

Princess Online



Originally featured on our Internet website, these are our best letters, stories, articles and other items of interest for the fantasy fulfillment of adult pantywaist sissies. Stories range for "G" to "X" rated and include crossdressing, humiliation and both straight and forced gay themes.

Since 1981

A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION

Don't cry, Teddy! This is such a pretty dress and your panties are so nice and lacy. Daddy's going to love you like this. I know because I see how excited he gets when your little cousin, Marie, pulls up her dress and shows him her pretty panties!



I'm Making My Son into a Pantywaist

(In 1965, this letter was sent in to "La Plume," an old-time transvestite publication that lasted only a few issues.)

Dear Readers,

Yes, my son is a pantywaist—at least, he is quickly becoming one. For years, he prided himself in being a so-called superior little male. He acted like he thought all women were here to be slaves to men and openly scoffed at anything feminine, from women's clothing to what some people call traditional 'women's work,' like housework. Since he so despised anything feminine, his current punishment in girls' clothes is especially effective.

He is not being subjected to petticoat punishment for some minor offense as happens to many males. At a fair trial by a jury of women and myself, his mother, he was found guilty and sentenced to be a "pantywaist sissy" until further notice. This all happened ten months ago, and if he doesn't do a lot more improving, he's liable to find himself permanently in petticoats! Here's how this all came about:

Ever since my boy's good-for-nothing father took off on us over a year ago, Charles (or "Bessie" as we now call him) had been totally unresponsive to my efforts to make him a well-mannered boy. In addition to his lack of respect toward all females, he wasn't even a decent example of a boy. He couldn't face up to things like a boy should. He'd never come to the defense of a woman or girl in distress, and he'd run home to me as fast as he could whenever another boy challenged him to a fight.

Most distressing, he seemed to be especially abusive toward little girls. He had a paper route for a time and did odd jobs for some of the neighbors, but these jobs never lasted because people got fed up with his disrespectful attitude toward adults, especially women. Also, whenever he did something wrong, he never missed an opportunity to shift the blame to some unsuspecting woman or girl.

I work at home doing typing and tracking of subscriptions for a local magazine publisher. I work hard and have to watch my money. Well, the final straw came when Charles stole \$60 from my wallet just after I had gotten paid and cashed my check. When I questioned him about it, he suggested that my friend Mabel must have taken it since Mabel had stopped in for a visit just before I noticed the money missing. Since Charles had never stolen anything from me before (that I know of), I took his word for it and became very angry toward Mabel. She insisted that she didn't do it.

Later that afternoon I caught Charles trying to sneak into the house with a bag stuffed under his jacket. When I made him show me what he was hiding, I discovered a fancy new radio inside and a receipt for \$56.00. Charles didn't have access to that kind of money so I put two and two



together and quickly realized that it was he who had stolen my \$60. I immediately called Mabel and apologized to her. Then I called a meeting with her, my mother, cousin Sally, and two of my women friends. I wanted their advice on how best to punish Charles.

We live in a rather large Victorian house in a very small town. My husband and I had planned on having a large family, but it never worked out that way. At the get-together with my women friends, it was decided that my mother and Sally would come to live with Charles and me because I had plenty of room and they could help me with the expenses as well as help me tame my little monster.

Next, our little group of women conducted a trial. Under stiff questioning, Charles broke down and admitted his crime.

Even though I am his mother, I threatened to take him to the police and report the crime and have him locked up on an official police charge. (And I was so angry that I wasn't joking!) Well, he's such a wimpy weasel; he couldn't face the possibility of going to jail. On his knees, he pleaded for forgiveness and promised to do anything. After we had him sign a statement in which he incriminated himself, we locked him in the bathroom and went into a conference to decide his sentence.

Mother told us about one of her neighbors who had totally reformed her son by making him wear girls' clothes whenever he misbehaved. We all laughed at that, but loved the idea! I questioned how we could possibly accomplish such a thing. Mother got right on the phone and called the woman so we could all ask her questions about the effectiveness of the punishment and how she was able to carry out the sentence. The woman, Mrs. Dahling was her name, was glad to help us. She surprised us all when she offered to bring over her son right then and show us the results!

With a cheer, we accepted her invitation. She explained that her boy, Butch, was not currently being punished but she had been keeping a list of minor infractions, and she was on the verge of returning him to dresses, anyway. She said it wouldn't be any trouble, claiming that she had his punishment down to a science and could get him into one of his punishment outfits and over to our house in less than an hour. Besides, she said that a little bit of public humiliation always did him a lot of good.

When she arrived, Charles was still locked in the guest bathroom, which is quite close to the living room, so he must have wondered what all the noise and enthusiastic cheers were about when Butch first walked into the house. The boy was dressed in a flouncy dark pink blouse with large puffed cap sleeves and a lacy collar. His skirt was full and pleated, made of a thin rose-red colored fabric. Flashes of lacy petticoats could be seen peeking out from under his skirts every time he moved. He had probably been coached to keep a smile on his face because he seemed to be forcing himself to do so. We marveled at not only his costume but also how obedient he was to his mother, quickly doing everything from helping her off with her coat to moving the instant she told him to do anything. And when she whispered something in his ear, Butch walked out to the center of the room. Very apprehensively, he was forced to say, "I'm a sissyboy. I've been bad. My mother says I can go back to my boys' clothes when we get home if I'm real good for you tonight."

"Tell me, kid," Mabel interrupted, "do you wear the whole lot? I see you've got little titties. Are you wearing a bra and panties too?"

All the women laughed. Butch looked immediately toward his mother with a pained expression on his face.

"Go ahead and answer the her," his mother urged. "In fact, why don't you show her?"

Butch swallowed, blushed as he fleetingly looked over the crowd of women, and then inched his hands down to the edge of his short flippy skirt. With his head down, he raised both the skirt and his full slips to show off an adorable pair of yellow, little girl, nylon panties with nursery rhyme characters printed on them and a little pink bow on the front of each leg elastic.

Cheers, laughter and even a few whistles went up from the women, followed by excited compliments and cutesy comments.

"O-o-o-o! Adorable!"

"Aren't you a little too old to be wearing such baby-like panties?"

"Your panties are so-o-o-o pret-ty, pret-ty. Oh my, my, what pret-ty pan-ties!"

"Where can I get my daughter some panties just like that?"

"Harold would have a fit if I got our son some girls' panties like that. Well, what the hell, maybe I will!"

Finally, Mrs. Dahling let her boy drop his skirts. Then she had him unbutton his top and pull up his camisole to expose his little pale yellow training bra, which she explained had an extra pair of panties stuffed into each cup. She explained, "These are his emergency backup panty supply in case he gets too excited!"

Most of us were just about rolling on the floor with laughter when she said that!

Then, she made him take turns sitting on each woman's lap as we continued our discussion. We quickly came to the conclusion that handling Charles in a similar fashion would be a wonderful idea. After all, he was a miserable example of what a boy or a man is supposed to be and since he so hated women, girls' clothes for him would be perfect.

As he sat on the women's laps, some of them took the opportunity to examine his lingerie close-up. Several of the women slipped their hands up under his skirts and touch him intimately, and when he looked to his mother for help, she just smiled at him and told him to let the women have their fun!

My own mother was fascinated with his breasts. She kept playing with his flat titties through his silky blouse, pinching and pulling on his nipples through his training bra. She told him he could

grow some nice little breasts if he pulled on his nipples everyday. He seemed to get very agitated about that and started to cry.

Mrs. Dahling realized that her boy was getting very discombobulated and asked if she could use one of my bedrooms for a moment. I showed her into my own bedroom. She took Butch inside and closed the door.

None of us knew what was going on, but mother explained to me that when the girlie punishment got to be too much for him, his mother had a way of asserting her control. Within about two minutes, we could hear Butch let out a quick series of loud, agonizing moans. Moments later, Mrs. Dahling came walking out of the bedroom with Butch's baby-style panties in her hands. She simply asked, "Do you have a place I can wash out his panties? I had to quiet him down."

After a stunned silence, we all started to laugh. It was obvious that she had jerked him off into his panties.

I showed her into the bathroom of our master bathroom. Minutes later, she returned to the group and Butch reentered when she called to him. His face was bright red with embarrassment, and he walked in a very hesitant and sheepish way. Mrs. Dahling motioned for him to come to her. She simply yanked his skirt and slips upward and out of the way, totally exposing to all of us his limp naked little penis and shriveled-up balls. .

"Keep your slips up. All the way around," she demanded.

He struggled to obey with his arms full of satin and lace frills.

"Good I always keep spare pairs of his panties in his bra. Ya' never know when you'll need 'em," she said with a laugh as she reached into his blouse and bra and extracted a pair of white satin panties. She held them open for him to step into and then pulled them up high around his thin little body, adjusting the waistband with a snap.

With his skirts all the way up, we could see the panties he was now wearing. They were a very bright white, a rich glossy white, a heavy satin-like fabric. They were quite plain except for a wide satin frill that went around each leg opening. The edge of that ruffled frill was hemmed with a delicate edging of fine pink lace. The boy's penis lay depleted, in a shrunken little ball in the stretchy crotch of his clean girlie panties. The women mostly sat in silence, just staring at a very competent mother as she put her sissy son through his paces.

Within a few minutes of that demonstration, I told all of them that I was definitely going to turn my Charles into a "pantywaist sissy" too. To myself, I didn't think I could do anything like jerk him off in his panties, but I was ready to try most anything, and I knew I'd even do that if I had to.

Mrs. Dahling offered to donate a pair of Butch's panties to our effort. I gratefully accepted.

Poor Butch looked like a freak since she had taken one pair of panties out of his bra and he was left with just one padded breast. So when she reached into his bra and took out the other pair that she was donating to Charles, Butch at least looked a little better. He looked like the flat-chested sissyboy that he was instead of a one-breasted girlie-boy.

The panties she handed to me were a thoroughly feminine pair of pink panties decorated with wide bands of lace and ribbons running around each leg opening. I thanked her as everyone voiced their approval with loud cheers and catcalls. I decided to put Charles on the road to sissiness immediately.

Mabel, mother and I went to the guest bathroom. I unlocked the door. Charles was at the door and ready to run out the moment I opened it, but we were ready and grabbed him before he got away. Since Mabel was the one who had been most wronged by his theft, I let her announce to him his sentence. She relished telling him about his future in skirts.

Charles spat at us and yelled back that we couldn't do anything like that to him, but we were ready. I took out my sorority paddle, and as soon as the women pulled down his trousers and held him down, I paddled him thoroughly.

He bawled like a baby, and when the tears finally subsided, Mabel told him about Butch. Then the crowd of women parted and we let him see Butch in his sweet little blouse and full skirt. Charles screamed and told us we were all crazy. He took one look at Butch and said that it was just a girl with a short haircut; he wasn't really a boy.

With that, we had Butch come over to where we had Charles sitting on the floor. Mrs. Dahling hoisted Butch's skirts up, peeled down the sorry kid's panties and exposed Butch's little penis and balls for Charles and everyone else to see. Charles reacted by punching Butch in the stomach and trying to storm out of the room, but we held him securely. I produced the paddle again, and I didn't stop using it on him until he promised to let us dress him as a girl. Poor little Butch was crying from being hit. We made Charles apologize to him and made him kiss the boy's penis through his silk panties to prove to us that he really was sorry.

Charles did not protest, only gave a shocked expression and continued to cry as his grandmother and I gave him his first pair of panties, the pretty pink panties that Mrs. Dahling had donated to our cause. With a feminine sneer, Mother kept referring to them as "his panties" and kept calling Charles, "our little Miss Pantywaist." I thought it was only fitting that mother be the one to help him into his first pair of panties because he had been such a big disappointment to her. He was her only grandchild, and he had always been so nasty to her.

Since it was obvious that I was going to need some immediate help, Sally moved in with us that night. She's a big strong woman (a punch press operator at our local corrugated box company) who can pick up my little pantywaist with one arm and paddle him silly with the other. With her around, I knew I'd have a minimum of problems getting him to cooperate. Mother had been living alone since Dad died two years earlier so I asked her if she too would like to move in with us and help out. The next day, she put her house up for sale and started moving in.

We decided to call Charles, "Bessie." Mother, Sally and I developed a program to totally reform him into a sweet little priss, which included never being allowed to be out of the sight of one of us. We made him quit school. That was no big loss because he was failing anyway. We started having him privately tutored at home. Almost immediately, his schoolwork improved a thousand percent. Mother organized a big party to burn all of his boys' clothes and toys. We carefully screened a list of every woman and girl we knew to join us in this celebration. (Butch was the only 'boy' invited!)

By the time the party date arrived, Bessie had already been assigned to doing all the laundry, ironing, floor scrubbing, dusting and cleaning. Mother took special delight in supervising him doing all these household chores in preparation for the party. She walked around with one of her old dress belts, ready to deliver a few stings to his skinny little, silk-pantied buttocks whenever he didn't perform to her satisfaction.

At the party, everyone brought gifts, mostly frilly clothes they had outgrown in a response to our request to help us assemble a complete wardrobe of pretty clothes for my new little girl. Since the party, he has become our personal maid and seamstress. Mother hired a lady to come in three times a week to teach him how to mend, sew by hand, and use the sewing machine. Mom is determined to have him bringing in some money to earn his keep.

Good old Mom, she's already soliciting the neighbors because he is skilled enough to sew lace and frills on panties and other pieces of lingerie. The initial reaction has been great. They all say that they can't wait to have him, a mere boy, sew lace trim on their lingerie.

Of course, Mabel was the first one whose panties he trimmed with pretty ribbon and eyelet lace. She delighted in telling Bessie and all the rest of us how she wore those pretty panties around the house in front of her husband. She admitted that she usually wore fairly plain underwear so when she wore those specially decorated panties, her husband asked about them. She told us how she took great pleasure in explaining that my little pantywaist boy had decorated them for her. She says her husband didn't say a thing, just shook his head and walked out of the room.

Women callers who see my little twerp are encouraged to tease and humiliate him. Every Sunday we have Bessie dressed up real pretty for any guests who happen by. Word has gotten out amongst our friends, and Sundays around here feature an endless line of curious visitors, mostly women, but a few men and boys have stopped in too. Most of them are brought by dominating mothers, wives, sisters or other relatives, who threaten those sorry males with similar punishment if they don't start minding them! At these gatherings, Bessie has to behave like a prim, proper miss, a regular Pollyanna. If he doesn't, he knows he won't be able to sit down for a week.

Of course, he's pressed into maid service on these occasions and forced to mince and dance around like the miserable little sissy he is. The slightest bit of disobedience earns him a whipping with Mother's dress belt, Dad's old leather strap, or my paddle, plus time in the corner with his skirts and petticoats raised to display his warmed butt encased in a pretty pair of the panties he has decorated himself.

Since he is constantly under the watchful eye of one of us (even when he bathes and goes to the toilet), he never gets an opportunity to play with himself to release his pent-up juices. I tried to forget about how Mrs. Dahling dealt with Butch's sexual needs whenever he got over stimulated. I just couldn't think of my little sissy like that. But Bessie obviously was thinking about it. His lack of privacy must have been too much because the little masturbator became so desperate to release his backed-up seed that one day he asked Sally to stroke his penis for him.

She went along with him for the moment. As she touched him she made him confess everything he had ever done sexually. He even admitted that he used to make Kathy and Brenda, two of the little neighborhood girls, play with his penis until he shot his cum. He got them to do this by threatening them. He told them things like he'd break their dolls or kill their pet dog. Sally reported that Charles was very bold during that confession and even seemed to take great pride in his ability to bully the two little girls.

Well, once he was finished with his confession, Sally stopped pulling on him and just laughed at his request for sex. Instead, she called mother and me into a meeting to discuss what to do with him. Mother convinced me that we had to take immediate control of him sexually. She said we needed to drain him of his masculine juices to keep him docile. We decided to give him some sex all right, but his cumming was going to be more punishment than pleasure. Each of us masturbated him into his panties in rapid succession. We had him screaming in pain because we weren't very gentle, and he quickly became very sore.

Now, as a matter of course, we do this once a week, whether he wants it or not. The rest of the week we have him tightly bound up in a kind of chastity belt made from an old panty girdle that is very tight on him and can be locked around his waist. I'm going to keep him as a sissyboy slave for a long, long time. Dear little Butch is a regular visitor, and we are teaching the boys how to masturbate and suck on each other, so they can keep their nasty boy juices tapped and keep themselves sweet and pliable. Several of my women friends are now in the process of sissy training their boys. And ever since they have started feminizing them, they now agree with me that they have never been so happy having a little boy, as sissyboys are an absolute delight! Please let us hear from others who have taken control of their nasty boys.

Miss Dora Vanderporter
Maine

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Pissing My Life Away_

People call it 'coming of age' when you go through your teen years – that period of time when your hormones kick in and the vicissitudes of life are opened up to you, when the mental cobwebs of childhood are trampled down by a complexity emotional and psychological changes that are indescribable until you experience them.

For me, it all took place within a few short days just before my thirteenth birthday, and in my case, it should be called "cumming of age" because I entered my teens full of piss and vinegar; buckets full of cum almost instantly filled my balls, ready to shoot at a moment's notice. Overnight I went from being a wise ass little preteen to a pissy pantywaist pervert.

Like many young boys, Byron, my best friend, and I were pranksters. We were always getting into trouble. A favorite little trick of ours was to go down to Oberlan Beach and urinate into an open convertible then wait and watch in hiding until the owner of the car discovered our pissy little present and began yelling and screaming like someone just killed his baby.

One Friday night we selected a new canary yellow Corvette to attack, but just as we started to piss onto the Vet's driver's seat, we were jumped from behind by two guys, who started beating the crap out of us. They had two girls with them and they were beating on us too. Then the most amazing thing happened. While we were scuffling I heard a loud ripping sound. Byron had fallen down and his shorts had been torn wide open. The next thing I knew the one girl started laughing like crazy. They stopped beating on me, and I fell to the ground. Then they all started laughing like crazy people. Through my squinting eyes, which were swelling up and I knew would soon to be black and blue, I looked at Byron. He was trying to get up again, but one of the guys and one of the girls were holding him with his T-shirt rucked up high around his chest. His torn shorts were hanging around one thigh. I was dumbfounded to see him wearing a pair of girl's panties. Even in the uneven shadows and bright glare of the parking lot lights, they were unmistakably girl's panties because they were pink and had black lace trim crisscrossing the front of them.

They were calling him a queer and a faggot. One of the guys punched him hard in the stomach right where the black panty elastic stretched around his waist. Byron collapsed on the ground next to me. They warned us to stay down on the ground or they'd beat us up some more. Byron and I looked at each other, wondering what to do. Then we felt streams of warm water being raining down on us. We turned around to see that the two guys were pissing on us. We tried to roll away from the streams and get up, but they warned us again not to move or they'd beat us up even more. We continued to lie there and take our punishment. I did curl up to hide the hard on I had developed. Yes, I had a hard-on! For some strange reason looking at Byron in those pink and black panties aroused me! As if being drenched in urine wasn't bad enough, I just hoped no one noticed my erection, or I knew I'd be in for even more pain and humiliation.

After padding the driver's seat with a blanket, one couple got into the Corvette. The other couple got into another car, and they all drove off. Byron and I got up and ran home. For several days, I didn't go over to Byron's house, and he didn't come over to mine. I stayed in my room a lot because I was so thoroughly confused. I had no idea why I had gotten a hard on at the sight of Byron in panties, his mother's panties I guessed, since he didn't have a sister. But why in the hell was he wearing them? Was he a queer like those guys kept saying? But most troubling of all, every time I thought about it, I'd get an erection all over again. The panties really excited me, but

it was more than that. Byron in the panties excited me even more. I was tempted to sneak into my big sister Rosemary's room. I don't know why, but I wanted to see her panties. Growing up with a sister, I had seen her panties a million times, hanging on the clothesline, in the laundry hamper, clean panties neatly folded and ready to be put away – I even saw up her skirt from time to time when she forgot to keep her legs tight together — but all those times, her panties never meant anything to me. I wondered what was different now. Without really deciding to do it, I found myself ducking into her room while the family was busy downstairs. I looked in her dresser drawers until I found where she kept her panties. God, she had a lot of them, twenty or thirty pairs at least, and they were sissy frilly and silky things. I got goose bumps just looking at them.

I was going to pick up the yellow pair on top, but then I decided not to disturb them. Instead I reached for a pair in the middle of a stack in back of her drawer and carefully eased them out. They were white with little green and red flowers on them and pink lace on the sides. They were so soft and silky; they slithered through my fingers like a cool liquid. My hard-on was pushing at the front of my jeans; it wanted to get out! It wanted to touch those panties. Hurriedly, I closed the drawer and took the panties to my own room. Seconds later I ripped open my jeans, pulled them halfway down my thighs along with my underwear and began touching my penis with those slinky panties. Wow, was that a great sensation! Then I rubbed them over my balls, opened them up and wrapped them around my cock. I gave myself just a few strokes through the teasing tube of nylon and lace. I started cumming immediately. It shocked me because it shot out about five feet in front of me, sending blobs of white juice flying across my bedspread. This was the first time I had jacked off. It scared the hell out of me. The dizzying delight of the moment was too much to handle all at once. I shook with confusion and excitement. For a time, I wasn't even sure what had happened.

Two days before being caught peeing into that car, I had my first wet dream. The morning after I wondered what that sticky substance was in my pajama bottoms. For years, I had heard boys talking about jacking off, cumming, wet dreams, and all that kind of stuff, but I only half believed them because whenever I pulled on my dick, it did feel good but not great, and no cream ever came out, like they said it would. I think I had tried masturbating a dozen times before giving up and thinking all of those guys were putting me on. Then I had that wet dream. The morning after I had no idea what had taken place. But the more I thought about it, the more it made sense. I realized that I had a 'nighttime emission' like they had described to us in health class. Cumming was supposed to be so pleasurable, but all I knew is that I had sticky gunk in my shorts! Yuk.

I, like most boys, got hard-ons every once in a while, but after that wet dream, I began getting a hard-on a couple times a day. Then the incident at the beach — thinking back on it, I chalked up my erection that night just to something that seemed to be happening to me more and more often, and it really had nothing to do with Byron wearing panties. But I did make an association with those hard-ons. I seemed to get a hard-on whenever I thought about cute girls, especially if I tried to picture them naked. That would do it in seconds! But that night at the beach — I wasn't thinking about cute girls, I got a hard-on looking at Byron in panties! Something in the back of my head told me that thinking such thoughts was queer, but I couldn't handle that. I pushed those thoughts right out of my head as fast as they came up!

The following Thursday, Byron and I had a softball game. That was the first time we had seen each other since being pissed on at the beach. We barely spoke two words to one another, but we did end up walking home together. I desperately wanted to ask him about wearing those panties, but I just couldn't get up the nerve. He was blushing a lot. I'm sure he knew what I was thinking. Finally, he just came out and tried to explain it.

"What I was wearing that night . . . the, the underwear. I, uh, didn't have any clean ones, so my Mom gave them to me to wear."

"And you wore them! Shit, how could you do that?"

"I just did. I didn't think it was any big deal."

"But it was a big deal when those guys got a load of them! I think they beat us up even more for that."

"No shit! But don't go thinking I'm a fag or something. It's nothing like that!"

"Sure, man, I wouldn't think that," I said. "But couldn't your mom have given you some plain ones or something?"

"I guess that's all she had."

I wanted to believe my friend, but somehow, I didn't think that was the whole story. I wanted to tell him about my reactions that night, but I knew it would make me sound queer. But I was so confused; I really needed someone to talk to. But I didn't say anything. That night, at home, I thought about everything more and more. I found myself drawn to my sister's room. Once again, I stole a pair of her panties, this time a dinky little peach colored pair with a blue satin teddy bear embroidered on each hip.

After I had messed up that first pair of Rosemary's panties, I had thrown them away. I promised myself to be more careful this time. My sister had a lot of panties, but if I kept stealing them and throwing them away, she'd start wondering where they were going. 'Kept stealing,' I said to myself. I shuttered. I was going to do it this time, but this was going to be the last time.

When I got to my room, I don't know what possessed me. I hadn't even thought about it, but I found myself stepping into those panties and putting them on! Any apprehension I might have felt was immediately forgotten. I swooned with pleasure. The silky texture of those panties washed over me like a narcotic racing through my veins. I barely touched myself and I was spurting cum. I looked down in horror as my penis continued to throb, gobs of smelly cum oozing out of the front of the panties and dripping down onto my shoes. Holy shit! I had ruined another pair of my sister's panties!

But that wasn't my worst problem. When I heard a mild coughing sound, I turned around to see my sister standing there. She had opened my bedroom door and was now staring at me in her cum-drenched panties!

“Oh, my god! How long has this been going on?” she said.

I struggled to cover myself with my discarded T-shirt as I begged her not to tell Mom and Dad. She didn't say anything for the longest time. She just let me stand there and beg and plead and promise her the world if she didn't tell.

For the time being, she promised not to expose me, but in exchange, I had to tell her all about what I had been doing with her panties. She also made it clear that I'd have to do just about anything that she asked me to do.

Without hesitating, I promised.

Mom and Dad went out that night. Rosemary told me to stay home. The moment we were alone, she came up to me and threw a pair of white panties on my lap and demanded that I change into them. I tried to beg off, but she made it clear what she wanted. When I got up to use the bathroom to change, she demanded that I change on the spot. I couldn't argue, so I did.

What I eventually learned was that my sister was a cock hound. She was extremely curious about penises. She wanted to study them up close, see how they worked and learn everything about them. I was her guinea pig. Once I had my clothes off, she insisted upon examining my penis and balls. She even ran her finger down my ass crack before she let me pull up the panties and cover my nakedness. Then while she asked me all kinds of sex questions, she made me manipulate myself through the panties like she had seen me do in my room.

She wanted me to get hard and jack off again, but I tearfully explained to her that I was too self-conscious with her sitting there watching. But she told me to keep on yanking on myself through the panties anyway. She asked me a hundred questions, each one more humiliating the one before. She wanted to know what it felt like peeing through a penis, how my balls felt when cum shot out, and what her silky panties felt like on my naked penis. Sweat was dripping down my forehead, and I was swaying back and forth on my feet because it was uncomfortable standing there before her like a big sissy ninny pulling on my pantied pud.

Before long I was telling her everything, from how Byron and I would piss into convertibles, being caught and discovering him wearing panties. Rosemary made me tell her all about sneaking into her room and insisted that I describe to her all the things that excited me enough to get a hard on. By the end of her inquisition, I was crying, but I also had a huge hard-on flopping around inside the silky white nylon. I was crying because I had told her everything, even how the sight of Byron in panties excited me. I had never even admitted that to myself at that point, and then I was saying it to her out loud!

Then she shocked me by going to the phone and calling Byron. Tears poured out of my eyes like an oil gusher coming in as I begged her not to call him. When he answered she didn't ask him, she told him to come over right away. He complained that he couldn't.

“Listen, sissy boy, I know all about you wearing pretty little panties. Now get your skinny little ass over here right away, or the whole town will know about it. And when you get here, you

better be wearing a pair of your pretty panties or you'll be sorry – real sorry! Be here within ten minutes.”

Rosemary didn't let me put any clothes on. When he arrived, I had to answer the door wearing nothing but those pulled-out-of-shape white panties. They had a little yellow bow on the side beneath the word 'Sunday.' I felt stupid in them. My hard-on made me feel worse. But having Byron see me like that was the killer!

Byron's eyes were red and I could tell he was on the verge of crying. He wasn't in the door five seconds and she was commanding him to strip down to his panties.

Crying wildly like someone sentenced to die, he peeled off his clothes and stood before her in a pair of creamy pink colored panties with a wide strip of white lace down each side. Within minutes, my sister had him confessing his soul out to her. I learned all about him wearing panties. He admitted being a panty pervert. He stole panties from clotheslines and Laundromats and from the laundry baskets and dresser drawers of his friends and neighbors' houses. He even admitted to stealing three pairs of Rosemary's panties during times he was at our house and I had left him alone for a few minutes for one reason or another.

Rosemary decided to discard her skirt and blouse since we were just in panties. She sat there like a teen goddess in purple panties and a white satin bra, a bra that was very well filled for a fifteen-year-old girl. She kept running her fingers and the flat of her palm over her pussy-filled panties. It was hot! After she got Byron to get his cock hard, she called us both faggots and made us touch each other in our panties. We didn't want to do it, but we knew she'd tell everybody about us if we didn't. That made both of us cry, but our penises were hot and hard. It was so strange to touch another boy's penis, even if it was covered by silky panties. We touched each other's penis, gingerly at first, and then like we were touching our own.

“OK, queer boys, kiss. I want to see you guys kiss!”

We both looked at her in shock. We weren't going to do that, no matter what she said, but we quickly changed our minds when she picked up the phone and said she was going to call our softball coach and tell him what we wearing and what we were doing.

Both of us closed our eyes and touched lips, but she was in our faces then and she demanded that we open our lips and French kiss each other. That's something I had heard about. I always thought that it was a pretty disgusting thing to do with a girl, to swap spit and all, but to do it with another boy!

Rosemary grabbed us both by the balls and commanded us to kiss. We kissed with open mouths, our salty tears running down our cheeks and dripping into our mouths. She released our balls, but insisted that we continue to kiss. She put a hand on each of our butts and pushed us together as she demanded that we grind our pantied hips against each other. She then slipped her hands down the back of our panties and began digging around our assholes, trying to shove a dry finger up each of our butts. Byron started shooting cum. I could feel it hitting up on my stomach and panty front. It so surprised and excited me that I started spurting too! You could smell the ripe

sex aroma of boy cum in the air. As the last jet of juice shot from my penis all I could hear and think about was Rosemary laughing — the whole world laughing, pointing and calling us homos.

After that night, sex games were a frequent happening between my big sister and Byron and me. She was always in charge, and we always did what she told us to do. She often made us wear panties under our boys' clothes and sometimes a lightly padded bra too. The enclosed picture is of Rosemary and me with our jeans down to show off our panties and our shirts pulled up to show off our bras.

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Child's sex-role disorder contested

Wednesday, September 13, 2000

Kevin Mayhood

Columbus Dispatch Staff Reporter

The parents of a boy could be pushing him to act like a girl to gain attention and sympathy for themselves, a lawyer argued in Franklin County Juvenile Court yesterday.

"There is a suspicion of Munchausen syndrome by proxy," said Rebecca Steele, a public defender appointed to represent the best interests of the child.

Steele talked about the rare syndrome -- in which parents make their children ill or create symptoms to gain attention for themselves -- as she argued to keep the 6-year-old boy in custody of Franklin County Children Services.

Attorneys for the agency and the county prosecutor's office agreed with her.

But the parents, Sherry and Paul Lipscomb of the Northeast Side, said they're all failing to acknowledge that a specialist in Cincinnati has diagnosed a gender-identity disorder in their child.

"The condition is, it feels like you are in the wrong body," Mr. Lipscomb said outside the courtroom yesterday.

"All this basically boils down to is the school couldn't handle a child going to school in a dress. There's no law that says you can't go to school and express your gender."

Gender-identity disorders, recognized by the medical community, can be seen in children as young as toddlers, specialists say.

The Lipscombs are fighting to get their child back. He was taken late last month after the parents enrolled him in the first grade at McVay Elementary School in Westerville. He had been in kindergarten there the year before.



The Lipscombs had informed school officials that the child would wear girl's clothes and have a girl's name this school year.

Children Services this week withdrew its original complaint that the child needed the court's involvement and filed a new complaint yesterday that added allegations the Lipscombs neglected the youngster's medical and psychological needs.

"The gender-identity issue, we feel, is a red herring," Steele said.

Juvenile Court Magistrate Lorenzo Sanchez yesterday ruled Children Services would have temporary custody until a trial scheduled for November concludes.

Steele said the couple had taken the boy to 13 doctors and had him hospitalized four times between January 1998 and this past June.

Attention-deficit hyperactivity disorder, a syndrome related to autism, was diagnosed and violent and obsessive behavior also were noted, records show. A host of medications had been prescribed by at least 11 doctors.

But, "Over and over again, the child does not exhibit the diagnosis the parents are seeking," Steele said.

She and others argued that the Lipscombs often failed to follow through with prescribed treatment and were shopping for a doctor who would diagnose the gender-identity problem.

Keith Cornwell, an attorney for Children Services, said symptoms of a gender-identification disorder have not been apparent during the child's stay in a foster home.

But Mark E. Narens, attorney for the couple, said the parents weren't shopping for a diagnosis, but rather searching for someone to help their boy. They took him to specialists at the direction of their pediatrician, he said, and continued until they were able to find a proper diagnosis.

Sherry Lipscomb said there is no way she wanted this diagnosis for her child.

"A transsexual in our community is the most taboo of all areas," she said. The child faces gender and sexuality issues that the public will not accept, she added.

"We're all looking at a 6-year-old kid who is dealing with these issues," she said. "It is much easier to squelch it and not let her be what she is supposed to be."

According to court testimony and motions filed in the case, the child went to school last year wearing boy's clothes and using his given name.

But at home, he wore girl's clothes and went by a girl's name that the parents say he chose. The parents say their child should be accepted as a girl.

In his motion to return the child to the Lipscombs, Narens said that while staying in the custody of Children Services, the child would "meekly acquiesce to the requirement to live as a male . . . while under the control of authority figures." But he said that will send the child into "a major bout with depression."

Steele, however, said the boy improves when away from the Lipscombs.

She said he had threatened to kill his parents and had suicidal fantasies while he was with them.

But the child's mother said, "She had made homicidal threats in the past. She's never tried to hurt us.

"She's comfortable expressing her anger with us -- she knows she's loved unconditionally."

Related story

Many rally to parents' side

Wednesday, September 13, 2000

Encarnacion Pyle

Dispatch Staff Reporter

Cassandra Rae Chronos, a transsexual woman, wishes she'd had the kind of support from her parents that might have landed a Northeast Side couple in court and their child in foster care.

Chronos is among dozens of people from across the country that have come to the defense of Sherry and Paul Lipscomb as they try to regain custody of their son. They say he was taken by social workers because they let him dress and act as a girl.

"To treat me with less than common human decency, compassion and respect is one thing," the 47-year-old Akron resident said. "This beautiful 6-year-old child deserves much better than that."

The Columbus couple appeared in Franklin County Juvenile Court yesterday. They lost temporary custody of their child Aug. 23 after they enrolled him in first grade as a girl. Earlier this summer, a Cincinnati doctor diagnosed gender-identity disorder in the child, who had attended kindergarten at the same Westerville school as a boy.

The disorder is recognized by the medical community and might have psychological or a mixture of psychological and physiological causes. Doctors say it can show up in the toddler stage, when children begin to identify themselves as either male or female, or later in life.

Chronos said the couple simply was trying to treat their child as a doctor had recommended.

"The discrimination that is being imposed on (the child) is based solely on that medical condition, yet not seen as such due to ignorance of the condition and transphobia," she said. "I am sometimes ashamed of this state in which I live."

Chronos is not alone in her interest in the case. It has captured national attention, with reporters from Time magazine and the television news magazine 48 Hours joining local news crews at yesterday's hearing.

Dozens of people have shown their support by contacting Children Services, writing letters to the editor and creating a legal-defense fund for the Lipscombs.

"It's an interesting, unusual case that has captured people's attention," said Kay Marshall, a Children Services spokeswoman. "We've gotten a number of e-mails, phone calls and other

communication from people who are either themselves transgendered or who have close ties to someone who is transgendered."

Kevin Carter, 45, of Columbus said he wrote Children Services out of fear the agency was doing more harm than good.

"The couple turned to Children Services to get help for their child, not to have their family torn apart or their backs stabbed," said Carter, who said his gender-identity disorder was diagnosed years ago and that he has been dressing as a woman for four decades.

Children Services should have been more supportive, he said. "By removing this 6-year-old boy and trying to get him to comply with the county's way of thinking, they're creating a time bomb that will sooner or later explode."

One woman who gave her name only as Stacey said she cried tears of joy when she read about the Lipscombs' child.

"You see, I, too, am transsexual -- two years post-op, male to female," she said in an e-mail to both The Dispatch and Children Services. "I am happier and healthier now at 43 than I have ever been in my entire life. If only I would have been able to take steps to correct my life at a young age instead of waiting till I was almost 35.

"My heart goes out to these parents, their child and their attorney. The road before them is not an easy one, yet something tells me they'll blaze through in glory."

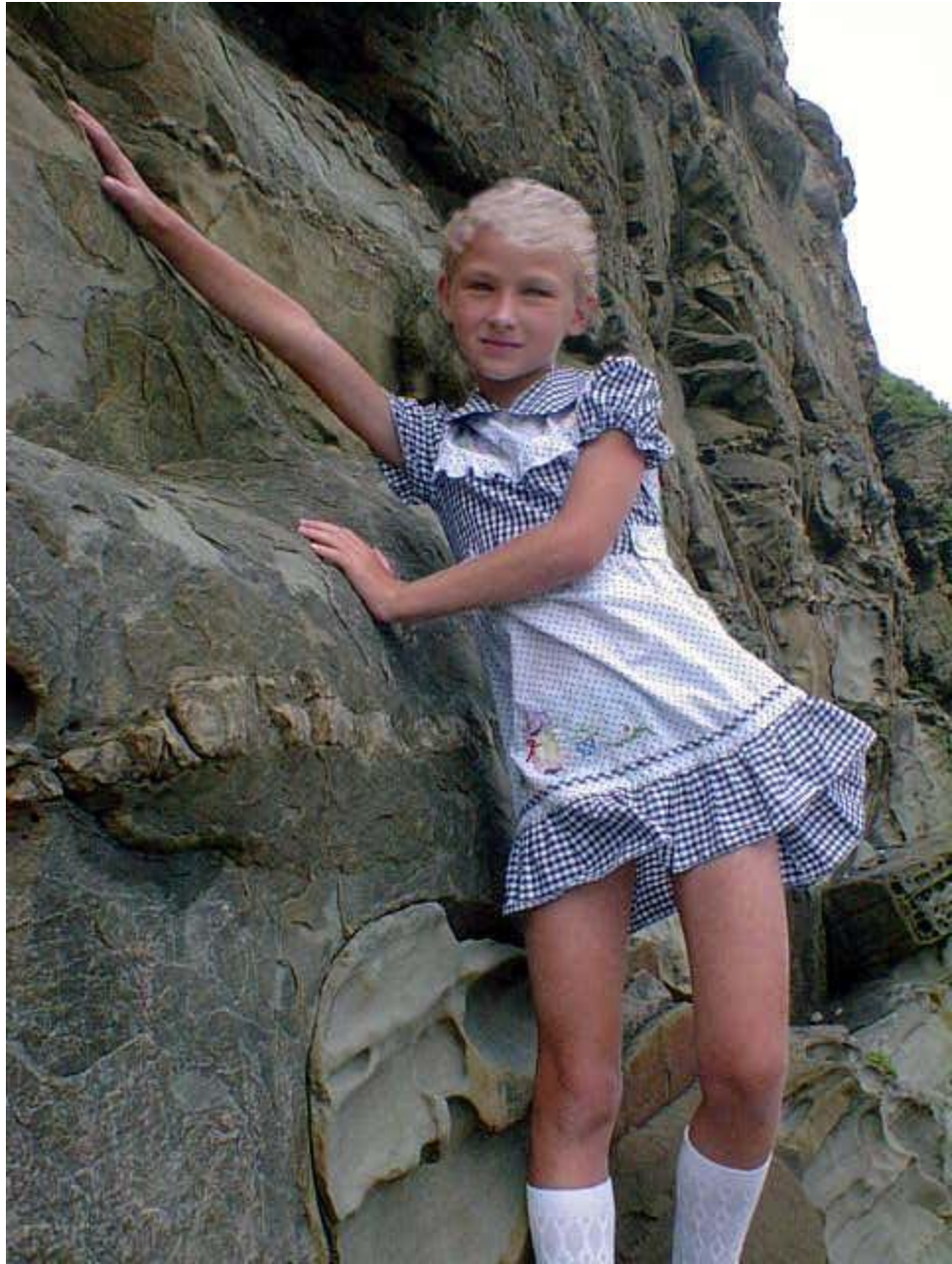
Emanuel Fineberg, a psychologist from Cliffside Park, N.J., said he is saddened and angered by Children Services' treatment of the Lipscombs.

"Your agency is acting in a way contrary to the positive social and emotional growth of this family and child," Fineberg wrote Children Services. "In my view, a lack of professional knowledge of gender diversity and a lack of proper guidance and treatment reportedly shown by your agency in this case is scandalous.

"Even worse, your reported use of terror tactics to enforce your political -- not clinical -- position is most reprehensible."

Marshall said county social workers aren't disputing that gender-identity disorder exists. She said they just want to make sure the couple is taking good care of their child.

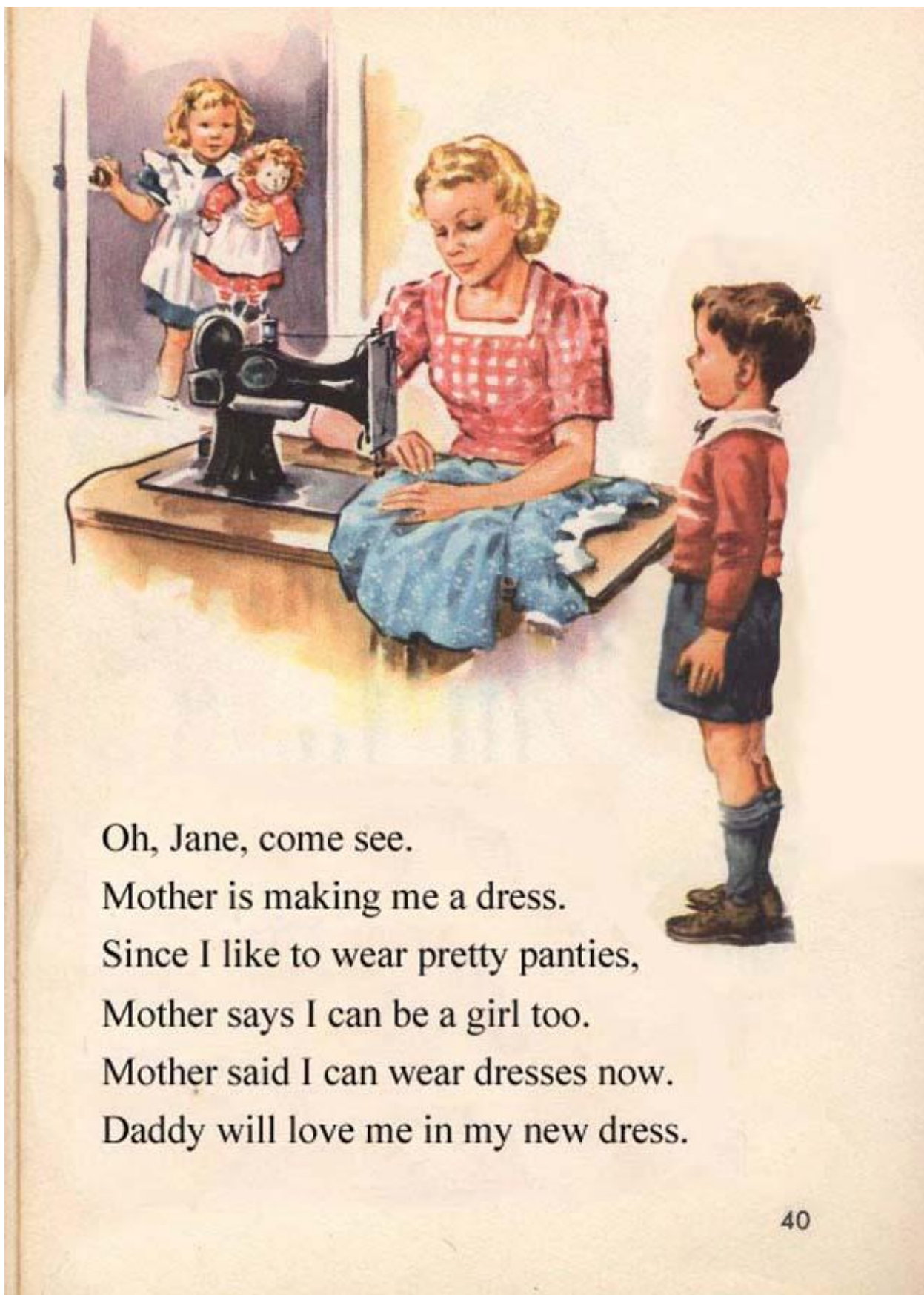
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My Son Wore a Skirt!

He changed from his pants into a skirt because he was the only boy at a girl's party.



Oh, Jane, come see.
Mother is making me a dress.
Since I like to wear pretty panties,
Mother says I can be a girl too.
Mother said I can wear dresses now.
Daddy will love me in my new dress.



Look, Jane, come see.
Come see me.
Mother is almost finished.
My dress is blue.
My dress is very pretty.
A pretty dress just like yours.



In his cheap wig
and borrowed
skirt, he loves
pretending to
be a girl.

Look, Father. Look, Mother.
Look, Jane. I'm making a dress.
A yellow dress for my dolly.

Keep your dress down, Dick.
We can see your panties.
They are pretty panties.

Parental Advice Website

This is a link to an article about a little boy who likes to wear dresses that is posted on a parental advice website.

[Click here for the essay "The Boy Who Wears Dresses"](#)

After you read the article, return here and click below to read the varied comments parents made about this article.

***NOTE:** The following is a very long article, about 140 pages of text if you print it out!*

[Click here for parents' comments about the essay.](#)

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Remember the day Sister made Billy wear little girls



1950's Catholic School NUNS satirically illustrated by **-Ben Thire!**

pink silk panties, a satin slip and a sissy little dress for...

Watchdoggie!

It's a conspiracy! Right-wingers tout 'family values' and left-wingers decry inequality toward females, yet both groups often agree on one thing: errant males are the enemy. Males start wars and are responsible for most of the carnage throughout history. More specifically, male hormones are the culprit and must be monitored and contained. The way to save humanity from itself is to prevent or stop those hormones from ruining our men and boys, who in turn are ruining our world.

These radical groups advocate making grassroots changes right in their own communities, schools, churches and homes. They see the problem at its worst in young boys approaching or in the early stages of puberty. Many of whom have difficulty controlling their actions because they cannot handle the hormones surging throughout their bodies. And if such boys aren't kept in check, they risk becoming abusive, disgusting and worthless members of society. The way to cure them, these radical groups maintain, is to subdue them with a good dose of panty and petticoat discipline.

Therefore, males who can't conduct themselves in a proper manner are forced into fancy dresses and frilly lingerie. Such clothing shocks them out of their selfish, destructive thinking and makes them receptive to learning how to act properly. Lessons that, the leaders of this movement insist, will serve the boys throughout their lifetime.

Watchdoggie! underwent petticoat punishment at the hands of nuns while he was attending fifth grade in a Catholic elementary school during the 1950s. He can still vividly recall every aspect of that punishment, a thoroughly humiliating experience that forever changed him. Yet that experience also taught him that our society looks down on females and considers them inferior to males; that is why petticoat punishment is so effective in humiliating young boys.

Above is a collage Watchdoggie! constructed illustrating his memories of the terror he suffered while undergoing petticoat punishment at the hands of emasculating Catholic school nuns.

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Carole Jean

Carole Jean, a popular new author of forced crossdressing stories, has given us permission to colorize and publish each month a select drawing from one her various publications. All of Carole Jean's stories focus upon the humiliation of the poor protagonists as they are coerced into wearing sissified outfits and girls' clothes and then forced to appear in public so shamefully outfitted. Every other page of Carole Jean's booklets is illustrated with a beautiful drawing by the famous Spanish artist Juan Sole, a.k.a. Juan Puyal.

This month we feature a drawing from volume #2 of "Beautified Bullies," hand painted by Juan Sole. In this scene, Mike's little brother, Nick, is with his aunt in a dress shop and he suffers the humiliation of being exposed as a boy to the salesgirl as his aunt shops for a new dress for him. In addition to "Beautified Bullies," Carole Jean has published many booklets under the name "Bill," and they include "Bill's Humiliation in Panties;" "Henry's Vacation in Panties;" "Darwin's Womanhood;" "Jeff's Humiliation;" and, one of our favorites, "Schooled with Girls."

She now authors books under the name "Carole Jean," and you can purchase all her books directly from her website: <http://www.petticoatpunishmentart.com/>

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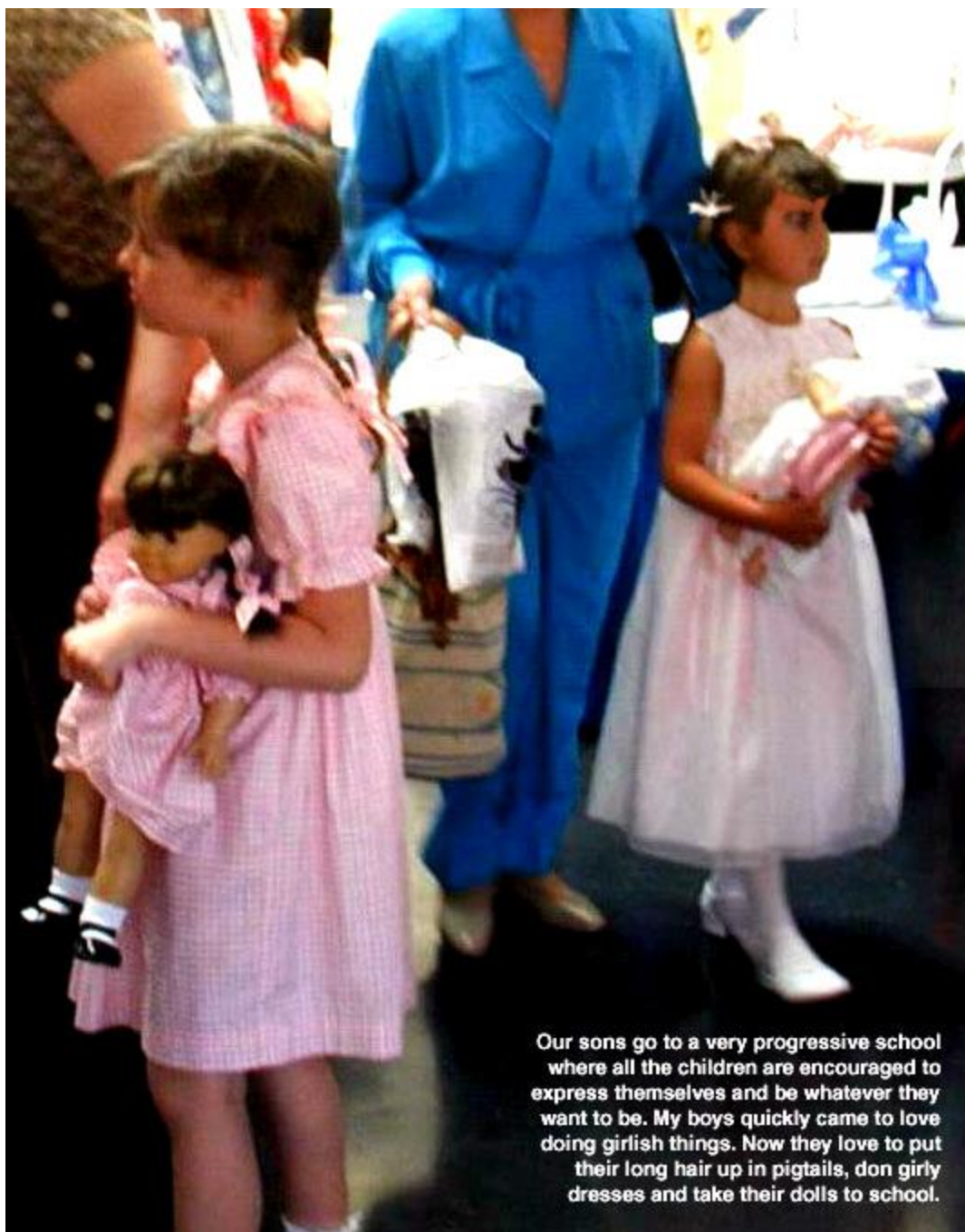
Duke University Professor Raising Sissy Sons

The link below leads to an article about a man taking a women's study course at Duke University. During the course, the man reported that **"the instructor informed us that, thanks to her family's frank discussions of gender, her sons put their hair in pigtails and beg to wear dresses to their elementary school."**

[Click here for Internet link to the article.](#)

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Our sons go to a very progressive school where all the children are encouraged to express themselves and be whatever they want to be. My boys quickly came to love doing girlish things. Now they love to put their long hair up in pigtails, don girly dresses and take their dolls to school.



Truman Capote's Birthday Party

During the late 1970s, Club 54 in New York City became the world's most famous discotheque. Known for its celebrity clientele and long lines of wannabes, willing to do most anything to get inside, the club abounded with sex of all sorts and drugs were as plentiful as the flashing lights, music and dancing.

Miramax made a film about the brief 33 month existence of the infamous club, entitled "54" and starring Mike Myers (of *Saturday Night Live* fame). You can rent it from your local video store. A brief scene in the movie shows one of the most outrageous and notorious events that took place at the club. World famous author and well-known homosexual Truman Capote (*In Cold Blood*, *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, etc.) was a frequent visitor to the club, and on his birthday, Mike Rubell, co-owner of 54, stopped the music and gave Capote a young teenage sissyboy as a birthday gift. The boy, dressed like an androgynous early Roman nymphet, made his entrance by "flying" into the club on wires much to the merriment of the crowd and the lascivious delight of Capote.

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Still shot of Jackie Coogan as a girl in the silent movie "The Boy of Flanders."