoint one of her silk scarves with a bit of aromatic medicine and loosely tie it around my neck whenever I had a sore throat.

With such constant exposure to wonderfully sensuous fabrics, it's no mystery that I became enamored with beautiful panties, stockings and lingerie in general. My adoration of lacy, elegant panties was further strengthened when I noticed an attractive girl in our neighborhood who had a penchant for teasing the boys by showing her panties. She would perform handstands against a convenient wall, holding her upside down position until all the boys had seen her panties. She wore panties in various colors, but mostly pale blue nylon briefs. She possessed an athletic figure with long legs and a budding pair of nicely shaped breasts. Another thing she did to tease the boys was to stand half hidden behind the waist-high fence around her backyard that I could see from my bedroom window. I'd watch as she'd pull her skirt up to her chest and ask the boys if they could guess what color panties she was wearing. If she got the right answer, she would come out from behind the fence to show them. Another of her little tricks was to pull her skirt up as she ran if she was being chased. I imagine it was to let her run faster, but since her skirts were usually quite short and flared anyway, the boys just got that much better of a look at her panties and her bum wiggling in her panties as she ran.

Puberty struck me at about this time, and it was this girl who was the cause of my first ejaculation in a wet dream about her walking slowly towards me, raising her skirts to show me her panties. I'm sure it's this dream that cemented my fascination with panties with the sexual delights they can bring.

At that time, I was attending a coeducational, or mixed, grammar school, so I was able to enjoy the delightful company of many pubescent girls, some of whom were very attractive and I had

## *Spanked & Feminized Delinquent*

periodic chances to peek up girls' skirts when they sat or moved carelessly. I found that the best looking girls wore the prettiest slips and panties! Some of them, on purpose, enjoyed teasing us boys with glimpses of their panties. One of the girls, whom I was particularly fond of, wore stockings, lacy slips, and fancy panties like she planned to be ready to flash us boys. She was a couple of years older than me and she had a regular boyfriend outside of school, but I always managed to spend a lot of time around her at lunchtime, on the playground, or in after school projects. She seemed to enjoy my company and never seemed to mind that I saw whatever she was wearing under her skirt, I think we both knew she enjoyed teasing me, and I thrilled to the amazing little peeks she would give me of her panties.

Another panties-related incident that remains fresh in my memory from those days concerns another lovely young girl at school -- one of the boys' favorites with a dusky complexion, big brown eyes and dark curly hair. I was sitting on the grass with a group of friends while this girl was with a small group who were larking about behind me. I heard a squeal from one of the girls, and one of my friends called out for me to duck. I heard footsteps and this girl protesting as she got pushed and then fell backwards over my shoulders, ending up with her in my lap and her legs fully spread open, giving me a perfectly lovely view of her silky nylon pale purple panties just inches in front of my face! She was blushing furiously as she gathered herself together, but we both ended up laughing about it.

There were other incidents at school that fueled my imagination, and I began slipping into my mom's bedroom and raiding her lingerie collection, trying on various pairs of her panties and enjoying the reaction of that part of me that makes me different from a girl. I was always careful to return everything as I found it, and I'm sure she noticed at times, but she never said anything directly to me about it.

I always found my sneaking around escapades a very guilty pleasure, having very mixed feelings of excitement and shame. As I went through life, I tried to ignore my attraction to panties, but after slowly building up a collection and then throwing it away in a forlorn attempt to be "normal" (on several occasions), I finally gave up the internal battle and accepted that I was always going to need panties in my life, and so I have now gathered a huge collection. And I'm fortunate to still have a select number of panties from my mother and grandmother now that they have both passed away.

All my panties are silky in texture, made from various fabrics - nylon, satin, rayon, acetate, or even taffeta! Some are quite plain in appearance and some are extravagantly frilly and lacy, but they are all delicious to wear. I even wear silky bloomers with a deep lace frill on the legs when I go to bed. Nan often wore bloomers years ago -- all part of my training! So I was forced into a life of being a slave to silky panties -- about the gentlest form of femdom force one could imagine!

I stood in the center of the room in tears, as my two stepsisters howled at my appearance. I pressed my bare legs together as Lesley, three years older and Caroline, two years younger than I am, fussed with the party dress outfit I was wearing.

It was in May 1967. I had been expelled from school for the rest of the school year, and now, as further punishment, I listened in disbelief as my mother informed me, "Jonathan, I'm reducing you in status to that of an eight-year-old girl with just fancy dresses and frilly slips and lacy panties to wear until you are able to return to your classes next school year. By then you will have outgrown all your boys' clothes so I've packed them up to be sent to the Salvation Army."

I was sure she was making a joke or just trying to scare me into behaving. But then I was being led into Caroline's bedroom and forced into one of her most ridiculous party dresses in yellow chiffon along with a crinoline slip, training bra, and the most humiliating garment any boy could ever be subjected to wear - frilly rhumba-style panties. Mother added lacy ankle socks but my feet didn't fit into any of their shoes so I was given my loafers to wear. The dress mother had shortened to barely cover the lacy pink panties. This was the supreme indignity for me, a twelve-year-old boy. I was small for my age, but no pushover! But my mother is a big strong woman, a cocktail waitress, and she could still overpower me. And now I was dressed like a sappy little girl.

"Jonathan," mother said, "I'm going to take you downstairs to show you off to your new daddy and sisters." Abhorred at the idea of being made to appear before Mr. Mortensen, my truck driver stepfather and his horrid daughters, I started pulling off the dress as I screamed at her, "No, you can't let them see me ..." but before I could barely say it, mother called for my stepfather to help her out.

Mr. Mortensen arrived, laughed at how I looked, instantly pulled me over his lap, and howled with an even heartier laugh saying, "Wow! Nice panties for a boy!" And he proceeded to spank my thighs and my butt through the ruffled panties. After a dozen or more swats to my now burning bottom, he stood me up and pulled up the front of the dress to get a good look at my panties. He laughed and pointed at the small bulge of my penis. "My, gosh, kid," he said, "I had no idea your dick is so small. Gees, are you a boy at all? If that little lump is all you have for a penis, you do belong in panties."

Mother said, "The little sissy takes after his father. I'm still amazed how he was even big enough to get his tiny prick into me to get me pregnant with this little runt. Yes, these stretchy nylon panties do contain his little boy toys so nicely. Now, give him a few more spanks so he won't give us anymore trouble, and then we'll take him down and have him play with the girls."



I was no sissy, but I did struggle to keep up with other boys. I was the smallest kid in my class, and I knew I was inferior to other boys my age. I'm sure that's why I tried so hard to measure up, and that's what had gotten me into trouble this time. Since I was so small, one of the guys dared me to hide inside one of the lockers in the girls' changing room so I could watch them undress and then report back to my friends what I had seen. But I had selected the wrong locker to hide in and got caught. And now I was being punished.

My stepfather's spanking was a brutal beating that left me crying wildly and took away any resistance I might have had to fight off this humiliation. Before he dragged me downstairs to humiliate me further in front of his daughters, mother put a long black wig on me. Each side of the wig had been tied into a big ponytail that made me look like an eight year old.

Downstairs, my stepsisters couldn't contain their delight. Lesley fussed with my wig and then rubbed her hands over the front of the blouse, laughing herself silly as she asked me if I was going to grow some nice little titties that she could play with. Caroline lifted the skirt of my dress to laugh at my little penis and well-spanked bottom only covered by the thin pink nylon party panties she had donated to my punishment outfit. My mother and step dad enjoyed watching them humiliate me with their cruel comments. I had to put up with them saying things like, "Isn't he so-o-o pretty; doesn't he look so-o-o sweet in a dress?" And "My panties really do suit you, Jonathan."

"From now on Jonathan will be treated like an eight-year-old little girl," my mother informed them, "and now that he is your little sister, you girls have complete authority over him."

They laughed at my awestruck expression.

Mother looked sternly at me "You will do exactly as you're told by me and the girls and you will act like a perfect eight year old. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mother" I said in a whisper.

"Little girls say 'Mommy,'" giggled Lesley.

"Yes, Mommy," I corrected myself not waiting to be told to do so by my mother.

"I can't wait to tell all my friends," laughed Caroline as she put on her school blazer. "I'm sure they'll all want to come over and see my new little sister."

"And my friends too," chimed in Lesley. "Plus I'll make sure all the boys in his old class know about him, and the girls too, especially Elizabeth."

A deep wave of humiliation surged through me at the mention of Elizabeth's name. I was smitten with her. Despite her being three years older than I was, a friend of Lesley's and in her same classroom, I liked to consider her my girlfriend, though she usually shied away from me whenever I tried to have a moment alone with her. I had tried repeatedly to kiss her and feel under her skirt. She would put up with me pawing at her but then push me away and call me a 'sweet little boy.' Surely they wouldn't show me off to her like this. Lesley looked into my eyes with an evil grin, "I wonder what she will say now that you've been turned into a simpering little eight-year-old girl."

"Oh, yes, do tell Elizabeth," Caroline said, dancing gleefully.

Mother approved entirely with their idea, but at this point, my stepfather, got up, and as he left the room, he grunted, "I can't take much more of this sissy shit. Get this little pantywaist to mind you. I don't care what you do to him; he's a failure as a boy. Just keep him the hell out of my way. You can call on me if you need me to give him another good spanking. I like doing that to a pansy like him since he's such a disappointment as a boy, but other than that, get him to bed before I come home each night and at other times, keep him away from me. I hate

being around faggots. If I see him all the time prancing around like a little priss, I just might lose it! If I run into him when I'm in one of my bad moods, I'm afraid I just might really beat the shit out of the little panty-wearing wimp. It's time I get going to work. Step aside, fairy!" he shouted at me as he stormed out.

"Perhaps Elizabeth would like to come to a little tea party after school," mother suggested, and then she turned to me and said, "You'd like your sisters to invite Elizabeth for tea, wouldn't you, Jonathan?"

I felt physically sick. "Yes, Mommy," I croaked. I knew that's what she wanted to hear. I didn't need anymore physical punishment. I was going to do as I was told.

It was time for the girls to leave for school; I had to stand with my arms behind my back and feet together while they kissed me on the forehead, their new little sister, as they promised to see me at tea time with Elizabeth.

During the day, mother let me stay in my room and contemplate my fate. I was sick with fear knowing Elizabeth would probably accept the invitation to tea and be there to increase my shame. Before the girls came home from school, mother inspected my panties, decided they weren't quite right and then made me change into an even brighter pink pair with ribbon bows. She also made me put on a slightly padded beginner bra, both items generously donated by my snotty stepsisters to a growing collection of girlie clothes mother was placing in my closet and drawers. Once I was fully redressed, mother gushed, "Who's the prettiest little girl in the whole wide world?"

"Me, Mommy," I sobbed. Then she coached me on lisping and told me that is how I always had to talk. She showed me many little things about being, talking and acting like a girl. "Now, you stay here in your room and think about the things I've taught you about being a girl until your sisters get home, or else, Jonathan," she snapped.

"Yeth, Mommy," I squeaked.

She turned and left me alone. Soon after, through my window, I could see the long yellow school bus pull up outside our house, Lesley and Caroline alighted waving to their friends as the bus drove off. They then sprinted to our front door, and as it was thrown open, I could hear their excited voices.

"Mother, we're home," shouted Lesley. "Where is our sweet little sissy sister?"

"Upstairs, in his room," mother shouted back.

Moments later, they burst into my room. I didn't think two girls could make so much noise as they stood there howling at me. I forced myself to hold back from bursting into tears. I didn't want to give them the pleasure.

"How absolutely adorable!" Lesley laughed as she noticed the gentle mounds of the training bra pushing out the front of my blouse. She ran her hands over my fake breasts and cooed, "With these little titties, you're a perfect little girl!"

"Oh, yes, Jonathan, I'm almost jealous," Caroline joined in as she pulled my skirt right up to my shoulders. "And I see mommy got you a nice pink pair of my good panties. How sweet! They really look good on you. And I see mommy added some nice lipstick. Elizabeth is going to be so excited. Aren't you thrilled? She accepted our invitation to tea, and she'll be here soon."

I felt my bottom lip trembling because I needed to go to the toilet. "Pweathe, mith, excuse me," I said, "I need to weewee."

They giggled at the childish term 'weewee,' and I cried bursting into tears. During the day, mother had demanded I talk in a baby-like way and use terms like a little toddler girl. The room rang with their laughter again as they heard my squeaky voice.

"He really is a little girl, isn't he?" Caroline sang as she danced around the room.

"Pweath, mith Lethley, I need my potty," I wailed, pointing to it under my bed. The girls nearly died laughing as Lesley pulled it out and set it in the middle of my room. She made me hold my skirts up all around so my pink panties were fully on display. My stepsisters took their time admiring the panties, tweaking the elastics and smoothing the teasingly soft pink nylon over my hips and bottom. Finally, Lesley pulled my panties down. Mother had forced me to hold back from going weewee until the girls got home, so even though I was embarrassed to the core, the urgency of my need made me quickly sit on the potty and relieve myself. Caroline was standing ready with a tissue, and she dried the end of my penis and then pulled up my panties.

I was taken to Lesley's bedroom and made to recite nursery rhymes out of a children's book while she took off her school uniform and hung it up. She delighted in frustrating me by posing before me in just her bra and panties. I had never seen Lesley so scantily dressed, and I would have been extremely interested to see her in just her lingerie at any other time, but at this moment, I was too thoroughly shamed to enjoy it.

"Well, well," she mused, "the sight of me in just my bra and panties doesn't make you hard. I think maybe we have a gay boy on our hands, sis!"

"Maybe! That would be fun! My turn," Caroline laughed dragging me into her room. She made me sing children's songs as she stripped off. I was their toy, a real live little girl doll for them to dress up, play with and laugh at. She was beautiful in just her snow white formless training bra with pink ribbon trim and white panties with little red hearts and lace around the legs. Once again, I was too humbled to become excited. I was half way through Twinkle Twinkle Little Star when the doorbell rang.

"I'll get it," Lesley shouted, throwing on a robe and dashing from her room. "It's Elizabeth."

I felt sick as I heard her open the front door and then Elizabeth say, "Hi, Lesley, I've come for tea."

Caroline was next to me and falling over laughing so hard tears streamed down her face as she saw the sickly look on my face.

"Hello, Elizabeth, do come in," Lesley said. "Jonathan is being punished as I mentioned to you. I think you'll like seeing how mother has him serving out his sentence. He's upstairs with Caroline, go into the sitting room, I'll tell them you are here."

"Jonathan," Lesley shouted up the stairs. "Elizabeth is here to see you. Caroline please bring him down."

"Come on, Jonathan," Caroline urged me. She had recovered from her fit of hysterics. "Let's go and show your little girlfriend what a big pantywaist sissy you are."

I could hardly walk; my legs were like jelly. I was nervous, and as we approached the sitting room, I started to pull back. "Oh, no, you don't!" Caroline laughed and pulled me into the room.

Elizabeth was sitting on the sofa talking to mother as I stumbled in. Caroline pushed me forward and then stood in front of the door to block me from escaping.

Elizabeth looked up, her jaw dropped open, "Oh, my god! Jonathan? Is that really you?" she said in disbelief.

My face was burning with embarrassment. "Elizabeth, wook what they've done to me," I managed to blurt out just before I burst into tears.

She stood up, looked at me again as if she couldn't believe the crying, prettily dressed creature before her was actually me.

"They did it," I bawled. "They made me into a wittle girl."

She looked at mother, and then at my sisters. At last I had found an ally, surely Elizabeth would report them for what they had done to me and would help me find a way to return to being a boy. I waited for her to turn on mother. I sobbed.

Elizabeth stared at me. "Well," she finally said looking directly at mother, "why didn't you tell me you were going to girlyfy him. After he pulled that stunt of hiding in the girls' locker room, I think this is a great punishment, and if I had known, I would have gladly helped you and even given you some of my best outgrown clothes for him to wear." She laughed as she looked into my tearful eyes and said, "Oh, Jonathan, you make an absolutely adorable little girl."

I was devastated. She had been my only hope of salvation, and now she was joining in my humiliation. Worse than that, she

was encouraging them, telling mother she should take me into school next week in my little girl outfit to show me off to the teachers and kids under the excuse of cleaning out my locker and collecting my belongings. A surge of absolute humiliation ran through me. I burst into tears again, and the terror of the moment caused me to feel like I had to use the potty again.

"I need to go weewee," I cried. "I want my potty."

My childish status was confirmed as Lesley commanded me to go back to sucking my thumb, so I stood there crying for my potty and sucking my thumb in front of my mother and these giggling girls. Caroline ran and got my potty and put it in the center of the floor. Elizabeth was laughing hysterically but insisted on helping me. Her amusement knew no bounds as she helped the girls pull up my skirt and then laughed as she saw my pink rhumba panties. She couldn't resist tugging the panty leg elastics and repeatedly and painfully pinging them against my thighs. Mother said it looked like I was in good hands and left to set the table. When I was finished, Elizabeth wiped the end of my penis with a tissue and said, "Oh, my dear, your peter is awfully small. Do you have a disease or something?"

"Yeah," Caroline was quick to answer. "His disease is called being a sissy!"

They all laughed at that as Elizabeth pulled my pink panties up and then sat me on her knee.

"What a sweet little girl you are, Jonathan," she whispered into my ear as she stroked my legs. Feeling very vulnerable, I recalled the times I had put my hand on her thigh and tried traveling up her leg. Ignoring her protests, I'd try to force myself on her and fondle her, but now, she was looking into my eyes, revenge written all over her face, as her hand played with the frills around my panty legs. "How old are you, my sweet little girl?" she giggled as her fingers now pawed at the soft nylon of my panties.

"Eight," I sobbed.

"Are you sure, Jonathan? You look much younger than that to me," she said with a sneer as her hand now began rubbing my penis through my silky pink panties. I shuddered. "Is that my little girl's clitty?" she laughed as she poked her long, sharp fingernail into the tip of my penis. "You have to protect this, Jonathan, because nasty little boys try to put their fingers where they shouldn't." I squealed in agony as she dug her nail through the panties and shoved it really hard into my penis tip. "Do you know why I came to tea, Jonathan?" She watched my face screw up in agony. I shook my head. "To tell you that you're an embarrassment to me, you, a peeking pervert! Plus I've had enough of your trying to paw at my legs under my skirt." She held me tightly as I writhed on her knee. "I was going to tell you I didn't want to see you anymore, but now that you're in skirts, wild horses couldn't keep me away. No, I will no longer be your friend, but I'll be here as often as I can to tease you!"

"Pweath, thtop, Ewithabeth," I cried trying to push her away.

She was enjoying her power over me now that the tables were turned. "I also came to tell you I am now going around with Pete Hargraves," she said with a smile as she took her hand out of my panties and straightened my skirts. "Wait till I tell him how you're now a limp-wristed sissy boy," she laughed.

Peter Hargraves had been in my class at school. We hated each other's guts. He picked on me more than most of the other kids. I think because I am smarter than he is and was always showing him up. Plus he was far from the tallest boy in class, so it was easy for him to pick on me, one boy a lot shorter than he is.

Mother came in and told us tea was ready. She smiled at me as I sat perched on Elizabeth's lap.

"Did I hear you say you were friends with Peter Hargraves, Elizabeth?" She confirmed it. "Such a nice boy; he'll make someone a good husband one day," she said. "I hope so," Elizabeth smiled. "Perhaps you'd like to bring him round," mother suggested. "It would do Jonathan good to see one of his old classmates." "Yes, I agree," laughed Elizabeth, knowing how I felt about Peter. "I'm positive Pete would love to see the new Jonathan." Mother added, "As a matter of fact, I was hoping to take my stepdaughters to the cinema tomorrow night, but it would be far too late for a little girl like Jonathan to be out, so if you're free, we're in need of a babysitter."

"You can count on me, Mrs. Mortensen," Elizabeth laughed.

I burst into another flood of tears.

"Oh, Jonathan, you're such a crybaby these days," Elizabeth mocked me while the others jeered.

Mother led us all into the dining room. Elizabeth took me by the hand. The dining room table was set with a large plate of sandwiches, cakes, and fancy bowls with dipping sauces. Throughout the tea, bursts of laughter filled the room as mother recounted the day's events to the amused girls. "But what about Jonathan playing football?" Elizabeth asked in mock concern.

"Not anymore," mother replied. "Little girls don't play football. Elizabeth, you know that. Besides, he has his dolls to play with now, and if he needs any exercise, he can take his skipping rope to the park."

"He will be disgraced by his football team if he doesn't show up," Lesley joined in. "Let's can take him to the park on Saturday before the game and show them why he can't play anymore."

"A good idea," mother smiled. "You're so considerate, Lesley." Turning to me she said, "Isn't your big sister nice, Jonathan? She's going to take you to see all your football friends." I wailed. "Come on, little girl," mother said as she took my hand and explained to the girls that it was time for me to go to bed since

I had to be in bed before my stepfather came home at seven o'clock. "Yeth, Mommy," I sobbed.

She took me up to my bedroom. I hated being led around by my hand. Since this morning I had been taken everywhere by the hand as if I weren't capable of going anywhere on my own. After stripping me down to my bra and panties and washing me up, mother helped me into a frilly, puffy sleeved babydoll nightie in pink with white lace and pink ribbon trim. It was obvious that pink was quickly becoming my color! The babydoll was very short, barely covering my hips. Mother replaced my panties with pink bloomer panties that matched the babydoll top. "There you are, all ready for bed," she giggled, turning me to the mirror. "Now, let's go and say nightie night to the girls." She led me back downstairs. The laughter was even louder than before. Thank goodness it only lasted a few minutes. As mother took me up to bed, Elizabeth asked, "What time do you want Pete and me to be here tomorrow?"

"Five will be fine," mother said. "I'll have him ready for bed."

"No, that's all right, Mrs. Mortensen," Elizabeth smiled. "I'd love to get him into his babydolls. I'm sure Pete will get a kick out of it too."

I shook my head in horror, tears running down my cheeks.

The next day, when my stepsisters came home from school, they put me into a very tarty looking version of a schoolgirl uniform with a well-stuffed bra under my blouse that they tied the shirttails up in front to expose my naked midriff along with a tantalizing glimpse of the top and elastic of my high-waisted pink panties. They also put me in a garter belt and dark nylons, and the tops of the nylons ended well below the hem of my short schoolgirl skirt. And they put lipstick and eye makeup on me and gave me a long blonde wig to wear with the sides tied into ponytails. While I waited for Elizabeth and Pete to arrive, I had to sit on the floor with my legs crossed and wide apart, just like a little girl who was unaware that she was showing the whole world the silky crotch of her pretty panties.

"Don't move a muscle," the girls warned and left alone until the doorbell rang. I felt sick as I heard Caroline's voice ring out, "Elizabeth, Pete, do come in. Jonathan is in the lounge watching TV." I heard their steps approaching. I turned my head away from the doorway, my face burning with embarrassment. Then I heard Elizabeth approach me and say, "Jonathan, look who's come to see you." I couldn't bring myself to look around at the boy I hated.

"Oh, he's shy," Caroline giggled. "I'll leave you two alone with Jonathan, but mother, my sister and I will be nearby if he gets unmanageable. We'll be going to the movie in about an hour. By then, you should have him well in hand for the evening."

As my stepsister left the room, Elizabeth said to Pete, "Yes, Jonathan is very shy. He's only a little girl." She stepped past

me and switched off the television. She looked down at me, her brown eyes twinkling with evil. She sidled up to Pete, and he put his arm around her waist, looked at me, and shook his head in disbelief. I knew I was going to cry. They looked so tall; I felt like a tiny child as I hid my eyes and burst into tears. "He is such a crybaby these days, Pete," Elizabeth laughed. "Does the big man frightening you, Jonathan?"

"Yeth, mith," I squeaked.

"He won't hurt you, my pretty little sissy boy. Stand up, Jonathan, and say hello to your old friend," she ordered. As I got up, I held my hands behind myself, but I couldn't prevent my short skirt from sliding up and exposing my frilly pink panties. "Hello, Pete," I mumbled. He whistled at the sight of my pantied ass and then said, "Oh, my god! He's a total fairy, a fruit in schoolgirls' clothes!" Turning to Elizabeth, he said, "How did you ever stand even being around this fruit?" Then he kissed her fully on the lips.

"Oh, Pete, not in front of the little girl," she said.

"But this little girl needs to see me do for you what he couldn't do." He resumed his kiss, their tongues invading each other's mouth. Pete had his hands up under Elizabeth's skirt.

"OK, you've had enough of a show; now go and play with your dollies, little girl," Elizabeth said. "Pete and I are going to make out on the couch, and I want you to keep your back to us. Play with your dollies, and talk to them. Talk loudly so we can hear you, and no peeking at us while we have a little love in!" Pete and Elizabeth sat down on the couch and embraced again.

I was too embarrassed and jealous to say anything, but I couldn't resist twisting around to see what they were doing. I was awestruck to see Pete with one hand under her skirt and deep into her white lace panties. His other hand was inside her open blouse fondling her soft white bra. Elizabeth's hands were roaming over the huge bulge in Pete's jeans.

She opened her eyes and caught me staring, "I thought I told you not to peek at us! I think Pete better give you a spanking so you learn to obey."

He grabbed my arm and pulled me toward him. I cried, "No, no, let me go!" He easily dragged me over his lap, and immediately forced my skirt up. "Holy, shit! What a fairy boy you are!" Pete laughed. "These pink panties are too much! Imagine a boy in silky pink panties. Jonathan, no real boy would ever let girls put him in such awful panties. But you aren't a boy, are you? You're a wimp, a pansy ... you must be a cocksucker too! You're disgusting!"

What was disgusting was the realization that Pete still had a huge boner in his pants and now it was pressing itself firmly into my stomach. I kept screaming, "No! No! No!" and squirmed to get away from the faggy, unwelcome contact, but he warned

me to be quiet and stay still or my punishment would even be worse than what he was about to give me.

Just then Lesley and Caroline came in followed by my mother. "What is going on here?" she yelled.

"Jonathan was being a naughty little girl," Elizabeth said. "He wouldn't mind us, so Pete was about to spank him."

Mother turned to Pete. "I'm sorry, Peter, if my pantywaist son is bothering you and Elizabeth. Please do carry on with your spanking, but don't just use your hand. I'll give you my hairbrush. This will get him squirming a lot faster." My stepsisters cheered as I broke down and cried. Seconds later, mother gave Pete the hairbrush and he started to hit me on my frilly panties.

WHAP, WHAP, WHAP!

I screamed as each blow plastered my butt through my panties, the teasing soft silkiness of the panties only intensified the pain rather than providing any comfort. He hit me at least fifty times, and it left me screaming and crying harder than I had ever cried before. When he was finished, Pete pushed me onto the floor. I lay there crying, a blubbering wreck, my skirts all awry.

"GET UP, JONATHAN," mother shouted. "You're showing everyone your panties, even little girls need to learn not to show off their pretty panties, especially when there are boys present." She adjusted my dress. "Now thank Uncle Peter for punishing you and tell him you will be a good little girl from now on." I stood in front of the boy I despised, ribbons in my hair, wearing a schoolgirl dress, and sobbing heavily. "Fank you for my spanking, Uncle Peter, I'll be a good wittle girl." He grinned. He knew exactly what it meant to me to have to submit to him in this humiliating way.

"We're going now," mother announced. "Now, be a good little girl for Aunty Elizabeth and Uncle Peter or you will regret it tomorrow," she warned. Between huffing, crying and spasms of halted breathing, I said, "Yeth, Mommy. I'll be a good wittle girl." "Go and enjoy yourselves," Elizabeth smiled hugging me to her bosom. "I'm sure he'll be fine with us."

"I've laid out his nightie on his cot. And remember when he has to do weewee or poopos, he has to ask for your permission and use the chamber pot under his bed," mother told her, as she kissed my forehead. "Nighty-night, Jonathan," she said as she walked out the door with my two stepsisters.

Now they were gone. This was the moment I dreaded, being left alone with my ex-girlfriend and Pete.

"You are pathetic, Jonathan," Pete sneered. "How could you let your mother and stepsisters do this to you! You must be a big pansy." He pulled me away from Elizabeth and grabbed my crotch. "Have they now turned you completely into a little girl?"

he teased. "Did they cut off your wiener and given you a pussy down here in your panties?"

Elizabeth said, "No they didn't do that to him, at least not yet, but as you can probably tell by feeling around down there, he doesn't have much in the way of boy equipment to worry about. He might as well be a girl. Even thin silky panties very effectively contain his little boy parts. You have to search hard before you realize he isn't a real girl, just a little panty-wearing sissy."

"Wow, you're right, Elle," he said as he felt me up through my panties, pinching my cock and yanking on my balls. I was shocked that another boy was touching my privates. He tore down my panties; I was powerless to stop him. "Well, look at that," he laughed. "You've got a thimble for a penis and barely a bulge for balls. You are more of a girl than a boy. Disgusting!"

My humiliation knew no end. Through my tear-filled eyes I saw Elizabeth laughing as she pointed to my shriveled up male equipment. I wanted this to end, no matter what, so I pleaded: "Pweath, Uncle Peter, wet me go. Pweath pull up my pan-teez!" I wailed. He reveled in my shame. "You're a disgrace to all boys, allowing yourself to be dressed in girls' clothes and asking another boy to pull up your sissy panties," he sneered. "You should have your prick and balls cut off, not hidden under pink panties. Only a pussy belongs in pink panties, and that's what you should have down there!"

Elizabeth told him, "His mother mentioned a clinic close-by that can do it, she might send him there." Hearing that news, I was shocked, I trembled. Surely, they wouldn't go that far!

"I'd love to see him sent there," Pete said. "Me too," Elizabeth laughed, "then he'd be a proper girl not a pervert boy."

"Let's tell his mother we caught him wanking in his panties. Then I bet she'd be angry enough with him to have the doc chop his little toys off," Pete suggested. "Would she believe us?" Elizabeth was taken by the idea. I listened, horrified. "She would if there were evidence. You could get me all worked up and then I could shoot my spunk into his panties. That would do the trick! His mother would believe us then!" Elizabeth giggled with lust in her eyes. "Yeah, let's do it!"

I was left sitting on the couch, told not to move, while Pete unzipped his jeans and pulled out his big cock. He pointed it at my face and scared the hell out of me when I thought he was going to make me suck him off, but then Elizabeth took off her dress and slip and stood next to him as she put her thin, delicate fingers around his meat and masturbated him with long, slow strokes. She commanded me to look at his cock and not to look at her. I didn't deserve to see her in just her bra and panties. She had undressed to that point to arouse Pete, not to please me.

All the while she was jacking him off, his penis was aimed directly at my face. When he was ready to cum, she made me stand directly in front of him. She then bent his ready-to-explode

penis down and aimed it at the front of my panties and made me hold them open. As soon as he had blown his wad, she said, "A real boy's spunk is now in your pink panties, Jonathan, and it's going to get your penis and balls cut off!"

Pete was still breathing heavily but also laughing as he squeezed the last few drops from his cock. Then Elizabeth snapped closed my panties and he rubbed his hard meat against my panty crotch and wiped the head of it all over my panties. With his cum slimed all over my dick and balls, I never felt so dirty or used and abused in my life. I was crying heavily, not from pain but from humiliation. But as weird as it was, I was hard. It was the presence of Elizabeth in just her white bra and panties. I had never seen her in just her lingerie. It excited me terribly despite the humiliating circumstance. Both of them noticed my little penis pushing out the front of my panties, and now his big cock was touching my hard dickette through the panties as he continued to wipe it off against me. Pete said, "My god, look at his little stiffie! He likes this even though he knows it means he'll probably lose his dick and balls over it!"

"Look at him, just standing there and letting us do this!" Elizabeth laughed, "You'd think he'd at least put a bit of a fight."

Pete scoffed "You look good in your panties now full with my spunk, kid! I can't wait until they give you a real pussy. With Elle's permission, I'd like to be the first one to fuck your new pussy! Breaking the cherry of a sissy boy-girl sounds like a lot of fun." I stood there feeling the creepy sensation of his slimy semen sliding around inside my soft girly panties. He had splattered a gusher full of his juices all over my panties inside and out and everywhere it had landed the pale pink nylon changed into a much darker shade of sissy pink.

"I still can't believe he didn't try to stop us," Elizabeth said as she snugged the clammy, now cold, wet panties up high around my waist and snapped the elastic to punctuate her comment. She even rubbed his cum into the panties over my penis and balls. "He deserves to have a real pussy; in fact I wish I was the one cutting his boy parts off. It would give me great pleasure to emasculate this peeking pervert, so he would never again be a threat to girls. Pete hugged her and french kissed her. "You're a cruel little bitch," he laughed. "But he certainly deserves it!"

"It would be cruel to do it to a real boy like you, but not a fairy like him. We better get him to bed his daddy will be home soon. Caroline told me he doesn't even want to see Jonathan because he's so disgusted with him," Elizabeth said as she stripped off my cum-filled panties, obviously to save them for my mother to see before dressing me in my babydoll nightie with the matching lacy bloomer panties. It didn't take long for me to fall asleep from sheer exhaustion after all I had been through. I worried what mother would say in the morning, but I was sure, I could convince her that the spunk in my panties was a trick.

In the morning, mother was fuming when she woke me up, threw back my covers and dragged me out of my cot. "Elizabeth and





### *I Got Paddled into Sissyhood*

I lost my parents when I was ten years old and had to live with my aunt and female cousin. It was the 1960s, and things were much different then, however, I quickly learned what it meant to live under female domination. My aunt was a no-nonsense lady who firmly believed in corporal punishment, especially for boys. Hardly a day would pass that I did not feel her strap or paddle across my bottom and legs.

I dreaded my 'lickings' and would literally shake hearing Auntie's demand to 'fetch the strap.' However, everything changed the day I witnessed a girl playmate get a bare bottom spanking from her mother. I was at a friend's house who lived by our local lake. All of us kids were playing on the beach when the girl's mother returned from the store and ordered Molly into the house; evidently she had been grounded and had a spanking coming because she had disobeyed by playing outside.

I snuck up to the cottage to look in the window and see Molly being spanked vigorously on her pink panty covered bottom by her mother. I had my first erection as I heard Molly pleading with her mother not to spank her anymore. Having witnessed it, I ran home with a boner. I went to the bathroom, rummaged through the dirty clothes hamper and located several pairs of my sister's dirty panties. I put on one pair and spanked myself through them, and then I held another pair to my nose and masturbated for the first time. It was like I had an instruction book, but I didn't -- I just did it by instinct! I so associated nylon panties with being spanked and sexual excitement that I immediately fell in love with them! This became a daily habit and led to my most severe whipping. It was inevitable that my aunt would catch me.

The day she caught me, I was sitting on the toilet holding one pair of soiled panties to my nose, one pair down and draped around my ankles and wearing two pairs of panties as I masturbated. My aunt yanked me off the toilet and into her bedroom where she threw me on her bed and paddled me until her arm got tired before standing me in the corner with the panties down, and for the whole next week, I had to wear my cousin's dirty panties. I had to go to her after she took her nightly shower and beg, "Kim, may I have the dirty panties you just took off?" Of course she thought it was hilarious and would make it worse in any way she could. "Say 'please,' sissy, and tell me you love to wear my dirty panties. Tell me how pretty they are and how excited you get in my panties." She wouldn't give me her panties until I asked to her satisfaction. That whole week she made a point of wearing only her fanciest panties.

At the end of the week, my aunt told me it was the end of my punishment, but on the following day she did the week's laundry and discovered I had masturbated into every pair of panties! She became enraged and screamed at me and beat the hell out of my butt. She then took me to our family doctor and to our minister to help 'cure' me of my problem.

The doctor had a hard time not laughing and told my aunt I was just growing up and boys did those kinds of things! The minister was another case all together. I think he was gay, a real wimpy type. He wanted to know in great detail how my aunt had caught me and exactly what I had been doing! She told him everything in great detail about how I had masturbated into the panties and wear them for punishment. He was wiggling around in his chair; I swear the damn minister was getting off listening to her!

Despite the shame of that punishment, soon after, I began to remember it as being very exciting and I continued to masturbate daily in panties, getting great pleasure recalling the pain and embarrassment. Remembering still is my biggest turn-on!



### ***My Mistress Humiliates Me in Public***

I have visited dominant women all my life, but I met the most creative one here in central Florida. I would have all-day sessions with her and her female friend. She told me to report to my next session wearing makeup and ruffled pink nylon tennis panties under a short white tennis skirt yet otherwise still dressed like a man, which I did. She had me change into a french maids' outfit and spend the first couple of hours cleaning her apartment and hand washing her lingerie and stockings. She then told me to go to the bathroom, wash all my makeup off, remove the maids' outfit and report back to her and her friend in just my frilly rhumba panties. When I came back to her, she informed me it was time for some public humiliation. My fingernails and toenails were painted pink. A pink camisole that matched my panties, I had to wear under a thin white blouse leaving it unbuttoned so everyone could see my pretty camisole. I was given open sandals to wear so my toes would show. In the mirror, I saw how my frilly rhumba panties were longer than my short skirt and the lacy legs were quite visible. She pinned a name tag onto my shirt that read 'Hello, I'm Melinda, a sissy.' I was handed a makeup bag with makeup and \$8.00 in it.

I was placed in the back seat of Mistress's car and driven a short distance to a shopping center. I was dropped off by a bank and told to purchase two rolls of pennies, a roll of nickels and a roll of dimes and to return to the car. I accomplished this task amid many laughs and remarks. The man teller asked if I

was going to a costume party and I just blushed and smiled. I brought the rolls of change to my Mistress. She broke them open and emptied all the change into my makeup kit before driving down to a drug store. I was given a list of instructions to follow. First, I was to go to the perfume counter, find a sampler bottle and spray it liberally behind my ears, on my breasts, on my wrists and behind my knees. Then I was to pick up a bottle of nail polish remover, panty liners and a pink hair bow. I was told to take my purchases to the checkout counter and pay for them using all the pennies first, then the nickels and finally the dimes. This took a lot of time so you can imagine what the irritated customers behind me had to say to and about me. I returned to Mistress's car and she got in the back seat with me. She proceeded to makeup my face, eyes and lips. She pinned the pink bow in my hair and put dangling earrings on me.

We drove to a busy construction site close to where my Mistress lives. She dropped me off to be razed by the workers. I was given the purse to carry over my arm and told to walk to her house. I was warned to walk slowly. Under no circumstances was I to run or hurry. It was the longest walk I can remember and without a doubt the most humiliating day of my life.

The photo enclosed is one of me serving as a maid at a party my Mistress hosted for some of her equally kinky friends.

Melinda, sissy maid

### ***From Bad Boy to Pretty Boy***

Thanks to some unusual advice from Lisa, my next-door neighbor, my son and I have enjoyed a rather unique relationship these past few months as I've used forced crossdressing on my Tony quite frequently and the results have been more than rewarding. It all began last fall when I stopped at Lisa's home one day. I was upset with Tony for skipping school the previous day and I was at a loss what to do. He'd just started high school and almost immediately I'd noticed his behavior was rapidly deteriorating. I told Lisa that spankings didn't seem to work as well as they used to and she smiled in sympathy and explained she use to have a similar problem with her 15-year-old boy, but luckily stumbled onto a simple and effective way to make him behave. We went to her son's room where Lisa showed me Danny's "punishment clothes." I was surprised to see a complete girls' outfit. There was a short skirt, tunic top, slip, panties and stocking as well as a pair of pink patent leather Mary Janes in a large size to fit him. Lisa explained that her Danny had to dress up whenever there were chores to be done and sometimes for long periods of time if his behavior wasn't up to par. At first the idea seemed ridiculous, but Lisa suggested I try petticoating my Tony at least once to see if it worked. I studied the clothes for several minutes. My curiosity won me over, and that afternoon I stopped by the shopping center and a secondhand store to make a few purchases.



The following morning I kept Tony home from school. He was elated at first, but when I explained that he was to be severely disciplined for skipping school a worried look spread over his face. I told him that starting immediately he had to do all the household chores and he was to be grounded indefinitely. Since there were no protests, I went on, but he looked faint when I told him he would have to be properly dressed to do the housework every day, and with a smile on my face, I gave him a shopping bag and as he slowly opened each package I realized the effect my punishment was having on him.

His hands trembled and his eyes filled with tears, but I insisted he open all his presents. There were several pairs of brightly colored panties, two slips, stockings, a ruffled pinafore-type dress and a frilly white apron. He was absolutely speechless! I explained that this was to be his punishment costume and it was to be worn without question whenever there were chores to be done. Then I added that if I got any more trouble from him I would keep him in dresses full time. It really rocked him, but he knew he was in the wrong and became resigned to his fate.

After showering, a very red faced boy slipped into a pair of flowered lace panties. He looked terrified! He balked, but I took him over my knee -- he's not too big for a spanking and I gave him a good walloping and then made him stand in the corner by a mirror so he could stare at himself spanked and with his panties down. After thirty minutes I had him sit before my dressing table where I used a curling iron on his brown hair. It was fairly short, but I managed to give him a definite feminine appearance. Clad only in the shameful granny panties, Tony looked so vulnerable and petite, just like a young girl. Ignoring his whimpering, I helped him into a very lacy slip and nylon stockings. So far everything was a perfect fit and I told Tony I thought he was very cute in his new clothes. By the time he slid into the extremely short dress he was wiping his eyes as he struggled to handle the humiliation. I couldn't help but giggle as he slipped on a pair of my flat sandals and fumbled with the ankle straps. It was obvious Tony was confused by the idea of dressing as a girl and needless to say I was very pleased. I sent him downstairs to clean the kitchen in his new clothes so that he would understand I was serious about his new regimen, and strangely enough I heard no complaints. The frilly apron added just the right touch, and my teenage son looked just like a young girl doing her chores.

That afternoon Lisa and another neighbor, Marie, stopped by for a short visit. I felt proud to see my friends surprised faces when they saw my son. It was a huge ordeal for Tony, as both Lisa and Marie agreed he was a very pretty little boy.

Since then Tony has been dressing in his "punishment clothes" quite often and I have added a good deal to his wardrobe. Naturally my son's behavior has not been perfect, but he is much more congenial to live with since he began wearing skirts. On occasion I have insisted that Tony wear dresses in front of my other friends, and I've received nothing but compliments on his appearance, not to mention his gentle behavior.