

Spanked Son, Pantied and Made into a Cuntlapper



Virginia C. is a married woman in her late thirties who has one child, a boy of thirteen. She uses petticoat punishment, and here she describes how she handles her son.

“I’m amused when I hear teenagers complaining about discipline. Perhaps they would be interested in knowing that in our home our son is regularly made to submit to petticoat punishment. His punishment costume consists of an abbreviated pink frock with puffed sleeves, pink panties, nylon stockings held up by a garter belt, and patent pumps with three-inch heels! In fact, right at this moment, my thoroughly embarrassed young penitent is standing in the corner awaiting a spanking while attired in his girls’ outfit!

“It might seem surprising that I employ such measures to punish him as well as keep him from going astray. However, I have found that such humiliation is just the thing to keep him in line. Whenever he disobeys me or violates one of my rules, I make him put on the girls’ clothes and submit to my discipline. He of course just hates to put on his girlie outfit, and he always pleads with me to spare him of this humiliation. No matter how much he pleads, however, he always has to put on the outfit, take his spanking and any other punishments I impose, and remain petticoated until I release him.

“Often, I don’t spare him simply because guests happen to be present. Instead, if I order him to do so, he must appear before them attired in his shameful dress and lingerie. Some of my lady friends find it thoroughly amusing to see a boy dolled up as if he’s going to a party in a fancy dress. He, of course, is scarlet with shame on such occasions, but he knows better than to lose his temper. Instead, he must swallow hard and take his inevitable teasing in good grace.

“I should add that my husband is fully aware of how I punish our boy. He doesn’t like that I feminize and humiliate him, but my husband is a wimp and knows better than complain.

“He usually isn’t spanked or given other punishments in front of guests. Instead, after standing in the corner, he is removed to the study for the spanking. Although guests can’t see him being spanked, they can hear everything—my humiliating little commands as well as his outcries. Afterwards, still red eyed and smarting, he must suffer the indignity of going out and facing them. To add to his mortification, they can usually tell from my flushed and pleased expression and wrinkled skirt what my shamefaced culprit has been required to bring me to multiple orgasms. Moreover, I’m

sure they heard my screams as I went from one thrilling climax to another. I've trained little Brandon well, he's an expert cuntlapper.

"I have three close lady friends and a few acquaintances that I permit to watch hisissy punishment sessions. Being on display to teasing and laughing females increases his shame considerably. My one friend brings her six-year-old little girl along at times. She is the devil incarnate and calls him names and mistreats him more than any of the rest of us. Most recently, I even let her spank Brandon with my dress belt, and she quickly had him in tears! Others who have seen him punished are his music teacher, one of his schoolteachers and three members of my bridge club. They all find my methods highly interesting. A couple of them have even let me know that they would be glad to take over if I had to go out of town for awhile, and two of them are mothers with young sons and are considering adopting similar punishments for boys .

"I administer all spankings in the old-fashioned over the knee style, as I believe that is by far the most embarrassing position. Before sitting down, I lift my skirt up to my stocking tops and then sit down with my legs apart. At my command, he must endure the humiliation of gathering his little frock up to his waist while I skim down his panties. I make him stand between my legs and then bend over my left thigh. I then clamp my right leg around him, leaving his bare hips jackknifed upward over my lap in exactly the right position.

"I then go to work with the hairbrush, supplementing each stroke with scolding, shaming comments. I don't count the spanks. In short order, I have a red bottomed and tearful young boy-girl. As the hairbrushing continues and each stroke adds more heat to his already stinging bottom, he yelps and cries and pleads with me to stop. I finally pause with the hairbrush and ask him to describe exactly what he will do if I do stop spanking him. He knows what I mean, but even when we're alone, he has difficulty actually saying it. When one or two of my friends are watching, I sometimes have to keep putting the hairbrush to him until he says what I want.

"When I release him, he slides off my lap to his knees in front of me. I pull my skirt and spread my legs apart. Normally, I will have removed my panties before the session. He must then endure the humiliation of paying tribute to my moist pussy! He, of course, is just crimson with shame when he has to do that. Naturally, it's quite amusing and delightful to watch him shamefacedly arousing me with his tongue. It's doubly humiliating for him if one or more of my lady friends are there smirking and tittering. I always make him bring me to a climax. He must wear his girls' outfit until bedtime and conduct himself in a properly girlish manner or it's back over my lap for more."

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