

INSIDE

Girls Panties

No. 12



Adults Only

*"So from the back, how can you tell if you're looking at a boy or a girl?"
"If you like pantied asses and it looks good, why do you care?"*

If you like old-fashioned nylon panties, you'll love the pictures and stories from unpublished, original sources, out-of-print publications, and Internet sources that our pantywaist readers sent to us when we asked them for copies of their favorite panty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

Since 1981

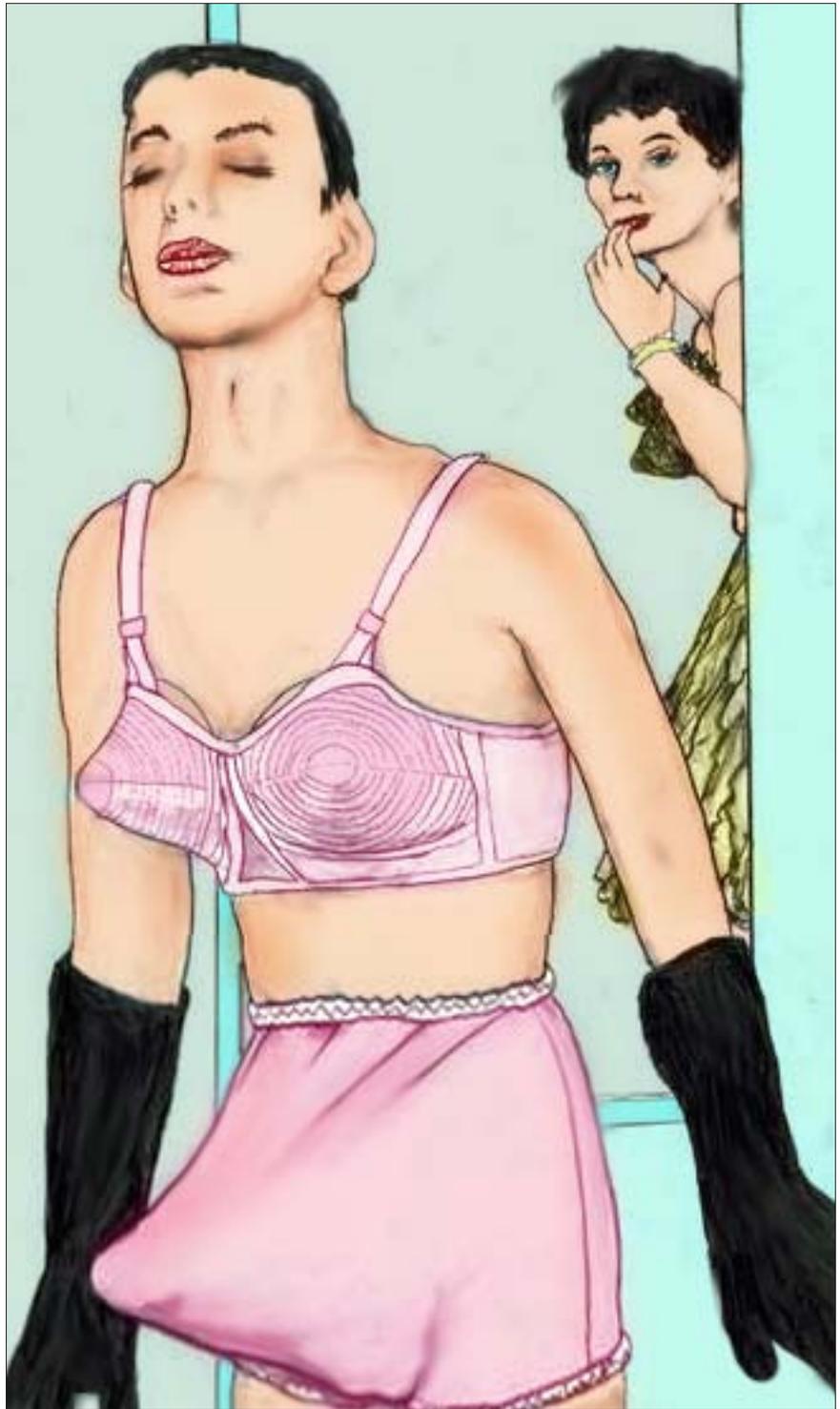
A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION

Under Strict Feminine Control

You mustn't think only modern liberated women put men in their place. My husband has been under my thumb for years, and that's where he should be. It wasn't always like that. When we got married, he assumed I'd be his unpaid serf. Well, he was attracted to my thick black curls and lusted after my figure, so I used my sex appeal against him.

How did I do it? I took charge of our sex life from our honeymoon. If he wanted me, he had to do what I told him. At first, he just had to go down on his knees and beg, kiss my shoes and adore me, and generally please me and obey my little whims. Later on, his training began in earnest. Now I'm the lady wife. William turns over his check to me every payday. Since he is the head loan officer at a big bank, I live in comfort. Of course, his success is all due to me. Whenever he succeeded, I gave him a night in bed to remember, and whenever he failed, it was over my knee for a good, hard spanking or paddling. Naturally, he wears my panties to work, with my name embroidered on them. This reminds him that he's always under his lady wife's control, and also stops him from chasing the secretaries.

When he comes home, it's now a complete petticoat regime. Off comes his suit, and on go a blouse, stockings, petticoat, skirt and ladies' shoes. A man is much more obedient and docile when he's kept in skirts. He spends the evening listening to what I have to say, cooking dinner, washing up, and entertaining me in any way I so choose. If he's suitably submissive, I might let him make love to me; however, he I demand that he wears a bra and panties whenever he makes love to me. No nudity for him, he has to slip his penis out of the lacy leg opening



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of his panties if he wants to fuck me. And as he humps me, I call him every sissy name in the book and snap his bra and panty elastics and massage his silk pantied butt as he thrusts to please me. I enjoy making him humiliate himself in front of me. It gives me an absolutely super feeling of power.

About the house, whenever he displeases me, it's his skirt and petticoat up, panties down and over my knee for a sound spanking. After that, he stands in the corner, head down, hands behind back, and I give him a lecture, and I can be quite brutal in my cutting comments toward him. He'll stay there as long as I jolly well please. Then I demand a well-executed curtsy, and after that, he can kiss my pantied ass and beg to be forgiven. He's well-behaved these days.

William wears male clothes when we go out, though with frilly panties on underneath. About once every eight weeks, I take him on a shopping expedition. He always has to walk behind me and I feel a thrill as I enter a ladies' lingerie shop. I deliberately talk in a very loud voice. No one knows if the panties and petticoats are for him or for me, but I've noted the curiosity with which the salesladies and lady customers regard my embarrassed husband, and I'm sure they suspect. In dress shops, I hold dresses and skirts up against him, which always makes the other women giggle. Am I joking or not? They wonder. Meanwhile, my dominated little pet is bright red and squirming.

If only the people at his work would know! That's my one complaint. I've always wanted to demonstrate my complete control to other woman, especially women in his office, but I never have. I realize such treatment would probably cost him his job, if not his entire banking career, so I'm not stupid. But I might consider doing something like that at his retirement party in a few years! Oh, everybody knows who's in charge in our marriage, including the people he works with, but I've never gone as far as public petticoating or punishment. So I have to be satisfied with dropping hints to people and leaving it at that.

A few days ago, I caught my husband leering at a strikingly pretty girl we passed in the park. So loud enough for her to hear, I yelled at him, "You dumb little sissy! Staring at that poor girl! I'll be giving you a good spanking the moment we get home. Then you'll be wearing a bra, panties and dresses for the week." The girl burst out laughing and gave me 'thumbs up!'

At parties with my friends, he's on a very tight rein as I have him dancing like a little puppet attending to everything and getting everyone drinks. I always make him wear a pretty pink pinafore-style apron over his men's clothes. I've explained to my friends that he has to wear it around the house because the plain white apron I had for him he had used in his basement workshop and got grease stains on it that wouldn't wash out, so to punish him, I bought him this ruffled girly apron. All of my girlfriends agree it is a suitable punishment and I know they all envy the power I have over him, especially since he is a very powerful businessman and a community leader. So, of course, they know I have him well trained. If only they knew how well! I do keep threatening him

by saying I would like to plan a party with all my female friends bringing their husbands or boyfriends and expose him in panties and dresses – that really gets my sissy husband's attention and a plea from him to do anything but be seen by other men!

Boys Trained Through Panty Play

"Oh, hi, Nellie do come in. And I'm delighted to see you too, Kurt, come over here and give me a big hug." Kurt is clutching his favorite toy, his Bart Simpson doll. As soon as they enter, Terra hugs her friend and then plants a ton of little kisses on Kurt's cheeks and hugs him tightly as she discreetly slips her fingers down the back of his shorts until they come in contact with the silky nylon panties the boy has on underneath. She playfully snaps the surprised boy's panty waist elastic and that sends the kid cowering into his mother's skirts. Terra says, "I see you have him in panties today. Excellent. She looks to the blushing boy and says, "I'll bet your panties are really pretty. We'll have to have a good look at them later, won't we?" The women laugh and then she turns and calls down the hallway to her ten-year-old daughter, "Mary Lou, they're here. Come and say hello to Mrs. Thurston and your little friend, Kurt."

Mary Lou doesn't run; she walks like the little lady she is as she approaches. "Hi, Mrs. Thurston. Hi, Kurt. I'm glad you brought your doll; I'll show you some new fun ways to play with him. Mommy, is it OK if we go to my room and play dress up?"

"Now, don't be coy, darling. You know that's why they're here."

Mary Lou takes the boy's hand and runs off with him to her room. And she does run this time as she can't contain her excitement with a real live boy to play with! He drags his feet and looks longingly back at his mother who waves a goodbye to him.

Terra gets Nellie settled in the parlor and then brings in a pot of tea and tray of cookies. After several minutes of girlish small talk, Nellie says, "I'm so happy to be here. It's so oppressive at home. Ralph has this recent need to control our every move. Don't get me wrong, he's basically a good man and usually will do anything for me and Kurt; he loves us completely, but he's been so restless over the past few weeks with his new oil fields starting to come in over in Australia. But his obligations here have kept him from going over there to handle everything personally and he's been taking it out on us. I guess he needs to dominate something or someone since he can't control things over there like he wants. But what makes it even worse is his mother with how she watches over us like a policeman. Since Ralph's dad died two months ago and the old witch moved in, I have very little private play time with Kurt. That's why we love coming over here."

"So Kurt has gotten to love coming here too?" Terra asks. "Last time he was here, he went home in tears ..."



"Ladies, here's girl-boy Kurt. I let him wear this pale blue denim skirt and top because he is still a boy and we all know blue is for boys. But he has nice pink panties on underneath to remind him he is a girl under it all. We're here to give you a panty fashion show, starting with," as she points to his tummy, "his pink panties peeping out between the waistband of his skirt and the bottom of his top."

"Oh, yes, but following your suggestions, I think I've brought him a really long way! Yes, he was so hesitant at first and he cried a lot, but he really loves the few private moments we do manage to have together at home when the old witch is out shopping feeding her hoarding fetish. If she buys Ralph another fucking silk tie or expensive sweater I think I'll die. He doesn't even wear them all that often. Thank goodness we have unlimited money so at least her spending sprees aren't a financial burden."

Terra smiles and then asks, "Speaking of fetishes, detail for me your progress panty training your dear little nine-year-old boy."

"Oh, he loves his panties! It's so amazing the things you and your little Mary Lou have taught him, and I've now got him to go to the next level. He actually runs to me and asks me to panty him just as soon as both his daddy and the old witch are out of the house. It is a bit of a project keeping his panties hidden away until I have a chance to get them out and I get him into them for a training session. Terra, I don't know what I'd do, how I'd explain it if the old witch ever found my stash of little girl panties for him. She's into everything with no regard for a person's privacy."

"I'm getting him hooked on his little dry cums in his panties, but he wants to do it slowly and lovingly, which is nice but we rarely have that kind of time alone, so I want to get my feminizing messages deep into his brain, quickly. Many times we have to stop because I fear one of them coming home unexpectedly."

"Too bad you don't have the time to come over here more often. Your son is at the point where he needs a good, long intensive training period. I think it's time for a little shock therapy to his brain. When the kids come out, I'll show you what I mean."

Nellie grinned happily and says, "I'd love to see that. I need some more ideas. Oh, and another thing, I have good news about us being able to come over here..." But just then, the women are interrupted as Mary Lou comes back into the room with Kurt in tow. They are both wearing gaudy little girl dress-up outfits like they are going to a costume party. Mary Lou is in a bold red and white flowered dress and Kurt is in a blonde wig and a denim skirt and vest top. Both children are wearing girly anklets with a huge row of lace around the tops of those socks. Kurt has on a pair of her pink patent leather Mary Janes and he is holding his beloved Bart Simpson doll -- holding the doll by the crotch like he's grabbing onto the doll's penis! Mary Lou takes a bow to take credit for the boy's transformation. Mary Lou is also carrying a stack of pretty panties. She announces, "Ladies, here is girl-boy Kurt. I let him wear this pale blue denim skirt and top because he is still a boy and we all know blue is for boys. But he has nice pink panties on underneath to remind him that he is a girl under it all. We're here to give you a panty fashion show, starting with," and she points to his tummy, "his pink panties peeping out between the waistband of his skirt and the bottom edge of his jeans top."

Both women lean forward, and sure enough, they can see the dainty waistband and a bit of his pink nylon panties. "I just taught girly-boy Kurt fun little sex things he can do with his Bart doll."

Maybe I'll have him give you a demonstration later. Right now, I want him to do a curtsy for you. Go ahead, prissy boy."

Kurt bashfully grins, hesitates a bit as he carefully places one foot in front of the other and then does a wobbly curtsy. The women laugh. "Kurt!" Mary Lou yells, "Now do it exactly like I showed you. Get that dress up high! We all want to see your panties." He blushes a deeper red, but nods and pulls his skirt almost all the way up to his chin and does another less than perfect, slightly wobbly but very cute curtsy. The women applaud his utterly feminine, very garishly decorated girly pink rhumba panties.

Despite the ruffled lace covering most of these sweet panties, Kurt's tiny nine-year-old penis is hard and pointing skyward inside the panties. He's red-faced but smiling happily. Nellie walks right over to her friend's little boy, hugs him and immediately and violently molests him in his panties. With one hand she starts jacking vigorously on his penis through the panties. "Kurt, are you a girl or a panty boy? Are you a girl or a panty boy?" she asks repeatedly. He's limp in her arms; he wants to answer but he's too shocked to say anything. She then puts her other hand on his ruffled pantied bottom, wiggles her fingers a bit to shove apart his butt cheeks and then thrusts the silken panties deep between those cheeks as she panty tickles the startled kid's asshole. With her fingers in front a blur as she aggressively and rapidly jacks on his pantied dick, she keeps talking to him, "You're a panty boy and you want to be a girl; you're a silly little panty boy and you want to be a girl, a girl so you can wear panties all the time, show them to your daddy and show them to your grandmother, make her love you in your panties so much that she takes you shopping every day for more and more panties." The preteen kid yelps in a weird mix of pain and pleasure as he cums violently -- a dry cum, but a very satisfying and totally depleting cum nevertheless.

Even Nellie is startled by the speed and intensity of the attack and is now gazing at the result: Kurt's limp body stretched out on the loveseat where Terra has deposited him after his bone-rattling cum. "See, Nellie, that's how you have to do it once in a while. Attack you pantied son when he least expects it, fast and hard. If you do that just a few times, his befuddled little brain will be constantly wondering if and when you'll do it again. He won't have room left in his head to think about boy things or anything except the possibility of being panty raped. It's like those stupid republicans and the idiot NRA nuts scaring racist gun lovers to such a degree that they can no longer think about reasonable gun control and only become determined to take more money out of the family food budget so they can buy more guns and ammo! It's a crude approach but it works on a boy's mind the same way. It's the latest panty training technique the ladies in my club are recommending." Nellie just nods accepting what she's hearing.

Little Mary Lou then goes over to Kurt still prone on the couch and grabs his tenderized penis through his panties. His body reacts with a jolt. He looks at her with pleading eyes. Mary Lou now follows up her mother's sex attack as she asks, "So, Kurt, are you a girl or a panty boy?" He groans. A little tear drips from each of his wild-looking eyes. He squeals through his heavy breathing

to say, haltingly, "I'm a ... a panty, panty boy ... I want to be a girl." The little girl laughs, her mother laughs and then his mother laughs. With everyone laughing, Kurt looks at all of them and smiles too. "See, Nellie," Terra says, "You now have one very happy panty boy! Probably very worried too -- worried he might be panty attacked again at any moment. That's exactly where you want him to be. Do this to him often at home and you'll make amazing progress. It's quick; it teaches him lessons and it has long-lasting benefits. Now, before we were interrupted you said you had some news to tell."

"Yes, I do," Nellie says, as she pauses to catch her breath and organize her thoughts after witnessing that amazing demonstration that left her with a rich moistness in her own panties, a wetness now turning into a cold but exciting ickiness. She takes another big intake of air and then says, "Well, next week, Ralph is going to Australia for five weeks to help develop his new oil field." She then goes over to her son who is now sitting up on the loveseat, sits down next to him, and holds him through his panties. As she flicks the ruffles on the side of his lacy rumba panties with one hand she uses her other hand to gently caress his battered penis through the panties as she says, "Yes, dear, daddy is leaving next week, and then we can play panty games all the time, and you can even play dress up and be mommy's sissy at home for the whole time. What do you think of that, Kurt? Won't that be nice?"

The timid kid looks up at her and blinks repeatedly, probably unsure what to say. But his mother is reading his mind. "And an even better bit of the news, he's taking grandma with him for the whole time." Nellie turns and explains to Terra and her daughter, "You see, Ralph's family is originally from Australia some forty years ago, so the old witch pushed on my husband to go along to visit their many relatives that still live there."

Terra then says, "How great! Maybe you and Kurt would love to move in with us during that time. With the three of us training Kurt full-time, his daddy won't even recognize him when they get back." She looks at Kurt. "So, panty boy, what do you think about your daddy going away for all that time? Think about all the fun we can have doing girly things together?"

Kurt offered a weak smile and nodded his head. Nellie said, "I have a better idea. Why don't you and Mary Lou move in with us? We live in such a big house and we have the whole staff to wait on us hand and foot. And don't worry about the staff; they're all loyal to me. I hired them all and I'm sure they already know how I am panty training Kurt. Besides, they hate the old witch, ever since she moved in last May, she's wanted to fire every one of them at one point or another, but since Ralph lets me be in full charge of the staff, she can't do a thing about it. I think Ralph is getting kind of fed up with his mother living with us too. He's already had her move into the far end of the left wing of the house. He told her he needed to have repairs done to her room, but I know it's just to minimize how much he has to deal with her. And when they get back from Australia, if all goes well, the old witch will have to accept Kurt as a flaming panty boy or she can leave.

"Ralph I can handle as long as we can get Kurt to the point where he has the courage to tell his father that he's a panty boy and wants to be a girl. Ralph will give me a hard time about it, making sure I'm not pushing the boy into it, but if Kurt can convince his daddy on his own, Ralph will do absolutely anything he believes the boy really wants -- no matter how outlandish. I've seen him do many crazy things before for the boy that I never thought he would do -- like the time Kurt wanted to be an angel in the Christmas pageant at church even though we all knew the minister running the show is a queer child molester -- and we knew because my husband paid off the cops to keep the scandal quiet for the church and keep that creepy minister out of jail! So our work is cut out for us. Do you think we can get that done within five weeks?"

Nellie answers, "Well, if all we have to do is train Kurt to that point that will be easy. And moving in with you would be great. I just want to be there when your little Kurt comes out in a fancy pink party dress to greet his father and then gets down on bended knee to beg to become a girl."

Granny Pantied at Granny's House

Just after my thirteenth birthday my mom went on a trip with dad for a dentists' convention in St. Louis, so I had to spend the week at my grandparent's house. Aaron, my cousin and their twelve-year-old grandson, was staying with them at the time because his parents couldn't deal with him anymore. He had gotten expelled from school for repeatedly fighting and being abusive to girls and teachers. Aaron was always a bit wild and I knew he had a reputation as a troublemaker, but when I arrived and saw him, he seemed awfully quite and cooperative, doing every little thing granny asked him to do, even setting the table and then putting on a stupid apron and washing the dishes after dinner. But I soon found out why he now was this freakishly good little kid.

After dinner that first day I was there, Aaron and I were goofing around in his bedroom. I didn't think we were making all that much noise, but grandpa appeared and told us to settle down. I didn't heed the warning and I thought it would be fun to start a pillow fight. My cousin was hesitant and begged me not to do it, but I insisted and launched the first pillow and it missed him and hit a Tiffany lamp on the table next to his bed, knocking it to the floor and breaking the glass lamp shade. Grandpa Joe immediately appeared. "Aaron, didn't I just get through telling you to settle down?" he asked and then added, "You're getting a spanking!"

Gramps didn't even ask what had been going on or whose fault it was. Aaron tried to complain that he hadn't done anything wrong -- and he hadn't -- but gramps wasn't listening and he just sat down on the bed and stood Aaron in front of him. I was standing right there watching. He unbuttoned Aaron's pants, pulled them down and then pulled up his T-shirt. Damn! My cousin was wearing a fancy yellow pair of girls' nylon panties. These were a pair of those very high-waisted, old-fashioned little girls' panties with lace on the sides and a couple of satin ribbons



over each of the leg openings. His fat, little butt looked just like a girl's rear end from behind. Grandpa put Aaron across his lap and began to spank him through the panties. I got an immediate hard-on watching him hand smack Aaron's butt over and over. Gramps then gently slid those slinky panties down to my cousin's thighs and resumed spanking him, this time with one of Aaron's bedroom slippers. He kicked and cried. He was being hit really hard. I had never seen a boy my age scream, cry and plead so much. Grandpa must have really been hurting him!

As he helped Aaron off his lap and then pulled up the boy's yellow panties and trousers, he asked me, "OK, Justin, who started this? You or him?" I was so dumbfounded that I couldn't even answer. I just stood there shaking my head 'no,' like I was denying everything. Grandpa said, "I figured as much. It was all this little brat's doing. Then he turned to Aaron, gave him another swat across his now panty-and-pants-covered rear and said, "OK, you bad little boy, go downstairs to your grandma and tell her you need a 'sissy fix' to make you "as good as a little girl." My cousin continued to cry but fearing more quickly ran downstairs. Grandpa told me to follow and see for myself how they are making my cousin be "as good as a little girl."

I wasn't about to refuse, so I too went downstairs to watch whatever was going to happen next. From the sound of voices, I located Aaron just as he said to granny, "I've been a bad boy and need a sissy fix to make me as good as a little girl." I had never heard anything so crazy in my life. It was like a big joke or something but I knew it was no joke. As they marched along to the bathroom, granny looked at me with squinty eyes and said, "You part of this too?" Fearing being spanked too, I answered, "No, I granny, I didn't do anything." Grandpa was right behind me and he said, "Aaron's coming along to see what we do to naughty little boys."

Grandma nodded and resumed leading the procession to the bathroom where she set a few things on the counter and then filled a bag with a squirt of soft soap and some water. Things were looking stranger by the moment as she hung it up on the shower curtain rod and hooked it up to a long tube. Granny sat down on the closed toilet seat and had Aaron stand by her as she took down his trousers. For me it was unsettling to again see him in those shiny yellow panties. As she slid the panties down to his thighs, she said, "Now, boy, aren't you ashamed to let your cousin Justin see that you wear girls' panties because you're not good enough to be a normal boy?" He just cried. Grandma gave his

already bright butt cheeks a spanking with her hand and then with the backside of a hairbrush. I stood there squirming; it was like I could feel his pain. Then she dipped her fingers into an open jar of Vaseline, took a glob of it and shoved it up Aaron's butt hole! "Does it feel good, sissy," she taunted. "Make you feel like a good little girl with your rear pussy being fingerfucked?" He groan from agony or pain and then surprised the Hell out of me when he said, "Oh, granny, I'm so embarrassed that Justin sees me in panties and getting a spanking, but I need to be butt fucked to make me feel like a girl because I want to be as good as a girl." Granny laughed. Grandpa cleared his throat. I looked over at him and he was rubbing his penis through his trousers like he was trying to reposition it to make it more comfortable! He didn't seem to care that I was watching him do it.

Granny greased up the knob on the end of the tube and shoved it up Aaron's butt. "I love it, granny; I love being butt fucked and taking your big enemas. I love my frilly nylon panties. I want to always wear pretty panties. Can you buy me some more pretty panties, nice silky princess ones with a lot of lace and maybe buy me some more girly dresses too?" My grandparents obviously had him very well trained for him to say stuff like that, and it was obvious that they demanded he say such things. Surely, no boy would ever say things like that without being forced to do it.

As the enema flowed into his him, he moaned a lot and frequently breathed in big gulps of air. I figured he was struggling to try and adjust to the soapy water filling him up inside. When she was finished, grandma had him get up and then immediately sit down on the toilet. Grandpa demanded that he hold in the enema even though he was begging to let it go. I never had seen anyone get an enema before then and I was fascinated. Finally, he was given the OK to release it and release it he did! It smelled so bad! Was he was crying from the pain or the shame or finally being able to unload all that shit in front of us? I'm not sure which. Grandpa then told him to stop crying and shut up or he would get another enema. Aaron struggled to stop but I was sure it was pretty hard for him. Luckily, for him, he did stop as grandma and grandpa cleaned him up and then pulled up his panties and trousers. We all quietly watched TV for half an hour and then were sent to get ready for bed. I watched -- still amazed -- as Aaron quickly undressed down to his yellow panties and then he took a little girls' princess T-shirt out of his dresser drawer and put it on.

Just as I was about to open my suitcase and get my pajamas out, grandma and grandpa came into the room. They seemed sweetly concerned about Aaron and asked how he was doing. He told them, "I'm fine now that you have taught me how to behave. I promise to try to keep on doing better. I'll try my best to be as good as a little girl." That stunned me all over again. How could





he say such things! I could never say such things even if someone was shoving burning coals up my butt! Grandma laughed. Granpa cleared his throat again. I could still see he had a big hard on in his trousers. He kept touching it and didn't look as if he cared that I noticed him do it. He then told Aaron to follow him. My cousin got up, started moaning and crying again before either of them even laid a hand on him as he went out quietly somewhere with gramps.

Then granny turned to me. "Justin, we know you're not innocent; we know you started the pillow fight. We saw it all on our closed-circuit TV system that we have to monitor Aaron. We punished him to shame him in front of you because he didn't stop you from throwing that pillow. So now you're in trouble. You told a lie by not admitting you did it, so you need to be punished, don't you?" I was so surprised that they knew everything, knew the truth, so all I could do was shake my head "yes."

Granny went over to my cousin's dresser and took out some things. She motioned with her hand toward me, "Off with your

things, boy." I moved slowly but I did comply. Once I was half undressed she flicked her finger at my shorts indicating for me to take them off too. Then I saw what she was holding up in front of me -- a frilly pair of pink nylon panties. "OK, boy, you're going into nice new girly panties. You don't deserve to be a boy. Your mom told us you've been lying a lot lately and that's why you're here, not just because your parents are on a business trip. Your mom knows of all the success we are having training Aaron so she asked me if we would do the same with you."

My own parents were going to let my grandparents do sissy punishments to me! "But, grandma, please, no panties! I can't wear girls' panties!" She slapped both my thighs a half dozen times with rapid-fire smacks and then with me jumping around from the stings, she said with no sympathy in her voice, "Shut up, boy, and step into your panties or should I have granpa make you put them on -- and believe me, you don't want that!" I quickly held up one foot and she just as quickly threaded the lacy panties up and over that foot and then I held up the other and the panties went flying up my legs. The pink panties seemed to shred my

masculinity as she went up and over my hips and butt. Grandma not very gently yanked them up high on my waist, crushing my boy parts, hurting me and my pride. Then I was over her lap for a spanking on the panties.

"Boy, you're getting spanked on your panties because you need a lesson in lace." As soon as she finished, she slipped one of those silly princess T-shirts over my head and some girly socks on my feet before having me crawl into bed. Soon after, a sullen, still crying Aaron came trotting back into the room with grandpa following close behind. My cousin crawled into the big bed next to me. As we lay there with our backs to each other, grandpa asked us, "OK, boys, how good are you going to be?" Together, Aaron and I answered, "We're going to as good as little girls." I couldn't believe myself! I had actually said it! I felt like such a dolt; I had never before thought about being a girl or even good like a girl but I sure didn't feel worthy of being a boy at that moment. The two of us cried ourselves to sleep. With our backs to each other, he searched out my hand and without words, we held each other's hand as we tried to fall asleep. It didn't seem creepy to hold hands with him. We were both in the same boat and it felt good to hold hands in support of each other. In the morning, I saw a big stain on the back of his yellow panties, but not knowing a lot about sex, I had no idea what it was from.

The week I was there, I got spanked even more than Aaron did, and many times every day, I was promising them I would be "as good as a little girl." What had happened to Aaron when grandpa took him out of the room that time, I don't know, grandpa did take him out like that about a half dozen times while I was there. Each time Aaron would come back crying and with a wet spot on the back of his panties. Did he give him an enema? No, I don't think so. They didn't go into the bathroom. Aaron never told me what went on with grandpa, so I don't know for sure, but now I figure

grandpa fucked my cousin in the ass even though I can't imagine that could have been possible in our very religious family. Yet, each time when grandpa returned, he no longer had a hard on pushing at the front of his pants. And if he was just going to give him another spanking why did he have to take him out of the room? It's hard to think about even now.

Aaron is the son of my mother's sister, Rachel, and today he is one sweet guy. In fact, he's a very sweet guy and very gay! So I guess he turned out "as good as a little girl."

So how did my grandparents get this idea to treat my cousin and me like sissies to make us better behaved? Well, they had done it before. My mother and aunt Rachel have a brother, Mark. Over the years, offhand comments at family get-togethers and things my mom has told me let me know that my uncle Mark had been subjected to the same sissy treatment when he was a boy and back then, my grandparents had gotten the idea from what a neighbor was doing to their son. Another thing I figured out: Those panties and girly clothes they used on my cousin and me -- they were clothes that they had used years before on my uncle Mark! No wonder those panties were very high-waisted panties and the clothes were all so old-fashioned even when we were boys.

At home after that week, mom kept a stack of frilly girls' panties she had gotten from my grandparents in my dresser drawer. She only made me wear them a couple of times; just the threat to make me wear them was enough to make me straighten up. No, I didn't grow up gay. In fact, for several years I hated those panties and would get ill just seeing them in my underwear drawer, so I tried to avoid even looking at them.

Today, I'm not gay, at least I don't consider myself gay, but many people would probably call me strange. One thing I didn't



mention in my story. After each spanking, with both Aaron and me sobbing, we had to stand there while grandpa rubbed soothing lotion on both our bottoms and then on both of our dicks and balls. We would both become aroused all over again as his hand rubbed our penises. It was this entire experience that began a life of fantasies for me. These days I'm a confirmed panty fetishist. I have about two hundred pairs of panties, each of them high-waisted briefs and as frilly as I could find. I constantly think about boys in silky panties and getting spanked. I have four nephews, my younger brother's children. (He was my mom's favorite child and never got punished for anything. He's nine years younger than I am and when he was a teenager, grandpa had already passed away and grandma was pretty sickly, so he never had to go through the sissy punishment that had happened to me.

However, my brother's four boys occasionally spend the weekend with me, and I am tempted to get them into panties. The urge is getting stronger. I've already discreetly brought up the subject of boys wearing girls' clothes and asked them if they ever thought of dressing up as girls for Halloween, and each of them had varying reactions, but none of them were totally against it! I've left pairs of panties out (that I bought for them in each of their size) and left them in drawers where they keep their clothes when they visit. I've set spycams in their bedrooms and all of the boys have at least examined the panties and played with them from time to time, but I have yet to see any of them try on the panties. Now, I'm preoccupied thinking up scenarios in which I can force one or all of them into the panties for some kind of punishment. I know I'm risking everything, but my urges are so confoundingly strong! Then last week I had an opportunity and to do it.

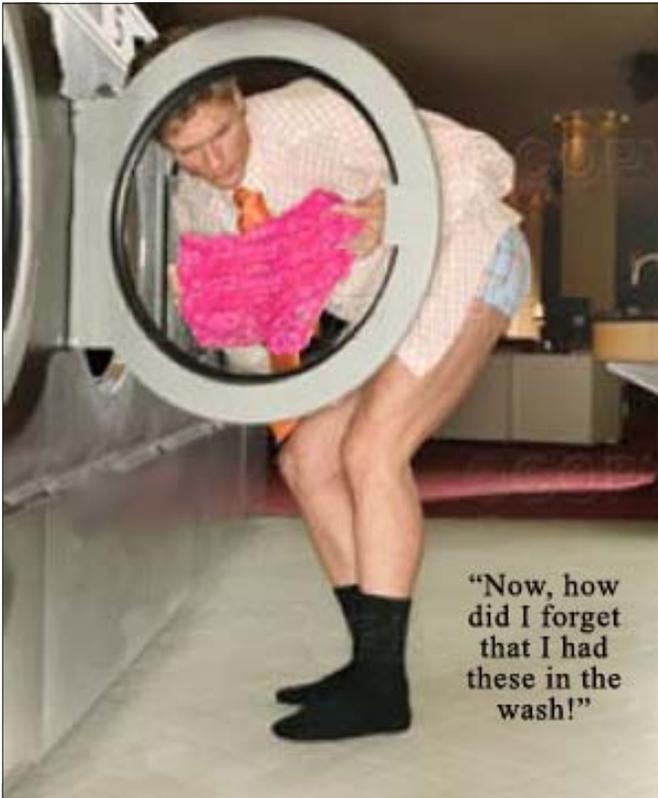
Trevor, 13 and the oldest, I caught teasing the little nine-year-old girl who lives next door to me and made her cry. We talked and he agreed he deserved to be punished. He asked me not to punish him in front of his younger brothers because they looked up to him. I said, "OK, Trevor, I know you've been playing with those lacy girls' panties that are in your dresser drawer. They belong to my fifteen-year-old niece who stays with me sometimes." (That's a lie; I don't have a niece, but he doesn't know that.) He looked at me strangely, probably trying to figure out where I was going with this conversation. So I continued, "Well, Trevor, I'll give you a punishment that we can keep secret. You know those panties we've been talking about. I want you to wear them and I'll give you a spanking in them and then I want you to keep a pair of them on the entire time you are here this week. You can wear them under your boys' clothes and your brothers and everyone else will have no idea you are being punished in panties."

He looked at me in horror, "Oh, uncle! I couldn't do ..." I then raised my voice over him, "Trevor, shut up! You're going to put those panties on either privately or in front of your brothers, but you will put them on. The choice is yours. And if you give me anymore trouble and it will be that dress hanging in your closet next!" He hung his head and nodded agreeing to wear the panties. I took him into his bedroom while I kept the other boys busy watching television. I had Trevor go into his underwear drawer, take out a pair of the panties -- nice two-tone panties in pink with

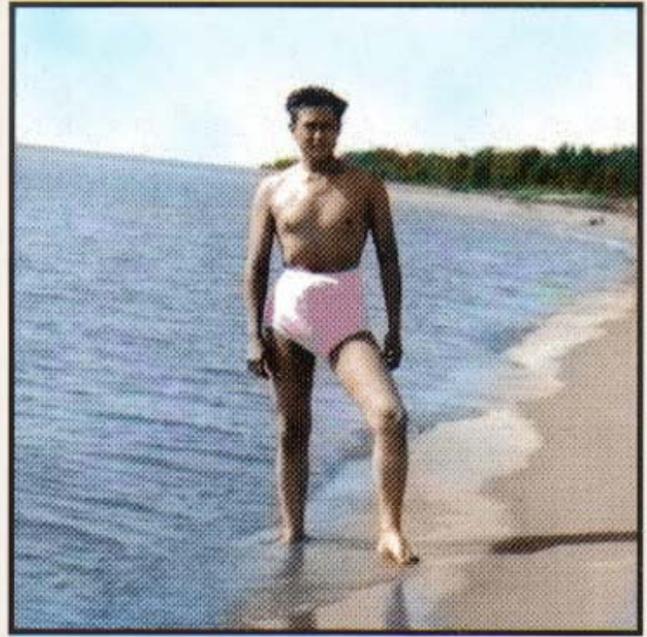
white satin panels and lace around the legs. He seemed confused, like he didn't know how to put them on, so I held them open for him and after he stepped into them, I pulled them up his legs, slowly, so he would feel every bit of their silkiness. The moment I got them up around his hips he sprang a huge boner. I couldn't help myself, I grabbed his hard dick through the panties. "Gees, Trevor, you're a sissy! I never would have imagined. Look how excited your dick is. You sure do love silky panties. This is serious; I should report this to your parents." "Oh, uncle, please, not that. I'll be good but don't let anyone know. But how can you walk around with a hard dick like this?" Of course, he couldn't answer. And all this time I was gently stroking his dick -- up and down, up and down, massaging the silkiness of those panties into his boy dick. He was crying, but he was also moving his hips and humping my hand. After about thirty strokes he dumped a prime load of teen boy cum into those panties. "Holy shit, boy! You must be some kind of faggot, blowing your wad into girly panties like that! Now, what am I going to do. We can't leave these panties around in the dirty laundry where your brother might see them. Here, I have an idea, let's slip them off of you."

He held onto my shoulder as I slid the panties down and off. In the process, I made sure to drag the wetness in the panties down his legs, leaving a trail of his cum all the way down his legs. Once I had the panties off, I turned them inside out and put them up to his lips. "Here, you go, boy, lick them out; lick your cum out of these panties. It's the only way we can quickly get rid of the evidence!" He was a beaten boy at that point; he didn't even resist. He gingerly stuck out his tongue to sample his boy spend, so I just took the opportunity and wiped a swath of the wet panties over his tongue and lips and smeared some of the cum on his face. He cringed but proceeded to lap his cum in the panties. Then I gave him a spanking, not very hard so his crying wouldn't be heard by the other boys, but hard enough to make him cry, probably as much from embarrassment as from the spanking. I then got out another pair of panties -- nice light blue ones with white lace and some pale green-blue satin bows on the front. He stepped into them and then I let him dress. He reached for a Kleenex to wipe the tears and cum off his face but I told him to leave it as a mark of being a queer sissy panty boy. I took the soiled panties. "Trevor, I'm sorry, but I have to keep these panties for evidence. I case you want to tell people some cockamamy story that I forced you to wear panties. The residue of your cum and saliva in these panties would prove in any court that you are a WILLING panty wearing and panty cum sucking sissy. No one would ever believe you -- only me. So keep wearing panties every day you are here and everything will be OK, or as good as OK can be for a big pantywaist fruit like you. Get used to a life as a sissy. I think you know that already. You can come down to watch some more television now or you can stay here and go to bed early. He chose to go to bed.

So I've started. Where will it all end? I have no idea! Many people say that the real thing never compares to one's fantasies, but I have now proven that wrong -- at least in my case. I have enjoyed each and every second of panty raping my nephew, and it is far better than any fantasy I've ever had.



"Now, how did I forget that I had these in the wash!"



Mom called. She said for you to get your butt home before Grandma misses her panties.





Tyson, our son girly son as a waitress, Halloween 2009.



Tyson didn't even know that I had pulled his skirt way up in back until every kept saying to him, "Hey, boy, nice panties!"

He's Growing Up as a Girl Now and My Ex Can Never Change That

Three years ago my husband Richard cheated on me with a floozy in his office, so I kicked him out and got a divorce. To tell you the truth, I don't think he cared all that much. He probably missed the dog more than me – which is fine with me, and I haven't seen him since. What surprised me most is how my he hasn't even tried to visit our son -- the baby boy we had adopted from China and named Mark. He was supposed to be the son my husband always wanted, but I couldn't have because of my fibromyalgia. Turning his back on Mark so upset me that I decided to remake our son in my own image to counteract how he had been pushed to be rough and tough.

Simply put, I decided to our son turn into a sissy. It wasn't to punish him but to make him a better person. I do love my son and I knew this was the best thing I could do for him. I've heard that boys who are raised without a dad in the house often become sissies anyway. So really, I'm just making Mark into what he probably would have become in the long run anyway.

That first night, I explained to Mark that his dad wasn't going to be living with us anymore and many things were going to be different. He'd have to do more chores. He'd have to make sure he obeyed me all the time – I was not going to put up with any disobedience. No more sports. No more having his friends over to the house. And he'd have to start wearing girls' panties like his

cute cousin Cindy. He asked why he had to wear girls' underwear, I explained to him that they would help him be nice and a good person, something sports and fighting could never teach him. I that's how things were going to be and he'd have to get used to it.

It was hard on Mark at first, but after a while he got used to what I wanted for a change. I had researched the Internet and learned about petticoat punishment; I loved the idea and was willing to resort to that in my son's case if he wouldn't cooperate, but I didn't need to go that far. I got Mark to help me do household chores and he accepted being pantied. Not long after, I decided to add more girls' clothes to his wardrobe. I made a game of it, getting him fancy girls' costumes so he could dress up like the girl characters I read to him in girls' books and had him watch on videos. He really enjoyed modeling himself after these storybook characters and started to willingly put on his fancy dresses and accessories without me even asking. No more haircuts either. And when summer came, I began to dress him completely as a girl and sent him to dance class as a girl. So that now, Mark is Marcie and he lives full time as a girl. He'll be ready for school soon. Of course, I'll be sending him to our church school as a girl!

So this picture of Marcie is my present from me to my ex husband. I had a professional photographer create a photoshoot session of Mark in his long wig and some of his favorite outfits. This picture is one of my favorites. I'm posting it on the web; maybe, my ex will see this it. Maybe he'd be angry -- maybe he wouldn't care -- but I don't care what he might think. He has lost Mark, and it is the best thing I could ever do for my son/daughter.





His Life as a Panty Flasher

A group of teenagers from Melton Baptist Church were having a farewell party gathered on the beach around a huge bonfire after the last day of their religious summer camp when a boy appeared out of nowhere and started dancing through the crowd while wearing a padded bra, black lace panties, and a garter belt and nylon stockings. Most of the kids assumed it was a weird prank of some sort, but then the lingerie-clad boy started trying to rub his panty-covered erection against some of the girls. One of the guys in the group forcibly attempted to eject the intruder and a fight ensued that brought in the police.

The boy's name is Peter, and he had to appear in court. A psychiatrist assisted in his defense. She testified he was a good prospect for rehabilitation and got him released for treatment, and in the process, he wrote down the story of his sexual experiences. He explaining that his parents were killed in an auto accident when he was only three. A widowed aunt took him into her home and raised him along with her two daughters.

“My interest in sex started when I was five and my cousins, Pam and Mary, began to fool around with me. Pam was seven and Mary nine. We were close and left on our own a lot. My Aunt Rachel wasn't one to show much affection. She worked hard and was always cranky and very tired. She treated her daughters

much better than she treated me. I had to run around in secondhand clothes, and half the time I had no clean underwear. I used to envy Pam and Mary for the nice clean clothes, especially their panties that were always so smooth and nice. My aunt had a thing about panties for the girls, always telling them that they had to have nice clean panties on in case they were ever in an accident of some sort and had to go to the hospital because it would be so embarrassing for them to be in tattered or dirty panties if they had to undress for the doctors. So while most of their clothes were standard wear, they did seem to have an endless supply of nice panties.

"We used to fool around a lot. My cousins liked what I had between my legs and I enjoyed how they would play with my penis and balls. I especially liked it when they would go along with my need for dressing up because I always told them I wanted to be a girl just like them. They had a lot of fun with me in panties rubbing my panty-covered penis against their panty-covered pussies. I used to put their clothes on and some of my aunt's makeup and pretend like I was a girl. The girls would laugh and I would prance around enjoying every minute of it.

Even when alone I would spend hours primping in front of the mirror in my cousin's things. My biggest worry was getting all the makeup scrubbed off before my aunt got home from work. One time she caught me. I wanted her to accept my need to be girly but instead I got the worst licking of my life. I was more careful after that, but also I wanted my aunt's acceptance.

Over the years, she would often catch me dressed up and give me a spanking with my cousins off to the side laughing at me. Many of those times I know I engineered it in a way to be caught. I always thought if she caught me just one more time, she would give in, change her mind, accept me as a girly boy and let me dress up and be a girl, but it never happened. I was always laughed at, humiliated, teased and then spanked. What did happen is that I developed an extreme need to be accepted in girly clothes, even if it meant being humiliated for doing it. I grew up to crave the laughter of the girls along with a need to be shamed and punished for my desires.

Those needs grew and as I got older I'd purposely expose myself in girls' clothes to women and girls, even men and boys, hoping to get a reaction, and I usually did get called names or chased out of a restaurant or wherever I went flashing.

One of my favorite things to do was to let my pink panties stick out above the top of my jeans as I sat on a bar stool at the counter in a restaurant until someone noticed. I especially tried to get one of the waitresses to see my peeking panties because they were never timid in their reactions and good at delivering humiliating comments. Some of them would even come up behind me, snap my exposed panty waistband, call me a sissy and then point me out to the other waitresses. I'd usually get thrown out of the restaurant at that point -- hey, it wasn't so bad -- I usually got a free meal because they would just want me -- a panty-wearing pervert -- out of there and they didn't care about having me pay the bill.

I got my need to expose my panties because part of my aunt's punishment whenever she caught me dressed up was to make me lift my dress up all the way over my head to show off the panties I had on and she and my girl cousins would laugh at me for being such a sissy.

From 1223-P Secret Homosexual Compulsions

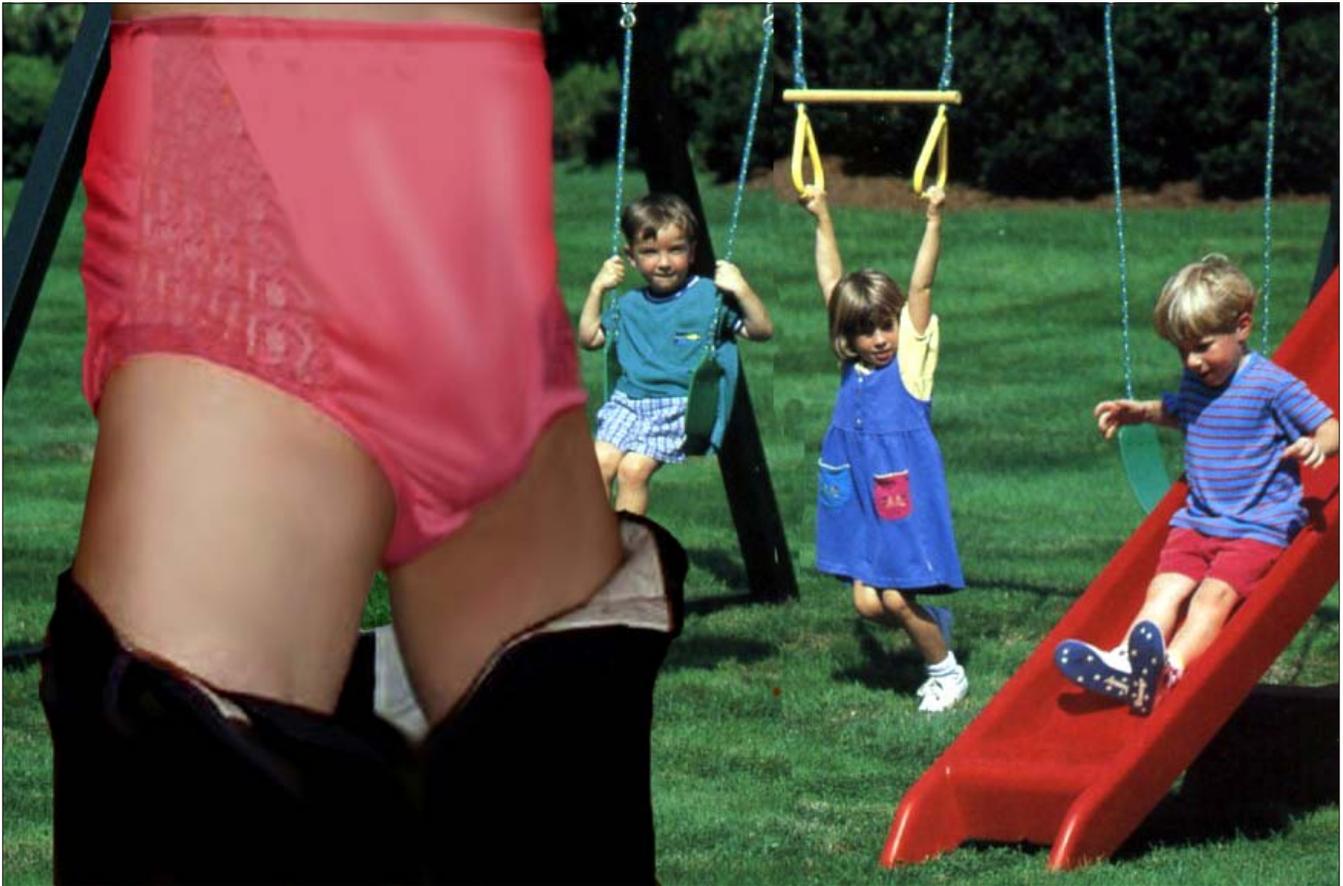
Confessions of Another Panty Flasher

Once at a school picnic a bunch of us got a girl named Cynthia to come along near the river. She was fifteen. At eleven, I was the youngest one in the bunch, so I didn't get to do anything, but the older boys did. They undressed her. I just sat down next to her pile of clothes. While they were all playing with her or watching the action, I reached out and rubbed her silky white panties and then on an impulse, I snuck Cynthia's panties into my pocket and then moved to the other side of the crowd. When she started to get dressed she was mad because her panties gone. She yelled at all of us that the boy who took them was a freak and a pervert. Somebody suggested that maybe they flew away with the slight wind that was blowing. Nobody knew I had taken them.

At home alone and ensconced in my room, I put on the delicate panties and masturbated. It was my first wet cum; I shot off just a few drops into the panties. In the following days, I put them on as often as I could when alone and I rubbed myself off into them, each time the amount of cum I shot into the panties greatly increased. I taught myself how to secretly wash and dry them. I used them for months after the picnic until they were completely worn out. After that, I found ways to steal other girls' panties and would wear them and jack off in them as frequently as I could.

I regularly committed acts of voyeurism and used the riverside sex scene to feed my heterosexual fantasies while jerking off. I regularly made special rounds late at night, carrying binoculars to peek at women and girls in various stages of undress. I knew a knothole in a bathhouse where the girls could be seen undressing, and I knew a window where a middle-aged woman could be seen almost every night as she undressed for bed.

I was always quite small for my age; one of the things that made me feel inadequate around other men and fearful of not being masculine enough with females, so I had little direct interaction with girls and didn't even date girls until quite late in my teens. However, as a boy, with my small stature, I looked much younger than my actual age, and I was able to "innocently" venture into public ladies' restrooms. I would make it look like I was with one of the females as she walked in and then pretended to wait for her outside her stall. Even if I got questioning looks or comments that I should leave, I found it very stimulating. Even if I was detected for what I was really doing, the shock on the part of my victims was an additional thrill. I always wore nylon panties under my pants while raiding a restroom as they greatly added to my excitement. At times I had a difficult time trying to keep my erection from showing through my trousers. Still, I knew there



was little danger because of my age. I evolved to have a strong need for shocking women, but once I was fourteen and too old to go into rest rooms, I committed my first public exhibition on an impulse.

I was walking past a playground one summer day. There were only a few kids on hand and I saw a group of them playing on the swings. I went over and gave them some pushes. They were friendly and welcomed my playing with them. First I would pull them back in the swing and hold them at the top. They thought it was a game. I got aroused in a hurry and knew I would soon have to show them what I had on under my trousers as I always wore a pair of aunt's panties or a pair I had stolen from some unsuspecting female.

After making sure none of the counselors were watching, I started talking to the little girls and told them I had pretty panties on just like theirs. I unzipped my pants a bit and let them see a bit of the pink color of my panties and they were very interested. I was scared and almost panicked right there, but I couldn't take my eyes from their startled faces. I invited them to follow me over by a big tree, and in the shade, I fully opened my pants and let them drop exposing my bright pink panties. I invited them to touch the panties so they could feel how silky they were. Several of the girls and one of the boys touched the panties. I moved around so my erection bumped into their probing fingers and I started shooting cum. The boy got some on his fingers and he went, "Yuck!" After a moment I closed up my pants and ran

away. I wasn't caught. In fact I never got in trouble until I did this little dance of mine at that beach party for a bunch of Jesus freaks, who didn't seem to appreciate it!

The homosexual element to my fantasies never presented itself until that day. I found I was even more excited by the little boy touching my penis in my panties than the little girls touching -- though I thoroughly loved both! It did remind me of a couple of homosexual experiences I had while growing up but I never really thought of myself as being gay in any way.

When I was fifteen, I went with a group of boys to the fair grounds for a free ride on a horse. We had heard rumors that the man who ran the horse ride would let the boys take free rides if they would let him play with them. Without much enthusiasm I went along with the gang. The rumors we had heard were true. The burly old cowboy was indeed a boy lover. He grabbed my penis through my jeans and jerked on it. It felt nice, but I didn't ejaculate like one of the other boys did. I did have my panties on under my jeans, so I was pretty careful. However, I did jerk off to the memory at home and shot off a lot of cum into my panties thinking about it.

Another time I accompanied a young man to his room after having met him at the YMCA swimming pool. I allowed the man to fondle me. The man saw I had on silky yellow panties and it excited him a great deal. He kept calling me "girly" and I kind of like it; however, I did refuse to let him fuck me in the ass, but I

did let him jerk himself off as he jerked me off in my panties and he rubbed his cock up against my panties at the same time. I felt very guilty afterwards, telling myself I wasn't gay and didn't like, even though I must have liked it because I did cum. However, I discounted that I came because of my beloved panties not because he was jacking on me. Besides, I almost vomited when the guy tried to kiss me, which to me was further proof that I wasn't queer.

My only other experience in homosexuality came while I was in the US Navy. Some guy discovered I had a pair of panties on under my uniform, as I did whenever I thought I could get away with it. Well, the man made me give him a blowjob with my pants down so he could see me in the panties the whole time. He literally raped me, and I wasn't about to tell on him because he's tell them about my panties. It was never repeated and I did get some good out of it because since I was so disgusted, I felt it was proof that I wasn't gay.

I regarded my marriage at age twenty-four as a reprieve from hell. I had become so deeply involved with my sexual adventures that I was fearful of committing some heinous crime. Every little girl or boy I confronted I looked upon as prey. Every woman, old and young, was a candidate for my depraved sexual activities. I began to take serious chances peeking in windows, so I looking for a way to assuage my sex drive.

I met Linda at church. She was sixteen and tiny and cute. I was immediately attracted to her, and she liked me. Her parents knew my aunt so Linda was allowed to go out with me even though I was eight years older than she was. The minute we were alone we began to fool around and I found her to be as highly sexed as I was. She was a virgin when I came along but after a couple of weeks of dating she was willing to do anything I wanted. I guess that was the reason I decided to get married. I felt that Linda wouldn't be shocked at anything I might want to do. She thought it was fun when I dressed up in her panties and other lingerie and played erotic games. After we were married I would do crazy things and she liked all of it. I used to bathe her like she was a little toddler. I bought her little girls' lacy nylon panties and she pretended to be a child. At just under five feet tall and weighing about eighty-five pounds, she made a very convincing little girl. We had great fun going into stores and having her try on little girl's party dresses and princess outfits. Of course, she could fit into the largest sizes of frilly rumba panties and she wore those kind of panties at all times.

Sadly, my wife died as she had a congenital condition that finally took her life. I was quite depressed for a while, then my strange sexual urges came back with a vengeance, and I started to do some risky things. One time I attempted to pick up a little girls at a school, but was almost caught and chased her mother. I guess I was getting crazy again, like I was just before Linda and I met. I tried to think up weird things to do. I even picked up a boy one time and drove him out to the country. I had never been very interested in boys, but I was drinking and thought it would be interesting. I asked him all sorts of questions about his friends

and everything. I guess he had never played sex games before. I told him I had on pretty girls' panties and showed him. He started to get scared. I almost panicked, but thank God I didn't. I had enough sense to make a joke of it. I laughed and straightened up our clothes and drove him back to town. We stopped for an ice cream cone, and when I finally dropped him off he was calmed down and happy. I never drove back to that neighborhood again. The next crazy thing I did was my panty dance at the bonfire and that is what brought me to this point. I got probation, but now I'm a registered sex offender, so anything I would get caught doing now would mean a long time for me in jail. I better stick to my fantasies and jerking off to memories of my past fun times; it's probably the only "safe" sex I can have!

From 1223-P Secret Homosexual Compulsions

A Real Bitch Trains Her Family

Welcome to my show Helga's World; I'm Helga Nixon. I have made quite a few female friends over the years who are as into dominating men and boys as I am. Veronica from Newcastle who, I predict at some point in the future, will become better known than that local brewer's Brown Ale. She is a married brunette in her thirties with a sensational figure and slender legs who looks terrific in the high heels that she wears to walk all over her cuckolded husband and preteen son. It's a shame she isn't lesbian, but we do get on famously.

Panty boy Robert with that cute little erection in his panties is her second husband. She learned how disgusting men could be with her first husband and that got her to change her standards in regard to males. With two children from her first husband, she wanted a man with a good job and one she could control. Eventually, she found Robert.

I love going over for dinner. Robert is always impeccably dressed in a lovely blouse with a cute skirt, and underneath, it usually rustles with a mass of frilled petticoats. What a sight! He is so embarrassed when he answers the door. Of course, I always inspect him, and he has to stand before his wife, daughter and son as I sort through his petticoats and then his panties to make sure he is suitable hard but without any unauthorized leaks in his lacy panties. We call him as 'Roberta' while he's in skirts. He's been so treated for almost two years already but he still blushes beet red as I go about toying with him. Whenever I visit, just to tease him, I always wear my sexiest, most revealing dresses to turn him on as I sit provocatively, giving him peeks up my skirt. If he's caught staring at my legs, he gets demerits and will be thoroughly spanked after dinner. He keeps gazing at me over dinner when he thinks his wife or I'm not looking (he doesn't dare meet my eyes). It must be torture for him to know he might attract me if dressed as a man; instead, he's a petticoated, a toy for female amusement.

Sissies Exposed!



*Sissies secretly
filmed in their panties!*

Helga Nixon



Veronica's first husband ill-treated her and walked out on her 11 years ago, leaving her with a small daughter and baby son. The experience changed her attitude toward males. From then on, for her, females came first, especially in her home. In the divorce, she held out for everything she could get and did quite well.

She teases Robert mercilessly, especially if she sees him staring at me. She loves to demonstrate her power over him in front of another female like me when she sits on his face in a special chair they have as we gossip, barely acknowledging he's even there – except for those delightful breaks when Veronica can hold back no longer and goes over the orgasm cliff, shutters, gasps and moans contentedly – then it's back to talking with me as her husband begins building her again to another climax.

I tease him too and shriek excitingly when Veronica spanks him. I bring him presents of fully ruffled and beribboned panties and his wife makes him try them on in front of me. He's a man who knows how superior women are! And she's a woman who has proved her superiority! Ladies, Veronica is a prime example of a marriage of the future perhaps? Why not?

Her daughter Cynthia, now 15, was brought up believing all girls are superior to all boys. She's a proper little madam, very slim and sexy. The boys all chase after her, yet she's already learned to dominate them and get most whatever she wants from them. Recently, I glimpsed one of her boyfriends on his knees before her in their backyard, pleading for something or another. She just slapped him hard across the face and then lifted her miniskirt and had him kiss the crotch of her panties before turning and walking

off. I'll have to ask her about that little episode the next time I see her. I'm sure it's just a typical round with a smitten boy her.

She has learned from her mother, and from the way her brother Georgie, 13, has been raised. He's been petticoated since he came out of diapers – even those were always the princess-style diapers in pink soon after he ex husband left. He makes a cute girl – or he would if his mother ever let him grow his hair long. She has him well trained to eat her pussy, something her first husband never would do. Without complaint, the pink pantied boy also eats his sister's cunt daily – for as long and as often as she wants.

Jeffrey has been taught to cook and clean as well as delight girls and women in any way they so desire. He is always clean, polite, and neatly dressed: White shirt, tie, jacket, and then - oh what do we see - but a knee-length pleated skirt! When he curtsies, which he does very well, you can see his pink lace petticoat and clinging satin panties. If it's a special occasion, he's wearing a fancy girls' party dress, puffed out with heaps of rustling, frilly petticoats. He is very ashamed about his dress, but he doesn't dare argue. He's had it drummed into him never to argue and always obey females. He's sweet, obedient, and utterly devoted to his mother and sister. He hates being bossed around by his sister because she can be relentless! Little Miss Bossy Boots never stops teasing him and telling him what to do, like model every pair of panties in his drawer for her girlfriends. She uses him to do gay sex things with boys who are hopelessly in love with her "to prove their love for her." He can't complain and has to obey her because if he does, she goes to Mommy, and he gets spanked in front of her or by her.

Obviously, at school, he's allowed to wear his boys' school uniform, but at home he is always skirted, and often, whenever his mother or sister take him out, he wears a kilt with panties and a slip underneath. He has to be carefully so they don't peek out. All rebellion is being ridiculed out of him. His sister knows it and is always taking him out and, to his horror, introducing him to her friends, girls and boys, who find his skirted condition shriekingly funny. As Veronica puts it bluntly, "I'm not having his penis rebelling against me, so I keep it smothered in silky girly panties and petticoats." He'll make some woman a lovely wife.

It's a joy to see the sissy son and feminized stepfather together. Veronica loves to make them improvise little scenes for her friends' entertainment. Recently, she got them to enact a little show for me in which daddy has to inspect the boy's panties.

"Georgie, lift up your skirt and slip I want to inspect your panties. We can't be too neat when it comes to our panties, right my boy?"

"Oh, yes, daddy. I always want my panties to be the cleanest, prettiest and fanciest ones around. I want my panties to be nicer than the panties found on any girl."

"Good, son. You are a proper little panty faggot, aren't you?"

"Oh, yes, daddy. I hope you and mommy are proud of sissy me."

"That we are boy. Now, let me get down to get a good look at these nice pink panties you're wearing. . . . Oh, nice, indeed. Now let me test your panty elastics and make sure they are good and tight ... SNAP ... SNAP ... SNAP ... ummm, properly snug. Good. But hold still, boy."

"Oh, daddy, it hurts when you snap my leg bands against my things and my waistband against my tummy."

"But you must hold still, son. Here, let me pull them up nice and tight. Your panties are sagging a bit – can't have you panties sagging, now, can we?"

"No, daddy."

Robert tugs the silken panties up very high on his waist.

"Oh ... ouch ... oh, that's too high, daddy. That hurts my little peepee and ballsies."

"Now, George, you know they have to be up good and snug, here let me now smooth out the nylon satin all over your bottom ... ah, isn't that nice? ... and your hips ... soo-o-o smooth, and now down the front. Oh, goodness, what's this in your panties, boy?"

"Um, my, a, peepee, daddy. It's my pink pantied peepee."

"I can see that, but, but why is it up and hard like this?"

"Oh, I'm sorry, daddy ... I guess it got that way when you were rubbing your hands all over my silky panties ... it felt so good."

"And, Georgie! What's that little wet spot in the panties right at the tip of your hard peepee?"

"Oh, gees, I, um, oh, I ..."

"I better figure you what this wet spot is, huh, boy?" No answer, just excited breathing. "Hold still. I'll take a taste of it." Robert leans down, sticks out his tongue and samples the wetness. Georgie squirms, takes a deep breath. Veronica and her daughter squeal in delight. "Son, I don't know what it is ... I better take a better taste." The boy's daddy then takes Georgie's hard pantied penis fully into his mouth and begins a rhythmic sucking. The boy trembles, gasps and moves his hips in a fucking motion, banging aggressively against his stepfather's face. After a short bout of grunts and groans, sucking and panting, the boy erupts into daddy's mouth. Robert pulls his mouth off his boy, goes to his wife and daughter, shows them the puddle of the boy's cum in his mouth and then goes back to Georgie and french kisses him to feed the boy his mouthful of slimy cum. Then Georgie has to hold it in his mouth as he lisps a 'thank you' to us before he tilts his head back and slowly lets his goo drain down his throat.

That's my report for Women's World Tonight. Tata!

From 01391-M Madame 4/6