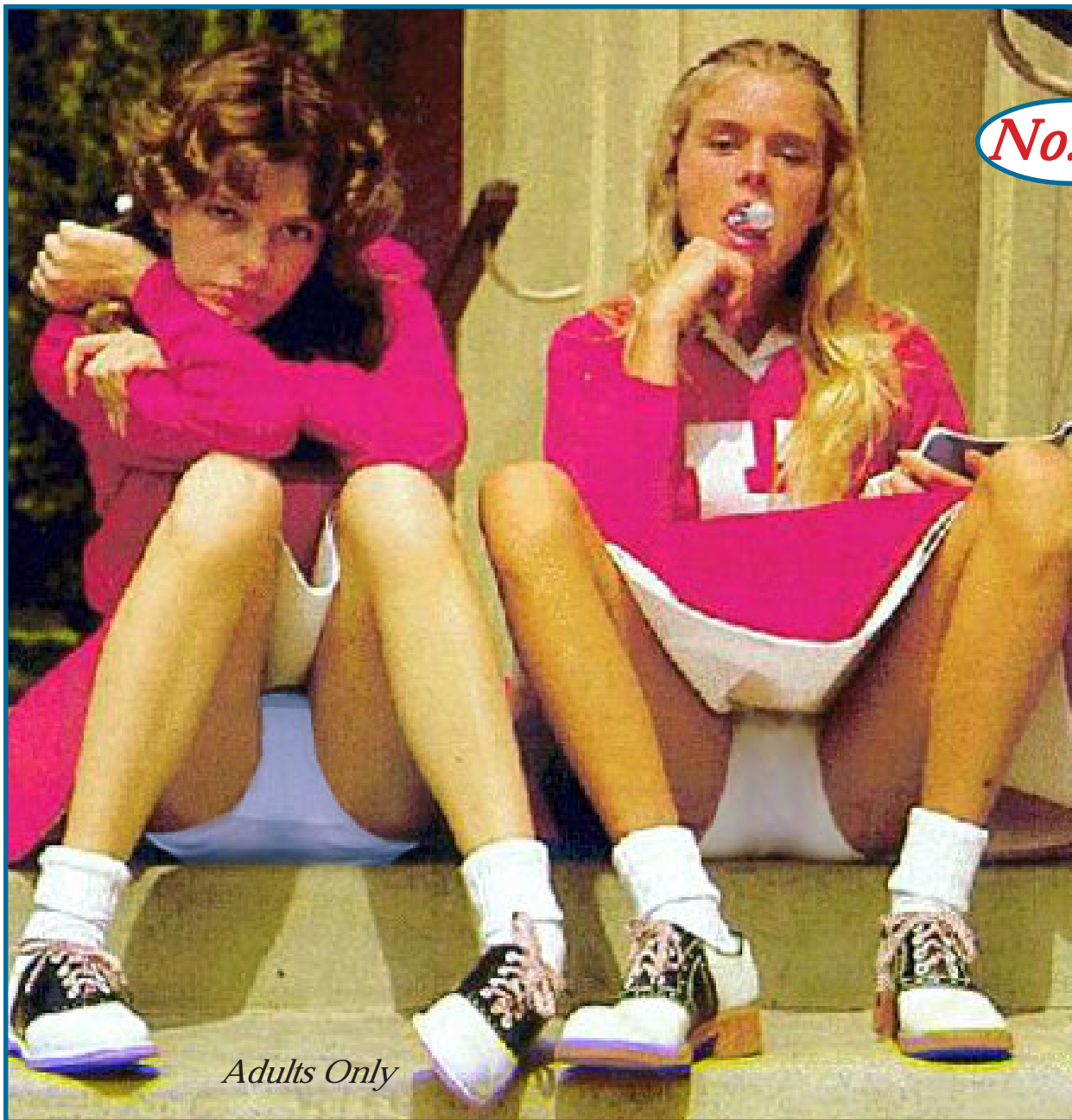


INSIDE

Girls Panties

No. 11



Adults Only

If you like old-fashioned nylon panties, you'll love the pictures and stories from unpublished, original sources, out-of-print publications, and the Internet that our pantywaist readers sent to us when we asked them for copies of their favorite panty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

Since 1981

A P R I N C E S S P R O D U C T I O N S P U B L I C A T I O N



"I knew you've been stealing my panties and shooting your smelly cum into them. So you like wearing panties and girls' clothes, huh, sissy? You want to be a girl, huh? Well. I'll teach you what it feels like to be a girl."

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Publicly Panty Spanked in Mexico

2002-07-04

My son, Andy, has six nice pairs of nylon punishment panties, which are girls' frilly panties. He has to wear them before and after getting a spanking. Whenever he has his panties on, he is called a sissy boy. I do not make him wear panties at all times, only during the punishment periods I establish at the time he is caught misbehaving. To me, that makes his punishment more effective. If he wore them 24/7, I think, he would get used to wearing them and diminish their effectiveness. Whereas, if being dressed in panties is part of his spanking punishments, they elevate his humiliation many fold.

Jack, my husband fully supports my discipline approach and even participates by spanking Andy at times. Jack believes that by using such a sissy punishment, Andy will eventually become even better as a man when he grows up into adulthood. Jack can tease Andy about his panties even more than I can. Jack knows how to humble a pantied boy. Of course, he can spank our son harder too, but our husband can make Andy cry just by telling him to go to his room, put on his lacy girlie panties and prepare for a spanking.

Depending upon the misdeed, I vary Andy's punishment periods from several hours to several days, and during those times, I do make him wear his fancy panties under their boys' clothes if we go out; it makes him very self-conscious and extremely well-behaved if we go to a show or out to eat. If we are visiting friends or relatives, he practically goes into a shell and usually sits quietly without making a false move. That's a direct result of what happened one day while we were on vacation in Mexico. Andy was in a whiny mood and kept complaining about everything. He didn't want to do anything my husband and I had planned for that day, so despite the fact that we were in a public park at the time, my husband pulled him over to park bench, took down our son's jeans and paddled him on his heavily frilled,



white nylon panties. Mexico, you have to understand, is a very 'macho' country. The men and boys there are brainwashed from birth to be highly protective of their masculinity. In Mexican society, any male showing even the least bit of feminine interests or tendencies is instantly and severely blackballed. Even Mexican women and girls buy into this mentality, so you can imagine the reaction of the local people when they saw my husband spanking our boy on his ruffled panties in public. The spanking as a disciplinary measure, I'm sure was fine with them, but the panties had men yelling out (I guessed) demeaning terms at our son, and most of the women were pointing and laughing, except for those mother trying to hustle off their children to shield them from the sight of a sissy boy.

Janey ♦



For ladies in pretty panties go to www.PantyMaster.com

Granny's Perfect Panties

By Coquette & Princess Lacey

Tommy was staying at his grandma's house while his mother and sister went to Atlanta for the week to shop, see shows and dine in the best restaurants — all things he had no interest in doing. Upon arriving at his grandmother's house, he was delighted to see her old-fashioned lingerie strung up on the drying rack in the bathroom. He fingered the lovely silks, lacy chiffons and long black nylon stockings. He wanted to steal them all, wear them and play with his willie until he erupted into their silkiness.

Tommy was very familiar with lingerie, since he had 'borrowed' his sister and mother's slips and panties many times before so he could luxuriate in their softness as he masturbated himself silly to repeated climaxes. But having seen granny's old-fashioned slip, stockings and panties in the bathroom that afternoon stirred his emotions. He regretted not having brought from home some of the lingerie he had stashed away, but his mother had packed his bag and they had been off in a hurried fashion upon him coming home from school.

Until he saw his granny's lingerie, he had dreaded not having any of his stolen lingerie to play with during his stay, but upon examining his granny's old-time lingerie, he realized his stay

would not be time spent in agony. He was particularly excited by granny's spectacularly pretty lingerie made of heavy weight satin nylon and loaded with many more frills than anything his sister or mother owned. He desperately wanted them. All he had to do is to figure out how he could get some of her lingerie to play with in the privacy of guest room that was now his bedroom for the week.

After going to bed that evening, he lay awake thinking about granny's lingerie. If he had taken an item or two from the bathroom, she surely would have known he took them — but he wanted them so badly, he almost was willing to take the chance.

The night was warm and, as he lay naked on his bed, with his young skin buzzing and itching for the touch of nylon and lace, his feelings grew. As his emotions mounted, he went from feeling warm to cold, sweaty and filled with desire. With images of beautiful lingerie like he had seen on the drying rack filled his brain, a sudden electric thrill shot through his inflating penis; no matter what the risk, he decided he had to gratify his need. He had an overwhelming desire to see more of granny's exotically beautiful lingerie, but he wondered how he could get them. Then, while tossing and turning in bed, he suddenly realized granny was still downstairs watching television, and he was sure there was little risk in sneaking into her bedroom, which was just next door to his own room.

He stripped off his pajamas, then tiptoed naked down the hallway. He listened from the top of the stairs. He was happy to hear the television blaring away and his granny laughing, obviously in response to whatever show she was watching. With the little bit of courage he needed, he stealthily tiptoed to granny's bedroom. The door opened with a squeak that made him jump, but he calmed himself and quietly entered. Granny's favorite perfume filled the air and filled his nostrils. He left the light off. Just by the light coming from the hallway, he headed for the massive dresser against the far wall; he was sure that would be where she kept her luscious lingerie — and he was right.

In desperate need to panty himself, he pulled out the pair of panties on top, an elegant white pair of full-cut satin panties with beige lace at the sides and around the legs. They were his favorite panty design with a lot of lace but no lace on the front where the silky satin was free to tease his hard penis. And his penis was painfully stiff, but he wanted more panties! Just as he dug through the drawer stuffed with the fanciest and silkiest panties imaginable, he gathered his arms around them and crushed them to his naked chest, then he heard a noise behind him.

Granny snapped on the light, slammed the door behind her and gave her grandson a withering look. "So it WAS you who played with my slip and panties in my bathroom," she said, coldly, "and my best bra, too."

He couldn't answer her. How could he say anything in his defense since she had caught him so obviously playing with her lingerie in her bedroom?

"Of course, it was you, who else could it have been? There is no one else here except you and me. I could tell you were into them because they were rumpled and put back sloppily on the rack, not how I had left them."

Tommy wanted to cover his excited penis within her panties with his hands, but he was holding over a dozen pairs of the greatest panties he had ever seen or touched and never wanted to let them go — he was a crazed panty pervert in the middle of a masturbation adoration to beautiful panties — he couldn't let them go, so he simply lowered them to cover the gross distortion of his granny's panties that he was wearing.

Granny with her upswept purplish-pink hair strutted haughtily towards him. She stopped inches from him, and in her high heels she looked down at him, "So you have a thing for ladies' lingerie, huh, naughty boy?" she said. Underneath her dress, her jutting bust in her pointed satin bra taunted him just inches from his face. He stared from one magnificent peak to the other, and gulped.

"I expect you'd like to see what I'm wearing underneath my dress, huh, since you're so very interested in ladies' lingerie?" she said as she undid buttons at the top of her dress and let it open so he could see the straps and top of her scalloped pink full-slip and the straps and cups of her 1950s-style white bullet bra, a remarkable contraption like he had never seen before.

"No, please, please, granny! Please, don't take off your dress, I, I, I, uh..." blurted Tommy. He was scared. But his smiling grandmother was, one by one, continuing to undo the dark blue buttons of her pale blue satiny dress. Soon, the light garment began slipping down her body toward the floor.

"You don't want me to take off my dress? You don't want to see the fancy lingerie I have on underneath? My big brassiere, my fancy slip, my pretty panties...?"

"Yes! I mean, no! Oh! Oh! No!" squeaked Tommy. He was already embarrassed to the core and didn't want to embarrass himself even further. He knew he couldn't stop himself from spurting if she excited him even further. But she knew she could make him shame himself even more, and she was going to make it happen as she completely let go of her dress. He could only stare, seeing the distinct outline of his grandmother's panties and gartered nylon stockings showing through her full-length pink slip and her lustrous white bra peeking out around the edges.

He blushed, his cheeks shining like bright apples. A thrill zipped down his spine from the nape of his neck, flew under his firm little bottom and speared his tightening nuts; inside their rumpled skin, a tiny pair of balls churned. His aching penis had never encountered such decadent panties and lingerie before.

"So you like my panties? But I'm not surprised, your mother has been telling me for a long time about how you steal her panties as well as your sister's and then soil them with your baby-making

juice. Such a silly young panty boy pervert you are. I'm only surprised that you succumbed to your wicked sissy desires so soon after arriving. I guess you are more of a lingerie thief than any of us had suspected," teased granny. Tommy was crushing his arms full of panties to his chest, holding onto them like they were the only things he had left on earth, but it left his pantied hips exposed to her view and she loved the sight of his boy cock pointing at her through her white panties. It was quite the prettiest little dickie she had ever seen — at least in a pair of panties!

Tommy panicked: his racing heart was pumping with excitement as well as confusion. Only experienced panty lovers know how dangerous fabulous granny panties can be for a sissy boy; it was very mischievous of granny to arouse her grandson's panty love with her wickedly fancy old-fashioned panties and lingerie.

"Oh, dear, I can see you can't help yourself, what a pathetic little panty wanker you are," said Granny, pursing her lips in mock reproach and barely suppressing a grin of triumph, "and your mother thinks you're such a good boy with just a minor problem when it comes to lingerie. I guess she has no idea. I will have to give her a full report."

Tommy couldn't tear his eyes away from granny's pink slip-draped body that could spell the ruination for even the youngest and stiffest boy cock. The poor boy at last averted his eyes. The blood was roaring in his ears, and his mouth was parched, and then he felt granny's fingers in his tousled hair, and his face was turned toward hers.

"Isn't it strange how you had to fight with yourself? You didn't want me to take off my dress, but then you did want it and that was the stronger need. I know you love my lingerie," granny's breathy voice purred with sexual excitement.

"P-please Granny," gulped Tom, now keeping his eyes tightly closed so as not to see her ravishing slip and the mysteries that lay beneath, "I want to go home."

"Go home? Oh, dear me. That's not very nice, is it? Mommy sent you to stay with me for a week and you haven't been here more than a few hours. You can't go home; no one is there to watch over you, and a panty masturbator like you needs to be watched. You would go totally insane if left on your own with all your sister and mother's lingerie. No, you are not going home." She lifted his chin and looked down into his frightened face over the resplendent peaks of her fetish bra. A wide strap of her slip dropped off her shoulder and hung loosely against her broad arm. Tommy's knees knocked. He had never felt so scared of his grandmother.

"That's no way for a sissy boy to talk to his grandmother," she added. 'Sissy?' thought Tommy. He knew he was a sissy, but now everyone would know it! Yet for some unaccountable reason, despite his fear, he thrilled at the possibility. A droplet of cum he could feel ooze from the swollen tip of his penis and into his granny's satin panties. He felt it run down his dick and wet his

little nuts. It tickled as it cooled immediately.

"Granny," began Tom, wanting to say something to stop or at least slow it down everything so he could think, but he couldn't think as granny was now hoisting the shimmery pink satin slip up her body and over her head. He was silenced by the sight of six broad suspenders, pressed deep into her thighs, their bright steel clasps pulling tightly on the reinforced tops of her stockings. He felt a strange desire squirm in the depths of his tummy.

Granny now had her slip off and she was wearing the panties that had been hanging in the bathroom, the panties that he had fingered with love. He gasped. Tommy felt a bolt of recognition in his brain.

"Oh, I see you remember these panties of mine!" she said, with a smile, "So you love these fancy old panties with all their lace and frills? Lovely, aren't they? But you're a boy. Boys don't fall in love with ladies' panties, do they? But you're a sissy boy; I can see why you played with them: they're among my favorites, too."

He didn't resist as granny took the stack of her silken panties out of his hands and tossed them on the bed. Then she held him and hugged him and pressed his face into her soft pantied loins. Through her panties, she could feel him taking in deep breaths.

"Mm. My panties smell nice, huh? I just hand washed them before you arrived, but goodness, I'm excited now too and I fear I'm staining them as you hug me. I'm sure you can now smell my love juices too, huh? Now, darling, it's time for you to confess. Do you love panties or not?" she asked pointedly.

Tommy had to answer truthfully. "Yes, Granny," he whispered, looking past his erection tenting out his panties as he gaze down at his toes. "I - I do love them." He blushed even brighter and a tear dropped from his long eyelashes.

"Oh, I do so enjoy embarrassing young sissy boys," thought granny - the dear little things look so ashamed when they admit their panty-love! "Of course you love panties, darling!" she teased, "but it's not enough to say you love them, sweetheart, as I'm sure you know. To be a real sissy, you must love them properly," Granny said as she firmly took his arm and led him to the bed. "You must make love to them," said Granny, throwing him headlong on to the soft heap of panties.

The little boy landed on the soft heap of panties. It was something made of a fetish's dream; his skinny legs spread wide, his nose engulfed in the scent of old perfume and lavender. The smooth insides of his thighs trembled, overcome with his frightening and irresistible panty love. Between his legs, his pretty little cock pressed eagerly into granny's lovely panties.

"Oh, Granny!" screamed Tommy, "I do love panties, I do! And I love your panties most of all, Granny!"

"Oh, no, my darling," said his grandmother, "you don't love

them nearly enough, yet, but you soon will.” She then spanked the boy’s perfect buttocks with her wrinkled hand to increase the blood flow to his butt and loins so he would be even more excited by his body in contact with her sensational panties. Tom slipped forward on the silken pile and his whole body was now in contact with panties from his thighs and hips up to his face that was pressed against a particularly fragrant pair of frilly panties. His bottom was high in the air and his little penis was plunged deep into the folds of scented nylon, satin and rayon. “Oh... Oh..., Granny panties!” he grunted, his fair head in a spin.

“Love them, darling, love them,” said granny, and she pinched his balls through the white satin panties he was still wearing.

She smelled the faint scent of boy musk, new and sweet, and she smiled. It’s a nifty little thing, she thought, and his balls are still tiny. Then her expression darkened. But these little nuts will soon make their mischief, she thought. She thrust her hands down the front of his panties, pulled on his tight balls and then tugged back the foreskin from his young boy cock to fully expose its head to contact with sexy panty satin nylon.

“Wicked sissy boy,” she whispered in his ear. A hard smack on her grandson’s little bottom sent the boy’s pretty cock plunging deeper into the panty pile and made sure it felt every bit of her sensational tingly soft old panties.

Tommy screamed and his little legs kicked in spasms. His baby cock whipped about in the silks and satins. ‘What on earth were these more intense panty feelings? Were they pleasure or pain? It was too, too much to bear!’ he thought. Tommy had never before felt such excitement. It was driving him insane; he tried to scramble off the pile of panties, but granny grasped his ankles, spread wide his struggling legs and leaned forward as she put her full body weight on him and forced him deeper into the panties he was learning to love even more than he ever thought possible.

“Naughty, sissy. Were you going to love my panties and then leave them?” she whispered. She slid down his body, pursed her lips and gently pressed a kiss to his nuts through his panties.

Inside, his balls churned with desire. Granny felt the boy’s hot thighs tremble against her cheeks. A pulse of desire made his cock extra firm and ready to shoot. Tommy squirmed, trying to breathe through the panties burying his face. ‘No! No, this is not right,’ something screamed inside his head. ‘I should be making love to girls my own age, not cumming in panties and NOT being brought to ecstasy by my granny! And in her panties!’

His guilt ran deep; he was insanely crazy about panties, but just as he was about to shoot, he had qualms of fear as to what he was; he was a panty loving sissy — he knew it — he loved it — but he knew it was so wrong — so crazy — he was, was, was ... not supposed to spill his cum for old ladies, especially not his granny, nor waste it in her panties. Hairs rose all over the boy’s skin, as though every cell of his body wanted to withdraw from granny’s caresses. ‘I mustn’t; I mustn’t...’ he pleaded with his body.

Granny could imagine his confusion and fear of losing any masculinity he had left, and she knew a few tricks to push him over the edge. Keeping her grip on the boy’s ankles, she flipped out her long tongue and let it play under his swollen cock through the heavy satin panties. His pantied penis was already pressed up hard against his tummy and had nowhere to go. No sissy boy can resist an old lady and her grand panties. Granny tasted the boy’s sweetness as drops of his thin boy juice leaked out and through the panties. Then she felt the first jet of his hot semen shoot through the panties and into her mouth.

He wanted to scream, ‘No, Granny!’ but there was no stopping his love juice from flowing out of him, through the satin panties and into his granny’s thirsty mouth. In the quiet of the bedroom, while she grasped his hair and forced his face into the fragrant panties to smother his long screams of joy, Granny’s favorite boy shot his spunk into her mouth through her old-fashioned panties. His narrow little back arched and quivered again and again, blushing more and more with each violent spasm of his orgasm. He pumped and pumped his innocent juices into panty heaven. Soon after, his grandmother’s bedroom was redolent with the aroma of fresh boy sperm, mingled with the old lady’s perfume.

Old ladies’ panties can produce the most prodigious quantities of sissy cream from schoolboys. Once hooked, there is no escape. The longer a young boy resists the inevitable, the greater the quantity. And if the panties in question belong to his grandmother and the boy is bright and shy and sensitive, the added shame can produce an extraordinary deluge.

It was quite a while before Tommy settled down, and when he did, granny lifted him off the bed and stood him in front of her while she inspected her handiwork. He sobbed in shame as she cupped his shrinking dick and little balls in her hand through the soft satin of granny panties, now stained with his love for her and her panties, “You are Granny’s now, you little panty lover,” she said with a laugh. “Good boy,” she teased. “You do love Granny’s panties, don’t you?” When no reply came from the weeping boy, she gave him a stinging smack across his pantied buttocks. “Well, don’t you?” she asked, sharply.

“Y-yes,” sobbed Tommy, “Oh, yes! Oh, oh, oh...” And his little penis stiffened again to attention; it was so scared of Granny and the power her panties had over him that it took only a half dozen panty wanks and she had him spurting again! And it splashed all over granny’s laughing face!

“There, there, you’ve proved it, boy,” Granny said as she continued to laugh. “You’re a proper little panty slut, aren’t you dear? Well, dear, what are you?”

“I’m a p-panty slut, Granny,” mumbled Tommy, shedding a tear.

“A little louder, darling, your sissy voice is so soft I couldn’t quite hear...”

"I'm a panty-slut, Granny!" he bawled, "Oh... Oh..."

"You most certainly are, sweetheart. You're granny's little panty-slut. Now lick all that horrid sissy cream off my face and hands. Such a mess you've made, you silly sissy boy to love Granny's panties so much. Dear me! It's time we find you a nice little dress. Quickly, now. I know you want to put on a dress. A dress is the only proper attire for a sissy. You want to put on a dress, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, Granny, but, but, I'm a boy. I shouldn't!" said the confused little boy as he began lapping up his messy boy spunk mixed with the makeup on his granny's face. Gingerly, Tommy sipped up his semen. Its taste revolted him, but he did as his grandmother instructed. His velvety tongue on her cheeks tickled her and made her laugh.

"Good boy," said Granny, watching the boy sip his bitter fluid, "Swallow it all. That's right. We can't have that nasty stuff anywhere near ladies, can we? Oh no. Do you know, Tommy, some naughty boys want to stick their penis under a girl's panties and spurt their filth into her pussy? I expect you've heard something of the sort from your school friends. Isn't that horrid? The very idea! If Granny catches a boy doing that, she makes sure he never does it again. Pretty girls are for ladies to play with. Only ladies know how to treat girls' sweet little bodies. And that's why only good grannies know how to treat girlie boys like you."

"Yes, Granny," murmured Tommy, sadly.

"That's right. Now, I might let you wear a pair of girlie panties that were mine when I was your age. Ever since I heard that you were such a panty boy; I dug them out of storage and made them ready and waiting for you. I think you will see that they are the prettiest and fanciest panties you have ever seen."

Under his smooth granny panties, his little cock bobbed and was almost ready to spurt once more at the thought of being in Granny's promised little girl old-time panties. 'Yes, girls' panties!' a voice screamed in his head. Tommy's little cock strained in ecstasy at her words. His sissy cream, now watery and weak, dribbled from its tip like clotted cream and poured out through his panties again and onto Granny's tugging hand.

"Lick it up, sissy boy." And he did.

"Come along, dear, Granny's waiting," she said as soon as he had cleaned off his semen from her hand. She already had a dress in his size. It was in her closet and she quickly pulled it out. It was an old-fashioned party dress like little girls still wear today to parties, but it was big enough for the twelve-year-old Tommy.

"Wait until I tell your mommy that you want to wear dresses now in addition to wanking into panties."

"Oh, Mommy mustn't know!" he pleaded as she pulled the dress over his head.

"Well, Mommy will have to know more about your panty fetish. She already knows, but I don't suspect she has any idea how thoroughly panty crazy you are. We must tell her, but if you remain a good little sissy for Granny, we won't tell her about this lovely dress. I will give it to you and you can keep it hidden and wear it when you are alone, but if she ever finds it, we'll have to tell mommy the whole truth, won't we?"

Deep in shame — the feeling sissy boys know better than any other, he nodded. ♦

Petticoat Punishment Practiced at My School

2001-10-22

At my elementary school, both of our first grade and second grade teachers would sometimes punish boys by making them wear a dress. Also, if they thought a boy was being too babyish, they would make him wear a diaper or if he had committed a sin against a girl, they would make him wear lacy panties and a big crinoline petticoat, which were in fashion at that time. Those options didn't happen very often since just the dress was usually enough to bring a boy to tears and make him very repentant.

However, the diapers or panties option was always on the minds of the girls as they would taunt any boy being punished in a dress and try to provoke him enough into retaliating against them so the teacher would increase his punishment and add the humiliation of a diaper or slip and panties. That rarely happened because the boys quickly realized what the girls were trying to do, but the dress was used often, and a supply of girls' party dresses were hung on prominent display in the cloak room that was attached to each of the 1st and 2nd grade classrooms.

All the children saw those dresses hanging there every time they went to put on or take off their coats, a grim reminder to the boys to be good. I think it worked well because a lot of the boys were very fearful of earning punishment time in dresses. I wasn't punished that way until one time when I was in the second grade when I passed around to the other boys a drawing I had made of Darla, one of the most despised girls in our class. It was a picture of her sitting on the toilet with her lacy panties at her ankles and poop coming out of her butt. That little deed merited me the day in lacy pink panties as well as a Cinderella-like party dress in pale blue that was puffed up with a mountain of nylon and net petticoats. As you might expect, I had to sit on the girls' side of the room and keep the dress and lingerie on all day. The girls teased me a lot, and the teacher ignored my protests when they kept pulling up my dress to see the panties and then burst out into fresh peals of laughter. The girls teased and tormented me even more that day than they did to most other boys suffering in a punishment dress because I had humiliated a girl, but the boys didn't tease me because they all knew it might be their turn next.

Dirk ♦



How Did I Celebrate My Christmas this Year?

I own a restaurant, so I work every day. Today, Christmas, I had a rare day off. It's now 4 o'clock in the afternoon and I just got up from masturbating in my panties all night and most of the day! As a victim of petticoat punishment as a child, I now love rolling around in bed and walking around the house wearing two pairs of panties with the bottom half of two full-length slips tucked into the top pair of panties and pushed down around my boy parts. All that silkiness surrounding my dick and balls is sensational! I still have some pairs of 1950s-style panties that belonged to my mom, they are quite worn, but they are my absolute favorites. I love the way panties just get softer and silkier as they get older. I've enclosed a pic of my excitement in a nice pair of pale green nylon panties.

Annie Boy ♦

Publicly Humiliated as a Panty Boy

2001-11-12

When I was twelve, my parents divorced and my mom was unable to care for me, so I was raised by my aunt from age twelve until I graduated high school and went to college. Soon after I moved in with her, my aunt took me to a JC Penney's department store and told the saleslady she wanted to buy me a pretty dress and fancy girls' underwear because I was "getting too big for my britches and needed to be taken down a notch." I, of course, was dumbfounded as I was made to stand there and be measured by the giggling lady, who then took me from one display to another as she held up various teen bras, slips, panties and dresses to check for size. I had no idea how to react, hoping my aunt was just trying to scare me into acting like a gentleman, so I just kept quiet during the shopping ordeal because I didn't want to upset my aunt.

At home, the dress was hung in my closet, and the panties and lingerie placed in my dresser drawers where I had to look at them every time I needed to get any of my boys' clothes. Within two days, I found myself being forced into those clothes. My aunt had a very short fuse; she could become upset with me for the simplest things.

At dinner time on that day, I had simply told her I didn't like green beans and I wasn't going to eat them. She yanked me out of my chair and ran me up to my bedroom and



made me dress up right in the middle of the meal. Then she sat me back down to eat the beans, and when I refused again, she brought out a shiny new paddle she had also recently purchased and paddled the dickens out of my pink pantied butt. Then it was back to the table. My aching butt made it hard for me to sit down, but I did, and I did eat the green beans.

That immediately set a pattern, and all those years I lived with my aunt, I spent a lot of time over her lap being paddled and a lot of time in dresses, panties and other girlie clothes. My aunt would make me do housework, and if I hesitated to obey her in any way, she would threaten to make me sit on the front porch in my dress and wave at cars.

I had to wear panties every day under my boys' clothes, even to school. Of course, it didn't take long for the other boys to find out, and I was regularly depantsed and ridiculed. One day I went outside to get on the school bus and I noticed someone had spray painted on the iron railing along the road across from the front of my house the words 'panty boy.' That was so humiliating; however, some good did come out of it because my aunt saw it and then promptly got me boys' underwear to wear when I went to school. It took a long time to live down the panty boy nickname, but eventually the other kids forgot about it and let me alone.

When I got engaged, my aunt told my wife-to-be how she paddled me and kept me in girls' clothes to make me behave. My future wife was a dominant sort of female and thought it was a smart way of dealing with me, and to my surprise, she pledged to continue disciplining me in a similar fashion. Upon our marriage, my aunt gave my new wife the paddle she had used on me for years as well as my girlish wardrobe, which by that time had become quite extensive!

Hank G ♦

Sissy Needs to Be Spanked

2002-05-01

I am now in my sixties and as a child I was never spanked, but for some reason I was fascinated by the idea of corporal punishment (and still am). When I was about twenty I used to visit a professional governess in London. There I would change into a British girls' school uniform, consisting of a white, long-sleeved blouse, striped school tie, very short navy blue pleated skirt, white nylon panties, white knee length socks and a pair of black T-bar shoes. The governess would then give me a good telling off for being a naughty girl before bending me over a punishment horse. She would fasten my wrists and ankles securely, take my panties down and then thrash me with a swishy cane until I screamed for mercy. After it was over, I always swore I would never go through that again, but within a month, I always went back again for another dose.

Frank ♦

My Mother's Idea of Punishment

2001-09-26

I was punished as a child by being made to wear girls' clothing. My mom would make me put on a dress and a pair of panties and then pin pink ribbons in my hair. This went on until I was sixteen. I found it very embarrassing. If my offense was serious enough, she would spank me too -- and I seemed to merit that most of the time. She never made me go out dressed in those clothes, thank goodness, but if we had visitors, I wasn't allowed to hide from them, and mother let them know it was OK to tease me -- and they certainly did! ♦

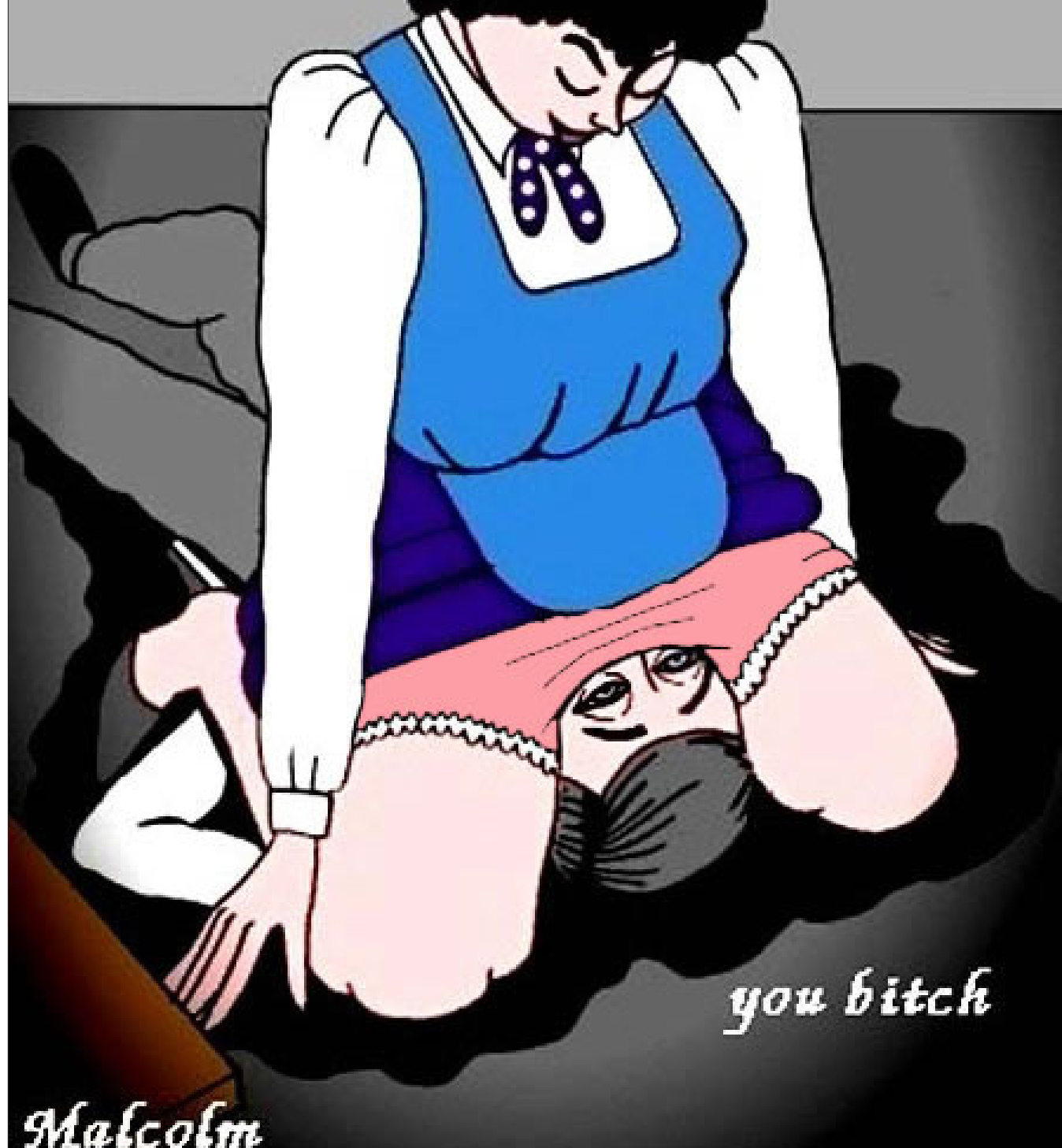


Prim



"Yes, you can look at my panties, boy, but you can't touch! If I catch you playing with my panties, I'll tell mother!"

*You're disappearing from view,
right under my Bloomers ha ha
are you enjoying the view ha ha!*



Malcolm



Spanking a Pantywaist Boy in Short Shorts

By Will Henry

My long time friend, Janet, is forty and a wealthy widow. She is the domineering type and a firm believer in strict discipline for adolescent boys. She has put her ideas into practice with her son, who is going on twelve. I can certify that he is under extremely strict discipline at home. While spending a week visiting them last winter, I was privileged to witness an incident that revealed the full extent of her control over him.

In my presence one afternoon, Janet informed her maid, Lola, that the boy was to be punished for disobedience. I listened closely as she told Lola that he was to be put into his punishment uniform as soon as he arrived home from school. I might explain that Lola is an extremely attractive young black girl in her twenties, who works full time as Janet's maid and has her own room in the house. While working, she always wears a very trim black uniform that is fashionably short with frothy white petticoats underneath, and black hose and heels with white apron and cap.

The boy arrived home around four, and Lola immediately took him in hand. They were gone for some time, and it was difficult for me to suppress my curiosity when Janet remarked that it was customary for Lola to assist with the boy's discipline routine by giving him a bath and scrubbing his skin peachy clean and then putting him into his shame clothing.

Nearly an hour later, Janet suggested we retire to the den for a pre-dinner cocktail. A few minutes later the boy appeared, followed by a smiling Lola. To my astonishment, I learned what Janet had meant when she had referred to his punishment uniform as shame clothing. It was that and then some!

He wore a huge red hair ribbon and earrings and was heavily made up. He had on a white taffeta blouse, trimmed in lace. His trousers were actually extremely short shorts with deep side slits. On his long, naked legs, he was wearing girls' white ankle socks with a big lace trim around the tops, and his feet were fitted with little girls' old-fashioned black-and-white saddle shoes.

Most amazing, his shorts were so short and the side slits so large that they exposed the lacy panties he was wearing underneath. Yes! He was wearing heavily frilled girls' panties! Bright yellow

panties. Just about the most sissified panties I had ever seen! One of the weirdest sights I had ever seen! That boy was crimson with shame!

He was so scarlet his embarrassment showed right through his makeup. What a sight he made! I could hardly restrain my astonished gasp and giggles as he blushing walked over to where his mother was seated, his eyes riveted to the floor. It was readily apparent that Janet really did have him under strict control. I couldn't think of any costume that could possibly make this trembling boy any more sissyish or unmasculine and undignified; particularly when seen by a visitor, a grinning, laughing witness such as myself.

While he stood shamefacedly in front of his mother, she sat with her shapely legs crossed, lecturing and chiding him at length. While she scolded him, Lola stood quietly at one side, looking extremely pleased about the whole affair. I had been paying so much attention to the boy that I failed to notice that Lola was carrying a bright red wooden paddle. Ordinarily that would have astonished me, but knowing Janet's belief in humiliating and physical punishments and after seeing the boy's costume, it wasn't unexpected.

When Janet concluded her lecture, she ordered him to walk up and down and turn for us. The side slits on his shorts kept flapping open exposing his lacy yellow panties as he walked -- well, more like minced -- as he paraded back and forth. It was evident that he had been trained to walk as femininely as any girl. His mother made him walk for five minutes in front of us, and it must have seemed a lot longer to him.

Next, Lola placed a chair in the middle of the room. To my surprise the girl herself sat down on the chair, paddle in hand, her legs apart and her short skirt riding up several inches to give a pretty picture of her nyloned ebony legs. I gasped as I realized that Lola was going to administer the spanking!

As he slowly walked over to the young maid, the boy suddenly broke his silence and begged to be taken to his room. In reply, his mother told him that humiliation was part of his punishment, and that he was going to be spanked on the spot.

While he stood there scarlet with shame, Lola deliberately unfastened and lowered his short pants. Beneath them, he wore the bright yellow nylon panties that I had already had the joy of seeing! They were silky and so thin that the outline of his maleness was quite apparent. His penis was small but firm, prominently tenting up the front of his sissy panties in a strange and most unfeminine way. I had to laugh out loud! It was beautifully funny! The boy cringed as I laughed a big belly laugh! Lola then calmly patted one nyloned knee as a signal for him to get into position. With deep humiliation written all over his face, he lowered himself over her lap. As he groaned with despair and I watched with astonishment, Lola began to peel down his sweet yellow panties! Soon he was completely bare; his bottom looked erotically girlish.

I sat there transfixed as she completed the preparations. From Lola's practiced attitude, it was apparent that she was quite used to all of this.

She promptly went to work with that red paddle, smacking first one side and then the other of his butt with firm strokes that smacked loudly against his bare flesh. His butt was highly discolored, obviously a result of frequent paddlings, and I was amazed at how quickly his bottom reddened under the smacks. Although he squirmed as the paddle smacked him, he did his best to take it without losing his composure. Periodically, Lola paused and compared her paddle to the redness of his ass cheeks, as if the red paddle was the benchmark that was her goal.

As his spanked butt became increasingly reddened, he started wriggling and gasping more and more. Finally, he burst into tears and began kicking his legs like any well-spanked youngster. What a sight he made with his long legs hobbled by the yellow panties restricting the movement of his upper thighs! As Lola continued to put the paddle to him, he begged her to stop and promised to do anything she said. It was a revelation to me to see what her paddle could accomplish and in such a short time.

Before she stopped, his bare bottom was a fiery red -- every bit as red as her paddle. Finally, the spanking was over, but the indignities weren't. He tearfully slid off Lola's lap to his knees in front of her. Her uniform had worked up over the darker parts of her stockings, exposing a couple of inches of bare thigh. She made no effort to pull her skirt down as she looked at the boy with a knowing smile.

Janet stepped forward and regarded him with a severe expression on her face. She examined his butt with a practiced eye, commenting on the degree of redness and tested its tenderness, and as she poked at his well-beaten bottom, he groaned and cried some more. Then she pulled up his panties inch by inch; it was obvious that the touch of his sleek panties aggravated the pain in his blistered butt.

Janet told him, "Show Lola how much you appreciate the paddling she gave you! Kiss her feet!"

Sniffing and looking quite embarrassed, he meekly kissed Lola's feet just above the vamp of her shoes.

"Now kiss her lap!" Janet ordered him.

Looking quite flushed, he kissed the heavier part of her nylons. And at a nod from Janet, Lola spread her pretty legs and pulled her uniform up to her waist. To my surprise, she then slid aside the crotch of her red nylon panties to reveal her pink pussy lips. "Kiss her cunt, boy!" Janet demanded.

While I watched in amazement, he slowly leaned forward and planted a kiss right on Lola's pink cunny! He started to draw back but Janet stopped him. "No, keep doing it! Kiss and lick her all

over down there to thank her for the nice well-deserved paddling she gave you. Lick and excite her until she tells you to stop!"

I was too dumbfounded to do anything but stare as the shamefaced boy paid tribute to Lola's femininity in the most intimate way. To see this twelve-year-old sissy boy eat black pussy! Wow! Sensationally exciting! Sitting on the outer edge of her chair to give him full access, Lola looked thoroughly pleased and occasionally moved her hips in response to his oral caresses. Janet returned to her chair and resumed her earlier conversation with me as if nothing were happening, although I couldn't take my eyes off the spectacle in front of us. However, during our conversation, Janet did slide her hand up her own skirt and began fingering the veil of nylon panties covering her cunt.

Once he began, he never lifted his face from Lola's ebony pussy; his sucking and smacking sounds were quite loud. Finally, Lola jerked spasmodically and abruptly pushed his head away. As he obeyed Janet's order to get up, his erection was apparent to everyone. While we all stared at him, Janet looked at his erection and angrily announced, "What do you mean by that? Lola, make him get rid of it! And don't you give him any help either!"

"Oh, don't worry about that," Lola laughed. "I like seeing him do it to himself!" Then, she promptly commanded him to masturbate. The thoroughly humbled boy grasped his small penis with his forefinger and thumb and massaged it through his nylon panties. It took a few moments for him to overcome his shame and erect but then he spurted his seed into the panties. I laughed as I saw his slime ooze out of the panties and dripping down his thighs. Lola was grinning and he was looking very sheepish and flushed. Lola picked up his shorts that he had left by the chair where he had been paddled and had the boy step back into them.

He was compelled to leave his punishment uniform on for the rest of the evening, including his sticky panties, and required to stay in our presence. I was so fascinated by his attire that I couldn't take my eyes off him, much to his mortification. His darling yellow nylon panties peeking out of his shorts held my attention the whole time I was there. Repeatedly, I found myself looking toward him and staring at his exposed panties -- girlie nylon panties on a boy -- what a wonderful idea -- and obviously an idea that worked very well in controlling this preteen boy. While I said nothing to him, his mother and Lola both continually made comments designed to remind him of his shameful status. ♦



Jacky is one happy sissy boy since it's his 12th birthday and he's all dolled up in his new wig and showing us one of his new gifts, a three pack of the specially made Van Real Panties that are durable enough for a panty boy on the verge of his teenage years and about to masturbate himself silly multiple times every day. His only complaint, "Mom, I'll need a lot more than just three pairs of Van Real Sissy Boy Panties!"



Van Real Panties for Sissy Boys

Silky smooth nylon panties strong enough to handle the most demanding sissy boy needs. Now with all-nylon double crotch (no cotton!) to tease and delight the most discriminating sissy boy panty lover. In assorted colors.

Young Boys Sizes 3-13

Big Boy Teen Sizes 5-8

Mature Boys Sizes 9-22



3-Pak Boy Panties Size 7 Pink


Panty Boy Jacky
Happy 12th Birthday



Mother Knows Best

Roger's mother bathed him every night before bed, taking particular care with his boy toys because she desperately hoped her only son and only child would sire her many grandchildren. After his bath, much to her son's embarrassment, she would weigh his little balls in her fingers, pamper them with creams and lotions and, by the time he was six, they had grown far healthier and more succulent than any boy of his age.

From the time he was out of diapers, Marie dressed her son in frilly nylon panties. Her plan was to turn her boy into a panty slave, but not a fag just a panty crazed sissy boy fully under her control. She wanted him to fall victim to the inherent lure of panties and want them more than anything. She knew that a boy trained to panties forever loved the female who had first got him to love panties, and that would give her unbelievable power over him: she'd be able to make sure he was a heterosexual — she was already working on that! Yes, she wanted him to be an intensely devoted heterosexual but with a severe panty fetish! Then, she

surmised, she'd be able to choose who and when he married as well as control most other facets of his panty-enslaved life.

Marie denied her son pajamas so she could easily observe his male development through his thin, waist-high panties, visiting his bedroom each night to check on his progress and watch his penis erect during his sleep, and she'd return just before he awoke in the morning. She'd touch him, he'd erect and she'd whisper in his ear things like, "Oh, my clever little panty boy!" Without waking him, Marie would massage his panty-covered penis tell him, whispered in his ear. "Are you dreaming about pretty girls, my darling? Are you dreaming about the pretty, lacy, silky panties little girls wear? Yes, that's right; make yourself nice and stiff for the girls and their fancy panties. Let Mommy help you. What a clever boy. Salute your penis to your panties. You know just what to do, don't you.

"Sweet girls ... dream about pretty ladies and girls in their lovely panties, my darling. Lovely, silky panties on pretty girlie bottoms. Dream about soft girlie panties on your boyish bottom — oh, dear! How sweet your fanny looks in nice lacy panties — you do love how mommy rubs your panties over your butt and your balls, don't you, you naughty little boy! A boy in girlie panties is a sissy. Are you a sissy? Oh, yes, you are." Seduced by her sweet talk and her tongue in his ear, the boy's young flesh would stiffen in an instant. "Oh, my, what a quick boy you are for Mommy. Now Mommy will massage you so you grow firm and strong for the big girls. My sweet boy, you mustn't be frightened of the big girls in their big silky panties."

Maria knew that another little stage in her son's development was imminent. Fondling his penis as he slept, rolling it on her palm in expensive nylon and silk panties, and running her fingertips lovingly over its contours, she would kiss its pretty head and purr words of love. Such soft panty silkiness on his boyish skin. One day, she knew he was growing up; she had followed her kiss with a flick of her tongue and saw his penis, surrounded by the panties, whip in a new torment and droplets of his first sum wetted the front of his panties. She laughed in delight as she tasted his virgin juice and his innocent little spasm of love. "Hush, my baby, don't fret, it's my kiss of love, it's only Mommy — kiss, kiss, only Mommy, my darling. Oh, my poor sweetie, did naughty Mommy and your pretty girlie panties tease you too, too much? Did you get too excited, my pretty little cock robin? What a sensitive little bird you are. But now you know what love is, you clever boy. And one day some lucky, kiss, girl will feel your touch and you'll send her to heaven." As Marie said those words, she felt sweet juices wet her own panty-crotch and knew that she envied that lucky girl in her son's future — the lucky girl who would inherit the sissy boy product of her love and labor.

Then, as she always did, when he started to stir and awaken, she halted her daily dose of subliminal panty training.

One morning when Roger was in the seventh grade, Maria was dallying with his little penis as usual when she noticed a piece of pink paper under her son's pillow. She scanned the little letter jealously:

Dear Roger. I love you so much. I had no idea a boy could understand me better than anyone, even my girlfriends. I love the three pairs of pink panties you bought for me and I will wear them all the time. My darling, my heart is yours, so take my body too. I ache to feel your hands on my pink panties. It was naughty of you to pull up my pink training bra like that, I nearly fainted. You suckled my nipples so long that it nearly drove me insane. I love it when you kiss my panties. And I love that you wear pretty panties too, just like a girl, yet you are so much of a boy! You said girls are so lucky to wear pretty panties, so I know you appreciate being able to wear panties too. You are so lucky to have a mother who lets you wear panties. They make you so easy to love. You are sweeter and gentler than any girl I know. Your penis is so large! My brother's is a year older than you, but his penis is only about half the size of yours. And yours is so much prettier. Besides, your little dickie looks sensational in nylon panties with lace and ribbon bows all around it. Underneath, I know you have a beautiful and strong feminine side and I think wearing pink panties makes you very happy and content. So I am going to buy us some matching panties, wouldn't that be great? We can then wear our frilly panties together when we play feelies. Dream about kissing my pussy lips in my panties; you are so good at it. Just thinking about you kissing my panties makes me shiver and get excited all over. See you after school tomorrow. I'll have a surprise for you.

Love and XXXX,
Laura

Her son had not even turned twelve yet, and he had already attracted the kind of girl Maria knew she would love! She had to meet this girl. His love of girls and panties was obvious from the note, and this girl was encouraging him to wear panties and be girlie with her! This girl was continuing Marie's panty training of her son -- how marvelous! ♦



