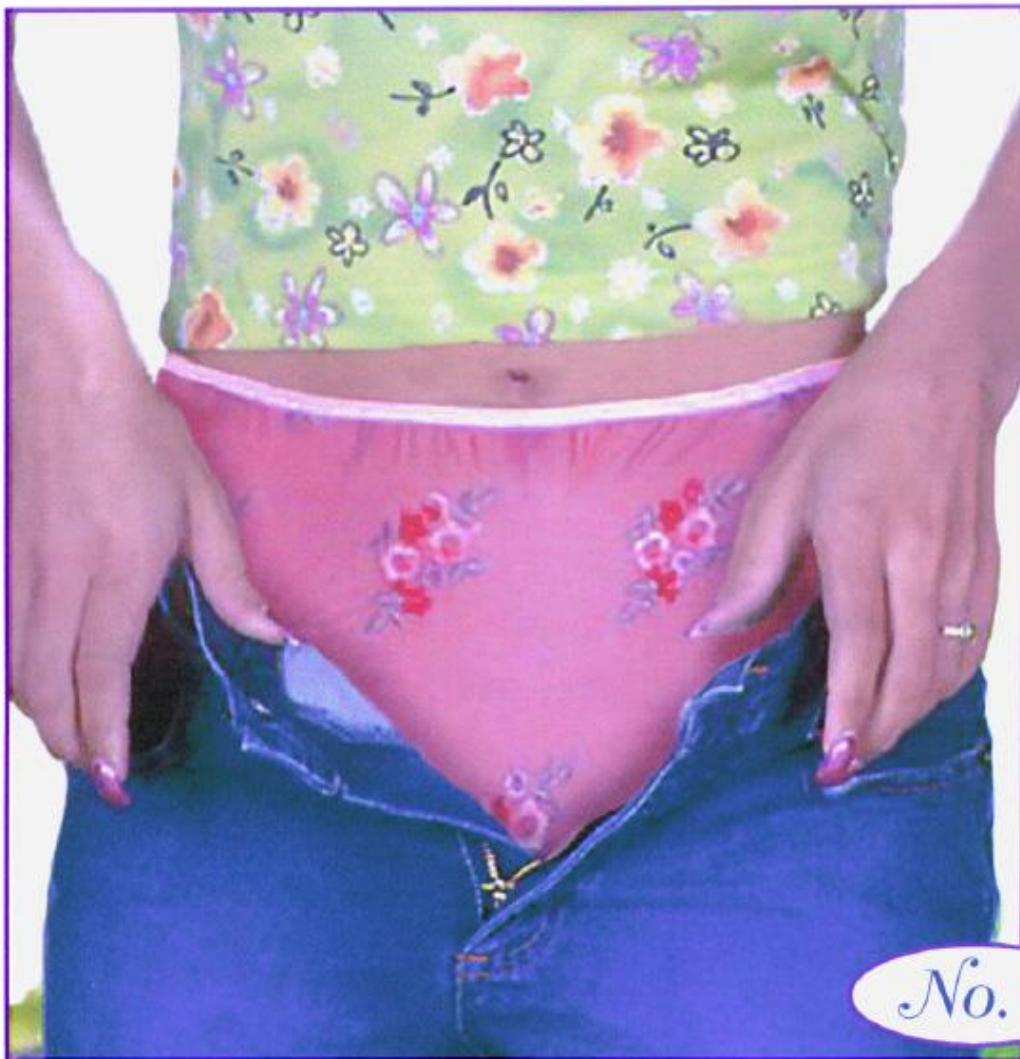


**INSIDE**

# Girls Panties



No. 4

*Revised & Enlarged*

*Adults Only*

*Classic Reprint*

If you like frilly, old-fashioned panties, you'll love the pictures and stories from both unpublished, original sources and old, long-out-of-print publications that our pantywaist readers sent to us when we asked them for copies of their favorite panty jerk-off materials.

Since 1981

**A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION**



## My Wife Calls Me a Pantywaist

The first time I tried on lingerie was many years ago when I read that the famous actor Cary Grant used to wear women's panties instead of men's underwear. I showed Maria, my wife, the article, and we both laughed about it. But then just before bedtime and some hard humping, she got me naked and all hot and then held out to me one of her frilly, high-waisted pantyslips, those are the kind of things that have a full pair of panties sewn by the waist into a half-slip. I guess she picked them because she knew how much I loved to stroke her cunt and butt through the silky double layer of slip and panties. Maria loved very frilly and gaudy lingerie, and this pantyslip had a big row of pleated lace around the bottom and a little Teddy bear on the front -- it looked like something a five-year-old girl would wear.

Anyway, she had me step into it. I was laughing all the time, but my cock got instantly hard, and she helped me pull them up over my wickedly rigid boner.

"I ought to cut your cock off to make these panties fit," she joked, as she leaned over and playfully slapped my big, fully loaded balls, hanging low in the panties.

"Why not suck it off?" I kidded right back, as my cock grew even harder, my meat going wild in the soft feeling pink silk.

"That's the biggest fucking hard-on you've ever had!" Maria marveled as she rubbed it through the slip and panties. "It's fucking awesome!" she whispered and then she began to tongue my mouth as she stroked my silken bulge.

I wanted to cum inside her, but my dick had other ideas. It shot off without warning. I pumped out a fountain like a geyser, all the while Maria kept rubbing it up and down, up and down, up and down through the silky nylon.

Instead of moaning and groaning like I generally do when I cum, the intensity of my orgasm made me scream and fall back on the bed. As I lay there breathing like a marathon runner, Marie laughed at me and called me a "pantywaist" and a "sissy" along with a list of other equally embarrassing words.

The front of the panty slip was soaked with my sperm but my cock barely deflated after that huge cum. (Generally, it turns into a limp noodle within seconds!)

Marie took note and teased me some more, "Seems like my little sissy boy likes his silky panties more than my warm pussy!"

I assured her that was not the case, but she kept teasing me.

Then to prove her point, she mounted me, pulled my wet dick out from underneath my panty leg band and started rubbing it against the front of the silky pink and black panties she was wearing. My cock jumped back to attention, and after a few minutes of being caressed against her silky briefs, I shot another round of cum. It was even more intense than the first! I became so light-headed I almost fainted.

Needless to say, panties have been a feature of our lovemaking ever since — and I love it. But now she's been after me to wear panties all the time, and she doesn't want "no" for an answer. I know I'd like to do that, but since I get hard and stay that way whenever pretty panties touch my dick, it would be embarrassing to walk around all day with a huge erection tenting out my pants.

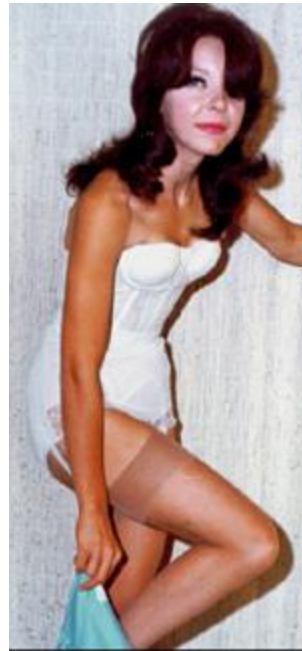
Marie just announced that she's going to buy some nylon panties for our six-year-old son, Lyle, too!

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In one of Marilyn Monroe's first glamour shots, she already seemed to know the value of flashing a bit of her pretty, flowered brief-style panties!



Whenever I was to be punished, Mom would first take off her dress and slip so not to get them dirty while she put me in makeup, curlers and dresses.

## Once I Was a Girl Scout

About six months ago, I was cleaning out my uncle's garage and came across an old men's magazine from the early 1950s. There were all kinds of women posing in bathing suits and lingerie, but the picture that really got me was a very old photo of Marilyn Monroe, she must have been just a teenager at the time. Anyway, in the pic, she was leaning against a fence and just a tiny bit of the waistband of her flowered panties peeked out above the top of her jeans. I don't know why that picture got to me, but it did. It was a very modest pose, no nudity, just her bare midriff exposed and a tiny bit of her panties. Those girlish panties reminded me of something that happened in my childhood, which I'm about to tell you about. Those peeking panties triggered something in me, and I'm ashamed to admit it, but ever since, whenever I see my fiancé's lingerie, I imagine how it would feel to put them on and I get an erection. I know this isn't normal, and I don't know why this happens. We've been going together for ten months, and I'm afraid if I told her what I'm telling you here, she'd call me a pervert and leave me.

I have never had such desires before, and the only times I ever wore girls' clothes were between ages of eleven and fifteen, when my mother made me wear my older sister's clothes as a punishment for what she termed "unmanly behavior." But it wasn't in any way sexual for me. I hated it!

I never knew my father. I was raised by my mother and my aunt, who were very concerned with my manners and "gentlemanly deportment."

When I was eleven I got into a fight and beat up Donna, a smart-aleck neighbor girl. Mom found out, and without waiting to hear my side of the story, she said boys do not hit little girls and that if I was going to act like a "sissy," then she was going to dress me like one.

She dragged me into my sister's room and made me put on her flowered nylon panties (just like Marilyn was wearing in that picture), satinette teen bra, a cancan slip, nylon stockings, a pink and red gingham party dress my sister had outgrown and her saddle shoes. Then she took me over to the girl's house and made me apologize to her. Donna and her parents were obviously embarrassed for me. Her father disapproved of the way I was being punished. He was loud and angry as he told my mother she was ruining me for life. My mother had a droll sense of humor, so in response to his raging comments, she simply lifted up my dress, showed him my lace-trimmed panties and asked him if he thought they were too frilly for a boy. I thought the man was going to go mad at that. He called Mom a bitch and a man-hater, but she was not deterred, she simply escorted me out the door and back home. As we left, the mother of the girl did apologize for her husband's outrageous reaction. Then I overheard her whispers as she told Mom that I looked real cute and thought it was a good punishment for a bad boy.

Back at home, Mom made me spend the rest of the day in those clothes. My aunt and sister took great delight in teasing me, calling me names like "girlie" and "sister boy." I cried a lot that night, especially when my sister brought me in her beige chiffon princess baby doll night gown (with matching lace panties) and told me put it on and model it for them before going to sleep wearing it.

Less than a month later I did something else to displease Mom, and again I had to spend a day in my sister's clothes. This time Mom took her dress off, saying she didn't want to soil it as she used hair solution and a curling iron to curl my hair and then added makeup with a thick layer of lipstick to my prepubescent face. She had to hit me a few times with the yardstick before I let her put that makeup on me, but the licking plus a threat to make me wear the clothes to school made me give in. It was an effective punishment because I hated it and she knew it, so she used it about once a month from then on, and every time she undressed to her bra and panties. I think she did it just to taunt me. My aunt and my bitchy sister thought that it was a fine way of dealing with a smart ass young boy, so after that, they encouraged her to dress me in frillies for every infraction of the rules.

Sis told Mom that pink was my color, my aunt agreed, and so from then on, most of the things they made me wear were pink in color. And no matter how many days I spent in lingerie and dresses, I never got over the embarrassment of it. I'll never forget how I would turn red and cry when my mother woke me up in the morning with a pair of my sister's pink lace-trimmed panties in her hand, because it meant another day in skirts, big petticoats, nylon stockings and being humiliated.

One time, when she felt especially nasty, Mom made me put on a Girl Scout uniform that she had borrowed from one of the neighbors. It was way too small for me, but she dressed me in it anyway and sent me to the neighbor's house to join a pack of screaming girls who were holding a Girl Scout meeting. Those girls were monsters! They had their hands up my skirt, inside my slip, teen bra and pink panties, shamelessly inspecting my lingerie and boyish body underneath. I

think I cried for two days straight after that. And I was afraid to step out into the neighborhood for weeks later, fearing the boys would beat me up since I knew the girls had told everyone what had happened and I knew what the neighborhood bullies thought of a boy considered a 'sissy.'

The culmination of all this came when I got caught shoplifting just after my fifteenth birthday. Mother woke me up on Saturday with a pair of my sister's pink panties in her hand and announced that I would have to wear girls' clothes for a week! That Sunday she made me wear a pink satin formal (that my sister had worn as a bridesmaid), grip-top nylons and high heels to church, and on Monday I had to wear a chiffon blouse (that showed the training bra and full white slip I had on underneath) and a pleated navy blue skirt to school. I was only in school for two hours before the principal sent me home, but in that time everyone had seen me and some of the girls had even lifted my skirt to reveal my garter belt, nylons and the scarlet-pink nylon panties I had been forced to wear that day.

After a talk with the school authorities, Mother agreed not to use that punishment on me again, but the damage had been done. I never lived it down, and from then until I left school, the kids in my class made it known that I was not welcome in any school activity. At sixteen, I quit school and went to a trade school in another city.

Now, ten years later, I find myself wishing I could wear girls' clothing again. I have no idea why I want to do it, considering it was a humiliating experience before. I cannot decide whether I should see a psychologist, or whether I should just let my desires take over and do it. If I did and anyone found out, I fear they would think I am a homosexual or crazy or perverted or something. Am I on the road to perversion? Or am I perverted now? Most of all, should I tell my fiancée?

Mr. T. C.  
Washington, D.C.

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## A Merry Little Christmas

It's Christmas day and the happiest day of my life. I am a transvestite, age fifteen, and finally my parents have accepted me. For as long as I can remember, I have enjoyed smooth, soft clothes on my body and rubbing myself to erection with my mother's elegant panties and silky slips.

For Sunday dinner Mom always wore a fancy pinafore-style apron made of taffeta with big ruffles all around the hem and crisscrossed shoulder straps. I loved those aprons. My favorite costume was always a pair of Mom's panties, one of her cancan slips and one of her taffeta aprons over them instead of a dress. Wow! What a grand feeling those silky, slippery clothes make!

As I got older, I would fake illness so I could stay at home and put on my mother and sister's nylons, frilly panties, slips, and aprons and spend most of the day enjoying the feel of those wonderful clothes. When my sister got into high school, she became a Wildcat cheerleader. I loved her purple and white short skirt and sweater, but I always wore real fancy silky panties under the skirt instead of the tights that went along with the outfit. Then I'd watch my pretty panties peek out as I'd jump up and down in front of my mirror while going through some of my sister's cheerleading routines. Of course, throughout all my exciting games, I would touch and rub myself but try to keep from cumming for as long as possible because once I climaxed, there came feelings of guilt and disgust. I would take off the clothes and vow never to dress again. But the vow never lasted.

When I was thirteen, my parents first found out about my love of girls' clothes. They were horrified. They thought that transvestism made a person gay, but now they know better and have made this Christmas my happiest ever. Early this morning, we all gathered around the tree to open our presents. My sister insisted I open my gifts first. With my mom, dad and sister watching, I opened the top box, expecting to find the usual boring shirt or sweater. Instead, I found a box filled with luscious lacy brief panties: three of each in blushing pink, sunny yellow and robin's egg blue.

"There must be some mistake," I sadly said as I handed the package to my sister.



But she just smiled and said, "No, those panties are for you. Now I hope you stop staining up my panties!"

Mom said she and Dad know they can't change me. They realize I'm not hurting anyone, and if dressing up prettily makes me happy, they want me to be happy.

With tears in my eyes, I continued opening packages. I cried when I opened a box of fashion bras. Mom was thoughtful enough to have provided me with a pair of falsies too! Other boxes contained teddies and camisoles, dresses, skirts, and blouses and two pair of high heels. A real emotional jolt came when my sister gave me a box with a lovely yellow lace garter belt and three brand new pairs of stockings in it. That was topped with a box containing a full-length ecru taffeta slip and two full cancan slips, one in purple net and one in tiered pink taffeta. Another surprise awaited me in the kitchen. There hanging in the pantry next to my mother and my sister's dressy aprons was a bib-style pink taffeta apron with sissy pink chiffon ruffles all around the edges -- and it was for me!

After everyone opened all the presents, I got ready for a lovely dinner. My sister set my hair in curlers and then did my face. After she combed me out, I felt like a perfectly turned-out princess while sitting with sis and my folks at the dinner table. I think 1984 is going to be a great year for me.

Mr. T.S.,  
Pennsylvania

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Sissyboy in his pretty cancan petticoat, tickling his pantied ass and balls and getting ready to blow off a load of cum!

## My Panty Wearing Got Me into Trouble

I must say that I look forward each month to your letters concerning transvestites and their spouses. I am a TV who got his start as a young boy experimenting with his sister's clothes in the privacy of the bathroom. I have gotten away from my little habit several times, but I always get that overwhelming desire to do it again. I discontinued my hobby for some time after I got married, but the desire to dress up kept eating away at my mind.

I began to get a little braver at home. I started to wear panties under my work clothes and would even sometimes wear nylons and/or a bra. I would also sometimes use a little bit of makeup, just enough for me to know that I had it on, but not enough that people at my office would know. My wife started to notice that more panties were in the wash than what she was wearing, so she started leaving hints around that she knew that I was wearing them. Once, to make sure that I knew she knew, she put the panties and bras on the stack of clothes to be put into my drawers. I was encouraged and placed the items in my drawer. After she came and took them away I continued to go to her dresser to get these items whenever I wanted them.

Then two weeks ago on my birthday she gave me a little box with three pairs of panties in my size, each pair a different color and all trimmed with lace. The problem is that she gave me this gift in front of our seven-year-old daughter and nine-year-old son. It was a shock to me. I told the kids it was a joke gift but my wife insisted that I try them on and model them. They all kept after me until I did. Talk about weird! Standing there in front of my wife and kids in nylon panties with my erect cock pushing away at the panties was embarrassing, but my wife made me. Our son was blushing and very embarrassed for me; I know he now thinks his father is a queer. Our daughter couldn't stop laughing. And when she wanted to touch the lace on the panties, my wife made me stand still and let her to do it. I was shocked when she touched my penis in my panties and asked my wife what it was. My wife laughed and told her she didn't know but that they should investigate. I couldn't stand it any more. Totally abashed, I ran out of the room telling them that I didn't want to wear stupid women's panties and would never do so again.

My wife told me I'm not all man and an embarrassment to her. She simply put those panties in my drawer and told me to wear them if I wanted. I told her I'd never wear them, but I can't help it. I've started to wear them. Now they are all dirty and I wonder if I should put them in the wash and let my wife know I've been wearing them. I think she knows already, and I'm worried because she just announced that she's going to a party this weekend with her old boyfriend from



high school. She said she needs "to be out with a real man for a change" and plans on staying over night at his house after the party!

But what's even worse, my little daughter is now taking after her mother. Three days ago was Halloween, and my daughter dressed up like an elegant little lady, and she made our son dress up like her pet lion and crawl around carrying a pair of her panties dangling from his mouth to show how she has him trained to fetch things for her! What have I started!

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## Easter 1966

**From a real letter to  
Cissy from Aquilla, dated April 1981.  
From the C. W. Collection.**

Every year leading up to Easter when the stores put fancy dresses on display, I remember my Easter of 1966. Just looking at all those fancy frocks conjures up a strange mixture of emotions that ranges from great excitement to total devastation.

My parents had planned a two-week trip, but I had to stay home so I wouldn't miss any school. They arranged for Ruth, my seventeen-year-old cousin, to stay at our house with me even though I considered myself too old to have a baby-sitter. However, since it was Ruth taking care of me, I didn't mind because she was a beautiful woman and I had a huge crush her.

Two days before Mom and Dad were to leave, Ruth moved in with us to get used to our house and daily routine. Soon after she arrived, Mom, Dad, and Ruth went shopping to stock up on the things we would need while they were away.

I took the opportunity to peek into the guest room and look at the things Ruth had unpacked. Her clothes were just like her: frilly, perfumed and feminine. My heart fluttered as I touched her soft dresses and smelled her cosmetics. When I opened the top dresser drawer, I froze in position and just stared at a little stack of neatly folded, shiny pink silk panties.

I gathered my courage, reached out and touched them. It was like touching her! They were so soft and sleek. The lace was so delicate, and the bows were so bright and girlish. I reverently pick up the pair of panties on top, stroked them lovingly in my fingers and touched them to my cheek. Their exotic perfume transported me to a feminine wonderland forbidden to boys. At that very moment, I didn't know why I wanted them or what I was going to do with them, but I slipped them into my pocket because I knew that I had to have them.



Here's that faded old Polaroid pic of me in pearls and the hated Easter dress!

I had never stolen anything in my life! What was happening to me? How could this slinky little ball of feminine fluff turn me into a thief? The panties seemed to have seized control of my mind. All I knew is that I had to have those fancy pink panties. I wanted them more than I had ever wanted a baseball glove, a tree house, a dog or even a bicycle (all things that I had wanted desperately at one time or another). How could a pair of lace panties make everything else in my life seem so meaningless? I was learning a lot about myself, but I wasn't sure if I wanted to learn it.

Like a robot, I closed the drawer and headed for the bathroom. As I walked, I realized that I had developed a huge, thrusting erection. My penis seemed to be directing my actions as I tore off my clothes and then stepped into the panties. I felt ridiculous. My hard prick jumped within the soft panties as I tugged them high around my waist and let the elastic waistband go with a snap. I felt g-r-e-a-t! At that moment, what was amazing was that I didn't think that I was crazy. I felt like I was doing the most natural thing I had ever done in my life! My mind was reeling. There I was--the all-American boy--wearing nothing but a pair of ribbon-decorated panties!

My fingertips tingled as I ran them over the frilly lace and ribbons on the front of those pink panties. Then, I trailed my hands over the satiny fabric on my hips and teasingly touched my bottom through the nylon. While leaving one hand to tickle my pantied behind, I took my other hand and gently rubbed my twitching, aching, pantied prick. I began to stroke myself harder. I massaged my behind in an ever-widening circle. Then, I bent forward and teased my balls in the sleek, pretty panties. My whole body shook as I increased the tempo of my pumping--pushing and pulling on my penis at a violent pace. Then, for a few sacred moments I could feel those sassy panties clinging to my body like I had never felt anything in my life--an eerie hypersensitivity electrified my every nerve ending. I could feel every thread, every bit of lace and ribbon, every square inch of the sissy, silky fabric, and every edge of the biting elastic that covered my body. Then, my balls rhythmically began thrusting gobs of my cum out of my contorting prick and into the conquering panties.

I had lost my balance and my ability to hold myself up. I sank to the floor, melted into a heap. I wanted to cry from confusion and at the same time scream with joy. It was the most intense experience of my young life. I seemed to be in heaven and hell at the exact same moment.

I wallowed in the experience as my mind whirled and I waited for my breathing and thinking to return to normal. Just as I tried to pull myself together, I involuntarily bolted upright as someone pounding on the bathroom door.

"Johnny, are you in there?"

It was my father.

"Are you all right?" he asked. "Is everything okay?"

I forced out a reply to keep him from breaking down the door. Immediately, my heart rate resumed its full gallop and my breathing was in huffs and puffs. I was sure my father on the

other side of that door had X-ray vision and could see me wearing the humiliating little panties. I panicked as I stripped off the panties and hurried to wipe up my cum, which had already turned cold and sticky. I struggled to cover myself with my old blue jeans and sweatshirt.

I quickly hid the incriminating panties in the bottom of the laundry hamper. Then, I hurriedly finished dressing and left the bathroom. I dreaded facing everyone. I felt that somehow they knew what I had been doing. There were so many clues: my rumpled clothing, my flushed expression, the sweat on my forehead, my nervous manner, my guilty appearance, and the strong smell of boy cum that seemed to exude from every pore of my body.

I fought back the tears that were forming in my eyes as I passed my father. He gave me a funny look but didn't say a thing. I was sure he knew or guessed what I had been doing, but he didn't say a word so I got ready for bed before going down to watch television.

In bed that night, I kept thinking about Ruth, her panties, and how those panties had possessed me. I tried to dismiss it as a strange, onetime experience, but I knew I was uncontrollably drawn to her sexy panties. I knew I'd take another pair at the very next opportunity. I even started to plan it, from how I would steal them to how I could increase the pleasure of cumming in them. I tried to think rationally as I wondered if she would miss the panties, and what she would do if she discovered what I had done with them. I feared the answer to those questions. I only knew I wanted more of those panties--as soon as possible--and I was willing to take almost any risk to get them.

I got up late the next morning so I had to dress in a hurry and race off to school. I thought about secretly washing out and drying the panties, but I didn't have time. I knew that it was Mom's washday. Would she notice them? I convinced myself that they would get lost among the rest of the laundry and not be noticed.

At school that day, my heart beat rapidly whenever I thought about those panties in the wash. It was stupid of me to have left them there. I should have hidden them somewhere until I could have washed them on my own. One moment I knew for sure my mother would find the panties and the next moment, I felt sure they would go unnoticed. I had a hard time concentrating in school that day because my fears and fantasies consumed my thoughts.

I thought how wonderful it would be for Ruth to know about my love for her. I knew she would understand my need to wear her pretty panties. Then, I felt she would not understand. She would make fun of me and think I was a pervert. All day long I kept getting a hard-on as I thought sexy thoughts, and my penis and fingers longed for the touch of Ruth's soft, silky, pink panties.

The fear in my heart made me dawdle on the way home from school, afraid that I had been found out. I thought my life was at its end. Each of my legs seemed to weigh about a thousand pounds as I struggled to place one foot in front of the other and pull myself up the steps of our house and through the front door. Once inside, I expected the bomb to explode. But nothing unusual happened. Mom chirped her usual "hello," and with that I knew everything was okay.



Immediately I lightened-up. I almost became smug with the knowledge that I had gotten away with my little dip into the sensuous world of femininity. My mind raced.

Rather than being cautious, I felt I could be even more daring next time. I was willing to take even bigger chances in order to satisfy myself with Ruth's pretty pink panties.

When Ruth entered the room, I momentarily withdrew my thoughts of victory as I studied every facet of her form. Did she have any idea that I had taken her panties? She was completely at ease. Her attitude relaxed me completely. Now, happy feelings engulfed me as I realized that I had gotten away with stealing her panties and spurting my guts into them!

Dinner was especially delicious that evening. The world was at peace, and I was in heaven. After dinner, I felt so good that I even volunteered to help my mother and wonderful cousin wash the dishes.

As I started in scrubbing pots and pans, Ruth took my mother's frilly pink pinafore apron off the wall hook and proceeded to put my arms through it. I playfully struggled as I told her that I didn't want to put it on.

I said, "Oh, no! That's for girls!"

In response, she bent close to me and whispered in my ear, "I know how much you like things that are pink and frilly, so I suggest that you put on this pretty little apron and not make a fuss. Otherwise, I'll tell your parents all about their sissy little boy!"

At that moment, my world exploded! I stopped struggling and let her tie the apron around me, completely dreading being seen by my parents in this humiliating outfit.

Maybe my parents didn't know about me hand fucking myself in Ruth's panties, but Ruth did!

I couldn't take any chances. I would die if Ruth would say anything to my folks.

I blushed when Mom entered the kitchen and cooed with delight, "O-o-o-o! How cute!"

Ruth came to my rescue and said it was her idea to protect my clothes.

Mom agreed. Then in an unconscious and very motherly sort of action, she fluffed up the stiff pink ruffles topping my shoulders and straightened the big bow tied in back.

Mom, Ruth, and I worked side-by-side. I tried to hurry things along. I wanted to get finished so I could take off the degrading apron as soon as possible. My father was in the next room, and he could come strolling into the kitchen at any minute.

I knew my luck ran out when I heard my father's voice.

"John! What in the hell are you wearing?"

I cowered in my position over the sink. I mumbled an answer. Dad grabbed me by the shoulder and spun me around. Through the corner of my downcast eyes, I could see him grimacing as he almost spit his words at me.

"Well, don't you look pretty, now? Whose idea was this, anyway? You look like a god damned sissy?"

I didn't have any answers for his biting questions, but when Ruth jabbed me from behind, I blurted out an answer.

"It's just to protect my good clothes, Dad."

I could tell by his expression that my defense had only served to enrage him further. He stared at me while he scratched his head.

"No, boy!" he declared in a humiliating tone. "No, you're wrong. If you were wearing your good clothes, you'd be wearing a party dress!"

He tugged at the frilled edge of the apron in disgust and left the kitchen with a dismissing huff. As he passed her, Mom berated him for his comments and told me not to pay attention to what he had said.

But I couldn't ignore his contempt. He was right; I was a sissy. What's more, I was so humiliated because in my heart of hearts, I knew I wanted to be dressed in silky panties, frilly aprons and all kinds of femmy girly clothes.

When the dishes were finished, Ruth laughed as she helped me off with the fancy apron, exclaiming privately to me, "We're going to have so much fun while your folks are away!"

Nothing else was said that evening. The next day was Wednesday, and I stayed home from school to see my parents off at the airport. My father couldn't resist giving me a parting shot.

"Hey, son, when we get home, will you still be here or will I have myself a daughter!"

The moment Ruth and I were back in the car she asked, "So, how long have you been stealing girls' panties?"

I broke out into tears and said I was sorry. I begged her forgiveness and told her I had never done anything like that before in my life. As I sobbed, she laid down the rules for me while my parents were away. I was going to be dressed in a training bra and a pair of panties every minute while they were gone. Moreover, I had to do everything she told me to do or she'd tell my parents about my "blowing off" (as she called it) in her panties.

I was so embarrassed when she said that. I wanted to die. Within minutes of being in the house she had me dressed in a fresh pair of her pink panties and a stretch-lace training brassiere stuffed with some more panties. My first chore: to stand at the bathroom sink and wash out the panties

that I had shot my wad into two days before. While I scrubbed away, she explained how she had discovered them.

She had helped my mother do the wash, and luckily, she had discovered her soiled panties in the laundry. She recognized them immediately as her own panties and was amazed to find them there because she hadn't put any of her panties into the laundry bin. Without saying anything to my mother, she put them in her pocket before my mother had noticed them. She added that she had purchased the training bra I was then wearing while I was at school that day.

After I had finished washing the panties, Ruth made me go outside and hang the panties up to dry. I looked all around, I was sure someone was watching me, but I couldn't see anyone, so I quickly hung the panties on the clothesline and ran back to the house. I cried in Ruth's arms when I got back inside because I was sure that one of our neighbors had spotted me in the backyard wearing just the lacy bra and flimsy panties.

Ruth comforted me, assuring me that she didn't think any of the neighbors had noticed. Then, she produced a white silky dress with a high waistline and a very short hem. She ignored my protests as she pulled it over my head and arms. The skirt was so short that my pink lace panties constantly peeked from beneath the flouncy hem. Into my short hair she pinned a couple of barrettes. She added some lacy ankle socks and a pair of low-heeled, pink, patent leather, one-strap shoes. I wondered where she had gotten all these clothes. She told me she bought the dress and most of the accessories from the St. Vincent DePaul Thrift Store, the shoes on a closeout sale from Tom McCann's and the bra from Murphy's dime store. She added that she hadn't bought me any panties but that would be taken care of shortly. She was going to take me shopping for a few things, including some panties. I could pick out my own!

I looked up when I saw a flash.

Ruth had taken a picture of me. I made an attempt to take the camera away from her, but she was much stronger than I was. I sank to my knees in tears as I pleaded with her not to show anyone the picture. Of course, she agreed—providing I would do everything she told me to do. I promised to obey her.

She took a couple more photos of me. Then, she let me take off the dress and other things and put on my regular clothes—with one exception, she made me keep on her silky pink panties and the training bra. Then, she announced that it was time to go shopping.

Our first stop was a barbershop. I couldn't figure out why she wanted my hair cut, but I did not go against her wishes. Within minutes my Beatle-style mop was trimmed to a more traditional boys' style. During the whole process I was uncomfortable because of the bra and panties under my regular clothes. I had carefully tucked in my shirt, and I was constantly checking to make sure that the panties weren't peeking out. The barber had to constantly remind me to sit still. I jumped whenever he leaned his arm against me because I thought he might discover the straps of the bra.

Next, I was escorted into the Little Bo Peep Shop, a well-known children's store. Ruth let me know that she wasn't going to put up with any nonsense. She demanded I cooperate; otherwise, she would show my parents and friends the pictures she had taken of me in the dress.

I hung my head in shame as Ruth explained to the sneering, stern, saleswoman that she had caught me stealing her panties and wearing them. I couldn't believe my ears. A criminal being sentenced to the electric chair couldn't have felt worse. The saleswoman showed no pity toward me. She didn't laugh. She just sneered at me and punctuated Ruth's story with condescending nods and a few smug uh-has.

I couldn't hold back the tears that rolled down my cheeks. Thank goodness Ruth didn't mention that I had soiled the panties. I'm sure that woman would have been offended. But Ruth did tell the woman just about everything else.

"Since he likes girls' panties," Ruth said, "I thought it would be a good idea to buy him a complete Easter outfit. Then, on Easter we can get dressed up and go to church together."

"I think that's an excellent idea for this disgusting little boy," the saleswoman agreed.

Then, she summoned a cute, young salesgirl to assist us, a girl barely out of high school, named Judy. The bitchy old woman retold the whole story about me to the girl, complete in every agonizing detail. As the perky girl listened, she just stared in disbelief, not even trying to suppress her giggles.

"Judy, be a dear and hold up a number of Easter dresses for us to look at. We're going to outfit this miserable little boy for Easter church service in the prettiest outfit we can find."

I wanted to bolt right out of there, but Ruth must have read my thoughts because she pulled a roll of film out of her pocket and told me to cooperate or we'd be going to the drug store next to have the film developed.

After a bunch of dresses were brought out and held in front of me, Ruth decided on a striped pink satin sleeveless dress with a short little jacket top. As if the dress wasn't enough, Ruth got all the accessories too. I asked her where she had gotten the money for all these things. She told me Mom had left her with some emergency money. Then she added that, of course, she'd have to explain to my mother where she had spent the money. But she teased me with that point, adding she might be able to make up a good story about spending the money on something else, but she'd only do that if I didn't give her any trouble.

All I could do was stand motionless as she selected a shapeless, rose pink satin training bra, a little pair of beige stockings, a young girl's garter belt, and a pair of pale pink, low-heeled shoes.

At the urging of the bitchy old saleslady, Ruth made me pick out a half dozen pairs of very fancy lace panties that were on sale for Easter, including one dark pink pair to match the training bra.

Judy, gloating and still laughing, suggested a slip to complete the outfit, but Ruth whispered something to the two women then asked me if I wanted a pretty slip to wear under my new dress.

I knew I really didn't have a choice. Just the same, I said, "No!" in a snotty voice.

I was surprised when Ruth accepted my answer without asserting herself over me. She just told the women that a slip wasn't necessary.

I thought I had put my foot down and made it stick, but before I could enjoy any slight victory, I was hustled into a changing room.

My cousin commanded me to remove my clothes so I could try on my new outfit. I flatly refused; however, Ruth wasn't about to let me defy her. She got both of the women to hold me tightly while she stripped me of my sweatshirt and pants.

When my bra was exposed the saleswoman and her assistant exchanged grinning glances and muffled laughs. When my trousers were unzipped and the bright pink panties came into view, the older woman didn't even try to stifle a bitchy laugh. The young assistant went into hysterics, even boldly reaching out to touch the lace and snap the elastic waistband. In the process, she hissed the word "sissy" right to my face and then continued to laugh.

In a matter of moments, the women had dressed me in the new Easter outfit. I cried out loud, but they had no mercy. They made me prance around and model the dress for them to see it from every angle. Finally, I was allowed to return to my regular clothes for the trip home. Of course, underneath, I still had to keep on the bra and panties.

For the next two weeks, Ruth had me wearing a teen bra and panties twenty-four hours a day. I wore heavy sweaters to school to hide the bra even though it was getting quite warm out, and I had to change in the toilet stall whenever we had gym. It all totally unnerved me. I don't think I learned a damn thing in school during all that time. I couldn't concentrate!

Inside the house, I had to wear all girls' clothes: dresses, slips, shoes, even makeup -- a lot of the clothes were Ruth's or things of my mother's that could be adjusted to fit me. I was usually dressed like I was going to a party or something, wearing fancy clothes, nylons and all from the time I got up until I went to bed. And she made me change clothes frequently. I ended up trying on almost everything she had brought with her as well as a lot of my mother's things. Ruth took a lot of Polaroid pictures of me. The fact that somehow someone might see one of those pictures scared the hell out of me.

I soon found out why she had my hair cut and why she had manipulated me into not buying a slip to go with my new Easter dress. She explained that she wanted me to look like a boy when I was dressed in girls' clothes. That's why she insisted on the traditional boyish haircut. She didn't want me to be able to pretend I was a girl. She wanted me to be a humiliated little sissy boy.

She had manipulated me into not getting a slip to go with the Easter dress because she wanted my dainty lingerie to show through the thin dress. When we got home, she cut the lining out of



the entire dress and made it somewhat see-through since it was made of a very thin costumers' satin. Worn over my deep rose lingerie, you could see every detail of my nylons, garter belt, bra, and panties. Of course, she insisted on taking several pictures of me in this outfit. She took one with my Polaroid camera and insisted on keeping it on the mantle in the living room. (That photo is enclosed.)

My parents were going to be home for Easter, and I was sure that Ruth wasn't going to go through with her threat and make me wear that new sissy outfit to church on Easter in front of them, but just in case, I cooperated with Ruth 100%. I gave her little reason to get angry with me. I tried my hardest to please her in every way. Secretly, I loved all the attention I was getting from Ruth, but having to wear humiliating girls' clothes was too high of a price to pay. I wanted it to end.

By the time my parents came home, we had developed a very close and loving relationship. In feminine clothes, she treated me very sweetly. We had confided personal secrets to one another, and I worshiped her more than ever. I was madly in love with her and she knew it. Just before my folks came home, she took down the Polaroid picture of me in the Easter outfit in the living room, packed away all my new girls' clothes (my new Easter outfit and all the other things she had bought for me on our various shopping trips) and cleaned the whole house.

She did insist that I still wear my bra and panties under my boys' clothes. I was a nervous wreck about doing so in front of my parents. I wondered what would happen when they greeted me with a hug. Even though Ruth let me wear her heavy red and gray Ohio State sweatshirt, I feared they would be able to feel the bra straps through it. I voiced that concern to Ruth, but she gave me a trial hug then assured me that it wasn't noticeable

As planned, Mom and Dad arrived home two days before Easter, and it was decided that Ruth would stay on through the holiday. I was very glad to see them again, but I also feared that somehow they would find out how I had been dressed while they were gone. Discreetly, in the presence of my parents, Ruth toyed with exposing my bra and panties. She kept admonishing me to tuck my shirt in as she grabbed me and tucked it in herself. Naturally, she took the opportunity to run her fingers down inside my pants and over the silky nylon of my panties. When no one was looking, she'd even run her hand all the way down my pants and give my cock a couple of teasing strokes through my panties. She also liked to snap the strap on my bra or the elastic on my panties when no one was looking. She'd grab the elastic right through my clothes and let it snap. Mom or Dad would turn around and wonder where the noise came from.

I really thought she was going to expose me when, on the day after my folks came home, she went out and bought me some new panties and a padded teen bra. She came home with her purchases and plopped them down on the living room coffee table in front of my parents and me. I knew that they were for me because they were too small for her.

Mom noticed it right away too as Ruth held each item up to show everyone. When Mom asked whether or not they were too small, Ruth simply said that she liked them tight.

I just about died on the spot when she added, "Oh well, if they're too small for me, I'll just give them to Johnny!"

"You'd love to wear pretty panties like these, wouldn't you?" she teased.

As she said that, she walked across the room and holding a blushing pink pair of the new panties up. She laughed as I backed away in horror. Mom snickered, and Dad looked on with scorn.

That night, Ruth gave me the newly purchased lingerie, saying it was a gift from her to me so I'd have a supply to wear after she had gone. Then, we talked for a long time. I couldn't believe it when she told me that she wanted me to tell my parents about my love for panties and other girls' clothes. After begging, arguing, and pleading not to make me do it, she said that I had to tell my parents otherwise she would show them a pair of her pink panties loaded with my cum that she had saved to blackmail me with. Moreover, she added that if I didn't tell them, she would never speak to me again and never visit our house. She insisted that it would be a good test of my love for her. By exposing myself to my parents, I would prove to her that I was willing to do anything for her. She also added, that after I told my folks, they would probably go along with my love of lingerie and let me wear them all the time! Ruth did leave it up to me as to how to tell them.

I kept going back to Ruth asking her to reconsider, but she refused to talk about it. She'd just give me a cold look and keep her distance from me. She was giving me a little taste of what life would be like without her, and I couldn't stand it.

That night it took me a while to fall asleep, but I finally drifted off, totally exhausted from all the tension I had endured that day, worrying about telling my parents about my desire to wear lingerie!

In the morning, my fears returned: What would my parents say? Would they disown me? Would they laugh and make fun of me? Would they send me off to a nut house? Every possible way that they might react to my fetish, I reviewed in my mind. I felt that under no circumstances would they accept me in girls' clothes. I only could see them having a negative reaction.

Their reaction would be bad enough, but how was I even going to get up the nerve to tell them? Should I just tell my mother, and then, leave it up to her to tell my father? Or, shouldn't I say a word about it, and instead, just leave some of my pictures dressed in girls' clothes somewhere where they would find them? Or, should I wear a pair of my gym shorts and let the lacy edge of my panties peek out from beneath the leg opening? Or, should I leave some panties in a place in my room where my mother would find them, like under my pillow? She would definitely see them when she made my bed in the morning.

Lying in my bed with my eyes closed, letting those thoughts go through my mind, I didn't hear Ruth enter. But I nearly jumped from the bed when she started stroking my morning hard-on through the fabric of the panties I had on.

Then just as quickly, she stopped toying with me and reminded me that I had promised to tell my parents that day. She said she wasn't going to talk to me until I told them. Then, she turned and walked out of the room.

I tried to go back to sleep, but the wheels of my mind keep turning as I thought about what I had promised to do.

Mother called to me to get up.

When I yelled back that I was still tired and wanted to go back to sleep, she demanded that I get up immediately.

I dragged myself out of bed and pulled on a T-shirt. Then I put on a pair of gym shorts over my satiny, beribboned panties and headed downstairs for breakfast.

Mom seemed to be in a bitchy mood. Everything she said to me was biting. Generally, Mom was always very up and cheery, especially in the morning. Her bad mood was only going to make it more difficult to tell her.

Tell her! What was I saying to myself? I looked at her across the table. I couldn't tell her. Ever! I just knew that I couldn't do it. I wanted to cry on the spot because I knew that if I didn't tell my parents, Ruth would never speak to me again. And, I knew she meant it. And, holy shit! My father! I knew I'd rather die than have him know about my love for girlish things. Life was impossible.

I decided that I would try again to get Ruth to reconsider. I needed to get her alone and talk to her. I asked Mom if I could go with Ruth to the new sci-fi film playing downtown.

Mom refused and told me to stay around the house because my father was out doing some errands, and he wanted to talk to me about my plans for the summer when he got back home.

I tried to corner Ruth so I could talk to her. I had to be released from this promise, but she avoided me and would only let me near her when my mother was around.

It was close to lunchtime by the time Dad got home. He told all of us to join him in the living room. When we entered, he motioned for me to stand next to him. Not knowing what to expect, I did as he wanted.

Then, Dad looked directly at me with a mean and disgusted expression and asked, "Johnny-boy, how long have you been wearing panties?"

I had been staring directly into my father's eyes before he asked that question, but when he did ask it, I immediately looked away. Caught in a tailspin of emotion, tears welled up in my eyes and blocked my vision. Shaking all over, I lowered my head and kept sobbing, "No."

Dad began on a tirade.

"What do you mean, 'no'?" Are you trying to tell me you don't know what I'm talking about? Well, listen up, sissy. Your mother went to tuck you in last night, and when she pulled back the covers, there you were wearing nothing but a disgusting little pair of lace panties. Girls' pink panties! Now what in the hell is going on here?"

Through my tears, I sobbed over and over, "I'm sorry. I'm sorry."

"What do you mean, 'I'm sorry?'" Dad continued.

"Do you mean 'you're sorry' for being a sissy? Huh? Or do you mean you are a sorry excuse for a boy?"

"That I can agree with. Hell, You're not worthy of being called a boy! Well, maybe a Nancy-boy! God damned little pantywaist! Faggot! Is that more like it? My son a sissy! Huh, you're nothing but a candy ass, panty-wearing pansy!"

I was on my knees begging forgiveness through my moans and tears, but he wasn't listening.

"When, your mother called me into your room last night and showed me that you were wearing those disgusting pink panties, I wanted to yank you out of bed and beat the shit out of you then and there, but she held me back. She said there must be some kind of explanation. Well, now tell me, is there an explanation?"

I just shook my head "no" and cried.

"I thought as much," he yelled.

"Get ready for a spanking," he screamed as he was already hauling me over his lap. I tried to grab his hand away as he took hold of my gym shorts and began to lower them, but he easily pulled my hands away and yanked down my shorts, exposing the pink panties that I was wearing.

A moment of silence filled the room. I could feel everyone's eyes staring at my pantied behind. Dad let out a grunt as he broke the silence and began to spank me with vengeance. In his mind, I had betrayed my manhood, and he was going to give me the thrashing of my life. And, he did. The spanking went on and on. I couldn't believe he was only using his hand. Each crack was harder the one before. The fragile panties were teased back and forth on my burning bottom by the pressure of my father's stinging blows. He continued the loud and painful spanking until my bottom was sprouting blisters.

When he finished, he didn't let me off of his lap right away. Instead, he reached under my hips and pinched my penis through the soft panties.

"What in the hell do you have one of these things for?" he mocked. "You don't deserve to have a dick."

His hand was still on my penis. He jiggled it back and forth. From the friction, it started to grow in his hand. He harshly rubbed it faster and harder. He wanked it painfully hard. I tried to pull away from him, but he only laughed and gave me another swat across the backside. Finally, he shoved me to the floor.

At that point my mother told him that he was being too rough with me. She took me and hugged me in her arms. Her delicate hands comforted me as she rubbed them over my burning, panty-covered buns. I moaned and jumped as she massaged my cheeks through the thin nylon, so instead, she stroked the nylon panties over the small of my back and with an absentminded nonchalance, she playfully flicked her fingernails over the edge of the waist elastic against my back -- snap, snap, snap!

It took me fifteen minutes to quiet down. In complete submission, I tried to sit still as my father and mother talked to me. They wanted to know everything about the panties. I told them everything, but I did try to protect Ruth. No sense blaming her for anything. It wouldn't change my fate, and besides, I thought I might come off like some kind of hero to her for letting my parents know that it was my idea, and that I wanted to wear panties and other girls' things. Dad's rough, abusive spanking actually gave me a lot of nerve. In my own sissy way, I stood up to my father and let him know I didn't care what he thought; I would do whatever I pleased.

When, I told them about the shopping expedition with Ruth and buying the Easter dress, they wanted to see it. I was forced to model the complete outfit for their benefit at which time Dad told me I was a total disappointment to him. Then he stormed out of the house. Later I found out he went to my Uncle Joe's. He stayed there on and off for about six weeks. Finally, he completely moved out, saying he couldn't bear to have a sissy for a son.

Mom cried a lot over everything. She was very confused by it all. Cousin Ruth stayed on with us, helping Mom adjust. Ruth did finally tell Mom the whole story, from the time I had stolen her panties until they came home. Mom eventually adjusted. It was obvious that she loved me as her child regardless of what I wanted to do with my life. She even agreed to let me wear my cherished panties everyday and dress up in my dresses and other pretty clothes at home. I know she was finally accepting of me when she offered to help me learn how to apply my own makeup.

When I woke up on Easter morning, I didn't know what to expect, but Mom went along with Ruth's idea to dress me up in my dress and go to Easter church service. Originally this had been planned as a punishment for me, but now I looked forward to it. Moreover, I couldn't hide that fact from them. They did let me wear the matching jacket and one of Ruth's full-length slips under the dress to hide my lingerie, and thankfully, they took me to services across town to a church where no one knew who we were.

That was the beginning of my life as a panty-wearing sissy. So, I think you can understand my mixed feelings whenever Easter rolls around. After that, my cousin Ruth became a frequent visitor, and we shared a lot of happy days together. Mom found a long-lost daughter in me and seemed to love me all the more for my girlish side once she got over the shock of the moment. Dad tolerated my existence, and eventually, he even moved back home. But I remained a threat



to his masculinity. Probably for his own sanity, he persisted in teasing me. At times, he was quite provocative in that. He'd do things like grab my balls through my silk panties and make snide remarks about my puny manhood. Thankfully, Mom did keep him in check by threatening to throw him out of the house whenever he got too abusive with me. My experiences that followed over the years would make for a very interesting book. Perhaps, someday, I'll sit down in my baby dolls and bunny slippers and write it!

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Here's that faded old Polaroid pic of me  
in pearls and the hated Easter dress!

**Son Pilfers Panties**

My husband and I have a wonderful son, a high school senior, whose only major flaw seems to be an abnormal liking for girls' lingerie. This first came to our attention about a month ago when I discovered several pairs of his sister's nylon panties hidden under his sweaters in one of his dresser drawers. Worse yet, it was apparent that he had been wearing them and masturbating in them.

After confronting him with several pairs of those stained panties, he cried and promised us solemnly that he would immediately discontinue this unhealthy and unmanly practice. However, although he has stopped pilfering his sister's panties, it has now become evident that he is obtaining panties from some other source because I found several pairs of panties hidden in his room, and they didn't belong to his sister.

Since he has no serious girlfriend, our fear is that he is stealing the panties from neighborhood clotheslines because three days ago, a lady who lives two doors down from us called me. She said she was having lingerie stolen off her wash line and wondered if anyone else in the area was having the same problem. I didn't say anything to her, but in my heart I knew it was probably our son, Jason.

I discussed our problem with my older sister, Mildred, who has raised three sons of her own. She suggested that perhaps the best way to handle my son's fondness for girl's panties would be to stop embarrassing and criticizing him. She believes we should buy him obtain some panties of his own and encourage him to wear them openly, without fear or guilt.

My husband, who was shocked at her suggestion, feels that would only reinforce the perversion rather than break him of it. However, he has agreed to my writing to you and has promised to keep an open mind. We both love our son very much and are so terribly concerned about him. Please tell us what we should be doing to help him.

Ms. A. S.,  
New Mexico

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## **A Well-Brought Up Pansy**

Dear Princess,

I'm a pussy boy, and I love it! I love serving females. I was brought up in a household where my mother ruled the family. She demanded and got most everything her way. Some of the kids I ran around with had demanding mothers too, but unlike any other family I knew, my mom's rule extended over Dad as well as my brother and two sisters.

As far back as I can remember, Mom trained my sisters to be just like her. She gave them authority over both my brother and me. They were even given a lot of power over Dad!

Cathie was the oldest. I was a year younger. My brother, Bobbie, was two years younger than me, and Tina was two years younger than Bobbie and the baby of the family.

We blended in with all the other so-called normal families in our quiet Columbus, Ohio, suburban neighborhood. My sisters were in Girl Scouts, my brother was a Campfire Boy, and I was a Boy Scout. At school, we were pretty good students. Mom demanded it!

Mom and Dad were active in community organizations, our school's PTA and our country club. Some of our friends and neighbors may have had their suspicions; however, I'm sure most of them had no idea how thoroughly the females ruled the males in our house. Occasionally, even in public, my brother and I would be bullied by our sisters or punished by Mom, but such actions were consistent with what other mothers and bitchy sisters did.

Dad's control was limited to overseeing my brother and me, providing whatever he wanted didn't conflict with anything any of the females of the house wanted. I knew we were different. I

watched typical families on television and saw what went on in my friends' homes, but I didn't mind that Mom and the girls had the last word in our house. Having been brought up that way, I guess I just got used to it.

In fact, in many ways, I thought we were better off than many other families. Most of my friends' parents either had been divorced or were constantly fighting. A lot of them didn't seem to be very happy. But in our house, happiness abounded. Our friends and neighbors were always remarking about how well we got along as a family.

To many people, the description "female-dominated household" conjures up images of a hellish prison for males run by crazed females clad in leather and high heels, swinging whips and chains. On the contrary, our home simmered with love and normalcy. Mom was as warm as an old-fashioned comforter and as sweet as homemade rock candy. Her dominance tended to be gentle and coercing, a very feminine way of taking charge. Her talons were never extended more than they had to be.

Of course, whether at home or in public, the ruling hierarchy prevailed. Sometimes it was difficult to give into my sister in front of my friends, and sometimes Dad came across as a henpecked husband, but that was a small price to pay for peace in the family. Other than that, the real difference in our family came in the way things were done at home.

From the time I was a baby, I really was expected to do as my sisters wished. Of course I did not always do so and was spanked or punished in other ways whenever I got out of line. Mom didn't want Bobbie and me to be just a couple of idiot slaves whose only purpose in life was doing her bidding. She wanted us to grow up well educated, happy and successful but also like Dad who was completely submissive to her wishes.

Most of the time things went along smoothly, but when Mom wanted to do one thing and Dad wanted to do something else, Mom got her way unless Dad could respectfully and meekly persuade her differently. But everyone in our family knew, 99 out of 100 times, without making a big deal about it, Mom got what she wanted. The differences between the males and females in the family were always emphasized. For example, my mother and sisters wore the prettiest lingerie, always loaded with lace and flowers and frills, and they usually ran around the house in just their pretty underwear. My father, brother and I had really coarse heavy cotton underwear; T-shirts and long johns were our typical attire. The difference between our ugly underwear and the sexy lingerie the females wore was obvious, and they constantly reminded as they teased us about how ugly our underclothes were. They always left their bedroom doors wide open as they got dressed and undressed. After years of that, no wonder I got to admire their clothes and became a panty fetishist.

Mom grew up that way. Her mother controlled her father and brother, and from the start, Mom planned for us kids to grow up the same way. What was it like? For example, whenever one of my sisters wanted to play house and I wanted to watch cartoons, I was expected to give in. All of my sisters could be very bitchy and bossy, but most of the time, they didn't take advantage of my brother and me. In nastiness, Tina was often the worst. She was a little princess who could chop us boys down to size with ease. She especially liked to play dress up with my brother and me.



Bob was six and I was eight the first time it happened. She was bored one day, so Mom suggested she dress us up in some old clothes and have a tea party. Mom didn't mean for her to dress us up in some of our sisters' clothes, but that's how Tina decided to do it. In her eyes, the game was a huge success. Since it was intensely humiliating, Bobbie and I hated to dress in girls' clothes. It was humiliating because we knew what other kids would say about us if they ever found out. Probably because of that reason, Tina made it a game we played with frequency.

As we got older, we wanted to measure up to other boys and be manly, but Tina seemed even more determined to force us to wear frillier and fancier clothes. Mom knew we were embarrassed and didn't want Dad or anyone else to see us like that, so she never let Tina do that to us when either Dad or anyone else was around. Then, one day when I was nine, Dad came home early and saw us all decked out like little baby fairy princesses in fancy party dresses, full petticoats and flouncy pinafores.

We were abased to have Dad see us like that. Instantly, he became enraged. We tried to run away but he grabbed us, pulled us over his lap and spanked us on our lace-trimmed satin panties. (I can still remember the panties we were wearing like it was yesterday! Bobbie's panties were bright robins' egg blue with pink and white bits of lace and ribbons. My panties were a rich shade of yellow with shiny yellow bows and a wide row of white lace around each leg opening.)

When Dad heard us through our tears that it was Tina who had made us dress that way, he grabbed her and yelled at her as he pulled her over his lap next. With tears flowing over our cheeks and dripping onto our girlish dresses, Bobbie and I watched in awe as he started beating on Tina's little bottom as he demanded that she never do something so humiliating to his two sons. Tina was in such fear that she started to wet her little flowered panties.

Because of all the noise, Mom came running downstairs. When she saw what was happening, she screamed at Dad to stop. He stopped immediately. Then she demanded that he "heel" (just like a dog). He didn't hesitate. He went down to the floor and knelt by her feet. She gave him a hard kick in the side and told him to hand her his belt. All the time pleading not to do anything in front of the children, he rapidly unbuckled his belt and handed it to her.

She kicked him again and made him lay flat on the floor. As soon as he did, Mom started beating him all over with his own belt. Dad grunted and groaned each time he was hit. Tears came to his eyes.

Still pouting from being spanked, little six-year-old Tina grinned and taunted Dad as Mom hit him. After the beating, Dad must have been really hurting because he just stayed on the floor moaning and writhing in pain. As Mom continued to lecture Dad, she consoled Tina and told all of us that from that moment on, Tina would have total control over her father, and if he ever again laid a hand on her, for whatever reason, he would be thrown out of the house and she would divorce him. Mom made Dad roll over on his back. We could see he had been crying; huge tears clung to his face. While cuddling with Tina to calm her down, Mom reached under her dress to soothe her sore little bottom. That's when she noticed her pissed-in panties.

Without a moment's hesitation, Mom hoisted Tina's full-skirted dress up high around her waist, exposing her puffy white panties decorated with little pink and blue flowers. We could see the wet stain in her crotch. She told Tina to stand over her daddy's face and sit right down on him in her pissy panties.

Tina started to sit on him but complained that her little bottom was sore and it hurt to sit down. Mom told her that was okay, but told her to keep standing over her father. Then she asked Tina if she had any more pee inside her, and Tina shook her head "yes."

Tina giggled a little through her tears when Mom told her it would be funny to go peepee on her daddy right through her pretty panties while he looked up her skirt.

Egged on by Mom, the situation must have struck Tina as really funny because she started with a nervous laugh then went into gales of laughter. Moments later, still giggling up a storm, she let her little girl piss flood the crotch of her loose-fitting pristine white panties. The steaming piss gushed right through the shiny nylon fabric and poured all over Dad's face.

Mom guided Tina to lean her body to one side and then the other to make the piss go over his eyes, his nose and mouth. Dad was keeping his lips closed, but Mom gave him a swift kick in his side and made him open up to drink in the piss.

Bobbie and I just stared as Dad was forced to swallow Tina's warm piss. We couldn't believe our eyes. One thing for sure: after that day, we never hesitated to follow an order issued by Mom and our sisters.

Once Tina was finished, Mom made Dad clean up the mess on the floor, wash up and change into clean clothes. Bobbie and I had been instructed to stay in our lingerie and dresses. Mom washed our tear-stained faces then went upstairs to help Tina change into fresh clothes.

Before Mom went back to preparing dinner, she called us all into the living room and had us sit on the sofa, Dad in the middle, Bobbie to his left and me to his right. Mom made Dad compliment us on our pretty girls' clothes. She even made him lift our skirts and slips to inspect the fabric, lace trim and elastic bands of our panties.

She made him say that he wanted us to wear girls' panties all the time. That scared Bobbie and me. It was one thing to wear such clothes in the house, but outside, at school and in front of our friends? Just the thought of it made my head ache. I hoped she was just teasing and punishing Dad. I was sure she wouldn't really do such a thing.

Mom told Dad that she liked us in girly clothes and would make a point of dressing us in them frequently. If he didn't like it, he could leave! As a final gesture of submission to her will, she made him rub my penis and balls through my panties with one hand and then made him rub Bob's penis and balls through his panties with his other hand.

With a pantied scrotum in each hand, Mom made him keep on touching us up through those slinky nylon panties. Dad had to keep on doing that to us as we watched television and waited

for dinner to be ready. I don't know about Bobbie, but I couldn't concentrate on TV! Mom kept coming in from the kitchen to check and make sure that Dad was keeping us tensed and teased in our panties.

When it was time for dinner, Mom actually made Dad kneel down in front of us and kiss the tip of Bobbie's penis right through his sissy panties. Then she made him kiss my pantied penis too! I'll never forget how that felt. Nor will I ever forget Dad's tear-stained face. No one had ever kissed me there before. It was weird!

For a long time after that, I didn't understand my feelings in regard to that whole scene, but now I'm convinced that was the night that made both my brother and me into panty fetishists for life.

Dad's humiliation that night truly solidified the power of the females over the males in the house.

Mom was in charge. That was very clear. But when my sisters, brother and I were commanded to act like "other kids" whenever we were outside of the house. During those times, it was refreshing to deal with the females in our household on another level, but my brother and I still had to obey them without question.

Whenever Tina wanted to dress us up, Bobbie and I had to drop whatever we were doing and get ready to join them. If we didn't, we got the strap!

The kids in our neighborhood often wondered why we would stop playing the instant our sisters called us to come inside and play with them, especially since our friends knew (but did not know why) we dreaded playing with our sisters. Our friends didn't suspect that we hated it because our mom was letting the girls dress us and undress us in the most outrageous and feminine clothing, and Bobbie and I weren't about to tell them.

When we would arrive home after being called in, we'd find out what the girls wanted us to do. Many times the four of us played normal games like Monopoly or Go Fish so we boys never knew what we were coming home to. But on those occasions when we were to be their clothes dummies or living dolls, we could tell the minute that we walked in the front door.

Mom would flash us a weird smile and tell us to take a shower before going up to the TV room. We'd usually shower together, dreading the sound of the bathroom door opening because that would be Tina leaving each a bra and panty set to put on after we dried off.

By now, Bobbie and I had our own selection of lingerie that Mom had bought for us. No hand-me-downs! Thank goodness, Mom never made good on her threat to make us wear panties all the time, but she did keep us supplied with stacks of our own dainty lingerie for whenever our sisters wanted to play dress up. At times, she also used to make us wear a bra and panties under our regular boys' clothes for punishment. She liked to use that punishment for what she called 'unmanly' behavior.

Dress-up time almost always lasted for hours. The girls especially liked to play it when Mom and Dad were going out for the evening. At such times we were taken care of by a baby-sitter. Thank

goodness our parents used a professional baby-sitting service and not teenage girls from the neighborhood, who would surely tell everybody what they saw at our house.

But the girls did have to abide by some rules. They were not allowed to physically harm us, and when others were around, they were not allowed to humiliate us without Mom's permission.

One exception: Tina had two very close girlfriends, Darla and Celeste Geocaris. And after many, many requests, Mom let her share with them some of our family secrets. Mom knew the girls and was convinced that they were well on their way to becoming dominant. Mom delighted in helping them in their development. Since Darla and Celeste did not have a brother to work on, Mom thought it would greatly benefit them to practice dominance on Bobbie and me. Mom even let Tina have them over during some of our dress-up games.

Mom assured us otherwise, but still my brother and I were abhorred at their presence because we feared they would tell kids at school and in the neighborhood. Needless to say, we were extremely subservient to those two nasty little bitches! And 'nasty' is a kind adjective to describe them. Darla loved to spank us with a hairbrush and stick things up our asses like sticks, toothbrushes, and any other thing she could find. Celeste loved to pinch our pantied balls, so you can imagine how cowered and abused we were whenever they were around.

Whenever Dad knew we were in for one of those dress-up sessions, he'd just give us a sad grin and say something about being good and minding the women. He usually followed that up with a promise to take us out real soon for some kind of boy stuff like going fishing or to a basketball game, as if he was trying to counteract the girly things we had to endure. Then he'd just sigh and go down to the living room to read the paper.

On "girly days" as we came to call them, after showering and dressing in our snappy training bras and dinky ass panties, Bobbie and I would swish up to the TV room. Mom and the girls would be there. (Mom's order: We had to walk with limp wrists and sashay back and forth whenever we were in our lingerie.) In the TV room, the girls usually had four or five dresses for each of us to try on, plus a supply of matching lace panties, padded bras, slips, nylons and girlish shoes. (Tina loved to see us plopping around in Mom's old high-heeled shoes.) Sometimes there would be just stacks of panties, slips and other delicate underthings if they wanted a lingerie fashion show.

Bobbie and I especially hated to model panties because we'd have to change from one pair to another in front of our sisters. No matter how many times we had to appear naked before them, it was embarrassing, especially when our peters would get rubbery or even fully hard. That always caused the girls to laugh and point at our "wieners" as they liked to call them. Mom didn't see any harm in their teasing and girlish giggles.

Mom was always very open about discussing sex with us kids, but when it came to looking, the girls could look at us boys but we couldn't look at them. Mom encouraged the girls to ask questions and even let them inspect our private parts to more fully understand how boys' bodies worked. Bobbie and I hated to be used as models for their anatomy and physiology lessons, but

what we wanted made little difference. Occasionally even Dad was used in those demonstrations!

On one such occasion, Tina wanted to know what made a boy's penis get hard and Cathie wanted to know about the relationship between the size of a soft and a hard penis. I was going through a particularly sensitive period at the time and dreaded appearing nude before my mother and sisters but I knew better than to object when we were told to get ready to show the girls how our equipment worked. To object to their handling would mean a spanking, probably having to go without dinner and heaven knows what else would be added.

As the girls smirked and giggled their way through their questions, I became very self-conscious. I tried to cover my crotch with my hands. Bob stood there complaining about being cold. He asked Mom if he could put on one of the dresses. She told him just to be still for a moment. Mom came over to me, pulled my hands away from my privates and made me stand next to Bob. She explained to the girls that each boy's penis was slightly different in size and shape just like each girl has breasts that are slightly different in size and shape from other girls.

Mom made Bobbie and me hold hands as she eased our silken panties down and neatly nestled them beneath our boyish equipment. Being older, my penis was bigger. Mom stood us close together and held our penises side by side. She had the girls compare and contrast them. I felt like an exhibit in a museum. Beneath the bright ceiling light, with our sisters' faces so close to our genitalia that we could feel the air they exhaled, Mom lectured to them about boys' penises as she twisted, pushed and pulled on our developing bits of manhood.

Then the worst thing happened. Tina wanted to see how a penis got erect. Mom explained that there are two ways boys get erections: by mental stimulation or by manual stimulation. Tina asked how old a boy had to be before he could get an erection. Cathie laughed and told her that even baby boys got erections. She said she had seen it many times while baby-sitting and changing the diapers for the Neilson's little baby boy.

When Cathie asked if Mom would demonstrate how a penis got hard for Tina's sake, I almost died.

She then had Bobbie and me stroke each other's penis, giving us instructions all along the way. Soon, we were both hard (for little boys). Mom made it even more humiliating as she had the girls get rulers to measure us. All that intimate handling brought me to the edge of tears. Fortunately that was the end of the sex education class for that night. We were allowed to pull up our panties and the girls dressed us in some dancewear outfits Cathie had long ago packed away.

And for the rest of that evening, they called Bobbie and me by our penis length and not by our names! Bobbie was 2 1/2, and I was 4! Mom and Dad were going out that night so when Juanita, our sitter, arrived, she saw us decked out in our girlie clothes. I was dressed in a 1950s poodle skirt and Bobbie was a ballerina with a little tutu. Juanita had often seen us in such outfits so she just greeted us with one of her usual 'shame-on-you' shit-eating grins. And when the girls called us by our numbers, Juanita wanted to know what the numbers meant. When they told her, she

blushed but laughed wildly. She did comment that those were very small numbers for a penis size!

Of course growing up in such an environment resulted in hundreds of such incidents. I'll write again and tell you more. Concerning my current family situation: My wife was completely aware of my upbringing from the start and fully approved of it. She never tires of hearing about it. We have twin seven-year-old boys. Except for a costume party when they were five years old, the boys have never been dressed up completely in girls' clothing, (even though they seemed to have loved it). However, my wife does make them wear frilly pink panties for spankings whenever they are naughty.

Tim  
West Hartford

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**"Wow, I can see her panties!"**

**"Holy shit! Look between her legs!"**

**"Hey, lady! Your balls are showing!"**

**"Well, if you got 'em, flaunt 'em!"**

**The end of Inside Girls' Panties #4**

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